

LOVE BRAVES AN ATOM BOMB

by OREN ARNOLD

CAROLYN WORKS FAST

XII
THE STORY: Disturbed by the mystery telegram, Carolyn re-examines the envelope, leaves it on Leana's desk. Then she investigates the shipment. The X-999 is to be carried in a freight car, accompanied by a guard. The freight is held up, robbed, Bob is wild. But Carolyn calms him. "The stuff wasn't there. I took it out, myself!"

BOB came to Carolyn's home because it was the quickest way for them to meet. She had snatched on the first clothes available and she literally ran into the night when his car swerved to the curb. He stopped halfway out the car door, hatless, his hair uncombed, wearing not even a coat or tie. His voice was a study in misery.

"Oh, Bob!" She tried to speak calmly. "The X-999 was not on that freight train! It is still safe here in the city!"

"I helped put it on myself, yesterday morning!"

"Not you put on dummy packages! Bob—listen, I know you don't understand, but Ken Palmer and I removed those inner leaden boxes and substituted rocks! Yes, rocks!"

"But Carolyn—" He was beginning to believe, at least to hope. He gripped her shoulders now.

"I was going to tell you but you were away all day yesterday. Ken and I did our work at 2 in the morning. The stuff is safe. I—Bob, I had a sort of tip. A hunch! Don't ask me any more yet. Just come on! Let me drive!"

She ran around to the wheel and when he had collected his wits again they were well out toward the Schoenfeld Laboratory.

WHEN they arrived she took him into the compound and to the laboratory proper. He was surprised to see several of their hired guards still on duty. "I ordered them to stay," she explained. "And paid them."

She had a key to the laboratory door. "I copied your key, Bob. Had it done. Stuck yours on chewing gum to get a mold, then used candle wax. A keysmith cut one easily from that. I—forgive me, Bob! And wait."

She let him in and the door closed behind them. For a moment they stood in semi-darkness. Only the great looming form of the Schoenfeld cyclotron assailed them, silhouetted in part against the high windows.

"Perhaps it is best not to turn on the main lights," she said. "Wait—a desk lamp—" She crossed to the sturdy oak cabinet table where work sheets were usually spread out. In a moment she had the small light burning.

"Bob—please."

He came over. He was still in somewhat of a daze. While he watched, she swung back one of the four broad bottom doors of the cabinet. Gingly she then lifted the lid of a strong wooden packing box. Bob peered in.

He saw four small leaden cases, sealed, cushioned in crude but effective burlap padding. He knew them to be his own.

"Carolyn!" He barely breathed that, but it was a speech of infinite relief and gratitude.

LEST state police and newspaper reporters find the laboratory, Bob hastened to go back downtown. He didn't want too much attention to him and his work. He explained to police that his shipment had been chemicals only and that he couldn't imagine who would steal them, nor why.

By mid-morning Leana Sormi

had returned, heard of the robbery and she rushed to Bob with every possible aid and sympathy. Carolyn left them at state police headquarters. She was strangely keyed up now. She even forgot to eat.

"I have to move fast!" she told herself.

She inspected her purse. Then she called a taxi, went to a bank and took out all the \$340 she had saved. Next she ordered a taxi driver to take her to the municipal airport, and there she made another business deal.

By noon her taxi driver had her back at the laboratory again, and when she alighted this time she smiled her sweetest at him and said, "I need a strong man to help me carry something."

"That's me, mister," the driver answered with alacrity. "You want a trunk moved? I'll make room on the back rack."

"Not a trunk, a box. And—I'd be ever so much happier if it went inside. On the seat itself. I—here!" She thrust a \$5 bill at him.

He grinned. "Lady, I'll carry the box in me teeth if you want!"

SHE asked two of the guards to help him. The box was small but astonishingly heavy. She explained, in partial truth, that it contained some leaden forms which Dr. Hale wanted moved, and some "other heavy junk." Her heart went bump-bump-bump double time during the whole loading procedure.

Some 40 minutes later she had transferred the box to an airplane, a powerful cabin ship now under her personal lease, with pilot awaiting orders. She told the pilot she would be back.

"We going after another box, miss?" her taxi driver asked as they drove away from the municipal airport this second time.

"No. After—man."

"Hummmmmmm!" He grinned. "Elopement, I'll bet!"

She sighed at that, in a much-needed relaxation. "I wish it were. Driver, how in the world does a self-respecting girl pursue a man?"

(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



By Edgar Martin



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



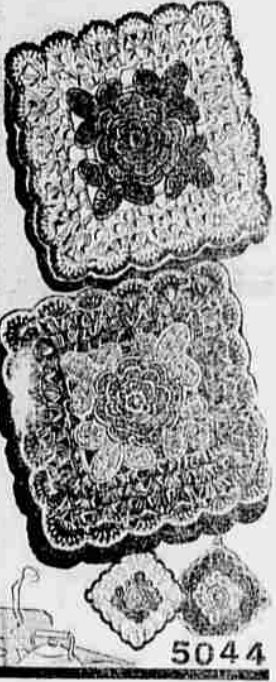
By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



"Rose" Potholders



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

You begin crocheting these lovely potholders by doing the big two and one-half inch Irish rose. Next chochet three separate green leaves and attach to form the center square. Attach white crochet cotton at a corner of the background. Back of the holder as closely crocheted—edging is in color to match the rose. Finished holder measures 7 inches square. You'll need dozens of them for your church bazaar!

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Irish Rose Potholders (Pattern No. 5044)

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Continued From Page 2

other delicacies at the table of the king himself. Mrs. Bolton had accompanied the men to the palace, even though it was not expected she would be permitted an audience with the king. She entered his presence with the men, despite the growls of outraged Arab courtiers. After greeting Mrs. Bolton, the king suggested she might like to visit the harem, which she did.

The woman from Ohio stayed with the king's ladies through most of the visit, but returned to the men later, dressed in native costume. At that particular moment, the king was complaining to the congressmen about the high cost of living, and roughly grabbed hold of Mrs. Bolton's robe to illustrate in detail the cost of each part of her costume.

Seeing that the men in the party had been given full native costumes and various other gifts, Mrs. Bolton made no offer to return the garments given her.

The male members of congress were not permitted even a peek in the harem. They are Reps. Karl Mundt of South Dakota, Victor Wickersham of Oklahoma, Chester Merrow of New Hampshire, Walter Huber and Mike Feighan of Ohio and A. S. J. Carnahan of Missouri.

send 15 cents in COIN, plus 1 cent postage, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and the PATTERN NUMBER to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 700 Mission street, San Francisco, Calif.

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

U. S. Congressman

- | HORIZONTAL | VERTICAL |
|---------------------------------|----------------|
| 1 Pictured U. S. Representative | 1 Jutting rock |
| 2 Unspirited | 2 |
| 3 Frosts | 3 |
| 4 Foot (ab.) | 4 |
| 5 Stool | 5 |
| 6 Individual | 6 |
| 7 Norwegian (ab.) | 7 |
| 8 Chinese river | 8 |
| 9 Diminutive suffix | 9 |
| 10 Rowel | 10 |
| 11 Poets (ab.) | 11 |
| 12 Left part | 12 |
| 13 Dollars | 13 |
| 14 Fable | 14 |
| 15 Watering | 15 |
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| 22 Monastery | 38 Diphthong |
| 23 Kills | 41 Tree |
| 24 Type of boat | 43 Sailer |
| 25 Curse | 45 Distributes |
| 26 Observe | 46 Form |
| 27 Peak | 47 Goal |
| 28 S-S drink | 48 Sargen |
| 29 Color | 49 Aunts |
| 30 Raised | 51 Raise |
| 31 Comfort | 52 Comfort |
| 32 Trained | 53 Trained |



- 27 Handles
- 28 Barium (ab.)
- 29 Essential oil
- 30 Fish eggs
- 31 French town
- 32 Poem
- 33 Gang
- 34 Jap city
- 35 Hastened
- 36 Part of "be"
- 37 Thus
- 38 Fossil rock
- 39 Arabian mountain
- 40 Aim
- 41 Near (poet.)
- 42 Excessive
- 43 Vegetables
- 44 Rebuses
- 45 Made
- 46 mistakes

Official Records

Water turned off, October 1: Allen Peters, 2004 O avenue; W. Gregory, 1702 Spruce street; L. F. Johnston, 1606 Z avenue; P. F. DeFrees, 1702 Jefferson avenue.

Building Permits

First Church of God, alter and repair one-story frame recreation room, 603 Jefferson avenue, \$300. Glenn Metcalf, erect one-story concrete and tile store, 2 Depot street, \$800.

LONG FIRST JUMP

Lt. Col. William R. Invelace made a 40,200-foot parachute jump the first time he ever jumped. He was being high altitude test equipment, and his only mishap was a frozen hand. He made the jump June 24, 1943.