

FOR THE LOVE OF PAM

By VIVIEN GREY

Chapter 10 Overboard

PAM was aware more than once of Lenore's smouldering eyes upon her. She caught a glimpse of Jerry talking to Freda. Her heart started uncomfortably. Could that be jealousy? Mrs. Winthrop had fastened Pam's violets at one end of a handsome scarf that was part of the black dress she wore. Pam was delighted. Mrs. Winthrop must really be pleased with the gift.

Then Leo was dancing with her again.

"You've never been quite as lovely as you are tonight," he said. She still wore his roses at her shoulder. "I'm beginning to think I've been laggard to my own loss. Have I, Pam?"

"I don't know what you mean, Leo." They were standing beside the rail now, looking out over the silver water.

"Yes, you do. Pam. Am I too late? Have I let things go too long? Have I been too slow in asking you for a definite answer? And yet it means your happiness—"

His words were interrupted by one of the ship's officers.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you're wanted on the gangplank. Someone from the hospital. Says it's important, to please hurry."

Leo turned hastily to Pam, touched her hand for a fleeting moment.

"There was a critical case. One I operated on this afternoon. His words were clipped and earnest. "That's the worst of being a doctor. Right in the middle of a proposal! Pam, I'll come back if I can, but I probably can't."

"I'll hold everything until you do!" She patted his shoulder as he turned. "It's swell to see someone who feels his duty and goes to perform it."

At the gangplank Jerry, who had seen the messenger come to the boat, waited for Leo. He liked the young doctor.

"I'm leaving her in your care," Leo said hurriedly. "I expect you to make a job of seeing that she has a good time and gets home safely."

Jerry knew without being told that he referred to Pam. He knew too that Leo meant that she must be protected from Lenore's cruel fits.

"As if anyone has to ask me that!" he said. "Come back if you can, Leo."

Jerry went back then and claimed Pam. Pam asked him to get her marriage from the log book, a little sorry that she must make the change after Leo had gone.

"Don't be offended, Jerry," she said. "I didn't know Leo would be called away, and I do want to wear your flowers."

"I know. I'm glad they pleased you—that's all I ask."

"They're one of the sweetest things I've ever known, Jerry. Thank you so much."

He paused to look at her, then went and got the flowers, sweet and velvety and cool. Pam went to the powder room to fasten them in place. She put the roses she had been wearing in a small vase she found there. Freda came in just as she was making the change.

Push From Lenore

"SUCH popularity! I think you're the only girl here who got two corsages. As a matter of fact, I didn't get any! May I have one?" Her fingers were at the stem of one of the roses.

"Oh, surely! I know Leo would feel honored," Pam said as Freda fastened the rosebud in her hair.

"From Leo? Then I'm all the more flattered to wear it. He's got stuff, that lad."

"Yes, Leo is a real person."

Freda turned to her sharply.

"You haven't got the Indian sign on him, too, I hope," she asked. "Now that I'm benefit of Jerry, I've been casting about and had just about settled on Leo as worthy of my gifts."

"Here's luck!" Pam laughed. "May the best girl win!"

"My dear"—Freda was suddenly serious—"then I wouldn't have the ghost of a chance. I mean that. I think Jerry's lucky to have been able to trade a bored post-debutante in for a fresh and interesting island flower."

And then Freda was gone with a lad who had claimed her with a gay meeting and drew her into an intricate dance step.

Lenore, passing, paused to stare insolently at Pam. She noted the changed corsage and new flames of displeasure lighted in her eyes. Pam smiled maddently at her.

"Yes," she said, as she lifted her shoulder slightly "from Jerry. The roses were from Leo."

"Come on, honey bee," Jerry was beside her again as if by magic, drawing her away from any opportunity to hear a reply that Lenore might have made.

"I need a drink and you look as if you could do with one."

They moved toward the bar, where, without even asking her, Jerry ordered a very fancy and glorified orange juice for Pam. Blaze had trailed them and stood beside Jerry, unmindful, in the quiet dignity of the constant movement about her.

Lenore, still smouldering, came alongside of them. She looked at Pam with scornful eyes, swept the girl from head to toe.

"Every time I move, must I be

confronted with you and your Conch companion?" she asked of Jerry.

"Please remember Mother invited Pam here, Lenore," Jerry replied.

"Because she's foolish enough to want to please you! Why you have to bring all of your stupid flirtations to the attention of the whole world!"

"That's just the difference"—there was a peculiar intenseness in Jerry's voice—"between you and me. I mean what I'm doing, and have nothing to keep under cover! And now you'd better shut up, if you know what's good for you. I don't want to get rough with you, Lenore, but I will if I have to!"

Pam, meanwhile, had been sipping her drink as if she hadn't heard, and something about her calm indifference angered Lenore. Glass in hand, Lenore swaggered around to Pam's side.

"I can imagine the story of where you get your clothes without making good reading," she said. "Making flowers and hats doesn't pay for the sort of things you wear. I dare you to tell who does!"

Pam turned sharply. There were no words, she felt, that could answer that. Her hand rose swiftly and lay for an instant against Lenore's cheek. Lenore shrieked.

"She struck me!" Her voice was high and wild. "That little rat hit me!" She lunged at Pam, who had turned and walked from the brawl.

"Soft-pedal it, Lenore!" It was Freda's voice, firm with authority. "You asked for it! But Lenore seemed to get only the wilder at Freda's words. She rushed at Pam again.

Pam, much the smaller, turned and, to protect herself, gripped the rail, her heels hooked into the lower one. She was caught in Lenore's rush and somehow unbalanced. There was a stifled scream, a flash of green, pale and dim in the moonlight, and then a splash of water.

"Three Go Over!"

"SHE'S overboard!" It was Jerry's voice, husky with alarm.

"Someone overboard!" The cry went round the boat. And then in still more panic: "Sharks! There are sharks in that water and barracuda. Oh, Jerry's over!"

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland;
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland;
KOA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1310, Spokane;
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco;
KGB (NBC-Blue) 620, Portland;
KJL (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle;
KGN (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles;
KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver;
KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland;
KOMO (NBC-Red) 550, Seattle;
KPO (NBC-Red) 830, San Francisco;
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time Shown is PST

Thursday:
5:00 p. m.—Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN;
Gwen Williams, KGO, KEX, KJR;
Music Hall, KPO, KOMO, KGW;
5:30 p. m.—Hearst's Napsodies, KGO, KJR, KEX;
6:00 p. m.—Gimm Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Cugat Rumba Revue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee Prgm., KEX, KJR, KGO;
6:30 p. m.—Highroads to Music, KPO; Ahead of the Headlines, KGO, KJR, KEX; Quiz of Two Cities, KGO, KOMO.

Friday:
7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Johnny Long's Orch., KGO, KEX; Concert Trio, KJR;
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.—Bay Area, KGO, KEX, KJR; Duffy's Tavern, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:30 p. m.—Tommy Biggs and Betty Lou, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Pel-low Sportsman, 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; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

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

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Clark Dennis, KGO; Bob Crosby's Orch., KSL, KNX, News, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch., KGO, KJR; Ed Stoker's Music, KGW; Concert Hall, KPO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; State Traffic, KOIN; Industry and Defense, KOMO.

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

Friday:
8:00 p. m.—Janet Jordan, KGO, KJR, KEX; Waltz Time, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Joye of the World, KOIN; Americana, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—News, Here and Abroad, KGO, KJR, KEX; Uncle Walter's Dog

House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

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

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

7:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Dance Time KJR, KPO, KOMO; Vox Pop, KGO, KEX, KJR; Playhouse, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

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

8:30 p. m.—Gene Krupa's Orch., KGO, KJR; Johnny Moleners' Orch., KPO; Tailspin Tommy, KOIN, KNX; Baseball Game, KEX; Port Lewis News, KGW; Port Lewis Life, KOMO, News, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Don Dallen's Orch., KGO, KJR; Bill Clifford's Orch., KPO, KGW; Red Nichols' Orch., KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; High-light Hour, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

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

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO.

DENTIST APPOINTMENT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



L'L ABNER—Fran'ship!



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Captured!



THE NEBBS—What's the Matter?



CANADIAN LINER SUNK AS CREW CELEBRATES

New York, Sept. 23.—(AP)—Torpedoing of the Canadian Pacific liner Beaverdale during a midnight party celebrating the captain's birthday was disclosed today.

Marine circles reported that the 9,957-ton British ship was sunk by a submarine 300 miles off the Irish coast while the cap-

tain, whose name was not learned, was being toasted by fellow officers. The crew was saved.

ENVY RIDES BIKE
New York, Sept. 23.—(AP)—The Sydney radio in a broadcast picked up here by CBS said Nelson T. Johnson, United States minister to Australia, had set that country an example in gasoline conservation by riding to his office on a bicycle.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



L'L ABNER—Fran'ship!



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Captured!



THE NEBBS—What's the Matter?



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.
Cornwall vs. Medford

Slips Must Be In Before 5:30 Friday

GRAND PRIZE, \$27 OVERCOAT

Weekly Prize, Necktie

Barkers

Store For Men

AMERICAN IN RAF IS RESCUED BY GERMANS

Berlin, Sept. 23.—(AP)—German rescuer Pilot Officer William D. Geiger of the RAF's American Eagle squadron from a rubber boat in the English channel on Saturday, DNB reported today.

DNB said Geiger, a Californian who was shot down after a raid on German-occupied territory, was taken to Bologne. He inquired about Pilot Officer William Henry Nichols of San Carlos, Calif., who has been in a German prison camp since being shot down in an earlier British attack.

One More Prisoner wanted