

SERIAL STORY

LOVE POWER

BY OREN ARNOLD

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YESTERDAY: Carolyn found a safe, after plunging through the storm. Somehow, she shakes off the horrible harness. She sees a road, stumbles toward it. A motorist stops. When she asks if he has heard an explosion, he thinks she is delirious.

BOB LANDS SAFELY

IN the village of Blair, Ariz., Carolyn and her rescuer found one light burning. It was in a large house that seemed to be a combined residence and store. An efficient-looking woman in night robe answered immediately when Carolyn ran to the door and knocked.

"Hello! I—Have you a telephone? May I please call for help? If I can just telephone Boulder Dam, I might—"

"Come in, honey!" The woman interrupted Carolyn's frantic talk, appraised her quickly. "Look here, honey, is your name Tyler, and did you drop out of an airplane?"

"Yes! Oh!" "Well, I'm that glad it's you! They've been already phoning about you. They're men out already on a search. Now ain't this just dandy!"

"Come in, child. You look bedraggled. Ain't you cold? They've already phoned about you from Boulder. I expect it's been on the radio, too.

"Law, I expect they're a-learing around every whichaway, for one as young and sweet as you! Now you just phone 'em back right now as quick as you can, and I'll get you something warm and dry!"

The good woman, not one to be overly excited, was plainly excited. Carolyn grabbed her.

"What about Bob? Dr. Hale? Tell me! He must be safe or nobody would know where I—is he? Who called?"

"Honey, set down a minute! He's safe. Him and the man flying him both is safe. It was a Mr. Hale that called me. He said—"

That was all Carolyn needed. She called Boulder Dam—specifically, Boulder City, Nev., the town near the great dam. The operator there couldn't get Bob for her at the moment but did get the local airport, and the field official told her that Bob and the plane had come in safely.

Bob was about crazy, the official admitted, worrying about her, and he would get word to Bob at once and call off the search. He talked some more, but Carolyn didn't hear it. If the kindly woman here hadn't come quickly, Carolyn would have slipped right down to the floor.

It was the first time in her life Carolyn Tyler had ever fainted, but even a young and healthy girl can stand only so much.

It took Bob Hale a week to quit begging Carolyn's forgiveness. Almost pitifully he apologized, over and over, berating himself and humbling himself before her. He had honestly felt that her life depended on that parachute jump. She understood that.

But when he had gone to tell the pilot, preparing to jump out himself, the pilot had taken command. The storm danger was indeed real but the pilot had steadfastly refused to abandon ship.

His refusal had, in turn, made Bob decide to stay. Bob had tried to weigh the dangers both ways and in the end the presence of the X-999 had decided him.

The pilot, Bob knew, could not be made to realize the extreme potency of that substance in the box. A forced chance landing, bumpy and rough, might set off the greatest explosion in the history of man. But even so, Bob elected to stick with the pilot and their freight. He felt directly responsible for the X-999. Bailing out now would be cowardly ryaning away, and at least Carolyn had a fighting chance.

When it all ended happily he was like a boy released from some hideous dream and it took him days to calm down again. For her part, Carolyn was back to normalcy after a long sleep, a bath, fresh clothing and a hearty meal.

"Nothing boring about being your secretary, at any rate," she told Bob, laconically. He was still serious.

"I have raised your pay, Carolyn! As I told you, the Schoenfeld Laboratory is abundantly endowed, and, of course, with the X-999 we have absolutely unlimited means at our command, so—"

"So I'm still just a steno being overpaid already, and that's that!" she declared flatly. "Please get right down to your work, Bob. The serious work, I mean."

THERE was much to be done. That first day, while she slept.

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he had bought a station wagon and would have carried the boxer, X-999 to his mountain retreat alone, but she insisted on joining him.

Together they drove the priceless stuff through the canyons of Blair, thence branched onto the rougher trail that led to the abandoned Copper King mine in Tonto Mountain. There they were met by Bob's workmen, who already had erected temporary tents and shacks, reconditioned the narrow gauge ore track into the mine shaft, and brought in provisions.

When the X-999 had at last been deposited nearly three-quarters of a mile inside the mountain itself, Bob showed visible relief. "Now, for the first time, I can breathe easily," said he. "Now it is safe, and no one's life need be in constant danger. Thank heaven for that!"

She liked that streak in him. That reverence, that feeling of humility and selflessness, despite the fact of his brilliance as a scientist and his fame. It was another reason for loving him.

Loving him? She contemplated that again. Of course she loved him, more profoundly than ever. And with the rush of physical excitement subsiding, she would give full thought to that problem of making him love her.

MEANTIME, Carolyn knew, Leana Sorni was a lurking, insidious danger. She "knew" it largely through intuition, but it was definite even so.

Leana's eyes had revealed it. Leana's way of looking at Bob. The little things Leana had let slip back home. The peculiar circumstance of that first explosion, the hint contained in the telegram to Leana, and the fact that a train was robbed! They all added up too much to be mere coincidence.

"I've been terrifically lucky," Carolyn whispered to herself, in apprehension again. "She's not likely to miss any bets next time!"

Leana would be brought here to the mountain retreat in a few days, Carolyn knew, because there was a great work facing her and Bob—harnessing X-999, adapting its unprecedented power to engines, inviting other distinguished scientists here for consultation, re-making the whole world of engineering!

But Carolyn knew that somewhere in this rush Leana Sorni would strike again. And soon!

"Run away? Chuck this crazy job forever and go back to the city and its safety?"

"I could never do that," Carolyn told herself. "It would leave Bob helpless, alone!"

(To Be Continued)

SKATING WEDNESDAY — SATURDAY 7:30 till 10 P. M. Sunday 2-4:30 P. M. at the RAINBOW RINK WINCHESTER

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DiMaggio's Swat Streak Ends, but Yanks Win Game

By JUDSON BAILEY

The baseball season lost some of its zest last night when Joe DiMaggio's phenomenal hitting streak came to an end, but the pennant aspirations of the New York Yankees may be better off.

The biggest night crowd in baseball history, 67,468, jammed Cleveland's stadium last night, more to watch DiMaggio than to see the two top contenders in the American league settle their pennant problems.

Last night Joe was stopped for the first time since May 15 by two great stabs by Ken Keltner and the pitching of Al Smith and Jim Bagby. But the Yankees won a 4-3 decision from the Indians and came close to locking up the championship.

Lefty Gomez kept the Tribe in check, with some ninth-inning help by Johnny Murphy, on a total of seven hits. The Yanks got a run in the first, another on Joe Gordon's homer in the seventh, and two more on a four-hit outburst in the eighth.

Another batting streak, a 24-game achievement by Cecil Travis, also was snapped yesterday. This one never received much attention because all eyes were turned on DiMaggio, but it was there just the same until Trout

pitched the Detroit Tigers to a 7-1 triumph over the Washington Senators with a four-hit ration. Riddle Wins His 11th.

The season's best pitching streak, however, was preserved as the Cincinnati Reds downed the New York Giants, 5-4, in a night engagement for Elmer Riddle's 11th victory without defeat. He allowed 10 hits, but paced himself well and had the benefit of five runs his teammates got for him in the first three innings.

The only other National league game ended in a 2-2 tie between the Phillies and the Chicago Cubs when rain halted their struggle after six innings.

Dominic DiMaggio collected the hits his brother Joe needed as the Boston Red Sox whipped the White Sox, 7-4, and bumped Chicago out of the first division of the American league. Dominic hit a home run and a triple to drive in three runs while Newsome limited the Chicks to seven safeties. Lefty Thornton Lee failed to go nine innings for the first time in 17 starts.

The St. Louis Browns edged past the Philadelphia Athletics, 4-3, with a ninth-inning run on Cliff's single with the bases loaded.

Benefit Dance Planned—The Roseburg Junior Woman's club will sponsor a benefit carnival dance Saturday night, July 19, at Oakland to raise money for the club's project for the Douglas county hospital and home. Mrs. J. E. Henbest is general chairman of the affair.

Seattle Further Slashes League Lead of Sactos

(By The Associated Press)

After dropping two consecutive series, Sacramento today held its slimmest lead over the Pacific coast league since the beginning of the season—eight games.

Seattle's ninth inning rally knocked over the Solons 6 to 5 last night, giving the Rainiers two games of the three-contest split-week series. Last week San Diego trounced the league leaders five games out of seven.

The Rainiers drove across two runs in the last frame last night after two were out. Averill's single brought in the winning run.

Soriano, Seattle hurler, stopped the Solons after Hal Turpin gave up five runs in the first five innings. It was Soriano's first Coast league victory.

Second-place San Diego had to score three runs in the last stanza to nose out cellarite Portland, 3 to 1. Reid yielded only three hits for Portland going into the ninth, but the Padres clouted five hits then to win. San Diego swept the three-game series.

Split-week partners will be reshuffled today, with Sacramento taking on Portland, and San Diego journeying to Seattle to continue the battle between the two teams for second place.

Pippen, Oakland pitcher, lost control briefly in the ninth inning against Hollywood last

night, allowing the Stars to score four runs and win 4 to 3. Until the ninth he gave up but two hits. Los Angeles beat San Francisco 4 to 2 behind Totaro's four-hit hurling.

Oregon Archers To Compete at Umpqua

All arrangements have been completed by the Umpqua Archery club for the Six Gold meet to be held by the club at Umpqua, Sunday, July 20. Invitations have been sent to archers in all parts of Oregon and a large attendance is expected.

Registration of archers will begin at 9 a. m., to be followed immediately by the clout shoot for both men and women. Following a picnic lunch there will be a double American round for men and a double Columbia for women.

There will be an official award, consisting of a pin and a certificate, given by the National Archery association, with which the Umpqua club is affiliated, for any archer who shoots one perfect end from any distance. In addition prizes will be given by the Umpqua club in each event.

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COOKBOOKLET COUPON This Coupon and 10c entitles bearer to a cookbooklet at the News-Review office, Roseburg, Oregon.

Can American skill re-create the beer once brewed in PILSEN?



The look of a good glass of Pilsner was in itself an invitation and a promise... The brilliant color, the crystal-clarity of the beer. And the sparkling tiny bubbles that raced endlessly up to join the white, fragrant collar. And this promise was met at first taste. It was a light and lively flavor, marvelously refreshing to the mouth. A mellow beer taste—neither strong, bitter nor sweet. A deeply satisfying goodness.

The friendly warmth of the old city of Pilsen charmed all who passed that way. And travellers held the beer brewed there in such esteem that it became world-famous as the "King of Beers."

Do you like beer well enough to make an experiment?

At our risk we invite you to taste a true Pilsner brewed here in America. It is our beer—Brown Derby Pilsner.

We believe you will find in Brown Derby the sparkling lightness of Pilsner. The unmistakable Pilsner smack. The full Pilsner flavor.

We believe this with good reason. But you decide, after you have set lips to a cool glassful. After you have taken a deep "pull" and rolled Brown Derby Pilsner on your tongue—and tasted it in company with your favorite food—you be the judge.

TAKE home several bottles of Brown Derby Pilsner. Judge this beer critically. Unless you find Brown Derby Pilsner a true Pilsner—unless it satisfies you in every way—return just the empty bottles to the store where you bought the beer and they will refund your full purchase price



Brown Derby Pilsner

at SAFEWAY

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