

Roseburg News-Review

Member of The Associated Press... HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Prune Control. DURING the summer of 1933 a Roseburg Chamber of Commerce committee...

Late in 1935 the Oregon supreme court declared the law unconstitutional...

If the prune control board can not operate for the want of sufficient acreage sign-up...

The simple truth of the matter is just this, the prune packer is only interested in buying his product as cheaply as possible...

Do we realize that within the past month one million pounds of Douglas county prunes were sold to packers for an average of about 1.6 cents per pound?

Editorials on News (Continue from page 1) of America as this generation has known it?

COMPARED with the present, the age of Thomas Jefferson was NOT a golden age.

If we had to go back to Jefferson's time and live under the conditions existing then, we would consider ourselves the most abused people on earth.

In Jefferson's time, only a few VERY RICH PEOPLE enjoyed comforts even distantly comparable to the comforts enjoyed today by the commonest citizens.

FOR example: In Jefferson's day, possession of a carriage was a symbol of wealth and position...

The lordly carriages of Jefferson's time couldn't compare in comfort, speed and all around satisfaction with the second-hand Ford, Chevrolet or Plymouth of today.

Almost anybody who is willing to work at all in these days can and does afford at least a used car.

THERE is a determined effort on foot to convince people who DON'T THINK that before the New Deal came along their liberties had been taken away from them...

Don't let anybody (not even the President of the United States) tell you that this is a country of serfs and slaves. It ISN'T. It is the best country on earth, and HAS BEEN ever since it was founded.

Portrait of a Dream Walking

The gentleman looking so wistfully into the sun is Walter Fisher, of Roseburg...

The beach is very sandy, and on warm days visitors may be seen in every direction, basking in the heat of the sand...

The drive down the shore of Coos Bay from North Bend is a very pleasant one, overlooking in many places the wide waters as it flows and passes through the town of Empire...

The new mill-long bridge spanning the bay is a beauty, and deserves all the praise people who have seen it bestow upon it.

As Dick Bannister, young explorer, emerges from the exclusive Park avenue residence hotel of his brother, Hod, the body of a man comes hurtling through the air...

Miss Sire smiled faintly. "I'll agree to stay," she said in a small voice.

"So will I," Bannister volunteered. Captain Boyle rose. "I'm going below and talk to the servants again," he said, addressing the man with the tilted derby...

"We'll be delighted," thrust in Miss Sire. "Perhaps the gentleman will take off his hat and make himself one of us. I don't believe I caught his name."

"You didn't," said the man with the derby (he had risen and removed it) "because my name wasn't mentioned. He hung his hat on an ornament of the aquarium and walked to the window, unobscured by this somewhat fresh young person who didn't seem to understand the trouble she was in."

A name and a silence followed Boyle's remark. He soberly inhaled, with back turned but eyes obviously alert, remained near the window. Bannister was gazing at the pendant derby, which cast a deep shadow down into the water of the aquarium, leaving only a broad band of light on clear water.

"Why plank water in an aquarium?" He walked nearer and gazed down into the depths. Little blue and silvery fish moved to and fro of the miniature castle at the bottom. There were no goldfish—nothing to create the illusion of a reddish cast in the water. Yes, it was pink—not a pink to suggest the tinge of a rose, but a pink of queer and sinister shade.

"Blood!" he breathed. Bannister turned a penetrating gaze upon Miss Sire. She returned it without a sign of emotion.

"Miss-armed" Toole, craning his right and left limbs awkwardly across his mouth, reappeared in the doorway. He had two perfectly sound and muscular looking arms, but neither Bannister nor Miss Sire were just then in a mood to press a question on the anomaly.

"Good Scotch, Mr. Bannister," he said unthinkingly. "Why don't you take a pat on it?"

"Thanks," Bannister replied coolly, thrusting the pained flick into his trousers pocket and keeping his hand there. "With Miss Sire's permission, I will take a spot."

Bannister had something more important on his mind than the prospect of dunking his tonsils in Scotch whiskey when he walked into that room alone. The murder weapon was still in his pocket...

He blinked two bottles together, set them down without taking a drink, and squeezed the water out of his coat sleeve with a crunching grip. The thought of hiding the stiletto came to him, but he figured that this would only bog himself and the girl deeper in suspicion if Toole actually had seen him take it from the aquarium.

Bannister found himself trying to protect Karen Sire, and at the same time, fiercely denying any thought of her guilt. He associated this girl with the soft pulse of life, the velvet patten of ease, the security of wealth and social position. He knew women, but few in her station. His excursions to the court of Venus had been confined to frontier dance halls, to the huts of hill billies, to jungle arbors and the sands of South Sea beaches.

The young geologist had met un-baked girls of the desert, blonde Cyprians, brown charmers, Eurasian nymphs and mestizo maids. They had all found him cold and left him so. But the first sight of Karen Sire had changed all this; she had tinged a rainbow across his horizon, set golden bells tinkling in his brain, and hung the gray copings of the city with scintillant prisms. Was the joyous delirium to prove a dream? Was the grisly hand of murder to sweep it all away?

With the stiletto still in his pocket he rejoined Miss Sire and the detective. At the same moment a wide panel in the wall opened and Captain Boyle stepped into the room from an electric elevator, a girl in a white dress and woman at his elbow. The man's face was set; a cold fury seemed to possess him. Evidently he had returned from the floor below, with an empty bag.

"Here's your new maid, Miss Sire," he snarled. "She's a policeman. Her first duty will be to search you—in there!" He pointed to a closed door.

Bannister managed to remain calm. "Miss Sire is not under arrest," he said. "Isn't this proceeding a little unusual?"

Boyle turned upon him with a savage glare. "Oh, you're one of them amateur lawyers, are you? I suppose if I start to fire you, we'll hear a roar about police on-



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RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN BY PAUL JENKINS

The gentleman looking so wistfully into the sun is Walter Fisher, of Roseburg, upon the occasion of a recent trip we took to Sunset Beach, just below Coos Bay...

Sunset Bay is a very small bay connected directly with the ocean by a narrow entrance, located just a little distance below Coos Head. A rather attractive colony of cabins, and a restaurant with big windows overlooking the beach occupy a small cove on the south, while across the waters rather precipitous bluffs rise above the bay and at the foot of these are some rocks from which some elegant fishing may be had.

The beach is very sandy, and on warm days visitors may be seen in every direction, basking in the heat of the sand, and the sun. Once in a while someone makes a dash into the surf, but seldom stays there very long. Swimming my hand in it longly, I could readily understand why—it was exceedingly cold.

The drive down the shore of Coos Bay from North Bend is a very pleasant one, overlooking in many places the wide waters as it flows and passes through the town of Empire, looking in its old age, blue and dilapidated in its old age. The low Empire is a great pulp mill, at whose dock was tied up a great freighter taking on its cargo.

The lighthouse buildings on Coos Head make a very pretty sight, perched high on the long rocky promontory which extends a considerable distance out into the ocean, forming the south point of the entrance to the bay. Many attractive and comfortable beach homes are built along the beaches hereabouts.

Returning from Empire we took a short cut which has been constructed through the hills, to Marshfield. This road runs for several miles through one of the most god-forsaken countries imaginable, it having been longed off many years ago. It is covered now by a ragged growth of brush, above which rise innumerable stumps of once great trees, bleached white by the elements during many a wild storm. Some early day lumberman reaped a fortune from the trees which once grew here, and contributed much to the traffic of business which made the Coos Bay district important in the channels of trade; but he left a desolate mess behind him.

The new mill-long bridge spanning the bay is a beauty, and deserves all the praise people who have seen it bestow upon it. A fine view may be had from its lofty deck of the bay, upstream and down, and of the busy docks of North Bend and Marshfield. What a relief it is to approach the shores now and hang right across without the customary long and tedious wait for the ferry. I never made connections with a ferry in my life, without having to wait for it a quarter of an hour, or longer.

SNOW LEOPARD by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

As Dick Bannister, young explorer, emerges from the exclusive Park avenue residence hotel of his brother, Hod, the body of a man comes hurtling through the air, followed by a snow leopard roar. The man, obviously a servant, had fallen about twenty stories. Sharply after, Dick notices a beautiful girl standing in the doorway, order her to bring the robe to her.

When the girl finally retrieves it, in process she hastily runs her fingers over it and exclaims: "The cheap and girly gown!" Never had Dick been so attracted by any girl. She is Karen Sire, daughter of the multi-millionaire, Maurice Sire. The police suspicion Dick to the Sire apartment as a witness. Detective Captain Boyle claims the dead man, a Filipino, was murdered—stabbed in the back. Karen was the only other person in the room when he fell. Maurice Sire telephones that he is flying up from Washington, D. C. He was surprised to learn his daughter was in New York instead of at school in Panglossia. Boyle wheels on Karen. "How about that? You've come scolding down to New York without letting your father know. Who was with you?"

CHAPTER III Miss Sire smiled, revealing her eyebrows with a faintly whimsical expression. Something of that tolerance which people of breeding show to well meaning bores crept into her voice. "Gallivanting," she repeated, "you've hit upon the very word, captain. But I was alone. You see, my father had taken this place only recently, and

Daily Devotions DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

In Psalms 19:1-6 the writer was sure of one thing that nature speaks of God of His greatness and His goodness and His love. The scientists interpret the heavens and the earth for us, but their story is full of interest and fascination. But the greatest fact about this universe of ours, is that God made it. "There can be no design without a designer. Some scientists would have us believe because they have discovered, they have created. We do appreciate the scientist, but we are bound to worship the Lord who made heaven and earth. O God, Thou art the Creator of the ends of the earth. May we adore the works of Thy Hands. Amen.

pression and constitutional rights, hey?" An answer was on Bannister's lips when he stopped suddenly. He had drawn his right hand from his pocket and clenched his fist. Miss Sire glided to his side and touched his arm. "I am willing to be searched," she said.

But that was not what paralyzed Bannister's tongue. He had felt a tugging at his pocket, and when he thrust his hand down into its depths the stiletto was gone! Karen Sire, with the certainty of being searched within the next few minutes, had deliberately relieved him of the murder weapon. He looked at Boyle, at Toole, at the policeman. Not one of them gave a sign that the act had been observed.

The girl's face flushed a little. "It might be better," she said quietly. "If we both waived formalities and permitted Captain Boyle to follow his own methods." She nodded to the policeman and started toward the door, plucking Toole's derby from its perch as she passed the aquarium. "Yours isn't it?" she asked, extending the hat toward him. (To be continued)

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