# Show Girl

By J. P. McEVOY

SYNOPSIS

Dixie Dugan, show girl, has just opened in Atlantic City in "Get Your Girl," the musical comedy written for her by Jimmy Doyle, a young newspaper man. Dixie has the leading part and the author of this novel, perhaps, mercifully, has spared us a description of the first night. We do know, however, that Denny Kerrigan, the greeting card salesman and Dixie's would-be boy friend, attended the performance. Dixie is now in her hotel room with her sister, Nita.

SCENE: Room in the Hotel Superba, Atlantic City. It is eleven o'clock in the morning and the shades are drawn but enough sunshine filters through to pick out a couple of tumbled twin beds with a dark head on one pillow and a light one on the other. The light head is sleeping soundly and if one must say it—snoring a tiny bit. The dark head is buried face down to the pillow, but not deeply enough to smother a sound that might be either laughing or crying. The telephone rings violently. A delicate maidenly moan stops with a little squawk and the owner bolts upright as though shot. The dark lady pays no attention.

NITA: Telephone, sis. . . . Hey, Dixie! . . . Telephone. . . . Are you crying?

DIXIE: None of your d-d-dam business.

NITA: Dixie Darling. You are crying. What's the matter? (Telephone rings again.) Are you in bed with someone?

DIXIE: N-n-no.

NITA: Hello? (Hand over mouthpiece.) It's a man.

DIXIE: It's always a man. Damn men!

NITA: Sounds like Jimmy. Don't you want to talk to him?

DIXIE: N-n-no. N-n-never.

NITA: Hello . . . yes . . . This is her sister Nita . . . oh yes, Jimmy . . . why no, she just went out. . . . I expect her back though soon. . . . Want to leave a message? . . . yes . . . all right, I'll tell her. . . . 'Bye. . . . That was Jimmy. He did for you to call him up as soon as you came back in.

DIXIE: He should live so long. He can rot first.

NITA: What's the matter with you? What happened last night?

DIXIE: Everything.

NITA: Well, do you know what time you came in? Five o'clock. And you snozzled. Were you snozzled?

DIXIE: Oh, I don't know. All my clothes are on the chair. I couldn't have been so snozzled as all that.

NITA: Well, baby, you didn't put them on the chair. They'd be hanging on the ceiling if I hadn't gathered them up.

DIXIE (burrowing back into the pillow): I'd rather not hear any more about it. Oooh . . . my head. I've got to be at rehearsal at eleven. What time is it?

NITA: It's after that now.

DIXIE: Good.

NITA: Don't you want some breakfast? . . . wait a minute . . . Room Service! . . . hello . . . what do you want sis?

DIXIE: Nothing.

NITA: Hello, Room Service? . . . two toasts, two coffees . . . is that all you want?

DIXIE: Oooh, I feel terrible.

NITA: One order of bacon . . . crisp. . . .

DIXIE: Oh, migawd.

NITA: Two medium boiled eggs. . . .

DIXIE: Eggs. . . . oh, gawd.

NITA: And some, lemme see . . . some orange juice . . . want orange juice, Dixie?

DIXIE: NO!

NITA: Two orange juices. That's all. . . . And send up the morning paper and the mail . . . Dixie, I should think you could hardly wait to see that paper. I'll bet the review will be all about you. You were swell last night.

DIXIE: Bologny.

NITA: Well you were. I thought opening night and everything you'd be scared to death.

DIXIE (furiously): I don't want to hear about the opening. I don't want to hear about the show. And everybody in it and anything to do with it or connected with it in any way can all go to ——! I don't mean it or perhaps.

NITA: You're just feeling rotten.

DIXIE: I'll say.

NITA: Who'd you fight with last night?

DIXIE: Let's talk of something else.

NITA: How did you happen to come home with Denny?

DIXIE: Search me. I started out with somebody else.

NITA: Well, where did you meet him?

DIXIE: I don't know I tell you. Anyway, your nose is red.

NITA: Never mind my nose. You should see yours.

DIXIE: Can't thank God.

NITA: COME IN! . . . oh, it's the paper. Bring it here. . . . a couple of letters for you too, Dixie. . . . letters of apology, I suppose hoping you'll forgive them for the way you treated them . . . how do you get away with it?

DIXIE: I treat them all too good. Anything is too good for them . . . Well, bellboy, are you off for the day? . . . didn't you ever see two girls in bed before? . . . go home and tell your mother you're a big boy now and she can put some pockets in your pants. (The bellboy goes right out of there with hot pink ears.)

What is troubling Dixie? We shall find out tomorrow.

(To be Continued)

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# REX VAUDEVILLE BILL OUTLINED

Variety is the keynote of the forthcoming vaudeville bill coming to the Rex for a Sunday and Monday engagement.

Singing and dancing numbers, of the variety that appeal to every lover of good vaudeville, will be found on the coming show. Reed and Rowe, featured Fanchon and Marco headliners, offer a turn of novelty clog and tap dancing, featuring their original and difficult flash finale dance, "The Stair Step Clog."

Doranto, noted oriental performer, will appear in his far east novelty, "The Chinese Musician." Doranto has been featured throughout the east and middlewest this season, and his act is classed as novel.

Hal Kiter is billed as the "Unofficial Embassador," and as such delivers what might be termed a political oration that is sure to offer many a hearty laugh to those who gave audience to his gibs.

Babe Glick, of Glick and Gordon, song and piano act, will present their cycle of jazz songs. This collegiate pair come direct from Los Angeles, where they have been the toast of the night clubs in the southern city fo movie stars. Dave Gordon also is to be heard from, as he now ranks as one of the best jazz piano players on the coast.

Despite the fact that all five acts are billed equally as headline turns, the Kay Dawn revue act stands out as the topnotch number of the bill. Combining all the flavor of a miniature musical comedy, the revue offers a snappy program of singing and dancing that would grace the boards of a Ziegfeld production, and it will probably be picked by Rex patrons as the hit of the coming Sunday-Monday bill.

Delbert Moore and his Rex concert orchestra will be heard in a musical overture, and in accompaniment to the vaudeville bill. Frank Alexander, assisted by Catherine Gurley, will provide the musical accompaniment to the picture, "Sailors' Wives," with Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor, which will be seen on the same program. The vaudeville appears at 4, 7:25 and 9:50 each day.

# RADIO NEWS

THURSDAY PROGRAMS

Oregon Stations

KORE (21.1) Eugene—8:30 a. m., daily housewives hour; 12 noon, concert; 3, Majestic hour; 5 (Wednesday only) Mrs. Mary Jordan of the Guard; 5:30, twilight shadows; 6:45 news and market reports; 7, sponsored programs.

KGW (483.6) Portland; 6 p. m., NBC feature; 6:30, dinner concert; 7, studio entertainment; 7:15, Tommy Luke's Flower Girls; 7:30, NBC concert; 8:30, NBC Memory Lane; 9:30, NBC feature; 10, feature from KOMO; 11, dance frolic.

KOIN (319) Portland—5:15, Topsy Turvy Times; 6, Heatman hotel organ concert; 7, The Benson hotel orchestra, under the direction of Misha Pelz, playing from the main dining room of the Benson hotel. Intermission feature by Arch Electric Co., distributors of General Electric refrigerators; 8, Regum Revelers. 8:30, Sherman Clay & Co., educational program. 8:50, studio program; 9, Olson hour, soloists, program; 10, Billy's Hawaiians; 10:30 to 12—Broadway theater dance frolic, under the direction of Max Bradley, from the lounge room of the Broadway theater.

California Stations

KPO (422.3) San Francisco—6 p. m., daily musicale; 7, Federal business talks; 7:30, Tommy Monroe and Bob Allen; 8, Caswell hour; 8:30, Nathan Abas violin recital; 9, Maurice Gunsky; 9:30, NBC program over Pacific coast network; 10, Trocaderans.

KGO (384.4) Oakland—6 p. m., Seiberling Singers; 6:30, Surprise Broadcast; 7:30, feature program; 8:30, "Memory Lane;" 9:30 feature program; 10, Time.

KFI (486.5) Los Angeles—6 p. m. NBC system program; 6:30, Eddie Geldmacher, symphonic piano, Red Wyatt; 7, KFI symphonette; 7:30, NBC program; 8:30, concert orchestra; 9:30, feature program; 10, NBC dance music program.

Washington Stations

KFOA (236.1) Seattle—6 p. m., KFOA Travel service; 6:30, studio program; 8, "4-H Club Crier and Primer for Town Farmers; 8:15, Chat on Children's Books for Christmas; 9, Troubador hour.

FRIDAY PROGRAMS

Oregon Stations

KGW (483.6) Portland—6 p. m., NBC Wrigley program; 7, Studio Music from KOMO; 8, NBC Plantation Echoes; 8:30, NBC half hour with Dolin and Gabriel; 9, Jesters; 9:30, concert; 10, studio program; 10:30, Hoot Owls.

KOIN (319) Portland—5:15, Topsy Turvy Times; 6, dinner concert Heathman hotel pipe organ; 6:30, Lipman-Wolfe Santa Claus special to Toyland; 7, The Benson hotel orchestra, under the direction of Misha Pelz playing from the main dining room of the Benson hotel; 8, Services from Congregation Beth Israel; 9, Studio program, featuring Beulah Belle Smith, soprano; 10 to 11:30, George McMurphey Columbia Recording orchestra from Cole McElroy's Spanish Ballroom.

California Stations

KPO (422.3) San Francisco—6 p. m., daily musicale; 7, concert orchestra; 7:30, Tommy Monroe and Bob Allen; 8, NBC program; 9, Abas string quartet; 10, Palm Court dance band; 11, Trocaderans.

KGO (384.4) Oakland—6 p. m., Wrigley Transcontinental program; 6:30 dinner concert; 7, Los Caballeros orchestra; 8, RCA hour; 9, Mystery Serial, "The Tocsin of Tambou," Episode 5; 9:30, Moon Magic; 10, Western Artist Series Concert; 11, The Trocaderans.

KFI (468.5) Los Angeles—6 p. m. NBC system program; 7, Pasadena Trio; 8, NBC program; 8:30, NBC feature by Max Dolin and Charles H. Gabriel, Jr.; 9, concert orchestra; 10, NBC dance music program.

Washington Stations

KFOA (236.1) Seattle—6 p. m., KFOA Travel service; 6:30, studio program; 7:30, "Sweet Moments;" 8, Regum Revelers; 9, studio program; 10:30, Hoot Owls from KGW.

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# KIT CARSON

By STANLEY VESTAL

CHAPTER XXX

After the Battle

IN the morning, after their long, anxious night, they made sure that the Indians had gone. Then they came back to their cold dead fires and the stiff figures under the blankets, and stared at each other's hard, set faces. They all looked old and tired that morning.

But Kit walked out to where the Tlamath chief lay, stiff and yellow on the blood-stained ground, his fine arrows all awry across his back, his steel hand-axe lying near his hand. Kit caught up the axe and savagely knocked the dead man's skull to pieces. * Afterward, Sagundai, the Delaware chief, scalped it.

This sort of thing will be shocking to people who have never seen their best friends murdered in their beds without provocation; to people who have never wakened to find themselves facing a rain of poisoned arrows—and an empty rifle in their hands; to people who like beefsteak, but have not the nerve to kill—or watch another kill—a beef; to people who favor capital punishment, but would not spring the trap beneath the condemned man; to people, in short, who have not the courage of their convictions.

Hatred and fear are one and the same thing at bottom, and if Kit and his fellows showed savage hatred for the dead chief, mutilating his body six hours after the fight, it is more profitable for us to understand than to condemn.

For twenty years Kit Carson had lived in a region where every stranger was an enemy, where he could never cross a ridge without wondering what danger might assail him, where he never went to sleep without the possibility of being killed in his blankets. His life was one of unceasing vigilance, and all his early portraits show that intense gaze, that alertness and watchfulness—as of a wild animal—which the old-time mountain man invariably showed. Now, at the only moment when that watchfulness was relaxed, he finds his life assailed, his friends murdered. But for pure chance, it might have been himself.

Kit Carson had, at this time, killed some twenty men. Many of them he himself had scalped. He had also seen many a body mutilated by the Indians, and thoroughly understood the frightfulness which alone intimidated them. A hunter who butchered his own game, he was accustomed to blood, to the use of the knife on flesh. What more natural than that he should snatch up the very axe that had killed his friend and attack the body of his murderer?

It is not a pretty picture. But it is a little less lurid seen against its background of wakeful nights, hard riding, anxiety, fear, hatred—all these maintaining their pressure for years on end. Twenty years of it. Twenty years.

The dead chief was recognized as one of a party whom Fremont had fed out of his scanty larder but a few days before. The sign about the camp showed that the war-party had numbered about twenty braves. No doubt, after such a coup, the Tlamaths would harass the expedition all along the route. The Americans laid the attack to the animosity of the British.

Packing the three dead men on mules, they set out for their main camp. But the timber was so thick that it bruised the dead bodies, and so the men paused, buried them, and concealed the grave under brush and foliage. For of course the Indians would dig them up and mutilate them, if they found the grave.

Having joined the main party, Fremont pushed on, leaving an ambush of fifteen crack shots behind in his camp. After a few miles he stopped. Soon after, the ambush squad reported with the scalps of two Indians who had ventured within range of their rifles. But it would take more than two or three Tlamaths to pay for Lajeunesse, Denny, Crane.

And now Fremont, having had time to interpret the ambiguous dispatches from Washington—dispatches that (never made public) apparently left him free to raise the flag of revolution in California if he saw fit—decided to return to California and start the show. He set out, passing along the other side of Klamath Lake, so as to avoid going past the scene of the late tragedy. He made camp at a point opposite that scene.

Kit was sent forward with ten men under orders to send back word if any Indian villages were found. In case the redskins saw him, he was to act at his discretion. He had a free hand. The orders suggest that Fremont had news of a village near by, or suspected there might be one. At any rate, Kit found one of about fifty lodges within a few miles. At the moment of discovery, the agitation of the Indians in their camp showed him that they had seen his party. Accordingly, he 'concluded to charge them, done so.' The Indians made a stubborn stand, but, after losing a few men, they ran.

Their lodges were made of the long leaves of the flag; dry and nicely woven. In the lodges Kit found all manner of fishing tackle and huge quantities of fish. He immediately set fire to the lodges, which burned furiously. Kit and his comrades stood and watched the blaze with satisfaction in their hearts. Kit always said that this conflagration was one of the prettiest sights he ever saw.

Fremont saw the smoke and came hastening to join the fun, but it was all over when he got there. He moved on a few miles, posting another ambush near the burned village. Dick Owens was in charge of it, and soon sent back word that fifty Indians had returned. Kit led the men back at the gallop to complete their revenge on the Tlamaths.

On the way they met one Indian. Kit charged him, the other men close at his heels. At a distance of three yards, Kit fired. But his rifle—which had been repaired as best he could without parts or proper tools—would not go off. It snapped. The Indian's bow was drawn, ready to throw an arrow into Kit, and Kit knew that the arrow was poisoned. Like a flash, Kit flung his body behind his horse, Comanche-fashion, to avoid the shaft. Fremont, seeing Kit's danger, fired at the Indian, but—in his haste—missed. The Indian was on the point of loosing his arrow at Kit, who could not have escaped, so short was the distance.

But Fremont, though unarmed, was mounted upon his gray war-horse, Sacramento, and that horse was not afraid of any Indian. Instantly the Colonel turned the animal upon the Tlamath and rode him down. The arrow missed its mark. Kit's life was saved. And before the Tlamath could regain his feet, Sagundai, the Delaware chief, flung himself from his saddle and beat him to death with his war club. The mountain men showed quarter to no one. Their hearts were hot against the Tlamaths.

This sort of campaigning will explain the feelings of the Indians toward their enemies. For the mountain men were much like Indians, because they lived under the same conditions. To the Indian, war was always like that: a bitter personal, family feud, marked by age-old treachery of his foes, by the cruel and wanton murder of sleeping men, children, and beloved women, by a rankling hate no treaties could assuage. It used to be the fashion to hold up holy hands in horror at the savages. But now that our own aviators are trained to bomb noncombatants from the air, we are beginning to have some faint conception of the terror and cruelty and beastliness of primitive wars. Such warfare is savage, revengeful, vindictive: the mountain men understood it perfectly.

Next day Maxwell and Archambeau killed another redskin, who had boldly laid down his game when he saw them coming and attacked them with arrows. The first shot dropped him, and he was scalped at once.

Godey and Kit gave chase to another band, but their mules could not overtake them. One brave remained behind to fight, hiding behind a rock, and laying his arrows fanwise on the ground before him where they would be handy. Kit and Godey had to run back, dodging, to avoid his shafts. But the moment Kit had a chance, he dismounted and fired. Says Kit, 'My shot had the desired effect. He was scalped. . . . He was a brave Indian, deserved a better fate, but he had placed himself on the wrong path.' *

* Grant, Kit Carson's Own Story of His Life, p. 75.

Next day Fremont's hunters surprised and killed another Tlamath who was watching their camp. The white men were starving, but had to come back, having been unable to find other game.

In May, Fremont was in California. In June, the Anglo-Saxons raised the Bear Flag in open rebellion. The same day, the Oregon boundary was settled by treaty with Great Britain. The Mexican War was being waged with brilliant success everywhere, and the Spanish settlers trembled for their property and persons.

Two Americans were taken by the Mexican soldiers and cruelly put to death. Though not of Fremont's party, their murder aroused great resentment. A boatload of the cussed Spaniards was seen approaching San Rafael Mission, and Kit Carson with a few others was sent to intercept them. As the men left their boat, Kit and his party rode up, dismounted, coolly took aim, and shot three of them down. One of the three was an old man.

This cold-blooded killing of noncombatants is the only blot upon Kit Carsons long record as a fighter. Of course, there was provocation. And Kit was not a soldier. All his fighting up until that time had been with men not in uniform. To Kit, an enemy was an enemy, and he could have pointed to plenty of instances of white men shot down by Mexicans under like circumstances. It has also been claimed that Fremont told Kit that he 'had no room for prisoners.' * Nevertheless, it was ferocious.

* Richmond, California under Spain and Mexico.

Fremont blames the Delawares; Senator Benton stresses the provocation; Kit omits all mention of the incident. Evidently, when his hot blood had cooled, Shame and Blame, those two guides which he had hitherto followed, made him feel that the less said about the affair the better.

But the true motive for his action on that occasion was probably the mountain man's ingrained distrust of and contempt for the Mexicans. As the saying ran, 'If Spaniards warn't made for shootin', what are rifles for?'

Soon after, Kit was one of a dozen picked men who went with Fremont to spike the guns of the Castillo of San Joachin across the straits of the Golden Gate. Rowing up to the Fort Point in the grey dawn, they scrambled up the slope in time to see the Mexicans riding off at full speed. The rat-tail files used to spike the guns had been supplied by a U. S. naval officer. Certainly, Fremont had plenty of sympathy for his stand in supporting the revolution in California.

At Sonoma, Fremont's men celebrated the Fourth of July with a big fandango, and next day was organized the California Battalion of Mounted Riflemen, with a roster of two hundred and twenty-four men. On July 7th, at ten o'clock in the morning, Commodore Sloat landed at Monterey and raised the American flag there. Within a week Old Glory was flying at San Francisco and at Setter's Fort. Shortly after, the British flagship sailed into Monterey, its commander having intended to annex the whole of California for his King. Fremont, satisfied that the Sacramento Valley could take care of itself, led his men to Monterey, and joined forces with the Commodore. There Kit Carson joined the Navy!

Commodore Sloat was a little frightened over the turn things were taking, and, resigning his command to Commodore Stockton, went home in a state of bad health. But Stockton was not a man to worry. When Fremont turned up, Stockton reminded him that a commodore outranked him, and immediately enlisted Fremont's men as members of a brand-new and quite unique command—the Navy Battalion of Mounted Riflemen!

Worse than that, he marched Kit and his comrades upon the deck of the sloop Cyane—a vessel which the landlubber Kit describes as a 'frigate'—and sailed away with them to San Diego, a distance of four hundred miles and more. The wind was fresh, the sea rough, and few of the mountain men had ever seen salt water. That voyage nearly finished Kit, who was sick as a horse all the way. He told Maxwell that he would never set foot on a ship again—'not as long as mules have backs.' Kit reckoned that, if he could once get back on the prairie, he would rather fight all the Kioways alone than go to sea. So long as he lived, he never would board another vessel. His career in the Navy was brief, unhappy, not to say ignominious. And when he got to San Diego there was no fighting to be done, after all. The Mexicans evacuated the place.

The whole of California was now publicly declared a territory of the United States, and at once it was decided to send Kit to Washington with dispatches which would officially announce the conquest.

This honor came to Kit as a tribute to his courage, address, and competence. It was no empty honor, for it meant a dangerous ride across the continent at record speed. Kit was made a lieutenant to give dignity to his errand. He was put in command of fifteen picked men, including half a dozen Delawares, and allowed carte blanche for expenses.

And the journey was not merely an honor, but an adventure as well. Kit was to present his dispatches directly to the President himself. He was sure to be the hero of the hour, enjoying a public fame which no mountain man had ever experienced. And on the way he would have a chance to spend a few hours with Josefa at Taos.

On September 15, 1846, Kit and his band rode out of Los Angeles, bound for Washington, bound for the White House, conquering heroes all.

That day Kit Carson, behind his quiet manner, felt sure that he could shine in the biggest kind of crowd!

(To be Continued)

# Screen and Stage

McDONALD—Thursday, Conrad Veidt in "The Man Who Laughs."

HEILIG—Thursday, Patsy Ruth Miller in "The Tragedy of Youth." Also Uncle Izzy and his pawnshop.

REX—Thursday, Glenn Tryon in "How to Handle Women."

COLONIAL—Thursday, Sue Carol in "Walking Back."

THE final appearances of Charles Royal, guest star with the Manhattan Players, in Eugene, will be the coming Sunday and Monday, when he plays with the company in "Charley's Aunt," at the Heilig. Mr. Royal received a big hand here the past week-end with his performances in "Lombardi, Ltd." He is due back in Los Angeles next Wednesday to fulfill his contracts with the talking movies. "Lombardi, Ltd." and "Charley's Aunt" are two of his specialty plays.

* * *

Thursday's entertainment at the Heilig will have for variety Uncle Izzy and his pawnshop, featuring ten turkeys and many groceries. The feature picture for the evening is "The Tragedy of Youth," starring Warner Baxter and Patsy Ruth Miller.

* * *

Singers' Musical Stock company is to bring a surprise mystery-drama play Friday and Sautrday, says W. B. McDonald, Heilig manager. The name and the contents of the play are being kept secret.

* * *

With an unusually good cast, the name of being the work of a famous director, and known as the film adaptation of a famous story by Victor Hugo, "The Man Who Laughs" has everything in its favor to be an unusually good show. It opens at the McDonald Thursday evening to run three days. Reviews elsewhere have heralded it a worthwhile entertainment.

THE SERVICE STATION for filling stockings! Here it is in the Classified Section. Look under Christmas Gift Suggestions."

MEN LIKE presents chosen from the "Gifts for Him" column in the Classified Section.

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A fun filled farce, with MARION NIXON
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