

NO TIME FOR LOVE

By WATKINS & WRIGHT

YESTERDAY, Lavinia's been kissed in spite of all the hindrances to discourage romance. This day she had allowed Freddy to drive her to the Zoo and to the Brooklyn Museum, and to pay him back for long hours of boredom, she agreed to have dinner with him. After dinner, in Freddy's car, Freddy up and kissed her without asking permission—and without apology.

Chapter Six

"Thanks For The Ride"

"THERE!" said Freddy. "That's the sort of thing you read about in books!"

Lavinia jerked back into her corner of the seat.

"Don't you ever do that again!" she asked.

"I made no promises," said Freddy. He released the clutch, and the car started forward. "With a little practice, Lavinia," he added, "you could become quite a gal—quite a gal!"

Lavinia said nothing. And the drive back to Manhattan was certainly nothing to write home about. Lavinia tried to occupy her mind entirely with unspoken opinions of men in general, and Freddy Rand in particular. And Freddy kept wondering if he wasn't a fool to keep after Lavinia, who took Lavinia's dictation, was so easy to impress.

"Don't bother to come to the door with me," Lavinia said, when they reached her apartment house. "And thanks for taking me to the Zoo and the Museum."

"Don't mention it," said Freddy. "Thank you for taking me for a ride." He waited until Lavinia was out of the car, and said: "I hope to heaven some man comes along and makes you suffer like—like all get-out."

With this he started the car, and drove off. He didn't bother to say goodbye. Nor did Lavinia. She went into the house, climbed the stairs to the third floor where the apartment which she and Zoe shared was located, and paused there for a moment. She frowned. She was still angry over Freddy's silly kiss. But she wondered if she hadn't been too hard on him.

After all, Freddy was Freddy, and there was nothing she could do about it. And maybe if she hadn't planned to make her life a business success, she might even learn to love a man like him. But she had planned her life, and she wasn't going to fall in love. So that was that.

She dug in her bag for the apartment door key, and finally found it. As she inserted it in the lock she thanked her stars that Zoe wasn't at home—that she had planned to have dinner with Peter Raymond.

She was in no mood for questions, and she knew how Zoe would ask them. She would want to know all about what happened—if Freddy had made love to her, if he had suggested marriage, if he had talked about his wife.

Besides, she was tired. Come to think of it, she and Freddy had done a lot of walking. Those long walks in the Park, and the stairs and hard floors in the Museum. It was going to be nice to take a warm bath and get into something comfortable. Then she would go to bed and finish that book about prehistoric animals. She had rented it from a library and didn't want to keep it too long.

She pushed open the door. She stopped stock still in her tracks. A woman was standing in the center of the room smiling at her. "Hello, Lavinia, my dear!" she said.

"Aunt Dorcas!" Lavinia cried. And she ran to the older woman's outstretched arms.

Surprise From Auntie

NEITHER Lavinia nor Miss Dorcas spoke for some moments. They just clung to each other—happily.

"Where's your young man?" Miss Dorcas finally asked.

"Why—what?" said Lavinia, astonished.

"Your young man," Miss Dorcas repeated.

"I haven't got such a thing," said Lavinia.

"But Zoe told me a young man had taken you out to dinner." "Oh, that!" said Lavinia. "Freddy Rand. I left him down stairs. He's gone on home, I suppose. She led her aunt to a chair. "Why on earth didn't you let me know you were coming?" she said. "After all these years—coming unexpectedly like this!"

"I was lucky to get here at all," Miss Dorcas said, "considering the state of affairs on the other side."

She sank down gratefully against the cushions. "Besides, I couldn't tell you when I was coming. I didn't know myself. Good lord, Lavinia, the time I had getting visas, and permits, and arguing with men in a half a dozen different countries! To make matters even worse the countries were always changing hands. I never knew what language I was supposed to try and speak."

"It must have been awful!" Lavinia said. She dropped down upon a low stool at her aunt's feet. "Just let me look at you, darling! Oh, it's wonderful having you back!"

"And I can tell you it's wonderful being back!" Miss Dorcas hunted for a cigarette, found it, and lit it. She inhaled deeply, and blew a smoke ring toward the ceiling. "Home! America! I can hardly believe it!"

"How did you get here finally?" Lavinia wanted to know.

"Oh, I chanced from one country to another, or rather I was

chased from one country to another," Miss Dorcas answered. "Always trying to find a boat that was sailing in this direction. But I gave up in the end, and by chance got a plane out of Spain. We got as far as Bermuda, and were stopped because of a spy suspect on something." She sighed, and slid down low in the chair. "But early this afternoon I stopped off at LaGuardia Field, got a taxi—and here I am!"

"Thank God," said Lavinia softly. "I'm so sorry I wasn't here to greet you. Oh, your dinner. You must be starved."

"No, Zoe fed me," Miss Dorcas said. She fixed me some eggs, and toast and tea. It's all I wanted. I haven't got back my last stomach yet. She let every one of Lavinia's features. "And what a beauty Zoe's grown up to be!"

"Yes," said Lavinia. "A beautiful girl—throwing herself away on a man. She's being married next Sunday."

"She told me, I'm glad. Her young man sounds very nice."

"You're glad?"

"Yes, my dear. A good husband is just what Zoe needs."

Lavinia shrugged. "Peter's all right," she said, "as men go and come. But let's not talk about men."

"Why not?" said Miss Dorcas. "I like talking about men."

Lavinia laughed somewhat uncertainly. Then she changed the subject. You came back just in time to move in with me," she said. "Since Zoe's moving out."

Beauty Parlor

"WE'LL discuss that later," said Miss Dorcas. "I've already registered at a nearby hotel, and left what little luggage I could get out of that European mess."

"I'll be only temporary," said Lavinia. "You can stay at the hotel for this week only. Then you come here with me. Where did you register—at the Martha Washington?"

"Heavens, no!" Miss Dorcas said, chuckling. "Can you picture me in a hotel for women only?"

"Never mind answering, my dear. But when I've been to a beauty parlor and had something done to this straight hair of mine, and learn how to apply rouge gracefully, I'll look different."

"You mean you are going to a beauty parlor?" said Lavinia unbelievably.

"I most certainly am," said Miss Dorcas. "From now on I'm going to live like a civilized female."

"But—but—I thought you liked the way you lived."

"I did. But it's time I stopped trudging through jungles and digging in ruins. Maybe it's not the sort of life for a woman, anyway." Miss Dorcas blew another smoke ring. "I'm going to try the other way for a time. I can always go back to my trudging and my digging."

Lavinia said nothing. There didn't seem to be anything she could say. She felt a sense of confusion. She had been saving and planning to live her aunt's sort of life, and now her aunt had come back to live the sort of lives a lot of useless, painted women lived. It was beyond her.

Her aunt went on talking. "Thank goodness," she said. "I had sense enough to put money in an annuity, so that I can live without having to skip too much." She was thoughtful for a moment. "I might even get married."

Then Lavinia did say something. "You—married?" she gasped.

"Yes, my dear," said Aunt Dorcas. "Good heavens, it isn't a complete impossibility, you know. After all, I'm only forty-nine. And this day and time that's considered young for a woman as well as a man."

"I know, Aunt Dorcas," said Lavinia in a dazed sort of way. "But you always seemed to think that marriage was a mistake. That women should have careers—do things—make something of themselves, and now—"

"And now I'm beginning to think I was wrong," Miss Dorcas said.

Lavinia seemed to wilt. Her spine was like rubber. And she had the feeling that this woman who had come home wasn't her Aunt Dorcas at all. She was wearing Aunt Dorcas's kind of clothes, yes—but she had none of the characteristics of her aunt.

"I'm sorry," said Lavinia. "That you didn't bring this young Mr. Rand up. I'd like to meet him."

"He's nothing out of the ordinary, I assure you. He's Lavinia somewhat primly. He's an employee in the store—and he's a widower."

"Widower? sometime make the best husband," said Miss Dorcas. "Experience you know. They've learned how to treat a wife."

"I wonder," said Lavinia. "But before they could continue the conversation Zoe arrived. She brought Peter Raymond with her."

"Miss Dorcas," she said, "I want you to meet my fiancé. Miss Dorcas, this is Peter."

"Hello Peter," said Miss Dorcas. "You lucky devil, you. And you, too, Zoe. She laughed. "Why are you looking at me like that, Peter?"

"Gosh, I don't know, Aunt Dorcas," said Peter. "Only you—well, you don't seem a bit like I expected."

"Oh, I know. You thought I'd be leading a leopard with one hand, and carrying a shotgun in the other."

To be continued

Dave Eccles Uses Shiny New Bicycle

Salem, Jan. 6. —(AP)—Budget Director David Eccles, who's trying to get state departments to limit use of their automobiles because of tire rationing, set an example today.

He rode to work on a shiny new bicycle.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

On the Radio Chains

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:

KALE (MBS) 1330. Portland, KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190. Portland, KGA (N.-Blue & MBS) 1510. Spokane; AGO (NBC-Blue) 810. San Francisco; KGW (NBC-Red) 820. Portland; KJR (NBC-Blue) 1090. Seattle; 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

Tuesday

6:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories. KGO, KJR; Are You a Missing Heir. KSL, Jane Arden, KOMO; News. KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy. KPO.

6:30 p. m.—News of the World. KGO, KJR, KEX; Bob Burns Show. KSL; Horace Heidt's Treasure Chest. KPO, KOMO, KGW; Bill Henry, KNX; Eyes of the World. KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Burns and Allen. KPO, KGO, KEX; We, the People. KSL; Ken Stevens and Erwin Yes. KOIN; Scandinavian Reporter. KJR; Second Husband. KNX.

6:30 p. m.—Symphony Concert. KGO, KEX, KJR; Report to the Nation. KNX, KOIN; Fibber McGee and Molly. KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:00 p. m.—Bob Hope Variety

Show. KPO, KOMO, KGW; Glenn Miller's Orch. KSL, KNX, KOIN.

7:30 p. m.—Red Skelton. KPO, KGO, KOMO; News. Here and Abroad. KGO, KEX, KJR; Leon P. Drews. KOIN; Second Husband. KSL.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy. KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring. KPO, KGO, KOMO; Bob Allen's Orch. KGO, KEX.

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

8:30 p. m.—Johnny Presents. KPO, KOMO, KGW; Information Please. KGO, KEX, KJR; Are You a Missing Heir. KOIN, KNX; News. KSL.

9:00 p. m.—We, the People. KNX, KOIN; News of the Thin Man. KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sports. KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Cugat Rumba Revue. KGO, KJR, KEX; Battle of the Saxes. KPO, KOMO, KGW; Bob Burns. KNX, KOIN; News. KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News. KPO, KOMO, KGW; Masterworks of Music. KSL; News. KNX; Dance Time. KJR; Five Star Final. KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Howard Becker's Orch. KSL; Henry Busch's Orch. KGO, KJR; Broadway Bandwagon. KEX; Masterworks of Music. KNX; The World Today. KOIN; Concert Hall. KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Phil Harris' Orch. KPO, KGO, KEX, KJR; Anita Carol. KOIN, KSL; News. KNX, KGO; Revue. KOMO.

Wednesday

5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories. KGO, KJR; Big Town. KSL; Ken Stevens. KOIN; Jane Arden, KOMO; Stars of Today. KGO; Don Winslow of the Navy. KPO.

5:30 p. m.—News of the World. KGO, KJR, KEX; Dr. Christian. KSL; Cocktail Hour. KGO; Bill Henry. KNX; Eyes of the World. KOIN; Parent-Teacher Ass'n. KOMO; Waite Rhythm. KPO.

6:00 p. m.—Fred Allen. KSL; Fred Waring's Orch. KPO, KGW, KOMO; Secret City. KJR; Cinnamon Bear. KEX; Judy Splinters. KGO; Scandinavian Reporter. KJR; Public Service. KNX; Best Buys. KOIN.

6:30 p. m.—Penthouse Party. KGO, KJR, KEX; Concert by Kalaash. KPO; Big Town. KNX, KOIN; Highlight Hour. KOMO.

7:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch. KNX, KSL, KOIN; American Melody Hour. KGO, KEX, KJR; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz. KPO, KGW, KOMO.

7:30 p. m.—News Here and Abroad. KGO, KJR; Romance of the Ranchos. KNX; Modern Music Box. KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Quiz Kids. KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy. KNX, KOIN, KSL; Point Sublime. KPO, KGO, KOMO.

8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross. KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30 p. m.—Dr. Christian. KNX, KOIN; Plantation Party. KPO, KGW, KOMO; Manhattan at Midnight. KGO, KJR, KEX; News. KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Time to Smile. KPO.

KGO, KOMO; Easy Aces. KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Allen. KNX, KOIN; Hyman Service. KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Basin Street Music. KGO; Mr. District Attorney. KPO, KOMO, KGW; News. KJR, KSL; Moonlight Sonata. KEX.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News. KPO, KGO, KOMO; News. KNX, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Ran Wilde's Orch. KGO, KGW; Howard Becker's Orch. KSL; Broadway Bandwagon. KEX; Rev. Petersen. KJR; Public Affairs.

KNX; The World Today. KOMO; Concert Hall. KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Phil Harris. KPO, KGO, KEX, KJR; Wilbur Hatch's Orch. KOIN; News. KNX, KGO; Evening Reveries. KOMO.

LOSE DRESSES

Youngstown, O., Jan. 6.—(AP)—Recall the holdup man who takes his victims' trousers? Youngstown police suggest he's

got a girl friend: A middle-aged woman held up a drive-in restaurant today at the point of a gun. She forced two waitresses to surrender receipts of \$53.90, took their dresses and drove away.

An even temperature of at least 68 degrees should be maintained for the successful growing of plants indoors.

by JOHN HIX

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS



HANDICAPPED NEWSHAWK

Twenty-three year old George Nelson received his crippling injuries at fourteen by diving into shallow water, but for the past year and a half has been covering all news events in Canby, Oregon, for the local paper. For the most part he uses a telephone attached to his bed, but sports events he covers in his electric wheel chair. All of his writing is done while lying prone—his typewriter being placed on a low desk beside his bed.

SUN DANCER

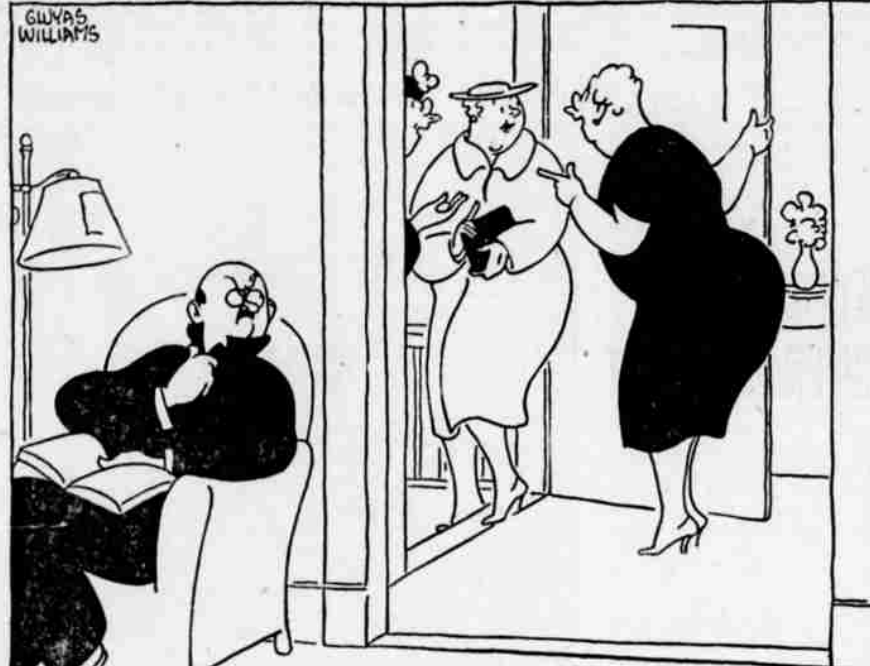
According to Dr. Dinsmore Alter, noted authority on astronomy, and director of the Griffith Observatory in Los Angeles, violet and ultra-violet light in the sun's rays are almost screened out by the earth's atmosphere, but it is these rays that produce nearly all the sunburn.

Tomorrow: Grave Riddle!

By AL CAPP

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

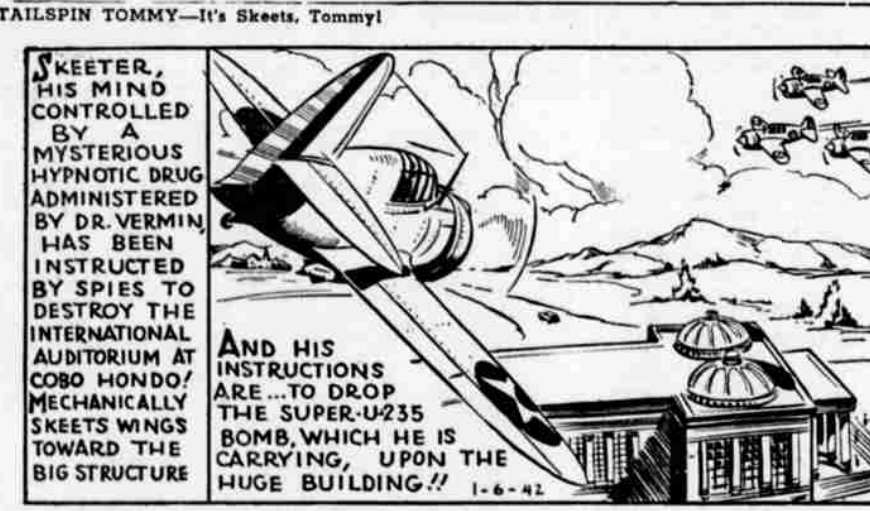
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—It's Skeets, Tommy!

SKETER, HIS MIND CONTROLLED BY A MYSTERIOUS HYPNOTIC DRUG ADMINISTERED BY DR. VERMIN, HAS BEEN INSTRUCTED BY SPIES TO DESTROY THE INTERNATIONAL AUDITORIUM AT COBO HONDO! MECHANICALLY SKEETS WINGS TOWARD THE BIG STRUCTURE

AND HIS INSTRUCTIONS ARE... TO DROP THE SUPER-U235 BOMB, WHICH HE IS CARRYING, UPON THE HUGE BUILDING!!



By HAL FORREST



Now Is the Time to Buy an Overcoat \$23 to \$65

Barkers Store for Men