

NO TIME FOR LOVE

By WATKINS I. WRIGHT

Chapter 12 The Dud

MAKING her way in and out among the dancers, Lavinia reached the bridge table. There she caught up the short velvet jacket that went with the crimson chiffon evening gown, and slipped it about her shoulders. This done, she went out through a French window which opened upon the wide veranda. She stood a moment, undecided, and then walked down to the far end, found a high-backed chair, and dropped down in it—strangely weary, oddly depressed.

A couple came out and strolled over to the veranda rail. They did not see her. They began talking.

"Whew!" the man said. "It was a relief, dancing with you, my dear, after trying to steer that other girl around the ballroom."

"Funny," said the girl, "that anyone who looks like a million dollars in a beautiful chiffon gown could be such a flop on a dance floor."

"Funny!" said the man. He laughed mirthlessly. "You wouldn't think so—if you tried dancing with her. If she stumbled over my feet once, she did it a dozen times."

"You should have been more agile—and kept your feet out of her way."

"No human being could be that agile. Her feet seemed to be everywhere at once." The man sighed. "And do you know what happened?"

"Not the slightest idea!"

"That sour-faced Mr. Masters came up to me, held out his hand, and said, 'You have my sympathy. I just had her for a bridge partner.'"

"Poor girl!"

"I asked Miss Linden about her—and understand she's quite important in a big New York department store. I gather she's devoted her time to business—and let social accomplishments go hang. Well, how about another dance?"

"I'd love it!"

The couple moved off. Lavinia sat perfectly still, holding her breath. She knew now that eavesdroppers didn't hear any good of themselves, even when they eavesdropped unintentionally. So that was what people thought of her! They even condescended with each other. They mopped their brows and breathed great sighs of relief when she was out of the picture.

She got up, thinking: "I'd better go somewhere else before I hear some more revealing things about myself."

But before she could get away, Margot Linden came out.

"Oh, there you are!" she said. "Having a good time?"

"Ghastly," said Lavinia.

Margot looked at her a moment. "I'd be glad to help you with your bridge," she said. "And Pat will give you some help with your dancing."

"Thanks!—Pat the man who danced with me—the last one?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm afraid there'll be no dance instruction."

"Why so?"

"I just overheard him discussing me—and he would evidently run a mile to keep from dancing with me again." Lavinia shrugged, and drew her velvet jacket close about her. "After all, I hardly blame him. No man who makes a living teaching dancing can risk being crippled for life."

"But, Miss Prentiss, there are plenty of people who—who are bad at dancing at first, but develop into splendid dancers after a few lessons."

"I'm not in that category," said Lavinia. "No, thanks—I think I'll stick to my own way of living. And, now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go look at the ocean."

MARGOT LINDEN watched her go down the steps and across the lawn. Then she shook her head slowly, turned, and went back into the ballroom, leaving Lavinia to the moon, the sky, and the vast expanse of water that swept out from the rock-bound coast.

Reaching a spot where the Inn lawn ended and the rocky coast began, Lavinia stopped and took a deep breath of clean, salt-flavored air. She closed her eyes, tried to calm herself, tried to collect her thoughts.

But she felt ashamed. She felt that she was a complete failure. After the humiliating experience of being practically insulted at the bridge table, and after suffering the torture of the damned on the dance floor, she felt that she could never again face anyone at the Inn—especially the man, Pat, and the girl with whom he had discussed her in such an uncomplimentary manner.

She walked on and on, thinking, thinking, thinking—telling herself one moment that she should pack up and go straight back to New York or to the place in Connecticut, there to finish her vacation; then the next moment telling herself that she should hold up her chin and stick it out at Harbor Head.

The air stirred her dark hair; the moonlight played with the gardenias which she wore; the sound of the surf soothed her jangling nerves. She lost all sense of time and distance—merely kept on walking, following a winding path that twisted

in and out among age-old rocks, wild roses, and stunted gooseberry bushes. She threw back her head, saw seagulls seeking resting places for the night, saw a steamer outlined against the deep blue of the star-studded sky, the smoke from its stacks making two long ribbons of gray.

Presently the path dipped down to the stretch of beach. It was lonely there, deserted. Only the moonlight doing amazing things to the waves, turning the water into molten silver. Shells casting strange lights, black shadows flung across the sands by the overhanging cliffs.

Then, far down the stretch of white sand she saw the cottages and Margot had seen that afternoon; she also saw again the blackened remains of a pier. But now—washed by the silvery radiance of the moon—the cottages and the pier took on a charm, a charm that was eerie and yet fascinating. She found herself looking at them with growing interest. What stories they could tell! Those dilapidated small dwellings, and that battered old pier.

A sense of sadness, or hard-to-explain futility, got hold of her. It shook her, did things to her heart. She laid her hand upon her arms, and bit her lip in a desperate effort to keep back the tears. "Anything wrong?" someone asked her.

She brushed her hand across her eyes, and then caught her breath sharply. Smiling down at her here was a young man in slacks and a sweater, the young man Margot Linden had told her about that afternoon.

Roderick

WHEN Lavinia didn't speak, but simply stared at him, the young man spoke again.

"I'm afraid I frightened you," he said. "I'm sorry."

"No, you didn't frighten me exactly," Lavinia said at last. "You did startle me thought, I thought I was alone."

"You looked rather like a damsel in distress," said the young man in the friendliest sort of way. "And there's something in me that always responds to damsel in distress."

Lavinia liked the way he talked. He sounded, she thought, like an Englishman—like the young Londoner who had worked in Armworth's for a while in order to learn American advertising customs.

"It sounds a little hackneyed, I know," she said, "but I was commingling with nature. That's as good an explanation as any for my being in such an out-of-the-way spot."

"You do look a bit out of the picture. In formal attire—sitting on an ancient wreck."

The expression, "out of the picture" made Lavinia smile, somewhat bitterly to herself. She felt like saying, "My dear young man, being out of the picture is the best thing I do." But she didn't say it. In fact, she didn't say anything at all. She began wondering if she ought to get up and hurry back to the Inn. After all, it was a little silly of her to come to a spot like this—and be found by a man who was reported to be somewhat mysterious, and who stayed pretty much to himself.

"Do you mind if I sit down for a while?" the young man asked.

"Why—er—no," Lavinia replied. She eyed her companion closely, found him a clean-cut person, beautifully tanned, and extremely well-built. "You're English, aren't you?"

"No, I was born in this country," came the answer, "but I've been living in England for a number of years." The young man found his cigarettes, "Smoke?"

"Yes, thank you. I forgot to bring my cigarettes with me."

The young man lit a cigarette for Lavinia and one for himself. Then he sat down.

"An absolutely perfect night," he said, as though speaking to himself. "It's hard to believe that this same moon is looking down on bombings—and shelters—and things like that."

"Yes," said Lavinia. "I don't like to think about it. Her feeling of uneasiness began to lessen."

"I take it you didn't come up to the Inn for the Greek Benefit?"

"No, I'm sort of out of touch with things like that."

Lavinia suddenly remembered the conversation she had heard on the beach—the afternoon—the conversation that had to do with prisoners escaping from internment camps in Canada. She again eyed her companion. He was very blond, and he spoke perfect English, and yet he might be one of those handsome, well-built German fellows, who were being forcibly detained by the Canadian government.

"You approve of aid to the Greeks, don't you?" she inquired experimentally.

"Naturally," was the reply—just that and nothing more. "By the way, shouldn't we introduce ourselves? I'm Roderick Elliott."

"I'm Lavinia Prentiss," said Lavinia. And now it didn't seem at all odd that she should be sitting there beside a man whom she had thought of as a human derelict. "I'm staying at the Cliffside Inn."

"So I imagined when I saw you with the vivid blond person this afternoon," said Roderick. "I was no end pleased when I saw you again this evening."

TO BE CONTINUED

On the Radio Chains

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) 210, San Francisco; KGW (NBC-Red) 630, Portland; KJR (NBC-Blue) 1600, Seattle; KNA (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles; KNA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver; KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland; KOMO (NBC-Red) 930, Seattle; KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco; NSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

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, KGW; Bill Henry, KXN, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Burns and Allen, KPO, KGW, KOMO; We, the People, KSL; Secret City, KGO, KEX; Victory Chorus, KJR; Second Husband, KXN; Leon F. Dress, KOIN.

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

7:00 p. m.—Bob Hope, KPO, KOMO.

KGW; Glenn Miller's Orch., KSL, KXN, KOIN.

7:30 p. m.—Red Skelton, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Boxing Bout, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hap Hazard, KOIN; Second Husband, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dolly Dawn's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

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

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

9:00 p. m.—We, the People, KXN, KOIN; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Adventures of the Thin Man, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sports, KSL.

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

10:00 p. m.—Henry Busse's Orch., KGO, KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KXN; Dance Time, KJR; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Howard Becker's Orch., KSL; Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KOMO, KGW, KGO, KJR; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KXN; The World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Ban Wilde's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Anita Carol, KSL, KOIN; News, KXN, KGO; Beveries, KOMO.

Wednesday

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

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

6:00 p. m.—Fred Allen, KSL; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Secret City, KGO, KEX, KJR; Romance of the Ranchos, KXN; Victory Chorus, KJR; Best Buys, KOIN.

6:30 p. m.—Concert by Kalash, KPO; Big Town, KXN, KOIN; High-light Hour, KOMO.

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

7:30 p. m.—News Here and Abroad, KGO, KJR; Modern Music Box, KEX.

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

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

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

9:00 p. m.—Time To Smile, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Allen, KOIN, KXN; Hymn Service, KSL.

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

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Ban Wilde's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KXN, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Rev. Peterson, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KXN; The World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

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

TUGS SAFE

Seattle, Jan. 13.—(AP)—The 13th naval district headquarters announced today that two of the three Seattle tugs which were in the Pacific war zone when the Japanese opened hostilities December 7 are safe in an unannounced port.

WORKERS PERISH

Shimshaw, Quebec, Jan. 13.—(AP)—At least 15 workmen were known dead today and that many more were unaccounted for in the worst fire in the history of northern Quebec, a pre-dawn inferno of flames which trapped a sleeping construction crew in their one-story wooden barracks.

FATHER IN CHARGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



OBSERVES THAT FATHER HAS TAKEN CHARGE OF PUTTING ON THE DRESS THAT BUTTONS UP THE BACK



AT CRITICAL MOMENT IS OVERCOME WITH LOVE FOR FATHER AND WHIRLS AROUND TO HUG HIM



SITS STILL AS LONG AS HE CAN (5 SECONDS), THEN ENDEAVORINGLY THROWS HIMSELF FORWARD

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



KEEPS TWISTING AROUND TO SEE HOW HE'S GETTING ON, CAUSING FATHER TO GET NOWHERE



IS FINALLY INDUCED TO SIT STILL, WITH HIS BACK TO FATHER



LIES ON HIS BACK SMILING GENIALLY AT FATHER, WHO IS CALLING TO MOTHER TO COME HELP

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Dangerous Descent!

ADVISED OF A PLOT TO BOMB THE INTERNATIONAL AUDITORIUM, TOMMY'S COMMANDANT ORDERED HIM TO TAKE A PATROL UP AND SHOOT DOWN THE ARMY PLANE WHICH THEY BELIEVED HAD BEEN STOLEN BY A SPY TO AID HIM IN DESTROYING THE BIG BUILDING! TOMMY, UNAWARE THE PILOT WAS SKEETS, DID SO!



BUT THE SUDDEN ATTACK BROKE THE POWER OF DR. VERMIN'S HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE OVER SKEETS! HIS MIND RESTORED, HE HEADED HIS FLAMING SHIP OVER THE SPY RENDEZVOUS AND DROPPED THE DEADLY BOMB UPON THEM!

Li'l Abner—They're Comin' Round th' Mountain!



GOODNIGHT, DAISY MAE, I'LL BE SEEING YOU TOMORROW NIGHT—AT THE USUAL TIME—

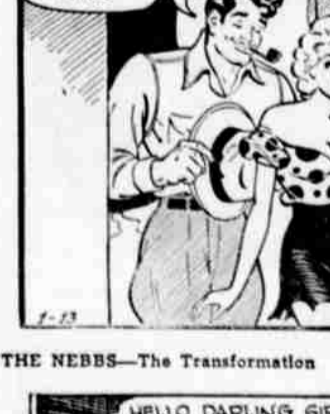
FOR FIVE CONSECUTIVE NIGHTS—I'VE TAKEN HER OUT AND HANDLED HER EVERY LINE IN MY REPERTOIRE. I'VE USED EVERY APPROACH—AND I CAN'T GET TO FIRST BASE!!

SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO EVEN KNOW I'M WITH HER—OR CARE!—HER THOUGHTS SEEM A THOUSAND MILES AWAY.—SIGH!—IT'S A HARD FIGHT—BUT A WOLF NEVER GIVES UP!—AT LEAST I HAVE NO COMPETITION!!



AT THAT MOMENT—COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN. WE OUGHTA REACH AVAILABLE JONES'S BY MORNIN'—

THE NEBBS—The Transformation



HELLO, DARLING GIRL, CAN'T I COME OVER AND SEE YOU FOR A LITTLE WHILE—I'M SO LONESOME FOR YOU

I'M NOT DRESSED, AMBROSE, AND I LOOK A SIGHT



YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL—YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE FLOSSIED UP

HE JUST WOULDN'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER...HOW LONG THESE FEW STRANDS WILL STAND TO MAKE A HEAD OF HAIR I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN



YOU LOOK A SIGHT? LOOK HOW PRETTY YOU BE—I NEVER SAW A PRETTIER GIRL, EVEN ON A CALENDAR—YOU JUST HAVE GOT SATIN SKIN

RENEW PRESSURE FOR EIRE BASES

London, Jan. 13.—(AP)—Britain and the United States were reliably reported today to be renewing their pressure for war bases in neutral Eire.

New overtures, combined with a concerted British press campaign for ports and airfields in Eire, both to defend the island

SENT TO EUGENE

Eugene, Jan. 13.—(AP)—Col. C. L. Sampson, formerly stationed at the presidio of San Francisco, has been assigned as head of the University of Oregon reserve officers' training corps.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



10-YEAR-OLD KENNETH WOLF STARTED SCHOOL IN COLLEGE!

100 ADVANCED MENTALLY TO FIT IN GRADE OR HIGH SCHOOL, HE NOW ATTENDS WESTERN RESERVE U AS A SPECIAL STUDENT IN CHEMISTRY!

Cleveland...

THE BELL STONE OF KAUAI, HAWAII, RINGS WHEN STRUCK! IT CAN BE HEARD A MILE... (ONCE USED TO ANNOUNCE THE BIRTH OF NATIVE ROYALTY)

TABBY DIGEST, A CAT, TRAVELED 10,000 MILES LAST YEAR! Owned by Dorothy Grubler, Cincinnati...

YOU CAN SEE THE SOUND OF A BIG GUN AS IT IS FIRED! THE AIR IS COMPRESSED AS THE SOUND WAVES FAN OUT, AND THE LIGHT RAYS ARE REFRACTED, CAUSING VISIBLE MOTION IN THE AIR!

SEEING SOUND

According to the Better Vision Institute of America, mysterious curved bands of light and shadow sometimes sweep across the sky after a large gun has been fired, and bear a resemblance to the ripples caused by dropping a stone in a pond. These bands of light are actually "visible sound waves."

YOUNG UNDERGRADUATE

His parents despaired of fitting Kenneth Wolf in with other children of his age in the lower grades. He finally was enrolled at Western Reserve, where he is a special student in chemistry.

TOMORROW: Delayed Canal

By AL CAPP

By HAL FORREST



A MOMENT LATER...THE FLAMES FROM SKEETER'S SHIP REACHED THE FUEL TANKS AND THE CRAFT WAS RUINED APART BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!! 1-13-42

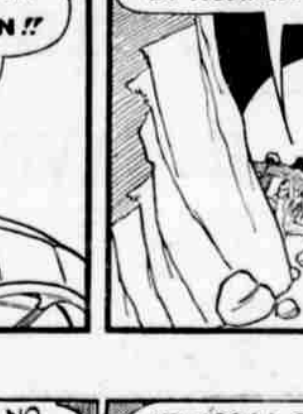


Hal Forrest THE SKETEER BAILED JUST IN TIME...BUT WHY DOESN'T HE PULL THE RIP-CORD? THE GROUND IS LOOMING UP... DANGEROUSLY CLOSE!!!

By SOL HESS



HE JUST WOULDN'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER...HOW LONG THESE FEW STRANDS WILL STAND TO MAKE A HEAD OF HAIR I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN



YOU LOOK A SIGHT? LOOK HOW PRETTY YOU BE—I NEVER SAW A PRETTIER GIRL, EVEN ON A CALENDAR—YOU JUST HAVE GOT SATIN SKIN