

Is it Love? by MARGARETTA BRUCKER

Chapter 21
"Kidnapped"

"HELLO—good morning, honey." It was not Johnny but Riv who answered. "Love me?" asked Riv in his most loverlike manner.

A week ago she would have answered eagerly. Now... "I'm sorry, Riv," she said slowly. "I can't marry you. I've tried to tell you."

"Nonsense," he spoke angrily, and then his voice took on the coaxing tone she knew so well. "What's wrong? The Colonel of fend you? He came back here last night and was afraid you might not understand him."

"I understand him quite well," "I'll be over by ten," said Riv stubbornly. "I never thought you a girl of moods, Sue."

"This isn't a mood. I can't discuss what I feel over the telephone."

Riv interrupted: "No need to explain. I'll be over at ten and take you out to breakfast."

"I don't want breakfast," she said flatly.

"I'll take you sightseeing, then. We'll drive out to see Lincoln Memorial—Arlington—any place you say. We'll pack up and start back for Tyler Springs together, if that is what you want, but don't think I'm going to lose you, Sue."

Riv... But he had hung up. She looked at the clock on her bedside table. Nine fifteen. Forty-five minutes. Forty-five minutes in which she must plan what to say to Riv, to convince him that she meant what she said. He would be persuasive. Suppose he should promise to take care of Aunt Car and Aunt Pleas? Could she hold out against him?

She picked up the receiver and called Johnny Harris's hotel. There was one way out, Johnny. She waited impatiently, her eyes bent on the ticking clock beside her. Feeling that every minute was precious. Surely Belle Acres could not be signed away so easily—the Colonel might be bluffing when he said the whole scheme hinged on her marriage to Riv. There was something else; whether to avoid the scandal in Tyler Springs when it was known that Riv had married when he was engaged to her—whether some financial difficulty of the Colonel's—

A voice broke into her thoughts. "They do not answer," it said. "Please ring again," she begged the operator.

The minute hand moved forward until it was twenty-two after nine, and then she gave up and returned the receiver to its cradle.

Johnny had called her last night and she had not been back as she promised and he had gone away and decided she didn't want to see him.

She called the desk clerk at the hotel where Johnny stayed. "Mr. Harris checked out at nine o'clock and said that he would not be back," he told her.

Help Comes
THAT was that. Thirty minutes later Riv would be waiting in the lobby and all the old arguments would be gone over again. Did she love him? Had she forgotten him? Did she remember this and that episode of their engagement? Bewilderment and anxiety for those at home, making her incapable of sober judgment. She bathed and packed and dressed. She added an extra touch of vivid rouge to her pale lips.

When she was ready, she called the hotel desk to send up a boy to carry down her luggage. She had only one plan now—to get away before Riv came. At the station she could find a train, or wait all day if necessary, but she must be on her way back to Mississippi.

The snowstorm was over. Sunlight glinted on the windows and slanted across the carpet. Outside, the snow was melting fast. She regarded her smart pumps ruefully, but hoped she would not have far to walk.

Nine-forty-five. She hoped that Riv would be late. He was always late. The boy appeared for her bags and she was in the elevator and a minute later crossing the marble lobby to the desk.

"Union Station," said a voice just behind her. "Step on it." She was seated in the taxi, but not alone. A tall well-knit figure in uniform was crowded in beside her and Johnny Harris's clipped Yankee voice said: "Hello."

Her lip quivered and she knew tears had come into her eyes, for he smiled and said bending toward her: "If you must cry when ever I meet you, I can offer a comfortable shoulder."

Still she could not speak, her mind a whirl of racing thoughts. The taxi sped down the avenue. Snow capped the government buildings. Slushy snow lay on the street and an army of men in shabby clothes were shoveling it away. Snow dashed against the windshield and splattered the windows, so that great splashes of it shut out the view. Without speaking, Johnny reached over and took her fingers and held them tight. "I have an idea that something has happened," he said simply. "I called and you were not at your hotel, so I decided that either your fiancé had been persuasive and induced you to consent to his plans, or—"

"We met the Colonel," she managed to say.

"So that was it." His fingers tightened. "I suppose he told you about the plantation deal."

"Something."

The Plan
THERE'S only one answer to this situation, Miss Sue Ellen. His tone was so formal that she felt sickened, frightened. "There is only one way to save your face with your friends back home and one way to help your aunt. I promised my father that I would do everything I could for your Aunt Carolina. It took a little time for me to find out just how this could be done. It isn't an easy thing to assist anyone financially. I could see only one way to do it—to buy up the old Fairhope property and in some way restore it to your family."

"The proposition wasn't too easy because the Colonel was greedy. If I had shown too much interest in your aunt, he would have held me up for believing I wanted the place for some sentimental reason and he would have held it too high for me even to consider. Fortunately, he was hard pressed himself and his influence here is slipping. He must have the good will of the people back home to carry him through another election. He only managed reelection this time by a narrow margin."

The taxi wheeled swiftly into line with other taxis and stopped. Sue Ellen found her voice. "But why are you here?"

He smiled down at her gravely: "Guess?"

"You are going back to Camp Shelby today?"

"Right."

Her fingers fumbled with her purse and closed tightly on it. Just for an instant she had thought of something else. When he told her had shaken her, he had visited Tyler Springs to do something to help the woman his father had loved for years. He had no interest except in Aunt Car and whatever he had said to her had not been because he loved her.

"You should be interested in this trip." His grey eyes were close and gleamed with something which was not laughter, although his lips smiled down at her.

She was being stupid and stupid and he could not know that it took all her will power to control the impulse to put her head down on his shoulder and cling to him and tell him that she loved him, that she had never loved Riv—never could love anyone—had never known love until now.

She was proud of the way she pulled her hand away, because she could not trust herself to let him hold her hand in that tight clasp any longer. The touch of his fingers frightened her—a mad, delightful fright. But she was saying quite steadily and with a superb control which disguised her inner tumult: "How nice that we should travel back to Mississippi together."

But we're not traveling back to Mississippi together."

The taxi driver had the door open and his glance was impatient. "Let's go," Johnny Harris was out, standing in the sunshine. Tall, straight, his eyes bright and the smile on his lips quizzical, as she stepped down to stand beside him. He was amused because she could not follow his thought, he was teasing her, maybe he guessed that she cared.

He seized her arm and started to hurry her toward the great door of the station. With a touch of her former spirit she said: "Why do you say that you are going to Camp Shelby and that we are not going together to Mississippi—that doesn't make sense—Mr. Harris."

Johnny, he corrected. "Get the habit of using my first name in the future. Have you ever heard a modern wife calling her husband mister? Think about that while I buy our tickets."

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland.
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland.
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1310, Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco.
KGW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland.
KJR (NBC-Blue) 1070, 1090, Seattle.
KOA (NBC-Red) 830, Denver.
KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland.
KOMO (NBC-Red) 850, Seattle.
KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco.
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.
Time shown is PST

Thursday
5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR, KEX; Death Valley Days, KSL; Jane Arden, KOMO; Stars of Today, KGW; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—Duffy's Tavern, KSL; News of the World, KJO, KEX, KJR; Tonight's Best Buy, KXK; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.
6:00 p. m.—Major Bowes, KXK, KSL, KJR; Bing Crosby, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Joe Gallicchio's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.
7:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KXK, KOIN, KSL; Cugat Rumba Revue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:30 p. m.—Frank Fay, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News Here and Abroad, KGO.

KEX, KJR: Who Dunit, KXK, KOIN, KSL.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KXK, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; March of Time, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Lanny Ross, KXK, KOIN, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Maudie's Diary, KXK, KOIN; Saunders of Circle X, KGO, KEX; Panny Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KSL; Flowers for the Living, KEX; Hot Stove League, KJR, KJR; Duffy's Tavern, KXK, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Freddie Martin's Orch., KGO; Death Valley Days, KXK, KOIN, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX.
10:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the Air, KGO, KJR, KEX; Reporter's News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KXK; Five Star Final, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KGW; Masterworks of Music, KXK; The World Today, KOIN; Industry and Defense, KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO.
11:00 p. m.—Echings in Brass, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KJR, KEX; Ken Stevens, KSL, KOIN; Emmanuel Tabernacle, KOMO.
Friday
5:00 p. m.—Kate Smith Hour, KSL; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR, KEX.

Jane Arden, KOMO; Stars of Today, KGW; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KJR, KEX; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Eugene's Clair, KXK, KXK; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Three Four Time, KOMO; Ballad Time, KPO.
6:00 p. m.—What's On Your Mind, KXK, KOIN, KSL; Waite Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Michael and Kitty, KGO, KJR, KEX; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, KXK, KSL, KOIN.
7:00 p. m.—Carmen Cavallaro's Orch., KEX; Hollywood Premiere, KSL, KXK, KOIN; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Fish Finger, KJR.
7:30 p. m.—Al Pearce's Gang, KXK, KSL, KOIN; Grand Central Station, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Boxing Bout, KGO, KJR; Aloha Land, KEX.
8:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Romance and Rhythm, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KXK, KSL, KOIN.
8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KXK, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Along the Sidelines, KJR.
8:30 p. m.—Don't Be Personal, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gang Busters, KGO, KEX, KJR; Playhouse, KXK, KOIN, KSL.
9:00 p. m.—Radio Chatter, KPO; Piggins Party, KGO, KJR, KEX; Kate Smith Hour, KXK, KOIN; University

of Oregon Forum, KGW; Three Four Time, KJR; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Freddie Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR; Chuckwagon Days, KPO; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; News, KSL, KJR; Armchair Cruise, KOMO.
10:00 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter's News, KPO, KGW, KOMO, News, KXK, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Dance Orch., KGO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Dance Orch., KGW; Masterworks of Music, KXK; Bob McGraw's Orch., KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO.
11:00 p. m.—Pickard Family, KPO.

KOMO, KGW: This Moving World, KEX; Ken Stevens, KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KXK; Musicals, KJit.

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Elephants Drink Up Natives' Cocktails

Liebon, Portugal, Nov. 5.—(AP) A herd of elephants is sobering up after an impromptu cocktail party which created new records of tree climbing among the native population, said dispatches published here today from the region of Lourenco Marques, Portuguese East Africa.

The dispatches said the natives were dancing around huge pots of a local alcoholic brew at a harvest celebration when the elephants came thundering through the forest. The natives took to the nearest timber and watched while the elephants lumbered up and fraternized about the bowls until there was hardly a drop left.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



AFTER 10,000 MILES, MR. AND MRS. FRED BREEDY PARKED THEIR AUTO TRAILER IN ALEXANDRIA, MINN., DUG A BASEMENT FOR IT AND ADDED 2 ROOMS TO MAKE IT A PERMANENT HOME!



CIVIL LIBERTIES
In the infant stage of the U. S. Government ten amendments to the Constitution were made, covering civil liberties, and were together known as the Bill of Rights. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts had no objection to the sentiments expressed by the amendments, but felt they were not expressed strongly enough! Ratification was delayed for a time, and as the years passed this important gesture was overlooked entirely. Finally, in 1939, Governor Saltonstall brought this error to the attention of the Commonwealth legislature, the amendments were approved and he signed the ratification. Tomorrow: 40 Miles to School

LETTER OPENER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



L'L ABNER—When Yokums Weep!



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Traitor!



THE NEBBS—The Lesson



Oregon Telephones Show Earning Gain

Salem, Nov. 6.—(P)—Telephone companies had a net operating income from their Oregon operations of \$1,894,283 during 1940, a gain of \$454,359 over their 1939 income, the public

utilities commissioner's office reported today.
Total operating revenues were \$11,084,493, a gain of \$1,004,402, while taxes totaled \$1,586,154. The average revenue per telephone was \$60.85, of which \$41.58 was local exchange business and \$17.48 was long distance revenue.

Bishop Baxter Heads Anti-Liquor League

Portland, Nov. 6.—(P)—Methodist Bishop Bruce R. Baxter of Oregon was elected president of the Anti-Liquor league yesterday.
Dr. K. K. Adams, Salem, was named vice-president; Rev. Leo Webster Collar and E. B. Houser, Salem, and R. E. Hicks, Dayton, headquarters committee members.

ROLL IT UP, JUMP ON IT, SOAK IT THE ONE HAT THAT TAKES EVERYTHING! DALTON'S RUGGEDY \$3.95 sold only at **Barker's** Store for Men