● SERIAL STORY

LESSONS IN LOVE

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Faced with the problem of entertaining an Indian, Barbara plans to take Dugan Blake to a formal party at the Starlight Terrace. Barbara admits that Dugan is really quite presentable, but she enjoys the prospect of showing him off to her friends. Dugan assures her that he has formal clothes for the function and Barbara is chagrined to discover that Dugan's regard for her circle of sophisticated friends is not too high.

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DUGAN GOES FORMAL

CHAPTER III

"NOTHING like relaxing after dinner," said Uncle Hank, pulling out his pipe. "Beautiful night, too."

"The stars, especially," Dugan said softly, turning his head skyward.

Barbara noticed his profile and it bothered her. "Surely your Oklahoma stars must be much prettier," she said loftily.

He turned to her. "Yes," he replied slowly. "They are. Much prettier. You'll have to come down and see them sometime."

"Would it be safe?"

"Quite," he assured her. "You have my guarantee."

"What's it worth?"

He walked up to her, very deliberately. "Much more than those given to a lot of my friends by some of yours, years ago."

From the depths of his comfortable chair, Uncle Hank groaned. Something told him he had engineered a little too much.

Hank dropped into Dugan's room before they retired. "Well, Dugan my boy, what do you think of her?"

Dugan grinned as he yanked off his tie. "Hank, she's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Looks as though she has more spirit than a pinto pony, but very obviously, uh . . ."

Hank grunted. "Spoiled . . . very obviously. All my fault, too. I raised her since she was a kid and I didn't have too much time to devote to her. She's had everything . . . probably too much. And believe me, Dugan," he added, jabbing a stubby finger for emphasis, "the man that gets her will need a plenty strong rope and a high corral."

Dugan Blake was inclined to agree. The lovely Miss Chase, he understood, had talents no end.

Dugan didn't like women to have too much talent.

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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—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."

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SOMEONE knocked over a water glass. Barbara turned to Dugan, frigidly. "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)

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SOME MENU

A year's menu for 300,000 CCC boys included 112,500 steers, 3,375,000 chickens, 67,500,000 pounds of potatoes, 13,500,000 pounds of bacon, 13,500,000 pounds of butter, and 27,000,000 pounds of pork.

It takes energy to be an artist. And freedom. — Jo Davidson, American sculptor.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: When the Big Dipper sets, the handle is to the left, and the bowl is right side up.

PREMIER FLYER

HORIZONTAL

1 Jacqueline ——, American pilot.
7 She was voted the —— or outstanding aviatrix.
13 Orderly collection.
14 Roof finial.
16 Frenzy.
17 Sea mile.
18 Khedive's estate.
20 To fail to hit.
21 Palm lily.
22 Says again.
24 Measure.
25 Muddles.
27 A solid.
30 To relieve.
31 Long inlet.
32 One who mends.
33 Ironwood trees.
34 Dispatched.
35 Affirmative.
36 Lieutenant (abbr.).
38 Coin.
39 Noun ending.
40 Form of "I"
41 Serrated tool.
43 Entangled.
48 Heart.
49 Curse.
51 To moan.
52 Hair tie.
53 Learnings.
55 Encountered.
56 Kind of soup.
58 She ferried a —— across the Atlantic (pl.).
59 She is —— of five speed records (pl.).

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Food container.
2 To make a speech.
3 War ships.
4 Derby.
5 Railway (abbr.).
6 Low tide.
7 Italian coin.
8 Common verb.
9 Stream obstruction.
10 First letters of names.
11 Striving.
12 Fuel.
15 Pastry.
18 Abandoning.
19 Preposition.
22 Compounds in resins.
23 Sprinkled.
25 She was once a dress —— (pl.).
26 Wiser.
28 Potato masher
29 To conquer.
37 Sacred interdiction.
40 Grass cutter.
42 Opposed to cold.
44 Weapons.
45 Fish eggs.
46 Slat.
47 Half an em.
48 Apple center.
50 The tip.
52 Unopened flower.
53 Pound (abbr.)
54 Southeast (abbr.).
56 Plural (abbr.)
57 Electric unit.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

RED RYDER

By Fred Harman

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

By Harold Gray

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin

WASH TUBBS

By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser

ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Hamlin