

NO TIME FOR LOVE

By WATKINS I WRIGHT

YESTERDAY: Lavinia was out of bed and went over to the dressing table where a short time before Zoe had stood doling up for Peter Raymond.

She bent down, studied her reflection. She fluffed her hair, tried it so that her ears showed, and then so that they didn't. As she did so, she remembered what Freddy had said to her that afternoon. Men, she thought, always getting misty—even during business hours. But even so, she again arranged her hair so that her ears would be revealed.

She then returned to the bed, and took a book from underneath the pillow. As she opened it, she thought about her Aunt Dorcas, and how proud she was going to be when she got a letter showing how much her one and only niece had learned about those outlandish creatures which once roamed the world.

For some time she studied descriptions of Dinosauria and Dinotherium, trying very hard to remember that one group was said to have grown to the length of seventy feet, and that the other group had been remarkable for its pairs of long tusks, which were directed downward from the lower jaw.

She looked up from the book, and her eyes fell upon a picture of her Aunt Dorcas that stood upon a console table. What a woman! What a getter-around. "Running neck and neck with Mrs. Roosevelt, if you ask me!" Zoe had said.

Lavinia smiled at the memory of that.

Then she reached down and took a heavy scrapbook from the lower part of the bedside table. It was full of pictures and snapshots of one Miss Dorcas Wilhelmina Prentiss. "Imagine fastening a name like that onto an innocent infant!" Aunt Dorcas had once said.

Lavinia turned page after page.

Just Horror

AND, Lavinia thought, not a bad-looking woman either. And the man standing beside her, gazing down into her face, was as romantic looking as a Hollywood actor. She had written this to Aunt Dorcas, when acknowledging the letter in which the picture had been enclosed.

"Don't be silly, my dear niece," Aunt Dorcas had written in reply. "The man you mention is charming, and all that, but he was listening to me tell about the time a box constrictor dropped down upon one of my guides. So you see the romantic look you thought you saw wasn't romantic at all—but a look of horror!"

Good old Aunt Dorcas! No time for romance!

Funny things, women. They had such different ideas about things. Take Aunt Dorcas, for instance. Or take Zoe. Or, for that matter, take herself. Now she . . .

She stopped short, surprised to find herself thinking about Freddy Rand. And for no earthly reason, so far as she could figure out, unless it was that she had suddenly remembered that Freddy had a car. Maybe a man did come in handy now and then, especially if he could take you places without using the highway.

She obeyed a sudden impulse and reached for the telephone. She asked for Freddy's number. He answered almost at once.

"Freddy," said Lavinia, "this is Lavinia Prentiss."

"Well, cut my hair and call me Samson!" Freddy exclaimed. "Just a moment, Lavinia. I want to pinch myself to see if I'm really awake."

"Stop talking nonsense," Lavinia said. "Do you still want me to go out with you?"

"Do I?" said Freddy. "Ye gods, Lavinia, haven't I been begging you for ages?"

"How about Sunday afternoon?" "Splendid!"

"You've still got a car, haven't you?"

"You bet I have, and she's all shined up."

"Then will you call for me around two o'clock Sunday afternoon?"

"Be there with bells on," said Freddy. "We'll drive down to Jones Beach and have supper on the boardwalk; we'll take a walk on the beach; we'll . . ."

"I want you to take me to Brooklyn," Lavinia interrupted. "To Brooklyn?"

"Yes. And then up to the Bronx Zoo."

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Freddy. "I can understand your wanting to go to the Zoo, but Brooklyn . . ."

"I want to visit the Museum."

"On an afternoon in early summer? Gosh, Lavinia, let's save the Museum for a winter afternoon."

"I would like to look at some skeletons," Lavinia said.

"Skeletons?"

"Yes. Of prehistoric animals."

"Heaven help me!"

"Then I want to see the animals at the Zoo."

"But, Lavinia, the beach is much better for us, and we can even take a swim."

"I'm sorry," said Lavinia. "But if you don't care to go where I want to go, we'll just call the whole thing off."

"Oh, no!" Freddy said hurriedly. "Don't get sore, Lavinia. If you want to look at skeletons and animals—far be it from me to discourage you."

To be continued

Chapter Two Men Are Poison

"I'm letting my heart rest, not my mind," Zoe said softly. "When you're in love you—well, you just don't think."

"Exactly," said Lavinia triumphantly. "That's just the point!" She drew a deep breath. "Getting back to Pete; why, he doesn't make a penny more than you do, and his chances of getting an increase aren't nearly as good as yours. I heard the floor manager say only the other day that you were one girl who really had what it takes to make a successful saleswoman."

"Saleswoman!" said Zoe. "I loathe the term—it makes me ill—it makes me sick—it—"

"And another thing," Lavinia continued, "if you and a lot of other girls spent one-tenth the time improving your minds that you spend trying to improve your looks, you'd be a lot better off."

"But think of the fun we'd miss!" said Zoe. "Besides, darling, men like Pete wouldn't give us a second look. Believe it or not, girls' minds mean absolutely nothing to men in general."

"Which," said Lavinia, "strengthens my argument that they are poison."

Zoe left the dressing table, and did a little dance step or two about the room, her chiffon gown billowing out around her.

"Just think," she said, her eyes shining. "Pete and an apartment all our own! Small, perhaps, but with touches of modernism here and there, and—"

"What, no geraniums blooming on the window sill?" said Lavinia.

"Oh, shut up!" Zoe said. "You've got about as much sentiment in your makeup as that—that lion-hunting aunt of yours."

"Leave Aunt Dorcas out of it," Lavinia flared. "Most apartments in the Bronx do have geraniums in their windows—or so I've been told. And that's where Pete will probably take you to live. Isn't it?"

"Just at first, maybe. When things improve we'll move somewhere else."

"Suppose Pete doesn't get raises—that things don't improve. It often happens, you know. What then?"

"We'll go on living in the Bronx."

"Suppose there's a baby—or illness?"

"For heaven's sake, Lavinia, do stop trying to take all the joy out of life!"

"I'm only trying to make you see what a gamble it is—marrying Pete."

"Thanks! I'm free, white, and twenty-three, and I know my way around."

"I wonder," said Lavinia with a shrug.

Zoe walked over to the bed, and stood looking down at the other girl. "I know how you feel, Lavinia," she said gently. "About men—your Aunt Dorcas—wanting to make her proud of you, and all that. But, believe me, darling, take my advice, and enjoy the company of nice, normal men. She motioned Lavinia to silence when she started to speak. "Just a moment, please. Let me finish. You may think pretty low of men, and romance—but where would we be, you and I, if there had been no men and romance? You'll end up in a women's hotel, if you go on treating men as you do—and I can't think of anything more awful than that! Horrible! Mixing with a lot of females who try to look happy because they are independent, but longing with all their hearts for husbands and homes. Independent of men? Oh, sure—and so what?"

"Are you asking me?" said Lavinia.

"No, I'm telling you," said Zoe. "You dry up—you shrivel—you get eccentric and neurotic, and—"

"My goodness, Zoe, you should get a soapbox and find a spot up at Columbus Circle!" Lavinia laughed.

"I think it's a shame," Zoe kept on. "The way you treat Freddy Rand. He's terribly fond of you, and you know it."

"A chaser," said Lavinia. "Besides, being a widower, he'll always be comparing Number Two with Number One. What Freddy really wants is a housekeeper, someone to dust the furniture he bought for his first wife. It would be cheaper in the long run for him to get his housekeeper through an employment agency, and not through the marriage bureau."

Zoe started to say something but changed her mind. She went out, closing the door none too gently behind her.

Dinosauria

I LEFT alone, Lavinia sat perfectly still for several moments, lost in thought. Then presently

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:

KALE (MBS) 1230. Portland KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190. Portland KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510. Spokane: KGO (NBC-Blue) 810. San Francisco: KJW (NBC-Red) 630. Portland: KJR (NBC-Blue) 1060. Seattle: KNC (CBS) 1070. Los Angeles: KOA (NBC-Red) 850. Denver: KOIN (CBS) 970. Portland: KOMO (NBC-Red) 930. Seattle: KPO (NBC-Red) 680. San Francisco: KSL (CBS) 1160. Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Thursday

5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories. KGO, KJR; Death Valley Days, KSL; Jane Arden, KOMO; Adventures in Toyland, KEX; Stars of Today, KGW; Ken Stevens and Erwin Yeo, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

5:30 p. m.—News of the World. KGO, KEX, KJR; Duffey's Tavern, KSL; Ricardo's Rhapsodies, KPO; KGW, KOMO; Tonight's Best Buys, KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, KHX, KSL, KOIN; Bing Crosby, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Cinnamon Bear, KEX; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Gallochio's Orch. KGO, KJR, KEX; Christmas Bellringers, KSL.

7:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch. KNX, KOIN, KSL; Opat Rumba Revue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee Prgm., KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—News Here and Abroad. KGO, KEX, KJR; Who Dunnit? KNX, KOIN, KSL; Frank Fay, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; March of Time, KJR, KGO, KEX.

8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KGW, KPO, KOMO; Lanny Ross, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Maudie's Diary, KNX, KOIN; Saunders of Circle X, KGO, KEX; Panny Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KSL; Flowers for the Living, KEX; Captain Quize, KJR.

9:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Duffy's Tavern, KNX, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

9:30 p. m.—Music in the Midnight Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Richard Himber's Orch., KGO; Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Regal Ambiguities, KPO.

10:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the Air, KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KNX, Masterworks of Music, KSL; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KGO; Red Tanner's Orch., KSL; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Industry and Defense, KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Etchings in Brass, KJR.

Friday

5:00 p. m.—Kate Smith Hour, KSL; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Ed Stoker's Music, KPO; Jane Arden, KOMO; Stars of Today, KGW.

5:30 p. m.—News of the World. KGO, KJR, KEX; Bill Henry, KNX; Bill Sabranaky, KPO; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—What's On Your Mind, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Waitz Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Cinnamon Bear, KEX; Judy Splinters, KGO; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Michael and Kitty, KEX, KGO, KJR; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:00 p. m.—Party Line, KJR, KEX, KGO; Concert Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—Al Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Grand Central Station, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Jack Owens, KJR; Modern Music Box, KEX; Amateur Hour, KGO.

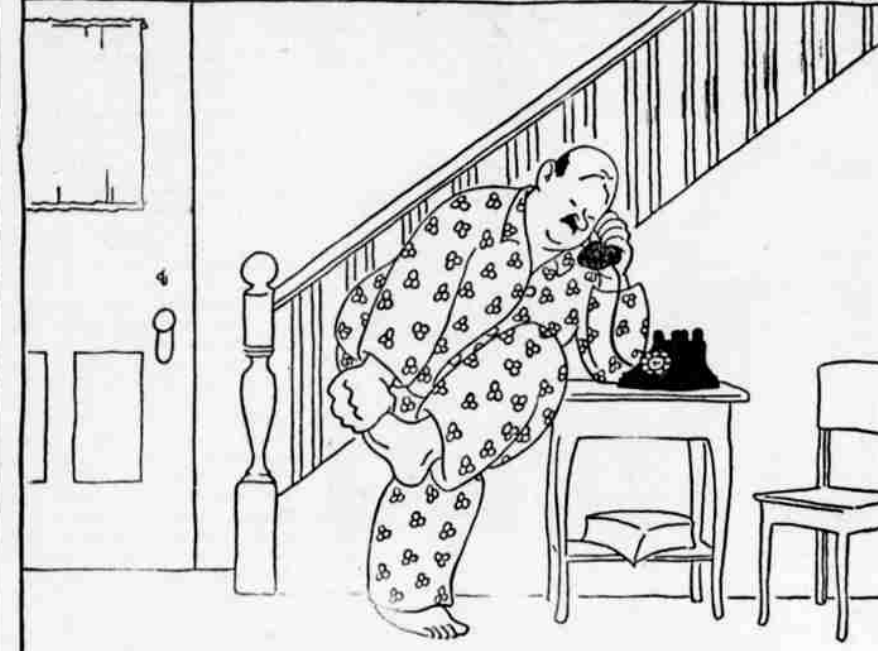
8:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Phil Harris' Orch., KGO, KEX, Amos 'n' Andy, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Buy Washington, KJR.

8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

8:30 p. m.—Don't Be Personal, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gang Busters,

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



1942 GOT OFF TO A BAD START FOR FRED PERLEY WHEN HIS WIFE CALLED UP FROM THE NEW YEAR'S PARTY HE HAD REFUSED TO GO TO ON ACCOUNT OF NEEDING SLEEP AND HE CRACKED HIS TOE IN GETTING TO THE TELEPHONE AND HIS WIFE SAID SHE HAD DROPPED THE KEY OF THE CAR SOMEWHERE AND WOULD HE BRING THE DUPLICATE BECAUSE SHE WAS BLOCKING THE DRIVE AND NO ONE COULD GET OUT

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

L'L ABNER—A Happy New Year Fun Mistah Capp!



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Deadly Mission!



THE NEBBS—The Next Day



FEDERAL AID ALLOTTED FOR ROADS IN OREGON

Washington, Jan. 1.—(P)—The federal works agency apportioned today \$137,500,000 among states and territories for highway construction and improvements in 1942.

Oregon was allotted \$1,649,132 regular aid; \$288,598 secondary and \$228,533 crossings.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



ALL-YEAR XMAS

Little Ruth Stewart, Mrs. Bryson's grandchild, was born too late in 1940 to see Santa Claus, but she soon noted the Christmas tree and cooed with delight. Mrs. Bryson saw no reason why her enjoyment should not continue, so she left the tree in all its holiday glory.

HOT ART

John Hilton, desert artist, throws a party at his canyon home, with food, music and liquid refreshments. At the stroke of 12 he consigns the unworthy paintings to the flames!

Tomorrow: Bread From the Waters!

By AL CAPP

By HAL FORREST

By SOL HESS

Campaign is under way to place a minimum of \$40,000,000 in national defense savings bonds with U. S. Navy personnel and employees before August, 1942.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Happy New Year

from

Barker's

Store for Men

Lane Co. Red Cross Ready With \$20,000

Eugene, Jan. 1.—(P)—A check for \$20,000, the amount of cash received so far in the Lane county Red Cross war relief drive, was turned over Wednesday to the local chapter for immediate distribution for war relief.

The chapter will in turn send the money to national headquarters. Although Lane county's quota was only \$15,000 it is estimated that at least \$2,000 more has been raised by the Lane campaigners.

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