

SERIAL STORY

LESSONS IN LOVE

BY JERRY BRONFIELD

THURSDAY: Food with the...
DUGAN didn't like women to have too much talent.

DUGAN GOES FORMAL

CHAPTER III

NOTHING like relaxing after...
DUGAN didn't like women to have too much talent.

Barbara thought it strange when Uncle Hank told her Dugan would have to meet her party at the Starlight Terrace. A business conference had tied him up later than he had expected.

Larry Grover came along to pick her up. "Sorry I'm a little late," he apologized. "One of my ponies came down with a fever."

Barbara showed her disgust. "If you paid as much attention to your business as you do to polo you'd be one of the greatest architects in the country."

"Correction," he said. "THE greatest. But polo is more fun." "It must be. You haven't called in two weeks."

"I'm flattered that you noticed," he laughed. The whole crowd already was there when they arrived—Sue Bishop, Charley Gilroy, Ina and Bruce Meade, and a half dozen others.

"Where's the guest of honor?" they chorused. "Don't tell us he got cold feet and beat it back to the hills," Charley said.

"He'll be here," Barbara promised. It was a matter of seconds later that they heard the commotion. Over the hum of excited voices on the other side of the room she could hear the high, flat voice of Henry, the head-waiter.

Then Barbara gasped. Henry's back appeared first, and then as he was swept aside with one imperative arm, a buckskinned, moccasined Indian strode into view, a solitary bright blue feather arising from a head band.

They sat in stunned silence as he approached and bowed, arms folded, before Barbara.

Barbara knew she had to say something but words just wouldn't come out of her mouth. She looked past Dugan and saw Ina Meade's eyes standing out like bugs.

Barbara finally recovered. "This is—Chief Leaping Water," she stammered, introducing Dugan all the way around.

Dugan bowed again and they

each nodded dumbly. All but Sue. Her pent-up breath exploded. "Boy! isn't he the item!"

Dugan, sitting down between Barbara and Larry, smiled. "I seemed to have a little difficulty getting in. Especially with the head waiter."

"Did he try to stop you—for— for some reason or other?" one of the girls queried.

Dugan leaned toward her slightly. "He changed his mind, however. I told him I would cut out his heart and throw it to the dogs."

SOMEONE knocked over a water glass. Barbara turned to Dugan, rigidly. "Your costume is colorful, if not correct."

"It is not a costume and it is correct," he replied evenly. "Evening clothes are supposed to be the finest one has. These are the finest an Indian can wear. This feather," he added, "was part of the very correct ceremonial dress I wore when made chief of my tribe. And now—may I be honored with a dance?"

Barbara looked startled. "I think I can manage," he added significantly.

His assurance was an understatement. His dancing was smooth, superb, as good as that of any man she had ever known.

There was a bright flash as they glided near the end of the floor. Someone had taken a picture.

At the table Sue nudged Larry Grover. "If he's an Indian, it's me for the great open spaces," she said enthusiastically. "Ever see eyes like that... and look at those shoulders!"

Larry grinned. Then he sat up stiffly. "If he's an Ind—" "What did you say?" Sue asked.

"Nothing," he said curiously. Larry took them home when it was all over and bade them good night.

Barbara let her wrap slide from her shoulder as Dugan opened the door. "Allow me to say I had a very fine time," Dugan said gravely. "It was very interesting."

"Interesting?" Barbara echoed. "I'd say it was slightly on the riotous side. I won't hear the end of this for months, thanks to you."

"Thanks to me? You had planned a show. So we had a show. But we have a saying, Miss Chase... 'the whip can strike from both ends.'"

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Fireside Chat

By HAROLD GRAY



POPEYE

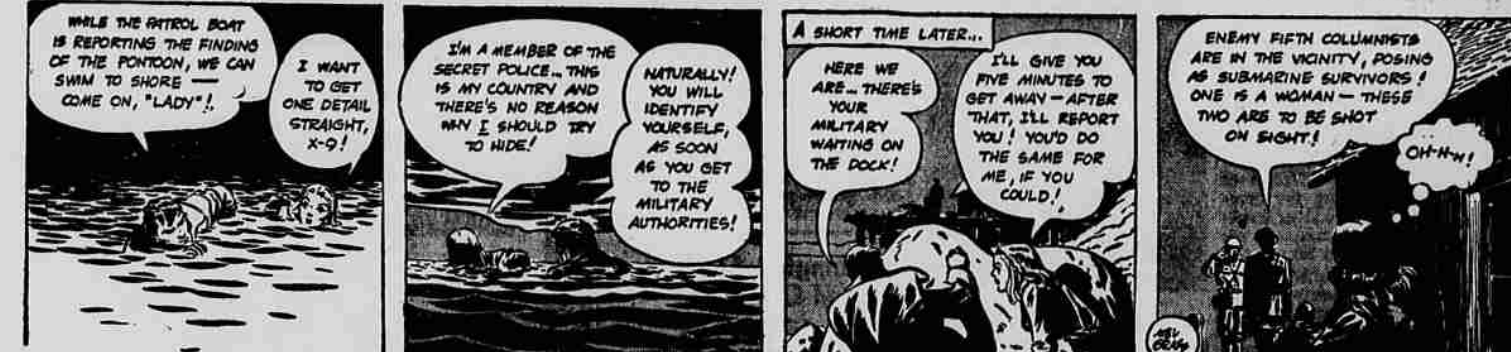
Now Showing—"DILEMMA STICKS OUT HIS CHIN!" Tomorrow—"CHALLENGED TO A DUEL!"

By E. C. SEGAR



Secret Agent X-9

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Well—I

By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS

Maybe It Will, McKee

By CRANE



ALLEY OOP

Ooola Expresses An Opinion

By V. T. HAMLIN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE - with - MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS



Stories in STAMPS



Hungary and Russia - Not on Speaking Terms

NO doubt exists as to Hungary's position in regard to the Russo-German conflict. Shortly after Nazi panzer divisions smashed their way ruthlessly into Soviet territory, Hungary broke off diplomatic relations with the Kremlin.

Interesting sidelight to this action is the fact that Hungary herself, shortly after being set up within her present territorial limits after World War I, embraced a Soviet form of government under Bela Kun for a few months in 1919.

In 1920, however, after the Soviet administration had been succeeded by a short-lived Socialist regime, a regency was set up with Admiral Nicholas von Horthy elected as regent. The stamp above shows Admiral Horthy on horseback, and was issued by Hungary in 1939, with the surtax set aside for the "Hungary for Hungarians" movement.

With nearly all other racial elements removed after World War I, Hungary has been, for the past 20 years, nearly entirely a Magyar state. Since the inception of World War II, her sympathies for Germany have been clearly evi-

SIDE GLANCES



I'm curt and rude in any of those letters, suppose you write me a nice cool day and make them sweet and polite!