

D Y N A M I T E S M I T H

My conscience bothered me a bit about having taken a few minutes more than I was entitled to, for lunch. And it didn't help my state of mind any when, as I turned the corner down to our office, I saw a fire-engine standing at our front door. There was no one on it but the engineer, and I broke into a dog-trot toward the rig. Imagine -- I had the police beat on the Evening Tribune, fires were on the police beat -- and there stood a fire-engine right on our doorstep! All ready I could hear my greeting of "Well -- just where in hell have you been?"

"What's up, Herb?" I called to the engineer.

"Why," he said, very calmly, "It's something about a bomb in your office. We just got ~~xxxxx~~ here."

A policeman came running out into the street, and spotted me. There were w o u p l e of the boys from the office behind him.

"Come on!" he called, "Lend a hand! We've got to evacuate the building! I'll take the sixth floor -- you take the fifth and fourth," to the two chaps with him, "Jerry, you take the third and I'll come down and get the second -- we'll split up the first between us! Get going! It may go off any minute!"

By now our little group of serious thinkers had rounded the corner from Second Avenue into Broadway, and ^{was} ~~were~~ trotting for the ~~water~~ ^{entrance} on the main entrance to the Union Building. Up we went; and they ~~dropped~~ ^{dropped} me