

SHOW BOAT GIRL

By ROBERTA COURTLAND

Chapter 12

Plot by Dolores

At everything that looks good to eat, Alice called after him. Randy coming along the deck toward them, chuckled as he greeted them. "I'm driving in to town on an errand or two—like to go along?" he asked them both, but his eyes were on Melissa with an almost pleading look.

"I'd love it," she answered instantly, while Alice pleaded lazily as her excuse for not going.

Melissa sped away to dress for the trip to town. When she came back, it was to find Randy waiting in the car beside the tiny pier. But her heart stumbled and fell on the face of the man who sat in pale blue linen and a shiny white hat, sat beside him.

For a moment Melissa fought her tears. She didn't want to go if Dolores was going. But that was childish and she couldn't on the spur of the moment think of a graceful way of evading the trip. And so, trying very hard not to display her disappointment, she climbed into the car while Dolores, smiling sweetly, graciously climbed over to Randy to make room for her.

Dolores was in excellent spirits. Obviously she was crowing a bit at having spoiled any chance Melissa might have had to get Randy to herself for the drive. Melissa was childish and she couldn't on the spur of the moment think of a graceful way of evading the trip. And so, trying very hard not to display her disappointment, she climbed into the car while Dolores, smiling sweetly, graciously climbed over to Randy to make room for her.

Alice managed a grin that contained a faint semblance of her usual gaiety.

"Thanks, Mel. I know you would," she answered. "But there's not much anybody can do. It's just that—well, I guess I'm homesick for my baby! I don't know why wouldn't be? He's only eight months old, and he's growing up without his mother around, and—well, a baby only grows up once, and—it's only right that his mother should have the fun of watching him grow up."

"Of course," Melissa answered about it. "But I didn't even know you had a baby, Alice."

"Very few people do," said Alice grimly. "Our agent tried to tell us we were a couple of fools when we decided to turn down all contracts for a year. We were tired and had a baby. He said we could never 'come back.' We were at the top of the heap, dancing in the swankiest New York night spots, and they wanted us for a movie."

"But I'm twenty-six and I didn't want to wait longer for a baby, so I persuaded Hugh it would be all right. Well, we had some money saved up and invested, and we thought we had the world by the tail on a downhill drag."

"She paused and wiped her eyes again and sniffed."

"But it didn't work out that way. Funny, things seldom do I guess," she went on after a moment as though it relieved her to talk about it. "Some of our investments weren't so hot; and I had rather a bad time of it when Skippy came. And then I couldn't get back to work as soon as I had planned, and our agent was so busy saying, 'I told you so,' that he didn't try very hard to find anything for us, and—well we wound up here. We've kept the baby a secret because it seems patrons of night-clubs, according to managers and booking agents, don't think a dancer with a baby is 'glamorous'—God save the mark!"

"Alice, that's terrible. Where is your baby?" asked Melissa, burning with pity and sympathy for the other girl.

"My mother's taking care of him. Oh, he's being well cared for. I know only I miss him so darned bad!" She set her teeth hard against the tears that threatened her. After a moment she looked up at Melissa and said straightly, "Keep all this under your hat, will you, youngsters? If that cat, Dolores, told about it, she'd broadcast it so that we'd have a still more difficult time getting another job, agents and managers being what they are!"

"Of course I won't tell anybody—only I think it's a shame you can't have the baby here on the boat with you!" said Melissa vigorously.

Alice grinned and looked more nearly her old, insouciant self. "Well, I'm not sure that it's exactly the atmosphere in which to bring up an infant, at that," she admitted.

Three's A Crowd

"OF COURSE I don't know just what the object is in your sitting here like this," said Dolores' cool, insolent voice above their absorbed heads, "but if you are really fishing you might be interested to know there's a fish on your line. The pole is bent almost double."

Alice sat up and stared at the bobbing cork with wide, startled eyes. She looked up at Dolores and then at Melissa and laid a finger against her lip in a "shushing" gesture. "Be quiet and maybe he'll go away," she whispered dramatically. "He's making a big mistake. He doesn't really want to be caught—he just got in here by error."

Dolores snapped harshly, "Oh, don't be a fool!" and walked away.

Alice landed the fish, shivered a little, carefully unhooked the struggling creature and slid him back into the water, where with a grateful flip of his tail he sped away.

"And let that be a lesson to you not to go around snapping

at everything that looks good to eat," Alice called after him.

Randy coming along the deck toward them, chuckled as he greeted them. "I'm driving in to town on an errand or two—like to go along?" he asked them both, but his eyes were on Melissa with an almost pleading look.

"I'd love it," she answered instantly, while Alice pleaded lazily as her excuse for not going.

Melissa sped away to dress for the trip to town. When she came back, it was to find Randy waiting in the car beside the tiny pier. But her heart stumbled and fell on the face of the man who sat in pale blue linen and a shiny white hat, sat beside him.

For a moment Melissa fought her tears. She didn't want to go if Dolores was going. But that was childish and she couldn't on the spur of the moment think of a graceful way of evading the trip. And so, trying very hard not to display her disappointment, she climbed into the car while Dolores, smiling sweetly, graciously climbed over to Randy to make room for her.

Dolores was in excellent spirits. Obviously she was crowing a bit at having spoiled any chance Melissa might have had to get Randy to herself for the drive. Melissa was childish and she couldn't on the spur of the moment think of a graceful way of evading the trip. And so, trying very hard not to display her disappointment, she climbed into the car while Dolores, smiling sweetly, graciously climbed over to Randy to make room for her.

He took them to the city's smartest tea rendezvous, and Melissa, looking about her, would have loved it if Randy, instead of Jimmy Marston, had been with them. But Jimmy was trying hard to be pleasant and amusing and she forced herself to rise to the occasion.

Several men came over to their table, their admiring eyes on Dolores, who was gay and charming and, Melissa thought privately, a little silly. One or two of the men asked Dolores to dance; Jimmy and Melissa danced. It was all very gay and pleasant until Jimmy was called away from the table and Dolores and Melissa were alone for a moment.

Dolores spoke half under her breath, but her tone stung with its venom. "Of course it's not really any of my business, but I do think that a certain amount of decent gratitude to me is indicated just here. Or would you be just an ill-mannered brat from the back-woods who never heard of gratitude?"

Melissa stared, wide-eyed, too puzzled for the moment to be angry. "Gratitude to Randy? Of course I'm grateful to him. I'd do anything for Randy!" she protested hotly.

"Then why not prove it by being a little more human to Jimmy Marston? His dad could make or break Ace tomorrow if he wanted to. Marston owns a three fourths interest in the River Queen, and he'd kick Ace out without a moment's hesitation if Jimmy wanted him to," said Dolores grimly.

"And if you keep on snubbing Jimmy, he's liable to lose his temper. And who are you to snoot Jimmy Marston, anyway?"

"You mean if I am nice to Jimmy, his father will behave decently to Randy?" asked Melissa, bewildered.

"You catch on quick, don't you?" sneered Dolores.

"But Randy doesn't want me to be nice to Jimmy. He didn't want me to dance with him the other night," Melissa stammered.

"That's because Ace bends over backward about a foot thing called pride," snapped Dolores crossly. "He'd starve or be kicked out of business before he'd ask a woman's help. But I know what I'm talking about."

To be continued

Bids Requested On Air Lines Building

Bids are sought on construction of the new United Air Lines building at the Medford municipal airport, it was announced.

SHOP AT NIGHT

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

Barker's

Store for Men

SEEK FORGER

Salem, March 21 — (P) — Request for the surrender of Robert J. Youngberg, wanted in Multnomah and Washington counties on charges of obtaining money under false pretenses was addressed to Illinois officials today by Gov. Charles A. Prager.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

On the Radio Chains

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:

KALE (MBS) 1230, Portland
KEX (NBC-Hill) 1130, Portland
KGA (NBC-Hill & MBS) 1310
Spokane: KGO (NBC-Blue) 810
San Francisco: KGO (NBC-Red) 810
Portland: KGO (NBC-Blue) 810
Seattle: KEX (CBS) 1010
Los Angeles: KGA (NBC-Red) 810
Denver: KGO (NBC-Red) 810
Portland: KGO (NBC-Red) 810
Seattle: KGO (NBC-Red) 810
San Francisco: KSL (CBS) 1160
Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Sunday

5:00 p. m.—Edgar Bergen, KPO, KGO, KEX; Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra, KGO, KEX; World News Tonight, KEX, KIN; Gospel Clinic, KJR; Ministerial Alliance, KSL.

5:30 p. m.—Music by White, KEX; KJR; Case Man's Family, KPO, KGO, KGO; Spelling Bee, KEX; Musical Highlights, KGO; Echoes of Opera, KIN.

6:00 p. m.—Fred Allen, KEX, KSL, KIN; Grandpappy and His Pals, KGO, KEX, KJR; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KMO, KGO.

6:30 p. m.—Let's Talk Over the News, KGO, KEX; American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KMO, KGO; Conf. of Jews and Christians, KJR.

7:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KGO, KEX; Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra, KGO, KEX; World News Tonight, KEX, KIN; Gospel Clinic, KJR; Ministerial Alliance, KSL.

KOMO, KGW: Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Take It Or Leave It, KEX, KSL, KIN.

7:30 p. m.—They Live Forever, KSL, KIN; Carnival, KPO, KGO, KMO; Inglewood Park Concert, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Crime Doctor, KEX, KIN; Great Oldsters, KPO, KGO, KGO; Inner Sanctum Mysteries, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Jack Benny, KGO, KEX, KJR; Vaun Monroe's Orchestra, KIN; Hollywood Playhouse, KEX; Three Sheets in the Wind, KMO; Beau Soir Musical, KGW; Ports of the Pacific, KPO.

9:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell, KPO, KGO, KMO; Sunday at Nine, KGO, KJR, KEX; Photo Finish, KEX; Leon F. Drews, KIN; String Ensemble, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Moon River, KGO, KMO; What's It All About, KEX, KIN; Gee Davidson's Orchestra, KGO; News, KEX, KJR; Regal Ambassadors, KJR; Case Man's Family, KPO, KGO, KGO; Spelling Bee, KEX; Musical Highlights, KGO; Echoes of Opera, KIN.

10:00 p. m.—Screen Guild, KEX; Paul Baron's Orchestra, KGO, KEX, KIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL; National Vespers, KJR.

10:30 p. m.—Claude Thornhill's Orchestra, KGO; Three Sheets to the Wind, KPO; Quiet Hour, KEX; Gospel Hour, KJR; They Live Forever, KEX; War Time Women, KIN; Sabbath Reveries, KSL.

11:00 p. m.—This Moving World, KEX; Manny Strand's Orchestra, KIN.

Monday

5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGO; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO; Floyd Wright, KMO; Vox Pop, KSL, KIN, KEX.

5:30 p. m.—Voice of Richard Crooks, KPO, KGO, KMO; Harry W. Plummer, KEX; News, KIN; Voices of Yesterday, KSL; News of the Week, KEX, KJR, KGO.

6:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KEX, KIN, KSL; Dr. I. Q. Jim McClain, KPO, KGO, KMO; Secret City, KEX; Voice of Victory, KGO; Old Times, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—For America We Sing, KGO, KEX, KJR; Songs of Men, KPO, KGO; Talk, KMO.

7:00 p. m.—Freddie Martin's Orchestra, KEX, KIN, KSL; Monday Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Contented Hour, KPO, KGO, KMO.

7:30 p. m.—Blondie, KEX, KSL, KIN; Cavalcade of America, KPO, KMO, KGO; Jimmie Fidler, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KEX, KIN, KSL; Edward Tomlinson, KGO, KEX; Fred Waring, KPO, KMO, KGO; Musicals, KJR.

8:15 p. m.—Irene Rich, KGO, KEX, KJR; Lanny Ross, KEX, KIN, KSL; Lu mand Abner, KPO, KMO, KGO.

8:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hawthorne House, KPO.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE IGNOMINIOUS ERRAND OF FETCHING YOUR SMALL SISTER'S DOLL FOR HER FROM THE HOUSE WHERE SHE LEFT IT AROUND THE CORNER

HAP HOPPER Washington Correspondent

The Poison Spreads



L'L' ABNER—Bad Fellows Together!!



AND, NOW, YOKUMS—GOO-BYE!! FROM THE HILL-TOP, I WILL PARTAKE OF THIS DELICIOUS PICNIC LUNCH—WHILE YOU WATCH THAT FUSE BURN CLOSER AND CLOSER—CLOSER AND CLOSER—UNTIL—SUDDENLY—BOOM!!



THE NEBBS—Neat, But Not Gaudy



KGO, KMO: Gay Nineties, KEX, KSL, KIN.

9:00 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KGO, KMO; True or False, KGO, KJR, KEX; I Was There, KEX, KIN; Excursions in Science, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Paul Martin's Music, KPO, KMO, KGO; Hollywood Show-case, KEX, KIN; News, KSL, KJR, KEX; Let There Be Music, KGO.

10:00 p. m.—Phil Harris' Orchestra, KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KGO, KMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KEX; Five Star Final, KIN.

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KMO; Claude Thornhill's Orchestra, KSL, KIN.

KGO: Alvino Rey's Orchestra, KSL; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Moonlight Sonata, KGO; Masterworks of Music, KEX; War Time Women, KIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Wilbur Hatch's Orchestra, KSL; KIN; Ran Wilde's Orchestra, KPO, KGO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KEX, KGO; Reveries, KMO.

Portland, March 21—(P)—The Bonneville administration today announced execution of a new contract with the North Douglas Electric Co-operative, Inc., calling for increased power.

ENGLISH AMERICAN
MADE SUITS
Sold Exclusively
—by—
GLOOMY GUS
419 E. Main

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



DUNLOP'S TIRE

Today, with the tire shortage becoming acute, it is interesting to note that the first pneumatic tire was designed for a child's tricycle! John B. Dunlop, an Irish veterinarian, was a keen cyclist and wanted his invalid son to enjoy the sport. However, roads were bad and the solid tires of the 1880's gave the boy a severe jolting. Then Dunlop hit on the idea of making a tire of rubber and filling it with air under pressure. This invention, a few years later made the automobile really practical. The company Dunlop founded in England still bears his name.



By Al Capp



By Hess

