

SHOW BOAT GIRL

By ROBERTA COURTLAND

Chapter 15

Mother Takes A Hand

IT WAS a big, squarely built, solid-looking woman of red brick with that mellowed beneath the onslaught of winter storms and summer suns for many years. The slim white pillars that supported the roof of the small semicircle of verandah were shining white, as was the window trim, but the floor-length slatted shutters at the windows were of dark green. The shrubbery surrounding the house was very old and carefully tended. The lawn that lay before the house was like a velvet rug, and it was dotted and dappled by the sunlight that found its way between thickly leaved branches of ancient live-oaks.

Beyond the house at some little distance there was a double row of small red brick cabins, with trees growing along the path that lay between them. Off to the left were the barns and outbuildings. At the right lay a green meadow where sleek, thoroughbred cattle grazed and several handsome horses threw up their heads and stared at the car with soft, mild eyes.

As the car came to a halt at the steps a woman came out of the house. She was tall and graciously smiling, her bright eyes twinkling and her smile was simple, her silvery gray hair beautifully dressed about her lovely face. There was a family resemblance, so even before Jimmy spoke, Melissa knew that this was Jimmy's mother.

"I'm so glad you could be with us today," said Mrs. Marston, and for all her cordial, pleasant friendliness her eyes were very keen and shrewd as they took the girl in from the top of her small white hat to the tips of her small brown tipped white slippers.

"It was very good of you to ask me," said Melissa promptly and frankly.

A man in golf knickers and a rather battered-looking sweater came around from the back of the house. Two beautiful collies leaped about him, yelping; when they saw Jimmy they hurried themselves upon him with such force that they almost knocked him down.

Jimmy's father was cordial and pleasant, as Mrs. Marston had been; but his eyes were quite as shrewd, quite as sharp in their swift, almost inimical scrutiny of her.

"I enjoyed your singing very much, my dear, on opening night at the River Queen," he said lightly.

"I wanted to come along," said Mrs. Marston artlessly. "But James felt the crowd might be a bit rough—"

"Instantly she caught herself and looked in swift apology at her husband and a scowling Jimmy. "I'm sorry. That sounded rather unpleasant, didn't it?" she admitted frankly. "I didn't mean it, my dear—not the way it sounded."

"Melissa probably didn't know what you meant, Mother," said Jimmy coldly. "She's had almost as little experience on a show boat as you have. The River Queen is her first experience with one. Before that she was a Missisippi lamp-lighter. Tell her about that, Melissa."

After lunch was over Mr. Marston tentatively offered Melissa a cigarette.

"I don't smoke," she answered, smiling. "Gran used to smoke a pipe now and then, but she said I mustn't learn until I was at least sixty, when I'd need something comforting and soothing."

Mr. Marston laughed. "She sounds like quite a character, this Gran of yours," he said pleasantly.

There was a quick mist of tears in Melissa's eyes, and for a moment she could not answer him. Mrs. Marston said quickly, "And now I'm going to take Melissa off with me for a little quiet chat. You two men here and wrangle about politics and the war."

Jimmy protested swiftly, "But I wanted to show Melissa over the place."

"You can show her the new puppies and the kittens later," said his mother firmly. "Right now, Melissa and I have important things to discuss."

Jimmy said in a swift, almost pleading tone, "Mother, you won't—"

Mrs. Marston said firmly, "I think you can safely trust me, my boy."

Jimmy colored a little and his eyes fell away from hers. "Oh, of course. I just meant that—well, she doesn't know me very well yet, and I'm not positive that she likes me well enough to endure the sight of my baby pictures, my first little shoes or the last of my yellow curls," he said, grinning a little.

"You may rest assured I'll show her nothing more ancient than

your graduation day photograph," said Mrs. Marston, and with her hand through Melissa's arm she drew the girl into the house, across the beautiful long drawing-room with its very old mahogany rubbed to a satin gloss, its faded damask hangings and its very fine, thin Persian rug.

"This is my own private sanctum," said Mrs. Marston, waving Melissa to a deep, comfortable-looking chair. "When I come in here and close the door, nobody dares enter without permission. It's the place I fly to when I'm angry or hurt or puzzled—or tired and frightened."

"I can't imagine you ever being frightened of anything," said Melissa impulsively and warmly.

Mrs. Marston took a cigarette from a little crystal box on a small table beside her and, wondering, Melissa saw that her hand trembled a little as she lighted it.

"That's where you're wrong, my dear," said Mrs. Marston evenly, her voice taut, almost a little harsh. "Right at this moment, I'm more frightened than I can ever remember being. I'm frightened of what you may do to—Jimmy."

Melissa drew a long hard breath and her hands clenched hard in her lap. But she did not lower her head and her eyes met Mrs. Marston's unflinchingly.

"Please don't be afraid about that," she begged with utter sincerity, "because I wouldn't hurt him for anything in the world."

There was a mist of tears in Mrs. Marston's eyes and her smile was faintly tremulous as she said huskily, "But, my dear, how can you be so sure? He's in love with you—and that gives you a terrible power over him. Are you in love with him?"

"He is attractive—he's sweet!" said Melissa eagerly. "I like him a lot! But I'm not in love with him."

Mrs. Marston nodded, the chill melting a little as she smiled. "Oh, but you will be. Before you realize it, you'll wake up some day to realize that his charm has worked and that you are mad about him."

"No," said Melissa instantly, and saw relief in Mrs. Marston's eyes.

"Please don't resent my having asked that, my dear," said Mrs. Marston gently. "It's a mother's perfectly natural anxiety. After all, Enderlie is very old, and I feel that we of this kind of Jimmy's generation owe something to the past. We owe them decency and honesty and descendants of whom they need not be ashamed."

"Of course," said Melissa huskily. "But I'm not in love with Jimmy, and I don't intend to marry him, so you don't have to worry."

Mrs. Marston stood up, took Melissa's hand and pulled the girl up to stand beside her. "Who's worrying?" she demanded lightly, despite the look in her eyes that told Melissa she was serious.

"And whether you love Jimmy or not is his problem. I think we can safely leave it to him to solve. He's a pretty determined young man, you know. He's very fond of having his own way."

Melissa said stubbornly, "So am I!"

Mrs. Marston laughed and dropped a light kiss on the girl's flushed cheek. "And now, I'm sure Jimmy will think I've kept you long enough. He wants to show you over the place," she said, and led the way down the stairs again and to the terrace where Jimmy and his father were waiting.

Jimmy flung away his cigarette and stood up as his mother and Melissa came across the terrace. He looked swiftly and sharply at Melissa, as though anxious to see if there lay any trace of the subject of his mother's private chat.

"And now you two run along," said Mrs. Marston cheerfully. "But be sure, Jimmy, to stop in and see Aunt Clara. She'd be heartbroken if she didn't get a chance to tell the young miss' fortune. She's in bed, but the doctor says company doesn't bother her."

Jimmy nodded and took Melissa's hand in his, drawing her with him down the garden steps and along the drive toward that double row of small red brick cabins beyond the house.

As Jimmy and Melissa walked along, each cabin became suddenly populated. Children tumbled out of them like raisins out of a burst box; dark faces peered out of windows; voices clamored. "Evenin' Marse Jimmy, Evenin' suh." And white teeth gleamed.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland.
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland.
KOA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510, Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco.
KOW (NBC-Red) 630, Portland.
KJR (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle.
KXN (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles.
KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver.
KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland.
KOMO (NBC-Red) 850, Seattle.
KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco.
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Wednesday
5:00 p. m.—Ken Stevens, KOIN.
Brewster Boy, KSL; Seattle Parent and Teacher's Ass'n, KOMO; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KSL.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KJR, KEX; Harry W. Flannery, KXN; Dr. Christian, KSL; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KOMO; KOW; News, KSL, KEX; Public Service, KXN; Off the Record, KOMO.
6:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO; Phil Harris' Orch., KGO, KEX; News, KXN, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL; Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Claude Thornhill's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Howard Becker's Orch., KSL; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Moonlight Sonata, KGW; Serenade, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KJR, KOIN, KSL.

News, KJR

7:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KXN, KSL, KOIN; Kay Kyser's Musical show, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Time to Relax, KJR.
7:30 p. m.—Morgan Beatty, KGO, KJR; Faithful Stradivari, KEX.
8:00 p. m.—Quiss Kissa, KGO, KEX; KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KXN, KOIN; Point Sublime, KPO, KGW, KOMO.
8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KXN, KSL, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Dr. Christian, KXN, KOIN; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KSL.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Martin's Orch., KPO, KGW; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; That Brewster Boy, KXN, KOIN; Highlight Hour, KOMO; Hymn Service, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Coe Davidson's Orch., KGO; Woody Herman's Orch., KOIN; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KOW; News, KSL, KEX; Public Service, KXN; Off the Record, KOMO.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO; Phil Harris' Orch., KGO, KEX; News, KXN, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL; Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, KJR.
10:30 p. m.—Claude Thornhill's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Howard Becker's Orch., KSL; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Moonlight Sonata, KGW; Serenade, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KJR, KOIN, KSL.

KNX: War Time Women, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., KPO, KGW; Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KOIN, KSL; This Moving World, KEX; News, KXN, KGO; Evening Reveries, KOMO.
Thursday
5:00 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KSL; Adventures in Toyland, KEX; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Dance Orch., KOMO; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KXN, KGO, KJR; Harry W. Flannery, KXN; People's Platform, KSL, KOIN; Star Spangled Banner, KPO; Student Theater, KGW; Afternoon Dances, KXN; Streamlined Fairy Tales, KOMO.
6:00 p. m.—Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Music Hall, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Secret City, KEX; Voice of Victory, KGO; Old Times, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Big Town, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Music by Bovero, KGO, KEX; Armchair Cruises, KJR.
7:00 p. m.—Al Pearce's Gang, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee, KGO, KJR, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL.
7:30 p. m.—Red Ryder, KGO, KEX, KGO; Frank Fay, KPO, KOMO, KOW.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dorothy Thompson, KJR, KGO, KEX.

8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO.

KGW, KOMO; Cadette Quartet, KGO, KJR, KEX; Lanny Ross, KXN, KOIN, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KXN, KOIN; Panny Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Your Blind Date, KGO, KJR; News, KSL; Flowers for the Living, KEX.
9:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, Dick Rogers' Orch., KOW; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Music, KXN; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Elery Queen, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Maudie's Diary, KXN, KOIN; News, KSL, KJR, KEX.
10:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the Air, KEX, KGO, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KXN; Masterworks of Music, KSL; Five Star Final, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Stan Kenton's Orch., KSL; Wings Over the West Coast, KPO; Moonlight Sonata, KOW; Masterworks of Music, KXN; War Time Women, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., KPO, KGW; Veterans of Foreign Wars, KEX, KJR; Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KOIN; News, KXN, KGO, KEX; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

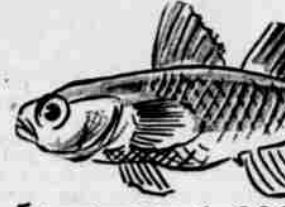
Closing time for Classified Ads 9 a. m.—Too late to Classify 12:30 p. m.

ENGLISH AMERICAN

MADE SUITS
\$35 to \$60
GLOOMY GUS
419 E. Main

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



IT REQUIRES 16,000 OF THE PANDAKA PYGMAEA FISH TO MAKE A MEAL FOR ONE MAN!

SMALLEST KNOWN FISH, IT IS ONLY 2-FIFTHS OF AN INCH LONG...16,000 OF THEM WEIGH ONLY A POUND, AND CAN BE BOUGHT FOR A FEW CENTS!

Lake Buhi, Luzon, Philippines...



THE AVERAGE RACE HORSE COVERS 7 TIMES ITS OWN LENGTH IN ONE SECOND!

SMALLEST FISH
According to authorities of the American Museum of Natural History, the pandaka pygmaea is so small that its details can be brought out only with a microscope. The females are two-fifths of an inch long, the males even shorter! The mites are caught by the millions, and several thousand will be pressed together by natives to make one fish cake, said to be delicious. Lake Buhi, small but beautiful, contains more kinds of minute fishes than any other place in the world.

BATTLE CRITIC?

GENERAL SHERMAN OFTEN STOOD WITH HIS STAFF IN FULL VIEW OF THE ENEMY...CRITICIZING CONFEDERATE METHODS WHILE SHELLS WHIZZED OVERHEAD!



WHEN GUNFIRE GOT CLOSER HE WOULD SAY "THEY'RE GETTING THE RANGE NOW—YOU HAD BETTER SCATTER!"

TOMORROW—SHOOTING THE DICE! WALTZ.

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THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE ELM STREET TIGERS VOTED, 8 TO 1, TO MAKE THEIR OLD TAPED BALL SERVE FOR ANOTHER SEASON AND USE THE CLUB FUNDS FOR BUYING DEFENSE STAMPS INSTEAD, THE ONLY DISSENTING VOICE BEING BUD BEMIS'S, WHO WAS LOOKING FOR A PENNY HE HAD DROPPED AND DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE MOTION

(Reprinted by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

3-25

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent

Slow Freight

GOEBBELS HAS MADE THE STARTLING ASSERTION THAT THE U.S. SECRETARY OF AVIATION IS IN BERLIN SEEKING A NEGOTIATED PEACE!

BUT HITLER'S SUBVERSIVE AGENTS SET OUT TO FAN THE FLAMES OF DOUBT, DISTRACTION AND WORRY! AMONG THEM ARE TWO OLD ACQUAINTANCES.....



YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT LIAR! BUT STILL—

STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED! REMEMBER HESS?

WE MUST GO OFF HALF-CKOCKED!

NO... THAT'S WHAT THE NAZIS WANT!

THE WINGATE PLAN IS A SUCCESS, LITTLE LINN—THANKS TO US!

YEAH, FRANZ—WE TOOK CARE OF THAT GUY HOPPER!

9-25-42

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LIT ABNER—Scrags' Last Stand!



WE TOOK CARE OF JEB, PAPPY!

HOPE HIS SCREAMS DIDN'T BOTHER YOU, PAPPY DEAR!

A YOKUM'S SCREAMS IS MOOSIE T' MAH EARS! NOW LETS WIT UP HYAR ON TURNIP HILL FO' TH' EXPLOSION! NO HELP KIN COME FUM OUTSIDE!!

MEANWHILE: IN THE CABIN—

WE IS DOOMED!

N-NO HELP KIN COME FUM OUTSIDE!

BUT—LOOK!!

HOW DID I GET HERE?—I WAS GOING BACK THROUGH THE TUNNEL FOR MORE BLASTING POWDER TO BLOW UP TURNIP HILL!!

YU! MUSTA GOT A SIDE-TRACKED IN TH' OLD MINE SHAFT UNDER THIS CABIN!!

AN' WE JEST H-HAPPENS T-HAVE A RED-HOT SUPPLY OF BLASTIN' POWDER!! TAKE IT, STRANGER—BUT—QUICK!!

MEANWHILE: ON TURNIP HILL—

OH, WHEN IS THET EXPLOSION A-COMIN', PAPPY?

ANY MINUTE NOW, CHILLUN!!

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By Al Cepp

3-25

NOW ALL WE DO IS SPREAD RUMORS UNTIL THIS NATION IS TORN APART! WITH HOPPER GONE—NO ONE KNOWS THE TRUTH!!



HEY, FRANZ—LOOK!



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By Al Cepp

3-25

HEDY LAMARR TO WED GEORGE MONTGOMERY

Hollywood, March 25.—(AP)—George Montgomery, rising

SHOP AT NIGHT

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

Barker's Store for Men

CALL FOR WOMEN

Portland, Ore., March 25.—(AP)—First use of the state-wide registration of women will be made in a call for laborers in the sugar beet fields at Nyssa next month, Emory Worth, U. S. employment service representative, said today.

Closing time for Classified Ads 9 a. m.—Too late to Classify 12:30 p. m.

THE NEBBS—Men Wanted

HELLO, MISS CHRISTY, HOW IS YOUR SUNNY DISPOSISH?



GLAD TO SEE YOU, MR. NEBB... THE GENERAL IS BUSY FOR A FEW MINUTES



WHAT GENERAL? I WANT TO SEE COLONEL LUNDEEN AND VICE VERSA



DIDNT YOU KNOW? HE'S A BRIGADIER GENERAL NOW



WELL, THAT'S FINE... BUT I HOPE IT DOESNT MAKE ME WAIT THIRTY MINUTES LONGER TO SEE HIM



HE WONT BE LONG... AND, MEANWHILE, YOU CAN TALK TO ME



HOW DO YOU LIKE LIVING IN WASHINGTON? TOO MANY GIRLS WORKING HERE... MEN ARE SCARCER THAN PINFEATHERS ON A LOBSTER



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By Hess