

NO TIME FOR LOVE

By WATKINS I WRIGHT

Chapter 23

Long Story

ROD switched on the lights in the living room of his cottage.

Miss Dorcas looked around her. "Wonderful!" she said. "Young man, if I decide to write my memoirs, you must rent me this place."

"You're more than welcome to it, Miss Dorcas," said Rod. "I won't be using it again for a long time."

"Why not?"

"That's the long story I've got to tell you," said Rod. "The story you probably came to hear. Would you like something to drink first?"

"Have you any Scotch?"

"Yes, I have."

"And soda?"

"Yes, Miss Dorcas," Rod smiled.

"That means you want a Scotch and soda, of course."

"Young man, your powers of deduction are remarkable."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Rod. "I'll go fix the drinks."

He was not gone long, and when he returned Miss Dorcas said:

"I know my niece ran away because of you, but what I don't know is why you ran away."

"I didn't run away—really," said Rod. "I only went down to Boston."

"But why go in such a mysterious sort of way?"

"I went to see my doctor."

"You mean you were ill?"

"No, Miss Dorcas, not exactly that," Rod put down his glass. He leaned forward. "I was told, Miss Dorcas, that my heart was in pretty bad shape, and that I also had a very badly injured ear-drum. I was told that in later years I might become deaf."

"But—but—there's nothing wrong with your hearing now—not that I can note," said Miss Dorcas.

"I know, but I was deaf for several weeks after—Dunkirk."

"Dunkirk?"

"Yes, Miss Dorcas. I was there."

"Oh!" Miss Dorcas caught her breath. "You poor boy!"

"I was a flyer," Rod went on, speaking quietly. "I went through all that terrific hell—and when I got back to England, I was pretty much of a wreck. Nothing that one could see, but a bad heart, and the ear condition. It looked as though I was done for—that is, so far as my being any real use to the world."

"Yes," said Miss Dorcas very softly. "Go on."

"I had no one—that is, no relatives, and I hated being a burden over there. The British had enough to do looking after their own, and so I came back here—home."

"Yes," said Miss Dorcas. She laid a hand over one of Rod's. They both had forgotten their drinks. "You came here to recuperate?"

"I came here to fight things out with myself," said Rod. "I wasn't even sure I wanted to recuperate—or get well. I had the feeling that after Dunkirk—there was nothing to live for."

"And then?"

"And then I met Lavinia."

"You mean you began to feel differently then?"

"Kissed—and Left."

"MUCH differently," Rod smiled. "I began to want to live, to get well, to get back into the thick of things."

"Why didn't you tell her all you've just told me?"

"I couldn't—then, I still didn't want to talk about it. And I hated to sound as though I was pleading for sympathy."

Rod paused for a moment, and again picked up his drink. "And the more I saw of Lavinia, the more determined I became not to mention love—not to let myself go—until I was certain I did have a future. Then, like a weak fool, I took her in my arms and kissed her."

"And then told her to forget it," said Miss Dorcas. "Yes, she told me about it. She had to tell someone."

"I never realized at the time," Rod continued, "how Lavinia would feel about it. I was too angry with myself for forgetting who I was, the shape I was in. You see, Miss Dorcas, I still felt I had no right to love a girl, to ask her to marry me. I didn't want to be a burden to a wife—a man with a bad heart, and who might become totally deaf when he was older."

"I understand," said Miss Dorcas. "And so you kissed my niece, and then ran off and left her."

"I guess it does sound like a contemptible trick, Miss Dorcas," Rod said. "But I certainly didn't mean it that way."

"Of course you didn't. But why the sudden decision to go to Boston?"

"I got a letter in the mail yesterday morning," Rod exclaimed.

"It offered me work in a factory where defense manufacturing is going on. Airplanes. And I do know a lot about them, Miss Dorcas. Well, that letter, and the realization that I was in love with Lavinia, did things to me. I caught a train as soon as I could, and hurried off. I wanted to get everything straightened out, if possible—so that I could come to Lavinia with a proposal."

"You said a while back that you went to your doctor."

"I did. I had a thorough going over—and I'm okay!" Rod's eyes were shining. "I mean the weeks here at Harbor Head have done wonders to the heart condition—and the trouble with my ear has entirely cleared up. In other words, Miss Dorcas, I'm—I'm practically as good as new."

"Thank God," said Miss Dorcas. "I can't tell you how glad I am, Rod. You don't mind my calling you that, do you?"

"Of course not. Only I wish you'd let me call you Aunt Dorcas."

"Goodness me, boy—what else would you call me?"

"You're swell, Aunt Dorcas."

"A mutual admiration society, so it would seem," Miss Dorcas said. And then: "Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"You should be telling Lavinia all this—not me!"

"But I can't. She's gone!"

"Oh, yes, so she has!"

Rod was thoughtful for a moment. "Do you think she'll understand and forgive me, if I see her again?" he asked.

"If she doesn't," said Miss Dorcas, "she's a little idiot."

"Funny thing," Rod went on, "when I got to Harbor Head I was shocked to find it had developed into a fashionable resort. I was a little angry, too—I mean, seeing people so gay, and remembering all I'd seen on the other side. I resented the people at the Inn and I avoided them with a stubborn determination. I wasn't supposed to be dancing or doing anything very strenuous, anyway—so I stayed by myself."

"And gave me the idea you were anything from an escaped criminal to an international spy," said Aunt Dorcas.

"Mystery Man."

"YES," said Rod. "But I got a sort of kick out of having people think me a man of mystery. That is, I got a kick out of it until Lavinia came along. Then I hated having her not know the truth."

"What made you finally go up to the Inn for dinner, and dancing and bridge?"

"I did it for Lavinia, mostly. I was angry over the way she had been treated. I wanted everyone to see her as I saw her."

Miss Dorcas finished her drink, and set down the glass.

"You really love my niece?" she said.

"Of course I do," said Rod. "She's the most adorable girl I've ever known."

"You love her enough to marry her?"

"Of course. Why do you think I came barging into the Inn to-night?"

"Then what are you waiting for?"

"W-w-what do you mean?"

"Why aren't you on the way to New York to see her?"

"I am going—the first thing in the morning," said Rod. "There's no train before then."

"Do you mind my taking the same train?" Miss Dorcas said.

"Mind! I'll be no end disappointed if you don't take it."

"Very well, we will go back to New York together."

"You can help me."

"How?"

"By pretending to like me a lot. Maybe then Lavinia will forgive me, and say she'll marry me."

"Rod," said Miss Dorcas, "I'm a poor pretender. But I have to pretend I like you. I do like you."

All the way down on the train, Manhattan-bound, Miss Dorcas and Rod talked about themselves. And they enjoyed doing so. Especially Rod. Not that he did so in any egotistical sense. It wasn't that at all. It was rather as though after being shut up inside of himself for so long a time, there was great relief and comfort in talking to someone who understood.

"And you you know, Aunt Dorcas," he was now saying, as he and Miss Dorcas lunched in the diner, "the boat in which I escaped from Dunkirk was almost exactly like the one I had used at Harbor Head."

"By the way," Miss Dorcas said, "what became of your boat?"

"I let a fisherman friend have it for several days," Rod replied.

Miss Dorcas laughed. "And that Margot Linden and a lot of others have been thinking the government men took it, when they took you!"

To be continued.

Sardine Creek

Sardine Creek, Jan. 24.—(Sp.) Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Fasel and Mr. and Mrs. James Adamo of Central Point were Sunday guests of Mrs. Nora Wait.

Mrs. Adas Dusenberry and son, Donald, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Dusenberry. Her son, Wallace Irveron, left Monday for Portland, where he has enlisted in the service.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, Mrs. Dora Burnett, Mrs. Ethel Smith, Mrs. Pauline Tygart, Mrs. Eva Smith, Mrs. S. A. Dusenberry and son, Arthur,

were among those from here who attended the funeral of Asil Walker in Gold Hill Wednesday.

OREGON FARMERS NEED HARVESTERS

Corvallis, Ore., Jan. 24.—(P)

—Oregon farmers, to meet the demands of increased crop production, will need at least 700 new combine harvesters this year, the department of agriculture board estimated today.

The cover crop seed acreage will be 100,000 greater than last year, Robert B. Taylor, farm board chairman, said. A special effort to obtain the equipment is expected to be necessary because farm machinery output will be only 83 per cent of the 1940 manufacture, he said.

See Mail Tribune want ads.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALB (MBS) 1330, Portland.
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1330, Portland.
KGA (NBC-Blue) 1510, Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco.
KOW (NBC-Red) 850, Portland.
KJL (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle.
KXN (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles.
KOA (NBC-Red) 850, 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

Sunday

5:00 p. m.—Edgar Bergen, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Blue Echoes, KGO, KEX; Columbia Workshop, KXN, KOIN; Gospel Clinic, KJR, Ministerial Assn., KSL.

5:30 p. m.—Floyd Wright, KEX; One Man's Family, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Spelling Bee, KXN; Musical Highlights, KGO; Shining Hour, KJR; Concert Minutiae, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Sunday Evening Hour, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Grandpa and His Pets, KGO, KEX; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KOMO, KOW.

6:30 p. m.—Bookman's Notebook, KPO; American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KOMO, KOW, KEX; Conf. of Jews and Christians, KJR.

7:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Take It Or Leave It, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

7:30 p. m.—Helen Hayes Theater, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, KPO, KOW, KOMO.

8:00 p. m.—Crime Doctor, KXN, KOIN; Great Oldies, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Inner Sanctum, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Jack Benny, KGO, KEX, KJR; I Was There, KXN, KOIN; Beau Soir Musicale, KOW; Highway Night Express, KXN; Echoes in Brass, KPO.

9:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Irene Rich, KGO, KJR; KEX; Hollywood Playhouse, KXN; Leon P. Drees, KOIN; String Ensemble, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Story Behind the Headlines, KGO; Carnival, KPO, KOW, KOMO; What's It All About, KXN, KOIN; News, KJR; Highway Night Express, KEX; On Temple Square, KSL.

10 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Screen Guild, KXN; Henry Busch, KGO, KEX; News, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL; National Vespers, KJR.

10:30 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey's orch., KGO; Lud Gluskin's orch., KXN, KOIN; Amen Corner, KEX; Hollywood Temple Hour, KJR; Sabbath Reveries, KSL.

11 p. m.—News, KXN, KGO; This Moving World, KEX; Songs of the Strings, KPO, KOW.

Monday

5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN; Cocktail Hour, KOW; Bill Henry, KXN; Waltz Rhythms, KPO; Voices of Yesterday, KSL.

6:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Dr. I. Q. Jim McClain, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Secret City, KGO, KEX; Victory Chorus, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—For America We Sing, KGO, KEX, KJR; That Brewster Boy, KPO, KOW, KOMO.

7:00 p. m.—Mercury Theater, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Monday Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Contended Hour, KPO, KOW, KOMO.

7:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Blonds, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Music for Listening, KGO; Modern Music Box, KEX; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Carmen Cavallaro's orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:30 p. m.—Lauri, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Lam and Abner, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Small-Bert Wheeler, KJR.

9:00 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; Voice of Margaret Speaks, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Gay Nineties, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

9:30 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KOMO, KOW; True or False, KGO, KJR, KEX; Vox Pop, KXN; News,

KOIN, KOIN; Transitions, KOMO; On Our Bandstand, KPO.

11 p. m.—Bob Bradley and Ervin Yeo, KSL, KOIN; Ran Wilde's orch., KPO, KOW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KXN; Reveries, KOMO.

10:00 p. m.—Phil Harris' orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KXN; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KOMO, KOW; Home Town News, KPO, KOW; The World Today, KXN; Dance

Other crafts okched the week extension earlier.

Washington, Jan. 24.—(P)—The war production board directed radio and phonograph makers today to cut their output for civilian use by nearly one-half during the next three months, and indicated that the major companies soon would be on a 100 per cent war production footing.

SEVEN-DAY WEEK

Portland, Jan. 24.—(P)—A seven-day week at the shipyards was approved by Portland AFL Boilermakers, Tommy Ray, union secretary said today.

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