

SERIAL STORY

DUDE COLLEGE

BY OREN ARNOLD

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YESTERDAY, Wes catches Ronnie, glances at her, too, has been trailing Lona. Since it is too late to had the Mexican girl, they return home. Wes is silent, believes Ronnie cares for him, until a faculty member mentions a gossip column rumor of her engagement to Girardeau.

AN INTERRUPTED PARTY

CHAPTER XXII

WESLEY YORK, deeply hurt, told himself all at once that he was tired of endless worrying. Ronica had seemed so fine, so utterly fair with him and charming withal, that he just couldn't envision her being in love with a man like Andre Girardeau. Andre plainly was a playboy of a type all too common; Wes could hardly feel that Ronica had been taken in by him.

"I shall demand the truth myself," Wesley suddenly avowed after supper this evening. Wherefore, in characteristic action, he drove immediately out of town in his old sedan. His car, incidentally, was in much better shape than it had been on his original trip in this direction; its rattles were gone, its motor tuned carefully, and its body really attractive under new paint. He hoped Ronica would notice it.

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 Ronica his point-blank question. His idea had been to demand of her if she really did love Andre Girardeau, and to beg of her to—well, he hadn't planned quite that far, but he did hope to interfere with her "engagement" as announced by the New York columnist. He wished he might tell Ronica of Andre's meetings with Lona Montoya, but that wouldn't seem diplomatic. He'd have to think of something else.

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. Six guests had driven out to visit Ronica, with no dates tonight because of school ruling.

The talk was too rapid for Wes. Temporarily he slipped back into 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. Good sport at heart, Wes tried it. Moreover, he showed some talent—if jitterbug steps can be called such—and presently was actually enjoying himself. No normal man can long remain unhappy amid seven vivacious girls. Finally Ronnie Bailey herself interrupted Teeny and others who had pre-empted Wes.

"Goodness, you girls are terrible!" she declared, brightly. "Dr. York came to see me—not you!" 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. Just for plain old fun they created new dance steps. They chimed in with radio music and chorused the songs, stopping to improvise new words when they cared to. They cracked jokes and laughed indignantly. They even revived the old game of "handies" whereby you do cute imitations with fingers and hands, and Wes himself proved the cleverest of all.

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.

Harmless and impromptu as it was, this hour represented the highest good time Wesley York had ever known. At about 10 Mr. Bailey himself came through, smiled benignly and talked a bit before climbing to his upstairs room and going dutifully to bed. Youth, said Mr. Bailey, is for pleasure, but an older fellow touched with indignation must have his rest.

"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 cigaret 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.

voice deep. Of course, in emergency, your gun is—

"I understand," said the woman. "I am not a fool. And don't fail at your end, either, for this may be our only chance."

WESLEY YORK, playing his own accompaniment on the Bailey grand piano, roared out "The Branding Song" with a truly impressive baritone. The seven girls made a semi-circle around him, linked arm on shoulders.

"Ooooooo, Doc-tor York!" gushed Teeny Travers, in appreciation. "You do sing beautifully, Wes."

Ronica declared, "Do it again and we'll try it with you, huh?" They did three stanzas and were elated, and because range songs were a new experience to most of the dude college girls here, they sang every one Wesley could remember—"Home on the Range" and "Cielito Lindo" and "My Fiesta Song" and "Lowell of the Dos S Ranch" and "Nuevo Mexico" and snatches of many another.

Then because the mood struck him, Wes swung into the hauntingly beautiful music of "Pueblo Mio," the university's own song, with its weird minor thum-m-boom thum-m-boom background of Indian tom-toms and its quick chorus alive with yip-yip shoutings and castanets.

The young people were so engrossed in their pleasure that they were insensitive to anything else for a long while, but as "Pueblo Mio" ended some of the girls were rubbing their eyes. Two had been smoking cigarets, with no notice

taken. But all at once Wesley coughed. "Good lord!" he exclaimed. "The room's full of smoke!" They all turned, staring, motionless for an endless moment. Through their silence came an unmistakable crackling, and sooty smoke whirled under a doorway into the room as if blown by strong force. Ronica's hand jerked up in a gesture of defense. "Oh!" she cried out. "West Oh-h-h, Wesley!" (To Be Continued)

Earning His Wings



Don Brown, son of Joe E. Brown, film comedian, sports a new cadet-flyer uniform at the Calaveras Academy, Ontario, Calif., where he has begun a ninth-month flying course. He already is a lieutenant in the U. S. Infantry.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



TYCHO BRAHE, FAMOUS DANISH ASTRONOMER, LOST HIS NOSE IN A DUEL. AND THEREAFTER WORE ONE MADE OF GOLD! HE CARRIED CEMENT ABOUT WITH HIM, THAT HE MIGHT KEEP IT SECURELY FASTENED ON.



BIRDS, AS A WHOLE, LIVE ON A DIET OF APPROXIMATELY 66 PER CENT INSECTS



ANSWER: Chain mail is a flexible armor of interlocked metal links. Chain letters are written communications kept in unbroken circulation.

POWERFUL RULER

- HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1 Famous Russian empress. 9 She was nicknamed "The ..." 14 Drugs. 15 Cherry. 17 Scarlet. 18 Substance from aloes. 20 Small flap. 21 Deity. 22 Perfumed. 23 Convent dweller. 25 Half an em. 26 Pistol. 28 Mother. 29 To lick up. 31 Parent. 33 Kind of cheese. 34 To exist. 35 Hindustan dialect. 36 Aromatic. 38 Right (abbr.). 39 Morindin dye. 41 Evergreen tree. 42 Form of "I." 43 To rent. 45 Bullfighter. 49 Kind of lettuce. 50 Mover's truck. 52 To pardon. 53 Drone bee. 54 One that secedes. 56 Somewhat like berry. 59 She was the consort of the Emperor III. 60 She — her husband as ruler. 12 Photograph book. 13 Toward. 16 Unit. 18 Upon. 21 Military title. 22 To undermine. 24 Characters. 26 The major scale. 27 To spout forth. 29 Varnish ingredient. 30 Arguers. 32 Work of skill. 34 To be cautious. 40 River embankment. 42 Faults. 44 Diplomacy. 46 Form of "be." 47 Flat plate. 48 Auditory. 49 Opposed to warm. 51 River. 53 Pattern block. 54 Spain (abbr.). 55 Doctor (abbr.). 10 To soak fax. 57 Pronoun. 58 Road (abbr.).

Crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a woman in the center.

OUT OUR WAY

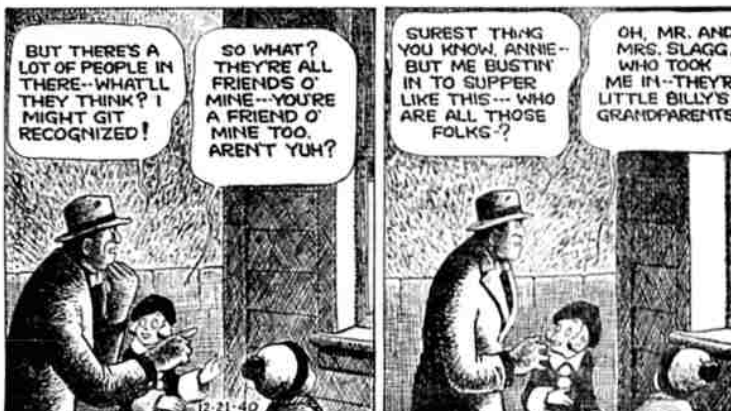
By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



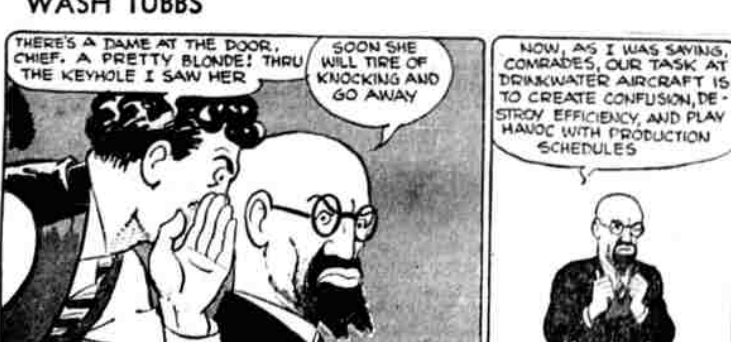
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY MARTIN



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY V. T. HAMLIN

