

SHOW BOAT GIRL

By ROBERTA COURTLAND

YESTERDAY: Rand Hendricks, who dropped into Melissa Marlowe's life one day, was the only interesting stranger Melissa ever had seen—up to the time her grandmother died and she sold the cabin for \$300 and decided to go to New Orleans. Now she finds her \$300 melting fast, and nothing much to show for it but some nice new clothes, and the unexpected friendship of a hard-boiled blonde saleswoman.

Chapter Six News Of Rand

ALMOST a hundred dollars! That, with the hotel bill, meant almost half of her entire store of money was gone! Panic swept her for a moment and then she fought it back. She had a hundred and fifty dollars left; and if the morning had shaken her belief in the enormity of that sum, she knew that she had to have clothes in which to look for work.

"I'll send them up to the hotel right away," said the blonde, bringing her the two or three small bills and the change from the hundred dollars that Melissa had given her. "I'll get them off before I go to lunch."

"Lunch!" said Melissa, and remembered she had had nothing to eat since breakfast. There was a sudden little eager light in her eyes. "I wonder—I'm a stranger in town and I don't know my way around at all. Would you—would you mind having lunch with me?"

"Would I mind? Lady, I'd love it," said the blonde with gratifying promptness. "Wait until I wash my hands and paint myself a fresh face and we'll tie on the feed-bag at a little beauty I know that's not too bad."

The blonde came back, smart and cool and very much mistress of the occasion. Melissa trotted beside her, her heart filled with gratitude towards this, the first friend she had made in the huge, terrifying city. They were walking beside this cool, wise blonde, she didn't feel that the city was either so large or so terrifying after all. A trifle cockily, she told herself she was going to lick this town and all the pictures of a man's face danced a bit before the eyes of her heart—well, after all, she was only a little more than seventeen and he was the only young, attractive man she had ever met.

Small Quarrel

IN THE small, cluttered, crowded tea-room to which the blonde had steered her, they found a tiny table wedged in a corner and the blonde ordered briskly, with the air of one clearing the decks for action.

When the waitress had gone, the blonde leaned across the table toward Melissa and said cheerfully, "O.K., keep, let's have the showdown. What's the set-up? What's a babe like you doing in the wicked city all alone? You're tended, with a mess of money in your purse—and clothes out of a rummage sale?"

Melissa told her simply, "I've lived all my life down the river—a lamp-tender. My grandmother died, and a man wanted to buy the place where we lived and tend the light and I sold it to him—for three hundred dollars. And now I've got to get a job and make a living for myself. That's all."

"That's plenty," said the blonde vigorously. "A job doing what, if you don't mind my asking?"

Melissa colored a little, but met the wise blue eyes steadily, singing a little and dancing—and play the guitar. "My mother taught me. She was Sadie Marlowe."

The blonde nodded. "You and about a million other babes," she said drily, and studied Melissa for a long moment before she said impulsively, "Look, keep, you're an awful babe. I mean, why don't you just have yourself a few dollars' fun and then pick up your marbles and beat it back to the old homestead and the light and the rest of it? This town is no place for a sweet, innocent, unsophisticated kid like you."

"But I can't," protested Melissa swiftly. "I sold the place—and the job."

The waitress came then, bringing their food. After she had gone the blonde crushed out the tip of her cigarette in the green glass tray beside her and said grimly, "I don't know why I do things like this, but if you're bent on staying in town and finding your own job, I suppose I'll have to take you in hand."

Melissa flushed and her head went up a little.

"I don't see why you should," she said coolly.

The blonde grinned wryly. "Well, for one reason, you gave me the best day's business I've had in ten years," she admitted frankly. "The commissions on the stuff you bought from me will come in plenty handy. And for another reason, I wouldn't sleep at night if I just turned you loose among the wolves. Nope, I'll have to keep an eye on you from here on out."

Melissa laughed. "It's awfully nice of you, but there's honestly no reason—"

"And since when did Irene Graham have to have a reason for anything? I forgot—did I tell you Irene Graham was my name? Well, it is! And now stop arguing and eat your lunch and let me think a bit," said the blonde firmly.

Melissa dug a fork into her

shrimp salad, tasted it and decided she liked it very much. Irene gave her attention to her food and for a moment they were silent. And then Melissa asked shyly:

"Do you know a man named Rand Hendricks?"

Irene looked up, startled. "Ace Hendricks?" she asked sharply.

"No, his name is Rand—he says people call him Randy."

"Then he's a liar—people call him Ace. And how'd a kid like you, from out back of beyond, ever meet up with that guy, anyway?" demanded Irene, more than a trace of belligerence in her voice.

Melissa stared at her, round-eyed, startled at the effect of her innocent question.

"He came to our cabin once when he got lost on a hunting trip," she explained. "I thought he was—well, very nice."

"Well, that just goes to show how little you know about men," snapped Irene. "He's a wolf—he's a tough egg—he's had medicine for nice little kids like you—and you forget you ever heard of him, do you hear?"

Telephone Thrill

MELISSA'S eyes chilled a little. "I'll do nothing of the sort," she said stiffly. "He asked me to telephone him if I ever came to town—and I'm going to, this very day!"

Irene studied her for a moment, and then she shrugged and picked up her fork again. "My mistake," she said formally. "So sorry. I stuck my neck out—but way out—for that one. Forget I mentioned it."

Melissa said swiftly, stricken by shame, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude. You've been awfully kind and good to me and I do appreciate it—honestly I do. It's only that—well, ever since last year I've had the thought of seeing him again in my mind. I've—well, I've counted on it so much."

Irene nodded, still cool and formal. "Then why all those give him a ring. He'll be tickled pink. Wear the yellow crepe when you meet him again. He's a push-over for yellow—it matches the stripes down his back."

Melissa started and her eyes widened. And after a moment she said quietly, "You do know him well, don't you? Only it can't possibly be the same man I know."

"Want to bet on it?" asked Irene drily.

Melissa stared at her, and for a moment great crystal tears were in her eyes. After she'd seen them Irene put out a hand whose nails were long and brilliantly red and patted Melissa's hand in an almost awkward gesture.

"Forget it, babe—Ace Hendricks is a guy who doesn't like women. And I'm a woman who couldn't help liking Ace—the guy is so damned attractive. And—well, he grinned at me and told me to go chase myself, and I've had it in for him ever since. He's a big-shot gambler, you know. Has one of the swankiest places in town, and his whispered around that he's backed by some of the town's most worthy citizens."

Melissa was bewildered and shaken.

"That doesn't sound a bit like Randy," she observed, crestfallen.

Irene grinned wryly. "Well, of course it could be a couple of other fellows," admitted Irene, "but I don't think so." She studied Melissa shrewdly, and then she said suddenly, "Tell you what. You go give him a ring and make a date with him and let me be with you when you meet him. Then if it's not the same guy I know, I'll blow out and leave you two together. If it is the same guy—well, we'll worry about that later."

Melissa hesitated, reluctant. And yet she knew that there was wisdom in what Irene said. If Randy—the Randy who had occupied so large a place in her dreams and plans and hopes for the past year—was really this "Ace" Hendricks, that Irene knew, then she wanted not to see or think or hear him any more; but if he were not, then—She stood up and moved toward a telephone at the back of the room.

Her hand shook a little as she took down the receiver and with awkward, inexperienced hands dialed the number. She made three trials before she succeeded in getting the right number. The man's voice, cautious, wary, said, "Yes."

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Hendricks, please," she said, steadying her voice with an effort.

"Yeah?" answered the man's voice drily. "Who's calling?"

"Tell him Melissa Marlowe—from down the river," she answered, and waited breathlessly, her heart pounding hard.

There was a brief delay, and then a voice that had the power to make little silver bells tinkle deep in her heart said sharply, "Hello? Who the blazes—what's all this hocus-nocus?"

Melissa said, steadying her voice, clinging to the telephone, her eyes bright, "Randy, this is Melissa. Don't you remember me?"

"Melissa!" he repeated, and his voice vibrated a little beneath the tone. "Not the little lamplighter girl!"

"But of course," she answered, and laughter caught at her voice, laughter that was a shining veil, crossed by tears that threatened her and made her voice oddly husky. "You said if I ever came to town I was to call you—"

To be continued

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) 1310
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, Port-
land; KOIN (NBC-Red) 950
Seattle; KPO (NBC-Red) 680
San Francisco; KSL (CBS) 1160
Salt Lake City.

Time Shown is PST

Sunday
8:00 p. m.—Edgar Bergen, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX; World News, KNX, KOIN; Gospel Clinic, KJR; Ministerial Ass'n, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Music by White, KEX, KJR; One Man's Family, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Spelling Bee, KEX; Musical Highlights, KGO; Echoes of Opera, KOIN.
9:00 p. m.—Fred Allen, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Grandpa and His Pals, KGO, KEX, KJR; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
9:30 p. m.—Bookman's Notebook, KGO, KEX; American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Conf. of Jews and Christians, KJR.
10:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Take It Or Leave It, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:30 p. m.—They Live Forever, KSL, KOIN; Carnival, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Ingelwood Park Concert, KNX.
8:00 p. m.—Crime Doctor, KNX, KOIN; Great Oldsters, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Inner Sanctum, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KSL.
8:15 p. m.—Sunday Evening Service, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Jack Benny, KGO, KEX, KJR; Harry James' Orch., KOIN; Hollywood Playhouse, KNX; Beau Soir musicale, KGW; Ports of the Pacific, KPO.
9:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sunday at Nine, KGO, KJR; Photo Finish, KNX; Leon P. Dews, KOIN; String Ensemble, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Moon River, KGW, KOMO; What's It All About, KNX, KOIN; Cee Davidson's Orch., KGO; News, KEX, KJR; Begal Ambitions, KPO; On Temple Square, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Screen Guild, KNX; Paul Baron's Orch., KGO, KEX; Masterworks of Music KSL; National Vespers, KJR.
10:30 p. m.—Claude Thornhill's Orch., KGO; Three Sheets in the Wind, KPO; Quiet Hour, KEX; Gospel Hour, KJR; They Live Forever, KNX; War Time Women, KOIN; Sabbath Reveries, KSL.
11:00 p. m.—This Moving World, KEX, KJR; We Present, KPO, KGW; Gay Nineties, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Off the Record, KOMO.

Monday
5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO; Floyd Wright, KOMO; Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN, KNX.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR; Voice of Margaret Speaks, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Harry W. Flannery, KNX; News, KOIN; Voices of Yesterday, KSL.
6:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Dr. I. Q., Jim McClain, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Secret City, KEX; Voice of Victory, KGO; Old Times, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—For America We Sing, KGO, KEX; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.
7:00 p. m.—Freddie Martin's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Monday Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Contended Hour, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
7:30 p. m.—Cavaliers of America, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Jimmie Fidler, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Edward Tomlinson, KGO, KEX; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Music, KJR.
8:15 p. m.—Irene Rich, KGO, KEX, KJR; Lanny Ross, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Lum and Abner, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
8:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; We Present, KPO, KGW; Gay Nineties, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Off

the Record, KOMO.
9:00 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; True or False, KGO, KJR, KEX; I Was There, KNX, KOIN; Excursions in Science, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Hawthorne House, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Hollywood Showcase, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL, KJR, KEX; Let There Be Music, KGO.
10:00 p. m.—Phil Harris' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KNX; Five Star Final, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KOMO; Claude Thornhill's Orch., KGO; Alvino Ray's Orch., KSL; Mediterranean.

Moonlight Sonata, KGO; For America We Sing, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KNX; War Time Women, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.
11:00 p. m.—Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Ran Wilde's Orch., KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KNX, KGO, Beverley, KOMO.

CHROMITE TEST
Portland, Ore., March 14—(P) The Reconstruction Finance corporation will take over the idle R. D. Carpenter laboratories at Grants Pass for the testing of chromite, Earl K. Nixon announced today.

WORKERS SHOT
Seattle, March 14—(P)—Two Boeing aircraft workers were shot by army sentries when they drove an automobile through army barricades at plant No. 2 at 3:30 a. m. today.

ROME VICTORY
Rome (from Italian broad-
casts), March 14—(P)—The Italian high command reported today that an "enemy" submarine had been sunk in the Mediterranean.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



HOT AIR INVENTION
The first balloon sent up with human passengers by the Montgolfiers, French brothers, inventors of the craft, started to burn in mid-air from the fire used to heat the air to keep it aloft. However, the pioneer aeronauts ended their flight safely.

WORTHLESS WALLS
H. E. Rhoads, president of the San Diego club, personally contributed more than \$800,000,000 worth (par value) of German marks to decorate the walls of the "Billion Dollar Room." Other certificates represent a valuation of \$2,000,000.

Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER GETTING JUNIOR'S BIRTHDAY GUESTS OUT OF THE HOUSE, TO WORK OFF ANIMAL SPIRITS AT OUTDOOR GAMES, IT STARTS TO RAIN

3-14 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent

End of the Line

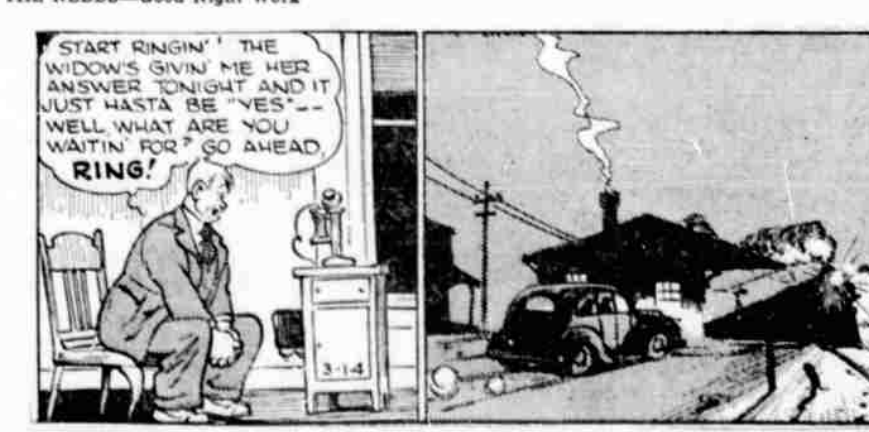
DETERMINED TO PREVENT HAP FROM REACHING WASHINGTON, THE NAZI AGENTS UNCOUPLED HIS CAR FROM THE TRAIN, ON A SLOPE OF THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS!



LIL ABNER—The Monster!

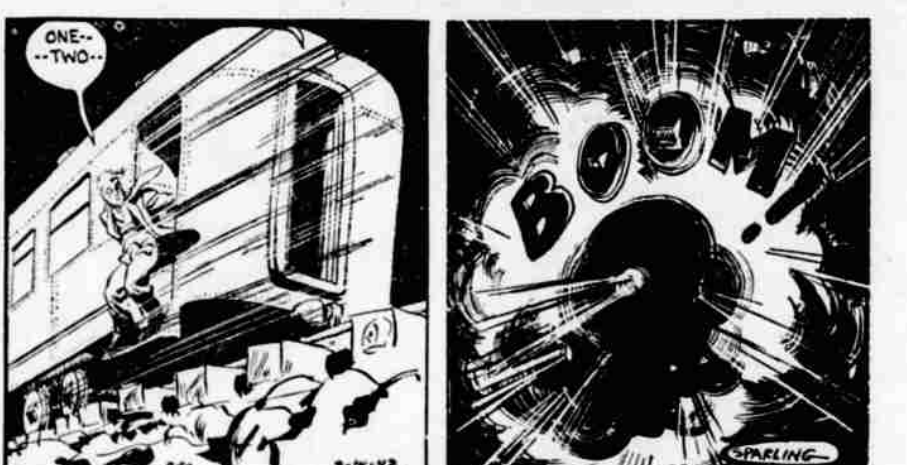


THE NEBBES—Good Night Work

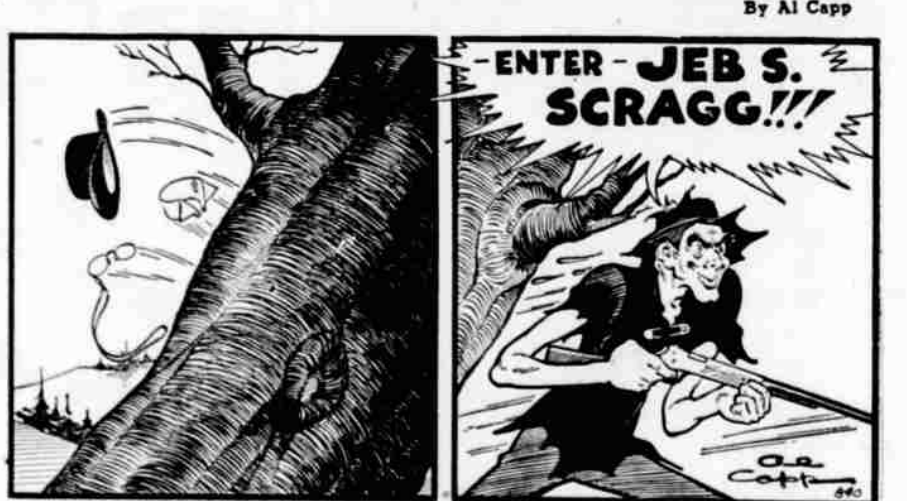


START RINGIN'! THE WIDOW'S GIVIN' ME HER ANSWER TONIGHT AND IT JUST HASTA BE 'YES'—WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' FOR? GO AHEAD RING!

To be continued



By Al Capp



By Al Capp



YOU AND YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS. WHERE DO WE GO NOW?

KEEP MOVING, SISTER, THIS IS NO TIME FOR DIALOGUE

YOU FIFTH COLUMNISTS ARE NOW THE GUESTS OF UNCLE SAM. ALLOW ME TO ESCORT YOU TO YOUR NEW HEADQUARTERS!

SHOP AT NIGHT

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

Barker's
Store for Men

SWEDES DRILL

Stockholm, March 14—(P)—The Swedish army, amid great secrecy, is conducting practice in street fighting in Uddevalla, west coast town in an area which has been declared a special defense zone.

Seattle, March 14—(P)—An employers representative said last night demands of Seattle meat cutters for wage increases had been flatly refused by butcher shop owners.