

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Dan and Joan arrive at the stadium just before the game begins. Pitt's smashing offense pounds Tech. When a Pitt back gets away for a long run, Dan races to stop him. He is hit by a blocker as he makes the tackle. Pain shoots through his hand. He has broken the bone again.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE pain in Dan's hand was intense as they lined up for the almost impossible task of halting the Pitt juggernaut on the two-yard line. Dan clamped his teeth together and hoped the hand would get numb soon.

No trick stuff now. Just plain, straight brute football. Hal Forrest took it and smashed between guard and tackle. For a split second a hole appeared there, but Dan came up fast and mugged the play for no gain.

Again Forrest, this time on a cross-buck. Good for a yard. Third and one. The Tech guards were on their hands and knees. Tony Mangano raged up and down behind the line, slapping, pleading, threatening.

Pitt came out of the huddle... into a single wing to the right. McCarroll on a cut-back over tackle, but Dan and Hank Butler smashed into the interference. Barney Hughes nailed the runner six inches from the line.

Forrest in the tailback now. The hand on the clock said two minutes of the first half remained. The two lines locked... piled up on the goal line... Forrest hurtled forward, plunged over the mass, but Dan hit him in midair. Desperately the referee plunged into the mass... reached for the ball.

It lacked two inches of being a touchdown.

TONY MANGANO embraced Dan... kissed him in Latin emotion, but they weren't out of danger yet. Johnny White had to punt out from behind his own goal line.

He barely got it away, but the kick was short, McCarroll taking it on the Tech 30. He almost got loose, but Barney Hughes brought him down with a desperate lunge on the 18. And then it started all over again.

Forrest... Forrest... McCarroll... smash... smash... Over guard, over tackle... crunching power plays over center.

And Dan Webber, reeling on his feet, plugging the gaps until he no longer felt pain, but just a dull, throbbing ache all over his body. First and goal to go on the eight. Eight short yards packed with dull misery and punishment.

Hal Forrest wasn't human. He hurtled over tackle, stepping on his own interference, driving his 200 pounds with the speed and force of a projectile.

Marty Gallagher stopped him once after being dragged for two yards. A minute to go.

Forrest again... spinning like a top and crashing through a slight opening between center and guard. Dan saw him coming, smashed aside the Pitt guard who had slipped through to check him and poured his tired body into the hole.

Stopped again... but how much longer could they stand it? Third and four. McCarroll this time... almost as bad... hitting in there like an express train... but Joe Donchek, sobbing, submerging blindly, nailed him in midair.

Still fourth and four. But the great Hal Forrest had been stopped cold. Pitt called for a place kick. The stands screamed a mighty crescendo... "Block it! Block that kick... block that kick!"

As if they had to be told! Barney Hughes poised himself for a quick dash. Tony Mangano looked for a spot he could knife through the line.

McCarroll was kicking. The ball came back to the man holding McCarroll stepped forward... right foot meeting the ball squarely... Marty Gallagher smashed through, leaped high... the ball grazed his fingertips and continued on its way. It split the crossbar for three points just as the gun ended the half.

DAN kept his hand hidden during the intermission so its swollen condition would go unnoticed. They sat around and sucked on lemons as Bill Slocum talked, softly, encouragingly.

They almost dreaded going back on the field. It would only be a repetition of the first half... and it was.

Grimly, blindly they fought off the power that was Pitt. If only they could get the ball in decent offensive territory. Ten minutes to go.

Eight. Four. And then Dan Webber hurtling in to stop what looked like a weak-side reverse, lunged through the air and deflected a shovel pass. The ball popped into the clear. Joe Donchek smothered it to his chest on the Pitt 45.

"Now or never," Johnny White panted. "It's yours, Keith... yours on old 82... How 'bout it, gang?"

Two minutes to go. It was Keith Rhodes on a reverse. Joe Donchek and Dan Webber led the way. Joe hit the end with his last explosive gesture. The end and out of the play as Keith and Dan swept by... wide.

Barney Hughes had gone through, checked the Tech line-backer on that side of the line. They were through the secondary... down to the 30... the 20. Hal Forrest and another member of the Pitt last line of defense

tore across the field... headed to cut Keith off at about the 12. But they ran too close together. "Cut to the right!" Dan yelled to Keith... "toward the sideline!"

And then he flung his body forward, in a long roll block. He caught them both at the same time... smashed them to the turf.

Blackness... deep and well-emptied him, but not before he heard the tremendous roar which told him Keith had crossed the goal.

"Dan... this is my father." "Great game, young man," J. G. boomed as he took Dan's hand. "Great, I say... wonderful the way you watched over my daughter, too, these last few days... won't forget it... You've got to have dinner with us tonight... just got to."

Dan grinned. "I should be doing all the thanking for what Joan did for me... but the dinner date sounds swell. See you at the hotel after I go back to the house and change clothes."

It took him a half hour to fight his way through the wild jam-boree at the Gamma house. They almost tore him apart... and might have had he not held up his bandaged hand in self-defense. He was almost dressed when he found the letter on his desk. It was from Acme Pottery Products.

About his job, perhaps. He tore it open eagerly, scanned it rapidly. When he had finished he crumpled the letter up into a ball and tossed it into the wastebasket. There was a bitter expression on his face as he stared moodily out the window.

(To Be Concluded)

Cupid's Messenger



Parental objection kept Eileen Herrick, heroine of New York's Romeo and Juliet drama of thwarted courtship, from seeing her sweetheart George Lowther, 3rd. But he learned her affection was steadfast—thanks to her friend Helen Stedman (above), who delivered Eileen's love-letters to Lowther.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

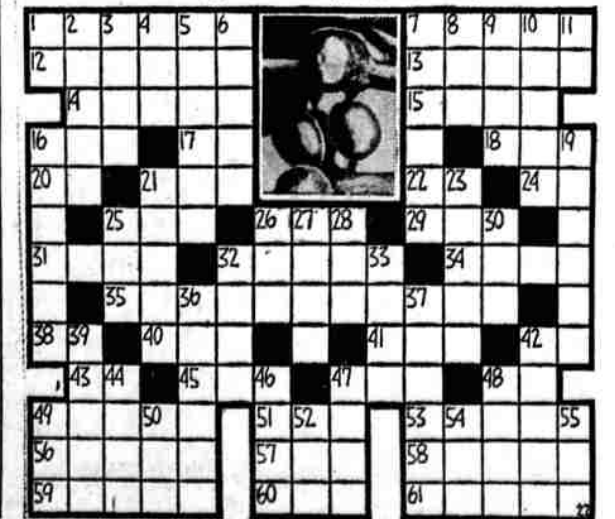


"Whatdya mean, is business that bad? Aw, that isn't our sales-chart—that's Chuck's disposition for this month."

IMPORTANT PLANT

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1. Shrub which yields the beverage	2. Its fruit or — contains the beans	3. Garden vegetables	4. Frostier	5. Furtive	6. Russian council	7. Honey gatherer	8. Pronoun	9. Tree	10. Right	11. By	12. Half an em	13. Musical note	14. Mountain pass	15. Lord	16. Wood demon	17. Olympian god	18. To be undecided	19. Reform	20. Pound	21. Chest bone	22. Shrub	23. It has —	24. Per	25. Printer's measure	26. Venomous snake	27. Thrice	28. Sketched	29. Lion	30. Is not included	31. Garret	32. Weapon	33. A fine grade of this shrub	34. It has —	35. flowers	36. Its beans are also called	37. Horse	38. Company	39. To assault	40. Shier	41. Enemy	42. Kind of paint	43. Narrow ridge	44. Enjoined	45. Small shield	46. Verse	47. Kingdom	48. 16 This shrub is extensively grown in	49. Its beverage is —	50. stimulating	51. Puzzler	52. All gone	53. Mongrel	54. Because	55. Charity	56. Afternoon meal	57. X	58. Quits pins	59. Heavenly body	60. Betrothed person	61. Dialect	62. expressions	63. Bed on a boat	64. To leave	65. Chinese sedge	66. Scheme	67. Grave vault	68. Rodents	69. Jackdaw	70. Humor	71. Silk worm sac	72. Witty remark	73. Sombre
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OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



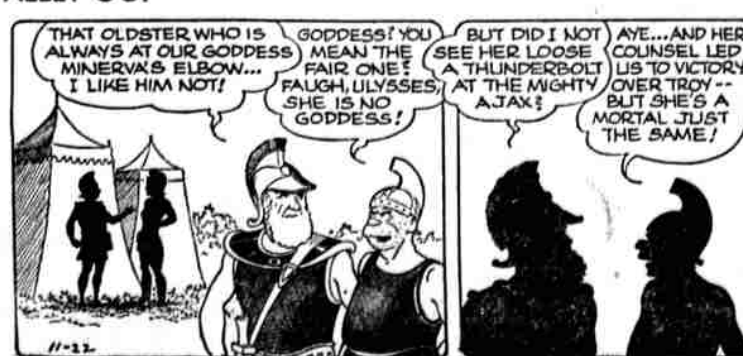
WASH TUBBS



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

