

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Joan's father dies to Tech upon receipt of the ransom demands and Joan is revealed as a wealthy heiress. Tommy Peters finally remembers where he saw Rocco's picture. Rocco was mixed up in a St. Louis kidnapping. "I think I've got a clue," Peters shouts as he dashes out.

CHAPTER XXIV

DAN and Joan sat on the dusty sofa dejectedly, their backs against the wall.

"Mind if we talk?" Dan inquired.

"Talk your fool head off," Big Ed told him. "As long as you don't get any ideas like bustin' out here, for instance." He dropped his hand into his coat pocket, casually but significantly.

Sam got up and took off his coat. "It's too tight," he explained. "It chokes me, almost."

Big Ed glanced at Sam's shoulder holster. "Put that coat back on and keep that rod covered. Some day you're gonna get too careless."

Ed took out a deck of cards and started playing casino with Sam. Every two minutes he raised his head and looked at Joan and Dan quickly.

"Scared?" Dan asked her quietly.

"I'd be a liar if I said I wasn't," she replied in a low voice.

"I think you're safe enough," he said. "That is, if your father comes through."

He frowned slightly. "That big guy said your father could raise four times that much in an hour. No one can do that unless . . . unless . . ." He hesitated.

"Unless what?"

"Unless he's rolling in dough." "Pop thinks I'm worth \$50,000, I think," she replied evasively.

"Lucky these guys aren't interested in ransom for one Dan Webber. There isn't anyone who would raise 5 cents for me," he muttered gloomily.

"Wonder how much Coach Sloucum would give for you right about now."

"Don't remind me of that. Every time I think of rotting around this dump Saturday, I could howl."

He lowered his voice to a mere whisper. "We've got to get out of here."

"You've got to, you mean. Fifty thousand will take care of me. If you get your chance, just forget about me."

She got a kick out of his reply. "Say something like that again and I'll whack you one," he growled.

THEY heard the motor of a car coming down the road. Ed got up and looked out the window.

"It's Rocco," he said, and relaxed. The sedan crunched up the drive. "Run it into the barn," Big Ed called. "Keep it outa sight."

Rocco came in a minute later, his arms laden with bundles.

"Well?" asked Ed.

"Okay," said Rocco. "I called Alex from a pay station in a drug store . . . didn't go far into town . . ."

"Yeah . . . yeah, go ahead . . ."

"Alex says the old guy climbed right up on his hind legs. Alex had one of the boys tell him . . . he ain't foolin', either . . . and he ain't wastin' time . . . chartered a plane and headed out this way."

"Let 'im come," said Ed. "He's gonna play our rules anyhow. He ain't even gonna come close. But if he does . . ." He focused glittering eyes on Joan.

Dan looked at Big Ed and read the expression on his face. A cold rage flared within him.

"You big gorilla . . . lay a hand on her and I'll take you apart!"

Big Ed stared down on him, hands on hips. "Look who's taking who apart, would'ya!"

He walked over and lifted a menacing hand. "Why, you flip punk, you . . . I oughta . . ."

"Cut it, Ed," said Rocco. "He ain't gonna do anything to you. These kids just shoot their mouths off without thinking. Anyway, let's put on the feed bag."

"That's a swell idea," said Sam, moving toward the groceries Rocco had brought back.

"How about letting me help?" Joan asked.

Big Ed showed his surprise. "Sure, sister, but I can't imagine you being very much of a hand at this," he smirked.

"All you've got to do is show me how to operate that coal-oil stove there. That's a new one on me."

SHE and Sam took charge. They had ham, green beans, and coffee. "And we got cherry pie, too," said Rocco, pointing to another package. "We get fancy whenever we have company."

"Haw!" Sam laughed.

Dan didn't think it so funny. "That town is getting nuts over that football game Saturday."

Big Ed turned on him with exasperation in his voice. "Darnit, can't you forget about football for a while? Football, football, football! That's all I hear for the last three months outa you."

"I can pick 'em, can't I?" Rocco grinned. "I'm ahead three grand for the season . . . and I'm gonna pick up a nice chunk Saturday, too."

"Huh?"

"Sure. When I called Alex I told him to get me a grand's worth of that 4 to 3 on this Tech outfit."

"That ain't all," said Rocco. "I picked up a ticket down to the hotel last night before I come out. I'm gonna see that thing Saturday myself."

"You're crazy! You're gonna get us jammed up!"

"Who's gonna jam who up? Why, a guy couldn't spot an elephant in that crowd of 70,000 that'll pack that stadium."

"Say, this crowd has a good kid named Rhodes, ain't they?" Sam put in. "They say he's an All-America cinch. Ain't that right, Rocco? He's the kid with the drums, ain't he, Rocco?"

Rocco sneered. "Rhodes? Hell, no. I can get you guys like him for a dime a dozen. He ain't my idea of a ball player, nohow. Too fancy!"

Dan and Joan were all ears. On a sudden impulse Joan goaded him on.

"Keith Rhodes is the best half-back we've had in years," she interrupted. "He's . . . he's . . ."

Rocco turned on her swiftly. "Girlie, you don't know what the score is. Me, I've been followin' this game for years. Sister, the guy that really makes that ball club click is a kid named Webber."

"He's the boy behind the works. Where would Rhodes get without him? That guy Webber is the most valuable football player in the country. Trouble is not enough people know it."

She felt Dan's muscles grow tense. Inside her there was a singing sensation. Funny, the way everyone else—even Rocco—had known. Everyone but her. Served her right, perhaps. She hadn't given herself much of a chance to believe it.

BIG ED suddenly sat up straight and laughed out loud. "Hey, Rocco, that's a good one!" He pointed to Dan. "Know who that kid is? From what you say, there's a kid who could protect your grand . . . that's Webber!"

Rocco lifted his head slowly and stared at Dan. There was a funny, almost sickly expression on his face.

Rocco licked his lips. "You're kiddin'."

CHIC—What to wear and how to wear it, at a National Horse Show, is well shown by social Mrs. John Hay "Jock" Whitney, herself a horsewoman of ability. On this occasion in New York, Mrs. Whitney was content to sit on the sidelines.

"He's right," Dan said. "I'm Webber."

"Well, I'll be—" Rocco shifted to Big Ed again.

"Look, Ed . . . this kid's only in the way, ain't he? You said so yourself. Why—why don't we let him go. He can't do us no harm . . . and without him my grand ain't got a chance"

(To Be Continued)



CHIC—What to wear and how to wear it, at a National Horse Show, is well shown by social Mrs. John Hay "Jock" Whitney, herself a horsewoman of ability. On this occasion in New York, Mrs. Whitney was content to sit on the sidelines.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"When are you gonna—ouch!—lemme wash my own ears?"

"When I hear you singing in the bathtub, instead of yelling."

NET STAR

HORIZONTAL

1. 6 Pictured tennis player.
11 Loves.
13 Middy.
14 Dragnets.
16 To carol.
17 One who runs away.
19 Indian.
20 Jewel.
21 Before.
22 Railway.
23 Organ of hearing.
24 Pleased.
25 Tatter.
28 Insect.
29 Perishes.
30 To carry burdens.
31 Fence bar.
33 Water main connections.
35 Sinless.
37 To clatter.
39 Street.
40 Color.
41 To implore.
42 Rodent.
43 Prevaricator.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE
GALLI CURCI COMA
OPPOSITE CORRAL
IAN EDIBLES AIT
PRY ME MULE
RAILED MIST
I POD CAT A
MOROS GALLI
ENAMEL READY
JEM PARDINE DO
HP DIVERGENT RT
O SAC COL TEA A
OMIT STOOL SNOW
FINE COLORATURA

20 Forcible restraint of speech.
23 One who praises.
24 To encircle.
25 To restrict.
26 Lava.
27 Halls.
28 Flour box.
29 To refute.
30 Wager.
32 Busy insect.
33 Dread.
34 To loiter.

44 Kind of lettuce.
45 Stuffings.
46 Not so much.
47 At this time.
48 To depart by boat.
49 This champion is only 19 years old.
50 He is — of the American singles title.

VERTICAL
1 The soul.
2 Queerness.
3 Deformed.
4 To boast.
5 Taxaceous tree.
7 Within.
8 Believer in the gospel.
9 To leave.
10 Trapped.
12 To jeer.
15 Tree.
16 To amaze.
18 Obliterations.
48 Note in scale.

12 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50

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OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

J. R. WILLIAMS

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



TOASTING THE NEW BOARDER AT BREAKFAST

BY FRED HARMAN

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