

SHOW BOAT GIRL

By ROBERTA COURTLAND

Chapter Seven

Date

"YES, of course I did," answered Randy, his voice crossing her. "But where are you? And why did you let me leave?"

"Gee, I'm dead, Randy," said Melissa, and a lump swelled in her throat so that no more words could get past it.

"You poor youngster," said Randy and his voice was warm and tender. "I'm terribly sorry. And then, 'So you came to town for a visit—'"

"Not for a visit, Randy," she interrupted. "I'm going to live here. I have to find a job—"

"Oh, that's not an good—the city will swallow you in one bite, Melissa," protested Randy. "Look, I've got to see you, but I'm all tied up right now in a conference. It's likely to be hours before I'm free. But how about having dinner with me? About seven? Where are you staying?"

She mentioned her hotel and heard him whistle. And then he promised to pick her up there at seven and she went back to where Irene was waiting for her. There were stars in her eyes and wings on her heels so Irene knew before she reached the table that she had talked to Randy.

Irene grimly ground out the tip of her half-smoked cigarette in the tray beside her and said, "Like that, eh? So we're going to meet him, are we? Well, that's just dandy! Just perfectly dandy!"

"And you'll see you were wrong," said Melissa, sturdily. "He's nice, Irene. You'll like him!"

"Sure I will—and how!" said Irene grimly, and gathered up her purse and gloves. "Let's get going. There are things to do before seven P.M. my gal."

Irene insisted that Melissa needed a shampoo and "hair-do," and deposited her at a shop managed by a friend of Irene's.

"The works, Lucy, and I do mean works," said Irene firmly. "She's to audition tonight for a very special party. So see she looks her most elegant."

"Leave it to us, Irene," said Lucy, smiling at Melissa and leading her to a narrow white-walled booth where a girl with deft hands took possession of her.

That night, standing in her room before the mirror, Melissa wasn't at all sure that she liked what she saw. Of course, she had assured herself, feeling guilty at such a thought, Irene and Lucy knew about things like style and fashion and what was smart and all that. So the rather extreme, but very smart upswipe coiffure into which the warm, ruddy masses of her curls had been swept must be the best possible style for her. After all, she couldn't go around a big city like New Orleans with her hair in a shoulder-length mass of curls framing her face as she had worn it back at the hotel and the yellow chiffon dress that slid smoothly down her body, breaking into soft swirls above her hips, couldn't really be, as Melissa knew, Grand would have thought it, "indecent."

"Ace" Hendricks

THE telephone shrilled sharply and she started violently, still so unaccustomed to such a modern convenience that she took it up a trifle reluctantly.

"A Miss Graham calling," said the clerk.

"Please tell Miss Graham I'll be right down," she answered swiftly.

With a final glance into the mirror, she took up the cobwebby shirred chiffon wrap that just matched the yellow frock and which was even more covering than the summer night required, and hurried down to the lobby.

Irene, looking smart and sophisticated in an ice-blue frock beneath a stunning Spanish shawl of soft ivory crepe embroidered with huge, impossible flowers, was lounging comfortably in a deep chair not far from the elevator, and she motioned to Melissa, studying her intently as Melissa came across the lobby.

"Take off that silly cape," she ordered without a word of preliminary greeting. "You look stunning. I'll bet you'll open Hendricks' eyes plenty."

"You look lovely, too," said Melissa happily.

"Here, sit down," said Irene, shifting a little to permit Melissa to sink down beside her. "We can watch the door here and you can see the boy-friend when he comes in."

To Melissa the crowded lobby seemed gay and exciting and very attractive. She studied the men and decided not one of them was half so good-looking as she remembered Randy.

"Don't look now," said Irene suddenly her voice harsh and a little uneven, as she bent forward to crush out her cigarette in the tray beside her on the little end-table. "But I see Ace Hendricks there near the door, talking to the two leading citizens."

Missa caught her breath and her heart climbed up into her throat and her hands shook a little. There was a terrible moment of suspense before she turned her head and her eyes found him

and it was Randy. Somehow from the first, despite her efforts to deny it, she had felt sure that the man Irene knew as "Ace" Hendricks was the man she had known as Randy; but Irene must be mistaken about him. He couldn't possibly be the way Irene had described him—

He was better-looking than she remembered him. He looked a little older—more than just a year. He was tall and lean and brown; his evening clothes fitted him with a perfection that spoke of excellent tailoring and superlative fabric. He laughed a little as he turned away from the two impressive-looking "leading citizens" and went toward the desk. And Melissa, without waiting for Irene's word, was on her feet and going swiftly towards him.

"Miss Melissa Marlowe, please," she heard him say to the clerk as she reached his side.

Casually he glanced at her. An impersonal spark of admiration leaped into his eyes, but there was no sign of recognition as he looked politely away again. Melissa's silly heart tripped and fell flat on its face. He hadn't recognized her!

"Here I am, Randy," she said. Randy turned, startled, and looked down at her. His eyes swept over her, narrowed, and he said under his breath, "Oh, for gosh sakes—"

And then aloud he said, "What the devil have you done to yourself, Melissa? You don't look like my girl of the woods a bit!"

Missa said, above the lump that formed in her throat, winking very fast to fight back the tears, "D-d-d-don't you like it?"

"Sure he does, baby," said Irene's smooth, cynical voice behind them, and Randy turned, startled, to face the cold, inimical look in her frosty blue eyes. "He's just crazy about it. Hello, Ace. How's the heel?"

Ruined Reunion

RANDY looked from Melissa to Irene and then back to Melissa and said sternly, "And where does she come into the picture, Melissa?"

"Just about here, I'd say—wouldn't you?" said Irene with a sort of murderous sweetness. "The infant stumbled into my shop today in search of duds with which to slay the populace of our city while she looked for a job—and I took her in hand."

Randy nodded grimly. "I might have known," he turned to Melissa, trying to ignore Irene. "See here, Melissa, why didn't you call me the moment you got in town?"

"It must have been her guardian angel that kept her from doing just that, don't you think?" suggested Irene gently. "Or don't you believe in such old-fashioned protectors as guardian angels, Ace my lad?"

Randy became conscious of the clerk, who was listening so hard that his ears were almost visibly extended. He put a hand beneath Melissa's elbow and turned her about to face the dining-room.

"We might as well eat," he said grimly. "There's no reason why we should take all of New Orleans into our confidence. I suppose you're dining with us?" he asked Irene.

Smiling sweetly, a sweetness and a smile that did not touch her eyes, Irene said firmly, "I wouldn't miss it for the world. Thank you for asking me—though I was all prepared to invite myself if you made it necessary."

Inside the big dining-room, Randy refused the first two tables which the waiter-captain suggested and took one in a far corner that was partially secluded behind a tall palm. There was a cushioned bench at the back, and Randy drew Melissa there to sit beside him while Irene, smiling a little taunt ugly smile, sat in a chair facing them.

Missa was on the verge of tears. She had dreamed so long about this moment, and it had been spoiled completely!

There lay between Randy and Irene some dark, ugly thing that made them hate each other. And the hatred of the two spilled over and tarnished forever the beautiful moment toward which all her days and nights of living had been shaping since that morning on the Point when they'd said goodbye and Randy had asked her to call him if she ever came to town.

Randy ordered, obviously anxious to be rid of the waiter, and when the waiter had gone, Irene and Randy looked at each other across the table and Randy demanded harshly, "What have you been telling her about me?"

"Only the truth, darling," Irene said, and her tone made the endorsement as savage as a physical blow. "Only that you were a heel and a thug and that you ran a crooked gambling joint."

Randy ran his fingers through her hair with a little weary gesture and said in a tone of angry exasperation, "Oh for Heaven's sake, Irene, either change the record or get a new one!"

"It's true, isn't it? You own the gambling house, didn't you?" demanded Irene, and though her voice was low-pitched, it shook a little with the intensity of her emotion.

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) 1900, Seattle; KXN (CBS) 1020
Los Angeles: KOA (NBC-Red) 830
Denver: KOIN (CBS) 870, Portland; KOMO (NBC-Red) 950
Seattle: KPO (NBC-Red) 680
San Francisco: KSL (CBS) 1160
Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Monday
5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KOW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO; Floyd Wright, KOMO; Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN, KXN.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR; Voice of Margaret Spegka, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Harry W. Flannery, KXN; News, KOIN; Voices of Yesterday, KSL.
6:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KXN, 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.—Fred Martin's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL; Monday Merry-Go-

Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Contented Hour, KPO, KOMO, KOW.
7:30 p. m.—Cavalade of America, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Bonnie, KXN, KEX, KOIN, Jimmie Fidler, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Edward Tomlinson, KGO, KEX; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW, Music, KJR.
8:15 p. m.—Irene Rich, KGO, KEX, KJR; Lanny Ross, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Lum and Abner, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
8:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; We Present, KPO, KOW; Gay Nineties, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Off the Record, KOMO.
9:00 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KOW, KOMO; True or False, KGO, KJR, KEX; I Was There, KXN, KOIN; Excursions in Science, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Hawthorne House, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Hollywood Showcase, KXN, 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, KXN; Five Star Final, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KOMO; Claude Thornhill's Orch., KGO; Alvino Ray's Orch., KSL; Moonlight Sonata, KOW; For America We Sing, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KXN; War Time Women, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.
11:00 p. m.—Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KSL, KOIN; San Wilder's Orch., KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX.

KJR: News, KXN, KGO; Reveries, KOMO.
Tuesday
5:00 p. m.—Are You a Missing Heir, KSL; Musical Portraits, KOMO; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KOW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—Bob Burns, KSL; Horace Heidt's Treasure Chest, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Bill Henry, KOIN; Afternoon Danes, KXN; News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR.
6:00 p. m.—Burns and Allen, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Duffy's Tavern, KSL; Secret City, KEX; Voice of Victory, KGO; Dance Time, KJR; Second Husband, KXN; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.
6:30 p. m.—Fiber McFee and Molly, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Symphony Concert, KGO, KEX, KJR; Report to the Nation, KXN, KOIN.
7:00 p. m.—Bob Hope, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
7:30 p. m.—Red Skelton, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Red Ryder, KGO, KJR, KEX; Vox Pop, KOIN; Second Husband, KSL.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Three Ring Time, KGO, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Studio Program, KEX.
8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Lanny Ross, KXN, KSL, KOIN.
8:30 p. m.—Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Are You a Missing Heir, KXN, KOIN; News, KSL.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY THOUGHT HE WAS PRETTY BRIGHT TO SET HIS WIFE'S WATCH AHEAD HALF AN HOUR SO SHE'D BE DRESSED ON TIME FOR THE PLUMERS' DINNER PARTY, BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, THAT WAS THE ONE OCCASION WHEN SHE WAS READY EARLY AND THEY HAD TO WALK UP AND DOWN IN THE COLD WAITING TO ARRIVE ON TIME

HAP HOPPER Washington Correspondent

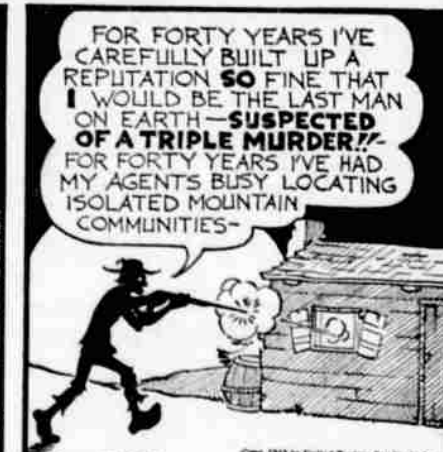
A Closed Book



LIL ABNER—Homicide in the Night!



By Al Capp



By Hess

THE NEBBS—Love's Labor Lost



NAB BAND LEADER
Sacramento, March 16—(AP)—Federal agents reported today they had arrested Glenn Mills, 45, former Reno band leader and I. E. Bateman of San Francisco

• SHOP AT NIGHT
Barker's are open until 8 o'clock EVERY night.
Barker's
Store for Men

ALIENS ARRIVE
Santa Fe, N. M., March 16—(AP)—More than 400 Pacific coast Japanese aliens arrived today and were hustled off to the Santa Fe detention station for internment.

DANUBE OVERFLOWS
Bern, Switzerland, March 16—(AP)—DNB reported from Sofia today that 12,000 persons were removed from the Danube-flooded Bulgarian town of Vratsa. Efforts were being made to rescue 6,000 more who were marooned on house tops for several days in freezing weather.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

GLASS TEXTILE FIBERS 0.00022 OF AN INCH IN DIAMETER ARE STRONGER THAN STEEL OF THE SAME THICKNESS!



by JOHN HIX



INTERNATIONALIST
It would appear that the marriage of T. R. Ybarra's parents presaged a career of internationalism, for Ybarra, famous correspondent, speaks several languages fluently and is as at home in Ankara or Stockholm as he is in New York. He was raised in Venezuela, where his father was a great liberal leader, and in his mother's native New England.

ANIMAL MITE'S
All adults of the long-tailed shrew die in the fall, leaving the young to survive the winter and repopulate the forests and fields. In this they more resemble insects than mammals!

Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen