

● SERIAL STORY

LESSONS IN LOVE

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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CHAPTER I

THE look on Barbara Chase's face was one of utmost displeasure as she curled up on the sofa and lifted the telephone to her ear.

"It's that anemic Lester Burton again," she hissed to her Uncle Hank as she prepared to speak. Hank Chase shook his head. Poor Lester. Poor fish.

"No, Lester..." Barbara was saying wearily. "No, I'm busy. No, busy Friday, too. No-o-o-o. No, Lester, maybe next week. Yes, that's a good boy. Don't fret, now. Bye."

Barbara put down the phone. She rested an elbow on a knee and cupped her chin in her hand. "Uncle Hank," she intoned, "if I were to use this house as a focal point and then draw a circle with a 100-mile radius, do you think there might be a man somewhere in that circle who had a spark of interest?"

His answer was nothing more than a snort.

Barbara shook her head, and the long blond curls swished about her shoulders. "When," she mocked, "tell me when are men going to quit talking about the stock market, the tax rate, and the wonderful blinges they go on? When is this present crop of so-called eligibles going to crawl from under their night club pallors and reveal a red corpuscle for two?"

She plopped down beside Uncle Hank and poked him in the ribs. "This country's going to pot. Why doesn't somebody do something about the improvement of the breed? I mean men, not horses. neither is your golf game," he advised. "I can't even get some decent golf competition these days."

She folded her arms sullenly. "Superiority... bah!"

"Bah! Isn't ladylike," Uncle Hank admonished. "But then, milted."

"And why... WHY don't they quit showering me with flowers and silly little trinkets and sell me something in the way of old-fashioned masculinity? Lester Burton—bah!"

HANK CHASE tapped his pipe softly. "Gal, you were born 30,000 years too late. You belonged back in one of those mesozoic ages, or whatever they were."

"No, I don't. I merely maintain that the man I marry must be able to balance a tea cup with his left hand and drop a 40-foot putt with his right at the same time."

"Must be lots of them like that in New York."

"If there are," she growled, "someone's keeping them in chains in a fourth floor attic. Nope, Uncle Hank, I don't know of any in that 100-mile radius I mentioned. Larry Grover, maybe, but he's more interested in horses than women. I bet I could do better if I went down to your Oklahoma oil fields and dated a couple of drillers."

Hank Chase's head jerked up with interest. "Now, maybe that won't be necessary. Fact of the matter is we're going to have a visitor from down Oklahoma way tomorrow. Forgot to mention it to you. Very forgetful of me. I might add, however, that he possibly is what you're looking for in the way of—well, did you say masculinity?"

"Who?" she asked quickly, suspiciously.

Uncle Hank puffed on his pipe. "Chief Leaping Water."

"Chief Leaping Water?" "Well, kinda." He grinned. "However, I don't think he'll get off the train wearing war paint, and he probably has as many of the so-called social graces as most of the young men you know, but—"

And then for a long minute Uncle Hank stopped. There was a sudden thought that struck him, and he liked the way it kept bouncing back.

"His real name," he continued, "is Dugan Blake. Rather Irish-sounding, but he's mostly American, you know. Dugan has been field superintendent with us for three years now. Coming up to New York for a conference for the first time."

"You mean this is his first trip to New York?"

"Right. And, Barbara—Uncle Hank stroked his chin reflectively. "I think it would be a pretty good idea if you helped entertain him while he's here. Just a couple of weeks."

"Entertain him," she echoed. "Entertain an Indian? Why, the only party he'll be interested in is a scalping party, and he probably couldn't get any closer to the conga than a war dance."

Hank grinned. "What's the difference?" he inquired mildly. "But seriously, Barbs, I'm going to count on you. Okay?"

"In a minor sort of way, she promised daskly. "But very minor."

UNCLE HANK went to Grand Central alone the next day.

He figured a little talk with Dugan Blake might be in order before-hand. He looked at his watch. Two more minutes. And then there he was, striding up the ramp. Barbara was coming out of the garden, her arms full of peonies, when Uncle Hank's car swung up the drive and stopped in front of the house.

"Barbs," said Uncle Hank, getting out of the car, "this is Chief Leaping Water, but I guess he'd want you to call him Dugan Blake. Dugan, my one and only Barbara."

Barbara Chase didn't quite realize it, but she held her breath as Dugan Blake uncoiled himself from the back seat of the convertible and stepped out lightly. She found herself offering her hand.

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hand in greeting, but as yet she hadn't said anything. The man smiling faintly before her was tall and dark, very dark. The pressure of his handclasp was firm, almost powerful.

"So this is the famed Miss Barbara," she heard him murmur, just as it occurred to her that never in all her 23 years had she ever met anyone as handsome as Chief Leaping Water.

He held her hand for a long minute, but she made no effort to draw away. Anyway, she had an idea he wouldn't have allowed it even if she had tried.

(To Be Continued)

Scientist says there is 257,000 horsepower in a teaspoon of water. Aw, that isn't water.



Joe Marchase, 8, and pup go under a newspaper to escape rain during judging.

POOLE'S

222 S. 7th

Headquarters for BICYCLES

\$5 Down

• Baby Walkers

• Wagons

• Tricycles

Lawn Mowers

Sharpened. \$1

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

THE MATA-MATA TURTLE, OF BRAZIL, CATCHES FISH BY ANGLING FOR THEM! IT WAVES A WORM-LIKE CHIN APPENDAGE BACK AND FORTH IN THE WATER, AND THE FISH, MISTAKING IT FOR FOOD, APPROACHES AND IS SNAPPED UP.

TYPHOID FEVER IS MORE COMMON IN THE COUNTRY THAN IN THE CITY!

IS PLUMBAGO A MINERAL, A FOOD, OR A DISEASE?

ANSWER: It is a mineral, used for making pencils, polishes, lubricants, etc.

NEXT: Are you afraid of snakes?

FOREST BEAST

HORIZONTAL

1 The Tasmanian wolf.

5 It is a night or beast.

12 EIL.

13 Counterparts.

15 From.

16 Bivalve mollusk.

18 Haughty substance.

21 Ocular.

23 To observe.

24 Japanese elder statement.

25 To obliterate.

27 Fiery.

29 You.

33 Coloring substance.

36 Condemn.

37 Preposition.

38 Optical glass.

39 Southeast (abbr.).

20 It has — or strong jaws.

22 Walking sticks.

26 Rises in vapor.

28 Secondary.

31 Duel.

32 Lair.

34 Yes.

35 Demand for reputation.

37 Wood sorrel.

39 Crude polish.

43 To lick up.

45 Nominal value.

46 In reality.

47 Spike.

49 Hops kiln.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

RED RYDER

I'LL LEARN YOU TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, RYDER!

DUCK, RED!

COVER HARPER'S PALE!

(NICE WORK, SLIM!)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

GEE, "DA..." ER, PROFESSOR... YOU SURE TALKED THAT FLY COP AND TH' OTHER GUY INTO BELIEVIN' YOU ARE A PROFESSOR...

WHY NOT? I WOULDN'T LIE—I AM A PROFESSOR—OR I WAS—RETIRED NOW—

GO-WAN! YOU'RE KIDDIN'—WHEN EVER WERE YOU A PROF?

WHEN I WAS OVER THERE A WHILE BACK AND DOGGING TO AVOID A CONCENTRATION CAMP—

YEP! I WAS PROFESSOR JASPER JONES AT A VERY GOOD COLLEGE, AND A DARN GOOD PROFESSOR, TOO, WHILE IT LASTED—

BUT THEY GOT YOU AT LAST ANYWAY AND PUT YOU INTO A CONCENTRATION CAMP—

OH, SURE... BUT THAT WAS BECAUSE WAS A PROFESSOR—AND IT WAS BETTER THAN BEING SHOT FOR BEING A RICH INDUSTRIALIST—

GEE! WITH YOUR NERVE—NO WONDER YOU ALWAYS LIGHT ON TOP—

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

REALLY...

WELL, YES! DEFINITELY!

THE... AH, HEM, FARM BUILDINGS ARE RATHER CLOSE TO THE HOUSES, AREN'T THEY? THEY, UM... SEEM CLOSER THAN USUAL TONIGHT!

HHMM

SLAM!

WASH TUBBS

I HAVEN'T SLEPT A CONFOUNDED WINK, THIS THING MUST BE STUFFED WITH BRICKS. WHY THE SAM HILL WAS I SUCH A FOOL AS TO SPEND THE NIGHT WITH CAROL AND WAS IN THE FIRST PLACE?

PLOP!

OH, HO! SOUNDS LIKE THE MORNING PAPER BEING DELIVERED

NO ONE'S LOOKING I'LL—

SLAM!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

I WOULDN'T ADVISE DISCUSSING ANYTHING WITH YOUR FATHER, NOW! HE'S NOT AFRAID OF HIM! MOM!

WHERE DO YOU GET THAT PUTTER?

SOME BOZO LOST IT OUT OF A CAR, BUT HE WAS GOING SO FAST I COULDN'T CATCH HIM!

AND I BET THE MAN WHO OWNED IT GIVES HIS SON LECTURES ON SPEEDING! IMAGINE THAT! NUTTY OFFERED ME 75¢ FOR IT!

WHY, THAT PUTTER COST ME \$100—ER... I MEAN—

WELL, I SUPPOSE THIS FORESTALLS ANY FUTURE ARGUMENTS I MIGHT HAVE AGAINST YOUR SPEEDING!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



LISTEN, MAJOR, YOU'VE BEEN BULKING AROUND TWO DAYS WITH A CAMEL'S LOWER LIP! I'VE GOT A GAG TO CHEER YOU UP—THAT GUY ST. BERNARD'S IS NO MORE AN ALPINE GUIDE THAN I AM A RUSSIAN BARBER! HE'S YOUR BROTHER JAKE!

EGAD, TWIGGS! I AM AS MELANCHOLY AS A LOON! I COULD—

WHAT! JAKE?

UM-KUMF! WHY, YAS, I MEANT TO TELL YOU—I PIERCED JAKE'S CAMOUFLAGE AT A GLANCE—DETECTED THE OLD LIMP HE HAS CARRIED SINCE BOYHOOD WHEN HE RECEIVED A LOAD OF BUCKSHOT WHILE STEALING CHERRIES!

HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HIS OWN BROTHER—

By Fred Harman

By Harold Gray

By Martin

By Crane

By Bloss

By V. T. Hamlin



UNCLE HANK went to Grand Central alone the next day.