

SERIAL STORY

DUDE COLLEGE

BY OREN ARNOLD

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YESTERDAY: When Wesley's stammered explanations fail to explain anything, Ronnie rushes him away, leaving Andre and Lona together. Carefully Andre reveals the rings that is to identify him to his confederate, Lona glimpses it, then turns on him furiously. "Why did you delay? The high ones demand action!"

Didn't you—believe me?" He nodded. "At first. But—oh, goodness, Ronnie, you really are a lady in every way! To be very frank, I was scared. I, uh, have not had many dates. Not in years. I have but little money, whereas you, the Baileys, and this Girardeau— He paused, still looking off.

WESLEY EXPLAINS CHAPTER XI

They climbed the stone stair with the beautiful wrought iron railing, passed through the gymnasium balcony and out an arched door onto the roof of another arched colonnade such as connected the Pueblo university buildings around a large patio. The roof here made a promenade with a knee-high rail, and Andre led Lona Montoya into a moon shadow cast by a high, rustling palm tree.

"I think I understand, Wes. But it's foolish, I mean, unfair." "I know. But this Girardeau mistook me for a servant and said so. I was trying to apologize for any car damage, when—"

Under the spell of her kindness there the young professor talked himself out. He told more than he had meant to, really; more of his inner feelings.

But he found this good, and it somehow warmed him to Ronica Bailey more than ever, although to keep from revealing this new warmth of feeling he presently lapsed back into a formal manner and tone. Then they had talked for perhaps half an hour Ronnie stood up.

She put aside her crutch now because they were quite alone. Music from the dance floor seeped out and up to them suggesting a subtle background for romance, but only Andre responded to its suggestion. He looked at Lona with a sudden amused, half-smirking smile.

"You're beautiful when you are angry," he informed her. "Did you come here on business or on pleasure?" Her voice was snappish. "You have taken too many drinks already to-night."

"Oh, take it easy, kid. I think we could get along fine!" He fingered her arm, up and down. "Would you like a drink yourself? Now?"

"I am being paid to do a job and you are being paid to do a job, Mr. Girardeau. And we both know we can be found murdered if we fail. Why do I have to remind you of that?"

Andre laughed. "This isn't the moment for business! This is—a lovely autumn evening! Look at the stars, my dear."

"I am not your dear," he smiled genially at her. He had been walking slowly, with an arm around her as if in deference to her sprained ankle, which both knew was pretense. He held her a little closer, noting with satisfaction that she did not resist, despite her words. He wanted her to feel his strong arm.

"Like it out here?" He purred that ever so intimately. "Like me?"

She didn't answer. But she sat on the low railing, 20 feet above the patio grass, and listened while he paid her numerous compliments. It was exceedingly easy to listen to suave Andre Girardeau. His technique was a studied one that he had used many times before.

The patio there was really a half-acre courtyard, landscaped with grass as rich as a roof green, with shrubs that banked impressively against the buildings, with tall curved palms and with vines that somehow managed to bedeck themselves with flowers even in fall. It had been an obvious place for Ronica Bailey to lead her distressed professor friend when she wanted privacy. They had found a rustic bench beside a trickling fountain, and Ronica was sitting in the dim moonlight, hands behind her neck and head back so that she looked up at him. She was Beauty itself in this perfect setting, but Wesley was too upset to observe such things now.

"Stand if you prefer, Wes. But please start talking."

"I, uh, Ronnie, I—" He took out his handkerchief to mop his chin, although he could hardly have been perspiring.

"Yes?" she encouraged. "We are out here to explain things. Aren't we?"

"Quite so. I mean—yes, Ronnie!" He sat down beside her. "I hope you will not stay angry at me. I came to your home. But your father said he said that this, uh, Girardeau was taking you to the dance, and Girardeau was just ahead of me."

Ronnie's knees were crossed and she was swinging one very shapely lower limb as if to express impatience.

"On the contrary, Wes, you arrived just ahead of Andre. He even ran into your car, Daddy said. He had been drinking. You could have come in first. Besides, I don't care what Daddy told you. He's an old dear, but you didn't have to listen to him. You made the date with me, not with him!"

"You—really would have gone to the dance with me? Me?" Wesley held out a hand as if in supplication.

"Certainly!" He looked away, contrite. Ronica sensed his mood.

"Wes, she resumed, kindly, "why did you think I might not?"

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



London's Youngest Fire-Bomb Fighter



Little Cornelius Fogarty, who's just a year old, doesn't enjoy the life of a fireman as he is left in charge of this truck built by fire-bomb fighters in southeast London. The engine has a wooden chassis and is fitted with perambulator wheels. Sand shovels and a stirrup pump are carried on it, and when incendiary bombs rain down, firemen pull it to the scene of the blaze.

considerably with an ice sled propelled by an airplane motor and was able to make 70 miles per hour on Diamond lake ice, but later he decided that a snow sled pulled by huskies would be, in his opinion, considerably safer, so has adopted the latter mode of travel. There is now approximately three feet of snow at Diamond lake, most of which is old and quite well packed. Six or eight inches of new snow has fallen during the past few days.

morning while at work at the Ingham Lumber Co., Harvey Smith broke his right arm. Dr. Fawcett took him to Grants Pass where his arm was set. He will remain there a few days. Saturday afternoon while at play Marvin, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Ashman, fell and broke his left arm. A bone was chipped but X-ray showed that the injury is healing nicely.

Glendale

Fred Kafer and Jennings Bayse spent a few days in Portland this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jones of Medford visited here Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Julia Hagen, known as "Grandma Hagen," passed away early Thursday morning. Funeral arrangements have not as yet been completed. Mrs. Hagen would have been 89 years old on March 17.

Glendale has been having a siege of broken arms. Wednesday

Opium Poppy Growing in Oregon Not Favored

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28. — (AP)—Harry J. Anslinger, commissioner of narcotics, expressed the hope in a letter to Senator McNary today that no steps would be taken toward growing opium poppies in Oregon.

The senate had sent the commissioner an inquiry from Prof. G. R. Hyslop, head of the division of plant industries of Oregon State college, asking about the possibilities of growing the opium poppies in the state for seed.

Anslinger said if such poppies were grown no overproduction could be allowed because of the dangerous potentiality for speed of drug addiction.

Starting this Saturday our store will remain open 'till 9 o'clock in the evening for salmon fishermen to load up on spinners, lines, reels, rods, creels, bulk salmon eggs. Earl S. Powell, Hardware. (Adv.)

Movie Prizes Go To Ginger Rogers, James Stewart

HOLLYWOOD, Feb. 28.—(AP)—New queen and king of the movies are Ginger Rogers and James Stewart. They are the newest winners of the awards signifying best given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Ginger was better than any of her acting sisters in 1940, her fellows believe, because of her portrayal in "Kitty Foyle." And Stewart impressed them by his work in "The Philadelphia Story."

They, as well as a score of others, were called to the podium of a banquet hall jammed with celebrities and fellow workers last night to be handed statuettes a foot high which have been dubbed Oscars.

"Rebecca" was the year's best motion picture, in the opinion of the academy's 12,000 voters.

The award for the best performance by a supporting actor went to Walter Brennan, who played Judge Bean in "The Westerner." It was old stuff for him—He won in 1936 for "Come and Get It" and in 1938 for "Kentucky."

Jane Darwell was voted the best supporting actress for her characterization of Ma Joad in "The Grapes of Wrath."

This, the 13th annual awards party, was highlighted by a radio address by President Roosevelt from the White House directed to the motion picture industry. He said he wanted to place emphasis "on the service you can render in promoting solidarity among all the peoples of the Americas" and thanked the industry for its support of the defense program.

Trade of "Other Member" Topics of Rotary Talks

As an unusual program feature for the regular weekly luncheon meeting of the Roseburg Rotary club yesterday, the program chairman, Charles Emery, directed three club members to talk concerning the business or trade of some other member.

S. J. Shoemaker selected as the topic for his discussion: "What I Expect of My Banker"; Walter Olmscheid spoke on "What I Expect of An Insurance Man" and Bruce Yeager talked about "What We Want From a Service Station Operator."

Gerald Geddes, son of City Recorder A. J. Geddes, who is visiting here from San Diego, California, was a guest at the meeting. He spoke briefly of his experience as a banker in the California city and cited figures regarding the growth of San Diego.

Probation for Him



Herbert M. Horkheimer, pioneer movie producer of the silent films, needed money, tried to get \$500 by telephonic extortion. He was placed on five years probation, told judge, "I only wanted to make good."

Ousted

WAYNESVILLE, Mo.—The demand for office space as a result of construction of nearby Fort Leonard Wood has been so great it turned T. A. Shockley into a curbstome lawyer.

He inserted this "notice to my clients" in a newspaper:

"The boom here has boomed me out of a place for an office. Will store my equipment and be a curbstome lawyer for next two months, at which time I expect to be able to rent one. Will be seeing you on the streets."

DANCE MOOSE HALL

Saturday, March 1 The Cornhuskers 35c Gents, tax inc. Ladies 10c

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Advertisement for Monogram Straight Bourbon Whiskey. The ad features a bottle of Monogram No. 6 Straight Bourbon Whiskey. Text includes: 'MONOGRAM NUMBER 6', 'A high quality, properly aged and full strength STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY', 'Bottled in Bond', '\$1.15 per pint \$2.20 per quart', and 'MERCHANTS DISTILLING CORPORATION'.