

LOVE BRAVES ATOM BOMB

by OREN ARNOLD

DELANEY GETS CURIOUS

THE STORY: Dr. Hale decides to transfer the isolated X-999 to a farmhouse, well out of the city. There is danger of an explosion. When the substitute truck driver sees the armed guards, then the little, heavy box he is to transport, he thinks the idea is silly. Carolyn is worried, but Robert assures her this method of moving it will excite less suspicion.

UNANSWERED questions in the mind of Mr. Spud Delaney, substitute driver for the Metropolitan Transfer Company, nagged at his curiosity for a full half hour while he edged his truck in and out of the city's traffic. Technically he should have taken the truck route down Commerce street, which would have been faster, but this was midnight and by going straight through town he could stop over by the furniture factory and have a late beer with his friend, Red Cragin.

It was past 1 when Spud left Red's bar, singing. He was not drunk—he was too smart to get drunk on any driving job—but he wasn't depressed, either. He had a good new cigar, on Red.

"Red, I got the nuttiest load I ever heard of," he declared sarcastically, before climbing up to his truck cab. "Big as my two fists, settin' on cotton."

"Want to see it?" Spud opened a side door and climbed into the dark truck.

He had his cigar between his fingers and he gestured with it at the parcel. Red stepped up to see and Spud snapped on an interior light. Red pushed the thing tentatively with his foot.

"It's just tied," he observed.

THE hint was enough. Arrogant Mr. Spud Delaney bit his cigar again, and puffing, untied the tiny parcel on the truck floor. Red watched.

"Huh," Spud grunted. "Got a metal lid two inches thick or better. Wire handle."

"Lift it. Go on!"

The lid was heavy, and under that was a second lead case, tinier still. Spud eyed it.

"Couldn't be rocks," he ventured. "If the guy was shippin' diamonds, there'd be the steel car and guards. And it ain't a money box."

Spud lifted the second tight cover. There, in a center depression in the heavy lead, was what appeared to be some other kind of metal, a grayish, whitish, blackish, elusive sort of substance, irregularly shaped, suggesting a marble-sized wad of tarnished tin-foil. It seemed vaguely to glow a little in the dim light here, but that could have been imagined.

"Huh," grunted Red, kneeling near the box with Spud.

Spud again removed his cigar to say something, and idly gestured with it as he spoke.

A nob of red-hot cigar ash suddenly fell.

CAROLYN sat on the edge of her bed with one knee hugged up under her chin. Staring unseeing at the floor, she reconstructed the past two days.

A new job, a sensational new job; an even more sensational new secret and the trust it involved. The responsibility assailed her, and the personality of Bob Hale was an influential thing.

She let her thoughts dwell on the strangely contradictory young scientist. This evening he had inadvertently called her Carolyn.

And then suddenly aware of the slip had profusely apologized. She hastened to assure him she preferred her first name—that "Miss Tyler" made her feel like an old maid. It was then he had asked her to call him Bob.

She was lost in this pleasant reverie when, abruptly, a not too distant roar and reverberation sounded.

Fear seized Carolyn and held her motionless for a moment. Then she literally snatched off pajamas and dressed again, meanwhile trying to explain to her mother that the blast sounded like an explosion and might be concerned with her work at the laboratory. She paused only to telephone for a taxi and was on the sidewalk when it came.

"THE explosion—to the Schoenfeld Laboratory, driver. Please rush! I am so—"

"That's east, miss. The explosion was southwest. You know what it was? Gee, it knocked me outa my—"

"Was it? Oh, Oh dear! . . . I—look, driver, do you know a farmhouse—30 miles? A—"

Bob Hale was to have gone on to the farmhouse to receive the shipment of X-999 after driving her home that evening. But she now realized how inadequate her description was, how silly really.

Distress in her voice made the driver stare at her.

"Then let's go there!" she suddenly ordered. "Southwest, I mean."

They passed several other taxicabs going southwest, and then a police car with siren whirling passed them. They had to pull over to let fire trucks go by. They knew now they had the right direction. If fire trucks were coming from this distance, and this long after the explosion, it must mean a second or even general alarm fire somewhere, the driver said. But no blaze was visible. Ambulances streaked by them twice.

"Oh-h-h!" That was involuntary, from Carolyn.

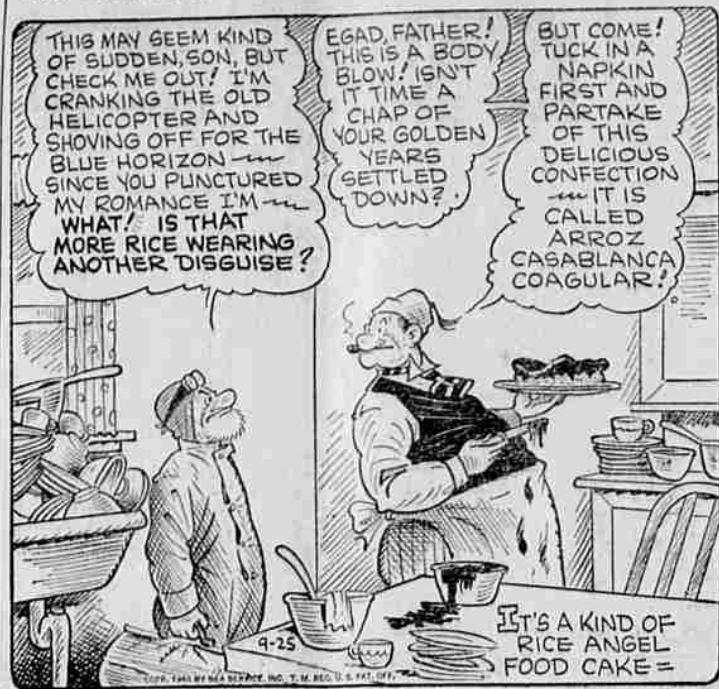
"What was it, miss? What busted?"

"I—I don't know!"

He let it go at that. And 20 minutes later they had the answer before them.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Out Our Way J. R. Williams



Growing Pains



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



By Leslie Turner



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Kitten Towels



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Seven 5-inch designs to embroider in quick outline stitch will turn ordinary tea towels into a gift which is both amusing and pretty. The industrious little kitten pictures can also be used on the squares of a crib quilt to the endless amusement of a small child.

To obtain transfer patterns, color chart for working the Kitten Designs (Pattern No. 5042) 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 street, San Francisco, Calif.

Beery, Drake at Best in Thriller About Blimps

Wallace Beery follows his outstanding hits in "Salute to the Marines" and "Barbary Coast Gent" with a story of the celebrated but unsung lighter-than-air service of the U. S. navy. It's called "This Man's Navy" and it's a fine tribute to those who man the dirigibles and perform heroic feats in the dangerous job of hunting down submarines. The film is playing at the Liberty theater today and Tuesday.

Wally plays Chief Aviation Pilot Ned Trumpet, who loves two things: the LTA and telling tall tales. He meets young Jess Weaver, a crippled lad, and proceeds to "adopt" him. Trumpet tells his pals at Lakehurst, particularly his side-kick Jimmy Shannon (played by James Gleason) about his "son" and then has to produce evidence.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

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general staff, however, reminded him that General Eisenhower knew what he was doing.

General Marshall made it a point never to give orders or suggestions to commanders in the field; so, as at Pearl Harbor, the man on the job was left to run his show.

The warning of the two colonels, however, was much stronger. They were Col. Truman Smith and Col. Percy Blair, who went to Gen. Clayton Bissell a week before the Bulge attack and advised him what they feared was coming. They urged that he send a message to General Eisenhower. Bissell, however, fell back on the general staff policy that it was not Washington's job to instruct field commanders.

For Teen-Agers



By SUE BURNETT

A pretty partner for special dates—teen-agers will love this youthfully charming party frock with low round neck, brief sleeves and full skirt. Wear a narrow velvet ribbon around your throat for a sentimental note.

Pattern No. 8915 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12, requires 3½ yards of 39 inch material; or make it over from a full skirted out-of-date evening gown.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in COIN, your name, address, size desired, and the PATTERN NUMBER and Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission street, San Francisco, Calif.

The Fall and Winter 1945 issue of FASHION is ready. Brimful of smart ideas for home sewers—15 cents.

Murrow Thinks FDR Surprised at Attack

NEW YORK, Sept. 24 (UP)—Edward R. Murrow, Columbia broadcasting system's European director, believes the late President Roosevelt was surprised by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Murrow, on leave in the United States, said in a broadcast yesterday that he visited Roosevelt the night of Dec. 7 after the President had met with his advisers and cabinet.

"Just before I left, the President said, 'Did this Pearl Harbor attack surprise you?'" Murrow said.

"I replied, 'Yes, Mr. President,' and his answer was 'Maybe you think it didn't surprise us.'"

Official Records

Water turned off, September 22. C. H. Byron, 905 Crook street. C. C. Abrahamson, 1805½ Adams Ave.

U. S. BURER Chief

HORIZONTAL	framework	52 Decline
1.6 Pictured	U. S. Navy	1 Rabbits
Leader, Rear	Adm.	2 Mountain crests
12 War god	3 Account	14 Wand
13 Persia	4 Bone	20 Nail-making
15 False god	5 The gods	place
16 Corded fabric	6 Out of danger	22 Fruits
17 He heads the U. S. Navy	7 Any	24 Sultanic
Bureau	8 Chinese weight	decree
Aeronautics	9 Idolizer	25 Hum
18 An ass (comb. form)	10 Give	30 Puffer
19 Short jacket	11 By one's self	31 Woolly
21 Paradise		33 Marmar
22 Algerian city		34 Redacted
23 Caravansary		35 Play
25 Mediterranean island		37 Trap
26 Ado		40 Outer garment
27 Uncommon		41 Dutch city
28 Louisiana (ab.)		42 Electrical uni
29 Upon		43 Moridin dye
30 Snow vehicle		49 Senior (ab.)
32 Monster		50 Ocean (ab.)
35 Portion		
36 Requires		
38 Small horse		
39 High cards		
42 Twirl		
43 Eggs		
44 Paid notice		
45 Eskimo group		
46 Plexus		
48 Minies		
50 Heavy blow		
51 Braced		