

Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

by Lionel Mosher

THE STORY: Nick Trent, Army pilot, has been buzzed down by a mysterious stranger named Hooker makes him a vague money proposition which he turns down. Pat Hudson and Charley Strand, old friends, greet him at the dock. While Nick is waiting for Charley, later that afternoon in the lobby of the Parker House, Hooker reappears. Introduces him to exotic Magda Calvestri. On parting, Calvestri presents a valuable diamond earring into his hand and whispers "Tonight, Nick, has dinner with the Hudsons. The doublet rings and Pat says she expects Eric."

ERIC WOOLF

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EVER since I had known Eric Woolf, I had been convinced that he never made a move without calculating precisely where it would land him on the scale of his own personal aggrandizement.

As he entered the room, I saw that his close-cropped blond hair had been bleached almost white by the sun. He was smiling, but his eyes were the palest and coldest of blues.

"Well, Trent," Woolf put out his hand. "How are you?"
"I'm all right," I said.
"You had a lovely lady worried," he rubbed his hands and glanced at Pat.

"He's not supposed to know that," answered Pat dryly.
"But, of course," Woolf helped himself to a cigarette from the box on the table. "You know, you were in all the papers, Trent."

"Was I?"

"Um-hm-headlines, too. Boston aviator wounded. Former Harvard athlete, hero of 39 missions over Germany, hit by rocket-bomb." He laughed lightly. "Quite a disturbance."

"It was not very funny," I said.

"Really?" He was still smiling.

"Then they are quite effective—the robots?"

"One of them, well-placed," I said, "can kill at least a hundred women and children."

"The women and children," Eric said, "that is regrettable. But in total war—that happens."

"There's nothing like viewing a thing with Olympian detachment," I said.

Eric sat there, immaculate and fit in his Oxford gray suit with the pencil stripe.

"How is your father, Miss Pat?" he asked.

"Grumpy," said Pat. "He thinks the world is going to pot."

"WHAT is it," asked Eric, "the war or his health?"

"Neither," Pat replied bluntly. "It's money."

"Is there something possibly I could do?" Eric asked.

"Heavens, no!" Pat laughed. "Thank you, Eric, but it's not so bad as that."

Pat flushed. She glanced at me and I turned to look at Eric curiously. Was he really wealthy?

"What are you doing now, Eric?"

"Nothing," he replied. "However, I am dickering with the O. W. I. for a place on their foreign language broadcasts. I have an idea for a program calculated to regain the confidence of the German people in us."

"Have you any ideas as to how we can regain confidence in the German people?" I said.

"Did you go to the game this afternoon, Eric?" Pat asked, apparently determined to keep the conversation light and harmless.

"No, Miss Pat. I find football dull. I took a walk along the waterfront," Eric's eyes grew speculative. "They have removed all restrictions. One can go practically anywhere."

"Things have changed considerably in the past two years," I said.

"Yes," he admitted. "They would not believe me in Germany if I told them that there is not a

single barrage balloon over Boston or New York harbor."

"DON'T tell them," Pat laughed lightly. Woolf glanced at her. There was a silence. Then Eric said to me:

"You have a discharge button?"

"Not yet."

"You'd better have one. It may save you embarrassment." He took out a cigarette. "By the way, what was the trouble?"

"Trouble?" I asked evenly.

"Yes." He lit a cigarette and blew the smoke through his nostrils. "The reason for your discharge."

"He was wounded, Eric," Pat said. "By the rocket bomb. Don't you remember?"

"He looks pretty fit to me," Eric said.

I got up.

"At a more appropriate time," I said, "I'll take the liberty of working off my resentment for that remark."

"Nick," Pat said, "Eric—please." I think I'll run along, Pat, I said.

"Really, old man," Eric said. "I meant nothing by the remark."

"Possibly. I'll see you tomorrow," I said to Pat.

Her lips were curved in an uncertain smile. Eric came up and laid his hand on my arm.

"I can see now the remark was offensive," he said. "I'm sorry for our little disagreement tonight."

"I'll hear up under it," I said. But I had the feeling that if I stayed any longer something unpleasantly virile might follow. Pat read my eyes.

"I'll get your coat," she said. Eric was frowning.

"Have you your old rooms at the Esplanade?" he asked.

"I'm staying with Charley Strand," I replied.

"That innocent little question of Woolf's came back to me later. But it was not until the very grim business of what had started out like a quiet Saturday night was over.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople Out Our Way

J. R. Williams



Boots and Her Buddies



To Market, To Market!



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Really amazing how much we gals manage to "tote" from the markets these days—and it IS handier if one has an oversize bag in which to do the toting! Unbleached string, household twine, crocheted cotton make the 18-inch folding bag shown. The big crocheted bag in lower illustration is made of three balls of heavy cotton yarn. Costs seventy-five cents to make and will be well worth it!

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the string market bag (Pattern No. 5298) and the fillet mesh market bag (Pattern No. 5499) send 15 cents in coin for each pattern, plus 1 cent postage for each, your name,

address and pattern numbers to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the prize winner runner (Pattern No. 5864) send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Official Records

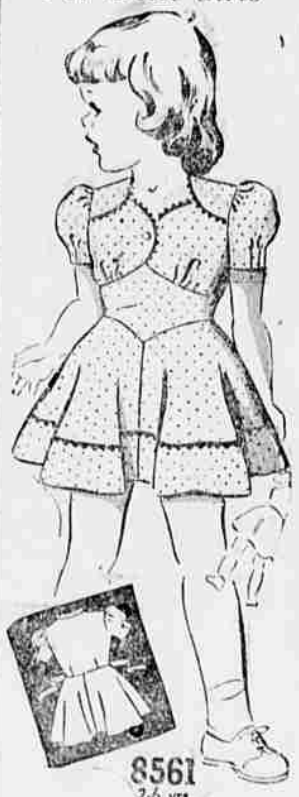
Water turned off, March 23—Blair Gardner, 808 B; Walter Phillips, 1912 Cedar.
Water turned on—Gerald Pearson, 607 N

Answer to Previous Puzzle

U. S. Ambassador

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | VERTICAL |
| 1,8 Pictured U. | 1 Entire |
| 2,5 Ambassador to Brazil | 2 24 hours |
| 3 Fall behind | 3 Monster |
| 4 He is considered an | 4 Note of scale |
| 5 diplomat | 5 Live |
| 6 Stupid fellow | 6 Highway |
| 7 Musical instrument | 7 Fold |
| 8 Symbol for selenium | 8 New |
| 9 Entranced | 9 Bachelor of Science (G.S.) |
| 10 Devour | 10 French article |
| 11 Dined | 11 Every |
| 12 Equal (comb. form) | 12 Peruse |
| 13 Pat | 13 Exists |
| 14 He holds an important post in America | 14 Thus |
| 15 Soiled | 15 Weight |
| 16 Negative | 16 Legal right |
| 17 Accomplish | 17 Near |
| 18 Treaties | 18 Per |
| 19 Aches | 19 Child |
| 20 Mineral rock | 20 Girl's name |
| 21 Beverage | 21 River in Italy |
| 22 At once | 22 Area measure |
| 23 Faded | 23 Store |
| 24 File | 24 Bucket |
| 25 Part of "be" | 25 Compass point |
| 26 Stead | 26 He represents |
| 27 Lefty peak | 27 Symbol for |
| 28 Notion | 28 That thing |
| 29 Distress call at sea | 29 Back of neck |
| 30 Food fish | 30 Any |
| 31 Yugoslavian | |

For Little Girls



By SUE BURNETT

Make your young daughter several of these dainty dresses—in dainty or tutu for dress-up occasions, and in dotted or checked cotton for sturdy everyday wear.

Pattern No. 8561 is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Size 3, requires 1 1/2 yards of 35 or 39 inch material; 2 1/2 yards machine made ruffling or tie lace to trim.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coin, your name, address, size desired, and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Hold Everything



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin

