FOR THE LOVE OF PAM

By VIVIEN GREY

YESTERDAY: It began when his Kerry Blue terrier nuzzled Pam Quellerton on the Key West beach. Jerry knew when Pam looked inquiringly up at him that something had happened that wouldn't be forgotten soon. He has taken her to a dance, and has kissed her good night, and Pam has suddenly realized that she has broken her rule against going about with "winter men." And Jerry wonders what about Freda Barington, who wears his ring—

Chapter Five

No Release

FREDA BARINGTON had always done her swimming and her beach lazing in front of Casa Marina in the colorful atmosphere of its smart beach umbrellas and smarter patrons.

But with slacks and jacket over a bathing suit that fit her supple body with unwrinkled perfection, she walked along South Street to South Beach. She seemed to wander aimlessly along the beach, but actually she was intent on a very definite purpose. Her eyes scanned the beach. They focussed on a solitary figure. She walked with apparent casualness toward that figure sitting alone on the sand and staring out over the variegated water of the ocean.

"Would it be madness to offer you a penny for your thoughts?" she asked as she dropped down on the sand. She removed the jacket and proceeded to roll the slacks up above her knees. She turned to Jerry then.

"Well?" she asked.

"You'd lose the penny." Jerry turned a serious face to her.

"I see. Then you want to talk."

"I don't know. The fact is, Freda, I don't know what I do want or that I want anything except one thing."

"That bad?"

"Worse. And I suppose you think I'm crazy."

Freda's fingers sifted sand for a moment, and then she turned a serious and pretty face toward Jerry.

"No, I don't, Jerry. I don't blame you at all. I understand. She's lovely, really lovely. If I could find anything here as gorgeous as that I'd go on an emotional spree myself for a while."

Faint color rose under the tan of her skin. "Perhaps I should blush at admitting being so utterly human, Jerry. Perhaps it's worse than human. Perhaps wanton. Maybe it's the wanton in us. Or maybe we're just bored with things as they are? Or is it the tropical atmosphere? Anyhow, exactly what you feel for the little Conch girl, I suppose I could feel for a Conch man if I could find one as nice. It's"—she sought the right words—"like the swell of the tide out there—as natural, as impossible to quell. And just as unpredictable."

She had gone on talking, too engrossed in her own thoughts to notice that Jerry had winced, that he'd seemed to drawn into himself. When he spoke it was in a changed voice.

"But you don't understand after all, Freda," he said. "It isn't that sort of thing at all with me. Emotional spree stuff, I mean. It's real. Real enough to last all my life."

"I know," she said easily, watching a bronzed local youth walk past. "Chalk that up to the atmosphere, darling. That strangely insistent breeze that keeps flaying at you, whipping up something inside you that you can't understand yourself. A sameness about the days that makes you want to do something different, just to mark one from the other. Sometimes," she finished on a note of low laughter, "I think what we need is work."

No Flirtation

JERRY looked at her casually. "Sometimes that gadget you use for a brain does produce a thought," he said. "And, by the way, stop flirting with the local boy."

"All right, darling, I'm flirting with a local boy. So what? You are flirting with a local girl."

"It happens, Freda, I'm not flirting."

"Call it anything you want to, darling. Your romance with your island flower can't get very far as long as I wear your ring!"

She was laughing at him, but Jerry paid little attention. Something else held him.

"Island flower!" he said. "Freda, that's exactly what she is! It expresses her perfectly."

"Or Conch girl!" she exclaimed in gentle irony. "Watch your step, Jerry, or you'll have conch shells growing out of your shoulders."

"That isn't nice, Freda. And your present mood is not in the least becoming. But I could have lots worse things than conch shells fasten to me."

"All right, I'll stop. Indulge your mood for your little local girl. You'll forget her as soon as you leave the island, or sooner. I'll forgive you. I haven't a jealous hair on my head."

"Freda, don't!" There was something in his voice that brought her sharply facing him.

"Don't what?"

"Talk like that. You're trying to soil something that's too lovely to be soiled."

"Go on, darling, rave away." Freda had turned to watch the youth who'd sat down now on an overturned boat. "I'm broad-minded. At least, I can be while I'm here. As I said before, I'm wearing your ring, and you can't laugh that off very easily."

Tied!

JERRY turned away. He didn't want to watch Freda's flirtation, meaningless as it might be. The youth who had been sitting on the overturned boat got up slowly and went to Duval Street to sit there on the stone wall enclosing the lawns of the southernmost house in the United States, its cupola rising above a cocoanut palm plantation to look across the southern sea. The young man sat gazing back toward Freda.

Jerry looked at Freda. She was turned away from him, looking toward Duval Street. He caught just an angle of her profile. She was an arresting figure, he admitted. He felt sorry for the young man and a little ashamed for Freda.

Of course that's what Freda thought of his friendship with Pam. That it was just a beach flirtation. That was not flattering to Pam. And he, Jerry, was the cause of it. The knowledge stung him to the quick.

Suddenly Freda seemed to realize Jerry had been silent quite a long time and with a strange, withdrawn tenseness.

"Jerry, what's wrong? What have I said?"

"Probably nothing. Perhaps I'm wrong. But if I am, I can't help it."

"What are you trying to say?" There was a sharp note in her voice.

"Just that you've got me all wrong about Pam, Freda. She's the first thing my life has touched that I've felt was real and permanent, and something I needed."

"Jerry, what do you mean?"

"Just what I've said, Freda."

The girl stared at him for a moment. "And where does that let me off?" she asked in a low tone.

Jerry turned quickly to her. "Do you mind, Freda?" he asked.

"If I thought you meant what you've been saying, I think I would mind."

"But I do mean it."

"Jerry, you can't! You can't! Think what your mother would say. And Lenore."

Jerry stared out to sea. He'd heard very little of what Freda had said. He was wondering what Pam was doing at that moment.

"No, Jerry," Freda said quietly but with decision, "I can't give you up."

To be continued

"It happens I'm not flirting," said Jerry.

Danish Ship Sunk

Berlin, Sept. 12.—(AP)—DNB reported today the 1,831-ton Danish refrigerator ship Chilean Reefer, operating in the service of Great Britain, had been sunk. There were no other details.

"The Man who Knows wears
Timely Clothes"
SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT
Barker's
Store For Men

Mother Saves Baby By Dash Into Fire

Tillamook, Ore., Sept. 12—(AP) A mother saved her infant son from death yesterday by rushing into a blazing house and rescuing him just before the roof collapsed.

Mrs. John Mackey was working in the barn on the Fawcette creek ranch south of here when the fire broke out. The baby was seriously burned.

Called To Duty

Portland Sept. 12—(AP)—First Lieut. John T. Runyan, infantry, Klamath Falls has been called to active duty at Fort Lawton, Wash., with the 2nd air force interceptor command.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial: KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KNX, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 680, San Francisco; KSL; 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST

Friday

5:00 p. m.—Janet Jordan, KGO, KJR, KEX Waltz Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Boulevard Interviews, KNX; Lives of the World, KOIN; Americana, KSL.

5:30 p. m.—News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGWKOMO; Hollywood Premiere, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

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

6:30 p. m.—Listen America, KPO, KGW, KJR; Burl Ives, KNX, 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, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dance Time, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Great Moments From Great Plays, KNX, 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, KNX, 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, KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Highlight Hour, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

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

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

10:30 p. m.—Neil Bondshu's Orch., KGO, KGW, KOMO; Carl Ravazza's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Paul Pendarvis' Orch., KEX.

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

New Record For Holstein Junior

Troutdale, Ore., Sept. 12.—(AP) An Oregon milk production record for a junior two-year-old Holstein cow has been set by Hallrose Governor Mary of the Hallrose herd here. It produced 710.2 pounds of butterfat out of 17,410 pounds of milk with an average test of 4.1 per cent over a recorded year. County Agent S. B. Hall is owner.

Bend Fire Chief Heads Coast Assn.

Reno, Nev., Sept. 12.—(AP)—The Pacific Coast Association of Fire Chiefs was headed by Tom Carlow of Bend, Ore., today. He was elected at the convention's closing session here last night.

Hugh I. Morris, San Mateo, Calif., retiring president, became chairman of the board of directors. Jay W. Stevens, San Francisco, was re-elected secretary-treasurer.

Divorces Senator

Laramie, Wyo., Sept. 12.—(AP) Mrs. Elysabeth C. Carrere Barbour has been granted a divorce here from United States Senator W. Warren Barbour of New Jersey, a check of court records disclosed today. The suit charged intolerable indignities.

TAYLOR TALKS TO PAPAL SECRETARY

Vatican City, Sept. 12.—(AP)—Myron C. Taylor, President Roosevelt's personal envoy to the Vatican, conferred today with Luigi Cardinal Maglione, papal secretary of state, for the second time in two days in an important exchange of views between the White House and the Vatican.

Informed sources said they understood the envoy told the pope yesterday that, in so far as Soviet Russia was concerned, Mr. Roosevelt was more interested in the welfare of the world's peoples than in the form of government as such.

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

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

ALASKA SALMON PACK FAR OVER LAST YEAR

Seattle, Sept. 12.—(AP)—Alaska salmon pack figures, final from all districts except Yakutat and Wrangell, aggregated 6,733,262 standard cases, as of September 6, the federal fish and wildlife service reported 110 canneries here today. This compared with 4,965,013 on the comparable date last year by 98 canneries.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

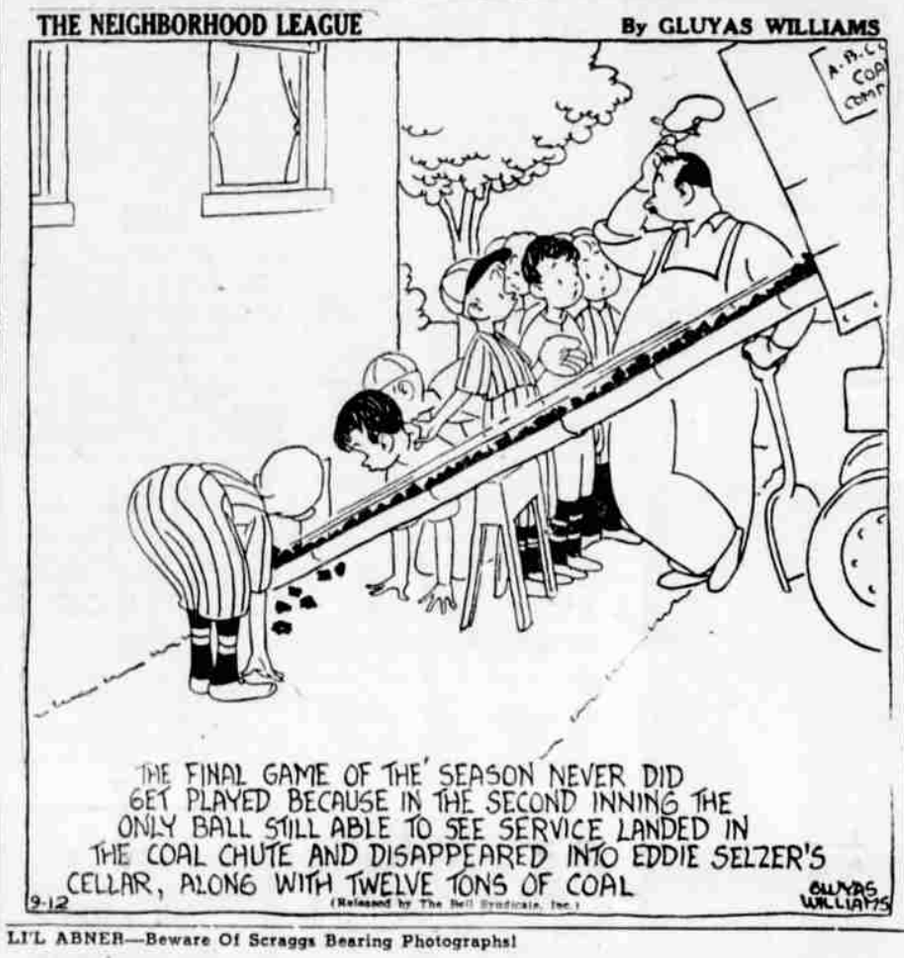
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX

TWIN WINNERS

Not only was North Texas State's twin team championship material collective, but individual as well. Wayne once defeated Don Lash, Blaine beat Chuck Fenske; both have bested Glenn Cunningham; and Delmar won the Princeton 400-yard event over Dennis Shores, South African Olympic star! All have established either world, national, state, or collegiate track records.

Sunday: Too Beautiful Girl!

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LI'L ABNER—Beware Of Scraggs Bearing Photographs! By AL CAPP

TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Condor To the Rescue! By HAL FORREST

THE NEBBS—Faithful By SOL HESS