

FOR THE LOVE OF PAM

By VIVIEN GREY

YESTERDAY: Partly because of a bet with Antonio, the orchestra leader, but mostly because he wanted to see Pam Quelleron again, Jerry Winthrop has asked her to a dance at Casa Marina. Jerry's mother has been very nice to Pamela, his sister has been rude, and now Freda Barington, whom Jerry has known a long time, is talking with him about his new friend.

Chapter Four Freda's Ring

"YOU might tell me who she is," Freda said finally.

Jerry turned to search the girl's face. There had been something in her voice that caught his attention. Freda Barington was the girl his name had always been linked with. He had squirmed her to dances and made gay whirls of night clubs with her. And somehow she always showed up at the places his family spent their winters.

Freda and her mother, the indulgent and very rich Toni Barington, invariably arrived a few days after the Winthropes had settled in winter quarters. It had been a taken-for-granted thing, and Freda was a nice girl, Jerry admitted. She had been a grand playmate.

Jerry glanced at her now and was acutely aware of the large square diamond on the third finger of her left hand. His diamond. He remembered the day he got it for her.

He had driven Freda and her mother back to their apartment in New York after a week-end with his mother in Westchester. Mrs. Barington wanted to pick up a bracelet she was having repaired at a fashionable jeweler's. Freda was intrigued by the diamond display and the clerk, recognizing her as the daughter of one of the firm's best customers, got out the ring that interested Freda most.

Freda slipped it on her finger and turned delightedly to Jerry. "Look, darling! I just can't get any of the girls who'll get this!"

Mrs. Barington had breezed along just then. Her blithe, careless glance had gone from Freda to Jerry. "Well, why not now, Jerry?" she had asked lightly.

Freda's eyes had questioned his for a full minute. "Why not?" from Jerry.

So Freda kept the ring and the price of it was put on Jerry's father's account.

Freda took off the ring and there on Fifth Avenue insisted Jerry make a ceremony of putting it on her finger.

"Now kiss me!" she commanded imperiously.

Jerry kissed her. "You two darling idiots!" Mrs. Barington said, laughing gently.

And people passing turned to look and smile at the handsome young couple so obviously in love.

Next day when he got home he had told his mother about giving Freda the ring.

"Oh, darling, I'm so glad!" She had stood on tiptoe then and kissed her tall, handsome son.

His mother and Toni Barington had been girlhood friends. Only Toni had been rich even then, as the only daughter of the owners of a prosperous glass factory at Shirley, Indiana. His mother liked Freda. Freda's voice penetrated his thoughts.

"Her name is Pamela," Jerry hesitated, as if realizing for the first time that he knew little more about her than just her name.

"And she's the sweetest, loveliest thing in the world!" Freda finished for him, laughing. "Well, I suppose there are times when that's all a man needs know about a girl."

Dinner For Two
HER voice was light, but her eyes were on him with more than a casual glance.

"You haven't said a word to me, Jerry," she continued. "You haven't even noticed the dress that I put on purposely for you. Mother made me buy it because she said you'd like it. Can't you put yourself out a little and say something nice to a girl once in a while?"

Jerry looked at her then. Freda was beautiful in a sleek, smooth way. She was always dramatic as to dress.

"You're magnificent tonight, Freda," he said obediently. "There! That's much better!" she smiled. "And now aren't you going to ask me to dance?"

"Of course," Freda said. They danced. Then Jerry was back beside Pam, claiming her from the little group of young men milling about her.

He insisted upon dinner at the hotel. "You owe me that," he urged when Pam suggested home, "for all the time I've let you spend with these other fellows."

Pam said then she must telephone Melita. She always let Melita know when she wouldn't be home for dinner, so Melita wouldn't wait and spoil her own evening.

Jerry smiled whimsically. "All right," he said. "You've got some quaint tricks, but I like them." And he did, he reflected, as he slipped the coin in the box for her and waited while she talked.

She was so refreshingly different. So sincere and considerate.

with everyone. That was part of it, he thought. That was the thing that was reaching out and taking hold of his heart. Her beauty alone couldn't have done it. He had seen hundreds of beautiful girls. It was that sweet graciousness, that unselfish running like a bright thread through all the pattern of her living, that drew him to Pam. It was a golden chain linking him to her life. And he was glad.

There were no more unhappy incidents that evening. Jerry's mother stopped a moment at their table, but declined Jerry's invitation to dine with them.

"I know young people like to be alone," she said. "I won't spoil this for you. And then went on to another table."

"She's sweet," Pam said a trace wistfully, recalling her own mother.

"Adele's swell!" Jerry was looking thoughtfully at his mother, reflecting that if she knew what he did about Pam she would not feel their time alone together was to be so short that he might spoil something just by having dinner with them. It had been a rather generous gesture on the part of his mother, yet it gave him a clue to her belief regarding himself and Pam.

It was evident she thought it was to be an affair of short duration.

The Kiss
THE fragrant dusk of Florida night was vaguely silvered by moonlight when Pam and Jerry finally walked down the curving drive of the hotel toward Jerry's car.

Pam was glad Jerry drove slowly through the deserted streets, while under the pale moon. She was glad he didn't talk much. She had never ceased to love her home town, Key West.

She loved the quaint charm of friendly little houses, their shabbiness turned to beauty by the shadows, nestled close as if to give some long-gone seafarer's wife neighborly companionship even while she scrubbed the wide floor-boards of her kitchen or cooked the rich guava to richer preserves.

To be there with the things she had known and loved—and Jerry beside her—was happiness enough.

And Jerry, too, was thinking. He was thinking of Pam and Freda. Freda with her sleek, smooth beauty. But that wasn't the kind of beauty he wanted. There had been dozens of girls who had been there at the hotel who had Freda's sort of beauty. It was available at exclusive stores in little jars, in pretty bottles, in dresses and gadgets that bore names representative of class and distinction. It was purely and wholly of the exterior. And it left him cold.

While Pam—he dared look for an instant at her lovely young face beside him, dream-sweet, exalted, her soft brown eyes and gently tanned skin, a startlingly lovely note against the gold of her hair. Her beauty was real. Something deep from within. Like a lamp burning steadily. Like a candle lighted in a cottage window. Her beauty was real and natural. It had nothing to do with things handed over the counters of shops.

They reached Pam's home, with its lawn and garden much larger than most of its neighbors and its chimneys that rose from a spacious fireplace.

It had been a happy evening, in spite of Lenore's cruel remarks. As a family, the Quellerons had always made a point of trying to forget unpleasant things. Pam still kept to that philosophy. It had been one of the happiest evenings she had known since she had been alone. The thought frightened her because Jerry was, after all, a winter man. She must dismiss him quickly.

With a swift, audacious gesture, she took one of the violets from her dress, kissed the tip of her finger, touched the kiss to the violet and gave it to Jerry.

"There! That's good-night and thank you for a lovely, lovely time!"

She drew back then, startled at what her impulse had led her to do. But Jerry caught her hand as she took the violet and raised it to his lips and kissed each finger tip.

"You're cuter than a mouse's ear," he said, as he carefully put the violet away. Pam laughed. "How cute is that?" she asked.

For answer Jerry's arms closed around her and drew her close against his heart.

"That cute," he said as he kissed her.

Pam drew back, hurt and confused. "Don't look at me like that, Pam," he said. "I mean so much that I can't say now. Things that shouldn't make you unhappy, dear."

But still Pam drew back. "Don't," she said softly, in a hurt little voice. "Please don't say anything more."

"Why, Pam? Is there someone else?"

"No," she answered thoughtfully. "After all, you're a winter man."

"Pam!" He claimed her hands with a sort of humble reverence. "I see what you mean. But this is different. Please try to believe me. You're going to have to some day."

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial:
KEN, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1310, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 530, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KNN, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 430, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 850, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time shown is PST

Thursday

5:00 p. m.—Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Green Williams' Songs, KGO, KEX, KJR; Music Hall, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

5:30 p. m.—News Here and Abroad, KGO, KJR, KEX.

6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL; Gust Bumba Revue, KPO, KOMO; Study Valley Prgm., KEX, KGO, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—High Roads to Music, KPO, KJR, KGO, KJR, KEX; Quiz of Two Cities, KGW, KOMO; Organ Mustangs, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Boxing Bout, KGO, KEX; Concert Trio, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Maude's Diary, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Clark Dennis, KJR, KEX; Coffee Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dinner at Omar's, KGO.

8:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hollywood Smarty Party, KXN.

KOIN: News, Claude Thornhill's Orch., KSL; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:30 p. m.—Tommy Rigg and Betty Lou, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Carl Ravazza's Orch., KJR; Death Valley Days, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Fellow Sportsmen, KGO; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KXN, KOIN; Hemisphere Revue, KGO; Bar-KPO; Emile Pettit's Orch., KJR; Dance Orch., KGO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Musical Quintels, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Neil Bonduch's Orch., KOMO; Dancing with Clancy, KGO; News, KJR, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Marine Band, KGO, KJR; Bob Crosby's Orch., KSL, KOIN, KXN, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Gene Krupa's Orch., KGO, KJR; Lud Gluskin's Orch., KOIN; You and Your Bank, KPO; Leaders of the West, KSL.

11:00 p. m.—Matty Malneck's Orch., KGO, KJR; Bill Clifford's Orch., KPO; Paul Sullivan, KXN; Leon F. Drew, KOIN; Highlight Hour, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

11:30 p. m.—Weekly Spectator, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bill Henry, KXN, KOIN; Emile Pettit's Orch., KGO.

12:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Jay Burnett, KGO, KJR; Bob Crosby's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KOIN.

1:30 p. m.—News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hollywood Premiere, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Romance and Rhythm, KGO, KEX; Penthouse Party, KSL, KXN, KOIN; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Scandinavian News, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Listen America, KPO, KGW, KJR; Burl Ives, KXN, KSL, KOIN; First Piano Quartet, KGO, KEX; Comedy, KOMO.

7:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Johnny Long's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Dance Time, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Great Moments from Great Plays, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Vox Pop, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:00 p. m.—Will Osborne's Orch., KPO, KGW; Grandpappy and His Pals, KGO, KJR, KEX; Claudia, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Fish Finder, KOMO.

8:30 p. m.—Gene Krupa's Orch., KGO, KJR; Lud Gluskin's Orch., KOIN; You and Your Bank, KPO; Leaders of the West, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Matty Malneck's Orch., KGO, KJR; Bill Clifford's Orch., KPO; Paul Sullivan, KXN; Leon F. Drew, KOIN; Highlight Hour, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

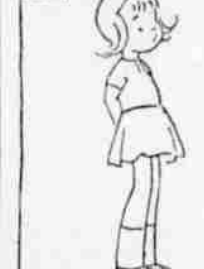
9:30 p. m.—Weekly Spectator, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bill Henry, KXN, KOIN; Emile Pettit's Orch., KGO.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Jay Burnett, KGO, KJR; Bob Crosby's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KOIN.

1:30 p. m.—News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hollywood Premiere, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

SCRAPBOOK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



MOTHER, BUSY WRITING LETTERS, SUGGESTS SMALL DAUGHTER AMUSE HERSELF CUTTING OUT PICTURES AND MAKING A SCRAPBOOK



DAUGHTER THINKS WELL OF THE IDEA AND DEPRIVES WIFE OF OLD MAGAZINES



REAPPEARS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AND ASKS MOTHER TO SHOW HER WHAT PICTURES TO CUT OUT



DEPARTS WITH INSTRUCTIONS NOT TO BOTHER MOTHER UNTIL SHE HAS FINISHED THESE LETTERS



STAYS IN PRESENTLY SAYING SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BOTHER HER BUT WANTS IT ALL RIGHT TO CUT UP THIS NEW MAGAZINE THAT DADDY HASN'T SEEN YET



COMES BACK TO SAY SHE HAS THE PIECES SHE CUT OUT OF IT, SO DADDY CAN STILL READ THE MAGAZINE



IS SILENT FOR HALF AN HOUR HAVING ABANDONED SCRAPBOOK IN FAVOR OF CUTTING PAPER INTO TINY BITS, MAKING ROOM LOOK AS IF A BUZZARD HAD HIT IT



PRESENTLY REPORTS SHE HAS CUT HER FINGER, AND MOTHER GIVES UP LETTER WRITING

L'L ABNER—Welcome Home!



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Orders To Kill!



THE NEBBS—You Tell 'Em, Kid



Orch., KOIN, KSL; Paul Pendarvis' Orch., KEX.

11:00 p. m.—Woody Herman's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KXN.

INDUSTRIAL EXPANSION SECONDARY TO DEFENSE
Washington, Sept. 11.—(AP)—Industrial expansion to meet purely civilian demand was for-

bidden today by the supply priorities and allocations board if the planned expansion would require the use of large quantities of materials critically needed for defense.

The policy was established by SPAB in the temporary denial of a proposal to expand the plant of the Tennessee Eastman Corporation at Kingsport, Tenn., a manufacturer of plastics.

San Diego, Calif., Sept. 11.—(AP)—The army paid off 25 draft soldiers at Camp Callan today and sent them home, the first of 200,000 who are to be released by Christmas.

The draft law, as amended, permits release of selectees 28 or over and of those whose continued service would bring hardship on dependents.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



HER CROWNING GLORY!

MADAME LIEDKA—Rumana-

HAD HAIR THAT GREW 2 INCHES A MONTH... EVERY 2 YEARS SHE SOLD ENOUGH TO MAKE 2 WIGS!

VALUED AT \$100 AN OUNCE, HER TRESSSES HAD A STRANGE, PEARLY SHEEN, USED ONLY TO ADD UNIQUE LUSTER TO WIGS...

JACKRABBITS ARE USED TO TASTE NEW TYPES OF GRASS FOR CATTLE! (RABBITS AND COWS PREFER THE SAME KINDS)

THE BATTLEDORE-WING FLY HAS WINGS THAT LOOK LIKE CARS! IT IS 1/40 INCH LONG...

IRON TREE! PALMETTO TREE OF IRON, ERECTED AS A MONUMENT TO SOUTH CAROLINA'S "PALMETTO REGIMENT," OF THE MEXICAN WAR...

State House Columbia, S. C.

HER HAIR WAS HER FORTUNE

In 1925 Max Factor, Hollywood make-up expert and wig maker, imported a shipment of amazing hair from a dealer in Bucharest. These tresses had an almost phosphorescent sheen and were valuable in adding highlights to wigs.

Factor learned that the hair was from the head of a "Madame Liedka," and nothing else was ever known of her, save that she was considered a great beauty. Every two years a shipment of Liedka hair was received in Hollywood, and in 13 years the lady realized about \$4,000 from the sale of her tresses!

Two years ago Madame Liedka died, at the age of 65. In the last two shipments her once dark brown hair was now snow white, but still contained its unique sheen. All hair used by wigmakers in this country is imported.

TOMORROW: Team of Twins!

By AL CAPP



By HAL FORREST



By SOL HESS



It Can Happen
Baker, Ore., Sept. 11.—(AP)—It isn't supposed to happen—

ROUGH RIDER CORDS

\$3.95

"Start Back to School From Barker's"

Barker's

some wildlife experts even say it can't happen—yet on the farm of Frank Sturgill in Pine valley a domestic drake and a wild mallard female duck are happily rearing a family of 10.

Aracaro Suspended

New York, Sept. 11.—(AP)—Eddie Aracaro, veteran rider of Whirlaway in the three-year-old turf champion's early season victories, today was suspended until the end of the year by the stewards of the jockey club for rough riding in the Hopeful stakes at Saratoga, Aug. 30.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.