

Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

THE STORY: Nick is confronted with a surprise party at The Ledges. Pat explains that both she and her father felt it was dangerous for him to be there alone and planned to join him. But when her father invited Eric Woolf along she invited Charlie. She expresses concern over the connection between her father and Eric.

THE TEMPLES REMAIN

AS we came into the library, Eric was standing with his back to the fire, holding a glass of Phineas Hudson's best port in one hand and a very large and aromatic cigar in the other.

"I had to shoot the creature," he was saying.

"Naturally," Bruce Temple nodded in cold affirmation.

"But why shoot it?" asked Mr. Hudson, spreading his hands in innocent query. "Merely because you erred in judging the animal a good hunting dog?"

"I could not abide its trembling every time I pulled the trigger," answered Woolf complacently.

Brenda Temple regarded him as one might sight down the barrel of a gun.

"You're spoofing, Mr. Woolf," she said.

Eric's eyebrows lifted.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You didn't actually shoot your dog because he was gunshy?"

"Not he, my dear lady; it was a she." Woolf emptied his glass and set it on the mantel. "That was the trouble, you see. Females always lack spirit."

"Oh," Brenda Temple's lips rounded innocently over the word, but there was a definite glitter in her eyes. "Tell us more about yourself, Mr. Woolf."

Eric removed the cigar from his mouth and blew a perfect smoke ring. Then he fixed Brenda Temple with eyes that showed no more feeling than a shark's.

"I have been a witness of this

country long enough, Miss Temple, to know when I am being ribbed," he said.

"But not quite long enough to know that shooting female hunting dogs because they are gunshy is not considered a mark of manhood," she replied.

Eric's face went slightly crimson, then slowly the color drained from his face. I had never seen him so close to losing control.

THE radiators started clanking and the house was filled with a wretched symphony. Mr. Hudson cleared his throat.

"Nicholas, my boy, how about giving me a lift with that fire? I'm no hand at a furnace, you know."

Bruce Temple stood up.

"I'm afraid we'll have to be going, Phineas," he said.

"So soon?" Mr. Hudson asked.

"It's early."

"It's the sea air," Temple said. "Makes me sleepy."

Mr. Hudson shrugged.

"As you wish. Perhaps you will drop over tomorrow."

Everybody edged out into the hall to bid the Temples farewell. Mr. Hudson looked at me oddly when we were left alone.

"Nicholas, I believe you know me well enough to believe that I haven't an ounce of raw curiosity in my bones. Now, I don't wish to pry into your affairs, but where I find something approaching involvement of my daughter, I feel that I'm entitled to some explanation."

"Believe me, Mr. Hudson," I said, "I'm as much in the dark as you are. I haven't the remotest idea of what's going on."

"You wouldn't lie to an old man, Nick?"

"You know how I feel about Pat."

"I do," he nodded, "and I believe you."

"Mr. Hudson," I said, "while

we're exchanging confidences, I've something I'd like to ask you. It's about Eric Woolf."

"Eric." Mr. Hudson lifted his head. "What's the matter with Eric?"

"It'll pass that question if you don't mind. I'm bothered by his omnipresence. I don't quite see how he comes into this picture."

"Eric is at The Ledges because I asked him," he announced stiffly. "Suppose we fix the fire," I said.

WHEN we got upstairs Brenda Temple and her father were back in the library.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

Brenda sank into a chair and looked quietly amused.

"It seems that there are, in the hood of our car, some slutties—" "Vents, my dear," Bruce Temple corrected her.

"Yes, father." She smiled demurely. "Vents. It appears that it is my job to open and close these vents at the proper time. Mama forgot to close the naughty rain slink into the spark plugs or something and Daddy's car positively will not run tonight."

"Are you sure?" asked Eric.

"There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't stay here with us," Phineas Hudson's voice sounded unnaturally loud. "There are seventeen bedrooms in the house."

"But how jolly," said Brenda Temple. And her father said:

"Good of you, Phineas. But it seems an imposition."

"Not at all," replied Mr. Hudson. "Matter of fact, I was on the point of asking you to stay, but you seemed eager to be off."

Brenda Temple sat back, perfectly at ease, and drew out a cigar.

"For hours I've wanted an excuse to horn in on this jamboree." She looked maliciously at Eric. "Perhaps we shall hear more of Mr. Woolf's adventures."

Charlie removed a shred of tobacco from his lip and snapped it with his finger into the fire.

"Let's have some coffee," he said. "I'll make it."

He had just got to his feet when the knock came.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

WILL YOU SPOTS ON TH' RUG PERTEND YOU'RE HUMAN AN' WITNESS ME HANDING TWIGGS \$100? — THIS IS FORFEIT MONEY TO GUARANTEE THAT MY BUM — I MEAN MY RASSLER — SHOWS UP TO TIP BURKE OVER LIKE AN EMPTY MILK CAN!

OKAY, JAKE! IF A SHERIFF'S POSSE DEPLOY ON THE PORCH TO HOLD A QUIZ BEE I'LL TELL 'EM MARTIN VAN BUREN SLEPT HERE!

NOT EVEN A ROADHOUSE STICKUP — I DON'T GET IT, DO YOU?

HOW'D HE GET IT? WELL, IT'S NOT IN THE PAPERS =

Out Our Way

I UNDERSTAND THIS IS JUST EXPERIMENTAL, BUT WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THIS NEW CAVALRY EQUIPMENT, COLONEL?

HMP!

I KNOW AN OFFICER HAS TO BE MIGHTY CAREFUL OF WHAT HE SEZ, BUT HOW CAN A GUY MAKE A STORY OUT OF "HMP"?

THAT'S WOT MAKES A GOOD WRITER, IS MAKIN' A STORY OUT OF NOTHIN'—I COULD WRITE A STORY IF HE TOLD ME ALL HE THOUGHT, BUT I COULDN'T OUT O' THAT!

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

Boots and Her Buddies

BOOTS, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THAT!

FOR HOURS I'VE WANTED AN EXCUSE TO HORN IN ON THIS JAMBOREE. SHE LOOKED MALICIOUSLY AT ERIC. "PERHAPS WE SHALL HEAR MORE OF MR. WOOLF'S ADVENTURES."

CHARLEY REMOVED A SHRED OF TOBACCO FROM HIS LIP AND SNAPPED IT WITH HIS FINGER INTO THE FIRE.

"LET'S HAVE SOME COFFEE," HE SAID. "I'LL MAKE IT."

HE HAD JUST GOT TO HIS FEET WHEN THE KNOCK CAME.

(To Be Continued)

By Edgar Martin

PROPER EXERCISE WOULD PUT ENOUGH COLOR IN YOUR CHEEKS WITHOUT COSMETICS!

MR. WALDO, YA MAY HAVE YOUR ANGLE, BUT FRANKLY, YOU'RE IN YOUR PRIME — YA HAVE A LOT T' LIVE FOR! WHY TAKE SUCH RISKS?

Underwear Set!



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Forget about the hours you've spent vainly shopping for nice underwear for your girls and make two or three lovely slip and pantie sets for your girls of 8, 10 and 12 years.

To obtain complete patterns for slip and pantie, embroidery spray, (pattern No. 5867) sizes 8, 10, 12 years included, send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and the pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Continued From Page 2

to China, the state department made him discard the uniform and two silver stars of a major general and dress as all other American ambassadors—in plain civilian clothes.

"This didn't please Hurley at all. But he conformed. However, when he got back to Washington and went in to see the president the other day, friends say that Pat had in mind getting special permission from the president to wear his army uniform while ambassador in China.

Perhaps the state department tipped off the White House about Hurley's sartorial ambition, or perhaps it was just accident. Anyway, the president beat him to the gun.

"Well, Pat," FDR said to Hurley who was wearing a blue serge suit, "you certainly look fine in blues."

Hurley murmured something about that the fact he thought his army uniform was more appropriate. But the president replied:

"Oh no, Pat, you look fine in blues."

That ended that. Hurley is going back to China wearing civilian clothes.

CONTAINS MORE THAN OTHERS

Coffee contains more substances than any other beverage. It contains water, sugar, casein, gum, fat, oil, mineral water, wood and caffeine, the latter a drug composed of nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen and water.

The first map of the United States was engraved in Connecticut in 1783.

Fitted Midriff



By SUE BURNETT

Look slim as a pencil in this handsome daytime frock with its pinch-ponny waist and pretty yoke detail.

Pattern No. 8799 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14, short sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch material; 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch.

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.

Ready now—the spring issue of Fashion. Just 15 cents. A complete guide in planning wardrobe needs for all the family.

Official Records

Water turned off, March 31; Charles M. Warnock, 217 Fir.

Natives along the Orinoco river, in Venezuela, use mud as their favorite meal.

Hold Everything



Freckles and His Friends

YOU WERE HERE IN THIS CONCENTRATION CAMP WHEN I WARBLED IN ASSEMBLY! LENNIE SHOW YOU WHAT YOU MISSED!!

HER GUARD IS DOWN, AND HE'S GONNA SLIP HER A LITTLE MUSICAL SCHMALTZ!

HE'S A MELLOW FELLOW!

IF YOU WERE A GAL BEING WOODED BY A GUY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR HIM LILT IN LATIN, OR LIKE THIS?

Red Ryder

ACE HANLON ESCAPE-UM, BUT RED RYDER STILL IN JAIL!

LONG AS I CAN'T FIX TH' WINDOW TONIGHT, I'LL HANDCLIFF YOU TO TH' COT, RYDER!

Wash Tubbs

RIGHT THIS WAY, MR. KOONTZ!

TCK, TCK! I DON'T SUPPOSE MAN COULD CREATE AN ATROCITY IN THE NAME OF ART THAT SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE WOULDN'T BUY!

AFTER SEEING YOUR EXHIBIT OF PAINTINGS THIS SPRING, SIR, I THINK YOU MAY HAVE SUCCEEDED!

DON'T TAKE DADDY TOO SERIOUSLY, MR. KOONTZ!

MY DEAR CHILD! I HAVE BEEN INSULTED BY SOME OF THE MOST STUPID DOLTS IN THE NATION! WHY SHOULD THE DRIVEL OF ONE MORE BOTHER ME!

WHY, YOU— PLEASE, MR. KOONTZ! HERE'S THAT ABELARDO PAINTING!

WHEN I HEARD YOU INSISTED THIS WAS GENUINE, MCKEE, I NATURALLY ASSUMED IT MUST BE A FORGERY! ...I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, BUT FOR ONCE YOU ARE RIGHT! IT IS AN ABELARDO!

Alley Oop

WHILE OOP'S SUBJECTS FEAST ON THE DINOSAUR THEY'D MANEUVERED HIM INTO KILLING FOR THEM.

THIS IS TH' LIFE! HERE'S WHERE I SPEND TH' REST OF MY DAYS IN PEACE!

LET US TAKE A LOOK AT THE FORCES AT WORK ON THE FABRIC OF OOP'S FUTURE

KING WUR, THE DEPOSED RULER OF LEM!

HE'S PRETTY TOUGH ON US LEMMANS, BUT HE SURE FEEDS US SWELL!

I'LL GET THAT LUGS! HELP ME!

TH' IDEA, COP TRYN' T' BE KING OF LEM! HE'S GETTING SIMPLY OVER HIM... HE'S GETTING SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S COME OVER HIM... HE'S GETTING SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

AND THOSE TWO SCIENTISTS, WONNUG AND BRONSON... OOOLA SHOULD HAVE FOUND OOP BY NOW, DON'T YOU THINK?

PERHAPS, BUT BEFORE MAKING CONTACT, I WANT TO FINISH THIS NEW GADGET!

THE MOOVIAN ROYAL FAMILY & OOOLA, THE GIRL FRIEND

Merrill Blosser

WHEN I KISS A MISS LIKE YOU, IT'S HEAVEN DIVIDED BY TWO

Fred Harman

WHEN I HEARD YOU INSISTED THIS WAS GENUINE, MCKEE, I NATURALLY ASSUMED IT MUST BE A FORGERY! ...I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, BUT FOR ONCE YOU ARE RIGHT! IT IS AN ABELARDO!

By Leslie Turner

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By V. T. Hamlin

WHEN I HEARD YOU INSISTED THIS WAS GENUINE, MCKEE, I NATURALLY ASSUMED IT MUST BE A FORGERY! ...I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, BUT FOR ONCE YOU ARE RIGHT! IT IS AN ABELARDO!

U. S. Governor

| HORIZONTAL | VERTICAL |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 Pictured governor, | 1 Stain |
| 2 Marry | 2 Marry |
| 3 Roman road | 3 Roman road |
| 4 Height (ab.) | 4 Height (ab.) |
| 5 Golf device | 5 Golf device |
| 6 Chick-pea (comb. form) | 6 Chick-pea |
| 7 Pause | 7 Pause |
| 8 Native (suffix) | 8 Native (suffix) |
| 9 Compass point | 9 Compass point |
| 10 At one time | 10 At one time |
| 11 Sheltered side | 11 Sheltered side |
| 12 Drove bee | 12 Drove bee |
| 13 Close to | 13 Close to |
| 14 War God (ab.) | 14 War God (ab.) |
| 15 Doctor (ab.) | 15 Doctor (ab.) |
| 16 Within | 16 Within |
| 17 He governs | 17 He governs |
| 18 — of Nebraska | 18 — of Nebraska |
| 19 Rip | 19 Rip |
| 20 Short jacket | 20 Short jacket |
| 21 Disfigurement | 21 Disfigurement |
| 22 Girl's name | 22 Girl's name |
| 23 We | 23 We |
| 24 High card | 24 High card |
| 25 Pair of horses | 25 Pair of horses |
| 26 Poker stake | 26 Poker stake |
| 27 Waste allowance | 27 Waste allowance |
| 28 And (Latin) | 28 And (Latin) |
| 29 Mystic syllable | 29 Mystic syllable |
| 30 Negative | 30 Negative |
| 31 From | 31 From |
| 32 Feet | 32 Feet |
| 33 Eternity | 33 Eternity |
| 34 Peel | 34 Peel |
| 35 Jump | 35 Jump |
| 36 Bustle | 36 Bustle |
| 37 Note in Guido's scale | 37 Note in Guido's scale |
| 38 Chairs | 38 Chairs |
| 39 Snake | 39 Snake |

Answer to Previous Puzzle

Answer to Previous Puzzle

25 Doctrine 44 Implement

26 Upon 47 Mine

27 Upon 48 Symbol for neon

28 Upon 50 Canoe

29 Upon 52 Require

30 Mountain 53 Dance step

31 Mountain 54 Late American humorist

32 Collection of sayings 56 Malt drink

33 Collection of sayings 57 Golf term

34 Huge tub 58 Like

35 Hops' kiln 60 Rough lava

36 Hops' kiln 60 Rough lava

37 Vehicle 59 Like

38 Greater quantity 60 Rough lava