

● SERIAL STORY  
**'JOAN OF ARKANSAS'**  
BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY Joan's plan to burn the hideout works. She breaks a jar of coal-oil, sets it afire. In the confusion she reaches Sam's gun, covers Big Ed. Dan, freed, takes care of Sam as he hurries into the house. Dan herds the two kidnapers into the car, orders Joan to drive to town.

CHAPTER XXVIII  
FROM every direction, people streamed toward the great Tech stadium. It was like a pilgrimage, with the huge concrete horseshoe as their mecca.

Tommy Peters, leaning upon his megaphone, stared up at the stands. "They'll hit 75,000 sure today," he remarked to an assistant.

Suddenly his eyes froze on a spot six or seven rows above him. There sat Rocco Petrone! Tommy dropped his megaphone. "Take over till I get back!" he yelled, and dashed for the Tech dressing rooms.

There was still 20 minutes before the kickoff. It was a bare chance, but Rocco Petrone might be able to lead them to Joan and Dan. Tommy swore excitedly as he raced to tell Bill Slocum.

He raced across the running track. Just as he approached the gate on the other side of the field he almost stumbled from shock.

Dan Webber and Joan Johnson, escorted by three policemen, were being rushed into the stadium.

Tommy shrieked and dashed toward them.

"No time for talk now," Dan howled happily. "Gotta get dressed."

He hurried toward the tunnel leading to the dressing rooms, suddenly stopped and ran back to Joan. He grasped her shoulders, his eyes sparkling.

"This'll have to do until later." He kissed her hastily and dashed off again.

Tommy howled and threw his arms around Joan. He shrieked in her ear but she hardly noticed. Her eyes swam with happiness as she watched Dan disappear into the tunnel.

"Hey, snap out of it... wake up!" Tommy pleaded. "What...? Where...? C'mon, tell me something or I'll pass out!"

She told him as much as she could in a rush of words. It didn't occur to her that she ought to be resting now. This was no time for convalescence. She'd call her father just as soon as she could get to a phone.

Tommy stopped short. "Tell me... was there a guy named Rocco...?"

"Rocco?" she echoed. "Yes, but how did you...?"

"Wait here," he ordered. "Don't cross the field yet!"

NEVER had there been such a scene in the Tech dressing room. Tears actually flooded Bill Slocum's eyes as he smothered Dan in his arms. Joe Donchek danced around in his stocking feet and howled in native Slav. They all acted like a bunch of Comanches, hurling helmets into the air in their delirium.

It took Dan just one minute to convince Slocum he was strong enough to play. Slocum slapped him on the back and shoved him toward his locker.

Keith came over and embraced him. "Gee, it's swell to have you back, Danny boy!"

"Thanks, pal. We're gonna take these guys, aren't we? Any new stuff?"

"Very little," Keith informed him. "We'll steer you on one new formation... and you know all the old stuff."

Dan felt like telling him that wasn't all he knew, but let Keith find out for himself, he figured.

THE public address system had broken the news about Dan and Joan, and when the Tech squad raced onto the field, a bedlam of sound arose.

"Get yourself warmed up good," Johnny White advised. "You're probably a little soft and this is gonna be murder."

He wasn't far from right. Barney Hughes won the toss and those to kick off. The referee blew the whistle, the Tech line moved forward, and Tony Mangano sent the ball end over end down to the five.

There was a roar as Hal Forrest took it, moved in behind his interference and started up field under a full head of steam. There was a flash of maroon as Joe Donchek, chortling like a kid with a new toy, smashed in from the side and brought him down on the 14.

Joe got up chattering furiously. "Okay, Danny boy... welcome home... that one was for you... let's get 'em... let's get 'em, Danny boy!"

The rest of them took up the tune as they lined up. Dan almost had to fight to keep the tears back. He knew how they felt.

Pitt went into a single wing to the right. The Tech line shifted out with them. Dan nosed up just behind his tackle when the ball was snapped, and was right in his diagnosis. They thundered toward an opening but Dan knifed through and dropped the runner on the line of scrimmage.

Marty Gallagher helped Dan to his feet. "I hoped you'd make the

first one... I hoped you would!"

The first few exchanges of downs indicated what was to come. There was to be a defensive battle. They had to stop Forrest and McCarroll and wait for a break of their own.

"No use springing much till we get a real opportunity," Tommy panted in their first timeout. "Just hold 'em... make 'em punt on third down if we can... we can't take this pounding long."

But the mighty Pitt forward wall slowly pushed them back. Dan and Tony Mangano played up close, plugging gaps desperately.

The Panthers bruited their way down to the Tech 30. First and 10. The Pitt quarter took the ball from center... spun. Hank Butler, Tech tackle, smashed in and was moustached beautifully. Hal Forrest took the ball from the spinning quarterback and sailed through the hole for five yards.

Forrest pounded for two more before Dan and Marty Gallagher ganged him.

Pitt gave it to McCarroll on a deep reverse and the crowd stood up with a roar. The Panther blockers were carrying out their assignments with mechanical perfection. Barney Hughes was ridden out by a wave of interferers and McCarroll cut inside with plenty to spare.

Out of the corner of his eye Dan saw Marty Gallagher go down in a heap and he knew he was the last one on that side of the line who had a chance to stop the flying Pitt ball carrier.

He pounded across the field and trapped McCarroll on the five-yard line in the coffin corner.

He lunged forward to make the tackle and was hit at the same time by the Pitt end completing his downfield blocking chore. Desperately Dan flung his outstretched hand toward McCarroll's leg... barely succeeded in tripping him as he went down. Dan hit the turf hard. A sharp, piercing pain shot through his hand at the impact. Without looking at it, Dan knew he had broken the bone.  
(To Be Continued)

**Nurse Rumored Seen With Jimmy**



Miss Romelle Schneider, nurse at Mayo Clinic, where Jimmy Roosevelt underwent an operation, is rumored to have been seen in company of the President's son, now a Hollywood movie executive.

**FLAPPER FANNY**

By Sylvia



"The principal says 'Clean sportsmanship comes first; school pride second.' This is the second half, so go out there and murder those bums!"

**VENERABLE MONARCH**

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for words like 'Answer to Previous Puzzle', '7 Iteration', '8 Science of language', etc.

Crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a man and clues for words like 'Troy's fall', 'Trojan warrior', etc.

**OUT OUR WAY** BY J. R. WILLIAMS



HEROES ARE MADE - NOT BORN



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



**OUR BOARDING HOUSE** With MAJOR HOOPLE



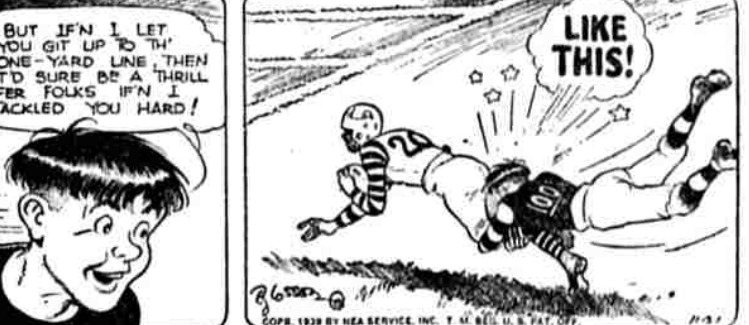
BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



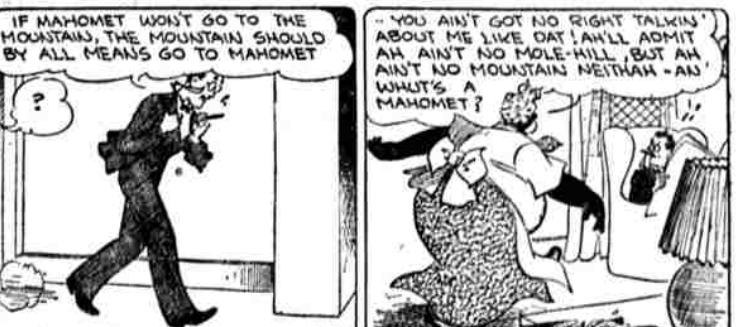
BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

