

NO TIME FOR LOVE

By WATKINS & WRIGHT

Chapter 13 Friend In Need

SILENCE, and Lavinia wishing she could come right out and ask the young man why he lived in the dilapidated cottage, why he avoided people, why he never dressed up and went places. But she had never been the sort of person who could immediately start quizzing people. So she went on thinking the questions.

"You don't know how grateful I am to you," Roderick said. "For not getting up and running away."

"Why should I do that?" Lavinia replied, although she knew perfectly well that to get up and run away had been her first impulse.

"Need you ask?" Roderick grinned. "After all, I do look like a beachcomber or something. And I've overheard some remarks, when calling for the mail at the village post office. That mysterious young man who never does anything but loaf in the sun. That disreputable person who lives in an equally disreputable cottage. He's probably an ex-gangster, hiding away from the law or his past."

He paused, glanced at Lavinia. "So, since you came from the Inn, I naturally thought you might have similar opinions about me."

Lavinia laughed softly. "Don't you know you're tempting me to flood you with questions?" she said. "After all, I am a woman, and I have my share of curiosity."

"Well, since you were kind enough not to run from me," said Roderick, "I'll explain that I used to come here summers when I was a kid. And it seemed a nice place to come for a sort of vacation this summer. The cottage in which I'm living still belongs to a branch of the family."

"That explanation is completely plausible and satisfactory," said Lavinia. "And I might add, you're taking just the sort of vacation I wanted to take."

"You mean you're not happy at the Inn?"

"Not especially happy—no," Lavinia replied. "I don't like to please a relative. But it's a long, dull tale—so let's not go into it."

"Funny thing," said Roderick, "but when I saw you this afternoon I had an idea you'd be the sort of girl you are."

"Then I'm glad I came this far along the beach," said Lavinia gently.

"Will you come again sometime?" There was eagerness, urgency, in the young man's voice. "If you'd really like me to, yes."

"Oh, I would!"

"But I must be going now," Lavinia arose. She held out her hand. "You've cheered me up a lot—and I thank you for it. You may as well know that I was pretty well sunk."

Roderick Elliott took the outstretched hand, held it in a strong, friendly grasp. He looked deep into Lavinia's eyes.

"You've cheered me, too," he said. "More than you can tell. I shall be looking forward to our next meeting."

"So shall I," Lavinia said. She withdrew her hand, and was puzzled at the odd manner in which her heart was acting. It was beating with unusual rapidity. From excitement, probably, she told herself. Or could it be Roderick Elliott's handshake had seemed strangely thrilling.

"Shall I walk you back to the Inn?" the young man asked.

"No, thank you," said Lavinia. "That won't be necessary. The moonlight's so bright it's almost like daytime."

"Then—good-night, Lavinia Prentiss."

"Good-night—Roderick Elliott."

Lavinia moved off along the beach, seeming to melt into the brightness of the moonlight. Roderick stood where she had left him, watching, until she reached the path that led over the rocks to the Inn. Then he turned and walked slowly and thoughtfully toward his cottage.

"What's important about me?" "I've been talking with Miss Linden, and she told me that—"

"So you and the hostess have been discussing me. How nice!" "Miss Linden told me that you are the niece of Miss Dorcas Prentiss."

"Yes, go on."

"And so, since you are, I—that is, we—"

"You mean my being Miss Dorcas Prentiss's niece make a difference?"

"Well, not exactly. Only Miss Prentiss is quite famous, and she's naturally want her niece to enjoy her stay with us."

"Good-night," said Lavinia. And she hurried to the elevator and up to her room.

She was angry. Men, she thought. Fools! Idiots! Every one of them—always having a motive and then she remembered Roderick Elliott and thought: "Maybe not all of them either." Certainly, Roderick Elliott hadn't made himself the least bit obnoxious. And he wanted to see her again! The mysterious young man asking the working girl from Armworth's to join him again upon the hull of the wrecked boat.

She began to undress, and as she did so she smiled to herself. Aunt Dorcas and Zoe would be tickled pink if they knew. They would be no end excited to hear about the "handsome stranger." They would want to hear all the details—no matter how insignificant. They would insist that it was just the sort of thing she needed to have happen to her. They would almost—look sentimental—build a silly fiction around the incident.

It was utterly fantastic for her to go on with it. The man was nothing in the world to her, and she wanted to be alone. Sooner or later he would bore her to tears talking about his cousin in England. All he wanted probably was an attentive ear—someone to sit on the beach and listen to him talk on and on—endlessly—about himself.

"I'll forget the whole incident," she said half aloud, just before she went to bed. "I'll go to another part of the beach, and read my book."

But she did no such thing.

Fast Friends

THE next morning she walked toward the half-buried hull, and Roderick Elliott joined her there. She went the next day and the next. They began calling each other by their first names. It was almost as though they had known each other for ages.

"Hello, there, Lavinia, how's the world treating you?"

"Oh, a little better, thank you. Rod, how's it with you?"

"Brighter—oh, infinitely brighter!"

Lavinia looked forward to the meetings. She enjoyed them. She forgot the hurt of a few nights before, when she had proven herself to be such a dud at bridge and dancing. She and Rod talked, or sat in friendly silence—understanding—two people who seemed strangely in need of each other.

It was beautiful. It was like something out of a book.

Freddy Rand, the store, the Zoological Park, the Brooklyn Museum—all faded from her memory. There was a new-born eagerness about her—a new look in her eye.

"What's happening to you?" Margot Linden asked one day. "You look like a girl in love."

"Nonsense," said Lavinia. "I'm getting rested. The salt air is doing wonderful things to me."

"That," said Margot, "is something you should take up with our press agent."

Lavinia wrote a long letter to her aunt and one to Zoe. She wanted to pour out a lot that she felt, but restrained herself. She casually referred to Rod as a man she had recently met, a man who seemed to like being with her even if she wasn't a shining social light. That's all she said about him; just that and nothing more. She devoted the remainder of the two letters to descriptions of the scenery—and to detailed reports of her bridge experience with Mr. and Mrs. Masters, as well as to what had happened when the men at the Inn tried to dance with her.

She felt gay at times—at frequently increasing times.

At other times she felt downright reckless. And she would ask herself what on earth had gotten into her.

Roderick Elliott—the rocky coast of Maine—the seagulls—the sunlight—the Portland, and Aunt Dorcas up in Portland, studying about whales!

Maybe life was meant for something besides working in a department store. Maybe it did mean something to a girl besides trying to become a department store executive. Maybe it would be better for a girl to come to places like Harbor Head for her vacations. Instead of going to quiet spots in Connecticut or off to shoot lions or dig up cities.

And so, with a song upon her lips, and a lightness in her feet, Lavinia Prentiss once again hurried out of the Cliffside Inn to meet the young man of the wrecked and half-buried hull.

Summer was a marvelous season, she decided; especially when you were out under the sky, listening to the restless ocean, watching the seagulls, sharing it all with a pleasant companion.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:

KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland; KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland; KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510, Spokane; KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco; KGO (NBC-Red) 620, Portland; KJR (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle; KNX (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles; KOA (NBC-Blue) 850, Denver; KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland; KOMO (NBC-Red) 850, Seattle; KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco; KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

STATIONS:

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, KNX; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Bill Henry, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Parent-Teacher Ass'n., KOMO; Waltz Rhythm, KPO.

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

6:30 p. m.—Concert by Kalash, KPO; Big Town, KNX, KOIN; Kalligh Hour, KOMO.

7:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Death Valley Days, KSL.

7:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR; Duffy's Tavern, KSL; Ricardo's Rhapsodies, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN.

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, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Allen, KOIN, KNX; 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; Ran Wilde's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KNX, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Rev. Peterson, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KSL; The World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

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

Thursday

8:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR, KEX; Death Valley Days, KSL.

Adventure 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; Duffy's Tavern, KSL; Ricardo's Rhapsodies, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Bing Crosby, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Secret City, KGO, KEX; Victory Chorus, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Joe Gallicchio's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Christmas Beltingers, KJR.

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

7:30 p. m.—News Here and Abroad, KGO; Frank Fay, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Streamlined Fairy Tales, KEX; Captain Quiz, KJR.

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, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Lanny Ross, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

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

9:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX.

KJR, Duffy's Tavern, KNX, KOIN; Aidrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW, KGO, KEX; KJR; News, KNX, KGO, KSL, KOIN; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX.

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

10:30 p. m.—Air Corps Recruiting Prgm., KPO, KGW; Reid Tanner's Orch., KSL; Masterworks of Music, KEX; The World Today, KOIN; Industry and Defense, KOMO.

11:00 p. m.—Phil Harris' Orch., KSL, Five Star Final.

COMPENSATION CLAIMS

Salem, Jan. 14.—(AP)—Initial claims for 1942 unemployment compensation benefits reached 16,813 yesterday, a decrease of 17 percent from the same period last year, the unemployment commission reported today.

United States consumption of petroleum products increased more than 12 per cent during 1941.

31st CONSECUTIVE PUDDING

Sterling, Colo.—(UP)—Cowboy Bill Candy got his Christmas plum pudding from Winchester, Eng., despite the war. It marked the 31st straight time Bill had received the delicacy from his sister, who wrote: "If it goes to the bottom, it will be a crime—for it sure would be a waste of good food, which we can't afford now."

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

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHETHER TO GO ON TO DANCING SCHOOL AS YOU ARE, OR GO HOME AND HOPE THAT YOUR MOTHER WILL BE REASONABLE

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

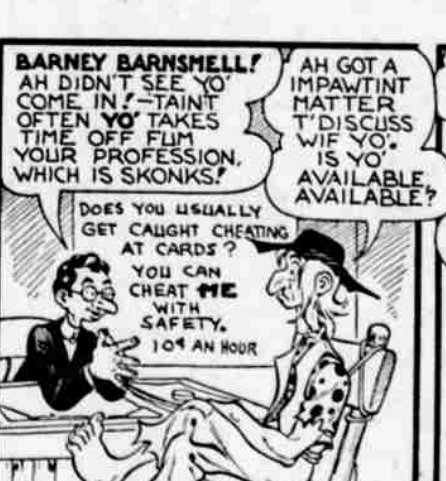


COYOTE CAPERS
A couple of years ago Art Nelson dug three coyote pups from their den and tamed one. The other two turned wild and were destroyed. Rex, as the pet came to be called, has become as useful as a good dog. In herding cattle and sheep he responds to his work as would a collie. He loves children, and is not treacherous in the least. At home he curls up in a big chair, but also gets a thrill from riding in a car or a motor-boat!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Still Looks Bad For Skeeter!



L'L ABNER—So Far and Yet So Near!



THE NEBBS—The Former Mrs. Potts



NO COMEBACK FOR SILK STOCKINGS

New York, Jan. 14.—(AP)—The president of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers, declaring the "one Pearl Harbor is enough," said today the stocking industry was definitely through with silk.

The executive, Earl Constantine, in an address to the National Retail Dry Goods association convention said:

"I hope we won't go back to the old days and that American manufacturers will give us new products so that we shall never have to return again to the capricious Japanese market."

He said that except for a few plants silk yarns on hand were virtually exhausted and that it appeared that rayons would be the chief substitute.

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