

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY, Joan, returning to her car in the stadium, picks up Dan. He is sitting in a blue sedan. Crowded off the road, Joan is terrified as Rocco jumps from the back seat of the sedan, an automatic in his hand.

CHAPTER XXII

DAN doubled his fists and stepped out quickly.

"Never mind the heroics, fella . . . we don't want to hurt you." Rocco motioned with the gun. "Okay, tools . . . quick . . . get in this car."

Joan shook her head. "I won't," she said.

Rocco glanced about him quickly. No one was in sight. "Lady, if you're not in that car in four seconds I'm gonna put a slug right through your boy friend's belly, there . . . and you'll come with us anyway."

"Stay where you are, Joan . . . don't believe him," Dan said quietly. "They can't get away with this."

Rocco snarled and raised the gun menacingly. "That's what they all say."

"Wait!" Joan screamed and jumped out of Keith's car toward the other.

"And maybe you'd better come along, too, young fella," Big Ed growled from inside the sedan.

There was nothing to do but comply. It was all over in a minute and a half. The sedan backed away quickly. Sam threw it into gear and they roared up the road, gravel spraying from beneath the tires as they careened along at 50 miles an hour.

Rocco sat in back with them. He kept his hand in his pocket. Big Ed faced them constantly from the front. He had a gun in his hand and the hand rested easily on top of the seat.

"Just take it easy and you won't be hurt," he said softly. "Make one sound at a traffic light, or anywhere, and you'll have an accident . . . a bad accident," he added.

"You mean we can't even talk," Dan inquired steadily.

"Sure . . . sure, you can talk," Rocco said soothingly. "When we want you to."

"Wh-what do you want with us?" Joan asked. "What's this all about?" She hung onto Dan's arm tightly.

"Maybe you'd better keep your mouth shut and wait'll we tell you," Big Ed advised. "Meanwhile, we've got to cut through town for a few blocks. And let me remind you about making a single peep. See?"

Dan pressed her hand and she was reassured. She was aware, then, of how hard she was clutching his arm. It felt good. Just like it had on the hayride. Somehow, she wasn't too frightened.

THEY swung completely around the campus and kept to side streets. Dan watched Sam and Rocco narrowly as they moved swiftly down a car line. Once they were stopped by a red light. A policeman was standing on the corner. Dan thought of shouting but Rocco's hand came out of his pocket and the automatic was pushed close to Joan's side.

Dan relaxed and took Joan's hand in his. She looked up at him but his mind was churning furiously and he didn't notice.

Obviously Joan was being kidnapped. But why? Ransom? How much could they hope to get? Why should they pick her out of a clear blue sky?

His thoughts raced from one angle to another. And then for the first time it really dawned on him that he was being kidnapped, too. The old phrase "victim of circumstances" popped into his head and it seemed funny.

A lot they could get for him. But what about Saturday? What about the Pitt game? He grew panicky at the thought. Lord, he had to get out of this somehow. Hell, he had a football game to play. Not just any football game. This was Pitt!

There was no telling how long they would be held . . . how far they would be taken. He had to get out of this somehow, but at the same time he couldn't leave Joan. He had to stay with her. What a mess!

He thought of Slocum. Slocum would scream and tear his hair when Dan failed to report for practice. The whole squad would get a sizzling, vitriolic tongue-lashing on co-operation, and what hell did they think this was, anyhow?

Dan felt like laughing but he knew he knew it wouldn't be so funny when the truth was discovered. Not only did the team need him—he wasn't too modest to realize that—but his unexplained absence might have a bad psychological effect.

They skirted the main business district and continued on cross-town to one of the less traveled state highways. So far Dan recognized the surroundings. They were in the west end of the city. They passed the stone quarries and a few scattered farms.

About 12 miles out of town they stopped the car. Big Ed produced a couple of blindfolds from the glove compartment and tossed them back to Rocco. "Tie these on quick," he ordered.

A minute later both Dan and Joan were blindfolded. He could only guess in which direction they were going. It must have been about three miles further on that they turned off. From the feel of it, they were on a gravel road. Bumpy, at that.

He felt the car go up a slight incline once, and heard the rattle of loose boards as they crossed a small wooden bridge.

He didn't have the slightest idea where they were.

FIFTEEN minutes later the car stopped. The bandages were taken from their eyes. Dan blinked and looked around. They were at a small frame house somewhere out in the country. It was quiet—very quiet. He could see a dirt road beyond the house but there was no traffic.

"Inside," Big Ed ordered and they were hustled through the door and into the house.

Big Ed motioned them to a sofa and straddled a chair himself, facing them.

"You kids ain't got nothing to be afraid of," he said quietly, "if you do as we say . . . and convince some other folks to do the same."

"What do you mean?" Joan asked.

"Your old man already knows about this . . . he's been phoned. But you're gonna write him a note . . . you're gonna tell him to get \$50,000 . . . cash . . . and leave it at a spot outside New York, which we'll name . . . you're gonna tell him you're safe now, but if that dough ain't picked up by our men by Saturday night at 8 they'll find you floating in the river."

The Nazi doctrine is the very antithesis of what one finds in Christian gospel.—Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada.

He leaned forward and snarled in her face. ". . . and you can tell him we ain't foolin', either, when we talk about that river . . . tell him, too, to lay off the cops, or we won't wait till Saturday."

Joan looked in his eyes and shuddered. He meant just what he said.

(To Be Continued)

Will Report On
City of Flint

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, U. S. Minister to Norway, is in Bergen, Norway, to get at first hand the story of the Nazi seizure and Russian detention of the American freighter, City of Flint. The American crew regained command of the City of Flint when Norwegian authorities interned the German prize crew after the ship put in at Bergen.

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OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"He prob'ly wouldn't believe me because I been feedin' him. You tell him the family's goin' to gramma's for Thanksgiving."

FRONTIERSMAN

HORIZONTAL

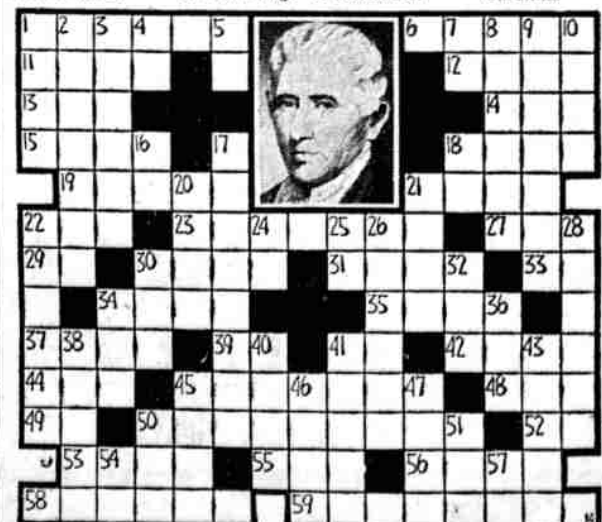
- 6 Famous American frontiersman.
- Burden.
- Broad smile.
- To bob bait.
- Small tablet.
- To leave out.
- Hogs.
- Derivative of aloe.
- Hindu instrument.
- Devoured.
- Bravery.
- Silk sac.
- Myself.
- Folding beds.
- To satiate.
- Form of "a."
- Female relative.
- Horseback game.
- Earth's temperature division.
- Whether.
- Palm lily.
- Wise men.
- Roof finial.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

COLLOSSEUM FORUM

VERTICAL

- 1 Flightless bird.
- To enliven.
- Marriageable.
- Exists.
- Behold.
- Giant king.
- Live-forever plant.
- White grape.
- Concludes.
- Both his friend and foe.
- Billiard rod.
- Tree.
- Blackbird.
- Simpleton.
- To think.
- Warning cry.
- In golf.
- To hawk.
- Native of Greece.
- To value.
- Color.
- Clan group.
- Vulgar fellow.
- Halfpenny.
- Each (abbr.).
- South Carolina.



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN