

Is it Love? by MARGARETTA BRUCKER

Chapter 23
Wed But Not Wed

JOHNNY was going overseas and leaving her. Was that the way of a man in love, or was he a man in love?

He was a soldier. The thought terrified Sue Ellen. Johnny was a soldier. He might never come back from overseas—he might be killed.

She fell asleep and dreamed of Johnny on shipboard and in danger. She had never told him that she loved him. She wore his ring, but she wasn't his wife.

Someone knocked and she said: "Come in," and sat up, with her hair spread out in a shining web about her neck and her eyes as green as the green of the dressing gown which covered her shoulders.

"Hello," said Johnny.

"Hello."

She would never hear that little word without thinking of him. Never hear it again without seeing him standing there with the door half open and his brown head bent and his eyes so serious and grey, admiring her.

"Papers all fixed," he slapped his pocket. "No more business tonight."

"Tonight?"

He smiled. "It's six-thirty. Hungry?"

She was ravenously hungry and all her doubts were gone. Whatever Johnny planned would be the course to follow. There would be time enough later for lovemaking.

He went away with her promise to meet him in twenty minutes. She could hear him whistling a marching song as he left her. The whistle died away and she sat on the edge of the couch and stared at her slippers.

Wonderful to be in love, even though the man you loved didn't know it. Someday he would know, and then—she turned and lay with her face buried in the pillow, shaken by the thought of what that day would mean to her.

No Regrets

WHILE they ate their dinner, Johnny explained that they would arrive in a small Ohio River town about ten o'clock in the evening. She could remain there waiting for him, or she could go to the following morning. They would return after the wedding and take a train for Cincinnati, from which point they could catch a limited for Memphis, about noon.

"Your aunt will be surprised," he smiled at her across the table.

Sue Ellen said: "Aunt Car will be delighted. You have quite won her heart, and even Aunt Pleas cannot understand how you can be a Yankee. That is the greatest compliment a southerner can pay you."

The train was late and it was eleven when they descended in the face of a blizzard. An icy sleet which cut their faces and made them cling together as they stood impatiently waiting for a small-town taxi.

It was half past eleven when they entered the over-heated ornate lobby of the town's only hotel.

"I'm going on," Johnny explained. "You register here, and I'll stay across the river. I'll make all the arrangements and be back for you about ten in the morning. Get a good rest—don't worry. No regrets!"

The eyes she turned to him were shining. "No regrets."

"Good. See you tomorrow," he took her hand and her fingers clung to his and again that gleam in his steady eyes hinted that someday—someday soon they would not be parting. She would belong to Johnny then. Right now her love was hidden. It was a secret she would carry until that day. A day when all the upset and uncertainty of her love affair with Riv would be behind them. When Johnny would know that what she felt was no passing infatuation because he had been kind, but something deep and real.

"Good night," she said softly.

She stood and watched Johnny leave. His military overcoat turned up to his ears his head bent against the storm as he opened the door and wind and snow and sleet rushed in to meet him.

She slept that night. A deep and dreamless sleep, from which she awoke with the sun shining brightly through the long hotel window. She bathed and dressed in her warmest dress, a leaf-green wool with wooden buttons. With her fur coat over her arm, she went down to meet Johnny.

He was waiting in the lobby.

"Hello."

"Susan Eleanor Fairhope Harris. Not bad," he decided. "Not at all bad. What do you think?"

She could only smile. Something arose in her throat and choked her this November morning. All her surroundings were strange, but Johnny was not strange. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to be sitting across from him at breakfast.

"Eat," he ordered. "Getting married is serious business and we may have a late lunch." He consulted his watch as he drank his third cup of coffee. "We'll have just two hours, but I've gone through the preliminaries, which

are pretty sketchy. Kentucky is a popular place since the draftees started rushing down south to take advantage of a state where there is no three-day limit."

"The marriage will be legal," she gasped.

He threw back his head and laughed. "You'll be legally married," he assured her. "You'll be Mrs. Johnny Harris, U.S.A., until you decide to take a trip out to Reno to dissolve it."

Before she thought, she said: "But I don't plan to do that."

Then the color spread across her cheeks and up to the brim of her smart green felt hat.

"You're a thoroughbred," said Johnny. "Shall we go?"

Kentucky, with the Ohio River a sheet of ice behind them and the hills blurring into blue in the distance against the bright winter sky. Narrow village streets and a shabby little office where Johnny picked up the license. Then a soft-spoken Methodist minister who eyed them gravely. "You, John Harris, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife—"

Johnny's "I do" was deep and reverent.

"You, Susan Eleanor Fairhope, take this man—"

and for an instant the expression in Johnny's eyes blinded her. Some of the emotion she felt crept into her voice as she made her responses.

They were married. Johnny's ring on her slender finger and then his arm was about her holding her tight. His lips were hard and firm against her soft mouth for a moment.

The preacher expects this," he whispered in explanation.

She wondered what her lips had told him. He gave no sign. He slid a bill into the preacher's hand. He was as matter-of-fact now as though he were back explaining the rotation of crops at Berea.

He was doing nothing to alarm her and she loved him for it, even though she wished that he might guess what her marriage meant to her. She had grown up wishing for security and foolishly thinking security was a matter of time. Now she had a security which was like an armor, something vital and real, which would last as long as life lasted—if Johnny really cared and if what he had done had not been done solely to offer assistance to Aunt Car.

Almost she was jealous of Aunt Car. She would be jealous of anyone who came before her in Johnny's affections.

More About Deedora

DID he love her? The thought obsessed her. One moment she read love into every glance from his clear grey eyes. She next studied his face anxiously until every feature became so familiar to her she could close her eyes and see him clearly. She watched him, and then when he surprised her eyes fastened upon him, she found herself to be light and casual as she discussed their marriage.

What a fool he must think her, when he knew that only a few days before she had rushed to Washington to make Riv marry her. Now she was married to him, and how could she convince him that in that short time her heart had changed? Or had it changed?

Rather, hadn't she been blind and too stubborn to see what she had felt for Johnny even back in Tyler Springs?

They left Kentucky and drove back across the river to collect her bags. They were just in time to catch the train for Cincinnati. Another quick change in their boarded the Memphis limited.

For the first time Johnny revealed his plans for their future as they sat together over a late lunch.

"I have to report to camp immediately," he told her, "and get things simplified for you. I shall be at Camp Shelby a month, possibly two, and then I expect to get an important commission which may take me abroad. No one can be sure, but my father believes that's the way it will be. That will make it easier for you. You will have time to think over what you want to do in the future. If you meet someone you want to marry, you only have to tell me. If you should want to revive your affair with Moore—I'll try to understand."

"Riv is married to another girl."

Afterwards she realized that this remark did not express what she really wanted to know. It might even indicate that she was sore at heart, for he withdrew his hand from hers.

He said thoughtfully: "Frankly, I believe that Deedora cares for Riv Moore in spite of all her assertions that she hates him. Probably her present condition makes her bitter."

She started at him in blank astonishment.

"Deedora is going to have a child," he told her bluntly.

She felt terribly shaken. Riv had been a coward not to tell her of his marriage, but the fact that he would plan to break off with Deedora, urge her to marry him as soon as she could get a release from Deedora—"It can't be true," she stammered.

"She told me the evening you came out to see her."

He changed the subject quickly.

To be continued

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) 1510, Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco.
KGW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland.
KJL (NBC-Blue) 7000, Seattle.
KXN (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles.
KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver.
KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland.
KOMO (NBC-Red) 830, Seattle.
KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco.
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.
Time shown is PST

Sunday
5:00 p. m.—Edgar Bergen, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Columbia Workshop, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Voice of Prophecy, KEX; Community Chest Prgm., KGO; Gospel Clinic, KJR.
5:30 p. m.—Concert by Alvino Rey, KJR, KEX; One Man's Family, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Spelling Bee, KNX; Musical Highlights, KGO; Castle in the Air, KOIN; Off the Record, KSL.
6:00 p. m.—Sunday Evening Hour, MNX, KSL, KOIN; Grandpappy and His Pals, KGO, KEX, KJR; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KOMO, KOW.
6:30 p. m.—Bookman's Notebook, KGO, KEX; American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Conf. of Jews and Christians, KJR.

7:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Take It or Leave It, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
7:30 p. m.—Helen Hayes Theater, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, KPO, KGW, KOMO.
8:00 p. m.—Crime Doctor, KNX, KOIN; Vera Vague, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Inner Sanctum, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Jack Benny, KGO, KEX, KJR; Authors Playhouse, KPO; Walter Winchell, KPO; I Was There, KNX, KOIN; Beat Soir Musical, KGW; Highway Night Express, KPO.
9:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Irene Rich, KGO, KJR, KEX; All Aboard, KNX; Leon P. Drews, KOIN; String Ensemble, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—News, KJR; Highway Night Express, KEX; Quiz of Two Cities, KOMO, KGW; Memory Book of Melodies, KGO; Baker Theater, KOIN; Regal Amblings, KPO; Sunday Evening Hour on Temple Square, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Screen Guild Theater, KNX; Tapestry Musicals, KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KOIN; Hollywood Temple, KJR; Salon Orch., KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Paul Whiteman's Orch., KGO, KEX; Dance Orch., KNX, KOIN; Amen Corner Prgm., KEX; Sabbath Services, KSL.
11:00 p. m.—Ken Stevens, KOIN; KSL; Freddy Martin's Orch., KEX; Strings That Sing, KPO, KOW; News, KNX, KGO.

Monday
5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KEX, KJR; Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN; Stars of Today, KGW; Jane Arden, KOMO; Don Winslow c the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KJR, KEX; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Bill Henry, KNX; Leon P. Drews, KOIN; Three-Four Time, KPO; Voices of Yesterday, KSL.
6:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL, Dr. I. Q. Jim McClain, KPO, KOW; Scandinavia Reporter, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—For America We Sing, KGO, KEX; That Brewster Boy, KPO, K'W, KOMO; Tropical Moods, KJR.
7:00 p. m.—Mercury Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Monday Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Contented Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO.
7:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Modern Music Box, KEX; Amateur Hour, KGO; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Herbert Marshall, KGO, KJR, KEX.
8:15 p. m.—Lanny Rose, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, KOMO, KOW.
8:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; Voice of Richard Crooks, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Gay Nineties Revue, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
9:00 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; True or False, KGO.

KJR, KEX; Vox Pop, KNX; News, KOIN; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Hawthorne House, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Hollywood Showcase, KPO, KOW; Nat'l Radio Forum, KGO; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX.
10:00 p. m.—Paul Whiteman's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KNX; Five Star Final, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KGW, KOMO; Carl Ravazza's Orch., KJR; John Sullivan, KSL; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Masterworks

of Music, KNX; The World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.
11:00 p. m.—Bob Bradley and Edwin Yeo, KSL, KOIN; String Serenade, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KNX, KGO; Reviews, KOMO.
Cairo, Nov. 8.—(AP)—The British government announced today it would buy any Egyptian surplus wheat above its internal consumption in 1941-42 at ruling market prices to encourage food production.

Hermiston Depot Under Maj. Scott

San Francisco, Nov. 8.—(AP)—Maj. Ralph Cook Scott will take command of the \$13,000,000 Umatilla army ordnance depot at Hermiston next Wednesday.
The zone constructing quartermaster's office in a progress report said the depot was 80 per cent complete only 14 weeks after the first of 1000 concrete storage igloos was poured.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

THE PRESIDENT WHO BECAME EMPEROR!
LOUIS NAPOLEON, ELECTED PRESIDENT OF FRANCE IN 1848, IN 1852 BECAME EMPEROR AS NAPOLEON III!



CAR PHONE
After tinkering with radio equipment for seven years, 18-year-old Mac Brainard has rigged up an instrument in his car which rings whenever his home phone rings. The equipment, which took him a month to build, takes up only two square feet of space. The instrument, a French type phone, fits into the glove compartment. He can pick up his phone, dial any number and complete his call, the charge being levied on the home phone. Mac often parks in front of a friend's house, calls him, then jumps out of the car for a personal appearance almost as soon as the astonished friend has put down the telephone!
MONDAY: Basketball's Miracle Man!

MANFRED VON RICHTHOFEN, GERMAN AIR ACE OF WORLD WAR I, RODE 45 MILES WITH A BROKEN COLLAR BONE TO WIN A HORSE RACE! 1913...



MAC BRAINARD, 18, INVENTED A TELEPHONE WITH A 20-MILE RANGE, WHICH HE CARRIES IN HIS CAR!
HE CAN MAKE LOCAL OR LONG-DISTANCE CALLS OR ANSWER HIS HOME PHONE!
Hollywood...

HELPMATE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LIL' ABNER—The Sport of Kings!!



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Bombardment From the Sea!



THE NEBBS—Lost—63 Cents



NEW HONOR FOR BETTE
Hollywood, Nov. 8.—(AP)—The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, which has

KUPPENHEIMER
FINE CLOTHES
\$50.00
found only at
Barkors
Store for Men

given Bette Davis two Oscars for best performances by an actress, found a new way to honor her last night. It elected her president, the first woman president the 14-year-old academy ever has had.

DESTROYER TOLL 100
Washington, Nov. 8.—(AP)—The death toll in the torpedoed sinking of the U. S. destroyer Reuben James stood at 100 today. Naval clerks, rechecking their lists of personnel, added the name of Edward Peter Salts, Staunton mate, first class, Staunton, Ill.

USE MAIL TRIBUNE WANT ADS.