

# Marian Gordon

by JEANNE ROWMAN

**Chapter 20**  
**NEW PLAN**

Lon buttered a few biscuits and set them aside in true Southern fashion, ate his berries, drank some coffee then looked up.

"I know Ian, sometimes I sort of plumb this wondering if... if all this is true or if I'm going to wake up and find I've been dreaming. And then again it seems like we've always been married."

"I know," she nodded seriously, "and it's been only eight days." She bent her head over the newspaper folded to an account of their wedding, then chuckled.

"Listen Lon, isn't this rich? There's nothing like a country newspaper: 'Like a windswept garden of flowers the bridal party moved down the aisle. The bride, a virgin lily with a golden crown, was attended by the matron of honor, Mrs. Albert Steele, and a bevy of bridesmaids, including the sisters of the bride, each depicting some spring flower in frocks of pastel hue.'

"I felt 'windswept,' she confessed. "More coffee, Lon? We'll send south for the kind you like as soon as we're settled."

"What do you mean 'windswept'?" he asked, holding his cup toward her.

"Between my mother and the 'bevy of bridesmaids' it's a wonder I ever got dressed. I really believe if Anne with her dimples and efficiency hadn't been there, you'd still be waiting at the church."

"No, I wouldn't. Your Dad had me helping him pack the gifts and the supplies... they must have thought we were starting a hotel. Hams, bacon, fruit... We're going to have to build a storage house for it all. Darned nice of them though, wasn't it?"

"Umhuh, and I won't have to buy a stitch of linen or bedding or dishes or silver. We even have some rare pieces of furniture."

Silence a few moments, then Lon spoke—"Hey, Ian, listen to this, doesn't this sound like the place we're looking for: 'Twenty acre fruit ranch, more acreage available, ten minute drive from city, running water, electricity, priced reasonable. See Morblad at Lafayette. Where's Lafayette?'"

"In the San Ramon valley; it's beautiful there."

"Ian, let's," he hesitated.

"Let's," she said. "We've the rest of our life for a honeymoon. Let's start right away."

orchardist had placed his hope of seclusion.

The road wound through the orchard up a hill, then stopped on the top where a weatherbeaten shack served as a farm house. Marian looked at the house, then looked away. "Oh, Lon," she said, and pointed east.

Below them lay the great basin of Contra Costa County and towering over it, the plumcolored bulk of Mount Diablo. There was something awe inspiring in the vastness of the scene, and yet there was something intimate about the mountain. Like an often seen acquaintance who suddenly becomes a friend.

Marian sat on the weatherbeaten stoop while Lon went to look for the owner. She felt she could sit there forever watching the play of cloud shadows across the green sweep of the valley, the changing lights on the mountains. So engrossed was she in the scene she didn't hear the approach of the man until her ears, sensitive to Lon's voice, heard him say:

"If my wife likes it, I'm ready to buy."

"Oh, Lon, I do." She turned to him, smiled at the old man beside him, "only I don't see how you can bear to give it up."

"It was fine till folks started movin' in, spoilin' things."

"But the view, nothing could spoil that."

"Houses down there," he said with distaste, pointing to colorful dots, each surrounded by its square of trees, "that low spot over there. Wait until I get my glasses on! You'll see the red roofs... that's where the awells live."

He brought forth the binoculars, adjusted them and Marian saw red roofs and white stucco walls gleaming through the matted tops of old oak trees. She felt very superior to the "awells." Why live there when there was a view like this?

Lon and the owner discussed price, discussed soil, discussed the price of prunes and walnuts in which his acres were planted, while Marian swung the glasses to and fro, picking out spots she knew. She found Walnut Creek, the largest town in the valley. The smoke haze on the northern horizon was Pittsburg on the shores of the Sacramento River, and south were the serrated tops of the range beyond Pleasanton, which had served as a wild western background for the first motion pictures.

"If you're through with the view, you might look around the premises of your new home," suggested Lon.

They did that together, stepping off possible terraces, finding a gnarled old oak tree with leaves spread out like a Japanese umbrella.

"We'll build around that," said Lon, "leave it in the patio for our roof tree. Ian, can't you see it? The house, I mean, true Spanish, soft white stucco, reddish brown tiled roof, grilled windows, and some of that Indian pottery the folks brought out from New Mexico, on the garden walks."

"And the rugs over the balcony," added Marian, "and Lon, you'll have to learn to play a guitar and sing old Spanish love songs."

"I might learn to play the guitar," agreed Lon, "I play a banjo pretty well right now, but sing... no, Ian, we've got to figure on selling part of this land and only a bride could listen to me sing and not run away."

But he did sing in the days which followed, queer songs of the southern negroes which either had no melody to begin with, or lost it in Lon's interpretation. Marian, watching him with the workmen building the house, would smile. He was supremely happy.

He had paid cash for the land upon which he was to build the homes he hoped to sell. He had paid for the material used in his own home and for the furniture they would need—and that," he explained, "leaves all the Building and Loan money for our future. I'll pay myself a salary, enough for us to live comfortably, then use the rest in developing the tract and building the homes. There'll be plenty of us won't run in any danger of going broke before the payments begin coming in regularly."

And then one night when a full moon climbed over Mt. Diablo's shoulder and spilled its silver into the valleys they stood in their patio under the oak tree, too tired for anything but a deep inner satisfaction that this night they would spend in their own home.

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Monday, Lon and Marian are jolted out of their dream.

## REGISTRATION TO SHOW SLIGHT DIP SINCE 1932 VOTE

SALEM, Oct. 23.—(P)—Registrations for the 36 counties for the November 6 general election will be less than 1,000 voters under those listed for the general election two years ago, it was estimated here today when all but three counties had filed their figures with the secretary of state.

Total registrations, estimating 12,000 for the three yet to report—Grant, Polk and Wasco—will be 485,254, compared to 495,145 for the presidential election year. Total registration for the primary last May was but 461,914.

Republicans lost registrations in most counties while the Democratic listing showed a material gain compared to the 1932 lists. Total Republicans, estimating 12,600 for the three absent counties, will be 292,133, as compared to 319,840 two years ago and 285,501 in the last primary.

Total Democrats, estimating 5,900 in the three counties, will be 182,516, as compared to 154,465 two years ago and 166,504 in the primary election.

Scattered votes registered for the general election this year will approximate 10,600, as compared to 11,840 two years ago and 9,900 in the primaries.

## Seeks His Parents



Identified as Morris Jensen, although he denies that is his name, this 21-year-old youth of Barre, Vt., believes he was kidnaped from the home of wealthy parents in Chicago when he was four years old. He has investigated a search for his "real parents." His foster-parents say the boy was given them by a woman in Chicago. (Associated Press Photo)

The Ladies Altar Society of Sacred Heart Church are sponsoring a card party, dance and refreshments, Wednesday evening, October 24th, Parian Hall. Playing starts at 8 P. M. Refreshments at 10 P. M. Dancing at 10:30. Admission 25c. Come and bring your friends.

## HOLY NAMES SISTERS ARE HONORED AT MASS

PORTLAND, Oct. 23.—(P)—The memory of the 12 founders of the Oregon province of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary was honored here Monday at a solemn pontifical mass in St. Mary's Catholic cathedral, attended by more than 2,000 persons.

Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara of Great Falls, Mont., who delivered the sermon, recalled that the province of the nuns had grown in 75 years from 12 members to a community of about 600 with 40 elementary schools, 12 high schools, two normal schools, one college for women, and an orphanage.

## ARRAIGN HAUPTMANN WEDNESDAY MORNING

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 23.—(P)—Bruno Richard Hauptmann will be arraigned Wednesday at 11 a. m. (E. S. T.) on an indictment charging him with the murder of the Lindbergh baby.

The announcement was made late today by Anthony M. Hauck, Hunterdon county prosecutor, after a conference with Justice Thomas W. Trenchard, Attorney General David T. Wilentz, and defense counsel Jas. M. Pawcett.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Frownridge Cabinet Works

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



SEEING ERNIE PLUMER'S CAR PASS, FRED PERLEY, LATE FOR HIS TRAIN, JUMPED ON THE RUNNING-BOARD, AND WAS DISMAYED WHEN THE STRANGER AT THE WHEEL, WHO TURNED OUT TO BE ERNIE'S OUT-OF-TOWN COUSIN AND WHO TOOK HIM FOR A BANDIT, SPEEDED UP SO HE COULDN'T JUMP OFF, AND DROVE, SCREAMING, THROUGH THE TOWN TO THE POLICE STATION

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## S'MATTER POP—



10-19-34

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets Is Mortified!



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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Captured!



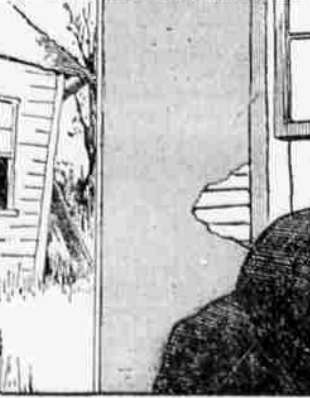
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## THE NEBBS—The Tables Are Turned



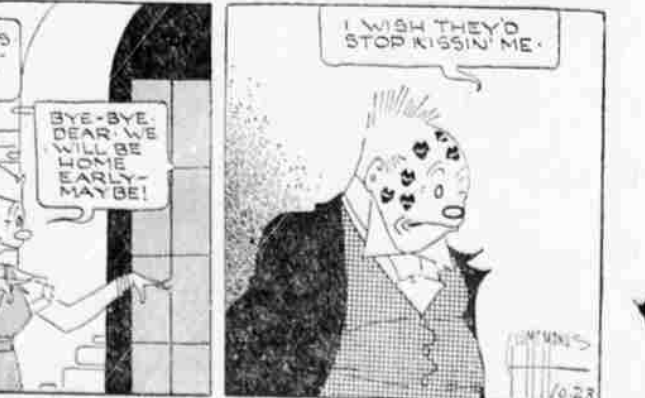
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## BRINGING UP FATHER



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## TO SELL ASSETS HEAVY SPENDING BUILDING LOAN BY UNCLE SAM

SALEM, Oct. 23.—(P)—Assets of the two building and loan associations not yet reorganized or disposed of by the state corporation commissioner out of the nine such corporations in statutory receivership March 1, 1933, will be sold on December 15, it was announced today by Charles H. Carey, commissioner.

Sealed bids will be received for these two companies, the Federal Union and the Western of Oregon. Assets were estimated at about one million dollars each. The Federal Union had 1,188 shareholders while the Western listed 4,484.

All others are in the process of disposition, Carey announced.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23.—(P)—The government's expenditures for the fiscal year which began July 1 today passed the two billion dollar mark.

Of this amount the treasury reported emergency spending accounted for \$1,049,508,833, with ordinary outgo at \$961,331,200.

The figures, made public by the treasury today as of October 19, showed total expenditures of \$2,010,839,833. This amount was \$865,838,325 in excess of receipts.

Better clothes for you. It will pay you to climb my stairway. Katin the Tailor, 128 East Main, upstairs.