● SERIAL STORY

LOVE POWER

BY OREN ARNOLD

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YESTERDAY: Ken is not surprised when Carolyn tells him she loves Bob Hale. Ken loves her, offers to help. Carolyn practically kidnaps Bob, hurries him to the airport and into the waiting plane. Not until the ship is in the air, does she admit that she has taken the X-999, and they are en route to Arizona.

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STORM AT MIDNIGHT

CHAPTER XVII

LEANA SORMI came out of her office in time to see Robert being led away by the Tyler girl. She considered that, frowning. Today she hated Carolyn Tyler with a quiet, lethal fury.

Until today she had regarded Robert's secretary with only a certain contempt, tolerating Robert's praise of the girl's efficiency. But Carolyn Tyler was so exquisitely beautiful that even Leana was conscious of it. Beauty in one woman can be infuriating to another. Moreover, in the past few hours the new girl had completely wrecked the most important plan Leana had ever conceived and Leana wasn't yet sure how it had been done.

"She couldn't possibly have known the train would be robbed," she reflected. "I talked with only one man, remote from her. But even if her faking the shipment was just coincidence—"

Leana promised herself to get at the bottom of Carolyn's interference, and then to repay her in kind.

* * *

"YOU mean—Arizona? Where I—?"

Bob was jabbing a finger at Carolyn, incredulous. He had slipped into a seat now.

"I do," Carolyn shouted back. "We are flying west and we won't stop until we get there." She had leaned close to talk above the roar of the motor.

He looked around as if still unable to believe his senses. He gazed again at the box which, he knew, contained his priceless uranium derivative, the most potent and altogether valuable bit of substance ever produced since man's reasoning began, enough literally to transform the whole course of civilization.

"Carolyn, I— But the danger! The X-999 can make dust of this plane and all of us! Dust, I tell you! Beyond any description I can give!"

"No." She was not frightened. "I trust you, Bob. You said only sudden heat or a severe shock, like a dynamite cap, would explode it."

"In theory, yes! But that first tiny bit we tried to move—!"

"Something tells me we'll never know the answer to that. Please relax, Bob. And anyway, the stuff is made. Somebody has to take chances, don't they?"

That made sense, of course. Nevertheless Bob Hale was still distressed. "But an airplane! And you, Carolyn! Suppose there is trouble. What could I do? How could I possibly save you?"

"Oh, it's me you're worried about!"

His lips snapped tight. He was in no mood for teasing and banter now. "Must I tell you again what extreme danger is involved here?"

"Must I remind you again that somebody has to take chances?"

* * *

THEIR shouted argument was a draw, obviously. He turned to look out. There was no world now; only blue-and-gray oblivion, with nothing tangible. He slipped resignedly into a seat and Carolyn, guessing rightly again, brought him a small parcel.

"Here are some sandwiches and fruit, all I could grab in a hurry," she apologized. "I bet you haven't eaten since yesterday."

That was too true. He thanked her with his eyes, and ate. Presently the food and the insidiously lulling drone of motor and of rushing air had worked magic, so that both passengers soon knew genuine relaxation. When he peered cautiously to see if she might be sleeping, Carolyn pretended to be.

Thus did she help crowd the afternoon hours quite out of existence. When Bob's stirring eventually did command her attention, he pointed first to the magnificence of a sun that had raced on ahead and was nose-diving now into a sea of blood and molten gold. Incomparably beautiful, the clouds presaged the very trouble Bob had feared.

Because shouting over the noise was unsatisfactory and unnecessary, they talked but little until well toward midnight. They were within 100 miles of their destination, when the pilot attracted their attention.

"Storm blowing up around us," he yelled. "Nothing but mountains down there now. Take it easy. Instruments are okay. Thought I ought to tell you. It may get rough."

Carolyn's heart lesped. She pressed her face to a window. Instantly Bob Hale was at her side peering out, too. Quite unconsciously he put an arm around her shoulders as if to protect or steady the slender girl. She felt his muscles, tight, tense.

The ship soon began to bounce ever so little. Then it bucked a bit more.

"I've got to get you out of here!" He almost growled it.

"Please don't worry," she begged.

"If it were just the ship—" he glanced significantly at the box on the floor, a parcel that really crowded the small cabin, "—if it were just us, flying—"

* * *

IN 10 minutes more the ship was quite unsteady. Bob looked around desperately. This was a plane for private hire. Unlike the regulation air liners, it had parachutes neatly folded in racks above the seats.

"Put this on!" he ordered peremptorily, reaching for a 'chute harness.

"But why, Bob? We are still flying." Secretly she was delighted that he should be concerned about her. Her face held a radiance despite the increased threat of danger that surrounded them.

"I'll go crazy!" he shouted. "Carolyn, I am responsible for all this. For you! Do as I say!"

He strapped the 'chute on her. There was only one way for it to go. She noted the ring handle which, some obscure crumb of knowledge told her, was the gadget to pull if ever a person did bail out. "It has begun to rain!"

"We have a roof!"

So they had, but the ship moved up and down now, somewhat like a roller coaster car. Thunder cracked frighteningly. She forced a smile at him, but it didn't take.

"We couldn't possibly land!" he cried. "And the pilot doesn't know what we are carrying! "You've got to jump, Carolyn! Jump, pull that cord, and say your prayers!"

"And leave you? Bob!"

"I'll tell the pilot, then follow you. Go on—I'll force the door open. It's our only chance! Or—" he was striving frantically now to reach her mind, to force her into action, "—or maybe you're afraid to jump! A coward!"

That struck home. Carolyn's eyes narrowed, she held her breath. The ship was tilting, weaving, sliding now, and even the box on the cabin floor began to move. Bob had unlatched the door.

All at once she reached up to grasp Bob Hale's shoulders, and kissed him quickly on the lips.

Then she dropped out into the black, blinding hurricane.

(To Be Continued)

L'Rena Slack, District Juvenile Deputy of Southeastern Oregon and County Juvenile Matron, Secretary of Pomona —Kennell-Ellis

First National Monument

First United States national monument was Devil's Tower, an exposed volcanic cone in northeastern Wyoming, which was set apart in 1906.

Unless defense production interferes, car deliveries in 1941 should exceed by 250,000 the 3,365,000 cars sold last year to establish a 12-year record.

Admiral Richard E. Byrd, the explorer, made a trip around the world alone at the age of 10 years.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

CANAL BUILDER

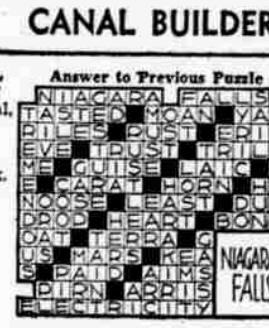
HORIZONTAL

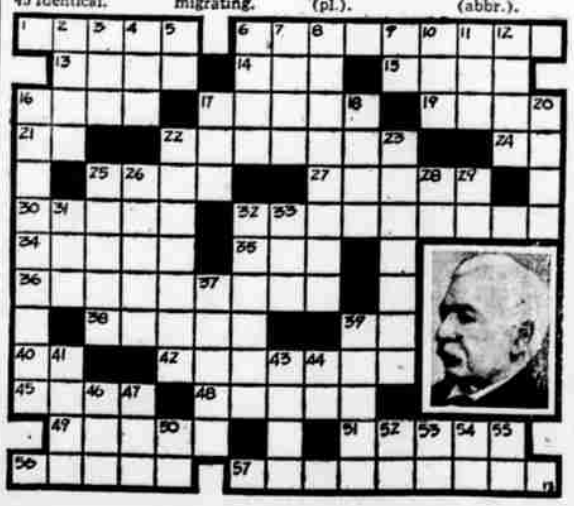
1, 6 Builder of the Suez Canal, Ferdinand
13 Silver.
14 Metallic rock.
15 Large room.
16 Moist.
17 Ecru.
19 Parts of harnesses.
21 Subsists.
22 Sweet food.
24 Exclamation.
25 Lean-to.
27 East Indian tree bark.
30 Part of a collar.
32 Large medal.
34 Pope's scarf.
35 Reverence.
36 Pondered.
38 To perform.
39 Senior (abbr.).
40 Transposed (abbr.).
42 Had terror of.
45 Identical.
48 Coat of mail.
49 African colonists.
51 One who aims
56 His —— was viscount.
57 He was an —— by profession (pl.).

VERTICAL

2 Cry of sorrow.
3 Act of migrating.
4 Writing fluid.
5 Each (abbr.).
6 Fares.
7 Greek goddess.
8 Narrated.
9 South Africa (abbr.).
10 Submarine.
11 Biblical priest.
12 Crown of head
16 He was also a French —— (pl.).
17 Sleeper's couch.
18 Silk worm.
20 To avoid.
22 Expunged.
23 Kind of paving.
25 Shovel.
26 Spiral coil.
28 Plural (abbr.).
29 Sloth.
31 100 square meters.
32 Difficulty.
33 Female sheep.
37 Tapestry.
39 Harem.
41 Indian harvest.
43 To sanction.
44 To prosper.
46 Witticism.
47 Snaky fish.
50 Musical note.
52 Into.
53 Pronoun.
54 Early English (abbr.).
55 Railroad (abbr.).

Answer to Previous Puzzle





OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

By Fred Harman

RED RYDER

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

By Harold Gray

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin

WASH TUBBS

By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser

ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Hamlin