

FOR THE LOVE OF PAM

By VIVIEN GREY

Chapter 12 Exit Jerry

"YES!" Jerry's voice was tense. "Go on, I haven't honor, you were saying!"

"Well, you haven't! If you were honorable, would you be engaged to one girl and try to make love to another? Is that the conduct of an honorable man? Of a person who even deserves to be called a man?" There! It was out, and in a voice that could not conceal its hurt.

"Is it my fault?" Jerry demanded fiercely, "that I blundered into an engagement before I found the girl I really loved? Is it my fault the girl who's wearing 'ring won't release me'?" He had started. He hadn't known Pam was aware of the engagement between himself and Freda. Yet he might have known she would hear of it.

And Pam, with a feeling of dismay, realized that Freda had not released Jerry after all. Freda had not done what she promised. She might have expected that.

"No," Pam said coldly, "suppose nothing is your fault. Nothing ever would be your fault. I couldn't see you ever taking the blame for anything. Not you."

"You'll eat those words, young lady," Jerry's voice was cold with anger. "I didn't plan this. I didn't expect to come down here and fall in love with a young tigress. But I have! And I'm going to do something about it."

"Tigress? I'd rather be one any day than a worthless human being! Stop calling me names and get out of here!"

"I suppose I started this name-calling!"

"Get out, I said! On your way. I can't bear the sight of you. I don't want to have to look at you!"

Jerry's eyes were blazing with repressed anger.

"The time will come, Pam," he said in a low, carefully steamed tone, "when you'll ask me to come into your house."

He turned then and walked out. Blaze stood looking from one to the other, and finally, with her tail and head down, walked slowly after Jerry. After all, he was her master.

And Pam, left alone in the familiar room, put her head down on the table and cried. Pride and courage were all right as long as Jerry was looking at her. But they were poor help to an aching heart. Melita came noiselessly to the door, her eyes warm with sympathy, but she moved away again without speaking. There was nothing one could say to heartbreak, no healing words.

Pam had thought, while Jerry stood before her, she was doing the thing she wanted to do. She had thought sending him out of her life and turning all of her attention back to familiar activities was what she wanted. But now that the thing was done, she was not sure. She was suddenly aware of a cold emptiness in her life.

Pam lifted her head and turned to her work. There were things she must do. She had felt that carrying on her life as she had lived it, doing the things she had been doing, was what she wanted and needed most. But with Jerry gone she wondered dreadingly if she had been right. It was hard to get back to work.

"Little Basket Girl"

IT WAS noon when she was ready to deliver a wide-brimmed coconut hat to a woman at Casa Marina. Pam started, realizing that she was going there. It might mean another meeting with Lenore. Or Jerry. And she felt unequal to Lenore's chill scrutiny, or to facing Jerry calmly. It took all the courage she could summon not to throw up her hands and decide that she was beaten. But Pam hadn't come from stock that gave up easily.

She walked along the winding drive and into the shadowy lobby of the hotel. She left the hat at the desk, with the clerk who had been instructed to pay her. The five dollars that she folded and put in her purse gave her chin a decided uplift.

When she reached the door she looked out into one of those sudden showers typical of the place. It seemed to drop from a sky that opened as a spigot might, so suddenly did it come. Pam had never ceased to wonder at these brief showers and the lovely, fresh sweet smell they brought. It gave the world a sense of starting all over again.

She waited until the rain stopped, and then started along the wet sidewalk. Near the street, under the dense foliage of a great Spanish lime, Lenore and some of her crowd had gathered to wait the passing of the rain. It was too late to turn back when Pam saw them. It would look too much as if Lenore had frightened her and she was winning at her little game of snubbing, so Pam forced herself to walk calmly past, glancing at those in the group that she knew and liked.

"Oh," she heard Lenore's voice, "the little basket girl!" And then after an instant: "What funny tracks! Oh, they're those rubber soles from the dime store. How funny!"

Pam felt her face flush. She realized that her footprints on the sidewalk had revealed one of her little economies. She had on the sensible, low-heeled shoes that she always walked the uneven streets of Key West in, and they were the ones that Juan had re-soled for her, using materials from the ten-cent store.

Economy was no disgrace, she tried to tell herself as she walked on. But somehow Lenore and her gay crowd made all of those old standards and principles, which had seemed so fine and worthwhile, while, which that cruelly into her pride and flushed her face with a humiliation she was actually ashamed of.

Pam felt that she couldn't go home and face her work and the familiar things. The familiar things somehow seemed to be failing her. Everything had gone topsy-turvy. Even the town was that way. It had all gone a little mad since fall.

And yet on the surface there was little visible change. Pam felt that her life was like that. Turmoil had suddenly boiled up in it, without much meaning, but deeply disturbing. And yet, on the surface, she was going on living as she always had.

She strolled to the yacht basin, hoping to forget what had been happening, get back to normal again. But the Winthrop yacht was there. It was apparent that it was being made ready for something. Pam wondered vaguely if it was for sailing, and felt her heart start uncomfortably.

If the Winthrop yacht sailed, that meant Jerry, too, would sail to some other port. She saw the Winthrop car come up and park; then saw Jerry's mother get out and go to the yacht. Mrs. Winthrop was still on the yacht when Pam finally turned toward home.

Jerry's Letter

JERRY, his pride deeply hurt, walked back to the hotel. Blaze at his heels. Pam hadn't even given him a chance to apologize for having made her the subject of a bet. The thing had been entered into so lightly that day on the beach that he hadn't realized it might be humiliating to him. He had gone to see her with every intention of squaring that, no matter how he must humble himself. And she had not given him a chance.

"Little spiteful," he thought, the faintest shadow of a grin lifting the corners of his mouth. He couldn't remember ever having been so wrought-up before. Probably because life, heretofore, had always turned a smiling face to him. He did not know what any sort of denial was.

Then it came to him with a start that he had an envelope in his pocket he had not opened. It was Freda's note. There in her big, graceful scrawl were the words that released him. He was turned with the suddenness of the thing, and the queer twist of fate that had kept him from opening the note before he saw Pam. If he had known what Freda's message was, he could have given Pam proof that his intentions were honorable. That he wasn't as much of a playboy as she seemed to think.

Jerry had an impulse to rush back to Pam. But his anger, still alive, crushed that. He went on into the hotel. There were letters for him. Among them, one from May Friess. After a sketchy reading that really grasped little of what she had written, he tore it into small pieces and dropped it into a wastebasket.

But Jerry couldn't refrain long from trying to see Pam. He telephoned her house, only to find she was out.

Next day she was away on an all-day picnic with friends. Meanwhile, Lenore Winthrop had discovered that those days had early mornings. After that those mornings were lovely.

Vin Barroll, with his deep-seated love of the beautiful, had taught her that. Lenore would slip out of the hotel in the early morning and meet Vin at Rest Beach. They would sit on the steps of a cabana and watch the sun rise and turn the water first to pale rose, then to living, moving gold, and finally to the vivid blues and greens of day.

It was on a morning that they sat there, talking earnestly, that Pam awoke early, got her bicycle and decided to ride to the beach to be there alone in the quiet beauty of dawn.

The cabana near the white elephant was her favorite place. She loved the fragrance of the flowers when they were in bloom. She leaned her wheel against the back of the building, then walked around to the water side. Two people, absorbed in each other, started apart. Lenore's face was flushed as she looked at Pam, but her eyes chilled swiftly.

"Go away, beach girl!" she said sharply. "We don't need any spies around here."

To be continued

ath county where he is employed as a teacher at Bonanza.

Patricia and Joyce Marshall were absent from school the first of the week on account of illness.

Nancy Joe Cox was also ill Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Lenora Johnson of Medford called on friends in Fern Valley Sunday.

L. H. Hughes was a business caller in Ashland Wednesday.

Mrs. Cyril Steele has as her guest Tuesday her sister from Ashland.

R. L. Perna spent Wednesday evening at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. H. Puhl.

Those entering high school at Phoenix from Fern Valley are Lloyd Perna, Robert Lewis, Alice Bryant, Austine Johnson, Marion Perna and Josephine Kantoe.

Exports of lipstick were valued at \$423,240 during the first half of this year.

One Mail Tribune reader has

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland;
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1330, Portland;
KOA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510, Spokane;
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco;
KGW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland;
KJRH (NBC-Blue) 1090, Seattle;
KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Los Angeles;
KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland;
KOMO (NBC-Red) 950, Seattle;
KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco;
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Monday

5:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL, Dr. I. Q. KPO, KGO, KOMO; String Ensemble, KJR, KGO, KEX.

5:30 p. m.—News, KGO, KJR, KEX; That Brewster Boy, KPO, KGO, KOMO.

6:00 p. m.—Mercury Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Gordon Jenkins' Orch., KGO, KEX; Contented Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Nat'l Radio Forum, KJR; Rose Beemick, KGO; Shall We Wait, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Bob Chester's Orch., KJR.

KEX: Amateur Hour, KGO; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—World's Best, KPO, KEX, KJR; Gay Nineties, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Ozzie Caswell's Orch., KOMO, KGW.

8:00 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., KPO; Carl Ravazza's Orch., KGO, KJR; What's On Your Mind, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Univ. of Oregon Forum, KGW.

8:30 p. m.—Point Sublime, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Bob Crosby's Orch., KOIN; Gene Krupa's Orch., KEX; Memory Book, KGO; Buy Washington, KJR; Park Concert, KNX.

9:00 p. m.—Joe Engelhart and Melody Weavers, KNX, KOIN; Emile Pettit's Orch., KGO, KEX; Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dance Time, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Pick a Tune, KPO, KOMO; Beautiful Music, KGO, KEX; Deep Night, KOIN; News, KJR, KSL; Modern Music Box, KGW.

10:00 p. m.—Bob Crosby's Orch., KNX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Basin Street Chamber Music, KJR, KEX; News, KOIN; Murder on the Hour, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Gene Krupa's Orch., KGO; Mark Dennis, KJR; Jerry Jones, Nat'l Radio Forum, KGO; Con. All, KPO; Broadway Band, KNX; Masterworks of Music, KEX; of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Bill Marshall and Gayle Carter, KSL, KOIN; Carl Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW.

This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO; Knox Manning, KNX; Fishing News, KJR.

Tuesday

8:00 p. m.—Music for Listening, KGW, KOMO; Streamline Journal, KGO, KJR; Styles in Music, KPO; Second Husband, KNX, KOIN; Aloha, KGO, KEX, KJR; Report to the Nation, KNX, KOIN; Hap Hazard Show, KOMO, KGW, KPO; Bob Burns, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Bob Hope Variety Show, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Song Shop, KGO, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

9:00 p. m.—College Humor, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Juan Arvizu, KOIN, KSL, KNX; Popular Potpourri, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bringing Up Father, KGO, KEX, KJR.

9:30 p. m.—Johnny Presents, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Are You a Missing Link, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Adventures of the Thin Man, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

10:30 p. m.—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Arkansas Traveler, KNX, KOIN; Open House, KGO.

11:00 p. m.—Johnny Duffy's Orch., KEX, KOIN; Paul Pendarvis, KGO, KJR; Barrel of Fun, KPO; Freddie

Ebner's Orch., KGW; Comedy, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN; University Explorer, KPO, KGW, KOMO; For America We Sing, KGO, KJR, Knox Manning, KNX.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO; Bill Clifford's Orch., KGO, KJR; Bob Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL; News, KGO, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Carl Ravazza's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Army Band, KGO, KJR; Freddy Nagels, Orch., KSL, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX.

11:00 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KGO, Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Bumped

Kimball, S. D. (P)—Miss Katherine Lutar probably favors pumps over laced shoes. She stopped in a driveway to tie her shoe. Clair Brady, not noticing her in the stooped position, backed his car into her. She suffered a broken leg.

Escapist

El Reno, Okla. (P)—F. L. Schoonover, an employee of the federal reformatory here, has an odd hobby. He is an "escape artist." In demand as an entertainer, his favorite trick is to wriggle out of handcuffs and leg shackles placed on him by policemen in the town in which he is appearing.

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

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

650 MILES BETWEEN CLASSES!

DR. JAMES S. CHUBB—TEACHES SOCIOLOGY IN BALDWIN, KANS., ON MONDAY... THEN TAKES A BUS TO EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, TO TEACH AT NORTHWESTERN ON TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY.

HE RETURNS TO BALDWIN FOR MORE CLASSES ON THURSDAY...

HE IS ALSO A MINISTER ON SUNDAY AND MAKES 30 WEEKLY CALLS ON CHURCH MEMBERS!

MY BUSY DAY

Dr. Chubb is pastor of the Baldwin, Kansas, Methodist church. Besides his other activities, he conducts a mid-week prayer meeting! At Northwestern university he teaches for the Garrett Biblical Institute.

SWIFT MYSTERY

Although in recent years the migration routes of most birds have been traced, that of the chimney swift is still unknown. Years ago it was believed the swifts dropped into the water of the Gulf of Mexico, or hibernated in the mud during the winter!

TOMORROW: Superboy!

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FOLLOWING ORDERS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GOES UP FOR MOTHER'S SCISSORS, WITH ORDERS NOT TO KEEP CALLING HE CAN'T FIND THEM, BUT TO USE HIS EYES AND LOOK FOR THEM



STANDS IN MIDDLE OF ROOM, SCRATCHING LEG AND LOOKING VAGUELY AROUND. DOESN'T SEE THEM



GOES THROUGH MOTHER'S MENDING BASKET, MAKES SEARCH THOROUGH BY EMPTYING BASKET OUT ON TABLE



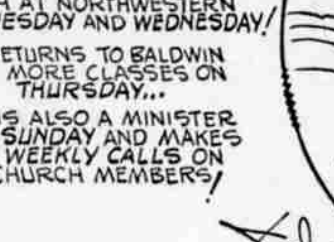
THINKS HE MIGHT HAVE OVERLOOKED THEM AND TAKES MOST OF CONTENTS OUT OF DRAWERS, PILING THEM ON BED



IN SAME WAY GOES THROUGH DRESSING TABLE, DUMPING CONTENTS OF DRAWERS ON TOP



IS ABOUT READY TO GIVE UP WHEN HE SEES SCISSORS IN PLAIN SIGHT ON CORNER OF BUREAU



CARRIES THEM DOWN AND IS MUCH SURPRISED AT THE STORM WHEN MOTHER LATER SEES CONDITION OF HER ROOM

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

9-22

L'L ABNER—A Crushing Blow!

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA—THE HOME OF MISS DOROTHY (SIGH-H) LAMOUR

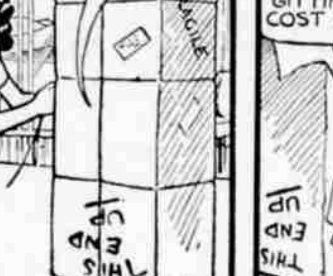
AN AIRMAIL PACKAGE FOR YOU, MISS LAMOUR. IT COMES TO NINETY SIX DOLLARS COLLECT!



GULP! WELL—IF SOME FAN WAS KIND ENOUGH TO SEND IT TO ME—I'LL PAY FOR IT!!



IT MUST BE SOMETHING VERY VALUABLE!!



MOST VALUABLE THING A KNOWS OF—



NAMELY ME!!—AH AXED TH' MAN HOW AH C'D GIT HYAR FUM DOGPATCH WIFOUT SPENDIN' MUCH AN' HE LAFFED AN' TOLE ME T' SEND MAHSELF COLLECT—AN' BLESS HIS HIDE—HE WAS RIGHT!! GITTIN' HYAR DIDN'T COST ME NOTHIN'!!

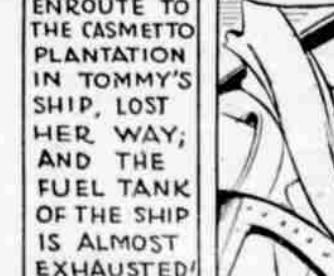


YOU'RE TELLING ME!! ER IT MUST HAVE BEEN VERY IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO SEE ME!!



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Black Panther Swoops On His Prey!

BETTY LOU, ENROUTE TO THE CASSETTO PLANTATION IN TOMMY'S SHIP, LOST HER WAY, AND THE FUEL TANK OF THE SHIP IS ALMOST EXHAUSTED!



AT LAST!!! A CLEARING!!



MY GUARDIAN ANGEL MUST HAVE MADE IT FOR ME!



AH-HA! OBVIOUSLY SHE REALIZES THE FUTILITY OF ELUDING ME!



FORTUNE AGAIN FAVORS ME!



AND CAPTAIN PANTHER FOLLOWS HIS VICTIM!



9-22-41

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THE NEBBS—Life in Northville

HELLO, MISS NEBB, SOME EXCITEMENT NORTHVILLE HAD—THE SWAGGER ELOPEMENT PUT IT RIGHT ON THE MAP



IT GOT UP PLENTY OF PUBLICITY



IT LOOKED FOR AWHILE LIKE THINGS WERE BECOMING SERIOUS BETWEEN YOU TWO, AT LEAST SO THE TOWN HAD IT



NO, NOT WITH ME, MISS APPELEY, HE'S A NICE BOY—PERFECTLY HOMESPOILED



I WAS THE FIRST ONE TO GIVE THESE NATIVES A HORSEL OF SCANDAL TO CHEW ON WHEN I DIVORCED MY HUSBAND, THE BANKER MR. POTTS—



I MARRIED HIM BECAUSE HE HAD MONEY, BUT I COULDN'T GET ANY SO I STEPPED OUT!



9-2