

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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The Bicycle Menace.

ONE week seems to have passed without some boy or girl cyclist being maimed or killed. That, in itself, in view of the large number of such accidents recently, is news.

What can we do to make the boys and girls who ride bicycles realize the danger of zig-zag riding on streets where automobiles are whizzing past?

When a bicycle rider is hit by an automobile or truck there is always, and properly so, a suspicion of carelessness on the part of the driver of the vehicle. But in justice to the drivers it must be pointed out that not even a fortune teller or crystal gazer could tell what a youngster riding a bike will do next.

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The only thing that will help prevent such accidents will be greater care taken by drivers of motor vehicles. If every driver will constantly bear this hazard in mind and whenever he sees a bicycle rider ahead, slow down and prepare for anything, many of the auto-bike accidents will be avoided.

Parents, of course, should not omit frequent warnings—those will help a little.

Old Man Weather promises to do his bit toward making the American Legion convention here next week a record success. Here's his official forecast for "far western states" for that period:

"Fair weather. Temperatures normal or slightly above."

This should end the biggest worry of the convention program planners.

Editorials on News

(Continue, from page 1.)

before. Also more people who have driven in the past WITHOUT licenses are complying with the law.

ANOTHER even more interesting fact: While the number of motor vehicle titles issued in Oregon increased 37 per cent in the first half of this year, the number of automobile accidents in June increased 68 per cent over last year.

It would appear that we are getting more careless about traffic as rapidly as we are getting more cars.

THERE is quite a little consolation in the accident figures, however.

In June of 1935 there were 26 FATAL accidents in Oregon, whereas in June of this year there were only 16. That is to say, while accidents in June of this year were more numerous they weren't so disastrous.

It would be nice if we could believe this indicates a trend toward safer driving in Oregon, but it is regrettable that accidents in June of this year (which far exceeded those of June last year) were just luckier.

ACCORDING to court records filed with the secretary of state, 75 drivers lost their licenses during June for driving while intoxicated and two others were deprived

of their licenses for hit and run offenses.

These licenses were revoked for a period of a year. It is to be hoped that nobody relents and gives any of these licenses back. Driving while drunk and hitting somebody and running are offenses against both law and DECENCY that must be discouraged.

PRE-CONVENTION Paragraphs

The housing committee is still in search for rooms. Rooms are being listed daily by the ladies of the auxiliary and by the headquarters, but still we need rooms.

Disappointment No. 1: It was the hope of the housing committee to acquire the use of the vacant rooms in the Perkins building. Details were all worked out on paper. The Grand hotel was to take this over as an annex. Additional beds, etc., was ordered. Everything was all set. That is, everything but the minor one of getting the consent of the owner. The Perkins building will not be used for this purpose.

The great Gilmore Lion—the purple one—arrived in Roseburg Wednesday night. Thursday it started on a trip around the country, advertising the Gilmore circus which will be a feature of next Wednesday evening. This lion is only a sample of the big things to be seen at the Gilmore circus.

It is stated upon good authority that "Switchboard Sadie" is contemplating a visit to the Gilmore circus. According to reports, Sadie will be there in all her glory.

The ladies of the Episcopal church were in the other evening planning the menu for the baseball teams who will be in Roseburg for the inter-state tournament. After looking this menu over we wished we were ball players if that is a typical meal. Gobs of food is what I mean. And mighty good food, too.

Incidentally the winner of this tournament is in for a nice long journey. From here they travel to Bismarck, North Dakota, for the sectional playoff. That will be a mighty nice trip and we still think our own local lads would have looked mighty sweet traveling east in one of those modern air-conditioned trains.

Have you been reading about that Seattle, Washington, team? They are not the state champions yet but have a mighty sweet record. On the other side of the mountains is another team that is still contending for the state championship. It hails from a little town near Walla Walla. It may be the greatest killer of the Washington series. Such things have happened. It will be interesting to see which comes to Roseburg.

Monday will see the convention headquarters move from the Medical Arts building to the Woman's club building on Jackson street. This site will be nearer the center of activities during the convention.

A tip came through yesterday to the effect that we can be looking for still another musical organization in Roseburg during the convention. Albany post of the American Legion is planning for the convention for next year and expect to be very much in evidence during this one. As a part of their campaign, they will bring their crack high school band to Roseburg to furnish music for the parade and other events.

Disappointment No. 2: There is danger that the Sons of Legion drill team from Klamath Falls will not be able to appear during the convention as was expected. A letter from Carl Cook, leader of this group, says that some unexpected developments have made it necessary to cancel this appearance. This is a keen disappointment, as these lads have the reputation of having something worth seeing.

A week from today Roseburg will be attempting to dig itself out from under. The convention will be practically over. Legionnaires will be leaving town for their homes. Members of the various working committees will be worn and weary. The bedlam of the three previous days will have subsided and everyone will be thinking of quiet places to sleep. We feel that when the convention is over, only those who expected and hoped to be shocked will be disappointed.

NEW OREGON PRISON SURVEY BEING MADE

PORTLAND, Aug. 8.—(AP)—Alan H. Mills Washington, consulting architect for the federal prison industries reorganization administration, said today that a new government survey of Oregon penal institutions is under way at the invitation of the state.

Mills said the survey would be separate from that presented recently by Roul Foreman, in which construction of an intermediate reformatory for young offenders was proposed.

"There is a lot of political dynamite in a situation like that confronting Oregon," said Mills. "The Foreman report, if correctly reported, is harmful and misleading."

FOOTE WITHDRAWS FROM ELECTION

SALEM, Aug. 8.—(AP)—John L. Foote, St. Helens attorney, today withdrew as a republican nominee for state representative from Clatsop and Columbia counties. His name was written in at the primary election.

A nominee to succeed Foote will be selected by the nominating committee of the republican organization in the two counties.

Casting a Few Crumbs Upon the Water —



In the Hope They'll Be Returned Fourfold!

SNOW LEOPARD by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

CHAPTER XXX Bannister cupped his ears and listened. Borne to his senses on a hardly perceptible breeze came something like a distant scream. Bully barked, not too loudly. Again the listener heard the cry—this time nearer and more unmistakable. Many a night in the Canadian Rockies he had heard such a sound—the distant screech of a catamount.

"A snow leopard!" Dick picked up his gun and tore down the pass that led to the levels below. Bully trailed at first and then took the lead. The cry was repeated at intervals, each time growing nearer.

"He's out stalking," Bannister guessed aloud. "Hope he'll pick up Bully's scent and come after him."

And that apparently, is what happened. Dick and his dog had reached a wide bulge in the natural path where a high wall of rock formed an amphitheatre. On top of this, on the far side, the hunter saw his quarry. Framed in a golden halo by the moonlight, erect on all fours and with tail lashing defiance, a magnificent snow leopard confronted him.

Bannister had raised his gun when something happened to stay his hand. It was the plaintive little cry of a leopard kitten, almost under his feet.

"That's the mother upon the ledge," he muttered. "She's trying to steer me away from her lair. Game creature! I won't shoot her. Anyway, it's the male I'm after."

At the sound of his own voice, Dick became aware that he was not in the habitual mood of a hunter. He backed away from the whimpering kitten, laughing at Bully's furious rebuke.

"Karen wouldn't like it, old boy," he said. "She'd think more about the empty cradle than the royal robe."

At the approach of man and dog, Bannister conjectured, the male cat had slunk away to a place of safety, leaving the female to fight alone for her cub.

For an hour he wound down the rocky passes, Bully following what Dick surmised to be the scent of the male. Finally the dog came to a baffled halt.

"He's got him!" yelled Bannister. He crouched and moved toward the atretable gun in readiness for a quick shot. Bully's barking had dwindled to a feeble whimper. His tail was erect and bristling as he ran back and forth on the ledge, glaring downward.

Dick crept cautiously to the edge of the rock and peered over. Below him in the darkness his eyes picked up a rippling glint and he heard the soft sound of water.

"I'm sure the brute's down there," he muttered. "Bully never makes a mistake." He tore up some dried grass and fashioned it into a ball to make a flare. Pointing the ball on the edge of the ledge he dropped a lighted match into it and kicked it down.

An instant later Bannister fired. The walls of this canyon sent back a hundred swift echoes, pierced by a long wailing cry. Then came a heavy splash in the water, followed by a savage, spitting gurgle.

The flare died down to a mesh of red embers.

Bannister groaned. "This infernal stream sucked him down into a cavern. Well, I'm after him!" He plunged down into the dark water. The hunter spirit had prevailed against caution. He leaped

into a swift, shallow stream running underground through the mouth of a cavern. He hoped to find a secure foothold near its source. But this was not an easy quest.

Bannister sank, rose again and found himself in the grip of a strong current. Looking upward, he saw what he thought was his last glimpse of the stars. In a moment he was enveloped in stygian darkness, the lashing water roaring in his ears. Far along in the depths, a wild, gurgling scream split the air.

Something hard scraped his hand; he grasped it while still clinging to his gun. Behind him a patch of light glowed like an smothered—the small mouth of the cavern through which both he and the snow leopard had been carried by the current. At the point where he was holding fast, the hard rock diverted the stream to an angle. The wounded leopard, no doubt, had followed the same course.

A bark sounded from the mouth of the cave. Bully had found footing on the slope of the gorge and was on his way to help his master. Another bark—then a plunge. The dog had taken to the water. An instant later a wet, hairy mass was flung violently against Bannister's body and he felt Bully's strained panting.

In that black pit, with a torrent racing past an insecure refuge, the dog stood by, his cold nose and hot tongue seeking Dick's face, an almost human note permeating his eager whimpers. Hours passed.

Like a round window in a crypt, the purple eye of the cavern gradually grew brighter. It was dawn. Again the leopard screeched, this time in the full-throated cadences of an animal no longer in the water.

Accustomed as they were to Bannister's night prowling with Bully, neither Toole nor Abbe Bergere were alarmed at his absence when they awoke. It had been the Abbe's lookout for caravans, a sweet twenty vast yellow bowl beneath his hat with glasses. Early that morning Toole heard a shout and rushed to the dwarf's side.

Something moving around the bend and up toward the valley," the Abbe said. "Look!"

It was a long time before Toole's glasses picked up the thin dark line that the keener vision of the dwarf had discerned. Through the clear sunlight he could see a faint, moving thing—long, dark, tenuous. In the total absence of humidity he finally was able to pick up details—the measured tread of four tall camels making the pace for a caravan. To the rear were dimly blurred things, probably horses or pack mules.

"Any way to identify the outfit?" Toole asked.

"I can't identify them," the Abbe answered, "and that's what makes me sure I know who they are."

The paradox was not cleared when he added: "The regular trader does not travel in that fashion, nor have they ever appeared at this time of the year. Besides, these men are off the trail that leads to the village of the hill people further east. To cut into that trail now it would be necessary for them to go back at least twenty miles. Finally, they are on the uplands, following an old scar left by an avalanche. In other words they are taking a path that will lead them right into my little garden patch two thousand feet below."

"Who are they?" Toole demanded impatiently.

"Geoffrey Whipple and a small band of picked men," the Abbe answered calmly.

"You're guessing!" ejaculated "One-Armed" Toole hopefully.

"I never guess," the dwarf answered. "I have plenty of time to reason things out. Whipple is a fugitive from justice. If he did the ordinary thing—that is, attempt to enter the valley through the better known eastern pass—he might be arrested. He probably knows that you two gentlemen are here with me. His whole scheme is in peril while you are alive. And, you know, he has a deadly personal score to settle with Mr. Bannister."

Toole drew a notch in his belt and took off his derby. "There's only one path leading to this shelf of the mountain," he asked.

The dwarf nodded. "When I bought the yaks from an Armenian trader two years ago it took him two days to get them up here. At some points the road is a steep, rocky chute, easily defended. Besides, Siro's caravan ought to be here inside of a week."

"We'll stay right here," Toole thrust in hastily. "When Bannister comes back we'll fix up some plan to nail Whipple and get Miss Siro out of his hands—if she is still alive."

"As the crow flies—if a crow could exist in this bleak country—the Whipple outfit is twenty miles away at this moment," the Abbe continued. "The actual traveling distance is twenty-five miles further. While we're waiting for Mr. Bannister we can let boulders loose in the narrow places below. That will make our defense easier."

"How many men do you figure are in that bunch down there?" the detective asked.

"Probably not more than eight or ten. No doubt they had a rendezvous with Whipple's last army. But of course, they have no way of knowing what has happened to the men—God pity the lost souls! And now that I think of it, it is extremely likely that the rendezvous would be made at the very spot where those men are in camp. There's a water hole, or possibly a running stream in that neighborhood. It is always from that direction that I hear night cries—the cries of wild beasts."

"Certainly Whipple would know that a good water supply was necessary for the army he kept on ahead of him," Toole observed.

"Whipple knows this country," the Abbe answered, "and this country knows him. There are men who live by traveling across those dangerous barrens who have a reason for hating him. He played one nasty trick that I know of myself."

Toole was interested. "What was that?" he asked.

"I'm afraid you'll be inclined to see only the funny side of it," the Abbe answered reluctantly, "but anyway, it was this: A small party of American scientists, under heavy native escort and with a fine lot of imported camels, crossed the desert two years ago and camped on the spot where that little caravan is stopping now. Whipple and a trio of desert bandits made friends with them and learned of their mission—a survey of the Great Sire Depression."

"Backed by Siro himself?"

"Probably. At any rate Whipple and his accomplices disappeared from the camp one night with considerable booty, including four horses—a capital offense."

"What is there funny about that?" asked Toole.

The Abbe himself could hardly suppress a grin. "Before they ran away," he explained, "Whipple and

his accomplices made pursuit impossible by weaving dried strips of sponge into the camel fodder—it comes in ropes, you know. So, when the camels drank their fill after feeding they swelled up and—"

A howl from Toole interrupted the Abbe's tale. "The camels got underling bumps," he sputtered. But an instant later the veteran New York sleuth became grave.

"What do you think Jeff and his little playmates would do if they took Bannister alive?" he asked. The detective had never forgotten the look on Jeff Whipple's face the night in the hotel when Bannister kicked him with those boots which might have been made for Primo Carnera.

The Abbe merely shrugged but his expression was one of pained apprehension.

"I'm homesick for Little Old New York," Toole said. "There's never much mystery about a man's finish there. If he doesn't die of pneumonia, or something like that, an automobile runs over him. In the dark, he's apt to mistake a one-eyed milk truck for a motorcycle and in daylight his business might take him to Columbus Circle."

Abbe Bergere humored him. "No sand storms, no desert witches, no invisible wild beasts in that town either!"

"Of course," Toole continued, reverting to Whipple. "I'd like to nail the big fellow and bring him back to New York. But I know it would never do to let Bannister fall into Jeff's hands. I'm getting anxious about the boy."

"Well, you might be," the Abbe replied.

"I must get Whipple before he gets Dick," Toole said, half aloud. (To be continued)

DEER CHOKED TO DEATH BY HUNTER

HOLLISTER, Calif., Aug. 7.—(AP)—Eldon Fowles, Salinas deer hunter, explained his disheveled appearance here today by saying he choked a wounded forked horned deer to death after it attacked him and kicked off most of his clothing.

Fowles said he dropped the animal with one shot and then drew his knife to cut the deer's throat. Suddenly, he said the animal kicked the knife from his hands and its sharp hoofs ripped off his shirt and some of his trousers.

The hunter made a flying tackle, got a headlock, and choked the deer to death, he related.

KRRR PROGRAM (1,800 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY: 4:00—Swing Tunes. 4:30—Salon Selections. 5:00—Saw Turns. 5:15—Rovano, the Operatic Tenor. 5:30—Waltz Time. 6:00—Matinee Idylls. 6:45—The Umpqua Park Program. 7:00—The Grab Bag Program. 7:15—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9: Morning Hours: 8:30—Sunday Devotional Services. 8:45—Sacred Selections. 9:00—Program Dedicated to Veterans' Facility. 9:30—Old Time Fiddling With Ernie Crane. 10:00—Sunday Request Program. 11:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists. 11:30—Golden Voices. Afternoon Hours: 12:00—Airs From the Operas. 12:30—Jack Demarchant. 12:45—Victor Concert Orchestra. 1:00—Douglas County Creamery Presents Max Dolan and His Salon Orchestra. 1:15—Famous Music. 1:45—Manhattan Concert Band. 2:00—Your Old Favorite Selections. 3:00—Rovano the Operatic Tenor. 3:15—Close Harmony Four. 3:30—Marimba Orchestras. 3:45—Accordion Selections. 4:00—Canyonville Rhythmen. 5:00—Sign Off.

MONDAY, AUGUST 10: Morning Hours: 6:45—Early Birds. 7:00—Alarm Clock Club. 7:30—News-Review News Broadcast. 7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd. 8:30—Devotional Services. 8:45—Sacred Selections. 9:00—On the Emerald Isle. 9:30—Garden of Music. 9:45—Southern Serenade. 10:00—Louis Katzman and His Orchestra. 10:30—Belle and Martha. 10:35—Women's Exchange. 11:00—Band Selections. 11:30—Song Hit Revue. Afternoon Hours: 12:05—Good Afternoon, J. M. Judd. 12:20—Patsy Montana. 12:30—Three Rhythm Kings.

12:45—News-Review News Broadcast. 1:00—Investment For Income. 1:15—Organ Selections. 1:30—Clark Wilson's United Artists. 1:45—Ruth Royale. 2:00—Melody Moods. 2:30—The World Book Man. 3:15—Westerners. 3:30—Storyland. 4:00—The Editor Views the News. 4:15—The American Legion Program. 4:30—Swing Tunes. 5:00—The Grab Bag Program. 6:15—The Ford V-8 Revue. 6:30—The Motor Shop Garage Presents Stray Hollister at Rimrock. 6:45—Umpqua Park Program. 7:00—Concert Selections. 7:15—Sign Off.

Remodelling Home—The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Calton on South Stephens street is being remodelled.

We Do It Right Refrigeration Service Commercial and Domestic All Makes Repaired and Rebuilt "18 years" experience in refrigeration PHONE 744 Refrigeration Sales and Service Corner Mosher & Stephens Sts.

LISTEN Plantation Inn Open Under New Management Modern Rooms Reasonable Rates Eat and Drink Come out and see us sometime.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK "The white flags mark the sailing course... and those two little poles over there? They mean good fishing." "Probably somebody fished and fished all over the lake with no luck at all until he hit that spot. Maybe he got several good strikes about there. Must have calculated in his mind just where the spot was and, next time he came out, brought those poles with him and drove them down, so he'd have something to tie his boat to." Advertisements mean to an experienced shopper exactly what these two poles mean to an experienced fisherman—"good fishing." Advertisements are markers of the best buys—they save "fishing all over the lake."