

SERIAL STORY DUDE COLLEGE

BY OREN ARNOLD

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CHAPTER XXII Wesley York, deeply hurt, told himself all at once that he was tired of endless worrying.

his old defensive "Quite so," and "Yes, indeed," and such poor conversational phrases until Teeny Travers, a cute bit from Detroit, grabbed him and literally forced him into jitterbugging.

Another car was parked at the Rocking R ranch home when he got there, so Wes knew instantly that he wouldn't be able to ask Ronnie his point-blank question.

That merely intensified the rivalry. And built up Wesley's spirits even more. The strange, delightful stimulant of feminine attention and approval was overwhelming to him and before 9:30 he found himself doing and saying things he would never have dreamed himself capable of.

Wesley suddenly avowed after supper this evening. Wherein, in characteristic action, he drove immediately out of town in his old sedan.

In short, an outsider looking in would surely have taken Dr. Woodrow Wesley York, Ph. D., not for a dignified instructor in archaeology but as some lively member of the junior or senior class, a young collegian very popular with the co-eds.

The Rocking R living room—a large hall beautifully done in log beams and Indian rugs and western furniture—was gay with music and laughter. Shyness halted Wes for a moment at the threshold, but both Mr. Bailey and Ronnie saw him. A moment later he was in the midst of seven Pueblo U. co-eds, lovely girls all, who were bantering him as the only eligible male present to dance with them.

Hilarity inside the Rocking R ranch mansion fitted the plans of

another individual perfectly. This individual, a woman dressed in man's clothes, drove out toward the ranch with a man about 19 o'clock. Car lights were turned off and their car parked on the open plain, headed back toward town, less than half a mile from the building.

"There is the residence," the man said, "and there the hangars. No moonlight to bother us, but just enough glow from the stars. You have your pistol?"

"Certainly," answered she. "All right. Remember now—first at the northeast corner behind the sahuaro cactus plant. Feel for the fuse. Lighted, it will glow no more than a cigarette for two minutes or so, then it will touch the prepared material. Hurry then to the rear corner and repeat. The fuse there ends at the largest rock that protrudes, under the tweediana vine. Light both and come directly back to the car. There will be ample time.

"Do not run, either going or coming, lest you arouse suspicion. If you meet any one merely say 'Hello' and go on by. Make your voice deep. Of course, in emergency, your gun is—"

SIDE GLANCES

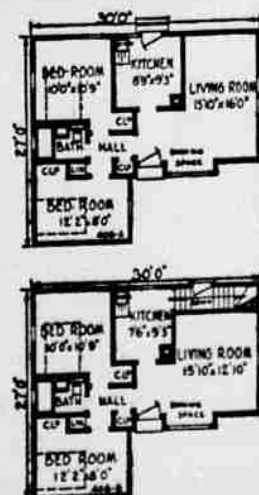


"And I thought I'd get out of running a tractor on my old man's farm by joining the army!"

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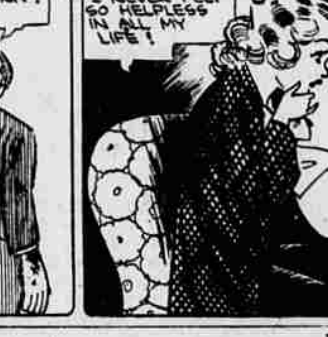
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