

Only the Brave

By PAUL EVAN LEHMAN

(Chapter 32)
Boots thudded and men came rushing into the room. Bill Frothingam was in the front, and at the sight of Jeff his gun came up and he steadied.

She laughed delightedly and drew his head down so that she could whisper. "He said to me this evening, 'Connie, you'll never break that music-ang if you wait for him to come up to you and beg for sugar. You gotta rope him and slap your brand on him before he has a chance to buck out of the loop.'"

Susbauer Tribesmen Hold Annual Picnic

Sublimity — Members of the Susbauer relationship had their annual reunion at Pats Acres. About 50 members of the family were present.

Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reichtold and family of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Adams and family of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Susbauer and family of Sublimity, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reichtold and family of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Susbauer and family of Sublimity, Mr. and Mrs. John Susbauer and family of Sublimity, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ditter and family of Sublimity, Mr. George Susbauer of Sublimity, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Zimmerman and family of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ditter and family of Sublimity, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Owen and family of Sublimity, Mrs. Mary Klecker of Stayton, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Young and daughter of Salem and Misses Edna, Teresa, and Tillie Ditter, all of Sublimity.

"What makes me man is the thought of you, Jeff. I thought he was not going to start winding in time. He sure paid off for the wrong he did."

"It sure was a waste of time and effort," agreed Jeff. "But now that the job of mending the sun poe out and figure he'll go places in a hurry. He knocked the dottle from his pipe and got up.

"Mrs. King's case you don't know. It's mighty close to midnight. I'm goin' to turn in."

"Gracious! Is it really that late?" Mrs. King got up too and Jeff held the door open for her. He turned for a last word.

"I'll be right back, Jeff. I'll have your mind right off. I might have another proposition to talk over with you. Good night, kids. And Connie—don't forget what I told you."

For a while after they had gone, Connie and Jeff sat in silence; then she moved her chair closer and her hand closed about his strong fingers. The moon hid the roses in her cheeks.

"Jeff," she whispered, "Dad's really interested in you. He likes you ever so much. But he worries about you."

"Worries? About me?" "Oh-h-h-h!" Connie was quite sure of herself now. She crept a little closer to him. "So there has been a woman in your life! Tell me about her, Jeff."

"No, there hasn't been a girl. I mean, there is a girl—Doggone it, Connie, what are you making me say?"

"Oh-h-h!" Connie was quite sure of herself now. She crept a little closer to him. "So there has been a woman in your life! Tell me about her, Jeff."

"No, there hasn't been a girl. I mean, there is a girl—Doggone it, Connie, what are you making me say?"

"Oh-h-h!" Connie was quite sure of herself now. She crept a little closer to him. "So there has been a woman in your life! Tell me about her, Jeff."

"No, there hasn't been a girl. I mean, there is a girl—Doggone it, Connie, what are you making me say?"

"Oh-h-h!" Connie was quite sure of herself now. She crept a little closer to him. "So there has been a woman in your life! Tell me about her, Jeff."

"No, there hasn't been a girl. I mean, there is a girl—Doggone it, Connie, what are you making me say?"

"Oh-h-h!" Connie was quite sure of herself now. She crept a little closer to him. "So there has been a woman in your life! Tell me about her, Jeff."

"No, there hasn't been a girl. I mean, there is a girl—Doggone it, Connie, what are you making me say?"

