

FOR THE LOVE OF PAM

By VIVIEN GREY

To Match Your Eyes

"YOU may be giving yourself a very long drawn-out job, Jerry," Pam said, "I'm equal to it."

"And about the ring, Jerry—there isn't much point in talking about it, since rings and all, do they? But I'll get you a stone just as fine when you say the word. In fact, 'grinning,' I'll get it before, so the minute you say yes I can pop it on your finger, and you can't change your mind."

Pam smiled. She loved the impulsiveness of him.

"But you haven't told me who's going to be at your party?" she asked.

"Well, your boy friend, Doctor Shore, is going to be there."

That was really all Pam wanted to know. With Leo there she was sure of a rush. Let one man start playing a girl with attention and every other man at the party followed his lead. Pam wasn't listening, especially, but Jerry was going on to tell her some of the others who were to be at the party, a pleasant selection of winter and townspeople, most of them from the younger sets.

"Pam, I love you," Jerry broke off the party suddenly and spoke with much earnestness. "I don't know why I'm talking about anything else when I feel that all that's worth saying."

"Jerry, it's late. Time you pushed off. It wasn't an answer to what he had said, but there was a tenderness about it, a deep, tranquil tenderness had enveloped Pam. The temporary chaos of her life seemed to be clearing again and the old tranquillity returning. "See you tomorrow. I know I'll love your party. I've never been on a really big yacht for a really big party."

"I'd much rather you'd love me than the party. And as for big parties on big yachts, you'll be on them lots from now on, sweet!" was his reply as he hurried away. "I'll be here to get you, and will you knock 'em cold when I bring you home?"

Early next afternoon a messenger arrived with a package for Pam. She found when she opened it a corsage of velvety French marigolds, fresh in their bed of ice. They had come in on the noon plane and there was a card with them signed "Jerry." Pam smiled as she read the written words: To match your eyes.

Jerry had said that to her once, that her eyes were like French marigolds. It was sweet, a thing to take to her heart and keep there. Jerry had so many lovely qualities, Pam thought, if only he'd do something worth while instead of just loafing. Anything, thought Pam, would be better than the soft green organdie of her dress. Later a box was delivered with Leo's card. Marchal-Neil rosebuds.

Two Lovers

JERRY'S eyes lighted as he looked up the long flight of stairs as he waited in the hall and saw Pam coming toward him.

"Didn't I tell you that first day on the beach that we were going to be friends?" he asked as he tucked her into his car and then paused a moment to leave a light kiss on the palm of her hand.

Riding through the streets of the village under the star-swept blue of the Florida sky, Pam went back mentally to that day on the beach when she had first seen Jerry and his dog. Blaze was even then on the back of the seat behind them, her soft black nose almost touching Pam's neck. Pam began to caress the animal's head.

Jerry grinned. "I wonder," he said, "if Blaze appreciates that as much as I would?"

"Much more, I'm sure," Pam laughed. She was in a gay mood. She knew that she looked right for the occasion. Jerry's eyes had told her that. So nothing that could happen would shake her confidence. She would laugh at Lenore's outbursts of temper and in one way or another give back as good as she got.

"Heartless creature!" Jerry exclaimed, but pride in her echoes in the words.

Leo drove up as Pam waited for Jerry to back her car into the parking space. He had let Pam out because the gravel of the lot would do her slipper heels no good. Leo stopped, got out and stood beside her a moment. Pam wondered if his eyes were a little hurt as he looked down at her.

"You would give me the icy mitten!" he said, with every intention of speaking lightly, but there was a pained undertone in the words.

Involuntarily Pam's hand went out to his. Leo had so long been a friend she could count on.

"You don't mind, Leo? I didn't think it mattered who brought me. See, I'm wearing your flower."

ers. Jerry sent French marigolds. I'll ask them to put his in the box and put them on later. Leo, it was sweet of you to send me flowers."

The young doctor glanced at the buds, exquisite against the soft green of her dress.

"They always make me think of you, Pam," he said quietly. "They are so definitely one of the things that make this island a lovely place. And you're like that. Girls like you, women like you'll grow to be, are like that."

"Leo, I'll remember that all my life. It's the sweetest thing that's ever been said to me."

Leo smiled. "Perhaps then," he said, "it will earn me a dance. I have only the first one—with Freda."

"All you want of them," Pam said. Unaccountably in that instant Pam was glad she had made no promises to Jerry. Leo represented everything she liked in a man. He was a useful, helpful person. Someone for whose living the world would be a little better, a little less filled with trouble and pain.

"Break it up!" was Jerry's blithe approach. "I don't like other men going into a huddle with my girl!"

"Try and stop it," laughed Leo. "If you insist upon picking the prettiest girl in the place, you've asked for competition!"

"Go ahead!" Pam laughed. "I can take it. Peeps me up."

"Vivian!" cried Jerry. "You don't need it. If you hear any more about how lovely you are, you won't be speaking to us. You already surpass perfection. What more do you want?"

"Conch," Again

"So many things, Jerry, I couldn't begin to tell you." Pam's voice was suddenly serious. She didn't add aloud that she was not even sure what she did want. One thing she knew with deep, unwavering conviction. She wanted Jerry to have some more important purpose in life than merely having a good time.

"I'm jealous that you're wearing his flowers," she heard Jerry say.

"But I'm carrying yours, Jerry, and I'll wear them later."

Mrs. Winthrop, standing at the gangplank waiting for the rest of her party to come from the car, was being lagged at Pam. "I hoped you'd come, my dear. I'm so glad."

Then, Pam reflected, Mrs. Winthrop had spoken of her. It hadn't been only Jerry who had thought of her when the guest list was made. That was pleasant to know.

The yacht was a blaze of light. There was the sound of clinking ice in glasses, of light laughter etched against a background of soft music. There were flowers scenting the air. It seemed to Pam that she must be dreaming.

Pam noticed Lenore was most often standing at the bar where Cuba Libre and rum highballs were being handed out with lavish generosity.

Jerry took Pam to the bar. "Drop a conch shell in it, so she'll feel at home," Lenore said as she watched the bartender mixing their drinks. Pam had asked for plain orangeade.

"Pipe down, Lenore," Jerry warned in a low voice.

"It seems to me you're the one to pipe down! Lenore exclaimed. Bringing Miss Conch to the party!"

"You'd do well to watch your own step," Jerry snapped. "You'll have shells growing out of your own shoulders, if you aren't careful! And it might help you some; it might counteract the poison brewing in you."

"At least I don't bring it to the yacht," Lenore flushed. She hadn't supposed Jerry knew about Vin. He had wanted to come to the party. Not for the party, but to be near her. He was getting so jealous of her. She wondered what he was doing.

She looked across at de Bellefort standing languidly at the bar. He had never stirred her as Vin did. And he had never done anything that gave her interest an upward trend. With Gervase in New York, she did the same things day after day—cocktail parties, to dinner, to a night club, to a breakfast place, and then home to bed in a dawn she was too weary and bored to appreciate.

Something about Gervase angered her suddenly. She realized that Leo Shore was speaking and turned swiftly to him. She had been playing up to him, as she did to every good-looking man she met. Leo was laughing at her a little.

"I'm Conch, Lenore," he was saying. "And proud of it. It implies roots in this island. That's something! Come on, let's dance!"

Pam watched them dance away. Lenore's sultry good looks were pointed up and emphasized by Leo's blindness. Then Jerry took Pam to the little dance floor. Leo cut in on them. Then Edmund Antoine, handing the baton to one of his boys, claimed her.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:

KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland; KEX (NBC-Rio) 1190, Portland; KGO (NBC-Hoe & MBS) 1310, Spokane; KGO (NBC-Rio) 810, San Francisco; KGW (NBC-Rio) 820, Portland; KJR (NBC-Rio) 1090, Seattle; KXN (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles; KOA (NBC-Rio) 850, Denver; KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland; KOMO (NBC-Rio) 850, Seattle; KPO (NBC-Rio) 680, San Francisco; KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Wednesday

5:00 p. m.—Treasury Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Speaking of Glamour, KGO, KJR; Excursions in Science, KEX; Jean Handlik, KGW; Play-ground News, KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—News, Here and Abroad, KGO, KJR, KEX; Concert Favorites, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Concert Music, KGW.

6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Author's Playhouse, KGO, KEX; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Boxing Bout, KEX, KJR; Just Arrive, KSL; Football Forecast, KNX, KOIN; Etchings in Brass, KGO.

7:00 p. m.—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN.

KSL: Music for Listening, KPO, KOW.

7:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Time to Smile, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Grand Central Station, KSL, KOIN, KNX.

8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Night Music, KGO, KJR; News, KSL; Dr. Pepper Parade, KNX; Baseball Game, KEX; Something Sweet, KOIN.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Hemisphere Revue, KGO, KOW, KOMO; Bob Crosby's Orch., KGO, KJR; Master-works of Music, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Paul Pender's Orch., KGO; Don Pedro's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KJR, KSL; Variety Prem., KOIN.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOIN; Hemisphere Revue, KGO, KOW, KOMO; Johnny Long's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Jay Burnet, KJR, KEX; Musical Baseball, KGO; Dance Orch., KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch., KGO, KJR; Neil Bondahu's Orch., KOW, KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO; Broadway Bandwagon, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

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

Thursday

5:00 p. m.—Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Gwyn Williams, KGO, KEX, KJR; Music Hall, KPO, KOMO, KGW; 5:30 p. m.—Ricardo's Rhapsodies, KGO, KJR, KEX.

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

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

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

7:30 p. m.—Maudie's Diary, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dick Roger's Orch., KJR, KEX; Coffee Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Duffy's Tavern, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:30 p. m.—Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fellow Sportmen, KGO.

9:00 p. m.—Johnny Duffy's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Comedy, KPO; Emile Petti's Orch., KJR; Dance Orch., KGO; Will Osborne's Orch., KGW; Musical Quinella, KOMO; Master-works of Music, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Neil Bondahu's Orch., KOMO; Dancing with Glancy, KGO; By the Way, KOIN; News, KJR, KSL.

EXECUTE FIFTY JEWS AND REDS

Rome, Sept. 24.—Fifty "Jews and communists" were executed in Zagreb, capital of Croatia, September 19 for bomb explosions in the Zagreb telephone exchange five days pre-

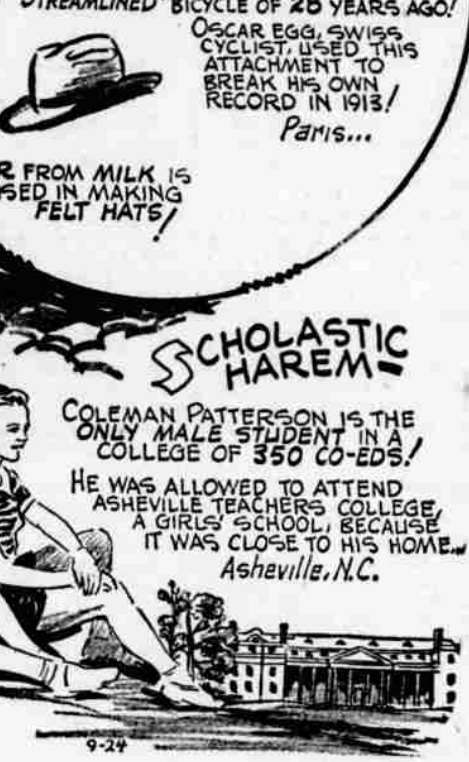
viously. Stefani reported today. The Italian news agency said in a Zagreb dispatch that the executions were announced by the Croatian ministry of the interior.

Two members of the Ustachi assault squads of Ante Pavelic, chief of Croatia, have been condemned to death on charges of killing members of the Orthodox church in robberies, Stefani said. One was described as a Moslem, the other a Catholic.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH

From 1793 to 1829 A. B. Throssell, great grandfather of Harry Throssell, worked for the Hudson's Bay Company, carrying mail overland from Manitoba to the Columbia river, and thence down the river to Fort Vancouver. Later his son, Thomas Throssell, carried mail from Oregon to Salt Lake City via pony express. Harry Throssell, Sr., carried mail in Yakima from 1919 to 1935. Charles Throssell, brother of Harry, Sr., is an R.F.D. carrier at Roy, Wash. Wilbur Throssell, brother of Harry, Jr., is in the finance division of the post office at Yakima! Tomorrow: His Day in the Sun!

By AL CAPP

RACKET

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



L'L ABNER—She Done Her Duty!



By HAL FORREST



By SOL HESS



Football Contest

STARTS THIS WEEK

California vs. St. Mary's Holy Cross vs. L.S.U. Idaho vs. Utah Minnesota vs. Washington Missouri vs. Ohio State Oregon vs. Stanford Oregon State vs. U.S.C. Boston College vs. Tulane Wash. State vs. U.C.L.A. Corvallis vs. Medford

Slips Must Be In Before 5:30 Friday

GRAND PRIZE, \$27 OVERCOAT

Weekly Prize, Necktie

Barkors

Store For Men

SPokane DAIRYMEN GET WAGE INCREASES

Spokane, Sept. 24.—(AP)—

Approximately 160 employees of major Spokane dairies will get wage boosts of 50 cents to \$1 a day under terms of an agreement completed between the dairies and the AFL Teamsters union. A. J. Ruhl, union business agent, said today.

Under the agreement drivers will receive a 50-cent raise which will give them from \$143 to \$153 a month and commissions. Inside men will receive boosts from 50 cents to \$1 with a \$5.50 a day minimum.

FARMER KILLED

Portland, Ore., Sept. 24.—(AP)—

Henry Dhooge, 60, Ridgefield, Wash., farmer, was killed last night apparently when his light truck ran into the side of a train at a grade crossing.