

This Man, Joe Murray

BY WILLIAM CORCORAN
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CHAPTER XX
Companionship . . . comrade-

Mark thought came to Joe . . . clearer and clearer. It . . . abided with him, unblin- . . . had been with him a long . . . he suddenly saw, unrecog-

These stings, these rankling . . . they were alive. They . . . they never could be . . . peace—because they . . . alive! The other, the happi- . . . peace, the visions: they . . . passionless and dead and un- . . . They were a drug and . . . for a starving man, who . . . for the days of his strength . . . his plenty.

was not Helen he yearned for . . . more. It was the past. Helen . . . dead, gone into limitless time; . . . love for her had not died, but . . . part of him; he would always . . . her and remember her in . . . through all the years. . . was not of the earth, she . . . beyond all passion; she was . . . real, she was a vision. . . was a vision he dreamed with . . . but it was Terry he lived with . . . realization rushed upon him, . . . This was Terry he wanted . . . and hungered for. Terry— . . . worrying, begging and besee- . . . Terry, with her dainty fine . . . spinning always about him, . . . who would conceivably ride . . . in a box car with him blandly . . . and walk on the highways . . . sleep in the fields of a nation, . . . he ask her. So long as they . . . related together. . . was the starker a thought for . . . clarity of its conclusion, which . . . went back to the very beginning. . . was Terry he wanted, yes, but . . . Terry he had lost. It was . . . Terry he had failed, and Terry . . . had not failed himself; he had . . . been able to keep her, joining . . . to forces far beyond his hum- . . . command. But to realize that . . . had possessed this and lost it . . . and that it was this and not . . . else in the world that he . . . needed . . . it was stark, stark—and . . . man must face it forever!

He went a little berserk. He had . . . remnant of money, a few meager

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Listen! Your mother's calling you, Chuck."
"No hurry. Wait till she starts calling 'Charles Junior.'"

SIDE GLANCES



"They say there isn't any such thing as married bliss—but we've been married nearly three weeks!"

door opened, and he glanced up. Slowly, numbly, he dropped the shoe, the leather, the knife.

"Terry!"
She came into the room, closing the door behind her. She was looking at him with the big brown eyes . . . looking at him. She was thin; there were big circles under the eyes; her shoulders drooped beneath a cheap red coat.

"Joe," she said, and stopped. He looked scared, looked like a man who does not know what to do. She did it for him. She walked to him and sat down on his lap, sliding her arms around his neck and laying her head on his shoulder.

"Terry," he said. "God . . . Terry!" His voice would not function. He did not know what was happening to him, what was racking him.

He was utterly silenced by that. She looked weary and said, "Oh, what does it matter, darling? I got here. I was afraid you'd be gone. Your mother told me. My father had a lot of money he won betting the races and I stole it. My own mother gave him more long ago than I'll ever see. I've waited months. If I knew where you were I'd have crawled there. If anybody could have told me, I'd have paid them a million dollars."

"Terry . . . but why? I'm broke. I'm in trouble. I haven't earned a dollar in too long to remember."

"Why, Terry?" he insisted. "Because I love you, darling." He was silent, holding her. She added, "And because you love me."

They were together. They were in love. That is what this story is about—it is about love. And that is where I come to an end. But the story does not. The story goes on, with a Terry and a Joe, and then another Joe, and beyond and beyond, another . . . forever.

(THE END)

LADIES AID MEETS
WALTERVILLE, June 20. — (Special)—The Walterville Ladies aid society met recently all day for the regular meeting for the week. Sixteen were present for the covered dish dinner served at twelve o'clock. A flower garden quilt which is in the frames was worked upon and considerable work accomplished. Ladies for the day were Mrs. Clyde Glenn, Mrs. Frank Page, Mrs. George Willian, Mrs. Anna Stacy, Mrs. O. L. Stacy, Laurel Edith Willian, Dorothy Sloan, Mrs. John Sloan, Mrs. Roman Beck, Mrs. William Hucka, Mrs. D. E. Benson, Mrs. Clarence Potter, Mrs. Will Knox, Mrs. Lester Millican. Children were Norma Lou Wiest, Carol Lee Wiest, Louise Knox and Robert Knox.

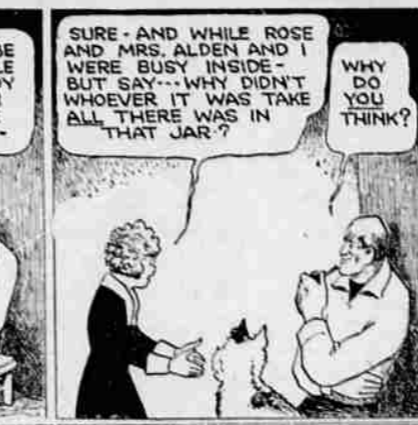
NAMES OMITTED
CRESWELL, June 20. — (Special)—In the recent obituary of Mrs. Emma Elizabeth Gorman who died at Rose Lodge with services here at the Schwinging chapel the names of the following relatives were omitted: mother, Mrs. Susan Walker; brother, Tom Funk, of Black Butte, and two sisters living near Portland.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



NO TRACKS OF COURSE—GROUND TOO HARD—BUT WHOEVER TOOK THAT DOUGH CAME IN THROUGH TH' WINDOW—TOOK A HUNDRED AND SIXTY BUCKS—

Elementary, My Dear Annie



SURE—AND WHILE ROSE AND MRS. ALDEN AND I WERE BUSY INSIDE—BUT SAY—WHY DIDN'T WHOEVER IT WAS TAKE ALL THAT WAS IN THAT JAR?

By HAROLD GRAY



WHY I S'POSE 'CAUSE HE FIGGERED TAKIN' PART OF IT WOULDN'T BE NOTICED—BUT WAIT! WHY WOULD A ROBBER CARE 'BOUT THAT?

By HAROLD GRAY



WHY—WHY—I DON'T KNOW, 'LESS IT WAS WHAT THEY CALL AN 'INSIDE JOB'—B-B-BUT—WHO—?

POPEYE



HOPE HE LIKES HIS ROBE

NOW SHOWING—"HIS ROYAL MAJESTY CHIRPS!"



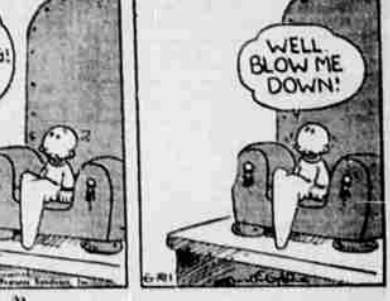
NICE CROWN REAL DIAMONDS—TOO, EH? LET'S GO CROWN HIM

TOMORROW—"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?"



KING SWEET PEAS, YA GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE GOSH DERN DEMONS!

By E. C. SEGAR



DERN DEMONS! DERN EVERYTHING! I'M MAD! GOOD-BYE GR-R

SECRET AGENT X-9



AS I GET THE STORY, SOMEONE KNOWS EVERY MOVE MADE AT THE ARSENAL!

The G-Man Takes It On the Chin



AS THOUGH WE PUBLISHED IT IN THE PAPER!

By ROBERT STORM



THEN, DORIN, YOU HAVE A NEW MAN ON YOUR FORCE!

By ROBERT STORM



WELL, IF IT'S YOURSELF, I CAN USE YOU

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



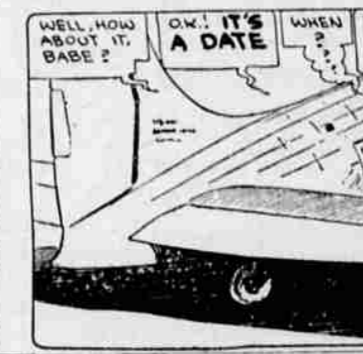
STEPHEN, HAVE YOU SEEN BOOTS?

Agreed



SEE, BABE—SHUCKS, IT'S PLENTY BIG ENOUGH

By MARTIN



OH, HORACE YOU'D HAVE TO STRAP ME IN! LOOK—

By MARTIN



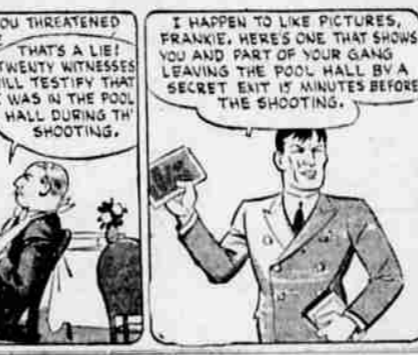
WELL, HOW ABOUT IT, BABE?

WASH TUBBS



NOT ONLY DO WE HAVE EVIDENCE THAT YOU THREATENED TO MURDER WASH BUT WE HAVE POSITIVE PROOF OF HIM YOU ATTEMPTED TO CARRY OUT YOUR THREATS!

The Jig Is Up



I HAPPEN TO LIKE PICTURES, FRANKIE. HERE'S ONE THAT SHOWS YOU AND PART OF YOUR GANG LEAVING THE POOL HALL BY A SECRET EXIT IN MINUTES BEFORE THE SHOOTING.

By CRANE



AND HERE'S ANOTHER SHOWING YOU SNEAKING BACK ALONG, 40 MINUTES LATER!

By CRANE



THEN LOOK THIS OVER. IT'S A CLEVER SHOT THAT HALLELUJAH ROBINSON, THE DEPUTY WHO DROVE WASH'S CAR, TOOK AT THE MOMENT THE SHOTS WERE FIRED!

ALLEY OOP



BY GUM, POOZY, 'TIS WAIN' 'DUN' WAIN' WATER RIGHT IN OUR CAVE IS GREAT!

Look Who's Here



HEY, OUR LADDER—JIMINY CROWN! SUMPIN'S GONNABIT IT DOWN BELOW!

By V. T. HAMLIN



THAT'S NO CRITTER, NOR JUNGLE PUP. WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S COMIN' UP!

By V. T. HAMLIN



KING GUY! ALLEY OOP!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



PAINTON'S FUNERAL PARLOR ADVERTISES BIG COFFINS—LET'S GET YOUR MEASUREMENT, MAJOR!

with MAJOR HOOPLE



WHILE HE'S STILL ABLE TO GUIDE A PEN HE OUGHT TO MAKE SOME PROVISIONS FOR PAYING THE IOU'S THAT ARE OUT AGAINST HIM!

OUT OUR WAY



YES, I CAN USE YOU BOYS DURIN' THE SUMMER VACATION. YOU FIRST TWO FELLOWS I CAN USE IN THE OFFICE—THE OTHER TWO I CAN USE IN THE FOUNDRY, SHOVELIN' SAND

By WILLIAMS



THERE YOU GO—EVEN OUR LOOKS IS AGAINST US! HE PICKS THEM TWO FER LIGHT OFFICE WORK, AND ME AN' YOU FER HARD LABOR. WHAT CAN YOU DO WHEN EVEN YOUR LOOKS IS AGAINST YOU?

How they'll miss him!

WHERE THE TRAIL DIVIDES