

• SERIAL STORY

LESSONS IN LOVE

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: After Larry blazes her, he proposes to Barbara. She realizes she doesn't love him and rejects his offer of marriage. She refuses to admit that she is romantically interested in Dugan, but alone at home she concedes to herself that falling in love with Blake is not a remote possibility. She determines to see little of him during the next few days. Larry, however, tries to persuade Dugan to remain in New York. They talk about it after they have won the first game in the round robin polo series. Dugan says he had better get back to Oklahoma.

BLOOD TIES

CHAPTER XII

SUE came along to pick up Barbara after lunch. They swung off through the gray stone gates of the Chase estate and down the smooth chiseled road toward the polo field.

"I spoke to Larry Grover this morning," Sue said.

"You did? You mean to say you got up at 10 o'clock for that early game? Sue, you're losing your mind."

"No, just like polo." She continued. "I spoke to Larry. He said he proposed to you last night, and you passed him up."

Barbara was surprised. "Why—yes, but what made Larry bring that up?"

"Guess he had to unburden his soul to someone, and I was handy, in a motherly sort of way."

"Of course," Barbara said dryly. "Larry also said he's trying to get Dugan Blake to stay in New York. Or at least to come back here soon and stay."

"He WHAT?"

"I knew that would get you. Well, here we are, and it's your problem from now on."

Barbara sat throughout eight chukkers of polo but her mind wasn't on the game. Even the fact that Briar Hill won didn't affect her as much as the news Sue had told her.

She got Uncle Hank off by himself that night after dinner.

"Has Larry Grover made any overtures to you to keep Dugan Blake in New York?" she demanded.

Uncle Hank puffed his pipe before he spoke. "Yes, he did. In fact, I thought it would be a good idea for the future and talked to Dugan about it, but he hardly listened to what I had to say. Never dreamed he was in such a hurry to get back to Oklahoma."

Barbara got an intense feeling of satisfaction out of that. So, he was putting his tail between his legs and running out proper. Good. Very good. Mr. Dugan Blake, the hero of the tribe, definitely had decided on the safety of his Oklahoma oil fields.

She settled back on the rear of Sue's convertible and awaited the championship game between Briar Hill and Ocean Side. Well, it had been an interesting interlude. She stole a sidelong glance at Uncle Hank.

Next time Uncle Hank had any ideas about springing a fast one on her, he'd think twice.

LARRY was just mounting his horse when Dugan came over.

"Larry... not that you'll need any added inspiration now, but I want to wish you the best of luck... with Barbara." He extended his hand.

Larry Grover leaned down over his horse's neck. "What?"

"Of course. I—I happened to see you in the garden the night of the dance, and—well, can't I wish you the best of everything? She's a great girl, Larry," he added slowly. "I started out to spin her like a top, and she wound up having me in a whirl. You don't mind, do you?"

Larry grinned down at him. "Well, I'll be—Look, save it, son. I've something to tell you later."

To Dugan that word "later" typified the end of everything that was to come. This polo game was just to be a final piece of necessary business before he could leave New York forever, and he played as though he wanted to put the game on ice in the first chukker.

He was a wild man, taking chances that no one else would dare take.

Larry shouted for him to ease off, but the advice fell on unheeding ears. Dugan got two goals in the first chukker, two more in the second and was roaring on his way to a third when it happened.

Somewhat his pony stumbled, and at the same time the Ocean Side No. 4 man crashed into him. There was a split-second of pain in Dugan's knee, and then oblivion as his horse rolled over him.

The roar of the crowd was punctuated by the referee's whistle.

"He'll never come out of that one," someone muttered and Barbara felt as though she had heard her own death sentence pronounced.

She was scrambling out of the car even as Uncle Hank hurried up. "To the hospital, quick," Uncle Hank panted as they ran toward his waiting car.

FOR three hours Barbara sat in a chair outside the operating room. The whiteness around her knuckles betrayed her.

Then the doctor appeared. His face was grave, but there was a

spark of a smile around his eyes.

"He'll live," he said simply.

Barbara faintly. Uncle Hank caught her, a look of disgust on his face. "Now who's going to catch me when I faint?" he murmured.

They waited another hour after Barbara was revived.

"We just want to make sure there isn't something we can't do," Uncle Hank insisted.

"Frankly, there is," the doctor told them. "The patient lost quite a bit of blood during the operation. We need a transfusion. Would you care to be typed?"

"Take me," Uncle Hank said. "She'll faint again."

Barbara turned a furious look on her uncle and took the doctor aside for a few whispered words. The doctor smiled.

He took them both into the laboratory and told them to roll up their sleeves.

Dugan Blake blinked through the light that streamed through the window. He tried to frown and it hurt.

He made out the face of Hank Chase on his right and then turned his head slowly to look at Barbara.

She took his hand. "Darling," she whispered. "You're going to be all right."

An incredulous look came into Dugan's eyes. "Did you say darling?" he whispered.

Uncle Hank stood up. "Don't wear yourself out, my boy, by trying to figure this thing right

now. When you get some strength, she'll probably tell you you're going to marry her."

Barbara's eyes glistened. "And if you refuse I'll take back my blood."

"I was going to give you mine," Dugan. Hank said, "but she got to the doctor first. Said it was the right of a future wife, the little cheat."

Dugan pressed her hand against his lips. "Wait'll the tribe hears about the blue blood in these red-skin veins. They'll disown me."

"Let 'em," Barbara whispered. "I'll sign for all rights to you."

(THE END)

In Germany, the use of sugar for sweetening tea or coffee is forbidden.

NEED A SUIT RIGHT NOW?

IF YOU DO, REMEMBER THAT YOUR

CREDIT

IS GOOD HERE!

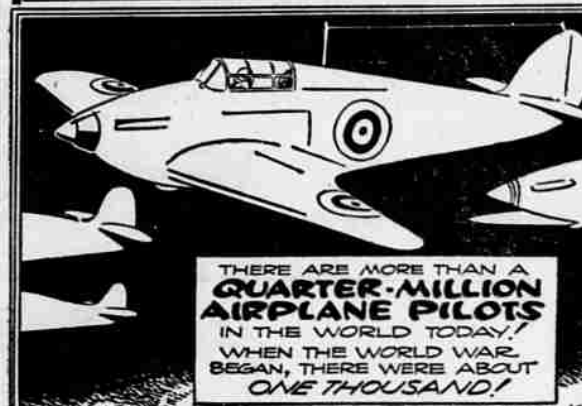
AS LONG AS 90 DAYS TO PAY

OREGON WOOLEN STORE

8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THERE ARE MORE THAN A QUARTER-MILLION AIRPLANE PILOTS IN THE WORLD TODAY. WHEN THE WORLD WAR BEGAN, THERE WERE ABOUT ONE THOUSAND!



THE NATURAL PEARL IS THE ONLY GEM THAT COMES FROM THE SEA.



THE "BRIDGE OF SIGNS" IS IN VENICE; THE "BRIDGE OF SIZES" IS BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND OAKLAND; SAYS C.J. BUTLER, SENATOR HARBOR, MICH.

NEXT: How fast does a sloth travel?

HEAD G-MAN

HORIZONTAL

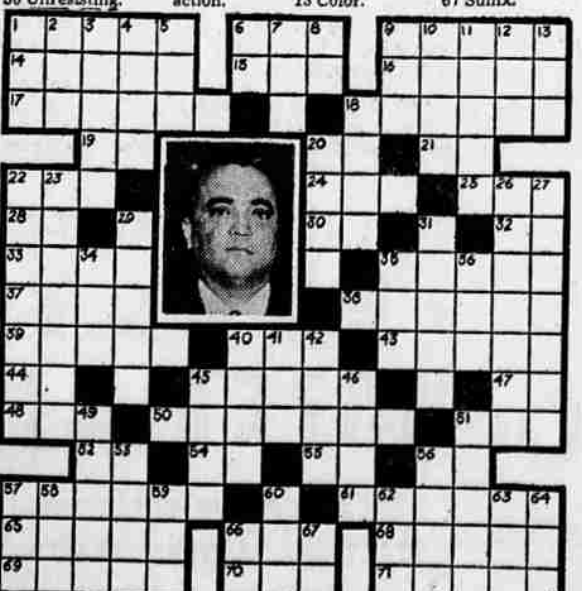
- 1 Poets
- 6 Young flower
- 9 First name of 17 across
- 14 Goodby (Spanish)
- 15 Raw metal
- 16 A vessel
- 17 Head G-man
- 18 Sautioned
- 19 Symbol for tellurium
- 20 Note of scale
- 21 Toward
- 22 Aeriform fluid
- 24 Past
- 25 An animal
- 28 Every (abbr.)
- 30 Pronoun
- 32 Article
- 33 Pour
- 35 Listened
- 37 Gentle
- 38 Entrance
- 39 Assign
- 40 Metric measures
- 42 Elude
- 44 Compass point
- 45 Philosopher
- 47 Plural suffix
- 48 Editors (abbr.)
- 50 Unresisting

Answer to Previous Puzzle

TRAPPER SUGGEST REPEATED HURLER ALAR I'EN MOIRE MARIA OVEN PARA PIT RT IMAGE AT ED DERISIVE LATE D MINUTE I SPED ROMANS AGATES HOPE G EVADES MA MADE MANDATES MA STED EP MAR EXIT TRAIT B TEAS ARMY ON STRAINER RED SOLDIERS

VERTICAL

- 1 Expression
- 2 Fuss
- 3 Uprightings
- 4 Bird of peace
- 5 Point of the compass
- 6 Hobo (slang)
- 7 Vase
- 8 Down (prefix)
- 9 Note of Guido's scale
- 10 Earth
- 11 City in Italy
- 12 Era
- 13 Color
- 18 To engage in
- 20 Young deer
- 22 Revelant
- 23 Benefited by
- 26 Promenaded
- 27 Without end
- 29 Home of a famous witch
- 31 Wait upon
- 34 Ailing
- 35 Garden tool
- 36 American
- 38 Tennis Assn. (abbr.)
- 40 Too
- 41 Egyptian title
- 42 Mix
- 45 Gone by
- 46 Egg-shaped
- 49 Thin fluid
- 51 A corner
- 53 Nevada city
- 56 Dyeing apparatus
- 57 Girl's name
- 58 Rarity (abbr.)
- 59 Street (abbr.)
- 60 Eggs
- 62 Wine vessel
- 63 Even (cont.)
- 64 Deacon (abbr.)
- 66 Part of "to be"
- 67 Suffix



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blossie



By V. T. Hamlin

