

NO TIME FOR LOVE

By WATKINS WRIGHT

Chapter 15

Picnic

"I TACKLED the burlap on the two seats," Rod explained, "to protect your skirt."

"And now I'm not wearing a skirt!" said Lavinia. "I hope you don't object to slacks."

"Not on you, no. I don't like them on most girls, but they make you look even more feminine—like a girl playing at being a boy. Besides, they're just the thing for our trip to the island."

"How soon do we start?"

"Right away. Everything's ship-shape," Rod took Lavinia's hand, helped her into the boat. "Welcome, skipper!"

"Look out for the pie!" Lavinia warned.

"I'll put it here with the other things," Rod said. He placed the napkin-covered plate with a package of hot-dogs, a coffee pot, and several other bundles. "Ready?"

"Ready," Lavinia settled herself upon one of the burlap-upholstered seats.

Rod started the motor. It sputtered a few times, whined a little, then then did a gay rat-a-tat-tat. She sounds a bit like a rattling machine, Rod apologized. "But she'll get us to the island all right." He steered away from the old pier, and headed for open water, the spray blowing up about the bow. "I love the feel of the spray in my face," he called out. "I hope you do."

"I adore it!" said Lavinia.

She flung back her head, watched Rod, who looked extraordinarily handsome, she thought, in a pair of white duck trousers, and an open-neck shirt. The white made his sun-tan appear even darker by contrast.

Then she let her thoughts run over the events of the day, while Rod busied himself babying the engine—as he called it. There had been a letter from her aunt in the morning mail.

"You were terribly casual in referring to the man you'd met," Aunt Dorcas wrote. "I smell a rat. I hope it means you're really hiding a romance from your old aunt's eagle eye. A romance would be good for you, my dear."

"Oh, to heck with it," she had said, half aloud, tossing aside the letter.

Then she had dug out the slacks. They were rust-colored, and there was a bright yellow sweater to go with them, also a rust and yellow bandana. Sandals, also, rusty brown with touches of yellow here and there. "One of our smartest outfits," the saleslady had said. "I hear Katharine Hepburn and Doris Cromwell have outfits just like it."

"Go on, buy it!" Aunt Dorcas had urged.

And she had done so, not that she cared what Hepburn and Cromwell wore, but because she was tired of arguing with her aunt over everything in connection with her summer vacation wardrobe.

Lunch—a nap—some letter-writing—a shower, and then she had gone forth to meet Rod.

"Here's your pie, Miss Prentiss," a waiter had said. "Here's something for you."

Charles had eyed the generous tip, and said: "Thank you, Miss Prentiss."

Margot had seen her and called out. "Going some place?"

"I'm not standing still, am I?" she had replied, and waved her hand lightly.

Hot Dogs and Pie

AND now, at long last, she was wearing the slacks and the things that went with it, heading toward an island with a handsome man all in white.

The wind—the spray—the sunshine! It was invigorating. It seemed to wash one's brain of all worries and doubts and fears!

"We'll soon be there!" said Rod.

"No walking the plank?" said Lavinia. "Pirates used to make people do that, didn't they?"

"Yes, so I've heard. But there are only pirate ghosts on the island now. And they're too busy trying to find the treasure they buried to bother with folks and planks."

"It looks much bigger than I thought," Lavinia said, as they drew nearer the island. "There's quite a lot to explore."

"And we'll explore it!" Rod said gaily. "Mind if we eat first? I'm hungry."

"So am I," said Lavinia. "I'm starved!"

Rod shut off the motor, and the old boat drifted in. Just before its battered bow struck the beach, he jumped out, one end of a rope in his hand.

"Sit tight!" he said. "I'll haul her in."

There was the sound of the boat's flat bottom scraping sand and pebbles, and Lavinia got up. She leaped out, caught the rope, and helped Rod draw the craft up upon the sands. Then when she had been made fast to a rock, Rod and Lavinia stood looking about them.

"We ought to find Man Friday's footsteps about some place," Rod said.

And then for the first time in days Lavinia remembered the Dinosaurs and Dinosaurism.

"I wonder if prehistoric animals ever roamed the island," she said.

"I think not," said Rod. "But perhaps the whale that swallowed Jonah came here to sun himself."

Rod caught her hand. "Come on, I'll show you the little cove where we'll cook our hot-dogs and eat our pie," he said.

They gathered up the things from the boat—the pie, the coffee-pot, the hot-dogs, bread, butter, cheese, and a bundle containing an old tablecloth in which were rolled forks, knives and spoons, also a small bag of sugar, and a can of cream.

And presently, sitting cross-legged upon the sand, they were eating. It was peaceful. It was delightful. "I shall remember this moment as long as I live," Lavinia thought.

Then she recalled what her Aunt Dorcas had said about creating memories for the years to come, and smiled. "When I'm a gray-haired executive, sitting behind my desk on a not-so-busy day, I'll think of this spot, and of Roderick Elliott—and be happy. She bit into a juicy hot-dog, and took a swallow of coffee.

"Enjoying yourself?" Rod asked, smiling at her.

"That's putting it mildly," said Lavinia. "And you?"

"I'm happier than I've been in many a long month," said Rod. And there was no doubting his sincerity.

In This Love

"I SUPPOSE you used to explore the island when you were a little boy," said Lavinia, as she and Rod tramped through rocks and undergrowth to seek a view from the other side. "It's a wonderful place to come for make-believe."

"Yes," Rod said. "Grandfather used to bring me here. He pointed to a diminutive peninsula that jutted out into the water some distance from them. 'We used to sit out there, while he told me tales of piracy and adventure.'"

"I'd like to have had a grandfather like that," said Lavinia. "I didn't have any grandparents at all; I mean, they died before I was born."

"I don't know what I should have done without mine," said Rod. "I don't remember my paternal grandparents, but my mother's parents certainly helped to make my childhood a happy one. It nearly broke my heart when we went to England to live."

"Was it necessary to do that?" Lavinia inquired.

"My mother thought so. You see, my father lost his life in the other war—and my mother fell in love with England when she took a trip over there. She also fell in love with another man."

"And married him?"

"Yes. He was a good sort, and he was good to me in his reserved British fashion. But it took me many a long, miserable month to get over being homesick for Grandfather and Maine."

Rod took Lavinia's arm to assist her over a particularly rough stretch of land. "Mother died a few years back—and after that my stepfather and I drifted apart. I couldn't seem to bring myself to return here, knowing Grandfather and Grandmother were gone, and so I stuck it out in Europe."

"But you did come back—finally," said Lavinia. "And I'm glad."

She hoped Rod would explain just why he had come back on and tell her more about his life in England. But he didn't. He remained silent until they reached the small peninsula. Then he spoke once more.

"Shall we sit here a while?" he asked.

"Let's do," Lavinia answered. "Did you remember to bring along some cigarettes?"

"Yes, I did. And my pipe also. You don't object to a pipe, do you?"

"No, I like the smell of pipe smoke."

They sat down. They got the cigarette and the pipe going, and gazed out across the seemingly endless expanse of water.

Lavinia studied Rod's profile now and then, and found it extremely satisfactory. She also liked his sun-browned hair, that waved back from his high, brown forehead. She had never, she thought, seen bluer eyes. She liked his hands too—slender and yet strong. In fact, come to think of it, come to a point where she was downright honest with herself, she liked everything about Roderick Elliott.

"Could I be falling in love with him?" she asked herself. And a voice down inside of her said: "Well, why not? Did you think you were a girl who couldn't do such a thing as fall in love?"

She tried to change her thinking, tried to think of the man there beside her in a more impersonal way. But she couldn't. And almost before she knew it she was saying to herself: "Why doesn't he turn, take me in his arms, and kiss me?"

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

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Time shown is PST

Friday

5:00 p. m.—Kate Smith, KSL; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Jane Arden, KOMO; Stars of Today, KGW.

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

6:00 p. m.—Waltz Time, KGO, KOMO, KGW; Secret City, KPO, KEX; What's On Your Mind, KXN, KOIN, KSL; On With the Dance, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Michael Piper, Private Detective, KGO, KEX, KJR; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, Ginny Simms, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

7:00 p. m.—Ella Maxwell's Party Line, KGO, KJR, KEX; Concert Orch., KSL.

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By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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Saturday

5:00 p. m.—Ban Wilde's Orch., KGO, KEX; Organ Concert, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Erwin Yeo, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

5:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Ted Steele Variety Prgm., KGO, KEX, KJR; William Winter, KXN, KSL; News, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Your Hit Parade, KSL; Nat'l Barn Dance, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Who, What Where and Why, KXN, KOIN.

6:30 p. m.—Bochester Civic Orch., KJR, KEX; Erwin Yeo, KOIN; This World, KGO; Here's the Story, KXN.

7:00 p. m.—Hemisphere Revue, KGO, KEX, KJR; Sports Newsweek, KGO, KEX, KJR, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—Ciga Goshko, KOIN; Grand Ole Opry, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hi Neighbor, KXN; University Explorer, KGO, KEX, KJR; American Challenge, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—Paul Whiteman's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Truth or Consequences, KJR, KPO, KOMO; Guy Lombardo's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Knickerbocker Playhouse, KGO, KOMO, KGW; Spin and Win, KGO, KJR, KEX; Hobby Lobby, KXN, KOIN, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Music for the Americas, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Henry Busse's Orch., KGO, KEX; Your Hit Parade, KXN, KOIN; Serenade, KJR; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—The Edwards, KGO, KEX; Best of the Week, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KSL, KJR.

SEXTON ENDS LIFE

Heppner, Jan. 16—(P)—Sheriff C. J. D. Bauman said today Emmett Ayers, sexton of the Masonic cemetery here, committed suicide last night by shooting himself with a .22 calibre rifle. Friends said he had been ill.

ONLY CHILLY DUCKING

Reedsport, Jan. 16—(P)—Leland Morris, driver, suffered

nothing worse than a chilly ducking yesterday when his truck plunged into the Umpqua river east of here. A load of groceries from Eugene which he said was worth \$3000 was water-damaged. Morris said he fell asleep at the wheel.

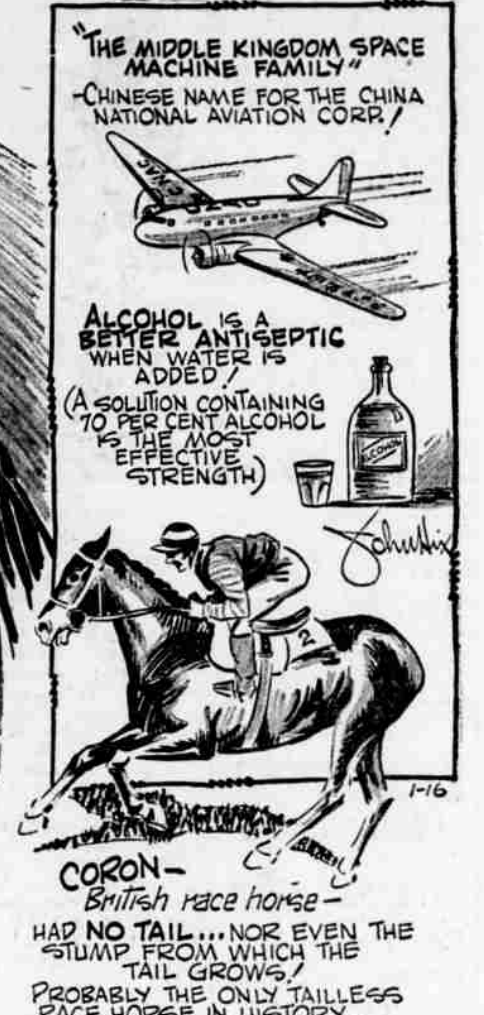
The scarlet carnation is the official state flower and that the cardinal is the official state bird of Ohio.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



HUMAN JEWELRY!
MADELINE TAYLOR—
Silverado, Calif.—
WEARS SECTIONS OF 5
OF HER OWN RIBS
IN A NECKLACE!
THE BONES WERE
REMOVED IN 2
OPERATIONS LAST YEAR...



CORON—British race horse—HAD NO TAIL...NOR EVEN THE STUMP FROM WHICH THE TAIL GROWS. PROBABLY THE ONLY TAILLESS RACE HORSE IN HISTORY...1935...

OUTSIDE BONES

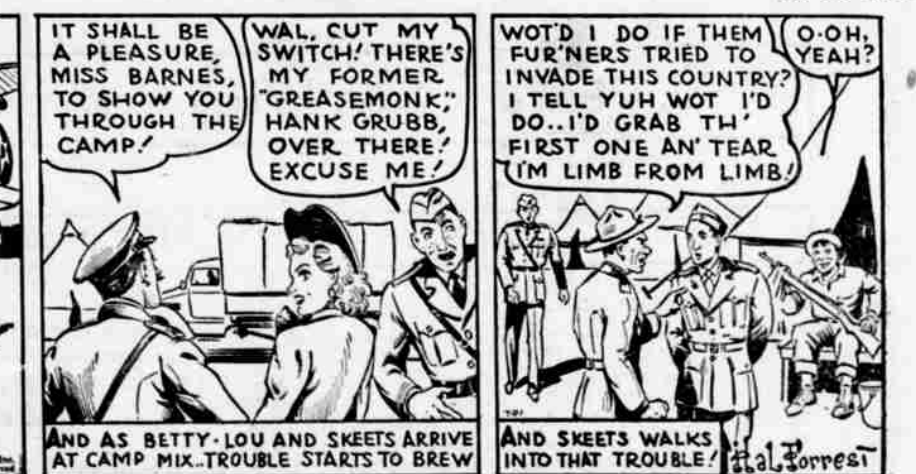
Madeleine June Taylor is probably the only person in the world who wears part of her skeleton outside! After sections of her ribs were removed she had them polished and mounted in the form of a necklace!

AMAZING ANTISEPTIC

Strangely enough, to a certain point, weaker alcohol solutions have a better effect as germicides than those stronger than about 70 per cent. Solutions containing high percentages of alcohol, while capable of preserving plant and animal specimens, do not have the germ-killing power necessary for an ideal antiseptic!

SUNDAY: FIRST SERVICE STATION!

By AL CAPP



By HAL FORREST



By SOL HESS

LOYAL JAPANESE
TURNS IN PHOTOS

Vancouver, Wash., Jan. 16—(P)—Sheriff Leland Morrow of Clark county disclosed today that an American-born Japanese youth of this county had turned over to him a collection of pictures of Japanese warships which he received from Nippon, in the hope "they might help somehow in combating the enemy."

Morrow said the pictures appeared to be on postcards, although all the lettering was Japanese. There were 32. The youth's name is Takahashi (first name unavailable) and his age 19.

Morrow turned the pictures over to the FBI.

LAVAL, NAZI TOOL,
AGAIN IN PARIS

Berlin, Jan. 16.—(Official broadcast recorded by AP)—Pierre Laval, one-time premier of France, has returned from his country home at Chateaudon, near Vichy, to Paris and already has received numerous visitors, according to a German dispatch from Paris.

(The return to Paris of Laval, strong advocate of French collaboration with Germany and Marshal Petain's chief aide until he was ousted from the Vichy regime in December, 1940, may herald important developments in French-German relations.)

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