

● SERIAL STORY

LESSONS IN LOVE

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY, Barbara, Dugan and Hank were invited to Larry's place for the week-end. After they arrive, Hank takes Dugan aside, tells him he has learned that a rival all company, the same one involved in business deal with Hank, has offered Dugan a job. When Hank tells Barbara, she rushes to Dugan and accuses him of being a thief. Angered, he takes her by the hand and they set out together to find Hank and talk over the matter.

DUGAN PERFORMS

CHAPTER VIII

DUGAN dragged Barbara down the hall to her uncle's room, knocked a couple of times and entered.

"I haven't been invited," he said abruptly, "but I came anyway, in defense of myself. In the first place, Hank, I've been looking for you all night to explain that Midwest proposition. You know, I might have expected such distrust and suspicion from your lovely niece, but certainly not from you."

He looked from one to the other. Barbara sat, still stunned by Dugan's explosive action.

"I can't say much more right now, Hank," Dugan continued. "In a few days I'll give you the details. However, that proposition from Midwest had absolutely nothing to do with the fact that I advised you to sell that tract of land to them a couple of days ago."

"You'll just have to believe me, that's all, Hank. Still further, for your information, I had no intention of leaving your organization for any price. You should have known that. I was going to ask you for a three months' leave of absence. Yes, I was going over to Midwest for 90 days—with your permission."

He paused for breath. Hank Chase looked bewildered.

"I can't tell you any more right now, but of course you don't have to listen at any time, especially since you don't particularly place much faith in me at present."

Hank Chase extended his hand. "Dugan, I don't know what's in the wind, but I'm a little ashamed of myself to think what I did. After all these years... knowing you since you were a kid in torn breeches. I'm sorry, Dugan. Forgive me!"

The hard lines in Dugan Blake's face softened. He gripped Hank Chase's hand.

Then he turned to Barbara. "I'm sorry you called me a thief," he said strangely. His voice had a brittle tinge to it. "And I'll be very glad to move out of your house." He bowed slightly.

DUGAN, strolling past the house the next day shortly after lunch, wandered over to a group watching Sue Bishop shoot arrows at a big target 40 feet away.

"Come here, Barbara," she called disgustedly. "I never was any good at this stuff in school and I'm worse now. Show the folks how an expert bends this chunk of wood, will you?"

Barbara, sprawled on the grass, laughed and got to her feet. She took the bow from Sue and in rapid succession put three arrows into the blue circle next to the small golden bull's eye. A murmur of admiration rose from the group watching.

Dugan Blake couldn't resist the impulse. He found himself walking out and taking the bow from Barbara's unprotesting hand.

Quickly fitting an arrow to the string, he sighted briefly and let fly. It smacked into the gold center. So did a second arrow. The third practically split his first two.

He handed the bow back to Barbara. "Talents no end," he mocked, and he saw her lips tighten.

Barbara saw the grins on the uninvited faces as Dugan walked away.

Sue whispered over her shoulder. "It's about time you gave up, don't you think, before this gang discovers he can even thread a needle faster than you?"

"Knowing what I do about needles and the art of threading them, I'm pretty well convinced that he can," Barbara replied gloomily.

"I HOPE you're not disappointed in me," Dugan told Larry as he tried on the boots which had been loaned to him. "You easterners play a mighty tough brand of polo, and I'm not kidding myself, either."

Larry snorted. "Listen, guy. From what I've heard about the way you handle a horse and mallet, I'm just wondering whether we can keep up with you. Let's go."

They trotted past a string of cars as they came onto the field. Larry waved at Barbara seated on the rear of a convertible. Dugan rode past without so much as a glance.

Larry placed Dugan at the hard-riding No. 1 position, and instantly Dugan felt a tingle shoot through him. It felt good, sitting on a smart, fast pony again. It felt good, too, to lunge at the ball,

hear and feel the meaty crack as wood connected with wood.

In the first chukker, he scored two goals, one of them on a solo dash up the field on a 50-yard final terrific smash through the posts.

"Nice going!" Larry yelled, and Dugan grinned back.

On the sidelines Barbara turned begrudging but appreciative eyes on the dark-faced No. 1 who looked as though he was part of the horse rather than a rider, as he rode off the enemy and swung his mallet with a seemingly reckless but unerring manner.

"You've got to hand it to him," Sue Bishop murmured. "The man's good and there's no denying it."

"I'm not denying it," Barbara countered. "He's terrific—as a polo player, of course. There hasn't been a better rider on this field since Tommy Hitchcock played here five years ago."

Sue arched a surprised eyebrow. "All that from you?"

"Have to give the devil his due," "Yon Mister Grover doesn't do so badly, himself," Sue observed. "He's playing a better game than ever, or hadn't you noticed?"

Barbara agreed, but as the horses thundered up and down the field her eyes somehow always managed to pick out the Briar Hill No. 1 man.

She didn't know Uncle Hank had come up until he spoke. "From one extreme to the other," said Uncle Hank, nodding in the general direction of Dugan. "What do you mean?"

He grinned. "A week ago you

were complaining about the utter lack of masculinity in these parts. Now you've got a sample which has you all but begging for mercy."

"And if that's only a sample," Sue cracked, "just think what would happen if he were the actual product!"

(To Be Continued)

I can only compare conditions there (Fort Bragg) with World War conditions. We never had anything like it in the World War. I want the congress to know that every dollar that is spent down there for military training is well spent.—Rep. Hamilton Fish, New York, on leave from training camp where he is a reserve officer.

Life is perpetual motion, nothing remains static save death.—Dr. Don Luis, Quintanilla, Mexican minister plenipotentiary.

NEED A SUIT RIGHT NOW?
IF YOU DO, REMEMBER THAT YOUR **CREDIT** IS GOOD HERE!
AS LONG AS 90 DAYS TO PAY
OREGON WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

THE AVERAGE MAN CONSUMES ABOUT 200,000 LBS. OF FOOD AND WATER DURING A LIFETIME.

STEAKHOUSE

QUOTK ODDS

IN A NEW YORK CITY UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING, 25 BABIES HAVE BEEN BORN IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS, AND THEY'RE ALL BOYS!

DEFENSE PROJECT

"THE MORE YOU LOSE YOUR TEMPER, THE MORE OF IT YOU HAVE," SAYS "MIKE OF THE ENDURO," BROOKLYN, N.Y.

HOME RUN KING

HORIZONTAL

- Impish child.
- Fragment.
- Butts.
- Former baseball player.
- Pertaining to the country.
- Bad.
- Scent.
- Part of "to be."
- Father.
- Piece of baked clay.
- Parts of a flower.
- Dug ground.
- For fear that.
- Wild animal.
- Name.
- A decree.
- A number.
- Either.
- Also.
- Near.
- Bright (abbr.).
- Japanese money.
- Elevated railway.
- A monk (abbr.).

Answer to Previous Puzzle

WALRUS 11. MARINE 12. PARETIC 13. RAN 14. TUN 15. GORED 16. FOR 17. LODES 18. BIT 19. HINDI 20. E 21. SEEK 22. N 23. MARS 24. V 25. AT 26. DENIGRATE 27. PUR 28. TOP 29. RID 30. UTE 31. PUR 32. HEAL 33. TEASE 34. FLAY 35. E 36. DUBS 37. RD 38. RM 39. GO 40. AGO 41. O 42. OD 43. SERAPES 44. SOUR 45. MILLERS 46. PROTRUDING

WALRUS

VERTICAL

- More loyal.
- Perfect.
- To pierce.
- Girl's name.
- First name of 14 across.
- Frankness.
- Wash.
- Scale note.
- Perform.
- Law system.
- Employs.
- A mistake.
- Level.
- Decades.
- Rule.
- Sit.
- One of the onion family.
- Nobleman.
- Browned bread.
- Bury.
- Symbol for tellurium.
- Pronoun.
- Serpent.
- Entire sum.
- Open (poetical).
- Greek letter.
- Spirits and water.
- Italian money.
- Iron.
- Departure.
- One who trips rhythmically.
- Allude.
- Fruit of oak.
- Over supply.
- Birthplace of Abraham.
- Slave part.
- A bird.
- Poems.
- Lease.
- Part of "to be."
- Follow closely.
- State (abbr.).

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams

HEY, BUDDY WHERE DOES THIS ROAD TAKE YOU TO?

TO TWO BLOCKS OF SALT!

THE DEAD END STREET

RED RYDER

RED: HARPER'S MEN ARE HANGING AROUND THE JAIL!

RECKON WE BETTER HELP THE SHERIFF KEEP HIM LOCKED UP!

HARPER KILLUM SLIM IF HIM GET OUT!

FIGGERED YOU MIGHT WANT THIS, HARPER!

YEAH! GET ME HORSES AND WANTS!

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FOOLED THOSE REAL INDIANS INTO BELIEVIN' YOU'RE AN INDIAN TOO! THAT MEDICINE MAN, HOOTING OWL, LOOKED AWFUL SMART TO ME

UGH--HIM GET CALL--GO ON LONG TRIP--

A TRIP? MAYBE ONE O' THOSE BLANKET TAKE-OFFS WITH THY GENI FOR PILOTS? YOU DIDNT--

UGH--HIM NO COME BACK--WANTA BET?

UGH! HIM GOT STRONG MEDICINE--ME GOT HEAP STRONGER MEDICINE--SO-O-O--HIM GONE--ME NOW NOBLE RED-SKIN--CHIEF'S ADOPTED SON--ME BIG SHOT!

HA! HA! NICE WORK, CHIEF!

HEY! A WHOLE STRING O' FRESH FISH--AN INDIAN JUST BROUGHT 'EM--I SAW HIM DUCKIN' BACK INTO TH' WOODS--

UGH! ME CHIEF--NO HAVE TO FISH OR DO CHORES--YOUNG BRADERS SELL BOYS--WE GET ROOM SERVICE NOW ON--

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

SEE WHIZ!! I SLAVE HIGH YA COULD GET A ROOSTER!

WHY, ROOSTERS DON'T SEE THAT'S THE HENS JOB!

BUT... HENS DON'T CROW!

No! Roosters CROW!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN--GET A ROOSTER??

I MEAN SET 'EM--GO HE WOULDN'T GO OFF SO DOGSOME EARLY IN TH' MORNING!

WASH TUBBS

THEY'RE LOADING GRAVEL AND CEMENT ABOARD. WHAT'S MORE, THEY'RE POURING IT INTO THE HOLDS ALREADY LOADED WITH ROCK

JUMPING BLUE BLATES! IT'S TRUE! IT'S PLAIN AS DAY! THEY'RE PLANNING TO BLOCK THE PANAMA CANAL!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

IF THAT'S MY COUSIN GLORIA, SHE MUSTA BEEN STRUCK BY A MIRACLE!

SHE'S AWFULLY ATTRACTIVE FROM THE BACK--YOU'D BETTER SPEAK TO HER!

EXCUSE ME, BUT ARE YOU--

FRECKLES! JUNE!

GLORIA GLAMOUR! WELL, CUT OFF MY CONVERSATION AND CALL ME STUPEFIED!

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES!

WELL, I CAN! I CAN HEAR YOUR HEART POUNDING CLEAR OVER HERE!

ALLEY OOP

THAT THING WON'T SAVE YOU FROM TH' BEATIN' YOU GOT COMIN'! YOU SNAKE-EYED BUZZARD!

ONE WAGGLE AND YOU GET IT BETWEEN THE EYES!

SHALL WE MAKE A TRY FOR HIGH GROUND NOW, DOCTOR? THIS STORM SEEMS TO BE ABOUT OVER

ALL RIGHT, OOOOLA... I THINK WE CAN MAKE IT

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

WHY, SEBASTIAN! HOW LOVELY! HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO GROW SUCH GORGEOUS HAIR SO QUICKLY? I ADORED YOUR BALD HEAD--GO CLEAN-LOOKING--BUT THOSE WAVY LOCKS ARE MOST BECOMING! DON'T TELL LITTLE ME IF IT'S A TOUPEE!

AWK--UG--GPUTT-TT! WHY, UM, YOU SEE, IT'S A SECRET TONIC I CONCOCTED MYSELF--UM--KUMF! YAG, FROM THE JUICY ROOTS OF THE WILD MOUNTAIN FERN--HAR-RUMPH!

IMAGINE MY FORGETTING JAKE WAS BALD!

MISSUR ST. BERNARD ENJOY TO TASTE QUAIL MOST NICELY--FIVE BIRD, FIVE MOUSEFULS!

A VERY POTENT CONCOCTION ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE

By Fred Harman

LOOK OUT, SHERIFF!

GIMME THAT GUN!

OVER MY DEAD BODY!

THEN THAT'S THE WAY I'LL BE!

By Harold Gray

UGH! HIM GOT STRONG MEDICINE--ME GOT HEAP STRONGER MEDICINE--SO-O-O--HIM GONE--ME NOW NOBLE RED-SKIN--CHIEF'S ADOPTED SON--ME BIG SHOT!

HA! HA! NICE WORK, CHIEF!

HEY! A WHOLE STRING O' FRESH FISH--AN INDIAN JUST BROUGHT 'EM--I SAW HIM DUCKIN' BACK INTO TH' WOODS--

UGH! ME CHIEF--NO HAVE TO FISH OR DO CHORES--YOUNG BRADERS SELL BOYS--WE GET ROOM SERVICE NOW ON--

By Martin

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN--GET A ROOSTER??

I MEAN SET 'EM--GO HE WOULDN'T GO OFF SO DOGSOME EARLY IN TH' MORNING!

By Crane

PROBABLY NO ONE WILL SUSPECT THAT CEMENT IS MIXED WITH THE ROCK! AN EXPLOSION... THE SHIP SINKS WHILE GOING THRU A LOCK... THE HOLDS FILL WITH WATER...AND THE CARSO TURNS TO SOLID CONCRETE, BLOCKING THE CANAL!!

QUICK! WHERE'S THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE?

AH, SENOR, EEN THEES TOWN THERE EES NONE!

By Blosser

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES!

WELL, I CAN! I CAN HEAR YOUR HEART POUNDING CLEAR OVER HERE!

By V. T. Hamlin

EASY NOW--A SLIP MIGHT BE DISASTROUS!

WE'RE PART THE WORST OF IT!

A SHOT! RIGHT! BUT THAT CERTAINLY WAS NO OLD FLINT-LOCK!