NO TIME FOR LOVE

By WATKINS E. WRIGHT

Chapter 18

Divinely Happy

THE time flew. Rod looked at his watch, and was amazed to see how late it was.

"Two nights of being up late a record for me," he said. "I'm opposed to retire early and get up ditto." He drew Lavinia out to the porch. "I'd like to dance with you until dawn—but the bunk in which I tuck myself is calling."

"It's been fun, hasn't it?" said Lavinia.

"More than that," said Rod softly. "It's been—beautiful. You're a wonderful girl, Lavinia. And I've enjoyed the evening thoroughly. Thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"I'll walk you to the edge of the lawn," Lavinia said.

"Careful of those fragile slippers!" Rod cautioned. He looked down at the girl beside him: "I thought the crimson gown you wore the night I met you was extremely becoming—but this yellow one is even more so."

"Thanks!" Lavinia was pleased. "It's nice that you notice the things I wear. Lots of men don't, you know."

They moved down the steps, and across the lawn. Presently, screened by a hedge, they stood looking out across the moonlit water.

"How long's your vacation to be?" Rod asked.

"I'm given two weeks with pay," said Lavinia, "and an optional week without pay. I've been here eight days, I think."

"Are you going to take the optional week?"

"I hadn't planned to, no. I'm a practical person, as you know—and a week without pay doesn't appeal to me." Lavinia waited a second or two, and then asked: "How long is your vacation?"

"That's indefinite," Rod answered. "So much depends on—" He stopped short. "When do we have another lesson in bridge?" he asked. Then, grinning, he said: "You'll probably be rushed, after the sensation you made tonight. Men waiting to dance with you—have you for a partner at bridge, and all that!"

"I doubt it," said Lavinia.

"Anyway, you won't neglect me entirely, will you?"

"Of course not."

Silence. Two attractive people standing there, looking out to sea—a little tense, not knowing just why.

"Lavinia."

"Yes, Rod?"

"You are sweet."

"Thank you. And I remind you of your cousin, Elaine, over in England. Yes, I know."

"Surely you don't think that's why I have kept on seeing you, and missing you when you were not near? Or do you?"

"Sometimes," said Lavinia quite simply. "I don't know just what to think. Sometimes I get a little mixed up. Sometimes I even wish I hadn't come on this vacation."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Please don't ask me. Let's not talk about it any more."

And then it happened.

The Kiss

LAVINIA was in Rod's arms. Rod was kissing her whispering endearments against her mouth. And Lavinia was clinging to him, giving him kiss for kiss—thrilled, divinely happy. So this was love! So this was the way it happened—sweeping you off your feet, making you forget everything else. This is the way it felt when you loved a man—when he kissed you. She wanted to laugh, she wanted to cry! Dinosauria and Dinotherium—when love was in the world! Planning to dig in lost cities, and shoot lions—when men like Roderick Elliott lived and breathed, and held you in their arms!

"Rod—darling," Lavinia said.

Then as quickly as he had caught her to him, Rod released her. He stepped back, brushed his hand across his eyes. It was almost as though he had been in a trance and had been suddenly shocked out of it—shocked back into consciousness again.

"I shouldn't have done that!" he said a little wildly.

"But Rod, I—I—"

"I had no right. Forgive me, Lavania—please. Forget that I was so—so—thoughtless."

Lavinia stared at him.

"But there's nothing to forgive, Rod," she said.

Rod looked at her, distress in his every feature.

"Good-night, Lavinia," he said. "And—God bless you."

He then turned and strode off into the night.

Lavinia, left alone, stood like one turned to stone. This couldn't be happening to her. It couldn't. The first kiss she had ever responded to—the first time she had realized what a man's love could really mean to a woman—and now Rod asked forgiveness for having kissed her, asked her to forget how thoughtless he had been. It didn't make sense. Nothing made sense any more. Rod, taking her in his arms, kissing her, holding her close, convincing her of his love, and then—and then—

She felt horribly humiliated and ashamed. She had been an utter fool. Laughing at romance all her life, and then falling head over heels for the first man who acted romantically toward her. "Oh, you fool, you fool!" she said half aloud.

It took her several minutes to get hold of herself. Then, trying to look as though nothing had happened to her, she went back to the Inn. She found a chair upon the porch and sank down in it. It was as though the bottom had dropped out of everything. It was as though she had been blissfully sailing along nigh up in the air, and then had fallen. It was horrible. It was heartbreaking. . . .

Too Gay

SHE was still sitting there upon the porch half an hour later when Pat found her.

"Hello!" he said. "Now that Mr. Elliott's departed, how about giving some of the rest of us a chance?"

Lavinia looked up at him, forcing herself to smile.

"Meaning you are actually willing to risk dancing with me again?" she said.

"Meaning," said Pat, "that there's no risk whatsoever. It was all my fault. I was trying to show off that other time—convince you of my ability to create steps."

"That's very generous of you, taking the blame like that," said Lavinia. "But I was pretty terrible, and know it." She hesitated a moment. She fought back the longing to cry. She thought of her wounded pride. "Very well," she finally went on, "I'll have a waltz with you. Later, perhaps, you can teach me some of those impressive steps of yours."

"I'd love to do that!" said Pat, as though he really meant it.

They went back to the ballroom. And soon they were dancing. Lavinia threw back her head and chattered away like a magpie. No one was going to suspect her of having a broken heart if she could help it. And the way to keep people from knowing the horrible truth was to be gay—dance — sing — laugh — chatter. Even take a cocktail now and then.

"Would you join me in a cocktail at the bar?" she said to Pat.

"You bet I would," said Pat. "Only you are joining me."

In the bar they were joined by the young man who had urged Pat to introduce him to Lavinia. He was introduced to her now. He asked for a dance. Lavinia accepted.

"Didn't you hear about me?" she said, when they were dancing.

"What do you mean?" he wanted to know.

"Didn't you hear about how I was a dud at bridge and a terror at dancing?"

The man shook his head. "I'm afraid I'm a bad listener," he said. "I'd rather use my eyes. And I saw that you were not a terror at dancing." He tightened the arm that was about Lavinia's waist. "I like the way you waltz."

"You're not bad yourself!" said Lavinia.

Other men danced with her. One o'clock came. Two o'clock. Lavinia danced on and on. It wasn't until the orchestra stopped that Lavinia realized the lateness of the hour. She was suddenly tired, and let down.

"If I don't get some sleep," she said to the man with her, "I shall be a wreck."

"Do I see some more of you?" the man asked.

"Probably — since we're both here at the Inn," said Lavinia evasively. "Good night — and thanks for helping make the evening a pleasant one."

In an upper hall she met Margot Linden.

"You certainly gave me a surprice!" said Margot.

"How do you mean?" Lavinia inquired.

"Pretending to be a dud at social accomplishments, and then being the sensation of the evening."

Lavinia smiled somewhat feebly. "I suppose that all I needed was a sponser," she said. "You know—like in radio."

"Well, I must say that what it takes to bring a girl out, that Elliott Adonis certainly has it!" Margot said.

Lavinia thought: "And what it takes to put a girl in her place after smashing her heart—he has that too." All she said, however, was "Good-night."

Then she left Margot and went on to her room. She took some mail from her bag, the mail which had been handed her with her key, and glanced at it. There was a card or two from people at Armworth's, thanking her for remembering them. And there was a letter from Zoe. She sat down to read it.

Darling, I've been married three weeks! Peter took me to dinner to celebrate the anniversary. Three weeks married, and still divinely happy. So happy, Peter and I both, that we keep hoping you'll write us that you've found your true love at Harbor Head and that you'll decide that marriage isn't such a stupid thing, and come back to us wearing an engagement ring. We hope to move downtown before long — having found some sweet little apartments that aren't too expensive. It would be heavenly if if you and your true love took one in the same building, and. . . .

There was much more, all along the same vein—but Lavinia couldn't read it. She laid the letter down, and sat staring across the room. It was bad enough to have a man walk out of your life as Rod had done, without having your best friend rub salt in your wounds by talking about "true loves."

To be continued

SICILIAN PORTS AIR RAID TARGET

Rome, Jan. 20.—(Official broadcast recorded by AP)—British air raiders returned to the attack on Sicily today, bombing the east coast port of Catania and the town of Zizrini 30 miles to the south, but caused no casualties and only slight damage, the Italian high command announced today.

One of the raiders was reported shot down over Catania by anti-aircraft guns.

Yesterday, the communique said, British planes dropped a limited number of high explosive and incendiary bombs on Paterno and Lentini, which are located respectively northwest and southwest of Catania.

Louisiana has a town named Sun.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

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; KGW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland; KJR (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle; KNX (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles; KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver; KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland; KOMO (NBC-Red) 950, Seattle; KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco; KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time Shown Is PST

Tuesday

5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; String Serenade, KOMO; Are You a Missing Heir, KSL; News, KOIN; 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, KNX, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Burns and Allen, KPO, KGW, KOMO; We, the People, KSL; Ken Stevens and Erwin Yeo, KOIN; Secret City, KGO, KEX; Victory Chorus, KJR; Second Husband, KNX.

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

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, KGW, KOMO; Rhythms by Ricardo, KGO, KEX, KJR; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Second Husband, KSL.

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

8:15 p. m.—Dolly Dawn's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, 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, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.

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

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

10:00 p. m.—Henry Busse's Orch., KGO, KEX; 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 Busse's Orch., KOMO, KGW; Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KJR; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Dance Orch., KGO; Masterworks of Music, KNX; The World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Ran Wilde's Orch., KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Anita Carol, KSL, KOIN; News, KNX, KGO; Reveries, KOMO.

Wednesday

5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR, KEX; 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, KNX; 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, KNX; Victory Chorus, KJR; Best Buys, KOIN.

6:30 p. m.—Concert by Kalash, KPO; 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; Modern Music Box, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Point Sublime, KPO, KGW, 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, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Allen, KOIN, KNX; Hymn Service, KSL.

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

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Phil Harris' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KNX, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

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

11:00 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., KPO, KGW; Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KOIN; This Moving World, KJR, KEX; News, KNX, KGO; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

HOUSING CONTRACT LET

Washington, Jan. 20.—(AP)—A bid of $227,389 submitted by Viesko and Hanneman of Salem, Ore., was low for a federal housing unit project to be constructed at Oregon City, Ore., the U. S. housing authority has announced.

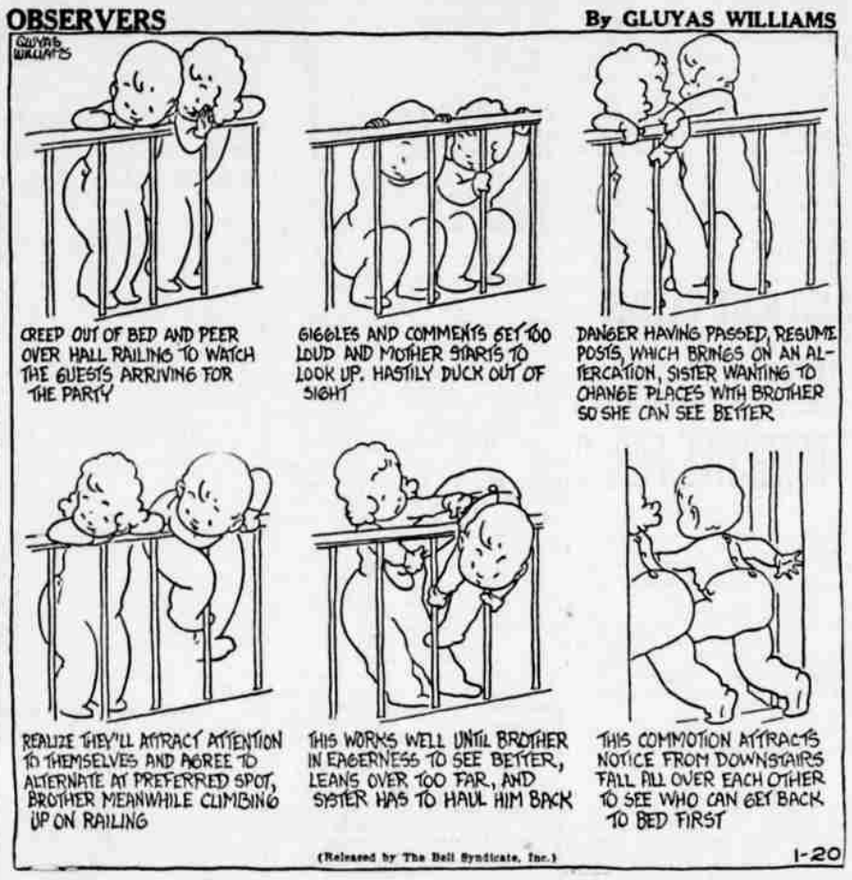
QUIET IN LIBYA

Cairo, Jan. 20—(AP)—Britain's middle east general headquarters said in its communique on the Libyan campaign today merely: "Our mobile columns are continuing their activities east of El Agheila."

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

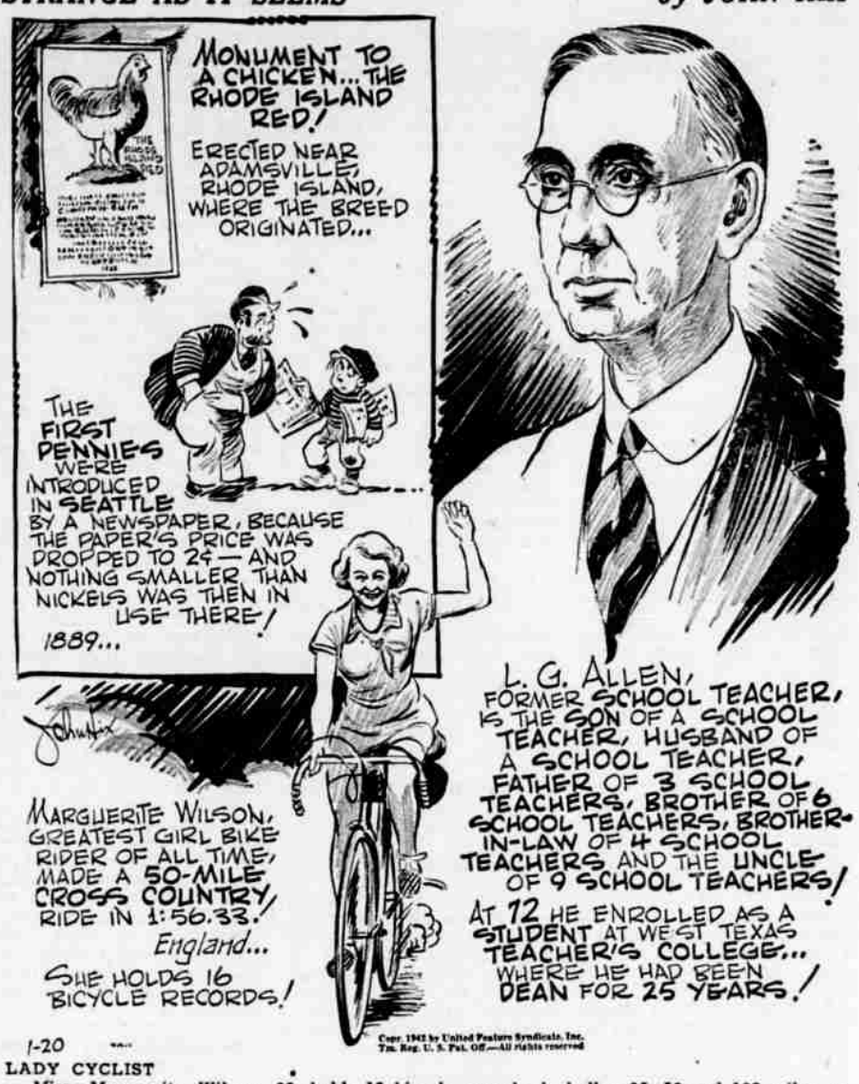
OBSERVERS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



LADY CYCLIST

Miss Marguerite Wilson, 23, holds 16 bicycle records, including 25, 50 and 100 miles, as well as thousand-mile records! On her recent record 50-mile run she used a bike equipped with a four-speed gear, to get maximum power over her cross-country run, up hill and down dale.

PENNIES FOR SEATTLE

Before the introduction of copper coins into Seattle, 1889, merchants opposed the idea of putting pennies into circulation. However, when the newspaper cut its price 50,000 one-cent pieces were imported.

TOMORROW: The Half-Ship!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Catastrophe! By HAL FORREST

LI'L ABNER—A Swoon 'Neath the Moon!! By AL CAPP

THE NEBBS—Peek-a-Boo!