

SERIAL STORY

DUDE COLLEGE

BY OREN ARNOLD

COPYRIGHT, 1940, NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: Wes determines to ask Ronnie about the rumored "engagement," drives to the Bailey ranch. He encounters a party of girls who keep him singing and dancing. Suddenly, Wes smells smoke, hears the crackling of a fire.

STEALING A BOMB SIGHT CHAPTER XXIII

The man who had come out near the Rocking R ranch had stayed in the car when the woman left him. The car had shivered no lights for the last mile or so, but just rolled slowly over the flat, comparatively barren land. The man sat in it quietly now, waiting his moment. He would have to time himself well, then act swiftly and efficiently.

He could see a window light or two which he knew was the ranch house. In hangars to the left of the house he could see lights also, and knew that the army officers and mechanics would be there—they even sleep within a few feet of their planes.

When half an hour had passed, he quietly left his car. In a small canvas pack he carried tools—a powerful pair of steel cutters, a hack saw with extra blades of the hardest metal, a short stubby crowbar, four sizes of files.

Under his coat was a belt holding an automatic pistol. A second and smaller pistol was slung in a shoulder holster out of sight under his left arm.

Outwardly, the man's clothing was neat and of excellent quality so that if by chance he should be seen and recognized he would excite no suspicion. Simply by groping his bag of tools out of sight he could well assume a normal role with no one the wiser.

With no houses save those at the ranch, though, and no road or trail along this flat mesa area, he didn't expect to encounter anyone.

He walked cautiously to within 100 yards of the hangars. There, at the edge of the cleared landing field, he lurked in the foliage of a mesquite shrub, waiting.

The field was a long smooth plain from which even the small rocks had been removed, but its boundaries were marked by Spanish dagger growths, mesquite, greasewood, sagebrush and a few scattered boulders. Recently, too, a five-strand barbed wire fence had been built around it to keep off roaming cattle, horses and men. To be that much more ahead he slipped through the barbed wire, but stayed back near the shrubbery so that his form could not be seen. Constantly he stared toward the Bailey mansion, a two-story ranch house of stone and pine logs.

Over the ranch house roof came a sudden lick of flame. It died down, sprang up again still higher. Almost at once other flame tongues showed. He glanced at the hangars, anxiously waiting.

In just two or three minutes

the fire grew to astonishing proportions over the house, as had panted his inflammable material well. He could hear the constant sound of music and laughter there as he had heard since he first neared the place, but still nobody had discovered the fire.

All at once, though, he heard a shout. "Oh-O-O-O, HELP!" Somebody yelled, then came a series of shriekings, and in the mounting glow there he could see people running.

Further shouts came, louder and more frantic. A door in an airplane hangar popped open and somebody looked out. At once the person turned back inside, called loudly, and ran to the other hangars nearby and sounded the alarm. Men came streaming out and ran toward the ranch house.

When he saw the last person leave the hangars, the man concealed near the fence grinned in elation.

"Perfect!" he breathed. "The whole place deserted!"

He sped across the opening and stopped at the first hangar. There, to his doubly sure, he paused and waited a moment. He looked in the hangar and called out. Nobody came, nobody answered. He went to the big ship.

He had expected the compartment used by the chief bomber to be locked, but to his delight he didn't have to use his tools here. One strong pull threw a latch and opened the tiny cabin door. With his pocket flashlight, then, he surveyed the scene.

"Ah-h-h-h!" he breathed in exultation. There before him was precisely what he wanted and meant to have.

There, in a housing no bigger than a small overnight bag, was the one "gadget" which nations were willing to sacrifice lives and fortunes to own. There was America's most valuable military secret!

He was kneeling to inspect the instrument when he suddenly heard a noise of running feet nearby.

"Two in each hangar!" a voice shouted.

The man crouched, gun in each hand, ready to kill. He hardly dared breathe while a form dashed into the hangar and took fire extinguishers from the walls, but 60 seconds later he knew he was alone again. He reholstered his pistols and resumed his task.

First, a metal arm as big as his middle finger was found welded to the side frame. He tried his powerful nippers on that and made little impression. But the hacksaw dug in at once. He

swung the short blade back and forth rapidly, glancing up and out the window often. Nothing interrupted him. In hardly 10 minutes the metal arm was sawed in two.

Support from the bottom was

FUNNY BUSINESS



"It's a special lighter that doesn't work—keeps me from breaking my New Year's resolution to quit smoking!"

Support from the bottom was swung the short blade back and forth rapidly, glancing up and out the window often. Nothing interrupted him. In hardly 10 minutes the metal arm was sawed in two.

as he had already observed when inspecting the airplanes here, thinner pieces of strap metal, probably aluminum or alloy. He dug his crowbar under one rivet and pried. It broke loose at once. A second and third support came free with equal ease. He was elated, in fact, at the ease of the whole operation. Shoutings and cracklings of fire, muffled by distance and the hangar walls, told him that he still had time.

With a short steel tape under his flashlight beam, then, he measured exactly every detail of the bomb sight's installation. The distance across the compartment. The height of the sight from the floor. The size of the opening in the floor itself. The distance of the chief bomber's seat from the base of the sight and from the eye piece. The height of the compartment ceiling. Everything he could see to measure. These figures he put down with pencil on a note pad.

Then without further ado he took his tools and the precious bomb sight and backed out of the compartment. The load was heavier than he anticipated, for the thing was of metal, but even so it could be carried in one hand. He sat everything on the cement floor, went back in a moment and wiped all the interior with an oiled rag from his pocket to leave no fingerprints.

Then he gathered his things again and calmly departed. Nobody else was around the hangars yet nor would likely be soon, for the Bailey house now was roaring and flashing so that he

had to duck down in the low shadows to avoid possibility of being seen.

Even as he fled, though, he looked at the burning house with satisfaction. The woman who came with him had done her job well.

(To be continued)

Prizes each week, in our Big Chinook Salmon Derby. First fish caught Monday won first prize—weight 23 lbs.—caught by John Thomas. Get your chinook spinners and lines at Powell's Hardware.—(Adv.)

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 Kozart, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of said Isabelle Kozart, are hereby notified to present the same, verified as required by law, to the undersigned Executor, at the law office of Rice & Circuit 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 Kozart, deceased.

Floor Sanding and Refinishing Old Floors Made Like New CHAS. KEEVER Phone 651-J Phone 128

Visiting Here—Mrs. Belle Case, of Eugene, formerly of this city, is spending a few days visiting here.

Here From Canyonville—J. P. Smick, of Canyonville, was a business visitor in this city Thursday.

BARN DANCE AT OAKLAND

Carnival Novelties and a Rural Good Time. Wear Your Best Hay-Shakin' Clothes. Loggers Check Caulks at Door and Dance Barefooted. Music by Bill Black and His Orchestra. BIGGEST AND BEST FUN DANCE OF THE YEAR. Farm Hands 50c, Includin' Tax Milk Maids and Berry Pickers, 20c. Saturday, March 15th

Watch for New Flavors

at the DOUGLAS COUNTY CREAMERY

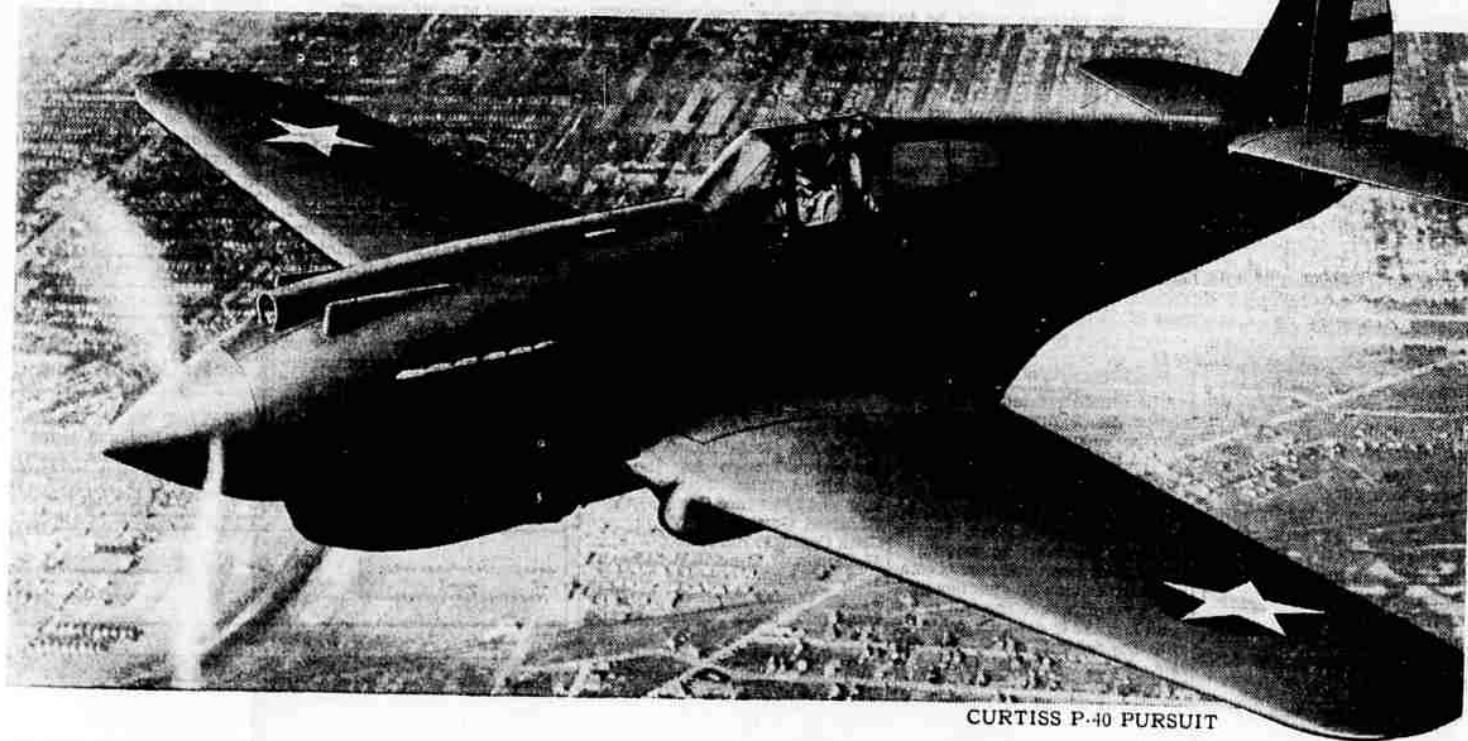
Featuring this week Raspberry Ribbonette, Pure Vanilla Ice Cream and Fudge Ripple

THEY FOUND 90 extra miles an hour IN A DROP OF OIL

A drop of crude oil will spot your clothes — dirty your hands — make you sniff. Nasty stuff! Yet scientists at the "University of Petroleum" (Shell's \$3,500,000 research laboratories) look at it and love it...

They see in that drop of petroleum a universe of possibilities — wonders realized and miracles yet to come.

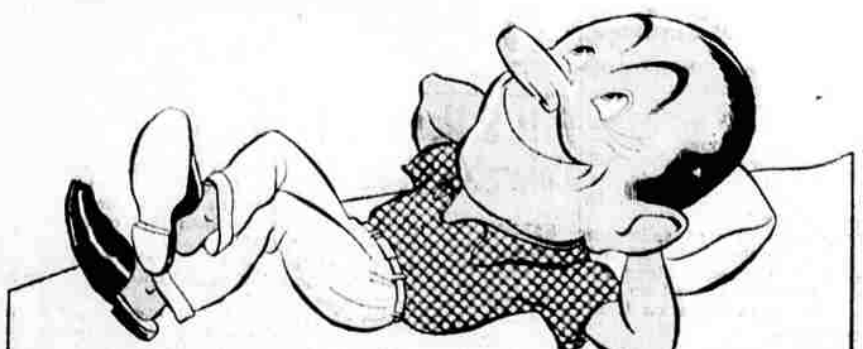
They discovered how to produce iso-octane, on a commercial scale, from a waste petroleum gas. This was the key to 100-octane fuel for American aviation which led to an increase in the speed and flying range of America's planes up to 30%! Because Shell scientists saw extra miles in a drop of oil, and were able to get them out.



CURTISS P-40 PURSUIT

CHEER UP and EASE UP!

War...inflation...dakans... Axis! Hurry...worry...income taxes! Don't let all this get you down—Calm yourself—cut out the frown—He is wisest who RELAXES!



RAINIER ALE is a friendly and helpful companion for those occasional interludes of relaxation so necessary today. Try a tall, cold glass of mellow, refreshing, mildly stimulating Rainier Old Stock...the ale so good it outsells all others in the West...so pure it won highest rating in recent scientific laboratory tests. • Decide now to relax awhile—today and every day—and let good Rainier Ale help! Today more than ever, it's RAINIER FOR GOOD CHEER!

RAINIER BREWING COMPANY • PORTLAND

Douglas Distributing Co., Phone 14, Roseburg, Ore.

Rainier BEER & ALE

You get this research "by the gallon" in New Solutized SHELL

At work for you at the "University of Petroleum" are 821 research scientists and assistants.

They found in petroleum a key to production of synthetic rubber — glycerine — plastics — fertilizers — germicides — and even T. N. T.

Now they've advanced the Road Performance Rating of Shell Gasoline to an all-time high:

1. It is refined with the Solutizer Process (originated by Shell's research laboratories, Patent No. 2,149,379). This steps up performance by removing the "pro-knock mercaptans" which have always been a drag on performance.

2. Thermal conversion makes it extra rich in iso-compounds similar to those in aviation gasoline.

These two factors save on the costliest driving you do — Stop-and-Go. And improved road performance means a new thrill in motoring! Your Shell dealer has new Solutized Shell (at regular price) and Shell Premium — try a tankful today!



SERVICE TIP FOR OREGON MOTORISTS Drive in for a free "Thoro-fast" check-up (it's careful but quick). All cars need it about every hundred miles. No obligation.