

# FOR THE LOVE OF PAM

By VIVIAN GREY

## Chapter 24

### The Diamond

IT SEEMED the whole town was parading along Duval Street in a carnival mood. Some in costume, some in evening things, some in street clothes. A guitarist picked out the chords of a Spanish love song. Pam recognized the voice that caught the tune and carried it on. Then other voices joined. Eventually it was a full chorus rising on the night air.

Freda, clinging to Leo's arm as they stood under an awning, caught Jerry's arm and pushed something small and hard into his hand.

"Look, Jerry," she said, "this probably isn't the time for it, no dramatic setting or anything, but I'm making an honest woman of myself. I want you to have this! I'm beginning to have silly ideas like that occasionally. Don't ask me why! Then she had turned back to Leo and was giving her entire interest to something he was saying.

Jerry looked at what he held in his hand. It caught the ray from a street lamp and gave out a beautiful radiance.

His diamond. The large and flashy one he had bought for Freda that day on Fifth Avenue, a day that seemed like only a dream as he tried to look back to it. He suspected why Freda had returned it. She knew of course that he wouldn't have money to give Pam anything as nice, anything at all, with his new theory of independence. He glanced after Freda's bright figure in her scarlet wrap, and his heart warmed. There was stuff in the girl after all, he thought. She was coming through as he intended to do. He slipped the ring into an inner pocket.

He wanted to give Pam a ring. But he'd wanted to get one for her, one that no one else had ever worn. Yet he knew it would probably be years before he could buy one as fine as the one Freda had just returned to him. He looked at Pam, wondering what to do. She was singing with the others. He bent swiftly and kissed the curl that had escaped the flowered band that was holding her hair back.

In the moment that Pam smiled back at him Jerry Winthrop was aware that emotion does not remain static. He knew he had never loved her before as he did in that moment. And he knew just as surely that what he felt for Pam was a progressive thing. It would grow and grow until it enveloped his whole life. He must, he thought, get her promise. He must. And before many more hours passed.

When Pam and Jerry got home at one o'clock Melita had a little supper ready for them.

"You mean your help would stay up to do this for you, and do it so pleasantly?" Jerry asked in surprise.

"Yes. And the lovely part is they do it without being asked. Melita's that way," Jerry said gently.

"Or is it you, Pam? Perhaps the service you get is a reflection of the treatment you give."

**Luncheon Party**  
DAYS passed. Pleasant sunshiny days and hazy, perfumed nights. Pam kept to the routine of her work. Jerry saw her afternoons occasionally, and evenings often.

And one especially lovely day when the begonia around her house was flaming orange and the hibiscus blooms were lush on their bushes, Pam asked the Winthrops for lunch with her in the house on Division Street. She felt she could, since their social program had slowed considerably, due to their changed financial status.

Lenore refused the invitation, but Bart and Adele were as gay and pleased as Jerry himself. Juan and Melita loved the style Pam put on that day. It was like old times. There was tangelo punch first, served in tall glasses of fine crystal that had been in the family for years. Juan brought them in on the teakwood tray that had been brought from some far-off romantic place by an early Quelleron with an eye for beauty. The Winthrops walked through the interesting old house, admiring things.

Mrs. Winthrop exclaimed over the polished mahogany table laid with a hand-embroidered luncheon set.

"And this beautiful work is yours, I'm sure?" she asked of the interesting colored designs on the heavy linen.

"Yes," Pam was smiling and flushing a little. "And that linen was once a pair of plus-fours that belonged to a very over-stuffed friend of Dad's!"

Mrs. Winthrop looked at Pam in admiration.

"What an ingenious girl you are," she said sincerely.

"You learn to be when you like nice things and you haven't much money," Pam laughed.

"It's a good thing to learn." Adele Winthrop's words came with a peculiar earnestness. She was thinking of Lenore and how

badly she was adjusting to their new circumstances. The girl had made everything as difficult as she possibly could. Adele looked at Pam thoughtfully. There was such a difference between the two girls. After all, she thought, Jerry had been fortunate in finding Pam.

Pam had selected for her luncheon only typically local foods. There was fruit cup—wedgies of orange, grapefruit, tangerine and banana—served in pale green glass. Conch chowder, which had been simmered until it was a perfect blend. Turtle steak which Melita had pounded out of all of the water was out of it, and then cut in thin slices and fried to a tender, lovely brown.

Pam was sweet and gracious as a hostess and, as her guests left, she pinned corsage of orchid tree flowers on Mrs. Winthrop's shoulder.

"That's very sweet of you, my dear," Adele said. It touched her that Pam could return so much friendly charm for their former indifferent acceptance of her.

"And don't I rate something?" Mr. Winthrop asked gaily.

Pam took a button marigold from a vase in the living room and put it in his buttonhole with a great deal of pretty ceremony. Her eyes were very bright as she did it and her heart seemed to miss a beat, for the flower reminded her of Jerry's first gift to her. French marigolds packed in ice and planned down from Miami because they matched her eyes.

"You're not coming with us, Jerry?" Adele asked of her son who made no move to go.

"No, Adele," he said and Pam liked the easy camaraderie of it. Any young man who could be on those terms with his mother must be all right. "I've things to say to Pam."

Pam turned to him quickly after she had waved her last goodbye to his parents.

"Was I all right?" she asked eagerly.

**Bad Ending**  
"YOU were, my dear," Jerry answered tenderly. His eyes rested on her in admiration. "I'm proud of you, Pam. There isn't another girl I know who could do as you're doing. I mean support yourself, be so independent, and all that. But there's one thing that still puzzles me. Will you tell me about it now?"

"What?" Her eyes met his.

"That night of the party, Antoine's supper party, why did you run away from me?"

This would be the time to straighten that out, he thought if Pam really had understood Algar Bruce and had been hurt.

Pam turned away and considered a moment. The old hurt of that night flooded back like a rising tide. It was still a thing that she hadn't forgiven. A sudden desire to hurt Jerry rose in her. She had been so hurt herself that night. She wished he hadn't spoken of it just after their lovely luncheon party. His question brought back sharply all of the bitter humiliation she had been trying to forget. A strange, intangible barrier seemed to rise between them again.

"You haven't answered yet, Pam," Jerry reminded her gently.

"You made a joke of me that night, Jerry!"

"A joke? Pam, dear, but I didn't! I couldn't have done such a thing—ever—feeling as I do about you."

"But you did. You—you humiliated me. And I hate you for it! I hate you, Jerry Winthrop!"

"Pam!" Jerry's voice was tense. He was sure now that Pam did know about the bet. Sure that was what she was referring to. He must right that, and immediately. "Do you mean the bet? Edmund's and my bet about you? Surely you haven't taken that seriously? Pam, it was just a joke, something—"

but Pam's voice was breaking in wildly. All of the sturdy Quelleron temper she had inherited was flaming within her.

"A joke! If your idea of a joke is that low and cheap—"

It was just there the old-fashioned knocker touched the electric bell of the front door. Pam stopped speaking and stood for a moment of indecision. She spoke to Melita, who was coming to answer the door.

"I'll take it, Melita."

She opened the door to see the stony, expressionless face of Lenore Winthrop staring at her without recognition.

"Tell Jerry I want the keys to his car," Lenore said, as if giving an order to a servant.

Jerry, who had recognized Lenore's voice, came to the hall. "Who wants the keys to my car?" he asked of Lenore.

"I do."

"You're not talking to me, Lenore. You don't get any car keys from me."

"I've got to have them!"

"So what?" Jerry asked in irritation.

"Jerry Winthrop, shut up!" Lenore said fiercely, lunging at her brother.

To be continued

## 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) 1310, Spokane; KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco; KGW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland; KJR (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle; KNA (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, KSL, KOIN.

5:30 p. m.—Fantasy in Melody, KJR, KEX; One Man's Family, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Spelling Bee, KEX; Elmer Davis, News, KSL; Musical Highlights, KGO.

6:00 p. m.—Sunday Evening Hour, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Gene Krupa's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

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

7:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KSL, KOIN.

8:00 p. m.—Helen Hayes, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

8:30 p. m.—Crime Doctor, KEX, KOIN; Vera Vague, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Inner Sanctum Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR.

9:00 p. m.—Jack Benny, KGO, KEX, KJR; I Was There, KEX, KOIN; 9:30 p. m.—Walter Winchell, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Claude Turner's Orch., KOIN; Irene Rich, KGO, KJR, KEX; Inglewood Park Concert, KEX.

9:30 p. m.—Etchings in Brass, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hollywood News Room, KGO, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX, KEX.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Screen Guild Theater, KEX.

10:30 p. m.—Will Osborne's Orch., KGO, KEX; Dance Orch., KOIN; Hawthorne Temple Services, KEX.

11:00 p. m.—Paul Penderick, KEX, KJR; Stars of the Stage, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KGO, KEX.

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

5:30 p. m.—Waltz Rhythm, KPO, News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR; Cocktail Hour, KGW.

6:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Dr. I. Q. Jim McClain, KPO, KGW, KOMO; The Bartons, KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Mercury Theater, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Grandpappy's Pals, KGO, KEX; Contended Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

7:30 p. m.—Cavalade of America, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Amateur Hour, KGO; Blondie, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Pick a Tune, KJR, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; For America We Sing, KEX.

8:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; Voice of Firestone, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gay Nineties Revue, KEX, KSL, KOIN.

9:00 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; True or False, KGO, KJR, KEX; Vox Pop, KEX; News, Teddy Powell's Orch., KOIN, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Hawthorne House, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Hollywood Showcase, KEX, KOIN; National Radio Forum, KGO; Moonlight Sonata, KEX.

10:00 p. m.—Ellis Clifford's Orch., KGO, KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KGW; Concert Hall, KPO; News, KEX; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—String Serenade, KPO, KGW, KOMO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KEX.

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

**STRANGE AS IT SEEMS**  
By JOHN HIX

GENERAL ANASTASIO SOMOZA—President of Nicaragua—

IS THE COUNTRY'S 424TH RULER IN 102 YEARS!

BETWEEN 1839 AND 1855, A PERIOD OF 16 YEARS, NICARAGUA HAD 396 RULERS!

THE NEWARK BEARS, PRO-FOOTBALL TEAM, WON A GAME BY THE FLIP OF A COIN! TO "PLAY OFF" A TIED SERIES WITH LONG ISLAND... 1940...

WITH THE RETIREMENT OF CHIEF JUSTICE HUGHES, THE SUPREME COURT IS BEARLESS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 80 YEARS!

EXPENSIVE PASSENGERS! 100 TONS OF EARNABLES WILL COLLECT ON THE HULL OF A BIG LINER IN A YEAR... AND IT COSTS \$100,000 TO HAVE THEM SCRAPED OFF!

UNSTABLE GOVERNMENT  
So fast were rulers of Nicaragua changed between 1839 and 1855 that the reign of each averaged only about two weeks! General Somoza, 28th head of the country since 1855, was elected president in 1933, resigned, re-wrote the constitution, and was elected again!

ONE-MAN TEAM  
Having been held up once by rain, and the following week by snow, the Newark Bears and the Long Island team decided to settle the matter by the toss of a coin—best three out of five to win. Newark's "one-man team" called the first three tosses correctly.

Monday: Screw Boll-Weevils!

By AL CAPP

**STOREROOM**  
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WIFE ASKS HIM TO SEE IF IT'S ALL RIGHT TO THROW AWAY THE PILE OF THINGS SHE HAS SET ASIDE IN THE STOREROOM

EMERGES FROM STORE-ROOM SAYING HE CERTAINLY DOESN'T WANT HIS OLD MANDOLIN DISCARDED

RECALLS HOW HE USED TO PLAY IT TO HER, AND SAYS HE MIGHT WANT TO GET IT FIXED UP AND TAKE UP PLAYING AGAIN

LEAVES IT IN HALL AND BRINGS OUT THE OLD BASE-BALL GLOVE HE USED IN HIGH SCHOOL, WHICH HE WANTS TO KEEP

ASKS WHAT'S THE IDEA OF GETTING RID OF HIS OLD HAT BOX—HE KNOWS HE HASN'T A SILK HAT BUT THE BOX MIGHT COME IN HANDY

SAYS HE WANTS TO KEEP THIS FRAMED PICTURE OF HIS SENIOR CLASS IN HIGH SCHOOL, EVEN IF THE GLASS IS BROKEN

EXCLAIMS HE HOPES SHE DIDN'T MEAN TO THROW AWAY THESE OLD COMIC MAGAZINES, SOME OF THEM 60 AS FAR BACK AS 1910

STROWS THEM OVER LIVING ROOM AS HE SEEMES TO LOOK THEM OVER, WIFE, SIGHING, PUTS OTHER THINGS BACK IN STOREROOM

Quays Williams (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 10-4

L'L ABNER—What Makes Mammy Run?

HE LOOKED AT ME, BROKE OUT INTO A SWEAT, GULPED—AND RAN!

I'M INTRIGUED!—THIS IS DOGPATCH?—I WONDER IF THIS IS WHERE THE PETWELLS OF PARK AVENUE HAVE THEIR HUNTING LODGE—

THAT EVENING—A GAL FUM TH' CITY HAS RENTED TH' PETWELL HUNTING LODGE—AH HEAR SHE NEEDS A MAID-SERVANT. WE'D USE TH' MONEY, CHILE!!

MEANWHILE: ON ROUTE 66—SOUTH OF BOULDER DAM—L'L ABNER'S GREATEST CRISIS IS FAST COMIN'—OH, AH PRAYS AH GITS THAR IN TIME!!!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ominous Sounds!

COME, YNEZ, YOUR BROTHER, IS PAST ALL HELP, NOW.

YEAH, AN' HE WARNED US... THAT SLADE'S GORILLAS ARE HEADED THIS WAY!

TOM SAYS HE'LL TAKE YOUR BROTHER BACK... IN HIS SHIP! YOU GO WITH BETTY, YNEZ.

THIS OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH GAS TO GET BETTY-LOU BACK, SKEETS! YOU FLY OUR SHIP BACK...

I'LL FOLLOW YOU... IN CAPTAIN... ER... IN ERNESTO'S SHIP!

LIS'SEN, TOM! HOOFBEATS!! IT'S SLADE'S MEN COMIN'!!

THE NEBBES—Mrs. Appleby

HELLO, BOYS, I'M ARRANGING A WONDERFUL EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOU AT THE CAMP NEXT WEEK... I'M TAKING PART MYSELF... I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO ENJOY IT

THIS WILL NOT ONLY BE A SWELL EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT, BUT I'M MIXING WITH IT SOMETHING FOR YOUR MENTAL BENEFIT—SOMETHING INSTRUCTIVE

AND DID YOU SEE THAT FACE? AND WHAT DO YOU THINK COULD COME OUT OF IT IN THE WAY OF ENTERTAINMENT?

IT'S A FACE... IT WAS SITTING ON HER NECK... THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY FOR IT

By SOL HESS

## OPPOSITION TAKES AUSTRALIAN HELM

Canberra, Oct. 4.—(P)—Labor Leader John Curtin accepted a commission to form a new Aus

Bengal Jackets TOUGH BUCKSKIN COMBINED WITH GABARDINE

\$11.95

Barkers

STORE FOR MEN

Parliament recessed until October 8 to await developments.

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