

Is it Love? by MARGARETTA BRUCKER

Chapter 29
New Doubt

SUE ELLEN knew now why Johnny was delayed—why he had brought Deedora. Johnny had been with Deedora.

The thought sickened her. It was Ginny who brought the details of the events leading up to Riv's accident.

At first she determined not to see anyone who would mention Riv, when Aunt Car came in to tell her that Ginny was down stairs. It was Aunt Car who showed a sudden spirit and demanded that she talk to Ginny.

Ginny tiptoed in and stood staring at her wide-eyed. Her woeful expression aroused the first spark of amusement in Sue Ellen. "Come in, I'm not dying, I'm just lazy."

"I had to see you, Sue Ellen, before Toby and I left this afternoon to be married. I am meeting him at one o'clock and we expect to be back Sunday. With all your added worries, I don't expect you to break the news of my elopement to Mother, and will leave her a note explaining everything."

Ginny continued: "Toby is so excited about our marriage, but terribly upset because he thinks he helped patch up things with you and Riv. Can you imagine anyone with a broken back not dying?"

Ginny sat down on the end of the bed. "Why didn't he die?" she demanded. "Better men have died stumbling over their own feet. Riv's death would have simplified everything. Here's Johnny Harris as well as a man as any girl could get—"

"What about Johnny?" asked Sue Ellen. "Why bring Johnny into this?"

"He's already," observed Ginny. "Why was he out at Deedora's last night and why did Riv rush away from there, drunk and quite insane with rage?"

"What do you mean?" "You don't know that Johnny Harris was at Deedora's and that was why Riv went into a regular tantrum?"

"How do you know all this?" "Aunt Heppie heard it last night. He left just a few minutes after Riv and found him. He came back and telephoned for help and he and Joe got him into Johnny's car and Johnny brought him into town. He took him to Doctor Warren and the doctor had him taken straight out to Oak Hill in the ambulance."

Sue Ellen pushed the breakfast tray aside and sat with her hands linked about her knees. "Who knows all this?"

"Who knows? Everybody. There are stories afloat which would make you scream with rage and die with laughter, if things weren't so serious. You are supposed to have rushed out to Oak Hill and told Riv you would get a divorce and marry him as soon as he recovered. Deedora threatened to kill you for taking her place at Riv's bedside. Rumors that Riv will be a cripple. However, that's not true, for the specialist told Doctor Warren he would recover." Ginny grinned. "Riv found one way to escape the draft."

"Ginny—how awful to say that!" "The Lord I never felt for his fascination. Look at you and Deedora." "Why me?" "Because you have a husband who's crazy about you and is wretched because he thinks you still love Riv Moore."

"Why should he?" "Why shouldn't he?" demanded Ginny. "With this remark, Ginny said she must leave, as she had a few things more to do and would call her when she returned."

"The very best of luck, Ginny dear," Sue Ellen said soberly. "Thank you, Sue Ellen, and I just know that everything will straighten itself out."

The Colonel—Begging

AFTER Ginny left, Sue Ellen lay for a long time, fitting together what Ginny had told her. For some unexplainable reason, Johnny had gone out to see Deedora while she sat waiting for him at Magnolia House. Toby, misinformed by someone, had persuaded her to fly to Riv as though he were her lover on a deathbed, and with a heart sick and sore and bewildered, she had forgotten everything but her pity for Riv and done something which Riv might understand and others would certainly misconstrue.

No one mattered but Johnny. Did he understand? There was no opportunity to learn what Johnny thought or felt. In the following weeks, he called—he wrote. But the conversation hinged upon Belle Acres and her success in starting the plans he had made for its reconstruction. At Christmas he sent her a short fur coat—with a note saying that the coat might be of no use in Mississippi, but when she came East—the note stopped there. It was the one scrap of evidence that Johnny believed that there was a future which they would share together.

On New Year's Day, Colonel Moore called. Riv was back from the Memphis hospital, where they had taken him the same night she

had rushed off through the rain to see him. Riv wanted to see her now.

"I have no right to be with Riv," she told the Colonel. The Colonel looked old and shattered. Rumors about Tyler Springs hinted that he had had to mortgage Oak Hill heavily to finance Riv's care in Memphis. Others said that sympathizing friends had managed to hush up a hint that Colonel Moore was heavily involved at the bank.

"Could you do anything to help Riv?" pleaded the Colonel. She shook her head. "Riv will have to learn to help himself."

Good advice, but after the Colonel had gone she wondered just how she could apply that same advice to herself. Not by fretting and worrying and misinterpreting Johnny's actions. Work might help, and for the next few weeks she worked feverishly with the plan to restore Belle Acres to its former beauty.

Johnny had thought he might return in January, but January passed with no mention of that promise. The weather was not warm, but clear and pleasant, and work was started out at the plantation and Sue Ellen became absorbed in it and the desire to have as much as possible done before Johnny's coming.

It was a strange marriage. She tried not to think of it—to busy herself so that the days would pass quickly until Johnny would come back. She tried not to harbor a single doubt about Johnny, although she knew that gossip had never ceased about the fact that Johnny had been with Deedora on that rainy December night and that it was rage over this, as well as too much liquor, which was responsible for Riv's wild driving.

It was not wise to dwell on this. It embittered her and made her uncertain of the future. She bought a car, Johnny had sent the check and told her he had put in an order with a local dealer. She should pick out a car and a man would deliver it to drive. After that the drive all over the county to sales and auctions, and at last Belle Acres began to take on character.

The workmen finished the repairs on woodwork and painting the first week in February, and the first furniture was moved in. Then there were trips for draperies—she worked now in a fever of impatience, with one idea. When Johnny came, he should meet her at Belle Acres. They would be together there and talk together and reach that perfect understanding to which she looked forward.

Wedding

WARM days came in February. The nights were chill but the sun was like a spring sun, bright and clear and hot on her neck when she superintended the landscaping of the great sweep of front lawn and puzzled over the clearing of the tangle of brush and brambles in the rose garden. Finally she turned the rose garden over to Aunt Car's supervision. Aunt Car seemed to blossom as she worked; she took on weight and her pale cheeks colored a rosy pink.

"Aunt Car! You're beautiful," Aunt Car blushed. There was something puzzling about her confusion.

A few days later Sue Ellen heard the reason. Aunt Car had received not one but many letters from Johnny's father, the man she had loved so long ago. He was in Washington and planned to come South to see her. He was eager to renew their acquaintance—and meet Sue Ellen. Aunt Car confessed all of this one evening when she slipped into Sue Ellen's room. "I don't dare tell Pleas," Aunt Car said guiltily. "Aunt Car—you still love him!"

"He says that he has always loved me."

Then John Harris came. Tall and grey haired, with bright blue eyes in a face as lean and tanned and unlined as his son's. Even Aunt Pleas unbent and showed little surprise when the announcement came that John Harris and Aunt Car planned to stand up together in a little Episcopal Church and be married one week later.

"But, Aunt Car—he's practically a stranger! How can you know you'll be happy after all these years?" demanded Sue Ellen. "Aunt Car was trying on the dress in which she would be married. Grey, like her hair, with soft touches of fur. Her eyes were clear and shining like a girl's. "She has no doubts," thought Sue Ellen enviously, even before Aunt Car said: "I love John and he loves me. That's all I need to know."

Johnny wired congratulations and regrets. He had hoped to attend the wedding, but he would be in Tyler Springs the following week.

The next week! There was so much to be done. After Belle Acres was almost ready, the rains descended and ruined the lawn and put an end to work until the storm was over.

Rain and more rain, a steady, miserable downpour which lasted for a week with no sign of cessation, and with the rain all the old doubts returned. "He so sure that Johnny loved her?"

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1530, Portland;
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland;
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510, Spokane;
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco;
KGO (NBC-Red) 830, Los Angeles;
KOA (NBC-Red) 970, Portland;
KOMO (NBC-Red) 950, Seattle;
KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco;
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.
Time shown is PST

Sunday
3:00 p. m.—Edgar Bergen, KPO, KGO, KGO, Columbia Workshop, KEX, KSL, KOIN, Voice of Prophecy, KEX, Gospel Clinic, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Concert by Alvino Ray, KJR, KEX, One Man's Family, KPO, KGO, KGO, Spelling Bee, KEX, Musical Highlights, KGO, Castles in the Air, KOIN, Off the Record, KSL.
6:00 p. m.—Sunday Evening Hour, KEX, KSL, KOIN, Granddaddy and His Pals, KGO, KEX, KJR, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGO, KGO.
6:30 p. m.—Bookman's Notebook, KGO, KEX, American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KGO, KGO, Conf. of Jews and Christians, KJR.
7:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KGO, KGO, Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR, Take It or Leave It, KEX, KSL, KOIN.

Monday
5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KEX, KJR, Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN, Stars of Today, KGO, Jane Arden, KGO, Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR, Cocktail Hour, KGO, Bill Henry, KEX, Leon F. Drews, KOIN, Three-Four Time, KGO, Waltz Rhythm, KPO, Voices of Yesterday, KSL.
6:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KEX, KOIN, KSL, Dr. I. Q. Jim McClain, KPO, KGO, KGO, Secret City, KGO, KEX, Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—For America We Sing, KGO, KEX, That Brewster Boy, KPO, KGO, KGO, Tropical Moods, KJR.
7:00 p. m.—Mercury Theater, KEX, KOIN, KSL, Monday Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR, Contested Hour, KPO, KGO, KGO.
7:30 p. m.—Carnegie of America, KPO, KGO, KGO, Blonde, KEX, KSL, KOIN, Modern Music Box, KEX, Greater Washington Hour, KJR, Amateur Hour, KGO.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KEX, KOIN, KSL, Fred Waring, KPO, KGO, KGO, Herbert Marshall, KGO, KJR, KEX.
8:15 p. m.—Lynn Rose, KEX, KSL, KOIN, Lum and Abner, KPO, KGO, KGO.
8:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR, Richard Grooks, KPO, KGO, KGO, Gay Nineties, KEX, KSL, KOIN.

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

JOE BURK, CHAMPION SCULLER, ROWED 40 STROKES PER MINUTE INSTEAD OF 30. LOWERING AN ENGLISH RECORD OF 33 YEARS. STANDING AND WON 47 VICTORIES TO 3 DEFEATS. YET ONCE COULDN'T MAKE THE PENN. ROWING CREW!



GETTING NOWHERE FAST!
AN OSTRICH CAN OULTRUN A HORSE—BUT IS EASY TO CATCH BECAUSE IT ALWAYS RUNS IN A CIRCLE!



GENTLEMAN SCULLER

Turned down in his freshman year, Joe Burk finally made the crew at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1936 he started sculling, and that year lost two races. From then until he retired in 1940, he lost only one other race. That was in 1939, and came after a run of 37 straight victories! He won the national single sculls championship in 1937, '38, '39, '40. During the same years he also won the Canadian single sculls championship. In 1938 and 1939 he won the famous Diamond sculls at the English Henley Royal Regatta, lowering the previous record from 8:16 to 8:07.

MONDAY: British Stars and Stripes!



ORDEAL BY FIRE!

OWEN BARR—volunteer fireman—WAS PLUNGED INTO A BLAZING BUILDING WHEN A WALL COLLAPSED—HE WAS BURIED UNDER 6 TONS OF BRICKS FOR 4 1/4 HOURS, BUT SUSTAINED ONLY MINOR INJURIES! Madera, Calif., 1940...

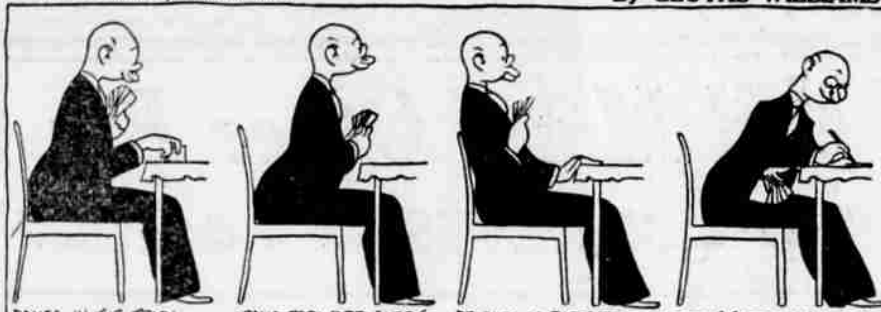


A TYPE OF NORTH CAROLINA BREAD IS CALLED HUSHPUDDY!

(ORIGINALLY FED TO YELPING DOGS TO "HUSH" THEM...)

"YOUR LEAD, PARTNER"

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



RAKES IN THE TRUCK



LEANS FORWARD ALERTLY, AWAITING PARTNER'S NEXT LEAD



RELAXES AS PARTNER SEEMS TO BE TAKING HER TIME ABOUT IT



DOESN'T SEE WHY SHE HESITATES. SHE OUGHT TO LEAD A SPADE. KILLS TIME DOODLING ON SCORE PAD



LIGHTS A CIGARETTE, REFLECTING THAT PLAYERS OUGHT TO KEEP THEIR MINDS ON THE GAME



SIGHS, LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM AND DRUMS NERVOUSLY ON TABLE

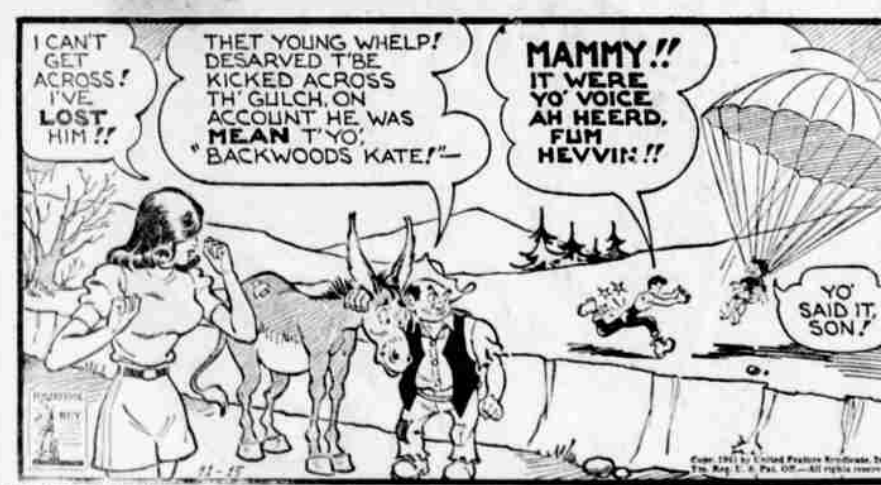


LOOKS UP, SEES EVERYONE EYING HIM IMPATIENTLY, AND REALIZES HE OVERLOOKED PARTNER'S NINE WITH THE TEN ON THE LAST TRICK AND IT'S BEEN HIS LEAD ALL ALONG

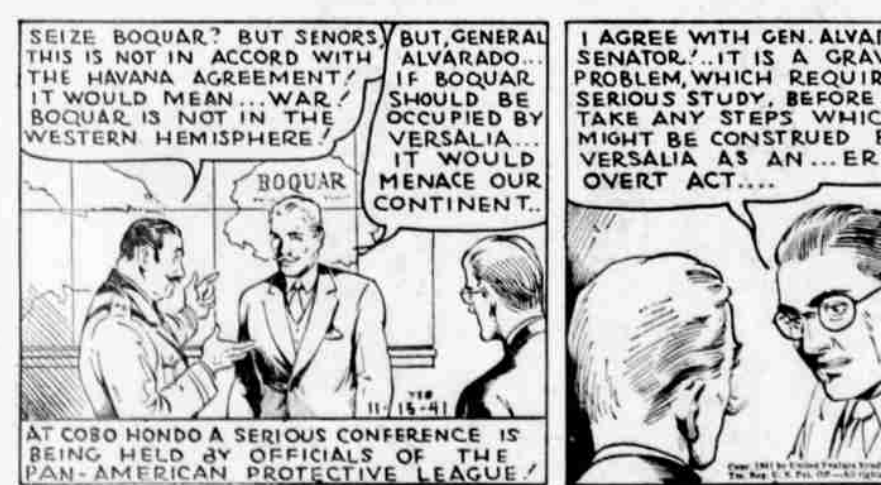


HASTILY PULLS OUT A CARD IN HIS CONFUSION, MAKING THE ONE LEAD TO GIVE OPPONENTS THEIR CONTRACT

LIL' ABNER—Safe—In Another's Arms



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Spy!



AT COBO HONDO A SERIOUS CONFERENCE IS BEING HELD BY OFFICIALS OF THE PAN-AMERICAN PROTECTIVE LEAGUE



I AGREE WITH GEN. ALVARADO SENATOR...IT IS A GRAVE PROBLEM, WHICH REQUIRES SERIOUS STUDY, BEFORE WE TAKE ANY STEPS WHICH MIGHT BE CONSTRUED BY VERSALIA AS AN...ER...OVERT ACT...



AND I, SENORS, AM AGREEABLE! I SUGGEST THE CONFERENCE BE HELD AT COBO HONDO



IN AN ADJOINING ROOM, A SPY LISTENS HIS REPORT TO HIS SUPERIORS WILL PLACE TOMMY AND SKEETS IN PERIL!

THE NEBBS—No Sympathy



CONVICTION UPHELD

New York, Nov. 15.—(P)—The appellate division of the state supreme court today upheld the grand larceny and forgery conviction 13 months ago of George Sealie, former president of the International Building Service Employees Union (AFL).



THE BOSS IS USUALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS OWN BUSINESS!



I MIGHT EXPECT THAT FROM YOU, I'M ALWAYS WRONG, NEXT TIME I HAVE TROUBLES I'LL TELL EM TO MYSELF, I STILL HAVE CONFIDENCE IN MYSELF AND CAN GIVE MYSELF WORDS OF SYMPATHY

FLYING CLUB'S PLANE SMASHED BY HIGH WIND

Marshfield, Nov. 15.—(P)—A gust of wind ripped a light

airplane belonging to the Sunrise Flying Club from its mooring late yesterday and blew it 140 feet, smashing the wings and fuselage.

The plane had been moored with rope. William Miller, president of the club, made up of Marshfield and North Bend businessmen, said the plane would be trucked to Portland for repairs.

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Arrow's Newest... shirt
BRIGADE STRIPES
\$2.50
found only at
Barker's
Store for Men