

DO TIME FOR LOVE

By WATKINS I WRIGHT

Chapter 11

The Beachcomber

"I HOPE your aunt comes back on her way to New York," Margot got up. "Meanwhile, you must have some fun. Shall we take a dip now?"

"I'd like it," said Lavinia. Margot Linden was nice. She was rather like the two or three girls at Armworth's with whom Lavinia had something in common.

They ran down to the beach, and plunged in.

"You swim well!" Margot said—when they had been in the water a little while. "You could give me a few pointers."

There's nothing wrong with your swimming," said Lavinia. "You do it with a lot of ease."

"I don't feel at ease," said Margot. "I tremble inside—your know, butterflies of the tummy. She walked out upon the beach, and Lavinia followed her. "By the way, there's a bridge tournament tonight—to raise money for the G. R. E. S. Everyone's playing. You'll join in, won't you?"

"I'd like to help the Greeks," said Lavinia, smiling. "But I'm afraid my bridge is pretty terrible."

"Don't let that worry you," Margot said. "There are plenty of bad players. But if you play bridge as well as you swim, there's nothing to worry about."

Lavinia caught up her beach robe. Margot caught up hers and they moved off down the sandy stretch.

"A run along the beach will warm us up," Margot said. "Come on!"

They struck off together. The wind swept Lavinia's dark hair back from her face. She felt a sudden sense of freedom, a wild and unexplainable desire to go on and on—against the wind—against the water.

"We'd better be getting back now," Margot said, when they had gone some distance. "This section of the beach is pretty forlorn."

Lavinia looked about her. It did seem quite different from the beach nearer the Inn. There was the remains of an old pier—its blackened legs broken and irregular. Further on could be seen three or four cheaply constructed cottages—dwellings that were apparently unoccupied.

"And there's that young man again," Margot said suddenly. "What young man?" Lavinia asked.

"No one knows much about him, really," Margot answered. "But he lives in one of those cottages—and sticks pretty well to himself."

"A sort of beachcomber, you mean?"

"Perhaps," Margot waited until the young man had disappeared from view. "Only he does look like something out of Hollywood. I wonder what he'd look like all dressed up. He never wears anything but a pair of bathing trunks, or slacks and a sweater."

"You make him sound like something in a book," Lavinia remarked. Then she changed the subject. Men didn't interest her. Last of all a man who was apparently something of a human derelict. "Let's get back to the Inn," she said. "I'm hungry, and I've got to get off some letters."

"This air does give one an appetite," said Margot. "I'll race you."

The two girls sped along the sand. They did not look back. So of course they didn't see the young "human derelict" staring after them—an odd expression in his deep blue eyes.

Bridge Game

THAT evening was a gala one at the Inn. The ballroom was decorated with Greek, British and American flags, and a number of guests wore Greek attire. Several small boys and girls were dressed as Greek children, and sold candies and favors from trays suspended about their necks by ribbons.

"Every table has been sold," Margot told Lavinia. "One hundred and sixty people at one dollar each. That ought to help a little! Then there's the money for favors and candy. They were donated by a guest who's in the wholesale candy business—and the management of the Inn is giving the prizes."

"Then the entertainment ought to bring in over two hundred dollars, oughtn't it?" said Lavinia.

"At least that," said Margot. She looked at Lavinia admiringly. "You certainly do make a picture in that crimson chiffon. I love it!"

Lavinia smiled. "Thanks!" she said. "I'll have to confess however that I feel about half dressed. Tailored things are more in my line."

"Come on now," said Margot, and I'll introduce you to the three people you're playing with. Two of them are fairly good players, and the other one isn't."

"Then that even things up," Lavinia laughed. "I'm one of the 'isn'ts'. But I've got my fingers crossed."

"Don't work! You'll get along all right," Margot took her arm. "When in doubt bid no-trumps!"

"Tell me something," Lavinia said just before they reached the table where she was to play—and where now sat a rather forbidding looking middle-aged couple, and a rather insignificant appearing gentleman. "A two bid is a demand, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Margot. "Only a two no-trump opening bid isn't always a demand. Of course if you have anything at all, you should respond."

"I see. And if my partner opens with a two-demand, and I've nothing, then I bid two no-trumps."

"Yes. That's a denial. However, some people play differently. You and the others can decide on what conventions you want to recognize."

Margot nodded to the couple and the man, and then introduced Lavinia. "Miss Prentiss seems to feel a slight attack of stage-fright, so don't be too hard on her."

"Stage-fright?" said the female half of the forbidding couple.

"Yes," said Lavinia. "Wildly pounding heart—trembling knees—a terrible nervousness."

"Does that mean you don't—er—play so well?" asked the male half of the forbidding couple.

"I'm afraid it does," Lavinia confessed.

The man and the woman—who were Mr. and Mrs. Masters—exchanged distressed glances. The rather insignificant man seemed to lose some of his significance.

"Then I shan't feel too scared myself," he said. He held Lavinia's chair for her. "I play terribly—so perhaps your playing will seem like Mrs. Culbertson's by comparison."

"Thank you," Lavinia said. "I feel better already."

"Don't take it too seriously," Margot told them. "You've only got to play a couple of hours—and then we dance. She waved to them, and moved off. "Anyway, it's for a good purpose—so what?"

Lavinia groaned inwardly. "Two hours!" It seemed like an eternity. But she gritted her teeth, figuratively, and picked up her cards. She went at it with all she had—and that, alas, was pretty bad.

And she knew then that if the two hour period seemed like an eternity to her, it must seem like perfect ease to Mr. and Mrs. Masters. It was an experience she would never forget—and one which Mr. and Mrs. Masters would probably look back upon in sheer agony.

Flight

THEN, out of the darkness of the fearful experience, came a voice. It announced that the bridge playing period was at an end, and the scores from the tables would be gathered up and figured.

"I needn't ask what table got the lowest score," said Mrs. Masters with poorly concealed bitterness.

Lavinia felt like something stinking into a dark hole, and she almost fell upon Margot's neck, when she came over to the table.

"Come on, Miss Prentiss," she said. "I'll introduce you to some of the young men—now that dancing is going to start."

"Thank you," said Lavinia. She said good-bye to the others, and followed Margot across the ballroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Masters watched her. "If she doesn't dance, any better than she plays bridge," said Mrs. Masters, "heaven help her partners."

"They'll probably have to visit chiropractors tomorrow," said Mr. Masters.

Margot introduced Lavinia to a tall, dark young man, whose black hair shone like patent leather, and Lavinia felt her courage fast ebbing away. The man was a typical dancing man if ever there was one. And she was right. He danced perfectly—and he did his best with her.

But perfect as he was as a dancer, he couldn't seem to keep in step with the music, not when Lavinia didn't co-operate.

But, as in the case with the bridge, she gritted her teeth and gave the dancing all that she had, which was even worse than what she had given the bridge.

"Sorry," said the young man as they got out of step for the twentieth time.

"My fault," said Lavinia generously.

"No one," "Let's not argue the point!" Lavinia laughed hollowly, and then the laugh froze as she saw her partner signalling. It was when he was dancing her close to a tall mirror. Signalling for someone to come and rescue him! An S.O.S. in a ballroom! And it was happening to her. She wanted to scream, she wanted to slap the man's face, she wanted to run off and hide her own face.

But there was no time for any of those things she wanted to do, for the man signalled was evidently a friend as well as a hero. He came forward, knowing full well probably just what he was getting himself into, and bravely rescued the slick-headed dancing man who was stuck.

"May I?" he said, smiling at Lavinia.

"Why, of course!" said Lavinia, also smiling—and remembering scenes she had watched in the movies.

She moved off with her new partner. It was worse than before.

"Sorry!"

"My fault!"

"No, mine!"

"Well, you've done your rescuing act," said Lavinia with forced lightness. "And now you're free."

She turned, and hurried away.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1230, Portland.
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1130, Portland.
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510, Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco.
KGW (NBC-Blue) 630, Portland.
KJL (NBC-Blue) 1070, Los Angeles.
KOA (NBC-Red) 830, 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

Monday

8:00 p. m.—Gordon Jenkins' Orch. KOMO; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
8:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Bill Henry, KNX; Waltz Rhythm, KPO; Voices of Yesterday, KSL.
9:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Dr. I. Q. Jim McLean, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Secret City, KEX; Rose, Restnick, KGO; Victory Chorus, KJR.
9:30 p. m.—That Brewster Boy, KPO, KGW, KOMO.
10:00 p. m.—Mercury Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Monday, Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Portraits of

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY AND THE OTHER COMMUTERS ON THE 8:15 HAD TO TAKE TO THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET WHEN THE NEIGHBORS SIMULTANEOUSLY CLEARED THEIR ATTICS AS AN AIR RAID PRECAUTION

(Reprinted by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Split Seconds From Death!



L'L ABNER—Dog Bites Man!



THE NEBBS—Romance



I THINK I'LL CALL UP MRS. SMITH—I'M JUST HUNGRY TO TALK TO HER



NO, ON SECOND THOUGHT, SHE MIGHT THINK I'M IN LOVE WITH HER—I AM—BUT MEBBE IT'S BEST TO KEEP IT FROM HER

Music, KPO, KOMO, KOW.

7:30 p. m.—Cavalade of America, KGO, KOMO, KOW; Blondie, KEX, KSL, KOIN; News, Here and Abroad, KGO; Modern Music Box, KEX; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Herbert Marshall, KGO, KJR, KEX.
8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Shall Bert Wheeler, KJR.
8:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; Richard Crooks, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gay Nineties, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
9:00 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KOMO, KOW; True or False, KGO, KJR, KEX; Vox Pop, KNX; News, KOIN; Excursions in Science, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Hawthorne House, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Hollywood Showcase, KNX, KOIN; Nat'l. Radio Forum, KGO; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX.
10:00 p. m.—San Wilde's Orch. KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KNX; Five Star Final, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KGO, KOMO; Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO; Alvino Ray's Orch., KSL; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Tropical Moods, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KNX; The World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.
11:00 p. m.—Bob Bradley and Erwin Yeo, KSL, KOIN; Phil Harris'

Tuesday

5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Are You a Missing Heir, KSL; Jane Arden, KOMO; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KJR, KEX; Bob Burns Show, KSL; Horace Heidt's Treasure Chest, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN.
6:00 p. m.—Burns and Allen, KPO, KGW, KOMO; We the People, KSL; Secret City, KGO, KEX; Victory Chorus, KJR; Second Husband, KNX; Leon F. Drury, KOIN.
6:30 p. m.—Symphony Concert, KGO, KEX, KJR; Report to the Nation, KNX, KOIN; Fibber McGee and I Molly, KPO, KOMO, KOW.
7:00 p. m.—Bob Hope, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Glenn Miller's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.
7:30 p. m.—Red Skelton, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Boxing Bout, KGO, KEX, KJR; Nap Hazard, KOIN; Second Husband, KSL.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dolly Dawn's Orch., KGO, KJR.
8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:30 p. m.—Johnny Presents, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Information Please,

Orch., KPO, KGW; Ran Wilde's Orch.

KEX, KJR; News, KNX; Reveries, KOMO.
9:00 p. m.—We the People, KNX, KOIN; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Adventures of the Thin Man, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Cugat Rumba Revue, KGO, KJR, KEX; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Bob Burns, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Henry Busse's Orch., KGO, KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KNX; Dance Time, KJR; Five Star Final, KOIN.

HEADS STATE PUBLISHERS

Eugene, Ore., Jan. 12—(AP)—

Editors and publishers for the first time in history of the an-

nual Oregon Press Conference

today elected a woman as president. She is Mary E. Brown,

editor and co-publisher of the

Redmond Spokesman.

La Grande, Jan. 12 — (AP)—

The Oregon Wool Growers' as-

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