UNFAIR TO LOVE

By Watkins E. Wright

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Chapter One

Picketed—For Love

IT WAS that season of the year when a great many perfectly nice cows were being turned out of little red barns so that a great many extravagantly painted actors could move in. In other words, an epidemic of summer theatres was once more sweeping over the rural districts of America. And this year Linville had not escaped.

A barn which had once belonged to Kathleen Vaughan's great-grandfather was now displaying a sign which said, "Ye Old Barn Drama House," and Mary and Martha, two cows who had thought the place their exclusive property, were now stabled elsewhere.

Of course some of the older and more sane inhabitants of Linville felt sorry for the cows and resented the actors, realizing full well that whereas a cow was of supreme importance to one's daily existence, an actor certainly was not.

Kathleen's Uncle Frank Vaughan felt the same way about it.

"I'd rather have a pound of butter any day than the balcony scene," he said one afternoon as he and Kathleen were watching carpenters tear out stalls and put in a stage.

"Silly!" Kathleen said, and patted his arm.

"I used to know a couple of actresses named Mary and Martha," Uncle Frank went on, glancing over to where two cows were mournfully chewing their cuds. "A cow gives—an actress takes."

"You're prejudiced," said Kathleen. "You're an old fogy."

"Call me anything but that, my child," said Uncle Frank. "Don't forget I've been around, that I've not always lived in this neck of the woods. I've hobnobbed with actresses in New York, and I've hobnobbed with cows in Linville; and if I had to decide right now with which I was to spend the rest of my life, cows or actors, I'd choose cows."

"You certainly must have been terribly hurt by an actress," said Kathleen, "to feel so bitter toward them."

"No, not hurt—disillusioned," said Uncle Frank. "I was on the verge of falling in love with one once upon a time—a slim, blonde creature who adored her mirror, and—"

"Tell me some other time," Kathleen cut in. "I want to ask that man over there if he really thinks the barn walls are strong enough to support a balcony."

Kathleen had also had an argument with Joe Neely. It was just after the arrival of Fred DeMille, an actor who was going to direct the activities of the theatrical group.

Quarrel

JOE wanted to marry her; and her enthusiasm for a lot of actor-folks, as he called them, and for Fred DeMille in particular, riled him. He thought Kathleen silly to get all excited because Linville was to have a summer theatre, and made the mistake of telling her so. A quarrel—a ripsnorter of a quarrel—followed.

"You're not fooling me for a minute!" Joe had fairly shouted at her. "You're just another one of those crazy, stage-struck females—that's what you are." He'd waved her to silence when she tried to protest. "You think you're going to get a chance to act, now that you've let them have your old barn. You've decided you want a career instead of marriage!"

"Well, what of it?" she had finally flared. "You want to write plays, don't you? And do I nag you about that? No, I don't. I try to encourage you, I try to—"

"Sure I want to write plays," said Joe. "But a man can write plays and get married, too. I can hold down my job on the Linville Gazette, write plays, and have a wife all at the same time. But a girl can't be a wife and an actress."

"Why not?"

"Don't act dumb! What sort of a wife would you be, trotting off to be in plays—leaving your husband and family behind?"

"I haven't said anything about going off anywhere, have I?"

"No. But you've been thinking and talking an awful lot about careers here of late." Joe glared at her.

"All right, go ahead . . . but you can't keep me from meeting the actors, and finding out a lot of things I want to know."

"Meaning that you're going to postpone our marriage again—is that it?"

"Yes, Joe, that's it."

"You'll be sorry!"

"Really? And just who's going to make me sorry?"

"I am," Joe snapped. "And how!"

Kathleen found herself remembering that quarrel upon awakening on a morning shortly after "Ye Old Barn Drama House" had been opened to the public. She lay in bed with her eyes closed, thinking, thinking—seeing Joe's white, angry face, and recalling all the horrible things he had said to her.

It worried her a little, too—that quarrel. She had been fond of Joe for a long time, and she knew that he had built a certain small bungalow with her in mind. But just the same he had no right to be so stubborn and hateful just because he had taken for granted that she would marry him some day.

A girl had a right to make something of herself, she argued under her breath; and it was just plain selfish and mean of Joe or any other man to expect her to marry and settle down before she had had a chance to see what she could make of her life.

The Awakening

A RAY OF silvery sunlight caressed Kathleen's brow, moved down to warm her cheek. She opened her eyes, looked around the familiar and beloved room, and decided then and there that she was going to get all she could out of her summer association with people of the theatre, and would not give Joe Neely another thought.

Almost on the instant she heard his name spoken.

"You-all better git away from there, Mr. Joe!" Lizzie, the colored maid, was saying. "Effen Miss Kathleen sees you-all, she'll be madder'n a hornet!"

Not waiting to hear any more, Kathleen sprang from bed.

She padded over to the window in her pajamas. She leaned out to see what it was that had gotten Lizzie so excited; and what she saw simply knocked the breath right out of her.

Joe Neely was marching up and down in front of the house, holding aloft a placard which bore the words: "Kathleen Vaughan is Unfair to Love!"

For several moments Kathleen was too astonished to speak or move. So this was what Joe had meant when he said: "You'll be sorry!"

He looked up and saw her. He bowed low, said nothing at all, and went on with his marching. Back and forth. Very solemn, very businesslike, just as Kathleen had seen the men doing when they had picketed a local mill.

A group of children came up the street. They stopped and stared, puzzled, their little mouths hanging open. They began to giggle. Grown-ups were passing now, on their way to work. They too stopped to stare. Joe paid no attention to any of them. Head up, sign held high, he walked to the north corner, turned, and walked to the south corner.

"He can't do this to me!" Kathleen thought angrily. "He can't!"

To be continued

Auto, Tire Dealers Will Get Relief by Bill Just Signed

Washington, May 13.—(AP)—Thousands of dealers in automobiles, trucks, tires and other goods being rationed may find eventual financial relief under legislation signed today by President Roosevelt.

The measure directs the government's Reconstruction Finance corporation to advance loans on these rationed articles, or purchase them outright if dealers are unable to sell them after 18 months.

Dealers would be assured cost, plus reasonable return for transportation, storage, handling and servicing on articles, with a provision for payment of not less than retail prices if the article is held for 28 months without sale. These prices would be fixed by the office of price administration.

More Eye Injuries In World War No. 2

Portland, May 13.—(AP)—Wartime eye injuries have increased from two per cent in the last war to 15 per cent of all wounded in this war, Dr. David O. Harrington, San Francisco, said Monday.

He told the Pacific Coast Oto-Opthalmological society that aerial bombs and the increase in use of high explosives were to blame.

Births

BOWMAN—To Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, route 2, May 11, a boy, 7 lbs., at Community hospital.

PRATT—To Mr. and Mrs. Leo, 1508 Prune street, May 8, a boy, 5 lbs., at Community hospital.

BOHL — To Mr. and Mrs. James, route 2, May 16, a girl, 9 lbs., at Community hospital.

COLLINS—To Mr. and Mrs. Will, 129 West 11th street, May 12, a girl, 7 lbs., at Community hospital.

FICHTNER—To Mr. and Mrs. Earl, 221 North Holly, May 11, a girl, 7 lbs., at Community hospital.

CORY—To Mr. and Mrs. R., 38 North Oakdale, May 12, a girl, 7 lbs., at Community hospital.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

ROBERT A. WILCOX ADVANCES IN ARMY

Paine Field, Wash., May 13—(Spl.)—Corporal Robert A. Wilcox, stationed here, has been promoted to the grade of Sergeant.

Sergeant Wilcox, the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Wilcox, route 2, box 317, Medford, Oregon, is a graduate of the Medford high school. He enlisted April 16, 1941, at Vancouver, Wash., and was promoted to private first class September 1, 1941, to corporal February 1, 1942, and to sergeant April 1, 1942.

At present Sergeant Wilcox is an air mechanic in the air corps; prior to his entry into the service he was employed by the Bear Creek Orchards, Medford.

NORSE SHIP SUNK

Washington, May 13—(AP)—A medium sized Norwegian ship and a large Panamanian merchant vessel have been torpedoed in the Atlantic, the navy announced today, and survivors have been landed at an east coast port.

Closing time for Classified Ads 9 a. m.—Too late to Classify 12:30 p. m.

More Japanese Get Evacuation Orders

San Francisco, May 13.—(AP)—Japanese were today ordered evacuated from the mainland and islands around the Puget sound navy yard, from the vicinity of Fort Lewis, from the city of Tacoma, and a sizeable section of northern California.

The three edicts issued today by Lieut. General J. L. DeWitt, commanding the western defense command and the fourth army, affect 2,300 Japanese, bringing to more than 75,000 the number military forces have removed from their homes.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Time Out for Refreshments

THE sociability and pleasant diversion that go with the fascinating pastime of cards have done a lot to promote entertaining in the wholesome surroundings of the home. Adding just the right touch to the enjoyment of the evening is Olympia Beer, the Beverage of Moderation . . . always right and always welcome . . . the temperate refreshment for home enjoyment.

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"AMONG THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE"

OLYMPIA BEER "It's the Water"

17 Years in Prison For Former Convict

Salem, May 13.—(AP)—Hugh Young Davidson, 27, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 17 years in prison by Circuit Judge E. M. Page on a charge of assaulting Martin Berg, engineer at the State Industrial school for Girls, 10 days ago.

Davidson's bride of less than two weeks pleaded for lenience because of their unborn child, but Judge Page refused, pointing out that Davidson already had served sentences in Oregon and Oklahoma penitentiaries. The judge said Davidson was lucky that he wasn't charged with murder, rather than assault.

There are 263 wild life refuges in the U. S., aggregating 13½ million acres.

"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN (38-52 yrs. old)

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Antelope Use Path Leading to Death

Lakeview, Ore., May 13.—(AP)—Habit in an antelope, Guano Lake ranchers report, is stronger than fear of water.

Numbers of the dry-land speedsters have drowned in the lake which reappeared this year after several dry seasons.

During the arid years, the antelope made a trail across the lake bed. They persist in following it now—to death

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ROSEBURG CHIEFTAIN—"Among the Democratic candidates for congress from this district, Ed Kelly of Medford is away out in front."

COOS BAY TIMES—"Ed Kelly has had more public experience than any of the other candidates: knows more men who count at Washington: is more born to the political manner and trade . . . honest and intelligent . . . most in tune with the fundamental political philosophy of the New Deal . . . would better represent the district . . ."

A. F. L. STATE EXECUTIVE BOARD ENDORSEMENT—"Of the three Democratic aspirants Edward C. Kelly merits the support of labor. In the state legislature his vote was cast for progressive legislation . . . In recent years Mr. Kelly served in different capacities with the federal government and ALWAYS WITH DISTINCTION. Neither (of the other two candidates) has records equal to that possessed by Mr. Kelly. The board earnestly recommends his support."

—(Paid Adv. by Kelly for Congress Committee)

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