

# BARNEY GOOGLE AND SNUFFY SMITH

By Fred Lasswell



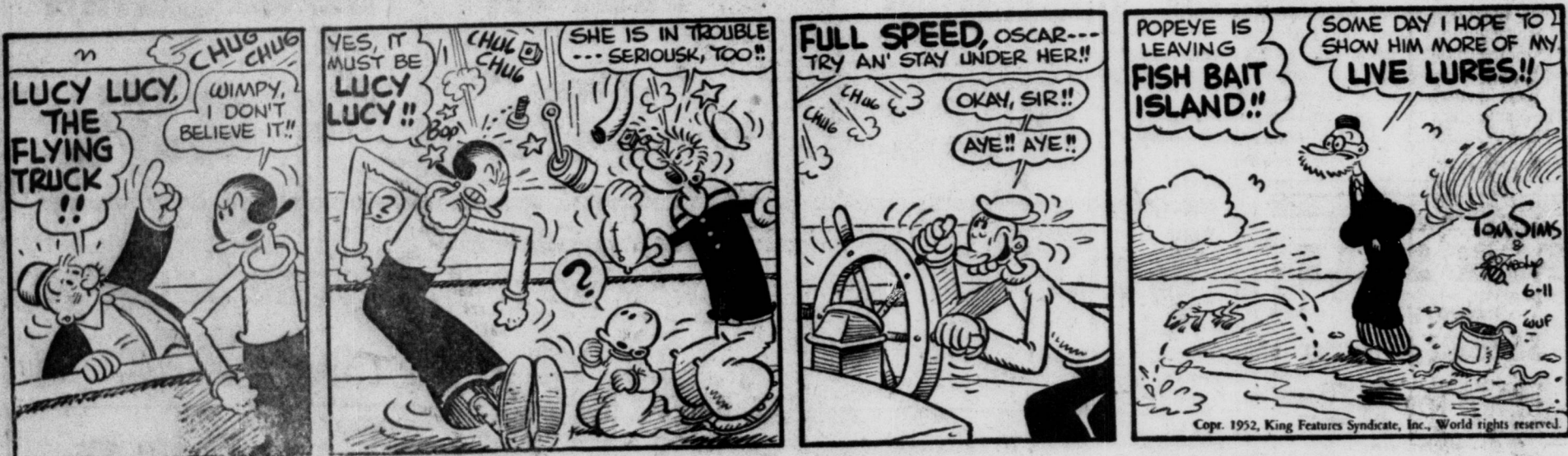
## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



## THIMBLE THEATRE--Starring Popeye

By Tom Sims and B. Zaboly



## ETTA KETT

By Paul Robinson



## THE CISCO KID

By Jose Salinas and Rod Reed



## OZARK IKE

By Roy Gatto



## The Nice Long Vacation

By William Neubauer



Chapter 15  
AWARE of Leslie Poppleton's panicky flight, Jane was a very happy girl for the remainder of that week. Now the good humor, the roguish sense of fun, the happy-go-lucky approach to life which had made her such a favorite with so many men overseas made her a favorite at Camp Joy.

There were so many requests for dates that Evelyn Moore soon found herself functioning as the girl's social secretary. But she separated the wheat from the chaff with a right good will. Aware as Jane wasn't aware, that this popularity she took great satisfaction in seeing to it that every moment of the girl's free time was occupied. With the result that when Jane finally got around to answering the several letters she had received from Ruthie Taylor and Mrs. Goldsborough she had much to relate, and very little of it sad. The letters finished, she put on a full, flowered cotton skirt, an off-the-shoulder white blouse, did her hair up in a kerchief and went down to the barracks-like building which housed the camp post office as well as the mess hall for Division A. And it was there that Ralph Jowett finally caught up with her. "Miss Bancroft?" He smiled as she turned around. "About time I managed to get a word with you. Is Evelyn Moore determined to make me eat dinner alone every night of the week? I may not be especially handsome, but I am rich."

It was an original approach, to say the least. It pleased her sense of humor, and she smiled back at him. "Evelyn, you see, wants me to go out only with men she thinks are good for me. I'm a clinical case, you see. I'm being helped, much against my will, but being helped just the same." She studied his pale face, his rather scrawny physique. "I don't remember having seen you down at the pool, Mr. Jowett. I don't wish to sound rude, but you look as though some sunshine and exercise would do you a great deal of good."

He fell into step beside her as she walked slowly toward the parade grounds. She looked at her watch, then met his brown eyes. "I didn't eat. I was busy writing some long overdue letters. Suppose you repeat your invitation to dinner, and if you don't mind this outfit--"

"It is the most glamorous outfit in the world!" he cried, and there was in his manner a quality that told her he wasn't simply being gallant.

He drove quickly into Tuttleton, parking the car before a restaurant on Main Street. Since she had been there many times since the afternoon of the swimming meet, the proprietor came to the door eagerly and greeted her most cordially. He led her back to the table she had shared with Andy and so many others in the days which had elapsed since she had scored her stunning triumph. "The roast beef," he said, "is very good this evening. Miss Bancroft, Rare, exactly as you like it."

Roast beef it was, with Ralph Jowett smiling as the man went away with their order. "Should I be jealous, I wonder? Should I resent the fact that many others have preceded me? Or should I simply be quietly happy because I am dining with you at last?"

"You have a nice sense of humor, haven't you?"

He inclined his head solemnly, his brown eyes twinkling. "I agree with you, of course. Sometimes, it is my considered opinion, I am the wittiest man alive. And of course the most grateful."

"You talk too much," she said with an attempt at lightness. "You'll turn my head if you don't watch out, and then I'll order the five-dollar dinner."

He chuckled. He found himself thoroughly enjoying the evening. He had doubted that he would.

He waved his arm grandiloquently. "Order the ten-dollar meal, if there is such a meal on the menu. You see, I am grateful, very grateful. From now on I shall snub Evelyn Moore with a right good will."

The waiter came to their table and cleared away the appetizer dishes and brought them their entrée. Jane, looking at the meat, squealed in delight. "Isn't this the grandest restaurant? When they say rare meat they really mean it."

"Truly, a rare thing these days," he purred.

But this time she didn't seem to be amused by something he had said. He wondered why; then, noticing she was looking beyond him, he twisted on the chair, then grunted. "Good evening, Dr. Hall. I suppose you and Miss Bancroft are already acquainted?"

Bruce nodded and blandly took a chair at their table. "I was one of her greatest admirers a few days ago. It was a magnificent exhibition. Incidentally, I didn't sit down just to interfere with your date. I could use a nurse, Jane."

The girl dropped her fork angrily. "You aren't being amusing, Dr. Hall!"

"It seems that a good friend of mine has had a fall and will be laid up for a couple of weeks. She'll need a nurse, because her husband is too busy with important work to stay home and take care of her. And here in Tuttleton, as elsewhere, we have very few nurses. As a matter of fact, we have none free for duty at the moment."

"I'm not interested."

Ralph Jowett's eyebrows knit together. "But that is ridiculous," he asserted. "Of course you are interested. You are a decent human being, and all decent human beings do what they can to help people in distress."

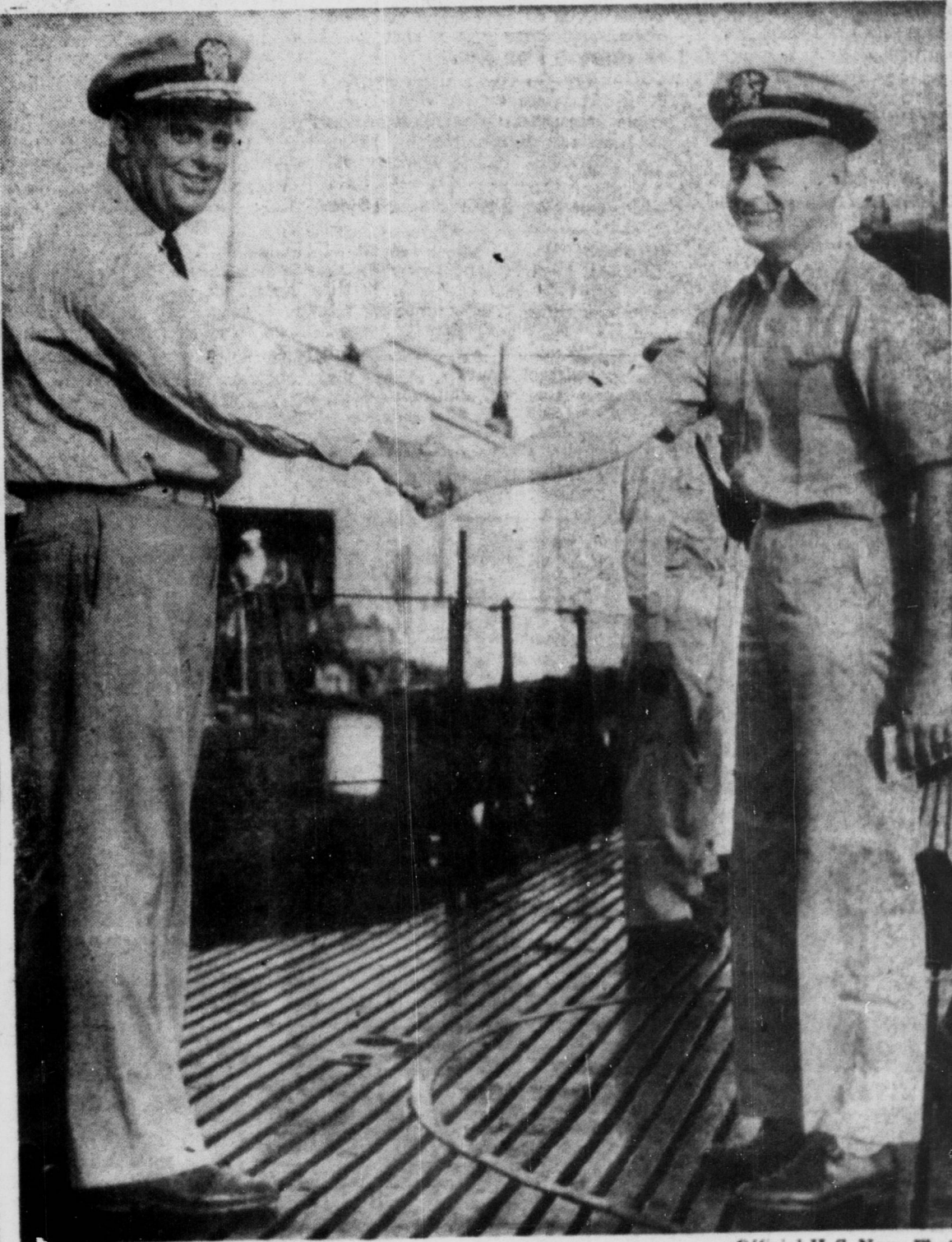
"And you're a fighter," grinned Bruce Hall, his alert gray eyes gleaming. "You wouldn't turn down the chance to have a good fight, would you?"

She looked up, and her face reddened slowly as she comprehended at last. "You mean--?"

"It's a challenge, wouldn't you say?"

She didn't hesitate a moment. In a sense it was the break she had been praying for. "It would give me great pleasure, Dr. Hall, to nurse Mrs. George Poppleton back into health. I'll get a leave of absence from Mr. Forsythe right away. Ralph, will you drive me back to the camp?"

(To be continued)



Official U. S. Navy Photo

HARRY J. BROWN, JR., Lieutenant Commander, U. S. Navy, son of Mrs. H. J. Brown, Snow Hill, N. C., has recently taken command of the submarine U.S.S. Barb (SS 220), operating out of Key West.

LCDR. Brown received his commission as Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve in January, 1942 and joined the submarine service in August, 1943. He served in submarines of the Pacific Fleet in 1944 and 1945, returning to the Atlantic Fleet near the close of the war. He accepted a commission in the Regular Navy in 1946.

The U.S.S. Barb was one of the most successful submarines in World War II, accounting for 17 Japanese ships for a total of almost 100,000 tons sunk plus an uncounted number damaged. Her commanding officer received the Congressional Medal of Honor for one unusually daring and successful patrol. Barb was placed in the "mothball fleet" in 1946 and recommissioned in December, 1951, at New London, Conn.

LCDR. Brown is married to the former Arlene Printz of Key West. They are presently residing at 219 Elizabeth street, Key West, with their two children Stephanie, 4 and Harry J., III, 1.

## Robert L. Bell Gets Promotion

Robert L. Bell, USN, now serving on board the USS Petrel in Key West, has been promoted to Boatswain's Mate 3rd class as a re-

sult of Service-Wide Competitive Examinations. Bell is the son of Mr. C. A. Bell (mother deceased) of 1721 Woodlawn Ave., Logansport, Indiana. He entered the Naval Service Jan. 2, 1942 and received his recruit training at the U. S. N. T. C. in Great Lakes, Ill. Before entering the Navy, Bell

was employed by the Indiana Hotel, Wabash, Indiana.

The trumpeter swan is believed to have been saved from extinction when a flock of 76 was found in Montana after the bird was believed to be extinct and a refuge was established for them in 1935.