

LOVE BRAVES AN ATOM BOMB

by OREN ARNOLD

PLANS FOR TWO

BOB HALE suffered the tortures of the damned as he raced back down the old mine road. It was narrow, and winding, and so required 10 minutes at the best possible speed. He was sobbing in a sort of restrained hysteria. Neither he nor the man with him could speak. Bob had black visions of his village completely buried or at least laid in death and ruin. Specifically, he suffered in seeing Carolyn Tyler dead a thousand ways.

He swerved around the last curve, then, and instantly identified Carolyn herself.

He yelled at her. "CAROLYN! ... CAROLYN!"

It was a wild, frenzied cry which slipped into infinite gladness when he saw that she was actually running.

The village seemed intact, and other folk were stirring now, but he recognized Carolyn from afar partly because he so desperately wanted to and partly because he bright red shirt she still wore, the same one she had worn during the ride.

He stopped his car when he had to, jumped out and started running.

All at once he was holding her. Just clasping her tight, feeling her cry and trembling powerfully with her in sheer intensity of emotions.

It was she who murmured first. "Bob! ... Bob!"

"Little girl!" He kissed the top of her forehead, still squeezing her close. He shut his eyes tightly. There was a strange, sad, and yet sweet ecstasy between them.

THERE was no chance to relax for almost 24 hours. But late on that second day, amid the stir-

ring and the milling and the excitement of peoples arriving and going through all the inevitable, if kindly hushaboo, Bob said that the time had come to take Carolyn away lest she drop in her tracks. Her mother had already been sent to Blair, along with most of the remaining personnel here in the mountain village.

First thing Bob did was to make Carolyn eat. She had lived only on a sandwich and a few cups of coffee forced on her since yesterday.

"You must eat also," she reminded him, there in the tiny Blair Inn. "Gee, Bob, we do get into the awfullest things!"

"Mind if we don't go back to-night?" he asked wanly, after the twilight meal. "Let's just ride out alone, where we can think."

They didn't have to go far. Only a mile or so to escape the flood of newspaper men, photographers, officers, curious folk who had poured in. They left Bob's car and sat on a flat red boulder near the road.

Stars had begun their timeless twinkling. Later there would even be a moon, but already the world was beautiful with the soft, evanescent something that is early night.

Presently they found themselves talking. Quietly, intimately, dispassionately going over the whole thing. They agreed never to speak of the truly tragic Leana again. They recounted all the weeks since Carolyn had first come to work, re-living the horror of the explosion itself but in a new feeling of deep gratitude for escape.

"I waited for you, Bob, at the guard shack, when the guards told me you had not come by," she repeated for perhaps the tenth time. "I just did! But when it happened, I was afraid you had gone in! The granite cliff saved

us even there, but I couldn't know about you."

He held her very close. "You waited. For me! It seems to me that I have waited for you since time began, Carolyn! Waited and hungered for you. If it hadn't been for your Ken Palmer, I should have—Carolyn, I warn you I don't intend to be a gentleman ever again! You had told me in the beginning that Ken loved you. I felt it only fair to—"

"But I didn't say I loved him!" She laughed again. "And all this, while I thought you indifferent!"

THEY talked for more than an hour, quietly, tenderly. It was the best solace they could have arranged. He grew, if possible, more dear to her than ever, more grand.

It was he who suggested giving Ken Palmer a far better job in the Schoenfeld Laboratory back home. It was he who swore then to tell the secret of deriving X-999 to a dozen other American scientists picked by the government, so that it might be developed in the way that would best serve the interests of his country.

It was he who, finally, said, "I think I have earned a rest, Carolyn, and I'd like it to be a year, with you. Autumn is near, and the Pacific Northwest is beautiful. Then a lazy sea trip down the coast and across to Mexico City—They say it's romance land, sweetheart! Romance land!"

He had slipped into a boyish sort of enthusiasm. Here was a Bob Hale she had never known before! She could not answer, in words; there was a tautness in her throat. But she could press her head a little closer into the crook of his shoulder, where her lips could just touch his chin.

Last thing they saw when they arose to go home was a faint, gray spot high on the hills to the north-east. That was the granite half of Tonto Mountain, its peak holding one last hint of day's sun.

"It's still beautiful," Carolyn murmured.

"And strong," said he. "Strong and—triumphant, like"—he dropped to a whisper, "—like our love, my dear."

THE END

Beret and Mittens



5047

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Knit the warm and pretty cap and mittens of bright red wool for your two, three or four-year-old. Trim the set with a simple lining of white wool yarn. Easy to make, it will be a warmly appreciated gift when the snow flies.

To obtain complete knitting instructions for the winter beret and mittens (Pattern No. 5047) 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.

Send for your copy of the new spring issue of Fashion—just off the press. Book full of smart, up-to-the-minute styles. 15 cents.

'Roughly Speaking' Opens Here Soon

Out of the pages of an inspiring autobiographical best-seller that captured the heart of a nation, Warner Bros. have produced "Roughly Speaking," which opens Wednesday at the Liberty theater. Starring Jack Carson and Rosalind Russell and featuring Robert Hutton, Andrea King, Jean Sullivan, Craig Stevens, John Alvin, Alan Hale and John Qualen in supporting roles, "Roughly Speaking" is the story of a courageous woman and the family she reared and loved.

Adapted from Louise Randall Pierson's best-seller by the same name, "Roughly Speaking" is concerned with the amazing, rollicking life that befell a young woman upon her pledge to spend her life aiming for the stars.

Forest Fires Under Control in Oregon

PORTLAND, Oct. 9 (UP)—Forest fires in the Neahkahnie mountain forest area and the Columbia national forest was under control today.

Fire in slashings on the side of Neahkahnie mountain, fanned by east winds, was reported under control by the state forestry department. Fog and lightning of the wind aided firefighters.

In the Columbia river national forest northeast of Vancouver, Wash., forestry officials said the fire danger there had passed after threatening the sunset guard station. Fire brigades were still working to prevent the blaze from jumping its 1000-acre perimeter.

Official Records

Water Turned On, Oct. 8:
Frank Briggs, 2402 Ash street;
H. A. Roundy, 2005 Fu street;
Mrs. M. H. Stewart, 1514 Y ave-
nue.

Lumber Jacket



8916

By SUE BURNETT

Bound to be a favorite in every junior wardrobe—this up-to-the-minute two-piece features the popular lumber jacket and flatteringly pleated skirt. Can be made from an out-moded two piece frock.

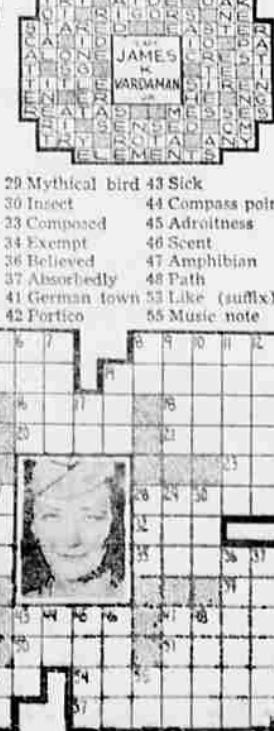
Pattern No. 8916 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12, long sleeves, requires 3 yards of 54 inch material; 4 1/2 yards 35 or 39-inch fabric.

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.

Heads WAC

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | 5 Sun god |
| 1,8 Pictured U. S. Army WAC leader, Col. | 6 Abyssinian city |
| 13 Nines | 7 Belgian river |
| 14 Foot levers | 8 Exist |
| 15 Solar disk | 9 Poems |
| 16 African river | 10 Jerk |
| 18 Greek seaport | 11 Sated |
| 19 Pastries | 12 Asceite |
| 20 War god | 14 Footlike part |
| 21 Scotch isle | 17 French article |
| 22 Either | 25 She heads the (ab.) |
| 23 Half-em | 26 Self |
| 24 More recent | 27 Decay |
| 28 Barter | 28 Beverage |
| 31 Past | 42 Portico |
| 32 Eternity | 43 Sick |
| 33 Thread loop | 44 Compass point |
| 35 Performer | 45 Adroitness |
| 38 Mystic | 46 Scent |
| 39 ejaculation | 47 Amphibian |
| 40 Evil spirits | 48 Path |
| 41 Preposition | 53 Like (suffix) |
| 47 Snap | 55 Music note |
| 49 Fatty tissue | |
| 50 Guide | |
| 51 Rave | |
| 52 Enlist | |
| 54 She is a | |
| 56 Rained | |
| 67 Fatal event | |
| 1 War tool | |
| 2 Complete | |
| 3 Out | |
| 4 Playing cards | |

Answer to Previous Puzzle



Our Boarding House



Boots and Her Buddies



With Major Hoople



Freckles and His Friends



Out Our Way



Red Ryder



J. R. Williams



By Edgar Martin



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin

