

LOVE BRAVES AN ATOM BOMB

by OREN ARNOLD

ESCAPE TO ARIZONA

XIII

CAROLYN was at a telephone. "Hello! Hello, Ken? Listen, Ken, I've got to talk to somebody. I want you to be my guest at lunch. No, I'll pay or I won't go! I asked you first, and I'm famished."

They met in Grosso's, a favored side street spot, and as she herself had warned him, Carolyn was full of conversation. She talked between salad bites.

"Ken, don't ever tell a soul," she admonished, "but our little trick worked to a T! My hunch was right. Somebody did try to get that shipment. Robbed the freight train and stole the dummy box!"

He was excited. "I saw the papers this morning. Tried to call you. Gosh!"

"Yes. It's a good thing we substituted rocks. Bob is so grateful he was in tears. The stuff—the chemicals I mean, were rather valuable to him. Ken, will you take pay for that? A reward?"

His lips tightened. She hastened on.

"I know you won't. I didn't mean to hurt you, Ken."

"Carolyn, I'd do anything for you. Always!"

She dropped her eyes, and answered that in a low tone. "I know it. Now I think I'd better tell you something. Something important."

"Surely."

"Ken, I love Bob Hale. I'm—off the deep end!"

Her eyes filled with tears then and he saw it when she lifted her head. Ken didn't say anything for a long while, but his face was a study. He had stopped eating.

Finally he nodded ever so slowly. "All right," he whispered. "I'm glad you told me, Carolyn. These things—have to be!"

They understood each other; they didn't need to talk. Both knew Ken had loved her and hadn't ever said so in words.

"Ken, you're the nicest somebody in the world."

He nodded again. "I understand. I won't forget. In fact, Carolyn, I already knew."

"You knew?"

"Yes. A man isn't blind. You let little things slip. And no woman would do what you have been doing for him unless—unless—"

Well, power to him! And Carolyn, I'll always be around. Always!"

She wanted to cry then.

"Eat your lunch," he commanded, practically. "I think you need it. You're jittery."

"I do need it. But I'm going away."

She suddenly squeezed his hand. "A million thanks, boy friend. And goodbye!"

She got up abruptly and left him, paying both checks at the desk. He thought he understood why; her eyes had gone misty again. He didn't try to follow her.

SHE went immediately to find Dr. Hale at state police headquarters, but both he and Miss Sorni had gone. In a taxi again, then, she raced back out to the laboratory.

She had no idea what to expect next but she knew she had to continue her rather desperate, audacious action. Bob, of course, had told Leana Sorni about Carolyn's outwitting the train robbers.

"She'll know I'm wise to her even if Bob isn't!" Carolyn half-whispered to herself. "At least she'll suspect plenty and be scared. And—she'll fight back somehow!"

The indefiniteness of that reasoning was itself enough to cause alarm. She couldn't quite decide what to expect of Leana Sorni. Maybe, she told herself once, she was imagining all this; maybe Leana was honest and not in-

volved in treachery at all. But something deep in Carolyn rebelled at that idea.

She kept her taxi waiting while she located Bob in his office. "Carolyn! I was wondering where you—"

"Get your hat at once!" she ordered. "And coat. Have you any money?"

He looked at her with fresh surprise, but he stood in awe of Carolyn Tyler now. He didn't question her at all. He had a few hundred dollars in a small office safe, and got that. They departed in her taxi without speaking to anyone.

Presently, he sat back and smiled at her. His old, beloved tone of teasing suddenly re-appeared, the first hint of personal feeling toward her he had shown in days. Carolyn's heart leaped.

"If it wouldn't be presumptuous, miss, I'd like to know what brew you are brewing now."

"You will," she flashed back. She led him meekly from the taxi to the plane when they reached the airport. Her hired pilot came out, saluted genially. She motioned him to his seat and in a moment he had the motor roaring.

"What's all this?" Bob wanted to know. But he saw that she was still eager and smiling. "Am I supposed to take a sky ride?"

"Look in there," she pointed. "In that box, Bob, is your precious substance. I have had it transferred out here."

He was abruptly serious again. He went inside to touch the box. "But, Carolyn—"

They had to shout above the motor's roar. Somebody had closed the cabin door, and Bob saw her signal to the pilot. The roaring multiplied. The ship quivered, began to roll.

Bob's chin dropped. He was standing stooped over in the low-ceilinged cabin there, and he gripped the back of a seat.

Carolyn smiled again reassuringly. "Sorry, Bob, but just take it easy. The pilot's mine. I hired him and he is doing only what I ordered!"

"But—"

"Sit down!" she shouted, happily this time. "It just had to be this way. We are going to Arizona!"

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople

Out Our Way

J. R. Williams



Boots and Her Buddies



By Edgar Martin

Freckles and His Friends



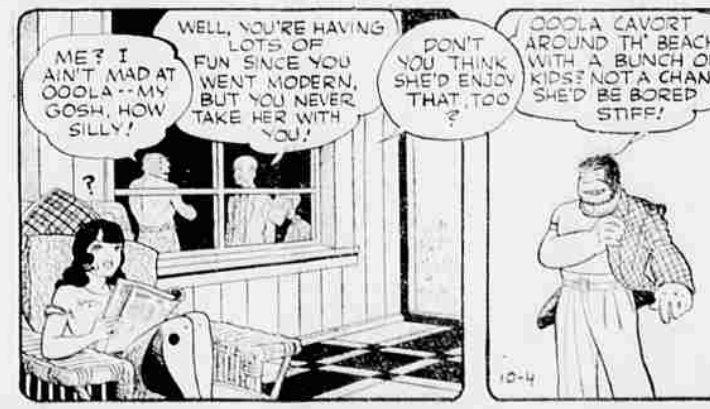
Merrill Blosser

Red Ryder



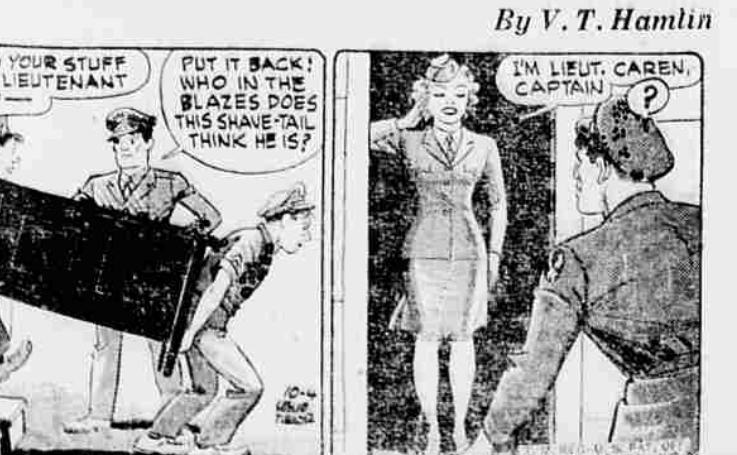
Fred Harman

Wash Tubbs



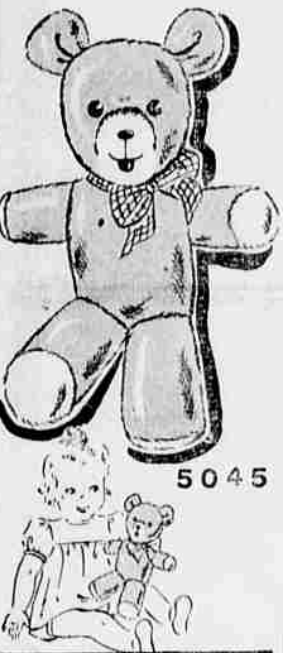
By Leslie Turner

Alley Oop



By V. T. Hamlin

Teddy Bear



5045

By MRS. ANNE CABOTT

A cuddly little Teddy Bear is a favorite toy with all small children and this one is a particularly likeable one. Make the body of brown wool jersey, outing (flannel) or shiny brown satin. Ends of arms, legs and the muzzle are done in white material. Nose and mouth are embroidered on as well as the little red tongue. Eyes should be shiny black shoe buttons or can be embroidered. Toy is 15 inches big.

To obtain complete cutting pattern, finishing instructions, chart for embroidering features of the Teddy Bear (Pattern No. 5045), send 15 cents in COIN, 1 cent postage, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and the PATTERN NUMBER.

Deeds Filed

Corrie E. Hutson to Roy L. Hutson, Lot 1, Blk. 8, Grandy's addition, La Grande city, \$1 and other considerations.

H. F. Reed et ux to Mildred Harwood, Blks. 6, 15, and 16, H. A. Stevenson's addition, Elgin, \$100 and other considerations.

Mary M. Harris to Albert Harris, portion of SE1/4, Sec. 22, Twp. 3 S. R. 40 E. S. 1.

E. E. Walker et ux to W. E. Wilkins et ux, north 37 feet of Lot 9, Blk. 1, Grandy's second addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Mabel Bain to George Guy Reeder et ux, Lots 9 to 16, Blk. 44, Riverside addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Robert B. Cook et ux to Robert O. Clark et ux, Lots 1, 2, Blk. 4, Riverside addition, La Grande city, \$1 and other considerations.

Robert L. Dixon et ux to Myrtle Cantrel, S's, Lots 1, 2, 3, Blk. 154, Chaplin's addition, La Grande city, \$1 and other considerations.

Wiley M. Gordon to Thelma Blanche Gordon, Lots 1 to 6, 19 to 24, Blk. 15, Hindman's addition, Elgin, \$10 and other considerations.

Jennie B. Beck to Walter J. Lanthorn et ux, portion of Lot 4, Blk. "C", Caggins' addition, La Grande city, \$10.

Magdalena Spaeth to school district No. 1, portion of Blk. 81, Chaplin's addition, La Grande city, \$1 and other considerations.

Thomas E. Parks et ux to Harold W. Wallace et ux, W1/2SW1/4, Sec. 14, SE1/4 Sec. 15, W1/2NE1/4, Sec. 22 E1/2NW1/4, Sec. 22, all in Twp. 1 N. R. 40 E. S. 1 and other considerations.

BER to Anne Cabot, 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.

Tot's Jumper



8926

1-6 yrs.

By SUE BURNETT

Your ABC special this week features a charming jumper-bouise ensemble for a pretty little girl. Simple to make and fun for her to wear.

Pattern No. 8926 is designed for sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 2 jumper requires 1 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material or 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. Bouise requires 3/4 yard of 35 or 39-inch fabric.

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

Washington

Continued From Page 2

we are planning to expand our output 40 or 50 percent above peace time levels. This opportunity is not to be repeated in our life time.

In an effort to explain all that is being done by the government to make the most of this opportunity, a big chart measuring 14 by 16 inches has been folded and pasted in the report. It is headed, "Where We Stand on Reconstruction, Oct. 1, 1945." It tabulates what policies govern whose agencies to take which actions to make which future plans if congress does what's needed on 14 different things. So, that you can understand it all at a glance, this map has been broken down into a mere 98 boxes that show where everything is. It's in 98 boxes, that's where it is.

Official Records

Water turned off, Oct. 2: Mrs. Fay A. Harold, 2102 1/2 Spruce Street, O. A. Crofford, 2507 Spruce Street, R. E. Badgley, 1202 Tenth Street, B. A. Gardiner, 268 1/2 Depot Street.

Water turned on: O. A. Crofford, 2507 Spruce Street, Laurene A. Harris, 2104 O Avenue.

Novelist

- | HORIZONTAL | VERTICAL |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Pictured writer, John P. | 1 Male |
| 7 Vulgar fellow | 2 Paid notice |
| 8 One (Fr.) | 3 Examine by |
| 9 Native metal | 4 Questioning |
| 11 Male child | 4 Proposition |
| 12 Urban district | 5 Negative |
| 14 Affirmative | 6 Arid |
| 16 Fiber knots | 7 Contend |
| 17 Shaving tools | 10 Lampreys |
| 19 New Guinea port | 11 Withered |
| 21 Sphere of action | 12 Symbol for calcium |
| 23 Tones | 13 Year (ab.) |
| 25 Tree | 15 Clut |
| 26 Alleged force | 16 Negative vote |
| 27 Railroad (ab.) | 17 Lambert |
| 28 And (Latin) | 18 Shrieks |
| 29 Measure | |
| 30 Early English (ab.) | |
| 31 Court (ab.) | |
| 33 Mother | |
| 34 Near | |
| 35 Thus | |
| 37 Fortification | |
| 39 Repasts | |
| 41 Individual | |
| 42 Plays the part of host | |
| 47 Decay | |
| 48 Label | |
| 50 Spheres | |
| 51 Cooking utensil | |
| 52 Tatter | |
| 54 Island off Okinawa | |
| 55 Novel | |
| 56 He is a | |

