

# One Is Beloved

BY LOUISE PLATT HAUCK

## Chapter 11 Bob's House

"HELLO, Bob! I was rather tearing along, I suppose. I'm so darned glad," she said childishly, "to get outdoors for a while. Isn't this simply poisonous weather? A good snowstorm, or really cold clear days that make your blood tingle... but this! D'you think we're ever going to see the sun again?"

"Tomorrow," he prophesied. "It's clearing, and there's some color in the west. Where are you bound for, Sue? Any place in particular? If not, may I come along?" He added aggressively: "You might say you're glad to see me after my being gone a whole week!"

"I am; ever so glad!" She realized with a little start of surprise that this was true. Without knowing, Bob's absence had been part of the discontent of the last few days. She stopped suddenly, narrowly missing a collision with an old gentleman who carried an umbrella. "Bob, I've missed you terribly! I thought it was just the rain, and being cooped up so long with Patsy, but I believe your being away had a lot to do with it!"

His downward glance was rueful. "You don't add perceptibly to a man's good opinion of himself, do you, sweet? Have to have it pointed out to you that you've missed him! Well—I suppose I'm making progress, but it seems blamed slow. Maybe by the time we're both gray-headed you'll decide you love me, and then a decade later we can rush into marriage."

"You don't have to wait, you know, Bob! In fact, I've rather begged you not to. If you're so keen on getting married, there are plenty of girls—"

"Yeah—plenty of girls. I've met 'em, I've even loved a few of 'em—experimentally. But there's only one Sue Davenport, and it's my bad luck to want her and nobody else. Listen, sweet! Let's get my car and drive out to the house. I want to see how the work has gone while I've been East. I want to ask you where you want all the roses put I've ordered."

"You've really bought that place then? I thought you were bluffing."

"Telling the simple and unadorned truth is one of the neatest ways of fooling the public there is—ever know that? I've talked so much about buying that house that nobody believes me. They think the caretaker's in old Wilmington's employ."

"As a matter of fact," he went on, striving to adapt his long strides to her shorter steps, "I bought it just when I told you I did—less than a month after I came here. I thought then you and I'd be married by Christmas time. It's not my fault that we aren't, Sue!"

"You won't lose on it," she said primly. "It's a good investment. Property is going up there."

"Investment be hanged! I'm moving out there, sweet! With or without you. This spring."

"You are!" The dark eyes came swiftly up, their lashes beaded with moisture beneath the thin scarlet brim of her hat.

"I am. I've always wanted a home."

"But—surely you had one? In New York?"

"It wasn't what I called a home," he assured her. "It was a sort of cross between a museum, a baronial castle and an office building. And at that, I didn't live in it very long at a time. School, and being sent to England to help them sell out the English branch, and establishing a few factories over here... it's kept me on the jump."

"Funny that you'd want to live here, I thought you Easterners despised the Middle West."

"Not this one! I love this country. A fellow can breathe with all this land about him. I don't care for the plains, but your hills are beautiful. And," he added significantly, "even if it was the Sahara, there are other attractions."

**Acute Distaste**

"IT'S getting dark, Bob. We'd better turn back."

"You won't drive out to the house? It's warm, you know—the lights are on. We can be back before dinner time."

She was about to refuse when suddenly an acute distaste for the room she had left swept over her; the stale air, the faint disorderly light where all had been dainty order months before, Patsy's vaguely hostile gaze meeting her own.

"If you'll surely have me back before Allen comes!" she stipulated.

Her heart lightened as he drove swiftly to the city limits; on even beyond the clustered houses of the Country Club district. It was the first time she had really inspected the Ted Wilmington house. It had been an extravagant gesture on the part of a rich man's son, an avi-

ation enthusiast who had crashed less than a month before his intended marriage. The house was too rambling and a trifle too isolated for the average purchaser, so Sue had taken it for granted it had not been sold.

"It's a heavenly site for it, Bob," she said as they entered the curving drive. "All these magnificent trees, and so high up... I believe you'll be able to see the river on clear days!"

"That's one of the reasons I bought it," he said simply. "I remember where I saw you first. I knew you'd want a glimpse of your beloved river. Wait till I unlock the door. There! Will you walk into your parlor, Sue? Or your hall, anyway?"

He touched a button by the door and the square entrance with its fireplace and its beautiful staircase, bloomed with soft light.

"It's furnished!" she gasped. "I didn't know Ted Wilmington had it all ready!"

"Pretty nearly. There were gaps here and there which I've been filling in. Not that I know anything about such things, but there's a friend of mine in Kansas City who does. She's been picking up odds and ends for me all winter. Like it, Sue? Here's the living-room. Runs the length of the house, d'you see? These long windows open onto a formal garden—that is, it's going to be formal when it's finished. And you can see the river from here, too!"

Hardly giving her time to take in the lovely room with its rugs like faintly gleaming jewels, its white marble fireplace, its deep, comfortable couches and big arm-chairs, he put a hand beneath her elbow and urged her along.

"Across the hall, you see, is a reception room. That's so you won't have to take strangers, or borse into the intimacy of the other one. And here's the dining-room. Big enough to have all our friends to dine, eh? You love flowers so, Sue, that I got the architect to design this alcove affair. It can be shut off to be kept at the proper temperature or it can stand open—look!"

**"It's Perfect!"**

HE FLUNG open the wide doors with a flourish and the girl gasped. The glassed-in nook was already sweet with blossoming plants and even as she looked, a tiny fountain rose under the pressure of his finger on a concealed button.

"Pretty keen, Sue? About what you'd have fixed yourself, if you'd been consulted?"

"Bob, I never, never could have thought of such a lovely thing! It's perfect! It's a real winter garden, isn't it, with gravel paths and flowers growing right out of the ground, and all I've got to do is water?"

"The flowers are frauds in a way," he chuckled. "I mean—growing so casually in the ground. They're still in their pots, you know. Maybe they'd do all right if they were out, but I was taking no chances on having them at their best when you first saw them. Want to inspect the culinary regions?"

Her heart was beating a little fast as she nodded. It touched her, his careful thought for what would or would not please her. Who but Bob would remember how she loved the river, how great a part in her life flowers had always played?

"Oh, why can't I just let myself go and marry him?" she asked herself despairingly. "I'll be twenty-five next month, and I like him—come nearer loving him than any man I've known in my life. I can't go on much longer with Allen and Patsy. I want a home—and this is such a beautiful one! I want children. Bob's everything that most girls dream of. Why can't I get all thrilled and excited about him? Want him to kiss me—hold me in his arms? Maybe I'm not capable of feeling like that toward any man. Maybe I'm one of these fundamentally cold women you read about. If I could be sure that—if I didn't think there'd be danger of meeting the right man after I was married, I'd take a chance!"

"What are you thinking, standing there in the middle of the kitchen, and not hearing one word I say?" he demanded. "Is anything wrong, Sue? I mean—would you like any changes made? Make 'em in a minute, you know. You've only to say the word!"

"It's perfect!" she repeated. "It's only—I was only—wishing I cared enough for you to—share it with you, Bob, dear!"

His face fell like a grieving child's. "And don't you, Sue? Don't you, my darling? I thought—it seems perfectly incomprehensible to me that I can love you so—so utterly, and you not feel as I do. Perhaps you're not the passionately loving kind, Sue. Perhaps you love me now as much as you can. You said—you did say you'd missed me this week!" He sounded very young and touching as he spoke; very far removed from the arrogant man who had light-heartedly proposed to her the first time they had danced together.

She looked at him with troubled eyes.

Continued tomorrow

## On the RADIO CHAINS

**STATIONS**  
Where to Find Them or the Dial:  
KEX, Portland, 1190; KFI, 640.  
Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane;  
KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW,  
620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle;  
KNN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830,  
Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland;  
KOMO, 826, Seattle; KPO, 630, San  
Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

**Monday**  
5:00—Party, KPO, KFI, KGW;  
Sketch, KJR, KEX; Sunset Show,  
KGO.  
5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KGO, KJR;  
Voices, KPO, KFI, KGW.  
6:00—Civic Orch., KGO, KEX;  
Radio Theater, KSL, KNN, KOIN;  
Quiz Program, KPO, KGW, KFI.  
6:30—News and Views, KOMO;  
Templeton Time, KPO, KGW, KFI;  
7:00—Little O' Hollywood, KGO,  
KJR, KEX; Lombardo's Orch., KSL,  
KNN, KOIN, Hour, KPO, KGW,  
KFI.  
7:30—Blonde, KNN, KSL, KOIN;  
Kaye's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW;  
Forum, KGO, KJR, KEX.  
8:00—Amos and Andy, KNN,  
KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO,  
KFI, Aloha Land, KGO.  
8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI,  
KGW; Lum and Abner, KNN, KSL,  
KOIN; Doe's Music, KGO; Court-  
ney's Orch., KEX.  
8:30—Le Baron's Orch., KFI, KGW,  
KPO; Breeze's Orch., KEX; Bug  
Band, KGO; Model Minstrels, KNN,  
KSL, KOIN.  
9:00—Tune-up Time, KNN, KSL;  
KFI, KGW; True or False, KGO, KEX;  
KJR; Sherlock Holmes, KPO, KFI,  
KGO.  
9:30—Hawthorne House, KPO,  
KGO, KFI; Hawkins' Orch., KGO;  
Mitchell Ayres' Orch., KNN; News,  
KJR.  
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI,  
KGO; Heidi's Orch., KGO, KJR;  
News, KSL, KNN, KOIN.  
10:30—Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR,  
KFI, KEX; Music by Woodbury,  
KPO, KGW; Van's Orch., KOIN,  
KSL, KNN.  
11:00—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KFI;  
This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Or-  
ganist, KOIN, KSL; News, KGO,  
KNN, KGW.

**Tuesday**  
5:00—The Aldrich Family, KPO,  
KFI, KGW; Sketch, KJR, KEX; Sun-  
set Showdown, KGO.  
5:30—Information Please, KOMO;  
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, KGO,  
KFI.

KEX, KJR; Heidi's Orch., KPO, KFI,  
KGO; Court of Missing Heirs, KNN,  
KOIN, KSL.  
6:00—We, the People, KSL; Caval-  
cade of America, KPO, KFI, KGW;  
Time and Tempo, KGO, KEX.  
6:30—Fiber McGee, KPO, KFI,  
KGO; Concert in Rhythm, KOIN,  
KNN, KSL.  
7:00—Shield's Revue, KOMO;  
Drama, KGO, Bob Hope, KPO, KGW,  
KFI; Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNN,  
KSL.  
7:30—Mammoth Minstrels, KGO,  
KJR; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW;  
News, KSL.  
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI,  
KFI; Amos and Andy, KNN, KOIN,  
KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX,  
KJR.  
8:15—Jimmie Fidler, KSL, KNN,  
KOIN; I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI,  
KGO.  
8:30—Aldrich Family, KGO, KEX,  
KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI,  
KGO; Big Town, KOIN, KNN.  
9:00—We, the People, KNN, KOIN;  
Beyond Reasonable Doubt, KGO,  
KJR; Garber's Orch., KPO, KFI,  
KGO.  
9:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO,  
KFI; Van's Orch., KOIN, KNN;  
News, KJR.  
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI,  
KGO; News, KNN, KSL; Heidi's  
Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN;  
10:30—Foster's Orch., KFI, KGW;  
Fitzpatrick's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR;  
Drama, KPO.  
11:00—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KFI;  
This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Or-  
ganist, KOIN, KSL; News, KGO,  
KNN, KGW.

**High School News**  
by  
**STUDENT REPORTERS**  
By Paul McOuat

Sophomore class was called to order Thursday morning by Warren Holbrook, president, to discuss class finances. Vice-president Don Shanahan presented a plan to help fill the treasury which was approved upon motion by Jean Smith. Mr. Holbrook said "if the moving picture plan fails to add sufficient funds to our treasury, we can then take up the sale of candy."

Two comedy sketches were presented by members of the class. "Parted," starred Dot Hayes and Bill Wall, and "The Countdown Wedding," included Harris Jones, Beverly Brooks, KSL, KOIN.

**McLeod**  
McLeod, Jan. 15.—(Sp)—Bill Billy 4-H club held their first meeting of the year January 11

at the school house. L. E. Francis had his moving picture machine along and showed pictures of the first 4-H club members when Audrey Meyer and Claus Charley were state champion corn raisers in Jackson county. In 1914 there were just a few members while now there are over 2000.

Mr. Francis also had pictures of the 4-H summer camp which is held at Lake of the Woods. Pictures of the 4-H tour of Josephine and Jackson county, showing the largest ladino clover field in Josephine county, which is also the largest in the United States.

Members of the class of '40 met January 11. A motion was approved to have the chair appoint a committee to look into securing an outstanding speaker for the graduation exercises. President Harry Thurman appointed Paul McOuat chairman, with Betty Hardy and Betty Daugherty to assist.

Ballots were distributed for selecting one of three outstanding senior girls to go on a citizenship tour of Washington, D. C. Alpha Whillock, Mary Shreve and Jackie Flynn were the three candidates chosen by the faculty. The winner will be sent on the tour by the D. A. R. John Eade, program chairman, presented Homer McDonald, teacher of piano and accordion, who in turn presented a very fine program of selections of these instruments.

Junior class met January 11, in the boys gym. President Ray Johnson presided. Secretary Joan Aya urged more girls to help the class sell candy. She presented a report on the class' financial standing.

One of the more popular boys and also property manager, Joe Bennett, was elected to the office of vice-president, succeeding Don Moyer, who moved recently to Grants Pass.

The program was turned over to Mr. Ed Kirtley, who explained about the boys working for better muscle co-ordination and control. Four wrestling matches were presented by boys ranging from heavyweights to featherweights. The class unanimously voted to have more of this sort of entertainment for future meetings.

Meeting for the second time this semester, the newly-elected president of the Ski club, Ned Lyman, introduced an active program of winter sports for members.

The club approved the suggestion that they have a meeting in the snow at Crater lake January 18. New members will be voted in at this gathering.

The club also decided to present a motion picture assembly in the future to raise money for its picture in the annual.

There were 15 members present at this meeting and they signed up as follows: sheep, Harry Harding, Jr., Arnold and Marie Ragsdale, Kenneth Vaughn and Kenneth Bendure; sewing, Mary Ann Brill; cooking, Jean Lavin; pig, Robert Crow; steer, Wendall Vaughn; woodwork, Eugene and Sterling Ditsworth and Howard Wimer; chickens, Kenneth Bendure; goats, Harry Harding, Jr. and Howard Wimer. Adults present were Mrs. Linda Marvin, Mrs. Clara Ditsworth, Mrs. Scott Brill, Mrs. Carl Harding, Mrs. Clark Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Ragsdale and O. D. Bendure.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Sawyer are the proud parents of a baby girl born January 8 in Community hospital. The little miss has been named Patricia Deagney.

Dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herman McFarland Friday were Mrs. Essie Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Alworth and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Casey. The evening was spent in playing cards.

Dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Alworth January 10 were Mr. and Mrs. Dean Tate, Mr. and Mrs. McFarland were callers too, so all played pinocle.

Cubs of troop 19 will hold their achievement test Friday evening, January 19 at Upper Rogue Grange hall.

## DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WONDERING WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR HUSBAND'S BOSS, AFTER BORROWING THE PENCIL OF YOUR CHERISHED DESK SET, ABSENT-MINDEDLY SLIPS IT INTO HIS POCKET

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Selects His Men!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Final Answer!



THE NEBBS—Just Fifty-Fifty



THE NEBBS—Money, Money, Money



## WAIT A MINUTE!



## TAKE ME, THOMAS...



## AN ME, IF YOU PLEASE...



## YOU'RE NOT AN ELVIANIAN...



## DO YOU WANT TO BUY THEM...



## HUMPH! WHAT IF I DO OR—



## WHAT IF I DON'T?



## ONLY THIS, GRANDMA! IF YOU WANT TO BUILD ON THEM...



## POWELL, PLATT ON U-O HONOR ROLL

University of Oregon, Eugene, Jan. 15.—(Sp)—Gynell Powell and Leighton Platt, both of Medford, were among 118 students at the University of Oregon to make the fall term honor roll with a grade point average of 3.5 or better. Grade averages are computed on the basis of 4 points for an A, 3 for a B, and 2 for a C.

Miss Powell is a graduate of Valler high school, Montana, and is a junior majoring in Education at the university. She

is the daughter of Mrs. R. A. Bots.

Platt is a graduate of Medford high school and is a freshman majoring in pre-law at the university. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hal Platt.

**Holman Hard to Catch**  
Washington, Jan. 15.—(AP)—It's all right with secretary Bob Parkinson if a visitor wants to see Senator Holman (R-Ore.) when a caller asked to see the busy Holman last week Parkinson replied, "Go ahead, if you can catch him. I can't."

**Amsterdam, Jan. 15.—(AP)—**Two soldiers were killed and four injured today in an explosion during army exercises in Groningen province, the government press service announced. No other details were given.