

SERIAL STORY

DUDE COLLEGE

BY OREN ARNOLD

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YESTERDAY: Wesley goes to the Bailey ranch, finds Ronnie gone. He learns, too, that the bomb sight has been stolen. More important to Wes, however, is the news that Ronnie, Andre and Lona are flying into Mexico. He rushes into town, hurries Inspector Star of the border patrol into a car, out to the auto-giro. He realizes Ronnie is in serious danger.

RONNIE GETS A SHOCK CHAPTER XXIX

Ronnie Bailey was noted for collecting interesting personalities around her and for showing scant patience with bores. Hence there was nothing unusual in her ready agreement to take Lona Montoya on the air jaunt into town, although she was surprised that Andre asked it.

"Lona has never flown down," Andre explained, lightly, "and she knows the country. Besides, Ronnie, she can serve as a sort of—of chaperon, which we haven't had heretofore. Don't you see?"

Ronnie was truly grateful then. "Of course, Andre. I am entirely too careless about such things. But I don't mean to be, I think most conventions are important, really. I'll be happy to have Lona, and my plane cabin is plenty large for three of us and more."

"Big enough for my Indian drum, too?" Andre asked, smiling. "Might as well take it down to good old Pico in person, instead of shipping it."

"Surely. It's a fine souvenir." Wherefore the three young people took off in the early afternoon with considerable gaiety. Weather was perfect for flying—as it usually is in New Mexico—and the time to Guaymas was only a matter of three hours or so. Departing in early afternoon had been Lona's idea, urged upon Andre in private.

Being a conscientious pilot, concerned always for good flying and maximum safety, Ronnie sat alone up front from the moment they left the ground. She had told her two guests to relax and have a good time; she would talk to them but little.

There were a few early bumps, then the monoplane settled down to dutiful, smooth sailing. Ronnie held fairly low the better to enjoy the semi-desert landscape. She caught one glimpse of Rainbow canyon and quite involuntarily turned for a quick look at Lona, remembering.

Now there is something, Ronnie reflected, that must yet be worked out. Lona Montoya is a mystery girl! It helped make her interesting, hence made her doubly welcome company for Ronnie on this Mexico trip.

Ronnie smiled a bit to herself. Maybe, given some kind of break, she could make Lona tell her secret. Ronnie felt that if—but all at once her reveries broke down. "Look!" Lona Montoya almost shrieked that. "Look, Andre!"

Ronnie turned. She saw Lona and Andre staring out a window, and Lona's face had an expression she had never seen before. The bright beauty of the open Mexican friendliness, had vanished and in its stead was an expression of anger that seemed almost fierce. The change in the girl was so quick and so complete as to be startling, and even Andre's face showed grave alarm.

Ronnie glanced out, too. "It's only the government auto-giro!" she shouted back to her guests, slowing her own speed to coast so they could hear. "It's only the border patrol plane. See, they're waving. They're friends, and anyway—"

Lona and Andre ignored her. Lona had grabbed his arm in fury. "I told you!" she snapped at Andre, lips tight and pale. "It's a trap! A deliberate—"

He glared back. "But you yourself agreed they wouldn't be out now, Lona! You said they patrol the international line only in mornings. That's why you wanted to leave after noon!"

"Oh-h-h-h!" Lona was half standing and she shook Andre in an obvious little fit of frenzy fear. "I ought to have—"

"What is wrong?" Ronica coiled, loudly. "Shut up, and fly this thing fast!" Lona snapped. "If you don't, you'll—"

"H-s-s-s!" Andre tried frantically to quiet the girl, but plainly Lona was in a panic now.

"They're signaling me to turn back," Ronica called. "I don't know what's the matter but—sit down, kids, and don't be afraid. It's nothing endangering us, I'm sure. Careful—I'm going to turn."

"NO!" Andre yelled at her. "No you don't! Keep straight for Mexico or I'll kill you!"

Ronnie's chin dropped. Had she actually heard correctly? Frowning, incredulous of her own ears, she turned around in her seat again.

Andre's Apache Indian drum—the souvenir he had bought to take to a friend in Guaymas. It had been carefully packed in thick padding and tied with ropes, Ronnie had observed. All at once Lona opened the cabin door and kicked the drum outside!

"HEY!" Ronica yelled, in new astonishment. Sensing real danger now, Ronnie looked quickly out. The auto-giro was repeating its signals to turn back or land. She even thought she recognized the flyers in it. She handled her controls to obey them. A hand struck her shoulder, hard.

"Do as I tell you!" Andre Girardeau yelled, menacingly, in her ear. "Keep due south. Get across the line as quickly as possible!" "I won't!" "The hell you won't, you little fool!"

With a quick move, then, he jerked her out of the pilot's seat and literally threw her backward on the floor. Even as she moved she tried to reach under her leather jacket; there she carried the pearl-handled pistol Wes York had given her and ordered her to keep near. The plane lurched dangerously.

Ronnie's body struck the cabin floor, stunning her so that she came to a sitting position slowly. When her head cleared a few seconds later, Lona Montoya had taken her gun away and Andre Girardeau was at the ship controls.

She stared up front at the couple. Andre had often said he knew nothing of flying—but he handled this ship with obvious skill! Lona was shooting out a crack in a cabin window. Shooting and glowering at the auto-giro with that peculiar new fury in her face, an expression utterly unlike the Lona they had first known. It wasn't simply a Mexican girl in anger or fear; it was—different.

Ronnie didn't understand it, didn't understand anything. Her own fury was such that she was beginning to sob a little, partly from sheer helplessness. Somehow she knew Lona Montoya would shoot her on the slightest provocation now. Also that Andre Girardeau was anything but a friend.

All the past week's of adventure and change and excitement streamed through Ronnie's consciousness as she sat there on the floor of her golden monoplane. The new college entry, the friendship with Wesley York was that really Wes in the auto-giro?—the fight with the five Japanese, then the spying on Lona in Rainbow canyon, the fire at her home, everything, strangely, Wesley York had figured prominently, even h-c-o-l-e-r-d-y, in most of those exciting incidents—lordy, if Wes were only here to help her now!

Obviously, though, not even Wes could have aided her against the mad couple now kidnaping her. Andre, Lona, both foreign names, Ronnie suddenly realized. What, in truth, did she actually know about either of them? She had just accepted each at face value as she did any one who was interesting. Plainly both were afraid of the law.

Angered now beyond any sane control, Ronica Bailey did a characteristic thing. With Lona's attention centered with the gun out a window and Andre intent on his flying, Ronica grabbed a parachute case, quickly strapped it on and threw herself out the same cabin door from which the Indian drum had fallen.

(To be continued)

Around the County

Camas Valley

CAMAS VALLEY, March 21.—Cris McCann suffered a very serious head injury Friday when struck and knocked unconscious by a falling pole where he was employed on REA construction lines in the Sutherland district. He was rushed to Mercy hospital in Roseburg where he responded to treatment and rested well during the night. Further observation later proved the accident not as bad as at first feared and the patient is getting along nicely so far. His son, Clinton McCann, came down from Albany Tuesday afternoon to see his father and also visited his sisters, Mrs. Gerald Looney and Velda McCann before returning to Albany Wednesday.

Mrs. Ralph Beamer has been very ill for several days and was taken to Mercy hospital the first of the week where she underwent an operation. Mr. Beamer and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Packard went

For Hospitality Serve Wine

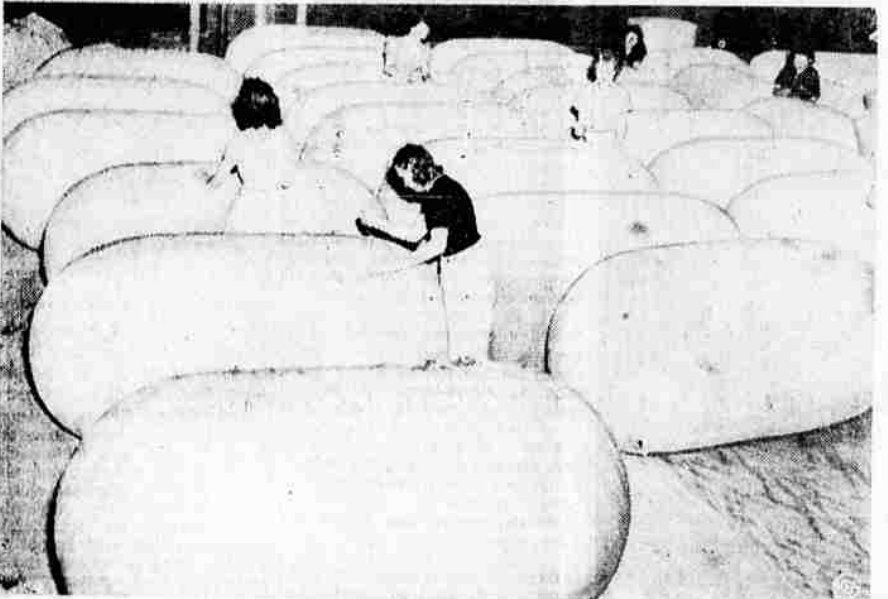
THE PACKAGE GROCERY 124 So. Jackson Opp. Indian Theatre Phone 620

OUR SCARDING HOUSE



With Major Hoopie

Bundles for Saving American Aircraft Downed at Sea



These are flotation bags designed to save Uncle Sam's land planes and their occupants if forced to descend on large bodies of water. They're being assembled at Goodyear's Akron plant for immediate use.

to Roseburg to see her Wednesday evening. Mrs. Eli Stillwell is doing the housework for the family during Mrs. Beamer's illness.

Frank Thrasher lately finished doing quite a bit of carpenter work at the John Harrison home. Some built-in were added and a stairway to the attic was built.

Bill Baker was home from OSC to spend the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Baker.

Alva Thomas and Miss Jo Stevens of Portland, spent the week-end at the home of Alva's mother, Mrs. Lee Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Schmidt have purchased two acres of land from Frank Thrasher at the south end of Bernard Denn's place and plan on building a home there. They are at present living in their trailer house on the Carmichael place.

Dewey Huntley has purchased a Model A Ford car. H. W. Lawson visited over the week-end with his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lawson of Roseburg, returning home Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Thrasher took care of the Gene Rowell service station Monday during the owner's absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Darrell Goodell and small son, Eddie, went to Salem Sunday to visit their daughter Faye, who is ill in a sanitarium there.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Oden and small daughter, Betty Lou, were over from Clark's Branch the first of the week after a cow they had purchased from Dewey Huntley.

The Camas Valley Sunday

OUR GOAL



Service that pleases is the goal we set—and we make it, every time you use one of our taxicabs! As comfortable as an... easy chair.

CALL TAXI 21 IMMEDIATE SERVICE EVERYWHERE

Simon Regarded Quick Loser To Joe Louis Tonight

By CHARLES DUNKLEY DETROIT, Mich., March 21.—(AP)—"How long will it last?" That old, familiar chant was heard today with Joe Louis, carrying on with what is described as his "bum-of-the-month" campaign, expected to blast the championship aspirations of ponderous Abe Simon tonight.

The battle, set for 20 rounds or less in Olympia arena, is jokingly or otherwise called the fifteenth defense Louis is making of his world's heavyweight championship since he won it from James J. Braddock in June, 1937.

As the hour of the bout approached there was no one, with the exception of Simon and his manager, Jimmy Johnston, who conceded ponderous Abe a chance. Simon stuck to his conviction that he never had been hurt by a blow and did not believe Louis could do it, either. He figured the champion would tire from throwing his punches and that he, Simon, would then come on to win.

Said Manager Johnston: "Abe, himself, told me that he would win, and who am I to call him a liar?"

The consensus was that the 250-pound Simon would not last more than four rounds and might not answer the bell for the second.

He will outweigh Louis by 47 pounds, an advantage which may only prolong the agony for the huge, slow-footed challenger.

Although no one questions the outcome of tonight's bout, scheduled to start at 7 p. m. Pacific standard time, it is expected to draw a capacity crowd of 14,000 and a gross gate of \$50,000.

Astoria High Receives Apology From Salem

ASTORIA, March 21.—(AP)—Salem's high school principal apologized yesterday for treatment of Astoria's championship basketball team in Salem last week, Principal E. D. Towler of Astoria said.

The apology ended talk of a break in relations, but Coach Wally Palmberg said he would take no more teams to Salem unless guaranteed such treatment would not be repeated.

He added, however, that a Salem football game at Astoria next fall would remain on schedule.

The Astoria players claimed a crowd menaced them during and

after a "victory banquet" last Saturday.

Scouts at Camas Given Prizes for Bird Houses

E. S. McClain, chairman for the district, together with Dr. Clair Allen and Dr. L. A. Dillard of the health and safety committee and Fred Hurd, camp chairman for the local boy scouts, traveled to Camas Valley last night in connection with a competition for the construction of bird houses by members of the Camas Valley boy scout troop. Judging was by Mr. Thresher of Camas Valley, who awarded prizes to Dick Thrush for his log cabin wren house; Guy Moore, Jr., for his house built from a section of tree with a knothole entrance and to Marcus Brown for his fine bluebird house of finished lumber.

Auto License Examiner Sets Date for Glendale

A special stop by the motor vehicle license examiner will be made at Glendale Thursday, March 27, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., according to an announcement from the office of the secretary of state. The examiner will receive applications from persons desiring permits or licenses to drive motor vehicles. The Glendale stop will be in addition to the regular weekly stop made every Tuesday at Roseburg. In Glendale the examiner will make his headquarters at the city hall.

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 spinning lines and lures at Powell's Hardware.—(Adv.)

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Sheet-Metal Works Sheet Metal Work Tailored to the Job 527 N. Jackson St. Phone 820

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SKATING

Wed., Sat. and Sunday at the RAINBOW RINK WINCHESTER

DANCE

At Olalla Saturday, March 22 3:30 THE SWINGSTERS

DID YOU EVER?

Attend an annual meeting of a non-co-op business? Vote for a director of a non-co-op business? Get a patronage refund from a non-co-op business? Own a part of a non-co-op business just by buying from it? Buy co-op, "You Own the Profits"

DOUGLAS COUNTY Farm Bureau Co-op. Exch. Roseburg, Oregon

Tomorrow

is

ROSEBURG AUCTION DAY

Bring your phony money and the family--Come and have a big time.

Good Old Snow

FALMOUTH, Mass.—It's an ill wind etc., etc. While Fred Howard was busy shoveling snow in front of his photographic studio, a defective oil heater started a blaze in the roof timbers. The heat cracked the glass in a big skylight, the snow fell in, and out the fire out.

Popular Book

A total of 1,404,000,000 volumes of the Bible, in 1039 different languages and dialects, have been published since the invention of printing.

Advertisement for Blitz Weinhard Beer. Features a large image of a beer bottle and the text: 'Know SECOND BOTTLE Satisfaction. The 2nd bottle test will convince you that Blitz-Weinhard is the one fine beer that gives you complete satisfaction in every bottle! Blitz WEINHARD GUARANTEED SATISFYING BEER. BLITZ-WEINHARD COMPANY PORTLAND OREGON'.

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