

SERIAL STORY

DUDE COLLEGE

BY OREN ARNOLD

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YESTERDAY: Ronnie and Wes continue to watch Lona and the man she met. When Lona leaves, they return to the canyon floor, ride down to the place they saw her disappear. There is a cave in the canyon wall. Ronnie realizes they face genuine danger.

THE CAVE HOLDS A MYSTERY

CHAPTER XVII

"Gee-ee, Wes, I'm all tingly, but—come on!" They passed the rock enclosure they had seen from afar, and neared the boulders where Lona and the strange man had disappeared. No evidence of mankind was visible anywhere, no slight track or other sign that these two could see. But when Wes and Ronnie had crept past rocks higher than their heads, Wes—in the lead—abruptly stopped. Ronnie already was holding his big hand, like a scared little girl. "What is it?" she whispered. "The dark crevice there—see? It's a cave!"

He squeezed her hand, sensing her alarm. Plainly she understood that their danger was genuine.

"Ronnie, are you afraid?" Wesley whispered that, looking down at the lovely girl. He gripped her arm too tightly because of his own excitement.

She nodded, then whispered back: "It is scary, isn't it? But I'll go in if you will, Wes?"

"It appears to be just an ordinary cave. Like any of hundreds I can show you about these New Mexico mountains, some small and one—as you know—the great underground cavern at Carlsbad. I don't think this one will be very large."

"No." "But it's late. Twilight is getting deeper, Ronnie. See?"

The sun had dropped behind a peak even before they left the high cliff dwelling to climb down ladders and rocks and then ride here. Rainbow canyon was fast gathering a purplish, hazy sort of darkness.

"Is there a flashlight in your pack? Or mine?" "No," said Wes, "but I have some matches."

"Well, maybe—" "I could fashion a torch. It's not the darkness that bothers me. It's the fact that we saw Lona and a strange man leave here. Obviously it is some sort of, uh, lair. Meeting place. Some one else may be hiding there, which would mean real danger to us. I am responsible for your welfare on this trip and—"

"Oh hush that, Wes! I came as a friend, not as a student with a faculty member. And my curiosity is popping."

"I'll twist some dried grass."

The cave entrance was like an eccentric leaning doorway, wider at the bottom than at the top. Wes, leading the way, had to stoop to get in and Ronnie stayed right behind him. He had taken his pistol in his right hand but offered no explanation of that.

"Like Tom Sawyer," Ronnie said. "Oh was it Huck Finn and Becky somebody, on a cave ex—"

Wes ignored her attempt at levity. "Strike no matches where the light can be seen outside," he counseled, "lest it advertise our presence. The man can't be very far away yet, and it is almost night."

"Would you shoot, Wes?" "I beg pardon?" He paused, half whispering.

"You are creeping along holding a pistol, just like in a movie."

"Uh, often caves have rattlesnakes in them, and sometimes larger animals such as bobcats, bear, mountain lions. I expect no such but it is best to be prepared. Isn't it?" He asked that last as a boy might do, wanting approval of his actions.

"Of course. I just just asked. Honest, Wes, I'm shaking in my boots now. But I'm not frightened."

"I dare say?" They paused together, relaxing in the moment of joking they had made, teasing each other for moral strength. The cave entrance was a gray-light spot back down a 10-foot corridor now, and the young couple were but vague forms to each other.

"I'll light my torch," said he, "if you hold it, Ronnie."

He fumbled for a match in his pocket, scratched it—all at once the light flamed theatrically. The sudden flare blinded them so that they saw nothing. Then the flame, shrinking as if ashamed of its outburst, settled to a dutiful burning and Wesley shielded it to cast a feeble glow ahead. He still gripped his gun, ready. They stood motionless.

Forms began to take shape. The corridor widened to make a roughly rounded room like many another cave eroded in the Rocky mountains. The floor was fairly level rock and back safely under a sloping rock ceiling were four or five boxes suggesting luggage in size. Wes and Ronnie stared intently—until the flames licked out.

"Unh-h!" Ronnie shuddered aloud quite involuntarily, then forced a little laugh. "Golly, Wes!"

"I forgot to light the torch," said he, inadequately. "Here, I have another match. I feel safer now that no one else is actually here."

The twisted grass took flame and in a moment made sufficient light so that they could step forward. They glanced back once, then at each other, reading each other's thoughts.

"No danger of being lost," said he calmly. "Only this room, apparently. No no maze, or any such thing. Like one reads about."

"Oh, no," Ronnie agreed, too readily. The place was creepy to her; weird to see and weird to contemplate. She expected almost anything to happen. Wes was just standing and staring.

"Well," said he at last, "this is it. And we still don't know anything. I feel, as a matter of duty and—"

Ronni was more direct. "Let's look in the boxes, huh?" "All right."

They were not locked. Wes lifted the lid of the one nearest, then held the torch down close. There was a half dozen cans of peaches, so labeled; a dozen of tomatoes, another dozen of kidney beans, a metal container of salt and three of hard candies.

"Emergency food such as any wilderness cache might hold," Wes stated. "Let's be careful not to move anything, lest we leave signs of our call. This could be just a cowboy cache, a sort of ranch field house."

"You said there were no ranches in here."

"So I did. That's why I don't think this—"

He left his sentence hanging, carefully lifted another box lid. This box, of light metal, had been clamped shut and was larger than the first. He reached to touch fabrics seen in there.

"Clothing," said he. "Man's clothing. Rather good quality, too. American style. . . . Seems to be three or four suits, shirts, hats even."

"There are other boxes like that, Wes."

They peered in each in turn, careful to disturb nothing. Two more had clothing, and on one pair of trousers was a cartridge band around it but was not locked.

"I'll bet I know what's in that already," said Wes.

"What?" Ronnie spoke in awed whisper again, stooping low and shading her eyes the better to see.

He didn't answer. He merely lifted a lid. There in perfect order were three rifles, short but of powerful caliber; also 10 automatic pistols which Wesley said were of foreign make. Holsters encased each.

And in a second compartment were heavy little boxes of ammunition packed not as cartridges usually come but in metal clips for quick loading and reloading of the weapons.

(To be continued)

DiMaggio Signs Yankee Contract at Salary Boost

SAN FRANCISCO, March 7.—(AP) Joe DiMaggio, the New York Yankees' big power at the plate, is traveling toward the Yankees' training camp at St. Petersburg, Fla., today after ending a prolonged holdout by signing a contract for an estimated \$35,000.

He said he was satisfied with the salary, although he would not divulge the amount. It was believed he accepted somewhere between the \$32,500 he received last year, and the \$37,500 he was asking this year.

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Table with columns: Team, Won, Lost, Pet. Rows include Industrial League, Hansen Motors, Shell Oil, Douglas Flour Mills, Union Oil, Hotel Valley, Standard Oil, Safeway, Montgomery Ward, Games Last Night, Union Oil 3, Shell Oil 0, Douglas Flour Mills 2, Montgomery Ward 1, Hansen's 3, Valley hotel 0, Safeway 2, Standard Oil 1, High individual game score, Aten, 225, High individual series score, A. Rice, 544, Union Oil, Gardner, Roadman, Carr, Richter, Morris, Flour Mills, Aten, P. Thiele, Wellman, E. Thiele, Haigh, Montgomery Ward, Stucky, Zietter.

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Table with columns: Name, 10, 99, 105, 304. Rows include Roberson, Calvin, Moore, Hotel Valley, J. Baker, J. Redburn, J. Ralston, T. Parkinson, Stephenson, Hansen Motors, Hendricks, Broughton, R. Baker, Vrooman, Wiley, Safeway Stores, Nicholson, Redell, Dunning, Nelson, Rice, Standard Oil, Gilkerson, Wiehreit, Craig, Lafferty, Laird, SUMMONS.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you and each of you are hereby notified to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before four weeks from the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint, plaintiff for which thereof will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint, a succinct statement of which is as follows, to-wit: That you and each of you be required to assert and disclose the nature and character of any claim, estate or interest in real estate, land or property situated in Douglas County, Oregon, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of the H. C. Hoy Foundation Land Claim No. 12 to Section 15, Township 22 South, Range 7 West, Willamette Meridian, Oregon, following the boundaries of the right bank of the Pompano River, Oregon, to a point which bears North 80° 12' West 175.9 feet from the place of beginning, thence North 80° 12' East 202.5 feet to the north boundary of the said H. C. No. 12, thence South 75° 00' East 162.5 feet to the said north boundary of H. C. No. 12 to the southeast corner thereof, thence South 80° 12' West 175.9 feet along the east boundary of said H. C. No. 12, thence South 57° 12' West 162.5 feet to the southeast corner of an old or abandoned county road, thence South 29° 12' East 85.7 feet along the east boundary of the old county road to its intersection with the east boundary of H. C. No. 12, West 782.8 feet along the said east boundary of H. C. No. 12 to the place of beginning, containing 100.00 acres more or less. Excepting therefrom the right of way for road purposes shown in plaintiff to Douglas County, Oregon, on the 13th day of April, 1927, which deed is recorded in Volume 91 of Deed Records of Douglas County, Oregon, at page 179 thereof. And also excepting all rights granted by that certain right of way deed made by plaintiff to The California Oregon Power Company on December 26, 1925, which deed is recorded in Volume 81, page 9 of Deed Records of Douglas County, Oregon, at page 281 thereof. And to submit the same to a judicial investigation that the right of possession and title between plaintiff and defendants may be forever quieted, and that it be decreed that the claim of the defendants and each of them is without foundation in law, or in equity or in fact, and that plaintiff be the owner in fee of said premises and the whole thereof, free from any and all claims or interests of said defendants or either of them of any kind or nature whatsoever, and that plaintiff have such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable. This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of once each week for four successive weeks in the Roseburg News-Review, a newspaper of general circulation published and issued in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, by order of the Hon. Carl E. Winberry, Judge of the above entitled court, made on the 24th day of February, 1941, and you are hereby notified to appear and answer the same on or before four weeks from the date of the first publication hereof, which is the 28th day of February, 1941. RICE & ORTLETT Attorneys for Plaintiff, Post Office Address: Roseburg, Oregon.

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Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administratrix of the estate of George Winston, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Douglas County, Oregon, her final account as such administratrix of said estate, and that Saturday, the 22nd day of March, 1941, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, has been fixed by said court as the time for hearing objections to said report, and the settlement thereof. Dated this 21st day of February, 1941. SUSAN A. WINSTON, Administratrix of the Estate of George Winston, Deceased.

Notice to Creditors. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County, duly appointed, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Isabelle Kezartee, deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of said Isabelle Kezartee are hereby notified to present the same, verified as required by law, to the undersigned Executor at the law office of Rice & Ortlett in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated February 7, 1941. ROSA WEBB, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Isabelle Kezartee, Deceased.

Notice to Creditors. In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County, In the Matter of the Estate of Joseph H. Brown, Deceased. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, by order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County, has been appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Joseph H. Brown, Deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of Joseph H. Brown, Deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, verified as required by law, to the undersigned at the office of Thomas C. Hart, Trial, 225-23 Perkins Building, Roseburg, Oregon.

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