FOR THE LOVE OF PAM

By VIVIEN GREY

CHAPTER 18

The Count Displeased

"THE Winthrope pride and problem!" Jerry said as Lenore passed.

"Shut up!" Her eyes flashed at him.

First Vin played Rubenstein's Romance seriously, beautifully. Then he swung it. He paused then, his eyes finding Lenore's. He spoke to the boys. Yes, the cellist and two violinists indicated. Vin took the piano himself and the opening notes of Beloved, It is Morn rippled from his fingers.

There was only the slightest pause while he doubled, waiting for her, then Lenore's deep, throaty voice joined him. No one but Vin could have done it. With anyone else Lenore would have been just another girl with a nice parlor voice, but Vin put drama and color into his accompaniment for Lenore's song.

"Lenore!" There was a note of pride in Adele Winthrope's voice. "I didn't know you had it in you!"

"I haven't. It was Vin," she acknowledged.

Pam was applauding madly, a little more madly than any of the others, who were certainly making enough noise.

"And you applaud her after the poisonous way she's treated you?" Jerry said in surprise.

"Of course, Jerry. Lenore sang beautifully. Why shouldn't I admit that, even if there are things I'd like to wring her neck for!"

Of all the gathering, only Gervase granted the performance faint praise. He stood a little apart, looking on. He wasn't exactly pleased with the future Countess de Bellefort's performing for a not-too-orderly party with a young man that no one in particular seemed to know.

"Look," Antoine said to Vin as he left the piano, "if you want to work, I'll make you and your boys one of my units. I've got a place I could send you for a spring date. I need someone for it."

"Are you really saying that, or am I dreaming? Do I want to work!"

Antoine grinned. "Come around. We'll get together on it."

Though Pam watched for him, Leo didn't return. Pam knew that he was probably standing by, helping someone through a crisis.

"How about that Southern Cross?" Jerry asked as they finally turned from the gayety of the party to his car. Pam had explained to him that with all the things she had to do on the next day she couldn't dance all the night away.

"But I've had a wonderful time, Jerry. Wonderful."

"Come say good-night to Mother and Father, then," Jerry said.

"Of course."

"It's been such a lovely evening," she repeated to Jerry's parents, her face glowing.

"This is only the beginning," Winthrope said brightly. "There are going to be lots more." Mrs. Winthrope, Pam's hand still held in hers, said: "Bart, this is the girl who made these beautiful flowers."

"It's a pleasure to meet someone so lovely and so clever," was Winthrope's answer. His eyes were quite serious, as if seeing in Pam that rare combination of a beautiful and useful girl.

"And now how about that Southern Cross?" Jerry repeated.

So they drove along Simouton Street to South Beach and looked across the water to the place near the horizon where the Southern Cross lay against the sky. Waves lapped softly on the beach. The row of houses back of it were dark shadows wrapped in sleep. Jerry could just make out the outlines of the bandstand, where the boys had scoffingly made their bet with him about Pam. This might be the time to bring that up, square it.

Yet why risk spoiling a lovely moment? And perhaps she hadn't actually realized what Bruce meant. Jerry had seen Bruce dancing with her on the yacht, and everything seemed all right. Why risk trouble?

Shadows in the Dark

THE warm scented beauty of the night asked no words. Back of its sea wall the southermost house in the United States rose broodingly in its deep shadows. It had changed hands recently, after being owned by one family for generations. Jerry wondered vaguely if houses felt such things. Palm around it rustled crisply in a fresh breeze. Far out across the water a light moved slowly. A ship passing in the night.

"We'd better go back." Pam said finally. She, too, disliked breaking the charm of the moment.

As Jerry moved to start the car, a figure was faintly discernible on the white sand, moving in from the other street. A man. The two in the car watched intently and then saw a second figure hurrying to join the first.

Neither Pam or Jerry made any verbal reference to the figures, but each knew the other had seen. Jerry turned the car and started back toward Division Street.

Pam's house was wrapped in sleep. Pale hibiscus, closed for the night, were like delicate fingers reaching into the shadow. An orange tree near the walk was laying a lovely burden of scent on the darkness.

"Pam," Jerry said as they stood at her door, "we've ironed out everything, haven't we? All there is left is for you to say yes to me and let me get your ring. Will you, Pam?"

"Jerry," Pam's voice was troubled. His charm and his gentleness were fingers that caught at her heart. But she couldn't bring herself to feel that what he offered would be enough through the years. If only he would do something, show that he had worthwhile ambitions and plans. "Jerry, don't ask me that yet. Give me time. Give me time to think." And she knew part of her thought would be of Leo.

"Tomorrow," he said solemnly, seeming to accept her plea for time and humor it, "we're going on a picnic, just you and I. You must," he urged, when she hesitated. "You see, I don't often tell a girl I love her. You're the first I've ever said that to Pam. We've got to celebrate!"

Family Argument

JERRY drove slowly back to Casa Marina, living in a sort of super world in which everything had been beautified and glorified by love.

The Winthrope suite, surprisingly, was still lighted when he reached it. Jerry's mother and father were talking as he entered.

"Just why my children can't be satisfied with Casa Marina beach and have had to go out to the public ones and get acquainted with all kinds of people, is more than I can understand," Mrs. Winthrope was saying. "I'm really worried about Jerry and this girl. She seemed sweet enough, but," she finished lamely, "there's Freda, and we all like her so much. She's one of us."

"You're always borrowing that sort of trouble, Adele," Jerry's father glanced at him, but went on talking. "What's wrong with that girl? Frankly, I do like her."

"You would, Bart," his wife exclaimed with good-natured resignation. "You would."

"I'm a chore for you, I know, Adele, because I like the people who interest me, not just those who have the right names and know the right people." He was poking gentle fun at her.

"Oh, Bart, don't be that way!" And Jerry, looking at them, reflected that his parents were still like very young people and still apparently very much in love. "I like the girl, too. I thing she's sweet and clever. You saw the lovely flowers she made for me. But as a girl for Jerry—" she paused, and Winthrope, glancing amusedly from her to his son, said:

"I like her, too, Adele. And I'll go a bit further than that. I like her for Jerry. I haven't had the report of a car he's smashed since he's known her. I agree with you. Freda's a good scout. But I'm not sure that's what Jerry needs. Freda is just some more of the same thing for Jerry."

"Well, Bart, I must say! After all, they're our children and no worse than any of their friends."

"You misunderstand, Adele. I don't think they're bad at all. I think they're both fine people. Why, they'd have to be, darling, as your son and daughter. But they're being smothered by an artificial miasma that's come up around young people within the last few years and smells to Heaven of worthlessness."

"May I put in a word here, sir?" Jerry asked, laughing.

"All you want, Jerry," said his father.

"Well, Pam would agree with you perfectly. She's told me the same thing, only a little more politely. I'm beginning to believe it."

"Score one for Pam!" Winthrope exclaimed.

"Why, Bart, I thought you loved your children!"

"He does, Mother," Jerry said quickly. "That's the trouble; you both love us too much. I know we're a couple of spoiled brats. I deserved everything Pam said. That's why I took it and went back for more."

"Jerry, you mean Pam criticized you?" Adele was schocked that anyone could find a flaw in one of her children.

"That's exactly why I think she's what Jerry needs," Winthrope broke in. "I know you hoped Jerry would do something brilliant with his marriage, at least; marry into the blue book or something. Look at us, Adele. They kicked me out of the blue book when we married, but it didn't spoil anything for us. And now since they've taken us back in without being asked, I'm no happier than I was before. And that's probably because I've always really loved you as much as a man can love a woman. I wouldn't be able to say that if I'd married one of the stuffed petticoats my parents would have picked out for me. So let's give Jerry the same chance I had." He laughed good-naturedly.

"And thank you, sir," from Jerry.

"But how"—Adele turned to her son—"can we be sure this girl isn't just after Jerry's money? That's another thing that's bothered me with both of them. Jerry and Lenore."

"We'll soon know that." Bart Winthrope was grinning queerly. "Jerry hasn't any money."

To be continued

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

KNOX HATS
$6.50 and
$7.50 . . .
Barker's
STORE FOR MEN

Sight Survivors Storm-Sunk Ship

New York, Sept. 27.—(AP)—The Puerto Rican news bureau reported today it had received a dispatch from San Juan that a U. S. navy plane had sighted persons believed to be two survivors of the freighter Ethel Shakel on a raft about 175 miles southeast of San Juan.

This was the first intimation that the disabled ship had sunk, although she sent out a distress call last night that she was foundering in a storm of near-hurricane force.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:

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) 1000, 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

Sunday

5:00 p.m.—Edgar Bergen, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Blue Echoes, KGO, KEX.

5:30 p.m.—Fantasy in Melody, KGO, KJR, KEX; One Man's Family, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Spelling Beelines, KNX.

6:00 p.m.—Sunday Evening Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Southernaire, KGO KJR, KEX; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

6:30 p.m.—Bookman's Notebook, KGO, KJR, KEX; American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:00 p.m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Take It Or Leave It, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:30 p.m. — Columbia Workshop Presents, KOIN.

8:00 p.m.—Regal Ambllings, KPO; Crime Doctor, KNX, KOIN; Inner Sanctum, KGO, KEX, KJR; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.

8:30 p.m.—Living Biographies, KGO, KEX, KJR; Benny Goodman's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Carnival, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

9:00 p.m.—Walter Winchell, KPO, KOMO, KGW; I Was There, KNX, KOIN.

9:30 p.m. — Dance Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Don't Be Personal, KNX, KOIN.

10:00 p.m.—News Reporter, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

10:30 p.m.—Bridge to Dreamland, KPO, KGW; By the Way, KNX, KOIN.

Monday

5:00 p.m.—Gordon Jenkins' Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Adventure Stories, KGO, KEX.

5:30 p.m.—News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR; Lee Sweetland, KPO, KOMO.

6:00 p.m.—Radio Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Dr. I. Q. Jim McClain, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

6:30 p.m.—National Radio Forum, KGO, KJR, KEX; That Brewster Boy, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

7:00 p.m.—Mercury Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Contented Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

7:30 p.m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Blue Varieties, KGO, KJR.

8:00 p.m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO; KGW; Basin Street Chamber Music, KGO, KEX.

8:30 p.m.—Ray Heatherton's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Voice, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gay Nineties Revue, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

9:00 p.m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; True or False, KGO, KJR, KEX; What's On Your Mind, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:30 p.m.—Hawthorne House, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Gene Krupa's Orch., KGO, KEX.

10:00 p.m.—Joe Engelhart and Melody Weavers, KNX; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p.m.—Ed Stocker's Music, KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p.m.—Bob Crosby's Orch., KNX; Dance Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KGO.

RAF BUSY

London, Sept. 27.—(AP)—The royal air force started a concentrated attack on the occupied French area between Cap Gris Nez and Calais tonight. Soon after a thick haze lifted from the Dover strait the distant thunder of heavy bombs rolled across the channel, punctuated by the thump of German anti-aircraft.

Condemn Land For Pendleton Housing

Portland, Sept. 27—(AP)—Condemnation suits were filed in federal court here yesterday by the federal government to acquire 19.46 acres of land at Pendleton for a defense housing project.

The value was placed at $6192. Part of the property is located in Irvington Heights addition. The Pendleton Country club was listed as owner of 13.79 acres of the tract.

TIEUP AVERTED

Oakland, Cal., Sept. 27.—(AP)—A threatened tie-up of Oakland's Metropolitan transportation system appeared to have been averted early today, for at least 24 hours, when AFL picket lines were withdrawn from Key system repair shops at Emeryville. No reason for the withdrawal was given by the union, which was demanding that the Key system fire 16 men who had joined other unions.

London—(U.P.)—Rider of six derby winners, Steve Donoghue may return to the saddle although he is 56. "I am seriously thinking of it in view of the shortage of jockeys because of the war," he said. "I am as fit as I was when I retired four years ago."

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

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

IN THE SWIM

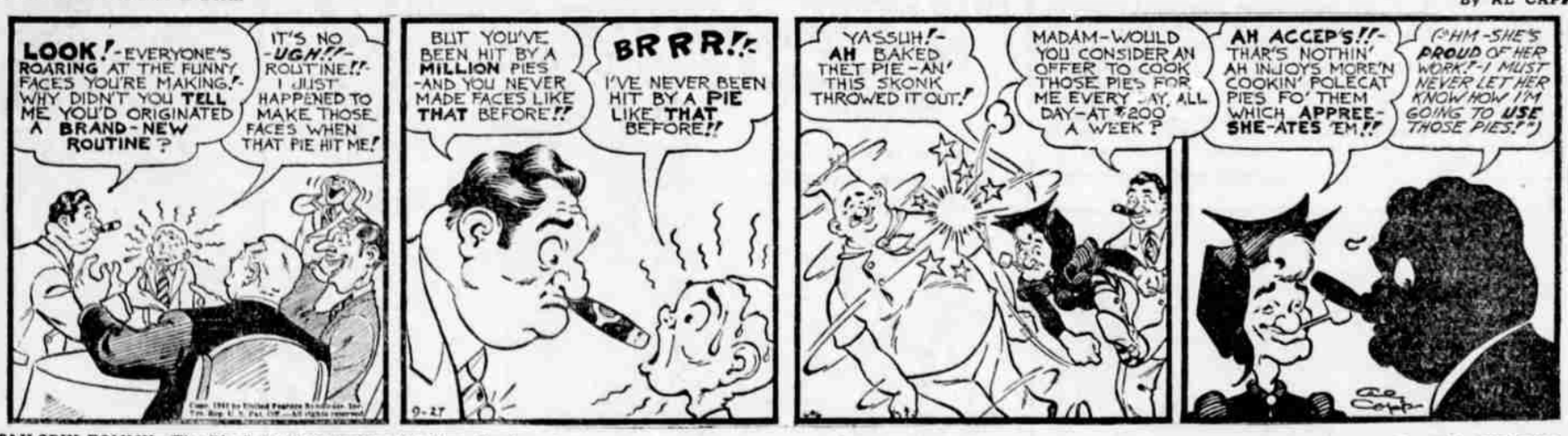
Long distance swimmer John Sigmond began his official world's nonstop record on July 24, 1940. He was clad in trunks and a heavy coating of whale oil and axle grease. Exactly 89 hours and 53 minutes after leaving St. Louis he arrived in Caruthersville, Mo. He had been out of the water twice for emergency treatments—having been knocked about by the wash of a passing barge, and on another occasion having torn his leg on a submerged stump. During his last eight hours in the water Sigmund was dazed from loss of sleep. On the trip he lost 46 pounds!

MONDAY: Acrobatic Professor!

RATTLE DEMONSTRATION — By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

LI'L ABNER—A Star Is Born! — By AL CAPP



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Black Panther Springs His Own Trap! — By HAL FORREST

THE NEBBS—Keep Talking — By SOL HESS