

SHOW BOAT GIRL

By ROBERTA COURTLAND

Chapter 34 New Offer

MELISSA said swiftly, anxiously. "Oh, Randy, darling—please don't mind so much. I don't, honestly—I don't mind a bit."

"Well, you should," said Randy savagely, through his clenched teeth. "It was the most deliberate insult any girl could receive—and you should have pride enough to be cut to the quick—humiliated—as I am, for you!"

"But after all, they are people who mean absolutely nothing to me nor to you," protested Melissa almost frantically, because the lovely day was being torn to bits before her.

"They are the so-called 'best people,'" snapped Randy sharply. "And they are right. After all, one must draw the line somewhere, and a professional gambler's female associates is as good a place to begin as any. Come on, let's get out of here."

The sound of the bugle announced the third race. But neither Randy nor Melissa heard it. She had almost to run to keep up with him as he strode to the parking place where he had left his car. And the gears roared as she meshed them savagely so that the car leaped out of its parking space like a cruelly spurred horse.

During the drive Randy said nothing beyond the briefest, most curt monosyllables in answer to her desperate attempts at conversation. Her heart lay in the very heels of her smart brown suede slippers and her hands shook a little as she held them tightly clasped in her lap.

Just before they reached the show boat she said shakily, "Randy, I think you're being pretty much of a fool about all this. After all, I was the one who was—well, insulted, if you want to put it that way."

"There's scarcely any other way to put it, is there?" demanded Randy grimly.

"All right, if I'm not all hot and bothered about it, why should you be?" she answered with spirit.

"Put yourself in my place," suggested Randy grimly. "Suppose I were being brushed off like that by some of your friends?"

"They were not your friends—they were just people who thought you'd help them win a lot of money by telling them how to lay their bets," Melissa cut in sharply.

"All right, but suppose you had dragged me into a situation where I got that sort of brush-off—how would you feel about it?" asked Randy grimly.

"As though I'd like to wring their necks, of course," answered Melissa. "But I wouldn't take it out on you by being how hateful I could be to you."

"I'm not taking it out on you," protested Randy. "I'm just facing the fact that your association with me is going to put you on the wrong side of so-called respectable society."

"I'm not associating with you—I'm marrying you," Melissa told him hotly, knowing that she must fight as she had never fought, if she hoped to shake Randy out of this somehow terrifying mood of his. "And if you don't mind, I wish you'd keep quiet a bit. I've got to think."

"Black Mood"

MELISSA subsided, but she was frightened, terribly frightened, and she shivered a little, despite the mildness of the noon, and drew the lovely fur about her slim shoulders. She didn't quite know what she feared; she only knew that some darkness some evil shadow threatened her happiness. And she didn't know how to fight it.

They reached the River Queen; and as Randy let her out of the car, he said curtly, "I've just remembered some business I've got to attend to. You run along and rest up for tonight. I'll see you at supper."

And before Melissa could offer any protest he turned the car about in a shower of gravel and white dust and sped off down the road, leaving her standing there, wide-eyed, distressed, shaken to the depths of her being.

From the River Queen there came a cheerful hail and she turned to see Alice there, waving to her, greeting her gaily.

"Hey, you," called Alice lightly. "Why not come on board and give us a chance to look at all your new jewelry? Where'd you get the kitty-cat?"

Melissa stumbled down the pier, and as she reached the side of the boat Alice saw her face and cried out in sharp concern. "Why, kiddie, what's happened? You look as though you'd been breaking bread with a ghost—and a rather loathsome one."

Melissa burst into tears against Alice's shoulder, and Alice, alarmed, gave her little comforting pats on the back as though she had been the age of Alice's small son. When the tears had ex-

ended themselves and Melissa had managed to recount to Alice the events of the day, Alice looked troubled.

"Ace is such a sucker for respectability so far as you're concerned that the big bug leans over backwards," admitted Alice frankly. "It burns him up to have anybody behave as though you weren't the equal and then some of the sassy little gals that flip around in the society set. Randy's pretty hipped on his own reputation, too. He goes through life believing that people think he's hand-in-glove with Satan himself, when as a matter of fact people who know him think he's just about the squarest little shooter in these parts."

"But Alice, what am I going to do? How am I going to convince him that I don't care about people like that woman at the track—and that I love him—and that nothing else matters?" wailed Melissa miserably.

"Well, as to that, kiddie, I wouldn't know," admitted Alice frankly. "I imagine you'll just have to give him time to get over the blow to his pride."

And then for the first time she saw the emerald, flashing green fire in his frosty setting, and she gasped.

"My saints alive! What a headlight!" she cried, and lifted Melissa's hand for a better look. "I'll say the man's mad about you. Don't worry, angel-face, he'll get over his peeve. You've got him roped and hog-tied."

Heavy Heart

MELISSA tried hard to accept the comforting counsel that Alice offered, but her heart was heavy and there was a growing feeling of fear and uneasiness as the evening passed and Randy had not returned to the River Queen.

She was doing her first group of numbers when she saw him for a moment at the entrance to the auditorium, watching her and listening to her song. Her voice shook a little, throbbing with the intensity of her emotion. For just a moment she looked across the room and into his eyes—and then he was gone.

When she had finished her last encore and was free to leave the stage she slipped off her door that led directly to the deck, intent on finding Randy and talking to him. But as she hurried toward the same room a waiter barred her way with a message. A guest wished to speak to her. It was very important, Melissa would have brushed past the waiter, ignoring him; but the customer was directly behind him and she could not escape.

"Miss Marlowe, I'd like a few minutes of your time for a proposition I think might interest you," said the man, who was middle-aged, well groomed, very pleasant, quite obviously someone of importance. "Perhaps you'll come to my table. A drink maybe?"

Melissa said quickly, "I don't drink, but of course, if you have something to say—"

The man smiled. "I don't think you'll find it a waste of time to listen," he assured her, and guided her to a small table for two, where he drew a chair out for her. When she seated, he asked at once, "Miss Marlowe, had you ever thought of going on the air? Radio stuff?"

"No, of course not," answered Melissa, almost rudely, for she was possessed of a terrific impatience to hear what the man was keeping her from seeing Randy.

"Why of course not?" asked the man, smiling faintly. "You have an almost perfect radio voice. I've been listening to you for some time—this is my fourth or fifth visit to the River Queen especially to hear you—and I'm convinced that you could have a very nice career for yourself on the radio."

"You're very kind," said Melissa. "But I'm afraid I'm not interested."

"But what do you intend to do with yourself? Certainly there's no real future aboard the show boat. After all the show boat is merely popular at the moment, because it happens to be a novelty. By next season it will be forgotten."

He protested the man, and offered her a card. "I'm Todd Beasley, of the Plantation Lady Products. I'm planning a new radio program to sponsor my products—a nationwide hook-up—and I can offer you a contract for a year, with an option for two more years after that, at a very good salary."

"Thank you," said Melissa quietly. "But I'm still not interested. You see, Mr. Beasley, I'm going to marry Mr. Hendricks."

"You mean Ace Hendricks, owner of the River Queen?" demanded Beasley, obviously startled.

Melissa's head went up a little and she said evenly: "Yes, we're going to be married within a week, so you see why I wouldn't be interested in your proposition."

Beasley nodded and for a moment was silent, studying her intently. Then he nodded a trifle grimly and said, "Of course, in that case—"

Beasley rose and bowed as she hurried away.

To be continued

There has been no bid for the tourist traffic of former years. The capital is jammed to capacity with government workers, thousands of whom are spending their first Easter on the Potomac.

The T-jal cherry trees along the tidal basin were in full, pink blossom for several days. Raw new buildings and excavations for more flank Constitution avenue, a favorite promenade.

The White House has cancelled the traditional Easter Monday egg rolling for children. The weather? A military secret.

Portland, Ore., April 4.—(AP)—Former Governor Charles H. Martin urged Portlanders yesterday to boost the proposed wooden aircraft industry.

QUIET EASTER IN WASHINGTON DUE

Washington, April 4.—(AP)—A quiet Easter is indicated for war-time Washington.

SHOP AT NIGHT

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

Barker's
Store for Men

On the Radio Chains

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:

STATIONS:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland.
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland.
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1310, Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco.
KJW (NBC-Blue) 630, Portland.
KJL (NBC-Blue) 1070, Seattle.
KJL (NBC-Blue) 1070, Los Angeles.
KOA (NBC-Blue) 830, Denver.
KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland.
KOMO (NBC-Red) 830, Seattle.
KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco.
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Monday
8:00 p. m.—Floyd Wright, KOMO.
Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN, KNX, Flying Patrol, KGO, KJL: Stars of Today, KGW, Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

8:30 p. m.—News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJL: Harry W. Flannery, KNX, Voice, KPO, KOMO, KGW, Eyes of the World, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL: Music by White, KEX, Voice of Victory, KGO, Old Times, KJL.

6:30 p. m.—For America We Sing, KGO, KEX: Dr. I. Q. Jim McClain, KPO, KOW, KOMO: Greater Washington Hour, KJL.

7:00 p. m.—Monday Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KJL, KEX: Freddy Martin's orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL: Con-

tented Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

7:30 p. m.—Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN: Cavalcade of America, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Jimmie Fidler, KGO, KEX, KJL.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL: Edward Tomlinson, KGO, KJL, KEX: Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:15 p. m.—Irene Rich, KGO, KEX, KJL: Lanny Ross, KNX, KOIN, KSL, Lum and Abner, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJL: Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Gay Nineties Review, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

9:00 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KOMO, KGW: I Was There, KNX, KOIN: Excursions in Science, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Paul Martin's Music, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Hollywood Show-case, KNX, KOIN: News, KSL, KJL, KEX: Lee There Be Music, KGO.

10 p. m.—Ran Wilde's orch., KGO, KEX, KJL: Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Masterworks of Music, KSL: News, KNX: Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KGO, KEX: Claude Thornhill's orch., KGO, Alvin Roy's orch., KSL: Broadway Bandwagon, KEX: Moonlight Sonata, KGO: For America We Sing, KJL: War Time Women, KOIN: Concert Hall, KJL.

11 p. m.—Wilbur Hatch's orch., KSL, KOIN: Music and Moonlight, KPO, KGW: This Moving World,

KEX, KJL: News, KNX, KGO: Reten-

les, KOMO.

Sunday
8:00 p. m.—Edgar Bergen, KPO, KGW, KOMO: American Legion program, KGO, KEX: World News Tonight, KNX, KOIN: Gospel Clinic, KJL: Ministerial Assn., KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Music by White, KEX, KJL: One Man's Family, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Spelling Bee, KNX: Musical Highlights, KGO: Echoes of Opera, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Fred Allen Show, KNX, KSL, KOIN: Grandpappy and His Pals, KGO, KEX, KJL: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

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

7:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJL: Take It or Leave It, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:30 p. m.—They Live Forever, KSL, KOIN: Walter Winchell, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Ingwood Park Concert, KNX.

8:00 p. m.—Crime Doctor, KNX, KOIN: The Great Gildersleeve, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Inner Sanctum Mysteries, KGO, KEX, KJL: News, KSL, KJL: Sunday Evening Service, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Jack Benny, KGO, KEX, KJL: Vaughn Monroe's orch., KOIN, Hollywood Playhouse, KNX: Three

Sheets to the Wind, KOMO: Beau

Sole Musical, KGW.

9:00 p. m.—Carnival, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Grandpappy and His Pals, KPO, KJL, KEX: Photo Finish, KNX: Leon F. Drews, KOIN: String Ensemble, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Moon River, KGW, KOMO: What's It All About, KNX, KOIN: News, KEX, KJL: Regal Ambling, KO, Country Store, KGO, On Temple Square, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Screen Guild, KEX: Claude Thornhill's orch., KGO, KEX: News, KOIN: Masterworks of Music, KSL: National Vespers, KJL.

10:30 p. m.—Bill Clifford's orch., KGO: Three Sheets to the Wind,

KPO: Quiet Hour, KEX: Gospel Hour,

KJL: War Time Women, KOIN: Sabbath Services, KSL.

11:00 p. m.—This Moving World, KEX: Mandy Strand's orch., KOIN: Al Donahue's orch., KPO, KGW: News, KNX, KGO.

CUT BREAD RATION
Lyons, Unoccupied France, April 4.—(AP)—Reductions of as much as 20 per cent in daily bread rations were ordered in some districts of the Lyons region today in reprisal for farmers' refusal to turn over their wheat to government distributing agencies.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

ENGLISH AMERICAN TAILORED SUITS

With 2 Pair Pants With Cuffs

GUS THE TAILOR

419 E. Main

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

A MACHINE USED BY THE SOVIET TROOPS HURLS 42 HAND GRENADES AT ONCE!

BILLY COLLINS—FISHING BOAT SKIPPER—FOUND A PENNY, 8 MILES AT SEA, IN 87 FEET OF WATER! (While sounding for the bottom...) Panama City, Fla.

DONALD TAYLOR—Philadelphia—COULD ROLLER SKATE AT THE AGE OF 1 1/2!

Monday—AIR BLITZ PROPHECY!

SEA-GOING PENNY
On June 15, 1941, Billy Collins was cruising offshore about eight miles from land and thirty miles from Panama City, Fla. Trying to find a rocky bottom, he dropped his sounding lead, smeared with soap to pick up bottom samples, into fourteen and a half fathoms of water. On hauling up the lead he was amazed to find a 1916 U. S. penny sticking to the soap! The odds against his finding the penny are probably several billions to one!

Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

YOU REALIZE THAT IN A FEW SECONDS YOU ARE GOING TO BE INTRODUCING AN ACQUAINTANCE, WHOSE NAME HAS SLIPPED YOUR MIND, TO THE MAN WHO JOINED YOU WALKING TO THE STATION, TO WHOM YOU HAVE BEEN EXCESSIVELY CORDIAL TO COVER UP THE FACT THAT YOU HAVEN'T ANY IDEA WHO HE IS

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent

Der Tagi

THE ENTIRE COUNTRY READS HAP'S INSIDE STORY OF THE STRANGE FATE OF SECRETARY WINGATE.....

ER...I HEAR TRINIDAD IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE! OF COURSE THE NEW AMERICAN FORTIFICATIONS...

TRINIDAD? CAN'T SEEM TO PLACE IT! IT ALWAYS WAS A DUB AT GEOGRAPHY

ONE DAY WHILE THEY WERE AT LUNCHEON, THE WIRELESS MAN RUSHED IN WITH A MESSAGE...

IT ARRIVED AT EXACTLY 12:07 HERR OBER-LEUTNANT!

HMM...HAF YOU EFER BEEN TO HAWAII, MY DEAR WINGATE? CHARMING SPOT! AH, PARDON ME! YOU WAIT FOR YOUR COFFEE!

HAVE SOME, YOU AMERICANISHER DOG!!

THE DATE... SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7TH, 1941!!

LIL' ABNER—Surprise Attack!

AM' GOIN' FISHIN'. YO' KIN COME WIF ME AN' LOOK AT MIGH PRO-FILE AN' SIGH YO' HEART OUT, AS USUAL!

(DUNNO WHO HE IS—BUT HE'S HAN-SOME AN' THASS ENOUGH FO' ME!!)

OUCH!!—WHUFFO DID YO' DO THEY?

BECAZ YO' IS ATTRACTIVE—SO NATCHERLY—AH HATES YO'!!

(—AN'—SOB!—THASS TH' WAY AN'LL TREAT ALL HAN-SOME BOYS!!—TH' BOY AN'LL FALL IN LOVE WIF GOTTA BE HOMELY!!—AN' TH' HOMELIER HE IS—TH' MORE AN'LL L-LOVE HIM!!)

(—SHE'S BUSTED UP WIF HIM AT LAST!—THASS FINE!!—HE'S BIN TH' BOTTLENECK ALL THESE YARS!—NOW TH' FIELD IS CLEAR FO' TH' OTHER LOCAL BACHELORS!—CHUCKLE!—I'LL BLIST HIS HEART—BUT HE DESERVES IT!!)

THE NEBBES—Just a Snack

HERE'S EMMA. TELL HER WHAT YOU WANT FOR LUNCH

I MADE YOUR FAVORITE SOUP, MRS. NEBBES. IT'S CHICKEN SOUP WITH LOTS OF BARLEY. WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE?

JUST A CUP OF TEA...I HAVE NO APPETITE, AND THE DOCTOR SAID TO EAT LIGHTLY

YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP UP YOUR STRENGTH

I THINK A LAMB CHOP AND SOME TOAST MIGHT GET A WARM WELCOME

GRACIOUS! I CAN'T EAT ALL THAT!

DON'T FORCE YOURSELF—JUST EAT WHAT YOU CAN

IT WILL DO YOU GOOD, M'AM

I CAN'T EAT ANOTHER BITE... I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE REST

YOU'RE DOING ALL RIGHT. WHAT YOU JUST PUT AWAY WOULD SUSTAIN A BUSY LUMBERJACK FOR A WHOLE WEEK!