

Is it Love? by MARGARETTA BRUCKER

Chapter 22 Kentucky Bound

SUE ELLEN stood gazing after him as he swung away toward the pullman window. So he had a plan—and she was not to know anything about it. Men were all alike—taking matters in their own hands and never thinking it necessary to discuss a vital question with a woman.

He had a plan. Well, she had a plan too. It was all simple now. A plan which would not reveal the fact that down underneath her smart blue flannel dress her heart was beating madly. Always Johnny Harris had promised that she could marry him on her own terms. The time had come to name those terms.

When he came back he carried two tickets. "We're going by way of Kentucky," he remarked matter-of-factly. "It is easier to hurry up a marriage there."

"What marriage?"

"Ours."

"You are quite sure that it isn't necessary to ask the girl whether she is willing?"

She matched his lightness with her own. "Possibly. On my own terms."

Just for a minute an odd expression flickered across his fine face. "All right," he said then, "let's have them."

"Must we discuss them here?"

"Our train leaves in five minutes."

"I'll decide on the train."

He shook his head. "There's a train for Memphis on Track Three—"

He nodded toward the queue of passengers moving toward the gates. "I have no idea of kidnapping a bride. That's not my idea, Miss Sue Ellen. But I can help your aunt only one way. She wouldn't accept help from me—she will from you. You can take over Belle Acres and restore it and, with my advice, put it on a paying basis, or you can take that train to Memphis and have your Aunt Car believe me a mountain of deceit to have taken Belle Acres away from her. She can't get it back through the Colonel—she can't borrow from the bank. The matter is in your hands entirely. Which shall it be, Memphis or Kentucky?"

Sue Ellen opened her bag and carefully studied her makeup. She was marking time. She was scared to death. "Make your own terms," she kept repeating to herself—but could she? Could she? Could she enter into a cool, business bargain with Johnny Harris and never by a word or gesture reveal to him that she loved him sincerely.

"Well?"

"I wonder if it's snowing in Kentucky?" said Sue Ellen.

Johnny Harris grinned. "We'll soon find out." He caught her arm and hurried her forward. "We'll send your Aunt Car a telegram when we get the license."

He smiled down at her and then sobered.

"Thanks a lot," he said gently. "My father will appreciate what you have done, and it was the only way to help the woman he has always cared for."

She nodded. She could not meet his eyes. What if he saw the tears in her eyes? He would think her nothing but a cry baby. He would never know how heartbreaking it was to know that apparently his only reason for marrying her was to help Aunt Car. His one plea, not that he loved her as he had told her before, but that by marrying him he could carry through a promise he had made his father.

Rings

ON THE trip from Washington to Kentucky, Sue Ellen met a different man from the one she had met in Tyler Springs, the man she had promised to marry. For the first time she realized how little she really did know this Johnny Harris.

She knew him by his appearance, his military bearing, his quick smile, his steady glance. She knew that she could trust him, although she had no proof, only her instinct, a feeling of security, as they followed the crowd milling through the train gates.

"No regrets?" he asked as she surrendered their tickets.

She drew a deep sigh. Almost she turned to look back as though Riv might be following and by some coaxing trick persuade her to go back. Now there was no turning back.

"No regrets," she said, and her glance tangled with that steady grey glance and she caught a gleam of something stronger and deeper than mere liking—something she had not seen since the left Mississippi. Then just as quickly Johnny's face regained its expression of casual friendliness.

As soon as you are settled, we'll talk things over," he suggested. And a half hour later they were seated opposite one another at a table in Sue Ellen's compartment with a mass of papers spread out before them.

"I don't know a thing about business," she told him, pushing aside the paper he was explaining. "I'm afraid you've made a bad bargain—"

"Johnny," he encouraged. "Johnny," she finished. The color arose in her face and she dropped her hands to her lap to hide their quivering.

"Your full name?" he asked in a clipped businesslike tone. "Susan Eleanor Fairhope."

He slipped his thumb and forefinger in his vest pocket and brought up a small white box. "I guessed at the name. There was something eager and boyish in his eyes as he leaned forward. "Open it."

She took the box and opened it and stared wide-eyed at the two rings resting on a white satin cushion.

"Like them?"

"They're beautiful."

"Look inside."

To Sue Ellen from Johnny. The date was the following day. "I thought we might not be able to make all the arrangements to-night, for we'll get in late, but tomorrow—"

He looked up quickly, his voice uncertain. He bit his lip and said shyly: "You see, I've never been married before."

There was a moment of awkward silence.

"But this is just a bargain—"

She had made the decision to say this while she waited for him to come to her compartment. She would name her own terms. When she was sure that he cared as she cared—she did not dare to think of the papers he carried. Now they would plan for just one thing—to restore Belle Acres.

"I understand," he said curtly.

Fencing

WHAT could you do when the man you loved never questioned your silly proposition. What could you do but talk about land values and property transfers and how much acreage could be put into cotton and where one could find the necessary labor and what repairs could be made now and what must wait until spring. For you must wait until spring. For that you had a mind as well as a heart. You must win his admiration and respect—you must be worthy of his ring which you wore on your finger.

All this ran through Sue Ellen's mind as she struggled to understand what Johnny meant, and at with her dark head bent over the papers, her curls tumbled and falling about her face. Once Johnny's hand touched her hair and she saw the hot color mount in his tanned face and her heart sang, while she accepted the pencil he offered and laughed with him at her attempts to add up a column of figures.

"I can't add," she sighed.

"Neither can I at the minute—"

Then he shook back the lock of brown hair which fell over his forehead and smiled up at her. "Shall we finish this after lunch?"

They lingered over the lunch so long, they were now alone in the diner. The box with the rings was back in Johnny's pocket, but he brought it out again and pushed it toward her: "You didn't try them on."

She held out her two bare hands. She slipped off Riv's ring this morning and it lay in her handbag. She said: "Well?"

He took her left hand in his and held it while he slid the ring over her finger. First the dazzling diamond, and then a band of plain gold.

Suddenly he stooped and his lips touched the finger that wore the rings. And just as suddenly, though the named of the gesture, he hid his face behind the smoke from a cigarette, while Sue Ellen sat staring at her hand with the two rings blinking at her, her heart pounding dizzily.

She dared not meet Johnny's glance.

It would be easy to tell him now. She said three words over to herself, with her eyes bent on the rings, and wondered if Johnny were following her thought.

"Shall we go outside and get a breath of air?" he suggested.

They stood together and watched the sunlight shine blindly upon the snowcapped mountains. Underneath their feet, the train awayed and swung and Johnny caught her and held her close to him.

"I mustn't lose you now," he said softly.

Rushing on, up and down grades, winding, twisting, climbing. It was part of a pattern. She and Johnny rushing toward their marriage tomorrow.

She remembered the night of the picnic—that evening driving back from Deedra's a dozen glances which told her that he cared. He had even said that he loved her.

But now every glance was careful, guarded. Now when she had promised to marry him, he never mentioned love to her.

Was love all anxiety and confusion and denial? Feeling one thing and pretending another?

"You're tired," he said suddenly. "Sleep much last night?"

"A little."

"Not afraid?"

"Not at all."

"You need not worry. You can trust me," he told her gravely. Johnny carried away the papers which littered her room.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

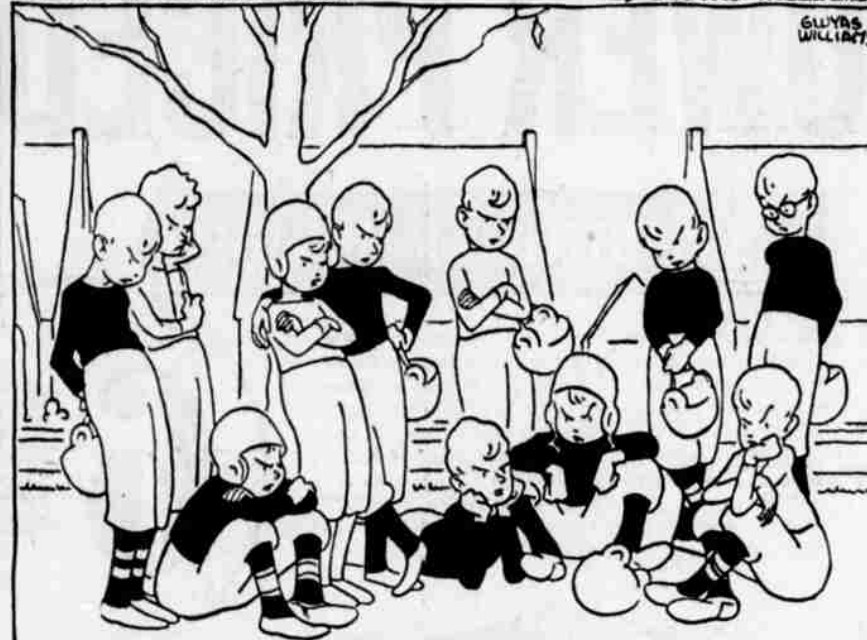
STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBC-Blue) 1230. Portland.
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190. Portland.
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510. Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810. San Francisco.
KJW (NBC-Blue) 820. Portland.
KJL (NBC-Blue) 1000. Seattle.
KNX (CBS) 1070. Los Angeles.
KOA (NBC-Red) 850. Denver.
KGIN (CBS) 970. Portland.
KONO (NBC-Red) 850. Seattle.
KPO (NBC-Red) 680. San Francisco.
KSL (CBS) 1160. Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Friday
5:00 p. m.—Kate Smith Hour, KSL.
Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR, KEX.
Jazz Arden, KOMO: Stars of Today.
KOW: Eyes of the World, KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KJR, KEX; Cocktail Hour, KOW; Eugene Clair Flauto, KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Three Four Time, KOMO; Ballad Time, KPO.
6:00 p. m.—What's On Your Mind, KOIN, KOIN, KSL; Waita Time, KPO; KMO KGW; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Michael and Kitty, KGO, KJR, KEX; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGO, KMO; First Richter, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
7:00 p. m.—Carmen Cavallaro's, KEX; Hollywood Premiere, KGO, KJR, KEX; Wings of Destiny, KSL, KOIN; Grand Central Station, KPO, KMO, KOW; Boxing Bout, KGO, KJR; Aloha Land, KEX.
7:30 p. m.—Al Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Grand Central Station, KPO, KMO, KOW; Boxing Bout, KGO, KJR; Aloha Land, KEX.
8:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO, KMO, KOW; Roman and Rhythm, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, KOW, KMO; Along the Sidelines, KJR.
8:30 p. m.—Don't Be Personal, KPO, KOW, KMO; Gang Busters, KGO, KEX, KJR; Playhouse, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:00 p. m.—Radio Chatter, KPO; Piskin Party, KGO, KJR, KEX; Kate Smith Hour, KNX, KOIN; University of Oregon Forum, KOW; Three Four Time, KGO, KJR; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Fred Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR; Chuckwagon Days, KPO; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; News, KSL, KJR; Armchair Cruise, KMO.
10:00 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOW, KMO; News, KNX, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Dance Orch., KGO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Dance Orch., KOW; Masterworks of Music, KEX; Bob McGraw's Orch., KMO; Concert Hall, KPO.
11:00 p. m.—Pickard Family, KPO, KMO, KOW; This Moving World, KEX; Ken Stevens, KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KNX; Musical, KJA.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE LOCUST AVENUE LIONS ARE A GLOOMY BUNCH THESE DAYS, BECAUSE WITH EXCELLENT PROSPECTS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON, THEIR BEST PLAYER MOVED AWAY, ANOTHER GAVE UP HIS AFTERNOONS TO EARNING MONEY FOR A BICYCLE, AND A TRUCK RAN OVER THEIR ONLY FOOTBALL.

(Reprinted by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

LIL ABNER—Swing Low, Sweet Chariot



TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Condor Strikes!



THE NEBBS—Stars and Gripes Forever



KGW, KOMO; News, KSL, KJR.

10:00 p. m.—Two Round Jamboree, KGO, KJR, KEX; Larry Carr, KMO; News, KOW, KNX, KOIN, KPO; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Two Round Jamboree, KGO, KJR; Reid Tanner's Orch., KSL; The Quiet Hour, KEX; People's Platform, KNX; World Today, KOIN; Bob McGraw's Orch., KMO; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Dance Orch., Ricardo's Rhapsodies, KPO, KOW; Martha Meara, KSL, KOIN; Carl Ravenna's Orch., KJR, KEX; News, KNX; Re-veries, KMO.

7:00 p. m.—Hemisphere Review, KGO, KJR, KEX; Sports Highlights, KPO, KMO, KOW.
7:30 p. m.—Grand Ole Opry, KPO, KOW, KMO; Juan Arvizu, KOIN; Sammy Kaye's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Dr. Pepper Parade, KNX; American Challenge, KSL.
8:00 p. m.—Truth or Consequences, KPO, KOW, KMO; Freddy Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Guy Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Hobby Lobby, KNX, KOIN; Knickerbocker Playhouse, KPO, KMO, KOW; Spin and Win, KGO, KJR, KEX.
9:00 p. m.—News, KPO, KOW; Your Hit Parade, KNX, KOIN; Paul Whiteman's Orch., KGO, KEX; Serenade, KJR; When the Missions Begin, KMO; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Alvin Ray's Orch., KGO, KEX; Best of the Week, KPO.

LOCAL NIMRODS BAG RECORD ELK

A bull elk that dressed out to 610 pounds was brought home Thursday by three local sportsmen, Cecil Cochran of Central Point and L. R. Willoughby and LeRoy Tompkins of Medford.

The elk, shot in the Ukiah country of Oregon on the first day of the hunting season November 1, was declared at the Ukiah checking station last night to be the largest bagged so far this year, the hunters related. It had six-point horns with a spread of 42 inches. Before it was dressed, the elk must have weighed well over 800 pounds, the sportsmen said. The party also bagged a cow elk.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS



PEARL DIVERS WORKING AT GREAT DEPTHS OFTEN LOSE THEIR SENSE OF DIRECTION AND SWIM AWAY HORIZONTALLY INSTEAD OF TOWARD THE SURFACE!

BICYCLE BAND!
A UNIT OF THE DUTCH ARMY, IT PLAYED MARTIAL MUSIC WHILE LEADING A REGIMENT ON WHEELS!

11-7 751

CRAIG HARBOUR, 960 MILES FROM THE POLE, WAS THE MOST NORTHERLY POST OFFICE IN THE WORLD! ONLY 2 WHITE MEN AND 4 ESKIMOS LIVED THERE, YET 6400 POST CARDS WERE MAILED IN ONE YEAR! 1939...

Cold Post Office

The heavy mail at Craig Harbour, a Canadian Mounted Police post, was due to the fact that stamp collectors sent postcards there to secure the "farthest north" postmark! The office was closed last year.

LONG TREK
Billy Lindemann, whose father was caretaker of an island in the Mississippi river, had to row to the mainland, walk to the garage where his car was kept, and drive seven miles to meet the school bus. He then rode 33 miles on the bus to reach the school!

SUNDAY: Broken Bone Face!

by JOHN HIX



BILLY LINDEMANN—St. Charles, Mo.
HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT—TRAVELED 40 MILES TO SCHOOL EVERY DAY... BY ROW BOAT, CAR AND SCHOOL BUS! 1940...

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By AL CAPP

HOPKINS IN HOSPITAL
Washington, Nov. 7.—(AP)—Harry L. Hopkins, special assistant to the president on lend lease aid, was said at the White House today to have entered Naval hospital yesterday for a check up. Officials said Hopkins was not seriously ill.

Put on a KNOX HAT and give yourself a thrill
sold exclusively at
Barkers
Store for Men

COMMUNITY CLUBS FOR SESSION CALL

Portland, Nov. 7.—(AP)—The 55 member organizations of the Multnomah County Federation of Community clubs last night petitioned Governor Sprague, Speaker Robert S. Farrell, Jr. of the state house, and Senate President Dean H. Walker for a special session.
They asked "corrective legislation" on the Oregon tax structure as result of new assessment methods imposed in Multnomah and other counties.
Governor Sprague recently indicated his opposition to a special session.