

Dude College

By OREN ARNOLD

YESTERDAY — When Wesley's stammered explanations fail to explain anything, Ronnie rushes him away, leaving Andre and Lona together. Carefully Andre reveals the ring that is identical to his. His confederate, Lona glimpses it, then turns on him, furiously. "Why did you delay? The high ones demand action!"

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THEY CLIMBED the stone stair with the beautiful wrought iron railing, passed through the gymnasium balcony and out an arched door on to the roof of another arched colonnade such as connected the Pueblo University buildings around a large patio. The roof here made a promenade with a knee-high rail, and Andre led Lona Montoya into a moon shadow cast by a high, rustling palm tree.

She put aside her crutch now because they were quite alone. Music from the dance floor seeped out and up to them suggesting a subtle background for romance, but only Andre responded to its suggestion. He looked at Lona with a sudden amused, half-smirking smile.

"You're beautiful when you are angry," he informed her.

"Did you come here on business or on pleasure?" Her voice was snappish. "You have taken too many drinks already tonight."

"Oh, take it easy, kid. I think we could get along fine! He fingered her arm, up and down. "Would you like a drink yourself? Now?"

"I am being paid to do a job and you are being paid to do a job, Mr. Girardeau. And we both know we can be found murdered if we fail. Why do I have to remind you of that?"

Andre laughed. "This isn't the moment for business! This is a lovely autumn evening! Look at the stars, my dear."

"I am not your dear."

He smiled genially at her. He had been walking slowly, with an arm around her as if in deference to her sprained ankle, which both knew was pretense. He held her a little closer, noting—with satisfaction—that she did not resist, despite her words. He wanted her to feel his strong arm.

"Like it out here?" He purred that ever so unperturbed. "Like me?"

She didn't answer.

But she sat on the low railing, 20 feet above the patio grass, and listened while he paid her numerous compliments. It was exceedingly easy to listen to save Andre Girardeau. His technique was a studied one that he had used many times before.

THE PATIO there was really a half-acre courtyard, landscaped with grass as rich as a golf green, with shrubs that banked impressively against the tan buildings, with tall curved palms and with vines that somehow managed to bedeck themselves with flowers even in fall.

It had been an obvious place for Ronica Bailey to lead her distressed professor friend when she wanted privacy. They had found a rustic bench beside a trickling fountain, and Ronica was sitting in the dim moonlight, hands behind her neck and head back so that she looked up at him.

She was Beauty itself in this perfect setting, but Wesley was too upset to observe such things now.

"Stand if you prefer, Wes. But please stand talking."

"I uh, Ronnie—I—" He took out his handkerchief to mop his chin, although he could hardly have been perspiring.

"Yes?" she encouraged. "We are out here to explain things. Aren't we?"

"Quite so. I mean—yes, Ronnie!" He sat down beside her. "I hope you will not stay angry at me. I—I came to your home. But your father said—he said that this, uh, Girardeau was taking you to the dance, and Girardeau was just ahead of me."

Ronnie's knees were crossed and she was swinging one very sharply lower limb as if to express impatience.

"On the contrary, Wes, you arrived just ahead of Andre. He even ran into your car, Daddy said. He had been drinking. You could have come in first. Besides, I don't care what Daddy told you. He's an old dear, but you didn't have to listen to him. You made the date with me, not with him!"

"You—you really would have gone to the dance with me? Me?" Wesley held out a hand as if in supplication.

"Certainly!"

He looked away, contrite. Ronnie sensed his mood.

"Yes," she resumed, kindly, "why do you think I might not? Didn't you believe me?"

He nodded. "At first. But—oh, goodness, Ronnie, you really are a lady in every way! To be very frank, I was scared. I, uh, have not had many dates. Not in years. I have but little money, whereas you, the Baileys, and this Girardeau—" He paused, still looking off.

"I think I understand, Wes. But it's foolish. I mean, unfair!"

"I know. But this Girardeau mistook me for a servant and said so. I was trying to apologize for any car damage, when—"

Under the spell of her kindness there the young professor talked himself out. He told more than he had meant to, really; more of his inner feelings.

But he found this good, and it somehow warmed him to Ronica Bailey more than ever, although to keep from revealing this new warmth of feeling he presently lapsed back into a formal manner and tone. Then they had talked for perhaps half an hour. Ronnie stood up.

"I'm so happy we understand each other," she said, "and I think I shall go explain more to Andre now."

"No," said Wes, with sudden determination. "I shall go myself. I wish to demonstrate that I am not, uh, afraid of him. Not awed."

She was smiling at his boyish way, which could be in such contrast to Wesley York, the professor. She sat down again to wait, and with arms still behind her head she gazed at the colonnade with its lights basking in moon glow.

Her attention was attracted by two figures on the colonnade; man and girl, on the roof. Apparently the girl was sitting, the man standing over her.

Ronnie leaned forward, straining to

HOLD EVERYTHING



COPIE 1940 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"That's our building landlord in the other chair—the boss is a little pooped over the rest being jacked up lately."

FUNNY BUSINESS



COPIE 1940 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"I wish to complain, sir, about the bugler's ungodly hours!"

THIS CURIOUS WORLD



COPIE 1940 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"KID KOPPER
WHICH ONE OF THE NINE MAJOR PLANETS IS KNOWN TO BEAR LIFE?"

ANSWER—The one we live on . . . the earth.

Johnny Gets His Gun
Rookie Must Take Good Care
Of \$87.50 Worth of Clothes

One of a series taking a draftee into Uncle Sam's new Army.

By MILTON BRONNER
Times Special Writer

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—John Q. Citizen will learn early in his career as a private that his uniform is a mighty important thing.

His non-commissioned officers, as well as regular officers, will carefully inspect the condition of his uniform and his rifle.

When clothing supplies are issued to the draftee, he will be carefully measured and the sizes will be recorded, so that replacements for worn-out articles can easily be supplied. The draftee is given clothes valued by the Government at \$87.08.

The articles are two waist belts made of webbing, one leather belt, one olive drab field cap, two olive drab serge coats, one cored hat, seven pairs of drawers, one pair of woolen gloves, six white cotton handkerchiefs, one denim work hand, two denim work jumpers, two pairs of canvas leggings, two cotton drab wool overcoat, one olive drab wool overshirt, two wool and two cotton shirts, one pair of garrison and two pairs of

service shoes, eight cotton or wool socks, three pairs of cotton trousers, two pairs of wool trousers, two pairs of denim work trousers and nine cotton or woolen undershirts.

He also draws a safety razor with five blades, tooth brush, shaving brush, comb and three towels.

NEXT—Army menus.

I beg pardon, but this is hardly a safe place for—"You again, eh?" said a voice, unfortunately Andre's. "I suppose you prefer to kiss her yourself?" Ronnie saw the dark shadows merge behind the sound of a blow. And then—

Somebody toppled over the low roof railing.

Quite involuntarily, Ronnie screamed.

(To Be Continued)

(All events, names, and characters in this story are fictitious.)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



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"THE MAJOR'S IDEA OF EXERCISE AND A LITTLE FUN =

11-29

With Major Hoople



11-29

OUT OUR WAY



COPIE 1940 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"WELL, I HAVE TO TELL YOU, ALEX, BUT THEY GOT AN APPRENTICE BOY TO RIDE YOUR MACHINE WHILE YOU'RE OFF—HE USED TO BE A PLASTERER AN' CEMENT MAN"

11-29

THE "TRADE RAT"

COPIE 1940 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"THE 'TRADE RAT'"

11-29

By Williams

A MASON TOLD ME THAT THERE AIN'T ENOUGH MACHINIST WORK TO KEEP A SON BUSY IN THE TRADE. SO HE'S GOIN' MACHINIST SO HE CAN CEMENT



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"W-WAIT! DON'T THROW IT!"

11-29



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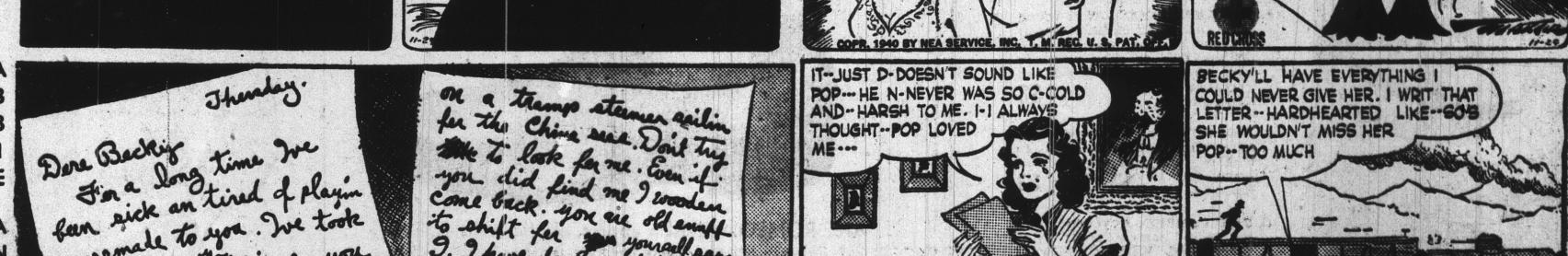
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