

Golden Rain

by Margaret Wildmer

Chapter One
DARK YOUNG MAN

The dark young man in the rough handsome overcoat moved in his seat. He did not like the girl sitting across from him. She reminded him too much of a girl he never again wanted to have anything to do with. The same slim hairline eyebrows, the same curved mascara lengthened lashes, the same perfect grooming of her thin egg-shaped face and head and body, as if some gigantic nursemaid had just dressed her, doll fashion, and dropped her in the parlor-car seat. She even had the same bright maroon kalls.

He wanted a walk. They arranged it; he would leave his suitcase at the hotel; if he liked the Lanning place he would telephone and have them sent over later.

She was all enthusiasm and bustle. He wished he hadn't started any of this, it was a nuisance. Better to have gone on to New York in spite of the girl in the pattern. There were ten thousand girls in the pattern.

"Grandia Lane, then turn," said the landlady, smiling under her neat, too wavy bob.

His Lanning dropped down, suddenly tired, in the spring twilight, on the courthouse steps. The laboring boughs her aunt had sent her for were heavier than she had thought they would be. She had gathered them in a burst of delight at their dripping "golden rain" and walked perhaps a half mile toward home. Aunt Ella, with her everlasting adoration of Daddy amemory... Her own thoughts shamed her. She'd adored Daddy, too; but she and Uncle Will were alive. They had their rights. An afternoon's work, just so that flowering boughs could be set round the studio walls, as they had been when he was alive. Uncle Will, still lame from the accident that had killed Daddy, all alone while Aunt Ella did the housework, and she carrying boughs home...

"Going through to New York, aren't you? Saw your ticket. So am I!" He had never seen her before; he never saw her again. But her reminding voice, her reminding quick vermilion mouth, her down-dipping tiny black hat with a protruding up one side were enough.

"No, I have a stop-over at Broad street station," he said broadly.

"Of course—we have to change there," said the pointed mouth, laughing provocatively at him. "Here, take my things."

"The hell I will," was what he said to himself. Alone, only. "Sorry... changing at West Philadelphia." And strode out of the car just in time, stepping into another train, where he did not know where—or care.

This had no expensively patterned girls on board. A half-deserted day coach. He glanced out the window, a little elated. Then it struck him that all his life he had wanted to get on a train that went he didn't know where, and get out at the end of the line... There were budding leaves, small woodlands. He was going through a pretty enough spring landscape.

"There's just one human being in the world now that I believe in any more," he thought bitterly. "And that isn't a girl!"

Then he knew this sounded silly. He hadn't had enough trouble, perhaps, to know how to take it with a sense of proportion. But he had believed in the girl like the one on the Pullman. He had believed in everything, in fact, in honor, in unselfish affection, in a lot of things. Pretty old to have just stopped believing in Santa Claus.

He got out, for it was growing to the edge of dark; he jerked his two suit cases down. Through with that sort of thing, too—porters kneeling all around you, being waited on hand and foot. Here was a small town. Everybody in the books you read said that small towns were mean... No pretense, at least.

It took him out of his angry reverie to find that the town's one hotel was on the main street, a Main street whose cobbles and motor cars and trolleys managed a noise as unbearable as any New York noise.

"I think I know what you want," said the hotelkeeper's wife, placidly friendly. "A place where you can be quiet and get your nerves rested up. You wouldn't find it there wasn't so much to see—"

She gazed at the window's vista of small town activity with pride. "I tell you what, Miss Ella Lanning was saying she'd like a barber. I guess she'd be glad of the money—they had a death in the family and you know what funeral expenses are."

It wasn't only the afternoon outdoors that she was brooding over. Everything from heavy shabby shoes to the place-cards at home unpainted for the Friday bridge.

The angry girl looked down at the passing sullen man; their eyes met with interest. Each was new to the other.

What Morgan Black saw was a girl more like a page from a medieval picture book than a modern girl; a sharply-cut intense face of flushed ivory, with lips that needed no scarlet; framed strangely in an old-fashioned way with thick brown hair cut across her forehead and across her neck, flaring out in a straight bush.

The slim tall body thrown down on the stone step was dressed in a brown thing, shorter and straighter than the fashion. An aura of angry, flaming charm radiated from her. She might have been, in the opinion of the man passing here, this child in a temper with life!

"Can you tell me the way to Grandia Lane?" he asked her.

Her face flashed into unexpected bright courtesy.

"I'm going that way, I'll show you." She rose all in one lithe movement, and came down to him.

What she saw as he took over her burden and walked on beside her was a man of perhaps 28, with a strong harshly-cut face, heavy black hair, a tall loose rangy body. He was dressed more carelessly yet better than the town boys she knew. She liked his voice, the beautiful depth and sure intonations as he spoke.

They went on in silence for ten minutes, perhaps. Finally, as they passed by an old street of straggling big old houses to a long narrow tree-set lane, he spoke curiously.

"What are the boughs for?"

She spoke curtly. "My aunt wants them."

"Devoted niece!"

Iris answered him with the confessional indiscretion one gives a stranger in certain desperate moods.

"Sometimes I feel as if poor little Aunt Ella belongs in an Ibsen play. She revolved around my father and adored him; if he wanted anything on earth, the world stopped 'til he got it. Now he's dead all she thinks about is his memory. He used to like

flowering boughs around his studio walls."

Her voice softened as she ended. "He was wonderful!" she said. "But sometimes I feel as if I lived in a memorial chapel."

He looked at her more closely. The note of innocent honesty in her clear slow voice—softer and slower than voices he knew—was convincing. But he'd mixed up frankness and honesty once too often; off-handedness and sincerity. There isn't any Santa Claus, you idiot!... But he went on, half in idleness, questioning her. After all she hadn't had to show him the road.

"Do you dress in that picturesque way as part of the memorial?"

He drew fire, though he had spoken half in admiration.

"Yes, I do. I hate it. If it's bad enough to do a passing stranger as intrusive enough to comment on it, it's pretty bad; but that doesn't excuse you. It's rude to comment on what people can't help."

The idea that there was anything that a man might comment on to a girl, stranger or no, was new to Morgan. What a queer child, with her old-fashioned words and ideals! But he tried to make amends.

"Sorry. Why can't you help it?"

"No money," Iris said sharply. "Money, money's the worst thing in the world!"

She laughed suddenly, with a child's unexpected gaiety.

"Give me the chance to try it! It's the lack of it that's the root of all my evils!"

"No, it isn't," he spoke as she had, freely, sure in the knowledge that they would not meet again.

(To be continued)

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atives in Minneapolis and Chicago. Miss Helen Johnson of Portland will be in charge of Crystal's Beauty shop in Stayton which is operated by Mrs. Miller. They plan to be away about three weeks.

GRADUATION PLANS FORMED FOR CLASS

Hazel Green—Plans have been formulated for the final activities of the eighth grade class. The graduation exercises will be given Wednesday evening, May 20. Prof. Robert Dunn of Corvallis has been secured to address the class. The members of the class will present a program, "The Radio Broadcaster," with each member of the class participating.

Members of the class are: Katherine Montandon, president; Genevieve Van Cleave, Walter Gilbert, Edward Yaca, Yoshie Yoshikai, LeRoy Duda, Rose Ziebert, Ward Miles and Gertrude Zielinski. On Friday, May 22, the primary room under the supervision of Miss Geraldine Fry will give a health pageant and May day program.

The last day of school will be May 26 and the school picnic will be held in the Hazel Green amusement park through the kindness of the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Clemens. Mrs. Laura Miles has been re-elected principal and Miss Geraldine Fry will remain as primary instructor. Mrs. Miles has been teacher here for three years and Miss Fry for the past year.

Lyons — Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vaughn and daughter, Evelyn, and Frank Robinson, visited in Silverton Sunday at the Helen Vaughn and Harry Vaughn homes.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Capital Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Please enclose three cents for a reply.

Please give the list of outstanding Jews given by Dr. Ludwig Lewinsohn, E.H.

The following were included in the list of ten greatest living Jews named by Dr. Lewinsohn: Prof. Albert Einstein, scientist, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis, Sigmund Freud, Henri Bergson, philosopher and author, Martin Huber, teacher of religious philosophy, Chaim Weizmann, president of World Zionists, Scholom Asch writer, Arnold Schoenberg, composer and inventor, and Dr. Bernard Zondek, gynecologist.

Q. What is the well-known novel dealing with the life of Paul Gauguin, the artist? E.M.

A. The Moon and Sixpence by Somerset Maugham is the story of Gauguin.

Q. Have any changes been made in the requirements for entrance to a CCC camp? E.H.

A. No changes have been made in existing rules of eligibility governing the selection of junior or veteran enrollees for the CCC. An applicant for enrollment as a junior must be between the ages of 17

and 28, unmarried, unemployed, physically fit, a citizen of the United States with needy dependents and willing to allot a substantial portion of the \$30-a-month cash allowance to a dependent beneficiary. Only boys whose families are on public relief rolls are eligible for selection.

Q. How long was Dr. Mudd imprisoned on Dry Tortugas? J.E.H.

A. He arrived at Fort Jefferson, Florida, July 24, 1865. He was released from confinement as of March 8, 1869.

SUNDOWN STORIES

RIP WANDERS
By Mary Graham Bonner

Rip went off for a nice walk. He was wearing his collar and license with Willy Nilly's name and address on it. Never again would he be taken for a lost, homeless dog. Never again would he be off where people could take him, not understanding



Q. Why is a certain type of weapon called a revolver? A.S.

A. It has barrels or chambers which revolve upon a common center, and are fired in turn by one lock mechanism.

Q. What is the Jacksonville Plan? E.M.

A. High school boys and girls in Jacksonville, Florida, are being trained for employment while attending school. Part of the day is spent in school and the rest is spent in working in stores, theatres, offices, broadcasting stations, etc. The plan was inaugurated two years ago and has proved successful in that 85 per cent of the vocational pupils have secured employment upon graduation.

Q. How long has it been the custom for colleges to confer honorary degrees on the president of the United States? M.B.

A. The custom dates back to George Washington, who, before and after he became chief executive, received five degrees.

Q. Who won the Laetare medal this year? H.M.

A. Richmond Reid, Georgia lawyer, editor, and educator, received the award.

—was very clear in his dog head, very uncomfortably clear. He did not like to think of it.

As the little girl spoke Rip wagged his tail politely.

"Oh, you're the sweetest dog I've ever seen. Please take a walk with me."

Rip got up after hiding the bone and followed the little girl.

"He understands me, he understands what I say," the little girl cried excitedly.

Tomorrow—"The Walk"

O.A.R.P. MEETING DELAYED
Aumsville—The Townsend club meeting has been postponed until Friday night. The main attraction of the evening will be the play "Money in Shoes," written by Mrs. T. G. Mountain.



Puff looks from a window. "We've landed!" he cries.

Poor Alice can scarcely believe her own eyes.

They're stuck in a swamp, but it's lucky they are.

How else could they safely have fallen so far?

RADIO PROGRAMS

- TUESDAY, P.M.**
KWV—670 Kilocycles
- 12:00—NBC
 - 12:30—Vic and Sade, NBC
 - 1:00—Betty and Bob, NBC
 - 1:15—Gene Arnold, NBC
 - 1:45—Federation Women's Club, NBC
 - 2:00—American Medical Assn., NBC
 - 2:30—The Danvers, NBC
 - 3:00—Woman's Magazine of the Air, NBC
 - 4:00—Easy Aces, NBC
 - 4:30—Gold and Shafter, NBC
 - 4:45—Charles Tolson, Tenor
 - 5:00—Braun Arts Trio, NBC
 - 5:30—Orchestra, NBC
 - 6:00—NBC
 - 6:30—NBC
 - 7:10—Program, NBC
 - 8:00—Amos 'n' Andy, NBC
 - 8:15—NBC
 - 8:30—NBC
 - 9:00—Death Valley Days, NBC
 - 9:30—Crime Files, NBC
 - 10:00—News Flash, NBC
 - 10:30—Uptown Orchestra, NBC
 - 11:00—Orchestra, NBC
- WEDNESDAY, A.M.**
KWV—670 Kilocycles
- 7:00—Prize Radio News, NBC
 - 7:05—Happy Jack, NBC
 - 7:15—Dan Harding's Wife, NBC
 - 7:30—Constance Capers, NBC
 - 7:45—Mickey Gillette, NBC
 - 8:00—Narcissa Sisters, NBC
 - 8:15—Moods, NBC
 - 8:30—Scherbatsky, NBC
 - 9:00—Oregonian News Flash, NBC
 - 9:15—Honeyboy and Bassarath, NBC
 - 9:30—Women's Club, NBC
 - 10:00—Spokane's Orchestra, NBC
 - 11:30—Ross Lee, NBC
- TUESDAY, P.M.**
KEX—1180 Kilocycles
- 11:45—Oregonian News Flash, NBC
 - 1:00—Woman's Radio Revue, NBC
 - 1:30—Radio Club, NBC
 - 2:00—Meeting House, NBC
 - 2:30—Baseball, NBC
 - 3:00—Mickey Gillette, NBC
 - 4:45—Mario Corzi, NBC
 - 5:05—Barbara Merker, NBC
 - 5:15—Oregonian News Flash, NBC
 - 5:30—Pair of Pianos, NBC
 - 6:00—Crosscut, NBC
 - 6:30—Wrestling Interview, NBC
 - 6:45—NBC
 - 7:00—Silent, NBC
 - 8:00—KEX News Flash, NBC
 - 8:30—Ground Grubber Show, NBC
 - 9:00—Paul Martin Orchestra, NBC
 - 9:15—Interview—Sports, NBC
 - 9:30—Music, NBC
 - 10:35—Bal Tabarin Orchestra, NBC
 - 11:12—Paul Carson, NBC
- WEDNESDAY, A.M.**
KEX—1180 Kilocycles
- 6:30—Musical Clock, CBS
 - 6:30—Calvary Tabernacle, CBS
 - 7:30—Musical Services, CBS
 - 7:50—Orchestra, CBS
 - 8:00—Honeyboy, NBC
 - 8:30—Army Band, NBC
 - 9:00—Simmons Boys, NBC
 - 9:15—Toler and Glenn, NBC
 - 10:00—The Musical Minute, NBC
 - 10:15—Steven Cleaners, NBC
 - 10:20—Band Music, NBC
 - 10:30—Oregonian Home Institute, NBC
 - 10:45—Captain Dan in Exile, NBC
 - 11:15—Words and Music, NBC
 - 11:30—Mark Daniels, Baritone, NBC

ACROSS

- Included walk
- Marching cry
- Metric land measures
- Spoken
- Anglo-Saxon money of form account
- Bombastic talk
- Slow or delaying
- Assault
- Flushed with success
- Soft and tender
- Showing a
- Metal threads
- Canadian province
- Goalless of dawn
- Genus of the maple tree
- Social insect
- Pennsylvania lake port
- Kind of mummy
- Feminine name
- Fashion
- Container for a letter
- Cultured women
- Resolves into grammatical elements

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

ROB	HOPE	REAP								
APA	ORAL	ANNA								
SABER	CUBISTS									
PLEAS	CLOSH									
REP	AIRED									
ORE	SATURNINE									
DUNS	PUT	SNOW								
END	DAMAGED	ESS								
STATE	SEN									
NINIS	FOVER									
DIGRAPH	ERASE									
LINE	OOAA	WAS								
MARS	NEXT	NUT								

DOWN

- He mistaken
- Discharge of a debt
- Babylonian name of the dead
- Banter
- Within comb. form
- Meat dish
- Afternoon functions
- Salamander
- Partaining to sound
- Witty person
- Solid water
- Curative agent
- Lubricate
- Understand
- Language of the Zoroastrian scriptures
- Overlasting
- Night before an event
- Scorch across
- One of nine equal bars
- Think
- Went away
- Open court
- Withered
- Ancient slave
- Prayer reader's mark not to be deleted
- Hasten
- Early English
- DOWN
1. Took a pleasure excursion
2. Seed covering
3. Opposes right or law
4. Table dish
5. Coverings for the head and neck

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
12				13					14		
15									17		
18						19	20				
			21			22					
23	24	25			26				27	28	29
30					31					32	
33											
			34								
			36	37							
39	40										
45					46	47					
48					49						50
51					52						53

THE NEBBS

By Sol Hess



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

By Harold Gray



FIRST THINGS FIRST

By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

By Gene Byrnes



AND HOW!

By Gene Byrnes



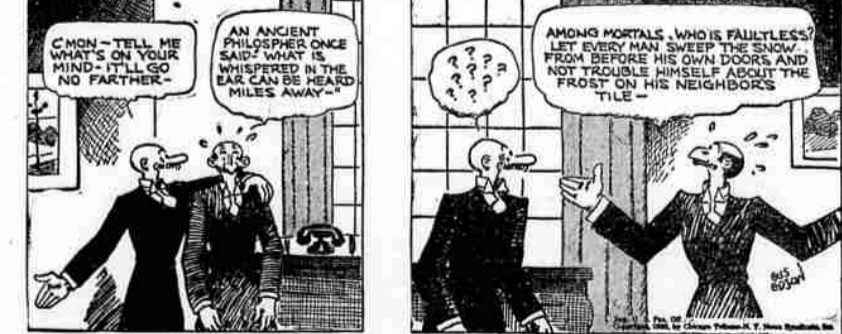
THE GUMPS

By Gus Edson



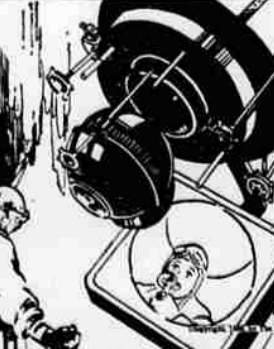
MUM'S THE WORD

By Gus Edson



TAILSPIN TOMMY

By Hal Forrest



AN INTERCEPTED WARNING

By Hal Forrest

