

SHOW BOAT GIRL

By ROBERTA COURTLAND

YESTERDAY: Melissa Marlowe is very young, and very lovely. She has lived all her life in a cabin on the banks of the Mississippi; now she tends one of the navigation lights, and her only companion is her grandmother. But in a bad storm she finds an exhausted young man named Rand Hendricks, and now the grandmother is worried by the thought that unsophisticated Melissa may lose her head over Rand.

Chapter Four No Great Shakes

RANDY said quietly, "You're right, of course, Mrs. Marlowe. Some stalwart river man will come along some day and marry her."

"There's a mess of 'em would be glad to now," said Gran placidly. "What with her being my heir to the cabin and the land and the livestock and with her job with the government, she can kind of pick and choose."

"And being such a raving little beauty, too," said Randy in all sincerity.

That night after supper Gran asked Melissa to play and sing for Randy. Curious to know what measure of talent she might possess, Randy added his coaxing to the old lady's, and Melissa, blushing and excited, took down the guitar, strummed it a moment to tune it and tilted back her head, on which the lamplight turned the ruddy-brown curls to a molten copper.

"I don't know anything except the old songs—the ones my mother used to sing," said Melissa apologetically, and lifted her smooth, faintly husky young voice in "The Lonesome Road."

The haunting, tragic little old song took on a new meaning for Randy as she sang it. Her voice was warm, sweet, faintly husky, with a little note in it that tugged at the heartstrings. But it was an exceptional voice. It would definitely never set the river afire, he told himself, and wondered that he should be sorry about that.

Her dancing was on a par with her voice—graceful as all young things are graceful, but in these parts, there's liable to be another one soon as fall hunting season opens—maybe a fisherman from town—Gran paused worriedly.

Melissa said with a lightness that she and Gran both knew was strictly on the surface. "Thanks, Gran—but never mind. I'll stay on here at the point, and maybe the government'll put up another light or two for me to tend and I'll be rich and powerful and the Queen of the River, with suitors coming from far and near."

Gran said crossly, "There ain't no call for you to go talking like a fool, just because a good-looking fellow stopped off here a day or two and filled your head with foolishness."

"No, there really isn't, is there?" said Melissa, and stood up, drawing a deep breath, and then she'll go out and snag a few cats for supper—nothing like good old river catfish for that tired feeling."

Gran sat very still, watching her as she went along the path and then she stepped, rickety stairs that hung against the face of the cliff, below which her flat-bottomed, clumsy old skiff was tied up.

"Dart the man!" said Gran grimly. "Seems like he ought to have had manners enough to send her a little present or write her a letter saying he was thankful she saved his worthless life. Still and all, I reckon maybe he's right."

But summer faded and the mild, rain-swept, mist-driven winter closed in.

And in the following spring, when Melissa was just past her seventeenth birthday, Gran died—quietly, peacefully, in her sleep, and there was stillness—a stillness that was strange and eerie and somehow terrifying, before she came to herself sufficiently to realize the reason for that stillness. There was no sound from Gran's bed; the slow, light breath was still. In a swift, wild moment of childish panic Melissa bent over the old woman and laid a hand upon the frail thin body. The flesh was cool, the heart still, and there was no breath.

For a long, long moment Melissa huddled there beside the bed. And then she stood up, drew the sheet over the wrinkled old face and whispered very low, her voice shaken, "Goodbye, Gran da ling. If I'd only remembered to tell you enough—how much I loved you!"

Melissa's return to the cabin after the funeral was the hardest task she had ever had to perform. Just to come back alone, to go out to the light and to return to the dark cabin, missing Gran with every breath she drew, completely broke the composure that had held her so that she cried herself to sleep.

In the morning she was just finishing her lonely, tasteless breakfast when she had a caller. Jim Roberts said heavily, "I been wanting to talk to you, Lissy, but I didn't know how you Gran would feel about leaving the place here. Now I reckon you won't mind me making you an offer for the place."

Melissa's heart leaped and thudded hard in her breast and she said shakily, "You want to buy the place?"

"I've got the darnedest hunch that you and I are going to meet again, Melissa—somewhere, somehow, some why!"

Melissa was radiant, her eyes blazing. "Do you honestly? Maybe—maybe some day I'll be in New Orleans—and we'll bump into each other—"

"If ever you come to New Orleans, Melissa, promise you'll look me up," said Randy rashly, and scribbled an address on a card which he put in her fingers. "That's my address, and I'll always be glad to see you."

She stood for a long tense moment there at the top of the cliff, watching until he had stepped into the boat and the boatman had shoved away from the bank toward the middle of the stream.

New card one which he had written a New Orleans address was held tightly in her two hands that were clasped hard together.

New Life To Come

FOR a few weeks Melissa thought of Rand constantly. She could never quite give up the thought that he would come back; that she would hear from him; that he would write to her or send her a message. But as the weeks passed and he did none of these things the image of him faded a little.

Gran watched her closely, worried and uneasy because the gayety and laughter was gone from her. Now and then Gran offered a word of comfort, offered it tentatively, uneasily.

"You'll forget all about him, honey, soon some other fellow comes along," she said one lazy summer afternoon when they sat on the porch above the twisting yellow stream that looked so peaceful and friendly, like a great yellow beast asleep in the sun.

"Some other fellow? Maybe Ben Holcomb, the frog-sticker? Or French Pete? Or Joe the Hermit?" suggested Melissa grimly.

Gran made a little impatient gesture with a gnarled old hand. "You know I didn't mean none of them," she snapped. "After all, there's some fine boys on the lightship—"

"All of them, married except Billy, who's engaged," Melissa pointed out drily.

"Well, Randy Hendricks ain't the only man that hunts in these parts. There's liable to be another one soon as fall hunting season opens—maybe a fisherman from town—"

Melissa said with a lightness that she and Gran both knew was strictly on the surface. "Thanks, Gran—but never mind. I'll stay on here at the point, and maybe the government'll put up another light or two for me to tend and I'll be rich and powerful and the Queen of the River, with suitors coming from far and near."

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To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland.
KGB (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland.
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1210, Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco.
KGO (NBC-Red) 620, Portland.
KGO (NBC-Red) 1070, Los Angeles.
KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver.
KOIN (NBC-Red) 950, Portland.
KSL (NBC-Red) 880, Salt Lake City.
Time shown is PST

Thursday

8:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO; Death Valley Days, KSL; Adventures in Toyland, KEX; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Dance Orch., KOMO.
9:30 p. m.—News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR; Duffy's Tavern, KSL; Echoing in Brass, KPO; Bill Henry, KOIN; Studio Theater, KGW; Streamlined Fairy Tale, KOMO.
10:00 p. m.—Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Bing Crosby, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Secret City, KGO, KEX; Old Timers, KJR.
11:30 p. m.—Big Town, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Blue Horizon, KGO, KEX; Armchair Cruises, KJR.

Friday

7:00 p. m.—Al Pearce's Gang, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Valley Program, KGO, KJR, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.
7:30 p. m.—Red Ryder, KGO, KJR, KEX; Frank Fay, KPO, KGW, KOMO.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Ricardo's Rhapsodies, KJR, KGO, KEX.
8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Larry Ross, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN; Coffee Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KSL; Your Blind Date, KGO, KJR.
9:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Duffy's Tavern, KNX, KOIN; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Elery Queen, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Claude Thornhill's Orch., KGO; Maudie's Diary, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL, KJR; News Highlights, KEX.
10:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the Air, KEX, KGO, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KSL; Five Star Final, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Stan Kenton's Orch., KSL; Wings Over the West, KPO, KOMO, KOIN; Moonlight Sonata, KNX; War Time Women, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KOIN; News, KNX, KGO; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

Saturday

8:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO; Kate Smith Hour, KSL; Ed Stoker's Music, KOMO.
9:30 p. m.—Bill Sahransky, KOMO; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Leon F. Dress, KOIN; News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR.
10:00 p. m.—Waltz Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Secret City, KGO, KEX; What's On Your Mind, KNX, KOIN, KSL; On With the Dance, KJR.
10:30 p. m.—March o' Time, KEX, KGO, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Ella Maxwell's Party Line, KGO, KJR, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; Capt. Flagg and Sgt. Quirt, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
11:30 p. m.—Bob Hawk Quiz, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Grand Central Station, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Modern Music Box, KEX.
12:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Herbert Marshall, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
1:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO.
2:30 p. m.—Variety Show, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gang Busters, KPO, KEX, KJR; Playhouse, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:00 p. m.—Who Done It, KPO.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



BY 8:14 NO ONE HAD YET OFFERED ANY CONSTRUCTIVE SUGGESTION TO FRED PERLEY, WHO HAD COME OFF WITH THE KEY OF THE CAR ON A DAY WHEN HIS WIFE SIMPLY HAD TO USE THE CAR, AS TO HOW HE WAS GOING TO GET THE KEY BACK TO HER AND STILL CATCH THE 8:15

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent

The Parting!



L'L ABNER—When Sweetlips Smiles!



THE NEBBS—Gone—With the Wind!

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

BIRTH OF NAVAL AVIATION!
NOVEMBER 14, 1910, EUGENE ELY TOOK OFF IN A CURTISS BIPLANE FROM A WOODEN PLATFORM ON THE DECK OF THE U.S.S. BIRMINGHAM. HIS PLANE STRUCK THE WATER AND LOST PART OF ITS PROPELLER, BUT ELY MANAGED TO CONTINUE ON FOR A 4-MILE FLIGHT!
THUS AMERICA CONCEIVED THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER, AND CHANGED NAVAL HISTORY!

way Bandwagon, KEX; Moonlight Sonata, KGW; Northwest Bible Institute, KJR; War Time Women, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Dance Orch., KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Gene Grounds, KOIN; News, KNX; Reveries, KOMO.

HORSE KICKS LAD

Pendleton, March 12.—(AP)—Jan, 2½-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Emery of Kimberly, Ore., was in critical condition today with a skull fracture, the result

of the kick of a horse early this week. The child's unconscious form was discovered in the barn.

UNFREEZE FOOD
Washington, March 12.—(AP)—The war production board today "unfroze" stocks of canned beer and coffee which it had ordered held subject to the disposition of WPB.

Closing time for Classified Ads 8 a. m.—Too late to Classify 12:30 p. m.



WINGS FOR THE NAVY
In November, 1910, the United States Navy laid the foundations for sea tactics of a war thirty years later. A runway of wood, 83 feet long and 24 feet wide, was constructed on the deck of the Birmingham, and Pilot Eugene Ely took off from it in a 50-mile-an-hour biplane. George L. Von Meyer, navy secretary, said: "This experiment and the advances which have been made in aviation seem to demonstrate that it is destined to perform some part in the naval warfare in the future." A couple of months later Ely landed a plane on a similar platform built aboard the Pennsylvania. A hook on his plane engaged ropes attached to loaded sacks, and brought him to a quick halt.

• SHOP AT NIGHT

Barker's are open until 8 o'clock EVERY night.

Barker's

Store for Men

Legion Convention
Set July 23 To 25

Portland, March 12.—(AP)—The American Legion will hold its annual state convention at Eugene July 23-25, Joseph K. Carson, Oregon department commander, announced today.

GEN. JONES PROMOTED

Washington, March 12.—(AP)—President Roosevelt today nominated Brig. Gen. Albert M. Jones of Corvallis, Ore., for promotion as a major general.

