



HAL  
GLATZER

The  
Last  
Full  
Measure

A KATY GREEN MYSTERY

Also by Hal Glatzer —

*Kamehameha County*

*The Trapdoor*

*Massively Parallel Murder*


THE KATY GREEN SERIES

*Too Dead to Swing*

*A Fugue in Hell's Kitchen*

*The Last Full Measure*

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The Last   
Full Measure

HAL GLATZER

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*Alford S. & Esoline*



# Cast of Characters



## — The Swingin' Sarongs —

Katy Green  
saxophone, violin

A woman whose gigs tend to lead her into danger,  
so she's lucky to know first-aid—or is she?

Ivy Powell  
bandleader, bass

A short gal with an even shorter temper

Lillian Vernakis  
trumpet

A dotty damsel, likely to do anything for love

Roselani Akau (née Apapane)  
vocals, piano, guitar

"The Heavenly Rose of Hawai'i,"  
with a very down-to-earth plan

## — Aboard SS Lurline —

— FIRST CLASS —

Phillip DeMorro

"The Baronet of Broadway," whose hot show just closed

John ("Quart") Brewer, IV (Stanford University, '27)

A big man in the sugar business, with a big axe to grind

Nancy ("Nan") Brewer (Mills College, '35)

His wife, who might just be ready for a solo career

Bill Apapane

Roselani's brother, a surf-riding champ, who needs to go ashore

— CABIN CLASS —

Shunichi ("Danny Boy") Ohara (Stanford, '29)  
An electrical engineer with a felonious past

Minoru ("Mouse") Ichiro (U.C. Berkeley, '29)  
A mild-mannered chemist who's quick with his fists

Sgt. Tadashi ("Tad") Mirikami, U.S.A. (Stanford, '29)  
Still "Jingo" to his school chums, and well-schooled about bombs

Tatsuo ("Rubbish") Mirikami (U.C. Berkeley, '29)  
His cousin, a junkman who needs new customers for scrap metal

— CREW —

Stan O'Malley, Master at Arms  
He's too much like too many cops Katy has met before

Hobart ("Swiftly") Boyd, M.D. (U.C. Berkeley, '27)  
Does the doctor have the right prescription for Katy?

Angelica Lanahan, R.N.  
The nurse is apparently all business

Les Grogan (U.C. Berkeley, '28)  
The chief radioman is hearing voices

Gloria Wiggins  
The beautician has an ear for first-class gossip

Frank Todd  
The crew-chief of the cargo hold needs a big boost



Friday, November 21, 1941

"LONG DISTANCE CALLING MISS KATY GREEN."

"I'm Katy Green."

"Go ahead, please."

"Katy! It's Ivy Powell—"

"—and Lillian Vernakis. Are you pregnant, Katy?"

"*What?*"

"Back off, Lillian, you're right in my ear! You still there, Katy?  
How the hell you doin'?"

Ivy was a bass player, a nervy little bird who could swear like a sailor, and scrap like one, too. Lillian, who played trumpet, was the excitable type, and a bit dotty from too many reefers.

"I'm okay," I said. "Where are you calling from?"

"Frisco. We've been here all along."

Which meant: about eighteen months. San Francisco was the last stop on the tour I'd played with them in May of 1940, in an all-girl swing band called the Ultra Belles.

"Listen, Katy," Ivy went on, "we have just picked up the greatest gig in the world, and we want you in our band. We need a sax player. But you double on violin, so we wouldn't need another soloist, which means more dough for you."

"But you can't take the gig if you're pregnant," Lillian called into the phone. "Are you pregnant?"

"No! What's the gig? The last time I was in a band with you two, I almost got killed."

Ivy chuckled. "The worst that could happen in *this* gig is you're gonna have to eat *poi*."

"What?"

"One more question, Quiz Kid." That was Lillian. "Do you get seasick?"

"I don't think so. Why?"

"We're sailing for Hawai'i next week!"

"We are gonna be the dance band," said Ivy, "on the *Lurline*.... Did you hear me?"

"The' *Lurline*?"

"*The*," Lillian mocked, "flagship of *the* Matson Navigation Company Steamship Line Incorporated Limited C. O. *The*."

"Do they pay union scale?"

"Well, it ain't *top* scale," Ivy admitted, "but it's close. If we don't need an extra soloist, you'll make a hundred and thirty-seven fifty a week, plus room and board on the ship."

"Plus time off for *baaad* behavior."

"Lillian! There ain't enough room in this phone booth for the four of us."

"Huh?"

"You, me, and those big bazooms o' yours. Back off, will ya?"

"Okay, Ivy, but tip the phone my way, so I can hear."

"You still there, Katy?"

"I'm here."

"What Lillian means is: San Francisco to Honolulu takes five days. We get two nights off in Hawai'i while they turn the ship around. It's a free vacation! We sail back to California, and get two nights to goof off in Frisco, or pick up an occasional gig. We're booked for the next two round-trips, so we'll be workin' through Christmas. And if they like us, they'll give us New Year's and a six-month contract. We could be workin' till next June."



"I don't know, Ivy. I'm just starting my busiest time of the year here in New York. Thanksgiving's next week. I've got bookings almost every night through Christmas. Tonight, I'm a strolling violinist for an anniversary party—I get big tips for that."

"So, you'll fiddle for tips at parties in *staterooms!*"

Lillian chuckled. "Or fiddle *around* in somebody's stateroom!"

"Say yes, will ya, Katy?"

"I'm tempted."

"Come on—it's a cinch. You know how to swing all the standards—Broadway show tunes, Tin Pan Alley songs. The only new material you'd have to learn are hula-hulas. And the Matson office here in Frisco has a whole library of arrangements we can take with us."

"Ivy, the way you're hustling me, you sound like the band-leader."

"Yeah? Well, I guess I am. This just happened today. We're still down here at the union hall. The Matson people showed up lookin' for female musicians. But none o' the other girls here in Local Six have the guts to—"

"Wait a second! How did it happen that the Matson Line and the American Federation of Musicians gave a plum gig like this to *women?*"

"They didn't say so, but it sounded to me like they wanted a novelty act, for the holidays. I walked up and said I got one."

"You do?"

"I do now. We're friends with a Hawaiian singer here. She's a good piano player, and she can make a pancake-guitar go wicky-wacky-woo. I figured if I put a swing trio behind her, I'd have all the dance music covered, and a floor show, too."

"Besides," Lillian shouted, "they *have* to, now. Hire women, I mean. Too many guys in the union've got their draft cards, or reserve notices."

"I thought of you right away, Katy. I want you to come along."

"All the way from New York?"

"Look, if you don't think I can pull a band together and lead

What Roselani was so charged up about now were two novelty songs: "They're Wearing 'Em Higher in Hawai'i" and "My Little Bimbo Down on the Bamboo Isle." Ivy found them funny; Roselani insisted they were demeaning. Lillian smiled and nodded and kept on cleaning her trumpet, seemingly oblivious. But suddenly she asked, "Do I get a vote?" And when our heads turned, she explained, "'Cause I vote for *not* doing them, unless we're gonna go into a strip-tease!"

That settled it. We dropped them.



Friday, November 28

BY NINE A.M. ON SAILING DAY, the noise inside Pier 35 was almost unbearable. The freight and provisions were aboard, but hundreds of passengers and well-wishers, baggage and bag-handlers, filled the shed from end to end. I had to excuse and sometimes even bully my way through the crowd, carrying my suitcase, overnight case, and two instrument cases up the gangway, across the promenade at Deck-C, through the double-doors into the foyer, down two flights of stairs, and all the way aft along the narrow corridor to 533.

Roselani was already in our tiny, L-shaped cabin. The wardrobes were barely wide enough for the clothes we had to hang up; we'd be digging into our luggage all the way to Hawai'i.

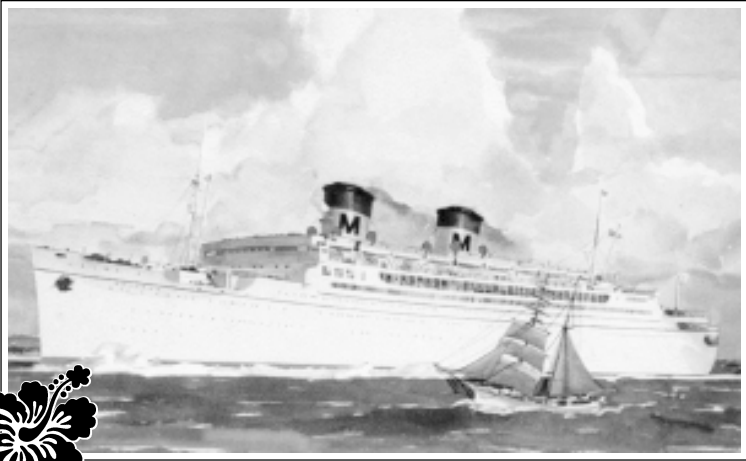
"I've got room for my valise under my berth," she said. "See if yours will fit standing up in the tunnel."

"In the what?"

She pointed into the L. "See the porthole, down there, over the basin? Doesn't it look like the headlight of a train, coming at you through a tunnel?"

I chuckled. "I guess it does."

She squinted. "You're...what? Thirty-two? Thirty-three?"



Monday, December 1

IVY MUST HAVE SEEN MY EYES OPEN. “We’ve been waiting for you,” she said. “It’s a quarter to ten.”

I retrieved my watch, knotted up my sarong again, and led the way. The door to 533 wasn’t locked, and Roselani was awake—but neither reading nor resting nor anything else, just sitting in the little chair in the middle of the room.

I asked, “How are you feeling?”

She looked at Ivy. “I’ll make the gig, don’t worry.”

“No. Listen!” Ivy shot back. “You wanna sit out tonight, it’s okay. We’ll understand. He was your brother! That’s terrible.”

“I know how I’d feel if *my* brother—”

“Thank you, Katy. But I’ve come to terms with it. With him.”

Her bed was as taut as the maid had left it. Had she been in the chair all along? Or had she gone somewhere else on the ship? I felt queasy, though it was surely from the headache I’d been ignoring. I went straight to my toilet-kit, brushed my teeth, and swallowed three aspirin tablets. I needed a shower-bath, too.

Ivy was saying, “Honest, Roselani, it’s okay. I’m stickin’ to the union rules. They say you can have sick-time off.”

"I'm not sick."

"We've got plenty of material. We can reprise our Ultra Belles' arrangements. Don't wor—"

"Oh, Roselani!" Lillian touched her hand. "It's *my* fault! I called him a fairy—a *mābhū*! He must've gone crazy, and picked a fight with somebody, just to prove he *wasn't*!"

"No cryin', Lillian! Here." Ivy tipped Luckies out of her pack for them all, and struck a light.

"Hey—three on a match," said Lillian.

"Nope," Ivy retorted. "No bad luck now. All our bad luck is past us. There's only good luck ahead. Right? Right, Katy?"

I raised my aspirin bottle. "Here's to good luck!"

They gave back, "Good luck!" in unison.

Ivy leaned against the door. "So, we still goin' on this treasure-hunt?"

"Aw! I wanted so badly for Bill to come, too."

Roselani spun around and jabbed a finger at Lillian. "Bill was *never* comin'! Get that through you' head!"



The office of the master at arms was down on Deck-F, which was off-limits to passengers. His door was open, and he called, "Good morning, Miss Green," and waved me into an armchair across from his desk. "Were you able to sleep?"

"Yes, thank you." I didn't tell him how poorly, nor that I was now wishing I'd accepted one of the doctor's sedatives.

He took up a note-pad. "Are you any clearer now about what you heard? What was the name Bill Apapane said when he saw you? Whatever it was, I'm guessing that it's important."

"It sounded like John or Jan, and Kemp or Kent."

"Well, as you might expect, I've looked through the passenger- and crew-lists already. But I want you to take a look yourself before we talk about it. Power of suggestion—you understand?" He handed me two carbon-copied pages of typing, and a red pencil.

I settled back in my chair. The passengers' names were

ship. You can walk there. But they have a roof-garden, and on a balmy night, you get all of *this*—” he drew his arm across the moonlit horizon “—plus the lights of the city, and the scent of flowers, in place of stars and seawater.”

“There’s a lot to like about stars and seawater, though.”

“We could dance there.”

It sounded wonderful, but I didn’t want him to expect me. “Ivy has all our vouchers. But I think, on this trip, we’re staying someplace else that Roselani knows about. I guess she’s stayed there before. I don’t know where it is, though.”

All of which was true.



Tuesday, December 2

A CHART POSTED IN THE FOYER showed the ship's track across the Pacific with a red ribbon that a crewman extended every four hours. By nine o'clock Tuesday morning, we were closing in on the Tropic of Cancer.

Up on the Sun Deck, the sea and the breeze were both soft, and the ship gave only its native roll and thrust, oblivious to the tiny waves lapping our sides. And inside the tennis-net, four of the dark men I'd seen last night were playing doubles; the others stood outside, cheering them on. They were all in their twenties, broad-shouldered, and well worth the looking at...

"Thank you, Miss Green," someone said, quite close to my ear. It was Stan O'Malley.

"You're welcome. For what?"

"You made us work for nothing." Before I could even flinch, he grinned, and said, "I can't find a John Kemp or Jack Kent, and none of the other names you came up with have any connection to Bill Apapane."

"Maybe Bill was delirious, and what he said didn't mean anything."

"I guess so."



Glenn Carlson

## About the author

Hal Glatzer worked for eleven years as a newspaper and television reporter in Hawai'i. He is a singer and composer in the swing and jazz tradition, and produces award-winning audio-play adaptations of his Katy Green mystery series. He also writes tongue-twistingly alliterative "minuscule mysteries" in the radio-private eye style. Glatzer and his wife divide their time among San Francisco, New York, and Honomu on the Big Island of Hawai'i. He may be visited and e-mailed at [www.lastfullmeasure.info](http://www.lastfullmeasure.info).