

FOR THE LOVE OF PAM

By VIVIAN GREY

Chapter 17

Unexpected Guest

"Pam! Ten years have been frightened off the far end of my life!" Jerry's arms closed around her and drew her tight, the water from her dripping garments making a little circle around them.

"Silly!" Pam exclaimed. "Have you forgotten that I was born in Key West?"

"And consequently swim like a fish. Yes, I had forgotten. I'd forgotten everything in the world, Pam, except that if you went out of my life all of its reason for being would be gone. That if I lost you I'd have lost everything."

Pam clung to Jerry in momentary panic. His words had brought home to her doubly what it would mean to her to lose him. She paused on the thought of what she would have done if he had not plunged in after her.

It would, she knew, have built a barrier that she could never have surmounted. It would have separated them forever, because it would in a sense have been making a choice between his own crowd and her. If he had chosen the others in this crisis, she could never have forgiven him.

"Oh, Jerry!" Her emotion finally found words. "I feel that way, too. If I lost you, I'd lose everything. Everything!"

"I know, darling. I know," Pam kissed her damp face. "Pam, you're the dearest, sweetest girl in the world!"

"If I only could be, for you I want to be everything in the world that you want."

It was Jerry who was first concerned about their wet clothes. "You'll take cold," he said. "These wet things. Come, I must get you home where you can get dry ones."

"You keep forgetting that we Conch aren't afraid of salt water," Pam laughed. "Salt water never gives you a cold. It's being out in the rain that does that."

"Says you!" Come, Pam taking no chances with you, sweet."

"But really I mean it, Jerry. We're never afraid of being wet with salt water. It never gives you a cold. That's a belief handed down through generations of seafaring men and their women. We're never afraid of the ocean, but we don't want its conch shells in our houses. We feel they're bad luck when you bring them under a roof."

"Nevertheless I'm taking no chances with you," he lifted her in his arms and carried her to his car. "You can change, darling, and then we'll go to the hotel and I'll change. We'll go back to the party and laugh at them for having given us the sweetest hour of my life."

"No, Jerry. I can't go back. Don't ask me to do that. I couldn't."

"But you don't want me to take you home and then go back to the party alone, Pam? I couldn't do that, either. Not now, darling. I've got to have you a little while longer. The night's too young and beautiful to give you up, even for a few hours, just yet."

"I'll tell you what," Pam's voice was as eager as his own. "Let's change and then drive to South Beach and let me show you the Southern Cross. They say this is the only place in the States where you can see it."

"In the mood I'm in, sweetheart, an ordinary garden-variety star would be a seven-days' wonder."

It was then that he saw a jeweled collar for her loyalty tonight. Come on, he invited and, with her dripping coat, she got into the car and rode along.

A Heroine Now
MELITA met them at the door and hurried to get a towel with which Jerry could dry Blaze. She hovered over Pam and clucked in anxiety like an old mother hen over her chicks.

And Jerry, sitting on the bottom step briskly rubbing Blaze, who was thoroughly enjoying the attention, called up to Pam.

"Make yourself beautiful, darling," he said. "On second thought, this skipping the rest of the night is no go. We've got to go back. There is a lot of fun still to be had; the night's young. Besides, Pam, you're a heroine now, and won't that hit in Lenore's pride and vanity? That's going to be a wallop right where it will hurt her most, Pam—in her pride."

Pam didn't reply immediately. "We can't let that girl annihilate us," Jerry went on then. "Besides, Mother and Dad would worry. They'd think we'd developed quick pneumonia, or something. So the Southern Cross can wait."

"All right," Pam's reply came thoughtfully. "anything you say."

with his friends still lay between them, an invisible barrier. That had not been explained away. Perhaps never could be.

She would go back to the yacht with him. That was all right. That would tantalize Lenore still further, and she had asked for all that could be given her. Pam was selecting another dress to put on.

"Since we're going to go back, Jerry," she said to him, "run along and get yourself into other things while I'm dressing, then come back for me."

She selected a dress of deep cream, a heavy rich silk that a sailor had brought to her father in return for some favor. Queller had done for him. The marigolds, none the worse for their impromptu bath, were the single touch of ornamentation it needed.

"The encore, darling," Jerry said as he saw her again. "Is better than the original number. If the girls were jealous of you before, they'll turn handsprings now. I'm glad to be going back to the party."

"But," with elaborate emphasis, "that doesn't mean I don't want to see the Southern Cross with you later, darling."

New Guest
AS JERRY and Pam walked from their car to the boat, they noticed the solitary figure of a man standing staring at the boat with its blaze of light and sounds of gaiety. They were passing quite near to him when something about the figure caught Pam's attention. She looked at a trace more closely and then spoke.

"Hello, Vin," she said. "Oh! Hello, Pam." The young man seemed to start as he spoke. Jerry peered through the shadows and recognized the youth as the one who had seemed to be trailing Freda.

"Do you know him?" Jerry asked in a low voice. "I've known Vin all my life." Jerry turned to the young man then.

"Come along in and join the party," he said. "My dad owns the scow, so it's all right!"

Vin hesitated only a moment. "I'm not dressed—," he started to say, and Pam smiled gently, for she knew the fresh white suit Vin wore was probably his best.

"Oh, you're all right!" Jerry cut in. "No rules and regulations here. Or if there are, I'm the bird who makes them. So come in and grab yourself an evening."

"I'd like to!" Vin was beside them, walking in with them.

"Go pick yourself a partner, and have yourself a time," Jerry advised him with a friendly warmth. "No introductions here, the ship's flag does that!"

So Vin slipped away to find himself a girl and Jerry and Pam were the bright stars of the moment.

Everyone had their congratulations to offer. As soon as he could, Jerry took Pam away to a little spot atop the cabin, from which wanted to show her the stars.

Up there he said: "It wasn't stars I wanted to show you, Pam. Look! And he held in his hand the sea bean and the violet she had given him. 'I've kept them with me continually,' 'Jerry.' That swift uplift of her heart again. 'But how foolish of you!'"

"Foolish? Not at all, darling. These represent one of the smartest things I've ever done. And you know," he was grinning whimsically. "I seem to remember your saying you'd never ask me into your house again and my saying you couldn't keep that threat. Well, tonight you asked me in. I seem to be getting somewhere. Progressing, as it were."

"Foolish! Could I be discourteous to a man who had risked his life for me when he thought I needed saving?"

"Foolish? Well, as I seem to remember saying before, darling, it's nice foolishness."

It was then that Blaze, who had been crowded away from them in their triumphant return to the yacht, sniffed inquisitively from the stairs. Her nose was quickly followed by her whole eager body, her tail wagging madly at discovery of her loved ones.

"You old snoot!" Jerry scratched her ear fondly. "Shall we go down and dance now?" Antoine was idling near the rail as Jerry and Pam passed. "Come on, Antoine," Jerry said. "We could do with a brace of cadenas!"

Antoine grinned. "The stars of the evening have but to command," was his easy reply as he moved toward his piano. A chord brought all the boys to attention. And Edmund's opening notes brought dancers to the floor.

Pam, looking over Jerry's shoulder, saw Vin trying to engage Lenore in conversation while de Bellefort stood close. Lenore seemed to writhe with embarrassment. Pam signaled to Vin. He cut in. As Antoine finished, he caught Vin's eyes in friendly greeting and held out his baton. Vin moved swiftly toward him, urged on by a friendly pat from Pam.

"Show them how it's done, Vin," she said.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland;
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland;
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510, Spokane;
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco;
KGW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland;
KJR (NBC-Blue) 1090, Seattle;
KNX (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles;
KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver;
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

Friday
4:00 p. m.—Janet Jordan, KGO, KJR, KEX; Walt Time, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Joes of the World, KOIN; Americana, KSL.
5:30 p. m.—News, Here and Abroad, KGO, KJR, KEX; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KSL.
6:00 p. m.—Romance and Rhythm, KGO, KEX; Hollywood Premieres, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Scandinavian News, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Listen America, KPO, KGW, KJR; Fenthouse Party, KNX, KSL, KEX; Concoy, KOMO.
7:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KGO, KEX; Johnny Long's Orch., KGO, KEX; KJR; Amos 'n' Andy.

KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dance Time KJR.
7:30 p. m.—Boyd Raeburn's Orch., KPO, KGW, 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 Melrose's Orch., KPO; Tailspin Tommy, KOIN, KNX; Baseball Game, KEX; Fort Lewis News, KGW; Fort 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 Pettit's Orch., KGO; News, KSL, KJR.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Jay Burnett, KNX, KJR; Bob Crosby's Orch., KNX; News, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Neil Bonduch's Orch., KGO, KGW, KOMO; Carl Ravazza's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Paul Pendarvis' Orch., KJR; Concert Hall, KPO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX.
11:00 p. m.—Gene Krupa's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KNX; Fishing News, KJR.

Saturday
8:00 p. m.—Barry Dane, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Maurice's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Dance Orch., KNX, KOIN; Off the Record, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Symphony Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN, KNX; Super Strings, KSL.
9:00 p. m.—Grand Ol' Opry, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Scandinavian News, KJR.
9:30 p. m.—Bob Hannon, KOIN, KNX; Latitude Zero, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Sweet and Rhythmic, KEX, KJR; This World, KGO; Saturday Night Sheepfold, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Truth or Consequences, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Guy Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.
10:30 p. m.—City Desk, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Knickerbocker Playhouse, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Ray Heatherton's Orch., KO, KJR, KEX.
11:00 p. m.—News from Frisco Tonight, KGO, KOMO, KPO; Your Hit Parade, KNX, KSL, KOIN; News, Bob Crosby's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.
11:30 p. m.—Paul Pendarvis' Orch., KGO, KJR; Etchings in Brass, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Baseball Game, KEX, KJR; Bill Clifford's Orch., KGO; Defense for America, KPO, KGW; Here Is The Story, KNX; Dance Orch., KOIN; Rendezvous, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL.
12:30 p. m.—Gene Krupa's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bishop and the Gargoyles, KGO; By the Way, Bill Henry, KOIN, KNX; News, KJR, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Carl Ravazza's Orch., KOMO; News, KPO, KGW, KOIN; Spin and Win, KGO, KJR, Bob Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Howard Ropa, KGO; Don Allen's Orch., KGW; Lud Gluskin's Orch., KSL, KOIN, KNX; Concert Orch., KPO; Quiet Hour, KJR; Dance Orch., KOMO.
11:00 p. m.—News, KGO, KNX; Martha Maars, KOIN, KSL; Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; Organ, KEX, KJR.

John S. Duer, chief of police of Roseburg for the last seven years, today announced his resignation, effective October 1. He reported that he will move to Eugene to engage in business. His successor has not yet been named.

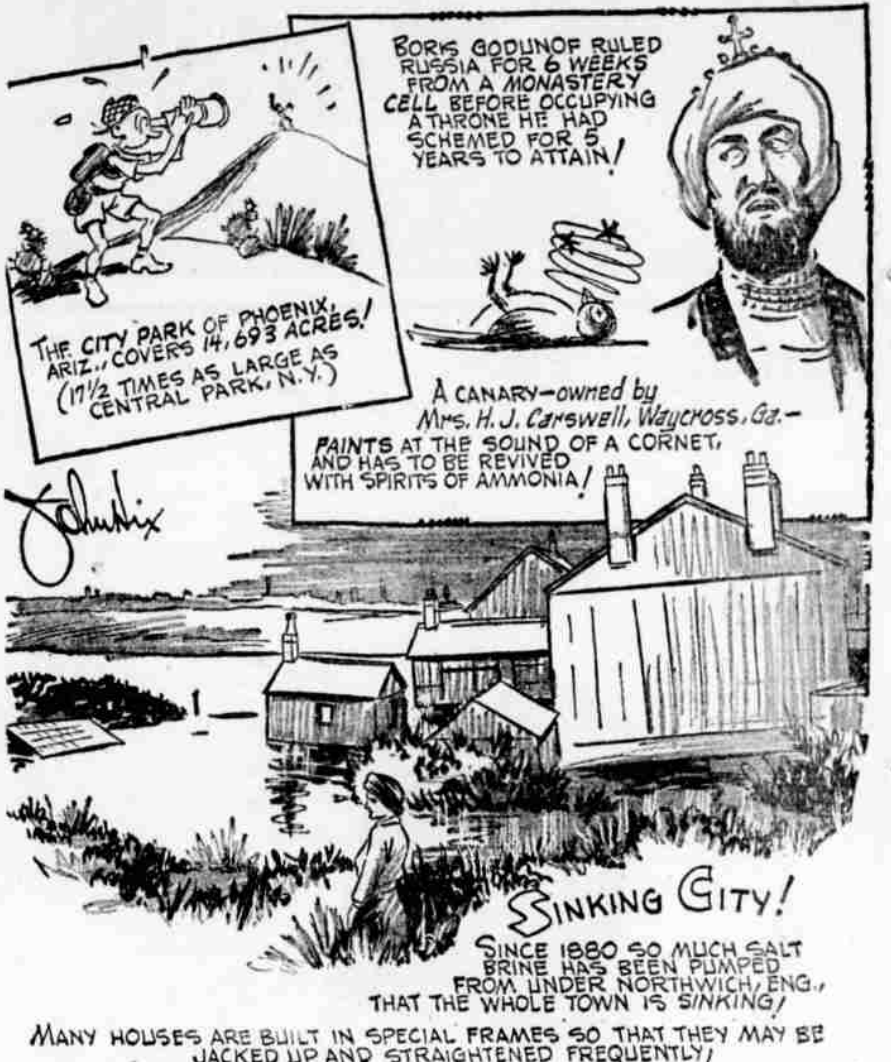
USED 130 YEARS
St. Louis (U.P.)—An old cast-iron stew kettle that saw service in early Kentucky and in the California gold rush of 1849 still is used in the kitchen of J. G. Bone. The kettle was brought to Missouri from Kentucky in 1834 by Bone's great-grandfather, Leo Howell. Later it accompanied the Howells to the California gold fields. The vessel is more than 130 years old, according to Bone.

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

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



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HESITANT CZAR

Though no one knows why, powerful Boris Godunov hesitated six weeks before accepting the throne of Russia, after it had been offered to him upon the death of Feodor I. Finally he quit his monastic cell and was crowned. He ruled from 1598 until his death in 1605.

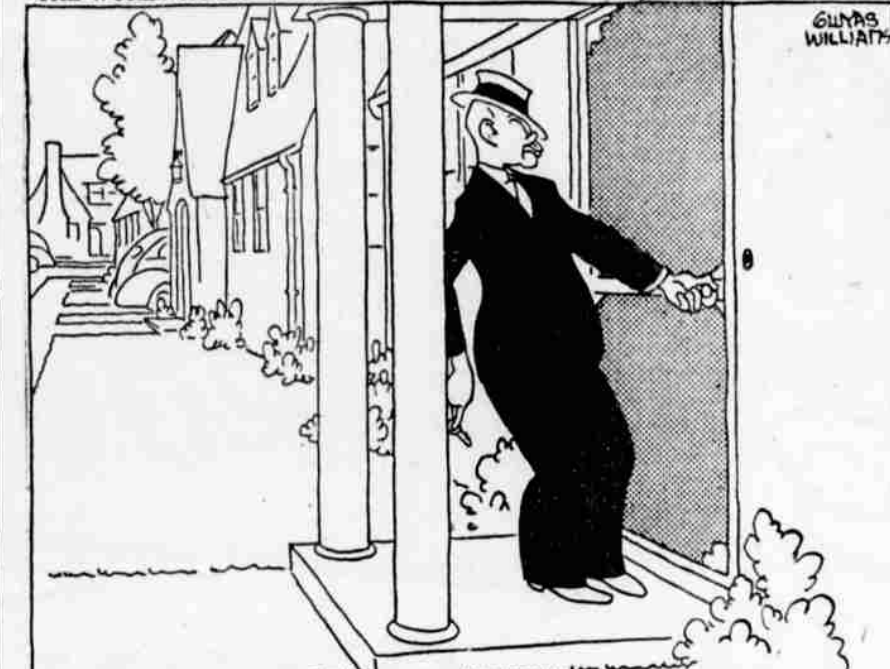
BIG PARK

It has been claimed that the city park of Phoenix, Ariz., is the largest in the world and the claim has not been disputed. It comprises nearly 15,000 acres of desert hills near the city and has been improved with bridge paths, picnic grounds and other facilities.

Sunday: Tacks Expert!

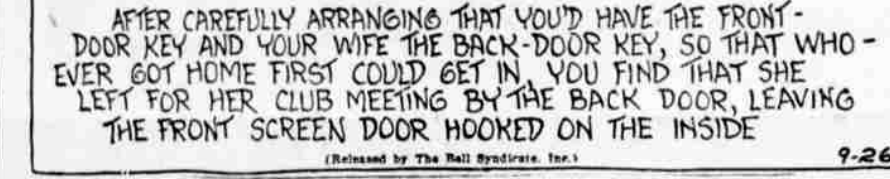
THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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LIL ABNER—The Comeback!



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KEERFUL THAR!!



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Help... From the Sky!



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...A RADIO! I SHALL USE THAT TO A GREAT ADVANTAGE!



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BUT TOMMY AND SKEETS HAVE ALREADY SPOTTED THE BLACK PANTHER!



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GLEO HAS BEEN MOPING A BIT AROUND THE HOTEL FOR THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS, SHOWING NO INTEREST IN LIFE... STRANGE FOR CARE-FREE GLEO AND IT HAS RUDY PUZZLED—HE CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT



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NO UNCLE RUDY, IT'S A MATTER OF THE HEART... IT IS THE CAPTAIN! I HAD AN ANONYMOUS LETTER SAYING HE WAS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED AND HE ADMITTED IT TO ME—HE WAS SO SWEET AND ATTENTIVE TO ME THAT I LEARNED TO LOVE HIM



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SINGER HELEN MORGAN UNDERGOES OPERATION

Chicago, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Helen Morgan, the torch singer, underwent a serious abdominal operation yesterday at Henrotin hospital.

The stage and night club star was stricken last week while appearing at a theater. She has been given a number of blood transfusions.

ALBACORE GONE

Astoria, Ore., Sept. 26.—(AP)—Albacore tuna, which brought fishermen an unprecedented \$307.50 per ton for much of the season, have disappeared from Oregon coastal waters, fishermen said today. Many boats returned to Astoria with empty holds.

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

WONDER TIES OF PURE WRINKLE-PROOF GLASS

\$1.50

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STORE FOR MEN