

## Joan of Arkansas

By JERRY BRONDFIELD

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**  
 JOAN JOHNSON—A mysterious coed, glamour girl of the Tech campus.  
 KEITH RHODES—Tech's star fullback.  
 DAN WEBER—The blocking back who clears Keith's way: a steady, indomitable student.

**YESTERDAY:** At the Gamma house, following the Vanderbilt victory, Joan meets Dan Weber's date, Eileen Campbell. Later, on a moonlight stroll, Keith kisses her. She looks up, sees Dan Weber staring at her.

### CHAPTER FIFTEEN

JOAN'S HANDS slid from Keith's shoulders. Something felt mixed up inside her.

"What's the matter?" Keith asked, oblivious to what she had seen.

"Nothing. It's too cool out here. Let's go in."

They arrived just in time to dance to "Stardust."

"And it'll be justifiable homicide if anybody tries to cut in," Keith growled ominously.

They danced past the serving table and stopped for some punch.

"Hi, Arkansas," cried Tommy Peters, barging up for a glassful himself.

"Hi, squirt," Joan replied as they swung back onto the floor. "Nice job of cheer-leading you turned in today. Was hoping you'd break your neck on that last touchdown but you didn't quite make it."

A middle-aged alumnus tapped Tommy on the shoulder. "Did you mean by that, that she was from Arkansas?"

"Sure. Johnson's her name. Joan Johnson. Why?"

"Nothing. I just happened to have spent a few years teaching down there a short while back. What's her father do?"

"He's a hardware dealer, or something like back east."

"Oh, hardware. Thought maybe she might be."

"Now," Tommy interrupted. "I thought so, too, for awhile, but she doesn't have a single relative out there."

A few minutes later Joan bumped squarely into Dan.

"Oh, it's you again." She looked him full in the face. "Hope you enjoyed what you were looking at earlier."

She was sorry immediately that she allowed the words to escape. She could see him growing red. The faint flush started at his neck and spread upward.

"Sure. Enjoyed it immensely." His voice was bitter and shot through with anger. "But I don't like your nasty little implication," he added. "Don't flatter yourself for an instant, thinking I'd want to spy on you. I'm not concerned in the slightest over what you do."

"I'm sorry you said that. You're liable to change your mind some day and I'll be just mean enough to remind you of this."

Dan Weber had a hard time dropping off to sleep that night. His knee throbbed from a vicious tackle he had made that afternoon but he knew that wasn't the reason.

THE REASON WAS Joan Johnson. He wondered if she could be right. If he would change his mind.

On the other hand, he was glad he had made the commitment. Maybe he wouldn't find her in his thoughts so much from now on. Funny thing, the way she had grown on him. Better get her out of his mind completely though.

Joan Johnson. Just another name for glamour. Sure, that was it. Just glamour. He tried rationalizing his feelings but it didn't work.

Keith Rhodes' type, strictly. Even if he tried to compete with Keith . . . but wait a minute, he wasn't supposed to think about that.

Still, it was natural for Joan to be attracted to Keith. He was the boy with the drums, all right. Handsome. Almost pretty. And he sure looked good on a with em.

Sure he looked good. But who wouldn't, when Dan was out there knocking down ends and tackling all over the lot. Just a blocker. But a good one, he told himself.

He finally drifted off to sleep but all night in his dreams he was running interference for Keith Rhodes. Blocking, blocking, blocking.

Keith cut history again the following Monday. Dan looked at Joan when she said hello but he didn't glance her way again during the entire hour. He kept busy, taking notes in that neat, precise manner of his. Occasionally he'd stare out the window.

Joan got up from her seat quickly when the bell rang and hurried out of the room.

Only then did Dan shift his gaze, his eye following her as she left.

Cutting across campus toward the library, Joan spied a familiar figure a couple of hundred yards down the walk. It was Keith, headed for his business organization class. She waited until he came up.

"So you finally made it," she observed. "Personally, I don't see why you scheduled anything earlier than 11 o'clock in the first place."

HE GRINNED. "Had to make this one. I feel one of those 10-minute quizzes coming on and I've missed too many of 'em lately. And for once, I'm ready for it."

She sniffed. "I don't, but happy landings, anyway."

The girls were lounging around, listening to the radio after dinner that night when an announcement was made that made them all sit right up in their chairs.

Dan Weber had been hurt in practice. Had broken a small bone in his hand. Nothing very serious but in all probability he'd be kept out of the Duquesne game that week-end.

"Gee, that's tough," Bonnie Harris said. "That might make all the difference in the world."

"It probably will as far as Keith is concerned," Elaine muttered.

"Why do you persist in giving Weber so much credit for Keith's success?" Joan asked. "I imagine Dan's pretty valuable to the team or he wouldn't be playing, but I guess Keith'll get along without him."

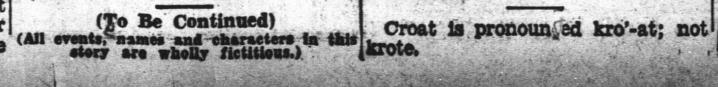
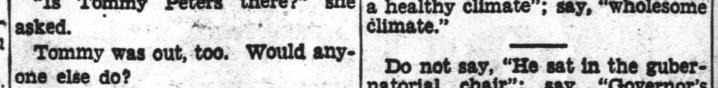
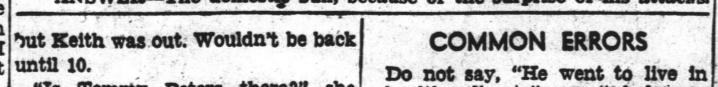
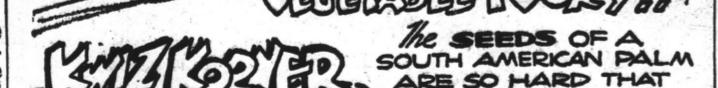
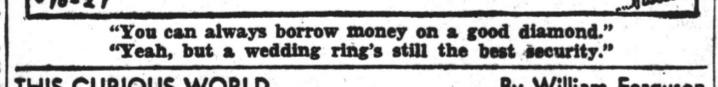
Elaine shrugged. "You might understand it some day when you know a little more about football."

"Say, Joan," Marianne piped up. "Why don't you call up Keith and get the lowdown firsthand. About Dan, I mean. Keith did know, wouldn't he? Go 'head and call."

Joan balked at first, thought about it a while and changed her mind. She called the Gamma house

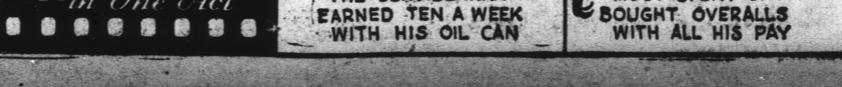
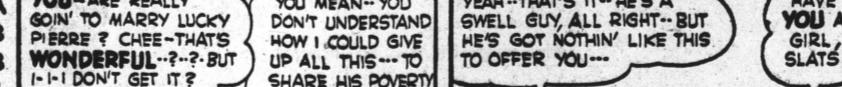
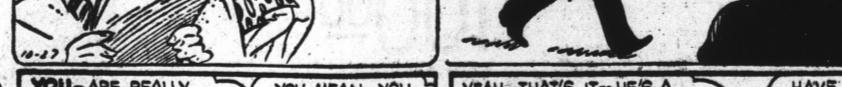
## GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichy



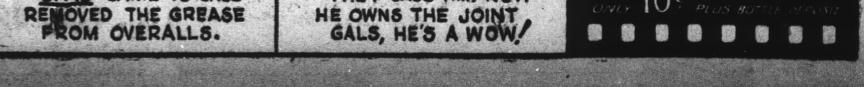
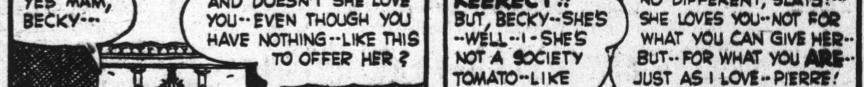
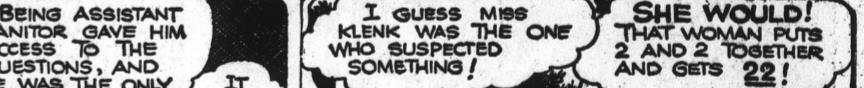
## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



**COMMON ERRORS**  
 Do not say, "He went to live in a healthy climate"; say, "wholesome climate."

Do not say, "He sat in the gubernatorial chair"; say, "Governor's chair."

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