

One Is Beloved

BY LOUISE PLATT HAUCK

YESTERDAY: Sue learns that Bob Trenton is president of the new shoe factory. He begins a whirlwind wooing of Sue.

Chapter Five 'I Love You'

"YOU think Bob is just amusing himself with me?" she asked Forest.

"What else? You're tops here all right, Sue darlin', but still all St. Joseph isn't exactly metropolitan, you have to admit. It's my guess Trenton picks the village belle wherever his business takes him; and has himself a hefty go-i time—while it lasts. You said he was only giving you a rush!"

The black curls bobbed assentingly against his shoulder, but her eyes flung a welcome to the tall young man who was skating across the floor toward her. She smiled mockingly at Forest's disgruntlement as he surrendered her to the newcomer.

"Cheer up!" she called as Trenton swept her away. "Remember the Chamber of Commerce!"

"What about the Chamber of Commerce?" Bob demanded. "No, you don't, Kettle! I just now took her away from Webb. Go on, Sue, tell me! Can't you and Forest find any more interesting things to talk about than business?"

"You," she told him.

"Me? Oh, I see!" His agile mind

very important business, if you ask me. Here—tuck your little self on this couch while I turn off the high light and switch on this nice low lamp. If I move this high-backed chair—so! between us and the door, we're fairly safe from discovery."

In spite of herself her heart beats quickened a little.

"It's too early in the evening for us to disappear like this," she protested. "Ever so many people will be looking for us both. Let's go back, Bob!"

"No." He spoke with finality. "We have things to talk about—important matters to decide. When will you marry me, Sue?"

She colored, more with annoyance than embarrassment.

"I won't! I don't love you, Bob! I just finished telling you so."

"I didn't hear you. I'll never hear you—when you talk nonsense like that. Of course you love me! How could you help it when I'm so utterly mad about you?"

She clasped her hands about her knees, rocking herself sideways to look at him through mischievously lowered lashes.

"You say that with suspicious glibness, my man! With practiced ease, in fact. Utterly mad about me, ha! You talk like a man in a smart play!"

Something Like Fear

HIS pleasant face grew a little hard. "I can do more than talk, Sue! Don't tempt me too far. I'm

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 630, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Monday

5:00—Quaker Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sketch, KJR, KEX; Sunset Shadows, KGO.

5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KGO, KJR; Voice, KPO, KFI, KGW.

6:00—Civic Orch., KGO, KEX; Radio Theater, KSL, KNN, KOIN; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW, KFI.

6:30—Templeton Time, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KJR.

7:00—Jackson Day Dinner, KGO, KJR, KEX, KSL, KNN, KOIN; Contended Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI.

7:30—Blondie, KNN, KSL, KOIN; Kaye's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Radio Forum, KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:00—Amos and Andy, KNN, KOIN, KSL; Doe's Music, KEX; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Aloha Land, KGO.

8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW; Lum and Abner, KNN, KSL, KOIN; Doe's Music, KGO; Courtney's Orch., KEX.

8:30—Cutler's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Breeze's Orch., KEX; Bug Band, KGO; Model Minstrels, KNN, KSL, KOIN.

9:00—Sherlock Holmes, KPO, KFI, KGW; Tune Up Time, KNN, KSL, KOIN; True or False, KGO, KEX, KJR.

9:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KFI; Hawkins' Orch., KGO; Ayres' Orch., KNN; News, KJR.

10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Held's Orch., KGO, KJR; News, KSL, KOIN.

10:30—Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX, KFI; Music by Woodbury, KPO, KGW; Tucker's Orch., KOIN, KSL, KNN.

11:00—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Organist, KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KNN, KGW.

Tuesday

5:00—Aldrich Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; Barton's Sketch, KJR, KEX; Sunset Shadows, KGO.

5:30—Sherlock Holmes, KGO, KEX, KJR; Held's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Court of Missing Heirs, KNN, KOIN, KSL.

6:00—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KFI, KGW.

6:30—Fibber McGee, KPO, KFI, KGW; Calling All Cars, KOIN, KNN; Human Side of Literature, KGO, KEX.

7:00—Drama, KGO; Bob Hope, KPO, KGW, KFI; Miller's Orch., KPO, KNN, KSL.

7:30—Drama, KGO, KJR; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KSL.

8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNN, KOIN.

8:15—Jimmie Fidler, KSL, KNN, KOIN; I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW.
8:30—Aldrich Family, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Big Town, KOIN, KEX.
9:00—We, the People, KNN, KOIN; Beyond Reasonable Doubt, KGO, KJR; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
9:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; Lorch's Orch., KOIN; News, KJR.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KNN, KSL; Held's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN.
10:30—Foster's Orch., KFI, KGW; Saunders' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Flo Rito's Orch., KSL, Drama, KPO.
11:00—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX; Gray's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNN, KGW.

Sub Visits Portland

Portland, Ore., Jan. 8.—(AP)—Uncle Sam's newest submarine, the Swordfish, berthed here yesterday on her shakedown cruise. She will remain until Wednesday morning.

Weather

Northern California: Showers today and tonight, clearing Tuesday; continued cool; decreasing southwest to west wind off coast.

FINGERPRINT CLUE IN CCC BURGLARY

Grants Pass, Jan. 8.—(Spl.)—A single fingerprint on the strongbox at the Rand CCC camps enabled Sheriff A. Donley Barnes to sift through 65 CCC members and obtain a con-

fession Friday night, from Joe Krupek, 22, of New York state, that he had stolen \$200 in cash from the box last Monday. District Attorney Orval J. Millard said.

Barnes photographed and enlarged the fingerprint, compared it with those of the 65 boys in camp at the time, all recorded at the time of enrollment, and with no other clue to work upon was able to single out Krupek. Millard said.

Krupek meanwhile had been transferred to Camp Wimer, where he was arrested Friday. Although born in the United States, the youth has lived most of his life in Poland, and cannot read or write English.

Portland, Jan. 8.—(AP)—Lumber and log tonnage out of the Columbia river district by water in 1939 jumped to 1,259,188, 652 board feet, highest since 1930, the Portland merchants' exchange said Saturday.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



STRANGE
EIGHT GOLFERS --
(Two successive foursomes)
PLAYED A HOLE IN 8 UNDER PAR!
(Six birdies, one hole-in-one, one par)
105-yard third hole, Oakmont Club,
Glendale, Calif.



Jo-Jo,
a tame starling,
HAS A VOCABULARY OF 30 WORDS
AND CAN WHISTLE "SWANEE RIVER!"
— Owned by
Mrs. Walter Brown,
Westerleigh, N.Y. —

THE FLYING CONGRESSMAN!

FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA --
Present Mayor of New York City,
SERVED AS HEAD OF THE
AMERICAN AIR FORCES IN ITALY
WHILE STILL A U.S. CONGRESSMAN!
— World War —

At the outbreak of the World war, Fiorello Henry La Guardia, mayor of New York City, represented the 14th district of that metropolis in the United States congress. But on July 25, 1917, he enlisted in the United States army and by September 7 he was commissioned a captain in the air service.

At Foggia, Italy, La Guardia took command of the American air forces there and was promoted from captain to major. He saw much action and once dropped a note actually "daring" the Austrians to bring him down!

Tomorrow: Dress of Glass.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER INSTRUCTING YOUR WIFE TO TELL THE COMMITTEE OF WOMEN CALLING TO ENLIST YOUR SUPPORT OF SOME CIVIC ENTERPRISE THAT YOU ARE IN BED WITH A COLD, YOU PEER OUT OF YOUR HIDING PLACE TO SEE IF THEY'VE GONE AND LOOK SQUARELY INTO THE EYES OF THE CHAIRMAN, IN THE MIRROR.

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

"When will you marry me, Sue?"

made the connection at once. "The branch factory, eh? And Webb's father a director of the Chamber of Commerce. Plain as a pikestaff. Well," he dismissed the subject comfortably. "The factory's going through all right. They can stop worrying about it." He evaded an approaching stag skillfully. "I like this town, Sue! Shall we live here—for a time at least?"

"I shall," she said, emphasizing the pronoun significantly. "You must do as you think best, of course."

He sighed with exaggerated relief. "That's settled then! I'll close the deal tomorrow."

"What deal? The factory?"

"No, the house. A darned nice house it is, too, let me tell you! Swimming pool, landscaped grounds, everything. The poor chap that built it died in an airplane smash last winter—"

"Oh, you mean the Wilmington place out beyond the Country Club? It is a nice place, Bob. But a trifle large for a bachelor?"

"Nonsense!"

"BACHELOR, my Aunt Emmal! Seriously, Sue, I think it's high time you were setting the date. We've known each other ages and ages—"

"Three long weeks, in fact," she said dryly.

"Three weeks, or three years—what does it matter? I love you and you love me—"

"But I don't!"

"Don't love me? Nonsense!" He stopped abruptly, opened a door and propelled her through it with a gentle hand on her shoulder. "I came early and scouted around to find this. Inhospitable soul, our hostess; not a light on." He pressed a button and Sue discovered they were in a small, book-lined room, clearly not intended to be used tonight. Somebody's reading glasses were on the desk, there was a comfortable litter of magazines and papers on the narrow table.

"Bob, we have no businer' in here!"

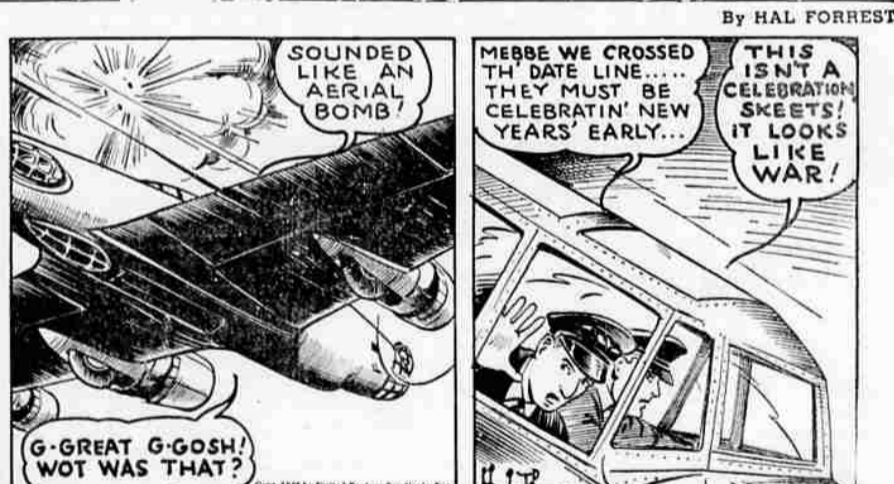
"Your mistake, sweet! We have

TAILSPIN TOMMY—In Troubled Skies!



THERE'S AN ISLAND BELOW, SKEETS... A BIG ONE! IT CAN'T BE SOMETHING... IT MUST BE...
"CORDIN' TO THIS MAP, IT OUGHTA BE ELVANIA, OR BORGARIA... LEMME SEE... ARE WE ORIENTATED EAST... OR WEST?"

By HAL FORREST



SOUNDED LIKE AN AERIAL BOMB!
G-GREAT G-GOSH! WOT WAS THAT?
MEBBE WE CROSSED TH' DATE LINE.... THEY MUST BE CELEBRATING NEW YEARS' EARLY...
THIS ISN'T A CELEBRATION SKEETS! IT LOOKS LIKE WAR!

By EDWIN ALGER

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Break!



WHADDAYA MEAN, WE CAN'T TAKE THAT DOUGH? HOW MUCH WAS THAT LOT FOR SALE FOR?
A THOUSAND DOLLARS—
AN' WHAT DO I DO? I GO OUT AN' RUSTLE UP THIRTY THOUSAND SMACKOVERS FOR IT, DON'T I? AN' WHAT DO YOU DO? YOU GET SOME O' THAT PHONY BALLINGER RELIGION AN' SAY...
...NO, RUSTY, WE MUST BE PURE AN' HOLY AN' SWEET AN' ALL THAT STUFF, AN' WE CANNOT TAKE THIS MONEY ON ACCOUNT OF BEIN' THAT WAY! AN'—
CUT THAT, RUSTY!
SURE, I'LL CUT IT—I'LL EVEN SLICE IT— BEN WEBSTER, I'M THROUGH WITH YOU FOREVER!

THE NEBBES—The Fox?



RUDY FOUND HIS HALF OF THE FORMULA REPOSING IN A BOOK WHERE HE HAD PLACED IT FOR A BOOK-MARK.
YOU KNOW I TOLD YOU I FOUND MY HALF OF THE FORMULA AND I TURNED IT OVER TO EMBERT AND WE ARE STARTING PRODUCTION
WE?—NOW WHAT HAVE YOU TO SHOW THAT IT'S WE? I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT A WRITTEN PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENT OR SOMETHING WHEN YOU TURNED OVER YOUR HALF OF THE FORMULA!
WHAT HAVE I GOT? I MADE A COPY OF MY HALF THAT'S WHAT I'VE GOT! IM FOXY—YOU WONT CATCH ME SLEEPING!
YEOW! YOU'RE FOXY! HE'S GOT THE WHOLE FORMULA AND YOU GOT NOTHING. SUCH A FOX!! IF I WAS A BABY CHICKEN, I WOULDN'T BE AFRAID TO PAY YOU A VISIT!

By SOL HES*

RANCHER PINIONED BY FALLING BARN

Thompson Creek, Jan. 8.—(Spl.)—S. L. Johnston had a narrow escape January 2 when a freak wind visited his ranch, demolishing a big barn and toppling two large trees nearby.

Mr. Johnston was in the barn feeding stock when he heard the sudden onslaught of the gale. The stock stampeded out of the structure and the rancher also started for the outside but the barn came crashing down about him before he could escape.

Although pinned by heavy timbers, Mr. Johnston was soon pried loose by other members of his family, and found to have sustained no serious injuries.

Glass wool is made from silica sand, soda ash and limestone. It may or may not contain scrape glass or other materials.

AL LITRELL BUYS STORE IN G. PASS

Grants Pass, Jan. 8.—(Spl.)—Littrell Auto Parts of Grants Pass has been sold to Al Littrell of Medford, brother of the former owner, E. K. Littrell, Sr., of Marshfield, the store manager, Harry Gilmore, announced last week.

E. K. Littrell, who has owned the store for several years, will center his entire interests on operating his store in Marshfield. Littrell of Medford is in the same business and will change the name of the store here to Littrell Supply company.

Crew of the local store will remain unchanged under the new ownership. Better service will be given on warehouse merchandise, with the Medford warehouse so much more accessible than Marshfield, Gilmore said.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.