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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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"Bonus" Tomorrow.

TOMORROW will be a big day for hundreds of veterans in Douglas county. The bonds for the redemption of the adjusted compensation certificates have been received by the Roseburg post office and distribution will begin tomorrow morning.

The regulations require that the bonds be delivered to the home address of each veteran who has made application. The bonds must be signed for personally by the veteran.

This is one distribution of cash by the government that is not boondoggling. The money being paid to the world war veterans this week is the payment of a genuine debt. The payment was actually due, by act of congress previously, in the year 1945. The last congress voted that payment should be made now.

The money was earned by the veterans. Even with the payment of this so-called bonus, the soldiers of the war period were the lowest paid men in the entire country. The commonest of common labor was paid $4 a day or more during that time. Bonuses were paid the railroads, government employes (non-military), munitions makers, building contractors and others. Many such bonuses were paid long after the war but they were paid quietly and without nationwide agitation or general knowledge. But the soldiers—the men who were ready to give their lives—those men got a dollar a day and "board."

Nearly a half million dollars will be received by Douglas county veterans. The distribution of this amount of cash will help everybody.

Japs Move On.

THE JAPS are moving again in northern China, and using typical oriental strategy. They are "demonstrating against themselves." That is, they foment native demonstrations against Japan, then the Japanese government indignantly remonstrates and Japanese troops move in and suppress the demonstrators and take control. The next step is buying up the local rulers. Chinese government in that decadent region nowadays is mostly a racket. The Japs take over the racket along with the racketeers, and make the latter puppet governors taking their orders from Tokio.

The Japs are also moving farther west in inner Mongolia, whence came the Mogul conquerors who ruled China in her great days—Genghis Khan and Kublai Khan and their successors. The intruders have set up a Mongol prince there to rule for them, as they did previously in Manchuria. So well have they succeeded that Chinese supplies designed for Outer Mongolia, which is dominated by the Russians, now have to go the long way around through eastern Siberia.

The North China enterprise is chiefly commercial. The Mongolian is military. It looks to the war with Russia which both countries regard as inevitable. World-history may be made there in another year or two.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

him you would get a fairly well informed answer.

At the present moment, the race is between a distinct SOMEBODY and a nobody.

HERE is an interesting question: How did this nobody become the unanimous choice of the Republican national convention?

That question isn't easily answered, but probably it was because Alf Landon typifies in millions of people's minds the kind of leader this country needs at this particular hour. He has been built up as a shrewd, quiet, tolerant, VERY ORDINARY individual who doesn't believe in Santa Claus and very definitely DOES believe in hard work, economy and common sense.

Millions of people are convinced that this is the kind of leader we ought to have right now, and are AFRAID of supermen. So Landon appealed to them.

That made it easy for him to dominate the convention, and HARD for anyone else to head him off.

IN THE minds of voters who are dissatisfied with the New Deal, and fearful of its ultimate consequences to the country, there was a picture of the kind of man the country ought to have, and Landon happened to fit that picture.

That is about all there was to it.

DOES he fit the picture? Is he the man of the hour?

You can't answer those questions. This writer can't. Few people can. Perhaps NOBODY can. It is too early yet. This man Landon is still too much of a stranger to us.

But if he IS the man of the hour, he must have courage enough to tell us a lot of things we won't want to hear but for our own good we MUST hear. In this particular year, Alf Landon can't pussyfoot his way into the White House.

If he is really the man the country needs, we will know it long before November.

DON'T think he is the man just because somebody tells you so. Don't think he ISN'T the man just because somebody tells you that. Size him up for yourself. Draw your own conclusions.

And when November comes, VOTE YOUR CONVICTIONS.

This will be a year for voting convictions.

Oddities Gleaned From Day's News

Gable Has "It"

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., June 16.—(AP)—Clark Gable isn't handsome, in the opinion of James Montgomery Flagg, illustrator, but he is "supercharged" with sex appeal.

This was Flagg's explanation of why he left Gable out of his list of the six handsomest film actors. They were Gary Cooper, George Brent, Ronald Colman, Robert Taylor, Cary Grant and Francis X. Shields.

Friend In Need

NEW HARTFORD, Conn., June 16.—(AP)—Robert Carpenter of Pine Meadow was spanked by an unidentified motorist and liked it.

Carpenter was strolling when an automobile stopped just ahead of him. The driver leaped out and began whacking him about the hip pockets. Carpenter's trousers were on fire, matches he carried having become ignited in some unexplained manner.

Training Upset.

SPARTA, Ga., June 16.—(AP)—Farm mules in this area are suffering from the jitters because of a drought trick.

Cottonseed planted early failed to grow on account of the dry weather so farmers planted fresh seeds between the old rows.

Heavy rains came. All the cotton sprouted and now mules trained for years never to destroy cotton must haul plows along, tearing out whole rows of the plant.

Lie Fails to Go Over

CHICAGO, June 16.—(AP)—Emerging from a fur store with a fuzzy bundle under his arm, Nathan Sonnonschein told a policeman:

"My cat ran in through that broken window, so I went after him."

Sonnenschein was hauled off to jail. The fuzzy bundle was no cat. It was a fox fur neckpiece.

Served 'Em Right.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 16.—(AP)—Mrs. Dorothy Boyer, 26, received a 90-day suspended sentence for hitting two policemen who intervened in an argument between her and her husband.

Boomerang.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 16.—(AP)—The record of Josephus Daniels, ambassador to Mexico, in voting every democratic presidential nominee since Grover Cleveland may soon be broken.

Daniels for years campaigned for a new registration of voters in Wake (Raleigh) county and upon his recent return from Mexico City found he had arrived too late to enter his name in the new registration ordered by the 1935 legislature. He was a victim of the reform he advocated.

VITAL STATISTICS

MARRIAGE LICENSES

LEHRBACH - ROYSE—Lester Martin Lehrbach and Rachel Royse both of Roseburg.

SHULER - PAGE—Thomas Shuler and Dena Page, both of Roseburg.

Public Dictator No. 1

"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

By ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER XXVI

"They oughta bench the Babe," he said. "He ain't hittin' his weight."

The phone rang. Nicky's little eyes went to it swiftly; he started to rise. Jim waved him back. Unhurriedly he lifted the receiver, said "Yeah? This is him. . . . Okay, Sam. Be right down." He replaced the receiver. "The beer's here," he said. "Come on."

Nicky looked at him blankly.

"The beer?" he said.

"Uh-huh," said Jim.

He rose and motioned Nicky to follow. The younger man shrugged and stepped through the doorway behind him. They were in a long hall. Silently they walked toward the rear, passing three doors on their right.

At the extreme rear was a steep flight of stairs. They descended to the door which closed off the foot of them. Jim pressed an automatic catch, and the door swung open. They stepped into a small square room, dimly lighted. Jim closed the door to the stairs, and the automatic latch clicked.

There were three other doors in the small room. Jim opened the one directly to his right, and shot a quick glance down a narrow hallway which opened into a flower-filled lobby. No one was there. He closed this door, locked it.

Then he opened the door opposite the one which led to the stairs. They stepped into a spacious kitchen, and the door clicked shut behind them. A food checker sat at a small table across the room. He glanced up and jerked a thumb toward the rear.

"Thanks, Sam," said Jim.

Jim led the way to the rear of the kitchen, and out onto a wide porch. Nicky followed closely. A big truck was backed up against the porch. It was loaded with legal beer, three point two, in full-sized thirty-one-gallon barrels.

Three barrels were rolled onto the porch, and were stood upright. Nicky watched this operation wonderingly. The driver waved goodbye and drove away. Jam surveyed the three barrels with a grin.

"Good beer," he said complacently, "and strictly legit."

He stood by, instructing the men handling the barrels. Still upright, they were carefully moved through the door of the huge refrigerating-room which opened off the porch. Jim dismissed the men, and they stepped into the kitchen, leaving Jim and Nicky alon. Jim quickly fastened the doors which led to the porch and kitchen.

Then he twisted a lever, and a concealed door at the rear of the refrigerating-room opened, to reveal the small dimly lighted room through which they had passed on their way. Jam peered at the barrels.

Nicky saw that one of them had apparently already been tapped. He stared as Jim seized a hammer and a chisel and began to pry off the top of this barriel. He stared harder at what he saw inside. The figure of a girl, bound and gagged.

Jim chuckled, lifted her into his arms. Her eyes were wide with fright, and she struggled feebly. Jim held her tightly, and motioned Nicky into the small room. Jim Followed with the girl in his arms, twisted another lever, and the door to the refrigerating-room closed silently.

"Open up, Nicky," he said, grinning. "We got a guest."

Nicky opened the door to the stairs. Jim carried the girl up them. Nicky pressed the automatic catch inside the door and followed. Jim passed two of the doors in the long hallway, paused before the third, the one nearest the front.

At a nod, Nicky unlocked it with a key from his pocket.

* * *

Dawn had come, gray and cheerless, as Tyler and Nat trod wearily back toward the cottage, with the memory of Gordon's face, gray as the dawn itself, still haunting them. At the fountain Tyler stopped, leaned his back against the edge and fumbled for a cigarette.

"Well?" said Nat.

Tyler shook his head in exasperation.

"Nat," he said, "it's plain to me that besides ourselves, there are only two people on this estate that we can trust completely."

Nat raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"And they are—Ruth and Gordon himself," said Tyler. "The devil of it is that Gordon is now no use to us. He's just—licked, I don't wonder, but the fact remains. We can't count on anybody but ourselves now. And that means we've got to depend almost entirely on— Ruth."

Nat nodded despairingly.

"It certainly seems obvious that Gaudio has an accomplice inside the house," he said. "That accomplice either made the attacks on Gordon and Helene himself—or aided some one from outside in getting in. And that accomplice tipped off Guadio where Helene was."

"Exactly," said Tyler. "I notice that you say, 'That accomplice—himself.' You won't accept the possibility—"

"That if was a woman?" interrupted Nat quickly. "Of course I won't! Doris is innocent! Call that just blind faith if you will, but remember this, no woman knew where Helene was!"

"And who did know?" demanded Tyler. "Gordon himself, Dr. Grace, yourself, myself, Dr. Karasc—"

He stopped himself and darted a swift look at Nat.

"Dr. Karasc!" he repeated softly.

"Don't be silly!" said Nat.

Tyler shrugged.

"You've forgotten something," said Nat. "Another person knew: Collins, the chauffeur who drove you to the sanitarium!"

Tyler gave an exaclamation. Then he was off, his long legs striding, toward the garage. Nat followed. Collins was asleep in the apartment over the garage which he shared with the other chauffeurs. They roused him. Tyler asked him to dress.

Collins did so without protest, and followed them into the garden. Very quietly Tyler told the man what had happened in the night.

Collins gasped, stared at Tyler unbelievingly.

"Collins," said Tyler quietly, "some one—either you or myself, or Mr. Benson or Dr. Grace, or Mr. Gordon, told somebody, either inadvertently or 'deliberately,' where Miss Helene was. Neither Mr. Benson or myself did so. I don't think Dr. Grace or Mr. Gordon did. Did you?"

The man wet his lips, ran his hand across his face. Then he nodded, slowly.

"Yes," he said hearsely. Then, quickly: "I didn't see that it was any harm. She said she wanted to surprise Miss Helene—"

"She?" said Nat dully.

"Miss Doris," said Collins. "It was this afternoon when we were in the town—just before Mrs. Gordon—disappeared. Miss Doris ran back from the others. I was alone in the car. She said she was getting a surprise present for Miss Helene—asked me where she was, so she could have it sent. I—didn't think—"

He stopped, turned a troubled face toward Tyler.

"I didn't realize," he said; "I told her."

* * *

Helene lay on a couch in a room with blank, windowless walls, a room illuminated by a single droplight which hung from the ceiling. She didn't know whether it was day or night. How many hours had it been since the man with the black mustache had lifted her from that stifling barrel and carried her upstairs to this room?

Ages, it had seemed, she had lain there fighting to control her nerves, in that utterly silent room. She had heard music as she was carried up the stairs, dance music. But it had been been shut out completely as soon as that door had been closed behind the man with the black mustache, and the slim man with the hard little eyes.

Finally a man she had not seen before had brought her eggs, toast, marmalade, orange-juice and coffee. She had refused them. He had shrugged and departed, leaving the tray. And then she had forced herself to eat. She had to keep up her strength; she needed it if she were to conquer the terror in her heart.

She must keep her mind clear, her wits sharp, must not dwell on the horror which still lingered in her mind, the horror of that night, in her bedroom, that shot from the curtained door, that seemingly interminable daze which had followed. Those things were intangible, vague, not understood. She must not dwell upon them—now.

She heard a key turn in the lock, and stared at the door. The black-mustached man slipped quietly into the room, and locked the door behind him. Helene shrank back on the couch until her back touched the wall. As he came slowly toward her, the droplight in the center of the room illuminated his features. He was smiling. Her eyes went wildly about the room, fell despairingly on the blank and windowless walls. The man spoke, softly.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "I'm not goin' to hurt you."

The girl quiete dher nerves as best she could, managed a feeble smile.

"That's better," he said.

He unbuttoned his coat, revealing half a dozen long thin cigars in his vest pocket. He took one of these, fastidiously cut off the end with a gold knife attached to his watch-chain, lighted it with a gold lighter. He took one or two approving puffs, then turned his eyes to hers.

"Nobody's goin' to hurt you," he said. "Not if you act nice and sensible. It's money we want, of course. Your old man's got plenty of that. I'm sendin' him a little love letter, sayin' everything will be hunky-dory if he hands over two hundred and fifty G's."

The girl quieted her nerves as prehendingly.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he elaborated, smiling.

"Oh," she said. "That's a lot of money. . . . But I'm sure dad—"

"Of course he will," said the man softly. "If his wife and his daughter ain't worth a quarter of a million—"

"His wife!" exclaimed Helene.

"Sure," said the man. "We got her too. Just to make it official. We won't hurt either one of you, if you'll—"

"Where is Carlotta?" demanded the girl.

"Meaning Mrs. Gordon?" the man asked. "She's in another nice little loudoir with no windows. Now here's the point: I want a note from each of you, see? Telling the old man he'd better do what we say—or else. I think that'll make him realize just what he's up against. Without those notes, he might get the crazy idea we'd already bumped you two ladies off, see? That would make him feel kind of bad. I don't want to worry him none."

"Why—why, of course I'll write the note," said Helene.

"Good," said the man.

From his vest pocket he took a fountain pen, handed it to her. Then he opened his coat, reached into an inside pocket, took out several envelopes. The girl saw that some of them had writing on them. She stood up and held out her hand.

"Give me something to write on," she said.

He grinned, selected a blank envelope, handed it to her, and started to put the others back in his pocket. The girl swayed suddenly, gasped, closed her eyes. The man hastily threw an arm about her. He felt her go limp; her hand clutched his convulsively.

With an impatient exclamation he picked her up, laid her on the couch. Her hand still held tightly to one of his, the hand in which he held the letter. With his other hand he opened her fingers. Her eyes flickered, then opened. Her fingers relaxed.

Her eyes flashed to the man's hand, took in the name on the top envelope, closed again. He gave her a sharp look. She opened her eyes, seemed to rouse herself by an effort, sat up on the couch, shaking her head apologetically.

"Oh—I'm so sorry," she breathed. "I—it was stupid of me. Bt I—I'm all right now."

The man regarded her for a moment through half-lowered lids. Then he shrugged, and replaced the envelopes in his pocket.

"Water?" he asked.

"Please," she said. "Would you mind?"

He grunted and crossed the room, went through a door. It was the bathroom, and like the other, was without windows. He turned on the water. While he waited a moment for it to cool, he stole quietly back to the door and peered cautiously at the girl. She was rubbing her temples ruefully.

The man grinned, filled the glass and took it to the girl. She drank it gratefully.

"Thank you," she said. "Now—about that note—"

* * *

Nat was filled with a feeling of helpless rage as he paced restlessly back and forth across the living-room of the cottage. It was bad enough, this waiting, under any circumstances. But now, alone, out of communication with everybody, it was almost intolerable.

Why were they all avoiding him?

For everyone certainly seemed to be doing just that. He hadn't talked to a soul since luncheon. And that had been a meal filled with constraint. Immediately afterward Doris, complaining of a headache, had retired to her room. It was obviously an excuse.

Of course, he could understand why Gordon wanted to be alone; it was perfectly natural. But Doris—and even Ruth and Tyler! That was too much!

Had Doris, he wondered gloomily, seen the questions in his eyes? Was that why she was so suddenly afflicted with a headache?

Could she have seen him and Tyler talking with Collins? And guessed that Collins had revealed the fact that she had asked where Helene was? He brushed the thought aside impatiently. Doris could have nothing to conceal!

(To be continued)

INTEREST GROWS IN LEAVITT SERIES

The evangelistic campaign at the First Christian church, under the leadership of Evangelists Teddy Leavitt and Rena Goff, continues to grow in interest with large audiences from the entire county attending each night. Tonight Mr. Leavitt will deliver, at popular request, his message on the subject "Archeology and the Bible." There will be a baptismal service following the sermon, Wednesday night a large delegation is expected from Glide and will furnish special music. Services will be held each night through the week. The public is invited to attend.

FISHER TO ACT FOR MARTIN AT BAKE

State Senator Walter S. Fisher of Roseburg has been named to act as personal representative of Governor Charles H. Martin at the Roseburg Rod and Gun club salmon bake Sunday. Governor Martin was invited to be a speaker at the afternoon program, but will be unable to attend, and has written Senator Fisher to extend greetings on his behalf to the large crowd expected to be in attendance.

TOWNSEND CLUBS' DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

MELROSE—The Melrose-Elgarose Townsend club will meet Thursday, June 18, at the Elgarose playshed. The business meeting will be held at 8 p. m. and will be followed by a free lunch. All members and friends are urged to be present.

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A EDWARDS

How often have men rather pathetically dwelt upon the fact of the brevity of life and how soon it seems to hurry from us. But with many of us it seems much easier to lament over its shortness than it is to take a lesson from it, and try to fill it with the things that greatly count. After all, dear friends, it is not the length of years that counts, for too many, the years have been filled with emptiness. If we could only learn to fill each day as it comes with good we may then be sure of a full life. "So teach us to number our days, O Lord, that we may apply our hearts until wisdom." Amen.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer

(Copyright, 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

You Can't Cash Pictures

Our tips are being spoiled at the finish line by those official cameras.

Too many of our choices have been taken in group pictures.

What we need is a horse like Garbo or Chaplin. One who can hog the camera.

If we can't do that we will have to play them as far back as we can go. In a battle that would be the commanding general and in the kitchen it would be oxtail soup.

But on the racetrack there ain't any use going back any further than third. We've been in the money. But, like a mouse in a cash register, it didn't do us any good.

We started the season with two dollars and ran it up to five hundred. We ran it back again to two dollars. Then it ran itself down to two cents. The last sum is the sales tax on bad news.

Our suggestion to put a night bell on the judges' stand was overruled. Our hot tip for the seventh race finished late. It was so dark when he came in that only the owls saw him.

Our jockeys are getting a bit too sociable. Strangers are thumbing rides in the backstretch. In the steeplechase the jumpers wore blankets. On these blankets were the words, "no riders." That's the way the jumpers finished.

What we feared would happen has happened. The camera eye caught two hosses winning one race. This is what they call a big double feature. In addition they give you a travelogue and a silly symphony.

If you waited for some of our hot selections to finish you would get pictures in the mail. Our favorite in the sixth race was Busted Banjo. He finished seventh but took such a good picture, he got offers from Warner Brothers, Paramount and Twentieth Century.

Busted Banjo is like a lot of other celebrities. He hangs up his fastest time going towards the camera. Photographing hosses is cutting into our profits. They'll start interviewing them next. We had the winner of the Kentucky Derby but a reporter stopped him in the backstretch to ask him what he thought of our New York skyline and the ankles of our pretty girls. You'd get cross-eyed on that combination.

Watch out for our Nosebag Special next Saturday. We've got one that is hotter than a lightning bug in a pepper plant.

KRNR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Ted Lewis and His Band.
4:30—The Roseburg Chamber of Commerce Program.
4:45—Golden Voices.
5:15—Dixie Memories.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.
5:45—Rovano Operatic Tenor.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Three Rhythm Kings.
6:30—Studio Rhythm.
7:00—Hansen Motor Co. presents the Veterans Bonus Program.
7:15—The Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club contd.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Salon Music.
9:00—Tango Time.
9:30—Guy Lombardo.
10:00—Music of Other Lands.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:37—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Singing Troubadour.
11:15—Love Songs of Today.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Good Afternoon, J. M. Judd.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—WPA Program.
12:45—Johnny Johnson and His Orchestra.
1:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
1:30—Songs Seldom Heard.
2:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
2:30—Heart Songs.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Novelty Tunes.
3:30—Story Land.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Matinee Reveries.
4:45—An Ounce of Prevention.
5:00—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
5:15—Close Harmony Four.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.
5:45—Sol Bright and His Holly Hawaiians.
6:15—The Ford V-8 Revue.
6:30—Hill Billies.
7:00—Hansen Motor Co. presents Veterans Bonus Program.
7:15—The Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18

Morning Hours.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:00Alar mClock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club contd.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Louis Katzman and His Orchestra.
9:30—Sol Bright and His Holly Waiians.
10:00—On the Emerald Isle.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Three Rhythm Kings.
11:15—Ruth Royale.
11:30—Song Hit Revue.

Afternoon Hours

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:45—Hit Tunes.
1:00—Garden of Music.
1:15—Isham Jones and His Orchestra.
1:30—Songs of the Range.
2:00—Jesse Crawford.
2:30—Melody Moods.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Southern Serenade.
3:30—Story Land.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Melody Matinee.
5:00—Dixie Memories.
5:15—Guy Lombardo.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.
5:45—Judy and Bill.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Tango Time.
7:00—The Hansen Motor Co. presents the Veterans Bonus Program.
7:15—Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

ACTIVITY RIFE AT ROSEBURG AIRPORT

The Roseburg airport is showing much activity during spells of good weather as three local power planes and a glider are in use at the field.

Clarence Dunlap and Fred Kinsel recently purchased a Waco biplane in which they are doing a good deal of practice flying in training for commercial license.

George Felt, local flier, has his Eaglerock bi-plane on the field, and Larry Simpson, caretaker at the port, is the owner of the Heath lightplane at the field.

A glider, owned by the Pederson brothers, furnishes a great deal of sport for glider enthusiasts, the ship being towed over the field to furnish exciting flights.

The port is soon to be mowed, Grant Clayton of Dillard having again received permission to cut the heavy stand of hay.

ARMORY PROJECT MAKING PROGRESS

Good progress is being made on improvements being conducted at the Roseburg armory as a WPA project. The auditorium is being ceiled with an accoustic material, expected to greatly improve the room for public use. A concrete vault has been constructed in the basement to safeguard the national guard arms and ammunition.

DOINGS AT DIAMOND LAKE CCC CAMP

The Bradford "Webfooters" have taken over Diamond lake camp for the summer. The men regretted evacuating the old camp which had been their home for the past two and a half years. They hope to return to their old stamping ground this fall.

Diamond lake is all it was reputed to be from health, sports and scenic standpoints.

The men have constructed five row boats for use on the lake. Hiking parties have been organized and large groups will spend their Saturdays and Sundays in exploring the beauties of this region, studying tree life, geology and nature.

Diamond lake "Webfooters" play the Prospect "Eagles" June 21. Ball games are being arranged with Union Creek and South Fork, also Medford headquarters. The "Webfooters" have won all of their games played to date.

Camp Diamond Lake has received seven men transferred from Camp South Umpqua Falls.

The "Handiman club" brought a truck load of myrtle wood, port Orford cedar, yew wood and red cedar from Camp Bradford. This will partially fill the needs of the men this summer. This club turned out 1,456 finished pieces of woodwork between December 1 last and May 30 this year. A large number of articles processed in Bradford woodworking shop were sold by the men in adjacent towns.

The "Handiman club" is sending an exhibit to the Portland N. E. A. conference.

An "Old Bailey and Mt. Thielsen club" is being organized in camp. The latter mountain is 9,000 feet in elevation and is a hazardous climb, rising 4,000 feet above Diamond lake. Its top is a flat surface, approximately the dimensions of a billiard table. This mountain will test the skill of these men, who rate themselves as mountain climbers.

A spike camp at Big Camas, will be operated from this camp this summer. Thirty-five men will be at that point. Road building to meet up with work being done by Camp Steamboat on Roseburg-Diamond lake highway is the project.

Mrs. M. E. McCawley, of Oakland, was here shopping and visiting for several hours yesterday.