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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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The News This Week

OVERSHADOWING all else in the news of the week was the announcement Monday that the United States supreme court had declared the AAA law unconstitutional.

Thus, like NRA, the entire AAA program ended instantly with the decision. There will be no more corn-hog contracts. No more wheat acreage agreements—the whole program is ended.

Now administration officials are holding daily conferences in an effort to formulate some program that will in a measure substitute for the adjustment program. The purchase of marginal lands, returning them to the public domain would accomplish the control of production but this suggestion has not yet been made.

* * *

The big news of the week all came out of the nation's capital. The Byrnes-Stetwer bonus bill, backed by the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Disabled American Veterans, sailed through the House of Representatives in record time and with a record vote. The vote was 356 to 59. That is more votes than will be necessary to pass the law over the president's veto should that happen. It is freely predicted, however, that the president will sign this measure. The bonus bill will have consideration of the senate committee Monday and will reach the floor of the senate fairly soon, it is predicted.

Jerry Owen, executive secretary of the World War Veterans State Aid Commission for the state of Oregon, predicts that payment of the bonus will release $3,800,000 to the state and to the various counties in the form of payments of delinquent taxes and payments on the state aid loans. Of course, that is purely incidental to the large amount of money that will be released in Oregon for general expenditure by the veterans.

* * *

The war in Ethiopia has contributed bad news for the Italians. The black troops have been inflicting heavy damage upon the soldiers of Il Duce and the war, which has been merely a forward march of Italian troops until recently, is taking on the appearance of a genuine conflict.

Almost nothing has been heard during the week from the League of Nations. Certain sanctions are in force but they seem to have little influence upon the activity of Italy. If a complete oil embargo is enforced there will be more notice taken of the league's demands but the enforcement of a strict oil embargo might mean European war. The league treads cautiously and meanwhile the war in Africa goes on.

* * *

Locally, the high news spot of this week was the annual banquet of the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce. Held in the Hotel Umpqua this year instead of in the Methodist church as has been the practice for several years, the entire program was broadcast over KRNR, the Roseburg radio station. Special permission to make this broadcast in the evening hours was obtained by W. C. Harding, secretary of the chamber of commerce, from the Federal Communications Commission in Washington. Thus, not only those who attended the meeting heard the program but thousands heard the music and speeches in their own homes.

George Koehn, state commander of the American Legion was the principal speaker and his talk was splendid. He talked on Americanism and this writer believes that if everyone in the country could hear a speech similar to that about twice each year there would be less grumbling against the "guvament" and a more cheerful outlook on life.

W. C. Harding, secretary of the chamber of commerce, made his annual report. The Roseburg chamber has accomplished much during the year but most gratifying is the fact that the organization closed the year with all bills paid and a small bank balance. That is a fine record and unsurpassed by any such organization in the state.

* * *

Bruno Hauptmann has one last chance for his life. His case is being reviewed by the New Jersey pardon board today. Will this board overrule the decision of the trial jury?

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1.)

vailed.

NOW note THIS sentence from the same dispatch:

"There was evidence (in Washington on Wednesday, following the AAA decision) that administration leaders hope the nation will REJECT the constitutional views of the supreme court's majority and eventually follow the course upheld by the minority."

Well, a lot of people hope that at the next election the nation will reject the views expressed by the majority of the voters at the last election and eventually follow the course upheld by the minority.

So, you see, it's an even break.

BY THE way, have you heard the latest New Deal story, which runs something like this:

Back in the days when they were killing the pigs and the veal calves, etc., they started a New Deal crew out from Washington with instructions to go to each farm, kill half the animals of certain kinds they found, pay the farmer for them and go on.

"But," the crew protested, "we don't know one farm animal from another. What if we make a mistake and kill the wrong kind?"

"Oh, that's easy," was the reply. "Here's a book, with pictures. If you're in doubt about any animal you find, just look in the book."

SO THE crew took the book and started out and got along all right until the foothills of the Rockies were reached. Here they ran into a band of goats, and were STUMPED.

They looked in the book, but it didn't seem to enlighten them. So they sent this telegram to Washington:

"Find strange animal not in book. Has sad face, long white whiskers and mud all over its feet. What shall we do?"

This answer came by return wire:

"For heaven's sake don't kill. That's the farmer we're trying to help."

ORATORY, AWARDS FEATURE ASSEMBLY

The Roseburg high school assembly was held yesterday in the gymnasium with the interclass girls' declamatory contest ending thus: first, with Maxine Smith reciting "Sally Ann's Experience," by E. C. Ball; Betty Russell, representing the juniors, second, with "Daddy Dresses the Baby," by J. L. Harbaur; Madlyn Henninger, representing the sophomores, third, with "Let There Be Brotherly Love," by T. H. Biggs.

Football awards were given to Clifford Collins, Keith Bannister, Louie Dillard, Fletcher Gardner, John Faucette, Pete Rutter, Bill Rutter, Bill Scherner, Carl Wassom, Warren Denney, Lawrence Rand, Jay Shinn, Bob Russell, LaVern Harris and the managers, Bruce Carter and Frank Maddelburg, by H. H. "Red" Turner, coach.

PRIZE PLAY DATED AT M. E. CHURCH

The 1934 prize award play, "St. Claudia," is to be presented Friday, January 17, at the Methodist Episcopal church in Roseburg by the Olmstead players, nationally known professional artists, it is announced by Rev. F. B. Lockhart, pastor. The religious play has been given in 1,200 churches of the country since it was first presented by the Olmstead players at Los Angeles five years ago.

The first presentation, given as a church entertainment, called forth so many invitations for repetition that the company finally went on tour with the drama, and has been traveling constantly.

There will be no admission charge but a silver offering will be taken. The general public is invited to attend.

DIVORCE GRANTED ON CRUELTY CLAIM

A decree of divorce was granted in the circuit court here today in the case of Alphabel Bailey against Ralph E. Bailey on allegations of cruelty. The couple was married November 10, 1934. The plaintiff, represented by Attorneys John T. and J. V. Long, was granted the return of her maiden name, Alphabel Grubbs.

Leonard Hicks, "six foot six," has a wife not quite five feet. She refused to go places with him because he was "too tall," he told the court in Seattle. "Divorce granted, the court said, "that's cruelty."

Hatching

LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XXXIII

"What's the idea of saying a thing like that?" demanded Kent irritably.

"But it's true!" She looked up at him with a fond teasing light in her gold-flecked eyes.

"I suppose you're trying to say she isn't Browning and old port—nor yet champagne and the Ritz—that she's common—"

"No, you're saying that!" remonstrated Sharlene quickly. "I didn't mean to be catty, really. I had my mind on—I guess I was trying to be humorous—out of turn. Sorry."

"Well, anyway," Kent said belligerently to his brother, "this girl's acquired enough polish to suit millions of fans! Now, look. The company has taken up the last option on her contract. When the year's up, she can say what she wants to do. They'll want her again, but if we get in with a better offer ahead, and help her to make up her mind to join us—" He paused and smiled brilliantly at them.

"It'll take a lot of dough," remarked Leigh pessimistically. "If the bedding for her starts—there's no end."

"It does seem risky," Sharlene put in hesitantly, "to splurge like that—on one artist. Times like these—it scares me when I know I'm losing money every day. Even though I believe the depression will—"

"Don't croak," advised Kent. "You haven't lost so much. Besides, it's my money I'm investing in this, so we'll begin the campaign to get De Vore right away. She'll fall for the social thing long before I even hint at a contract. I want you to have her here to a big, hang-up, important dinner, Sharlene—"

"Oh, Kent!" she protested, taken aback. "I couldn't—"

"Don't be so snoopy."

"It isn't that, but—but—" she caught his eye and gave in wearily as she always did to him. "Well, anyway, let's wait till mother arrives to help us put it over."

Kent himself made out the list of dinner guests, selecting the socially elect, purposely leaving out any other motion picture people except Lucien Morrow, whom Sharlene wanted. He planned to impress Julie, to catch her fancy, to gain her confidence. He guessed that she would be ambitious for a brilliant social future with no less than a prince for a husband, and was probably grooming herself for it already.

Kent was correct in his surmise. For some time Julie had hired a lady of former high social prominence in New York and London, but now bankrupt, to act as companion and mentor.

When the long coveted invitation came, Julie rehearsed painstakingly for her debut in society. She chose to wear black velvet, for—whether it was bought in Paris or at a month-end sale—it still set off her white skin and dark hair better than anything else. It had the added advantage, which Julie never discounted, of making her look even more appealingly tiny—in mink.

But the starlet's lately acquired poise failed her when she swept into the drawing-room and saw Mrs. Standring. The memory of the silly, hysterical scene she had enacted here in this room before this southwoman rushed over Julie in a wave of intolerable chagrin. She warmed her faltering spirits with jealous fires as she saw Sharlene coming toward her.

"So nice to have you," murmured Sharlene. "Mother, this is Miss De Vore."

"Ah, I've met you before!" said Mrs. Standring unexpectedly.

Julie reddened painfully under her perfect make-up.

Sharlene glanced at her mother in surprise. "Why, mother, are you sure?"

"Yes, indeed! I had the privilege, once, to observe a star in the making." She smiled kindly at the girl and put out her hand. "I congratulate you, Miss De Vore. I know you have a great talent."

Julie suddenly hated Mrs. Standring almost as much as she did Sharlene. She was so furious that for once she could not speak. She stood biting her lip as Mrs. Standring released her hand and stepped forward to greet another guest.

"Oh, Ernest," Mrs. Standring said, "you must come and see my new prints—" They moved off together.

"I must hear the story something," Sharlene was saying to Julie, "how you and mother met. But now I want you to know—"

"Sharlene!" called a young man from the archway, holding the hand of a laughing vision in green. "Can't I take in Phyllis?" A second young man held the girl's other hand.

"Wait for me a minute, won't you?" Sharlene said to Julie. "I'll have to referee this!"

Julie swallowed hard and watched from under sulky lashes the tall slender figure of her hostess. She was fiercely jealous of her. Of that lovely mouth, serene and kind, of that glorious hair, of the whole radiant woman, smiling as she had smiled in those sketches of Stuart's. Julie felt inferior in every inch of her own small body, in spite of the costly clothes which at first had made her so complacent. She felt not only inferior but insecure.

However, Kent Damerell approached suddenly with an air of proprietorship that was heartening. "Miss De Vore! You're looking splendid!"

That sounded like a line from a play, Julie thought, remembering how she had taunted this room as a movie set that other time she had come here. The starlet was searching frantically for the proper mid-English answer. "Oh! Thank you," she managed to say. "I'm ashamed to be beah." It sounded as if she were speaking a piece, and succeeded only in making her the more furious as Sharlene, gracious and poised, returned to her.

"My wife," Kent was saying easily, "is such a fan of yours that she always refers to you here at home as 'Julie.'"

"Oh!" Julie surveyed her hostess with insolent eyes. "Perhaps it's because she's heard it so often. I'm a very, very good friend of Stuart Pennington's."

Scratch! Claw! Jab! Julie was exultant for an instant until she realized that Mrs. Damerell was quite unmoved.

"Yes," Sharlene was saying, with her quiet smile, "you were so good to Stuart. I shall never forget it."

Kent, who was embarrassed and annoyed by the mention of Pennington's name, glanced irritably at his wife, as if that intrusion had been her fault.

Julie was acutely conscious that she was distinctly "out of place"; she stood tongue-tied and defiant until Sharlene rescued her.

"Kent, you must take Miss De Vore around and see that she meets everybody. I want her to have a good time. I asked Bob Arniston particularly to amuse her."

Arniston! Julie nearly swooned at the sound of that important name. Why, this was the inner circle, the holy of holies! She gathered herself together desperately to make the most of her rare and shining opportunity.

But la De Vore found herself, after all, only an object of veiled curiosity to the impeccable Mr. Arniston and to the others as well. They were polite—and so pleasant—but they had so few things in common with her that they fell to talking amiably about her profession. . . . Mr. Arniston at one side of her at dinner, and a Mr. Van Court on the other, deplored academically the passing of the pantomimic art of the old silent pictures. They argued hotly about a renaissance in dramatic art—with each other. . . . Julie sat silently between them while their talk whirled wilderingly around her head on the esoterics and conatus of her job.

After dinner Lucien captured Sharlene for a few minutes when she had got the bridge players down to work, and they strolled up and down on the terrace.

"I haven't seen you since New Orleans, Sharlene."

"That's right. You started us off on this mad movie business!" She shook her head at him while grinning ruefully.

"I didn't imagine your husband would really take the idea seriously. But he's head over heels in it, they tell me. He's got the enthusiasm and the grit to carry it through, I believe."

"Yes. It's a game you see. He's good at games."

During the short walk, Lucien glanced into the drawing room through the French windows and observed with a chuckle:

"Funny to see little Julie—here. . . . She's so well-behaved I'm afraid she'll topple over backward!"

Sharlene smiled and then sighed. "Of course, she brings Stuart Pennington back very close, Lucien. . . . That afternoon up at his little house—" Her voice faltered.

"Yes," observed Lucien impressively, "but Julie's climbed a long way since that."

Sharlene, seemingly lost in thought, sat down on the balustrade. "Tell me about Stuart," she said with sudden determination.

"What about him?" Lucien seated himself beside her.

"I mean—is he working?"

"Yes."

"But—Lucien, I thought, when I released him from bondage, he'd blossom right out. Instead, he hasn't been heard from—not a picture in all these months! I've been afraid—"

There was a long silence before Sharlene added: "You know, Lucien, even though I'm the happiest woman in the world, I've always got the ache in my heart—and the humiliation—of knowing that I hurt Stuart."

Lucien did not answer.

"I wish," she went on wistfully, "that I could know, beyond a doubt that he is completely recovered. I'd rather be sure that he—hated me than to fear that he might still be caring—and so is unable to work—"

"Do you mean that, Sharlene, or are you just talking?"

She turned her dark earnest eyes on him and clasped his hand. "Oh, Lucien, you don't know what it would mean to me!"

"It's pretty stiff medicine, but—well, here's what he told me. He said Sharlene had died and left him on a ship that passed in the sunset."

"Yes?" she broke the pause that followed. "That's true, I guess. Go on."

"He said he remembered that Sharlene with great love—but that he hated the Sharlene of the later months—"

"Hated?"

"He said—hated. And that he was glad he had got rid of that feeling and now was merely indifferent."

She was silent a long time. . . . "I deserve it," she said briefly at last. "But can he work now?"

"Yes, he's all right now. Go and see a picture of his that's to be hung in Las Palmas del Rey Gallery, this coming week. That'll convince you."

"Thank you, Lucien. You've been a brutal but kind surgeon."

"You asked for it!"

"Yes and I'm relieved. I don't feel so guilty about my own deep happiness. Shall we go in?"

* * *

Julie was just thinking that she would scream if she had to listen to the high-brows any longer, when Kent hurried up.

"Here! Here!" he interfered laughingly. "You fellows are wasting a divine opportunity! You mustn't talk shop to her. She's marvelous at the better art of flirting!" He bore her off to another room where he could have her to himself. And—

La De Vore was surprised to find that Kent Damerell was quite vulnerable. He wasn't just being the polite host, as she thought at first. He was actually falling for her. And how that revived her!

"Oh, Mr. Damerell!" she sighed, rolling her big eyes at him and heaving her white shoulders entrancingly with the force of her sigh, "you were more than kind to rescue me."

"Those beastly bores—loving the sound of their own voices," Kent said disgustedly and then smiled indulgently at her. "You're so little," he said, and let a caressing note creep into his voice, "so much littler than you look on the screen."

Julie thrust out a tiny foot in its absurd slipper where he could not fail to see it. "Oh, dear," she murmured plaintively. "I sometimes wish I were big—like your wife. She's so handsome—and commanding. You know what I mean. She'll make a grand dowager in a few years."

The claws were out again, but so cleverly sheathed in alluring black velvet that Kent did not recognize them.

"You know," he said softly, leaning close, "I've looked at millions of pictures lately, and I think you've got the best technique of any girl on the screen—in love scenes."

"Do you?" she murmured. "Well I've had a lot of practice."

"I'll bet you have."

"Some of the actors I have to kiss," she confided childishly, "are just horrid! Then I think of someone I love terribly to kiss and so I get away with the scene."

"I see. Some one particular man?"

She flashed a provocative look at him and lowered her lashes quickly.

"Wouldn't you love to know?" she said tantalizingly.

Dance music drifted in from a balcony. Some of the guests were dancing in the other rooms. Kent got up and held his arms out silently to Julie. She melted into them and they began to sway rhythmically together in the space between the bookcases. After a while he held her closer.

"You're so little," he whispered, "and light. I hardly know I've got you."

Sharlene came into the library presently and stood for a minute watching the slow, languorous, seductive performance of her husband and la De Vore before they saw her.

"Sorry to interrupt," Mrs. Damerell said unruffled, "but the Lovejoys are leaving early, Kent—"

Julie fancied she caught a slight note of irritation in Sharlene's voice and it elated her. So, the lady was still crazy about this bozo—and he was the kind to stray away from mamma. Perfect! She'd pay back a few old scores now, on her own and on Stuart's account.

(To be continued)

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

Among the most startling things that the scientists found in the tomb of Tutankhamen was a petrified hen's egg.

King Tut didn't have any chickens, (he kept ostriches and pigeons), so there is great speculation regarding how this hen fruit got there. It is apparent that petrification wouldn't shrink an ostrich egg, nor would it be apt to swell the dove eggs, so the world of science is stumped.

An English professor volunteered the suggestion that after the Pharoah died, his widow probably kept chickens and one of them maybe crept into the crypt, laid this egg and then crept out again.

I was telling this to my neighbor and he said, "You seem to have a heluva time with everything. If the king didn't have any chickens of his own, maybe his old lady got it in the grocery store."

TOWNSEND CLUBS' DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

LOOKINGGLASS — P. M. Nash, principal of the Lookingglass school, was the principal speaker at the Lookingglass Townsend club meeting January 6. T. W. Morgan, president, conducted the club's business session, which was followed by an interesting program consisting of accordion solo, Marian Zoeter; harmonica solo, A. W. Wallace; orchestra music, Felix, Tommy and Madelyn Zoeter; violin solo, Clare Meredith; guitar and vocal, Lester Tipton; reading, Henry Jones; old time music, Billy Vinson; guitar and vocal, Mapril Howard; accordion solo, Calvin Williams. Refreshments were served late in the evening. About 50 members and friends were present.

KRNR PROGRAM
(1,500 Kilocycles)
SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

SUNDAY, JAN. 12
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Music.
9:00—Program for the U. S. Vet. Facility with "Doughboy Songs,' by Florence Grow and Herbert Hines.
10:00—"Down Melody Lane."
10:30—Songs of Ireland.
10:45—Songs of Hawaii.
11:00—The Roadman brothers by remote control from the Indian Theatre.
11:45—"As You Like It" request program.
1:00—Hotel Valley's Familiar Melodies with Hod and Frank Roadman at the Indian Theatre organ.
1:30—Popular Stars and Orchestras.
1:45—"Fireside Memories" with Cecil Black.
2:30—Salon Music.
3:00—KRNR Little Theatre presents "The Meeting," with local cast.
3:30—"Story Land," and matinee.
4:00—Waltz Time.
4:30—"Paths of Memory."
5:00—Sign Off.

MONDAY, JAN. 13
Morning Hours
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:15—Douglas Co. Flour Mill, "The Mill Wheel Turning Round."
7:30—The News-Review on the Air.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club, cont.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Classical Program.
9:30—Federal Housing Program.
9:45—Band Music.
10:00—Woman's Exchange.
10:45—"A Musical Bouquet."
11:00—The Tavern's Novelty Fun Fest.
11:15—"As You Like It."
Afternoon Program
12:05—Copco's "Pinto Pete."
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Varieties.
1:00—San Soussi Turkey Show.
1:15—"The Musical Globe Trotter."
2:00—Vanity Fair and the World Bookman.
2:15—Hotel Valley's "Familiar Melodies."
2:30—Vocal Selections.
3:00—Dance Music.
3:30—"Story Land."
4:00—"The Editor Views the News."
4:15—The Sandwich Shop in Fun and Frolic.
4:30—"Tonic Tunes."
5:00—Sign off.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS BATTLE IN GAMES

Girls of Roseburg senior high school have been holding a series of inter-class basketball games after school. The seniors defeated the sophomores Tuesday night by a score of 23 to 14. Those on the senior team were: Forwards, Grace McKibben and Norma Walker; centers, Carmen Lovelace and Frances Florence, with Vera Goetz substituting; guards, Lois Updike and Clara Hagar, with Betty Boyer substituting. The sophomore team personnel was: Forwards, Eloda Taylor and Bernice Clark; centers, Betty Belle Knott and Maxine Bartley; guards, Velda Hoffmeister and Helen Cooney. The game was hard-fought by both teams.

Friday night the sophomores defeated the juniors 23 to 8. Forwards on the sophomore team were Eloda Taylor and Fern Thompson, with Janet Collier substituting. Guards were, Velda Hoffmeister and Helen Cooney; centers, Betty Belle Knott and Maxine Bartley. The junior team consisted of forwards, Braunda Conn and Myrtle Shook; guards, Viola Fridlund and Alice McKibben; centers, Fanny Lu Wimberly and Edna Clark, with Jean Eppstein and Elizabeth Campbell substituting. The game was hard fought and numerous fouls were called on both teams.

CHURCH HAS NEW TYPE OF SERVICE

The P. S. A., "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon," a new type of Sunday service, will be held at 3 p. m. Sunday at the Presbyterian church in Roseburg. This type of meeting is patterned after a famous gathering in Edinburgh, Scotland, of the same name. The plan of the meeting is that of an informal "sing" with solos, duets, quartets and instrumental numbers furnished by those in the group who wish to take part. The purpose of the gathering is to furnish a place to go on winter Sunday afternoons which will be informal and enjoyable, and which will develop singing voices. The singing will be led by an experienced director. All ages are invited.

E. A. COLLIER ABLE TO RETURN HOME

E. A. Collier, division highway engineer here, is to return home this afternoon from the Eugene hospital, where he has been confined for the past three weeks as the result of critical injuries suffered in an automobile accident at Eugene. Mr. Collier was seriously hurt when a state highway department car, in which he was riding, was struck by a laundry truck, resulting in the death of the driver of the truck, and serious injury to E. E. Umphlette, highway engineer at Eugene, who was with Collier. Mr. Collier has recovered sufficiently to be returned to his home, and will come to Roseburg by train.

BODY OF WAR VET TO BE SENT EAST

The body of Clarence V. Mills, who died January 7 at the veterans facility hospital here, will be sent to Philadelphia for burial. The Roseburg Undertaking company is making arrangements for shipment of the body in compliance with instructions received from relatives.

Justus Dinkel, 88, of Trabenthal, and his brothers, Hermann, 82, and Wilhelm, 80, estimate that together they have drunk 65,700 bottles of wine in the last 60 years.

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE
Farmers Security Bank
at Yoncalla, County of Douglas, Oregon, at close of business, December 31, 1935.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts		$ 37,879.44
Overdrafts		18.54
Bonds, securities, etc.		90,473.66
Banking house, none; furniture and fixtures $400		400.00
Real estate owned other than banking house		1,403.65
Cash, due from banks and cash items		64,236.61
Other resources		273.88
Total resources		$194,685.78

LIABILITIES

Deposits:		
Demand deposits	$141,885.71	
Time deposits	23,844.49	
Total deposits		$168,730.20
Capital account:		
Capital	$15,000.00	
Surplus	5,000.00	
Undivided profits—net:	5,955.58	
Total capital account (includes $7,500.00 capital debentures and/or borrowings)		25,955.58
Total liabilities		$194,685.78

State of Oregon, County of Douglas, ss:
I, A. L. Laswell, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
A. L. LASSWELL, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of January, 1936
ROBT. W. DAVIS,
Notary Public for Oregon. My commission expires Sept. 11, 1938.
CORRECT—Attest:
JESS R. LASWELL,
A. F. STEARNS,
Directors.

COMING
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
?
WATCH
Roseburg News-Review