

NO TIME FOR LOVE

By WATKINS & WRIGHT

Chapter 23

Freddy Rand, Again

"YES, said Rod softly, 'there's Lavinia. And she's devoted to you.'"

"I'm not so sure of that devotion any more," said Miss Dorcas rather sadly. "I have been a great disappointment to Lavinia."

"How do you mean?"

"Ever since she was a little girl, I understand, she has dreamed of doing the things I have done—living my sort of life. She's even fought to put men and romance out of her life, so that she could come to me in a jungle or some far-off place. And having me come back and insist that she live the normal life of a young woman should live—the sort of life most girls her age live—has been something of a blow to her."

"Well, I'm not going to worry much about that," said Rod. "I'm glad you did come back, and that you insisted upon her spending her vacation at Harbor Head. I only hope when we get to New York we'll be able to persuade her that—that—everything has turned out as it should turn out."

"So do I," said Miss Dorcas. The suddenly she sat up straight and said: "Oh! Freddy Rand!"

"What?" said Rod, startled.

"Who's he?"

"He's a young widower in the store where Lavinia works. He's been after Lavinia to marry him."

"You—you—don't mean she might do it?" said Rod uneasily.

"That's just what I was thinking about," said Miss Dorcas. "We females are unpredictable creatures, and Lavinia might be just silly enough to rush back to New York and tell Freddy she'd be his wife. She might do it out of sheer perverseness. Good lord, can't this train go any faster?"

"But—she seemed to care for me," said Rod, frankly troubled.

"The way she—she—responded when I kissed her. The way she looked at me. She couldn't run off and marry anyone else, Aunt Dorcas."

"I hope you're right, my dear boy. But we shall see. If only we could have taken a plane!"

The train sped on. Miss Dorcas and Rod finished their lunch and went back to the chair car. They continued to talk, but now it was as though they had begun to run down. A sense of worry had come to them both, and every little while each seemed lost in thought—thought that was not too comforting.

Along the Hudson, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, then underneath Park Avenue, and finally into Grand Central Station, Aunt Dorcas and Rod lost no time in getting to a taxicab.

"I'm sticking right with you," said Rod, when Miss Dorcas gave the address of Lavinia's apartment. "I'll go to a hotel later on."

"Good!" said Miss Dorcas. "I think I'll need some moral support. But when the taxicab came to a standstill at the end of their journey, when Rod had paid the driver, and when Miss Dorcas was standing upon the sidewalk, Miss Dorcas said: "You wait down here, Rod, while I go up and see if Lavinia's in—and if she's dressed to receive company."

"All right, Aunt Dorcas," Rod said. "But for Pete's sake don't keep me in suspense any longer than possible."

"I won't," said Miss Dorcas. "I'll be back in five minutes."

MISS DORCAS disappeared into the house, and Rod lit a cigarette which he smoked as he sat upon the stoop. "Dear God," he thought, "let me get a break, just for once!"

A good job in the airplane factory, a comfortable salary, a small apartment not too far from where he worked, and Lavinia there to greet him at the end of each day. A peaceful existence after many months of horror and suffering. A chance to be of service to his own country and England, and at the same time have a little personal life that carried with it love and contentment.

It seemed such a little to ask—and yet it meant so much to him, so terribly much, he wasn't going to be a deaf man, after all. And his heart was settling down to act like a healthy heart should act. Maybe he was going to have a future like a normal young man should have. Maybe he was.

His thoughts were abruptly shattered by the sudden opening of the door back of him. He jumped to his feet. Miss Dorcas was standing there staring at him.

"She's gone!" she said.

"Gone?" Rod repeated inanely.

"I—I mean she hasn't been home at all!" Miss Dorcas rushed on. "The apartment is just as we left it when he went away. Covers over furniture—dust over everything."

"But—she wired you from New York," said Rod. "She must have been here."

"In New York, yes," said Aunt Dorcas. "But I tell you she hasn't been to the apartment. Not a sign of her—bag nor baggage."

Rod stood frozen with apprehension.

"W-w-what shall we do?" he asked, feeling more helpless than he had ever felt before in all his life.

Miss Dorcas couldn't answer at once. Her brain was a jumble of fears and forebodings. Newspaper headlines about the strange disappearances of girls swam before her eyes. Murders. Accidents. Suicides. Kidnappings. . .

"Do you suppose she has run off and married that Rand man?" Rod asked finally.

"I don't know—I don't know anything," Miss Dorcas wailed.

"Get a taxicab, Rod—quick!"

Rod saw one coming, and signaled it. Miss Dorcas climbed in, and Rod right behind her.

"Where are we going?" he wanted to know.

"To Zoe Raymond's," Miss Dorcas replied. "Lavinia may have gone there to stay." She leaned forward, gave the driver the address, and said: "Go as fast as you can."

"Yes'm," said the driver. And off they were at great speed.

"I should have thought of Zoe the first thing," Miss Dorcas said. "But the sight of that deserted, dusty apartment shocked all the common sense out of me."

Rod shook his head slowly. "I ought to be handling this situation, Aunt Dorcas," he said. "But I don't know which way to turn."

"Just stick with me, my dear," said Aunt Dorcas gently. "That's all I ask."

Still No Lavinia

ZOE and Peter Raymond lived in a walk-up apartment, one of those where one pushed a button in the vestibule, and someone upstairs pushed another button—and you got in eventually.

Rod was now pushing the button underneath the name "Raymond"—pushing it frantically and frequently.

"Oh, lord," Miss Dorcas said, "Zoe's not at home either."

"It looks that way," said Rod.

"What in heaven's name do we do now, Aunt Dorcas?"

"Go on, push the button again."

Rod did so. And again he listened at the speaking tube opening.

"Why don't you break down the door?" demanded a tinny voice.

"Oh!" said Rod. "Hello. Hello. This is—"

"Let me talk!" said Aunt Dorcas. She put her mouth to the opening. "Hello! Is that you Zoe?"

"Yes, it is," the tinny voice replied. "Who are you?"

"It's Aunt Dorcas. I—"

"Aunt Dorcas!" said Zoe. "How wonderful!"

"Zoe, is Lavinia there?"

"Why, no! She's in Harbor Head, isn't she?"

"No! Open the door, Zoe. I've got to talk to you."

"Just a moment!"

There was a clicking sound. Rod grabbed the door-knob. He and Aunt Dorcas hustled in, and raced up the stairs. Zoe was standing in the open door of the apartment when they reached her floor.

"Zoe, this is Mr. Elliott," Aunt Dorcas said, breathlessly. "We're looking for Lavinia."

"Well, for mercy's sake," said Zoe. "How do you do, Mr. Elliott. Are you the young man Lavinia wrote me about?"

"Never mind that," said Miss Dorcas. Then rapidly she told of Lavinia's departure from Harbor Head, of the telegram she had sent from New York, "And now," Miss Dorcas climaxed, "she's disappeared entirely—as though the earth had opened and swallowed her."

"Oh!" said Zoe. "Oh! This is terrible!"

"We know that," Miss Dorcas said. "Has Peter seen her at the store?"

"Of course not. He'd have told me if he had."

"Then," wailed Rod, "where is she?"

Zoe wrung her hands. She walked back and forth in the small living room. Then she stopped suddenly.

"Hull!" she said.

"Who's hull?" said Rod. "Another name?"

"No," said Zoe. "It's a little town in Connecticut where—"

"Where Lavinia's been going on her vacations?" Miss Dorcas interrupted. "Is that it?"

"Yes," said Zoe. "Maybe she could have suddenly decided to go there—instead of to the apartment!"

"How do you get to this place called Hull?" Rod wanted to know.

"It's within commuting distance of New York," said Zoe. "Lavinia stayed at a farmhouse—a little way out from town."

"Have you got a time-table?" Rod asked.

"I think so," said Zoe. She began to go through a desk.

"We haven't time for that now," said Miss Dorcas. "Come on, Rod. We'll telephone and see if Lavinia's in Hull—and safe."

She turned to Zoe. "Is there a telephone at the farmhouse?"

"Yes," Zoe answered. "Lavinia telephoned me at once to ask me to get her some books."

"What's the name? I mean who do I ask for?"

"The man she boards with is named Stone. You ask for him, and then—"

"All right, we'll call her," said Miss Dorcas.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

Chain affiliation and where they can be heard:

KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland; KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland; KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1310, Spokane; KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco; KGW (NBC-Blue) 830, Portland; KJR (NBC-Blue) 1600, Seattle; KNS (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles; KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver; KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland; KOMO (NBC-Red) 350, Seattle; KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco; KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Monday

8:00 p. m. — Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

8:30 p. m. — News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Bill Henry, KNS; Waltz Rhythm, KPO; Voices of Yesterday, KSL.

9:00 p. m. — Radio Theater, KNS, KOIN, KSL; Dr. I. Q. Jim McClain, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Secret City, KGO, KEX; Victory Chorus, KJR.

9:30 p. m. — For America We Sing, KGO, KEX, KJR; That Brewster Boy, KPO, KOW, KOMO.

10:00 p. m. — Mercury Theater, KNS, KOIN, KSL; Monday Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Contended Hour, KPO, KOW, KOMO.

11:00 p. m. — Cavalcade of America, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Biondie, KNS, KSL, KOIN; Music for Listening, KGO; Modern Music Box, KEX; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.

8:00 p. m. — Amos 'n' Andy, KNS, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Carmen Cavallaro's orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:15 p. m. — Lanny Ross, KNS, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Shall-Bert Wheeler, KJR.

8:30 p. m. — I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; Voice of Margaret Speaks, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Gay Nineties, KNS, KSL, KOIN.

9:00 p. m. — Telephone Hour, KPO, KOMO, KOW; True or False, KGO, KJR, KEX; Vox Pop, KNS; News, KOIN; Excursions in Science, KSL.

9:30 p. m. — Hawthorne House, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Hollywood Showcases, KNS, KOIN; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Let There Be Music, KGO.

10:00 p. m. — Phil Harris' orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter, KNS, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KNS; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m. — Ed Stoker's Music, KOMO, KOW; Home Town News, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KNS; Dance Time, KOMO; Transitions, KOMO; On Our Bandstand, KPO.

11 p. m. — Bob Bradley and Erwin Yeo, KSL, KOIN; Ran Wilde's orch., KPO, KOW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KNS; Reveries, KOMO.

Tuesday

8:00 p. m. — Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Are You a Missing Heir, KSL; News, KOIN; 8 p. m. of Today, KOW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

8:30 p. m. — News of the World, KGO, KJR, KEX; Bob Burns, KSL; Horace Heidt's orch., KPO, KOMO, KOW; Bill Henry, KNS, KOIN.

8:00 p. m. — Bob Burns, KPO, KOW, KOMO; We the People, KSL; Victory Chorus, KJR; Second Husband, KNS, KOIN; The World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m. — Paul Whiteman's Orch., KPO, KOMO; Bill Sabranaky, KJR.

7:00 p. m. — Bob Hope Variety Show, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Glenn Miller's orch., KSL, KNS, KOIN.

7:30 p. m. — Red Skelton, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Red Ryder, KGO, KEX, KJR; Leon P. Drews, KOIN; Second Husband, KSL.

8:00 p. m. — Amos 'n' Andy, KNS, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOW, KOMO; That Night of Jan. 27th, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:15 p. m. — Lum and Abner, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Lanny Ross, KNS, KSL, KOIN.

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

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

9:30 p. m. — Lang Thompson's orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Battle of the

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IT'S HARD TO GET ENOUGH TO EAT WHEREVER FRED PERLEY HAPPENS TO BE DINING, BECAUSE, IN A TWINKLING, FRED, WHO CONSIDERS HIMSELF AN AUTHORITY ON MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS, HAS EVERYONE'S KNIVES AND FORKS AND MOST OF THE TABLEWARE TO HELP HIM EXPLAIN THE WAR SITUATION

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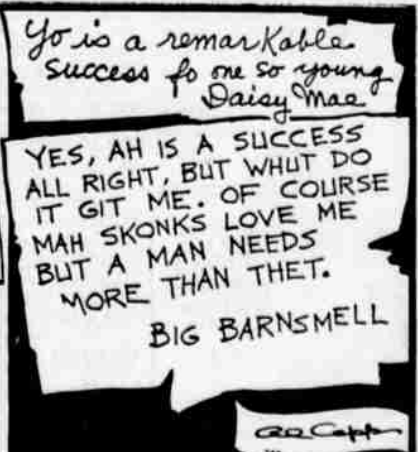
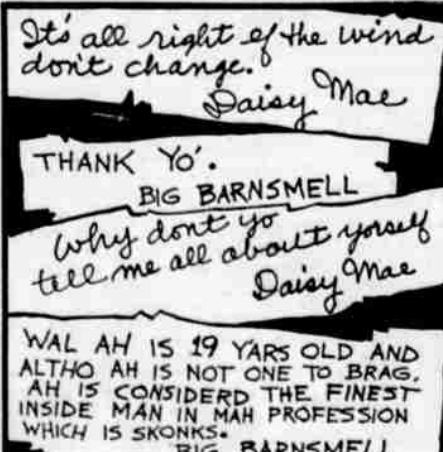
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Temporary Shelter



L'L ABNER—When Passions Flare



By AL CAPP



WIN DIPLOMAS AT SOUTH FORK CCC

Proof that there are educational advantages offered by the Civilian Conservation Corps was given at a recent all camp night held at Co. 6410, Camp South Fork when two enrollees of the company were presented with high school diplomas from the Butte Falls high school. These men came into the Civilian Conservation Corps lacking several credits for graduation from high

school and took advantage of classes offered in camp along with extension courses offered by various universities and colleges for use in CCC camps. At the present time there are several men in the company working toward a diploma and since the presentation of these diplomas more men have asked for information concerning this phase of CCC instruction.

The diplomas were presented by Company Commander Max L. Piper to enrollees James A. Neilson and Thomas H. Scott.

It costs about \$10,000,000 a year to put that good smell into beauty products.

THE NEBBS—Storm Clouds

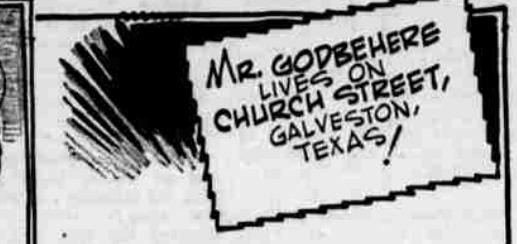


STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



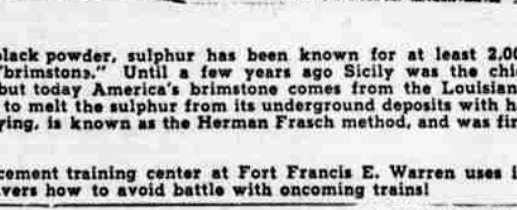
A SHRIMP TAGGED BY THE U.S. WILDLIFE SERVICE, MIGRATED 400 MILES IN 3 MONTHS! (Beaufort, N.C., to Fernandina, Fla.)



MR. GODBEHERE LIVES ON CHURCH STREET, GALVESTON, TEXAS!



NO TRAINS RUN ON THE WORLD'S SHORTEST RAILWAY... 25 FT. LONG. IT IS USED IN TEACHING ARMY TRUCK DRIVERS HOW TO CROSS GRADE CROSSINGS! Et. Warren, Wyo.



SULPHUR—defense mineral—IS MINED WITH HOT WATER AND COMPRESSED AIR! SUPERHEATED WATER IS PUMPED TO DEPTHS AS GREAT AS 1500 FEET, THE SULPHUR IS MELTED AND FLOWS TO THE SURFACE WHERE IT IS ALLOWED TO HARDEN AGAIN! THE "MINES" RESEMBLE OIL WELLS... Louisiana and Texas...

HOT WATER MINING

An ingredient in the manufacture of black powder, sulphur has been known for at least 2,000 years and until modern times was called "brimstone." Until a few years ago Sicily was the chief source of the world's supply of sulphur, but today America's brimstone comes from the Louisiana-Texas Gulf coast. The process used here to melt the sulphur from its underground deposits with hot water and force it to the surface for drying, is known as the Herman Frasch method, and was first commercially used in 1903.

GRADE CROSSING GRADUATES

The U. S. Army Quartermaster replacement training center at Fort Francis E. Warren uses its 25-foot railroad to teach rookie truck drivers how to avoid battle with oncoming trains!

By HAL FORREST