

SHOW BOAT GIRL

By ROBERTA COURTLAND

Chapter 21

Call From Jimmy

At the noonday meal that was both breakfast and lunch aboard the River Queen, Randy was in high spirits, so much so that the others looked at him curiously. And when Melissa came in and they saw the bright color burning in her cheeks beneath Randy's caressing glance, they all grinned and exchanged meaningful glances.

Randy looked about the room, grinned and said, lifting his glass of orange juice, "O.K., folks, I see there's no need of our trying to keep it a secret—Melissa has consented to marry me."

Alice said dryly, "It's too early in the morning for effective acting to do your mind if we don't register surprise? Congratulations, and all that—and congratulations, I've seen it coming from the very first!"

"Wise guy, aren't you?" said Randy, coloring a little.

"Very wise," agreed Alice, grinning at him cheerfully.

The others were laughing, talking, teasing the blushing Melissa, and for the moment Randy and Alice were able to talk unobscured and unheard.

"I think I'm doing her a dirty trick, don't you?" demanded Randy straightly.

Alice met his eyes levelly. "Not if you are quite sure that no little ghosts out of the past will bob up to make her miserable later on," she answered quickly.

"I haven't broken any laws, if that's what you mean. I'm not a racketeer or a gangster to be hauled off to jail unexpectedly or to be put on the spot and have the spot rubbed out by some irate former accomplice," Randy reminded her drily.

"I didn't mean that and you know it," answered Alice with spirit. "I know everything on the River Queen is on the up and up or Hugh and I wouldn't be working here, badly as we need the money."

"I want the only kind of ghosts that would bother Melissa—later on. If you were hauled off to jail they'd have to haul her, too—that wouldn't bother Melissa the way I mean."

"That's what sort of ghosts would bother her?" demanded Randy curiously.

"Dolores' kind," answered Alice firmly.

"Oh," said Randy, and looked startled. "You mean you think there was—well, being between Dolores and me other than the relation between an employer and employee?"

"Something of that kind," admitted Alice frankly.

"Then you're wrong, Alice," said Randy so simply that Alice was convinced in spite of herself. "I never made love to Dolores, or any other woman, for that matter, until now. I've always fought shy of women. I've seen the mess that some of them have made for men I liked, and—well, I just thought that for me, this marriage stuff was out. I still feel I've no right to Melissa—she's so young and sweet and untouched. I wish I could be—oh—"

"A knight in silver armor, without fear and without reproach, and aboard a white horse," suggested Alice, affectionately derisive. "Well, take another gal's word for it, boss—knights in silver armor can be the most gosh awful bores sometimes. I'm sure Melissa would rather have you as you are! I know I would!"

Summons

RANDY said simply, his eyes shining, his voice eager and vibrant. "Thanks, Alice—thanks a million. You're a pal!"

"Think nothing of it, boss—think nothing of it," said Alice cheerfully. "You were pretty much of a pal yourself to Hugh and me when we landed here. Any little thing I can do in return—"

Randy held out his hand, and Alice put hers in it, and they smiled at each other in warm, friendly understanding.

"The war," Melissa and Randy agreed, no point in making a secret of the engagement. The wedding date was set for a month hence, to give Randy time to make certain business arrangements so they could have a week or two for a honeymoon while Al took over in the game rooms and Bob, the orchestra leader, and Hugh took over the entertainment.

Three or four days after the engagement had been announced informally among their friends and some of the show boat's most frequent visitors, Melissa was on deck in the late afternoon, lying in her favorite deck chair, a book unopened on her knee. Her thoughts and dreams were far more perfect company than any printed page could ever be, but if she pretended to be reading people didn't disturb her by trying to talk to her.

A car drew up at the pier and a negro man, middle-aged and speaking a smart game whopercd chauffeur's uniform, came swiftly to the River Queen.

"I'm looking for Miss Melissa Marlowe," he said, and Melissa stood up, facing him, puzzled. "I'm Marse Jim Marston's chauffeur, Miss. I been sent to fetch you—young Marse Jim's baby

hurt and he say he want to see you. I specks you be liech hurry. Doce, say he hurt bad."

Melissa caught her breath on a little gasp and found Randy beside her, puzzled, questioning. The chauffeur explained his presence and Randy, frowning, said, "Now what the devil could Jimmy Marston want with you?"

"I don't know, suh, but de docto' say she have to hurry ef she wanna see him," said the chauffeur simply, his face ashen with tragedy.

"I'll go, of course," said Melissa, and looked down at the honey yellow shakskin slacks and jade green jacket that were her favorite costume for leisure hours abroad. "I don't suppose I'd have time to change?"

"Fraid not, Miss," answered the chauffeur, and turned away. "I'll go with you, of course," said Randy, and together they waited the chauffeur to the waiting car.

Melissa was frightened. Something ugly lay just ahead. The implications of the doctor's instructions for haste could not be avoided; Jimmy was badly hurt; if she wanted to see him, she must hurry. That meant Jimmy might be dying. She caught her breath on a little sob and found Randy's arm about her, holding her close, wordlessly comforting her.

The big car turned in at the private drive and she could not help remembering the last time she had come there, with Jimmy gay and quick with life and youth and animal spirits, beside her. And now Jimmy was badly hurt. The car halted at the steps and Randy got out, turning to help her, a gay little figure in honey yellow and jade green, with silly little embroidered wooden-soled clogs on her stockingless feet.

As they went up the steps the door opened and Mrs. Marston stood there, her face gray, her eyes bleak, a wild look about her before which Melissa shrank backward, despite Randy's arm about her.

Bitter Words

"YOU needn't come in," said Mrs. Marston in a harsh, ugly voice that had an almost eerie quality in it. "It's too late. He—"

"That's what sort of ghosts would bother her?" demanded Randy curiously.

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On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland
KEX (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1310, Spokane; KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco; KJW (NBC-Blue) 620, Portland; KJR (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle; KXN (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles; KQA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver; KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland; KOMO (NBC-Red) 950, 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-Teacher Assn, KOMO; Flying Patrol, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR; Harry W. Flannery, KNX; Dr. Christian, KSL; It Happened in the Service, KPO, KOMO; KGW; Eyes of the World, KOIN.
6:00 p. m.—Eddie Cantor Show, KPO, KOMO; American Melody Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Shirley Temple in Junior Miss, KNX, KOIN; Sports, KSL.
6:30 p. m.—Dr. Cab Calloway's Quizette, KGO, KEX; Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Ransom Sherman Show, KNX, KOIN; News, KJR.

7:00 p. m.—Basin Street Chamber Music, KGO, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orchestra, KSL, KOIN; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Time to Relax, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Morgan Beatty, KGO, KJR; Faithful Stradivari, KEX.

8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30 p. m.—Dr. Christian, KNX, KOIN; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Martin's Orch., KPO, KGW; That Brewster Boy, KGO, 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, KGW; News, KJR, KSL, KEX; Public Service Pgm., KNX; Off the Record, KOMO.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Ran Wilde's Orch., KGO, KEX; News, KNX, 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; Screenade, KJR; War Time Women, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Organ, KPO, KGW; Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KOIN, KSL; This Moving World, KEX; News, KNX, KGO; Folk Music, KJR; Evening Reviews, KOMO.

Thursday

5:00 p. m.—Flying Patrol, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO; Death Valley Days, KEX; Adventures in Toyland, KEX; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Dance Orch., KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—People's Platform, KSL, KOIN; Star Spangled Melodies, KPO; Afternoon Dances, KNX; Streamlined Fairy Tales, KOMO.

6:00 p. m.—Bing Crosby, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Voice of Victory, KGO; Old Timers, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Big Town, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Music by Botero, KGO, KEX; Armchair Cruises, KJR.

7:00 p. m.—Al Pearce's Gang, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee, KGO, KEX, KJR; Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.

7:30 p. m.—Red Ryder, KGO, KJR, KEX; Frank Fay, KPO, KOMO, KGW, KSL; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL; KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dorothy Thompson, KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:15 p. m.—Lam and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Cadette Quartet, KJR; Lanny Ross, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Flowers for the Living, KEX.

8:30 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN; Fanny Brice, KGO, KOMO, KGW; Your Blind Date, KPO, KJR, KEX; News, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—News, KOIN, KNX; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

9:30 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the Air, KEX, KGO, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Masterworks of Music, KSL; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Stan Kenton's Orch., KSL; Moonlight Sonata, KGW; War Time Women, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Swing Your Partner, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KOIN; News, KNX, KGO; Evening Reviews, KOMO.

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

K. C. JOURNAL FOLDS

Kansas City, April 1.—(AP)—

The Kansas City Journal, an afternoon daily with a newspaper ancestry dating back 88 years, announced suspension of publication today with its final edition. Published by Harry Newman and associates since last October, the Journal was sold at auction March 23 to a group of bondholders.

In Scotland the daisy is popularly called the gowan.

NATIONAL TAILORING

LADIES and GENTS

SUITS and SLACKS

Sold Exclusively by—

GUS THE TAILOR

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

LEO H. KUEHN, A DEAF MUTE, RUNS A MACHINE SHOP OPERATED ENTIRELY BY DEAF MUTES!

SINCE IT STARTED 9 YEARS AGO THERE HAS NOT BEEN A SINGLE ACCIDENT!

Royal Oak, Mich.

A 20,000-WORD QUESTION, REQUIRING 3 HOURS TO PROFOUND, WAS ASKED A WITNESS IN A BOSTON COURTROOM... THE ANSWER WAS "I DON'T KNOW!"

ESKIMO'S LIFE INSURANCE!

REINDEER WERE INTRODUCED IN ALASKA TO SAVE THE ESKIMOS FROM STARVATION!

1892-1902...

REINDEER TODAY GRAZE OVER 56 ALASKAN RANGES WHICH TOGETHER EQUAL THE SIZE OF CALIFORNIA!

FOOD FOR THE NORTH

Because the Eskimo faced serious food shortages due to the depletion of his natural game, the government about 40 years ago imported reindeer from Siberia to furnish a more positive source of food. Today the animals are the most important single element in the Eskimo's economy.

SILENT SHOP

Sixteen machinists in the Oakland machine shop can neither hear nor speak. Probably because they are not distracted by outside noises they have never had an accident!

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Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AS THE TRAIN PULLS INTO YOUR STATION YOU DISCOVER THAT THE PASSENGER WHO SHOWED DEFINITE SIGNS OF BELLIGERENCY WHEN YOU SUGGESTED THAT HE WAS TAKING UP TOO MUCH OF THE SEAT, IS NOT ONLY SITTING FIRMLY ON YOUR COAT BUT GIVES NO INDICATION WHATSOEVER OF WAKING UP

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent

Hop Brings News

AMERICA AT WAR FACES ITS FIRST POLITICAL CRISIS

L'L ABNER—The Hills Are Full Of 'Em!

IF HE'S IN BERLIN HE MUST FIGURE WE'RE GONNA LOSE TH' WAR!

OUTSIDE THE STATE DEPARTMENT, A CROWD WAITS... ANXIOUS... MURMURING... WHEN SUDDENLY

MAKE WAY! ONE SIDE!

WE MUST MAKE PUBLIC WHAT WE KNOW... IT NEVER PAYS TO WITHHOLD THE NEWS... ANOTHER MOMENT'S DELAY--

By Al Capp

THERE'S A LITTLE TOWN ABOUT A HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE WHERE WE CAN BE MARRIED WITHOUT WAITING. MY SWEET, SOON YOU TOO WILL BE A JERQUE!!

THE NEBBS—The Big Parade

WHUT COULD BE MO' WONDERFUL! (CAN'EST CAINT BELIEVE IT!—FORE LIL' ME—WHO HAS ALLUS ADORED HANSOME BOYS, IN VAIN—)

YES, DARLING!

OH!—THAR'S EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL WILD-FLOWERS DOWN THAR!!

AH!—VE DAY-DREAMED 'BOUT L'L ABNER LONG ENOUGH!—(SIGH!) RECKON AH BETTER MEANDER HOME!

YOU 'APRIL FOOL'D YOURSELF THIS TIME

By Hess

Japanese Migration to Merrill District Arouses Residents

Klamath Falls, April 1.—(AP)—

Sheriff Lloyd Low of Klamath county today escorted six Japanese from the Merrill district, where they arrived Sunday evening to work for a white farmer they know at Tacoma.

The sheriff said he asked the Japanese to move temporarily from the immediate vicinity pending settlement of questions brought up there after their arrival. Residents of the south end of the county were reported

aroused over the presence of the Japanese.

The sheriff was expected to confer by telephone with Tacoma authorities and the army. He said the six Japanese, three men, a woman, a young girl and a baby, moved from Tacoma on a permit from an employment office there. The Merrill ranch is outside military area No. 1.

The farmer for whom the Japanese started to work is Don Hubble, who told the sheriff he knew the Japanese at Tacoma and did not anticipate any community resentment when he arranged for them to work for him at Merrill.

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

LOOK AT THE PARADE... I WONDER WHAT IT'S FOR!

I SUPPOSE I MUST MAKE A SPEECH BUT I'M AT A LOSS FOR WORDS

YOUR LOSS WILL BE THE PUBLIC'S GAIN... ANYWAY, THE PARADE MAY NOT BE FOR YOU

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YOUR LOSS WILL BE THE PUBLIC'S GAIN... ANYWAY, THE PARADE MAY NOT BE FOR YOU

OUR HERO MAJOR SLIDER

SLIDER CAPTURED VILAIN

MURRAY FOR ONE SLIDER

SOME MEN TRAVEL TO FAR-OFF PLACES AND SUFFER UNTOLD HARDSHIPS TO BECOME HEROES, BUT ALL ONE HAD TO DO WAS STOP A BRICK WITH HIS DOME!

OUR HERO MAJOR SLIDER

SLIDER CAPTURED VILAIN