

FOR THE LOVE OF PAM

By VIVIAN GREY

Chapter Ten Pam to the Rescue

PAM stepped back—so his hands couldn't quite touch hers. "You couldn't have anything to say to me that I'd better go in, now that you've untangled yourself from my garden?" "Come on, Jerry," Freda broke in. "Can't you see that the girl's giving you the air, darling? Don't you recognize extermination technique when you see it?" "Shut up!" growled Jerry, then he turned to Pam and started to move toward the house. "Pam, I've got to talk to you. You've got to listen, whether you want to or not." Freda stretched an arm out for Jerry, missed him, and then flopped in a soft, apparently boneless heap on the grass. Jerry paid no attention, trying to urge Pam on toward the house. "But, Jerry, you can't leave her there. It's damp. She'll take cold." "Good. She needs something like that." "Jerry, you've got to pick her up. Put her in your car and take her home." "I won't. I've got things to say to you." "And do you think, if you're the kind of man who'll let a girl catch her death of cold through your carelessness, I want to hear anything you might say?" "Freda's putting on an act!" Jerry exclaimed angrily. "She's got anything that happens coming to her." "Putting on an act? I don't understand!" "Of course you wouldn't, Pam." His voice was suddenly tender. "How could you? You're so different." Pam felt as if tears were dropping in her heart. The sweet, familiar tenderness of his voice! But the moon, sailing high in the sky, chose that moment to pick out Freda's diamond and light it magically. "An act?" Pam heard herself repeating coldly. "That sounds like a poor excuse for your rudeness, Jerry." "Yes, an act! It was Jerry who was indignant then. 'That girl could show Helen Hayes things and still have lots of lessons left over. Come on in the house. You're listening to me for a while.' He put his arm around her and was moving toward the house. It was only with difficulty that he kept from straining her to his heart. Jerry Winthrop had met many girls. But Pam stood out above them with the clear and faithful beauty of a Cathedral spire in a little Mexican town. The others could not even be compared with her. In the glorified instant that he stood there with his arm around her, his vision swept down the list of girls who had been the playmates of his lighter hours. He had never been serious with any of them, except in that rather half-hearted way, with Freda. Beautiful, willful Freda. Gay, Sally. Harriet. And on finally to May. Jerry's thoughts paused for an instant on May. She was smiling at him still. He answered her only after hearing from her repeatedly. He had never made any promises to May, who danced in a Broadway floor show. But May had sticking qualities. It was apparent. Jerry lingered on that instant as he stood there in the warm, scented moonlight, his arm around Pamela.

Freda's Act

"LET'S go in, Pam. I must talk to you," he said finally. There were things he wanted to settle. But Freda's voice cut through the soft Florida night: "Go into that house and I'll scream. I'll sound your car alarm and scream for you so all Key West will know you're in there with her, Jerry Winthrop! And this isn't a nice hour for a girl to have callers!" "Oh, no, you won't!" Jerry turned fiercely toward the heap on the grass. "I will," Freda giggled. Jerry stood irresolute, looking first at one girl and then the other. "Bring her in," Pam said softly. "I won't!" Jerry stared down at Freda and then stirred the fabric of her dress with the toe of his shoe. "I will then." As quietly as she had spoken, Pam moved toward the girl and bent to help her up. There was a stifled sound from Jerry. "Oh, all right!" he cried in exasperation. "If you will be a good Samaritan! But she doesn't deserve it!" Jerry bent and picked the girl up. He carried her into the house and then dumped her unceremoniously into a chair. "And I suppose you think I can talk to you with this leering, leering female around?" he demanded of Pam. "No one asked you to talk to me. As a matter of fact, I don't want to talk to you. I want you to be on your way just as fast as you can. I've seen all I want to of you!" Jerry stared to surprise, his anger leaving him. "Pam, I don't understand." "It doesn't make much difference whether you do or not." "Oh, yes it does!" He put his

hands on her shoulders and forced her to face him. "It makes all the difference in the world, Pam. What happened? What's changed you?"

"You would ask that!" she said bitterly. "Well, what should I ask?" "Nothing. You should know." "All I know is that you walked out on me. Walked out on me and made a laughing stock of me."

"Good! You asked for it!" "Are you crazy?" "No, but you are! You must be!"

Jerry stared at Pam for a puzzled moment. Then he turned, mumbling something about women and their lack of understanding, and rushed out of the door. Pam thought that was what she wanted, but when the door closed behind his angry figure she felt as if the light had gone out of her life. She stood, stricken, listening to the sound of his steps on the walk. The beat of her heart was like an aching echo of them.

"Jerry! Oh, Jerry!" His name came involuntarily to her lips. Freda slowly opened her eyes and sat watching Pam in silence for a moment.

"I'm sorry," she said finally. "I hadn't realized."

"Sorry?" Pam came back to the present with difficulty. "You hadn't realized what?"

"That it could be like that. I mean there was something in your voice. I could hear it. Something I've never felt for Jerry and probably never will. So, with a gesture that had in it something gay and gallant, 'I give him to you, Pam. I'm stepping out of the picture.'"

Pam looked at the other girl doubtfully. She brushed impatiently at her eyes with the back of her hand. Freda mustn't see her crying. She was not sure she understood what Freda had just been saying. It might merely be more of her brittle young smartness. It might be Freda's idea of fun to trap her into further signs of affection for Jerry and then scoff at her.

"You — you must be frozen," Pam said not quite steadily. "I'll — I'll make some tea."

Gift From Freda
SHE hurried from the room. In the kitchen she found Melita in a crisp, fresh house dress. Its colorful pattern was blurred by the mist in Pam's dark eyes.

"Oh, Melita, it's so early. You shouldn't be up!" "Hush, bambi," gently from Melita. "If it is early for Melita; twice early is it for her bambi!" She took the tea things from Pam's hands. "Tea, bambi? And strong?"

"Please. The China, Melita. With lime. And get the pretty cups Grandpa brought from India."

"Yes. And now dry your eyes and go back to your strange company. I'll bring the tea."

Pam went back to Freda, a smile wavering over her stricken young face. "I hope you've forgiven me this tonight," Freda said with the grace to beg in a humble voice.

Before Pam could reply, Melita glided in with tea things on a beautiful old silver tray. Freda glanced at Melita in surprise. "Oh, I'm sorry you had to get your help up," she said to Pam. "But I didn't," Pam said as she served the tea. "Melita just got up and came down. She's like that."

"Yes," Freda took the cup from Pam. "—she would. Your help would be like that. That's what I mean about you, Pam. You and Jerry. That's what I was trying to tell you."

"I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about, though," Pam said. "I mean, Pam, the difference between you and me. You're well, people would love you because you love them. It's that way with Jerry. You love him. You love him with such a selflessness. So you can give him what I never can. And I have my decent, generous moments, Pam. Really I do. And I like Jerry too well to cheat him out of the happiness you can give him. See what I mean?" Pam wondered if she did, if she was really hearing Freda's words and understanding them rightly. "I," she said hesitantly, "I'm not sure."

Freda caught something of the doubt and distrust in Pam's eyes. "I'm being honest with you, Pam. You can believe me. Jerry asked me for his ring. I'm going to give it to him. He's a good egg. I don't know that he quite deserves you, but he certainly deserves better than a thrill-hound like me."

"I don't believe we can sit here and dispose of Jerry's future like this between us," Pam said quietly. "After all, he'll take the woman he wants, if she'll have him."

"And that woman will be you. Take him, Pam. Don't let any hurt pride or anything keep you from it. Jerry's worth it. Believe me. I've known him all my life, you see. Jerry needs someone like you. Don't let Lenore get you down."

"But I don't know why you're telling me all this," Pam said. "Because I don't want you to miss the chance of a lifetime. I mean the chance to get Jerry Winthrop."

To be continued

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; KJW, 520, Portland; KJR, 1090, Seattle; KNN, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 450, Denver; KOIS, 870, Portland; KOMO, 830, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST

Thursday

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

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

6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KEX, KOIN, KSL; Cugat Rumba Revue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee, KGO, KEX, KJR.

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

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

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

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

KOIN: News, KSL; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

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

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KEX, KOIN; Comedy, KPO; Emile Pettit's Orch., KJR; Dance Orch., KGO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Musical Quinella, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

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

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Vincent Lopez, KGO, KJR; Bob Crosby's Orch., KSL, KEX, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Dave Marshall's Orch., KGW; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Carl Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KGW; Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN.

Friday

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

5:30 p. m.—News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGW, KOMO, First Nighter, KEX, KSL, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Romance and Rhythm,

KGO, KEX; Hollywood Premiere, KSL, KEX, KOIN; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Scandalous News, KJR.

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

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

7:30 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Playhouse, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Vox Pop, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:00 p. m.—Will Osborne's Orch., KPO, KGW; Grandpa and His Pals, KGO, KJR, KEX; Claudia, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Flash Funder, KOMO.

8:30 p. m.—Gene Krupa's Orch., KGO, KJR; You and Your Bank, KPO; Baseball Game, KEX; Fort Lewis News, KGW; Chapel Music, KEX; Tailspin Tommy, KOIN; Fort Lewis Life, KOMO; Leaders of the West, KSL.

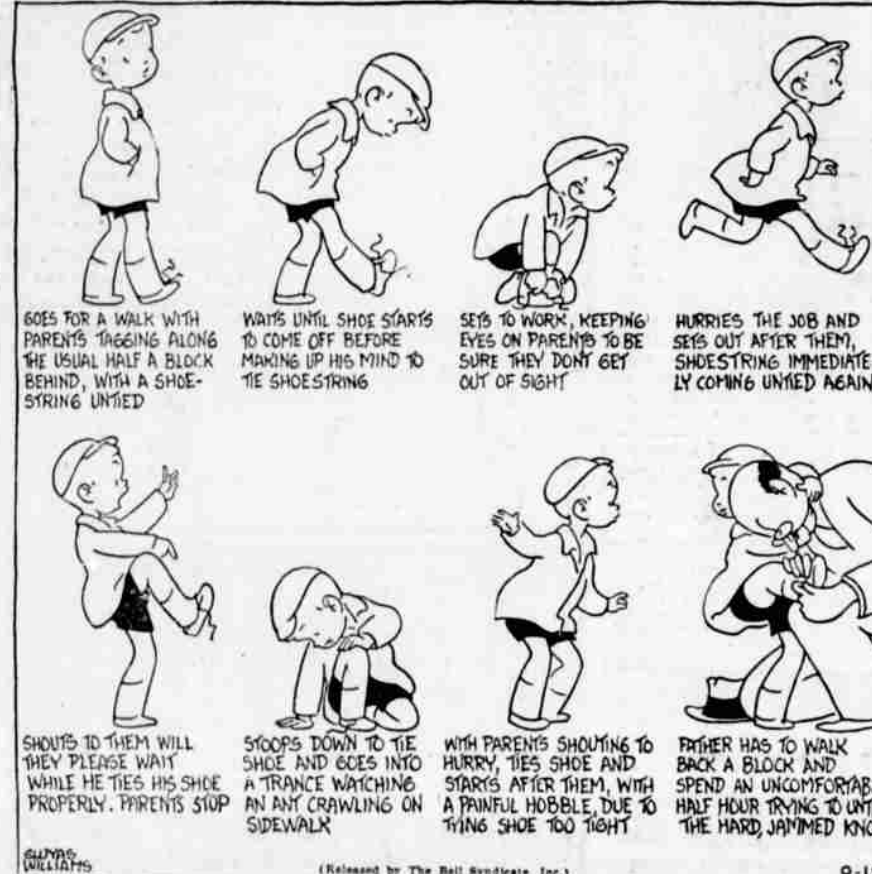
9:00 p. m.—Dave Marshall's Orch., KGO, KJR; Bill Clifford's Orch., KPO; Paul Sullivan, KEX; Frontiers of Industry, KGW; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Hush! Hour, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

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

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO.

SHOESTRING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LIL ABNER—A Barnsmell Exposed!



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ynez Acts Strangely!



THE NEBBS—Don't Quarrel



RUSSIANS AND BRITISH OFFICERS IN TEHRAN

Teheran, Iran, Sept. 18.—(AP)—

—Russian and British staff officers entered Teheran today as their mechanized forces surrounded the capital.

The Russian forces had come down from the northwest, the British up from the southwest, leaving their previous zones of occupation to take over the capital in the wake of yesterday's abdication of the ruler, Reza Shah Pahlavi, and his succession by his 21-year-old son.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

Russia to Receive Loan for Munitions

Washington, Sept. 18.—(AP)—Federal Loan Administrator

Arrow Shorts
Don't Bind
65c
Barkercs
Store For Men

FISH DERBY WINNERS

Waldport, Ore., Sept. 18.—(AP)—Richard Ward of Philomath gaffed the first weekly prize of \$10 in the Waldport salmon derby with a 15-pound fish taken over the week-end. R. M. Lance of Albany caught a silverside weighing 14 pounds, 12 ounces for second prize.