

SERIAL STORY
MURDER IN CONVOY
BY A. W. O'BRIEN

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YESTERDAY, Miley and Rollins got back to Greg's cabin where Miley insists on asking more questions about Greg's activities the night of the murder. He also inquires about Greg's interest in Joan Davaar. Greg continues to insist that Miley's interest in Miley's activities is an unpleasant distraction from his own. After fighting for a while, they call it quits. Miley promises for any implication he may have made, Greg will allow for a long time after that, concludes that he knows about the mysterious figure.

CAUGHT RED-HANDED

CHAPTER IX

EARLY afternoon of the next day found the convoy riding a heavy after-storm swell, but the sun was shining again and Gregory Rollins felt it was a happy omen. For the first time in what seemed ages he was cheerful. The old feeling of helplessness had been replaced by the quickening excitement that comes to a man on the verge of a dangerous adventure.

While directing a Bren gun crew in anti-aircraft drill atop the roof of the captain's bridge, Rollins studied the "A" deck immediately below him and mentally drew up a plan for that night.

Greg was a new man when he met Joan Davaar at the Officers' Dance that evening. He had mentally paraded every suspicion about her and found harmless explanations for everything. Besides, he felt that he had grown to know the girl—really know her—and if for no other reason, the prospect of bagging the real murderer and clearing any possible suspicion from the girl's name held tremendous appeal.

It was a bit difficult dancing on the rolling floor, but holding Joan in his arms paid his own way. Joan squeezed his hand. "Do you plan to go to London—with all the bombing going on?" "I plan," he spoke deliberately—"to go wherever you'll be." Joan's face lighted. "I've got it! We're due for a special gas course in a hospital on the outskirts of London. I understand we are to have most evenings free during the course. Perhaps I could meet you on the 11th night after lunching at a little restaurant on Green street in the Soho. I used to adore it... the name is 'Welcome Snail' and it fairly reels of bygone centuries."

"Sold!" agreed Greg enthusiastically. "It's a date followed by the Palladium—if it's still on Oxford Circus..." He paused abruptly. The regimental orchestra had deviated a "Lucky Spotlight" scheme at Greg's by a pocket searchlight beam

shot out through the howling wind! Rollins stroked around the lifeboat. One of the figures was perched on the deck—the other bending over.

"Reach!" snarled Rollins. Slowly the figure straightened, holding hands outward. In one was a small silver-plated revolver. Greg snatched it and wheeled the figure around.

It was Joan Davaar!

WITHOUT saying a word, he smelled the barrel of the silver-plated revolver. It had just been fired. He slipped it into a pocket and motioned for her to stand him the contents of the other hand. Silently, she gave him a small flashlight, curiously shaped.

He pushed her aside and bent over the crouched figure. Even in the meager light, Rollins could see the face quite plainly. Lieutenant Harry Miley was very dead. The bullet must have hit him squarely in the forehead, and his features twisted into a crazy smile.

He gripped Joan by the arm and led her through the door. Inside, he spoke to her for the first time. "You are under arrest. Anything you say shall be held against you."

Joan's face was white. She didn't answer.

Colonel Stephenson listened intently to Rollins' report, glancing frequently in the direction of the girl who sat with eyes on the target.

Colonel Stephenson turned to her girl.

"Did you kill Lieutenant Miley?"

She lifted her eyes to his.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I do not wish to answer at the present."

"Very well," commented the colonel. "Did you also kill Greg?"

Joan paused. "Confession to one killing should be sufficient for you."

The colonel grinned. "Unbelievably it will be." He turned to Rollins. "You mentioned that your suspicion became definite tonight during the dance when the searchlight beam was turned on Sister Davaar. I recalled having seen her before in an office with sunlight on her hair. That office—he took a leap—was in the German Embassy at Ottawa."

(To Be Continued)

Army Colonels, Identical Twins, Offer Rare Case

TACOMA, Wash., (AP)—Unusual stories about identical twins were topped here by two 52-year-old lieutenant colonels in the United States Army who claimed their case history probably was unparalleled within the army.

The identical twins, Lieut. Col. Lloyd Spooner, of the army transport service, and Lieut. Col. Langdon Spooner, of Fort Lewis, were reunited recently in their first meeting in Tacoma since both were in training at nearby Fort Lewis in 1917.

The twins have advanced from rank to rank in the army while being separated by thousands of miles most of the time. They were lieutenants at the same time, then captains, majors and finally lieutenant colonels.

During the world war, while Langdon was still at Fort Lewis and Lloyd was in France, they both had mumps the same week.

Later they were in France in different outfits, but met up in the mud at Bois de Scheppe in the Argonne forest—they had had similar experiences and neither had shaved.

Except once in 1917 they have never been stationed at the same post.

Both became expert marksmen and both earned the rating of distinguished marksmen in pistol and rifle at approximately the same time. Lloyd, temporarily stationed at Fort Mason, Calif., represented the United States in shooting events in inter-allied games in 1919 and in the Olympic games at Antwerp in 1920.

In army uniforms they are indistinguishable except that Langdon wears the sunburst of the 1st division on his sleeve and Lloyd the Indian head of the transport service.

They have identical mustaches and their gray hair is cut in similar fashion, although they have not seen one another in years.

Both have Portland, Ore., as their legal residence.

When Lloyd's boat arrived, Langdon was on the wharf to meet him.

First down the gangplank was the ship's captain who stopped with a startled look upon seeing Langdon in uniform.

"How in heaven's name did you get off the boat colonel?" he asked.

"Oh, I've been here all morning," Langdon replied.

Just then Lloyd came down the gangplank behind the ship's master to save the day.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



is substituting in the primary room for Mrs. Hazel Davis until she has fully recuperated from an appendectomy.

A baby daughter, weighing nine pounds, was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Owens at their home west of town Monday afternoon. She has been named Ruth. Dr. L. A. Dunlap was in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Hobbs and children left last Thursday for Baker, Oregon, where they visit friends and relatives, returning here Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Brewer and Mrs. Sally Brewer were business visitors in Roseburg Tuesday.

Mrs. Brittain Slack shopped and attended to business in Roseburg Tuesday.

D. Richardson of Roseburg, a former Sutherlin resident, was visiting friends and relatives

ODDITIES

(By the Associated Press)

Ear Full

INDIANAPOLIS — Could 10-year-old James Hurt be blamed for having an earache?

James was taken to city hospital from school after complaining that his ear hurt and he couldn't hear. Physicians removed a pencil eraser, a piece of lead and a wad of paper from his right ear and just a mere wad of paper

here Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Dean Cook are enjoying a two weeks' vacation in eastern Oregon.

from the left ear. (P.S. James' hearing is much better.)

Certified

LONG BEACH, Calif.—Hermosa George Smith finally got his birth certificate.

He told the court he was born August 1, 1886, on the steamer Hermosa between San Pedro and Catalina Island. His mother died before the ship docked and no official record was made.

Smith finally found John Noyman, retired engineer of the long retired Hermosa, who remembered the incident. The court accepted his testimony and granted Smith his birth certificate.

PAGES have PLENTY of SHINGLES. (adv.)

Lions See Films Showing Tuberculosis Control

Motion pictures dealing with the control of tuberculosis and the use of funds received from the annual sale of Christmas seals, were shown the members of the Roseburg Lions club at their regular meeting Wednesday night. The pictures were shown by Mrs. Hazel Lytle of the county health department. The club was visited by a delegation of senior high school students selling season football tickets, and members subscribed 100 per cent.

FREE! TO THE LADIES

Constance Bennett Cosmetics every Monday and Tuesday evening at the Rose theatre.—(Adv.)

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Inquire at office of
H. A. CANADAY
132 N. Jackson St.,
Roseburg, Oregon

By mutual agreement the sale of Roseburg Dairy by Ernest Unrath to E. A. Britton has been rescinded and Mr. Unrath will continue to operate the business as the "Roseburg Dairy."

All accounts of milk delivered during the time Mr. Britton operated the business are payable to Ernest Unrath.

E. A. BRITTON ERNEST UNRATH

ROSEBURG DAIRY
Telephone 186

COOKBOOKLET COUPON

This Coupon and 10¢

entitles bearer to a cookbooklet at the News-Review office, Roseburg, Oregon.

Days Creek

Mr. and Mrs. Tison were attending to business matters in Roseburg Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Don Morgan and their family, of Friant, Calif., who have been spending several days at the Tison home have gone to their place between Canyonville and Azada to spend a part of their vacation. Mr. Morgan, who is Mrs. Tison's brother, plans to make a number of improvements on the place before returning to his work in California.

The extension of the Copes line up Days Creek has been completely energized. Reaching from the Days Creek store to the Dan Perdue place it furnishes electricity for quite a number of consumers.

Wednesday Mrs. Alva Matthews, Mrs. Pete Ulah, Mrs. Roy Matthews and Mrs. Elva Matthews were transacting business in Ashland. Mrs. Elva, who plans to enter Southern Oregon College of Education for the fall term, made arrangements for living quarters while there. Going by way of the Pacific Highway, the party returned via Trail and Tillet.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson were transacting business in Myrtle Creek Friday afternoon.

Prune harvest for the year has been completed and many of the farmers have started their fall plowing in preparation for planting the crops for the coming year. The recent rains have started the grass in the pastures promising excellent pasturage for stock in the fall and winter.

The boys who were home from Camp Murray for a fifteen day furlough have returned to their duties at camp. Among those who were at home were Don Wright, Cecil Smith, Harry Wright and Victor De Wit.

There was a most enjoyable prime harvest dance held last Saturday evening at the Lava shore hall.

Are You Listening, Mom?

DES MOINES, Ia. "I just got to have some money. How much will you give me for these?" a 9-year-old boy asked as he offered five rings to a pawnbroker.

Police learned the boy was living with his grandparents, and "Mom" was in Indiana.

"I wanted to see Mom so bad I thought I could sell the rings and take a bus to Indiana," the boy sobbed as he explained he took the rings from his grandmother.

His grandparents promised they'd find some way for him to see "Mom" soon.

Around the County

Sutherlin

SUTHERLIN, Sept. 26.—Mrs. George Leslie and grandson, Larry, of Tigard, Oregon, arrived Thursday to visit with the former's sisters and brothers-in-law. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Tony Meis, for a few days. Mr. Leslie came Saturday and all returned home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Slack returned here Sunday night from a wedding trip to Reno, Nevada, and San Francisco.

Mrs. Morton Aasen of Portland arrived last Saturday for a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Frank Holgate, and brother, Percy Luchterhand, and their families and other relatives at Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Cooper spent the weekend at Venetta where they visited their daughter and son-in-law. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Morningstar, and at Eugene with another daughter and son-in-law. Mr. and Mrs. Stanford McCourry and family. They also attended the Lane county fair while in Eugene.

Word has been received here from Mrs. Tom Hand, a former resident, stating she is enjoying a visit with her sister and other relatives in Kansas.

Mrs. Hugh Wahl and Patsy returned Sunday from Gaston and Portland where they visited relatives and friends for a few days.

Mrs. Loretha Keith has received the contract for and is driving the far east school bus which runs from Nongparell, where it meets the Sutherlin bus, to Coon creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Rose, Jr., are building a new house on their property east of town.

Mrs. Austin, niece of Mrs. L. A. Dunlap, from Portland visited here with Dr. and Mrs. Dunlap Monday while en route to California.

Dr. W. W. Snook and Chas. Snook left Tuesday for eastern Oregon on a hunting trip. Mrs. Eileen Smith of Roseburg

**Public Dance
Maccabee Hall
Saturday Night**

Music by
Casey Jones' Firemen
EVERYBODY WELCOME

The pleasure-loving citizens of Pilsner never gulped their brew. No, they sipped slowly at their beloved Pilsner, rolling each mouthful on the tongue.

You see, with Pilsner, what refreshed one was the smack, the taste itself and not just the coolness of the beer.

Pilsner was as distinctive for its long-lasting sparkle and liveliness... chains of tiny bubbles seemed to rise endlessly up one's glass.

Naturally this gay and tangy Pilsner was ideal with food! And for sheer refreshment it had no rival anywhere.

Has U. S. skill re-created the smack of old-time PILSNER?



Could American skill ever produce a beer as fine as the original Pilsner? We believe we have such a beer in Brown Derby Pilsner.

Brown Derby's characteristic Pilsner flavor, its rich aroma and sparkling liveliness, say those who knew imported Pilsner well, are strikingly like the imported. Three things have made this possible.

FIRST, our own Pilsner formula; money couldn't buy it from us.

SECOND, our method of selecting the choicest malt—and hops of only the most delicately fine flavor.

THIRD, our quality control by which we continuously check Brown Derby for the fidelity of its Pilsner qualities.

Taste-test at our risk!

Bring home some Brown Derby Pilsner. Cool it. Invite in some good friends to taste it with you. If you don't find Brown Derby as fine as any Pilsner you ever enjoyed, if you're not entirely satisfied with it, return merely the empty bottles to the store where you bought it and they will refund your full purchase price.

Brown Derby Pilsner at SAFEWAY



The scene looked like the real thing—the Bren gun, soldiers wearing steel helmets, life-belts and gas masks.

flitted around the dimly lighted lounge near the end of each dance and rested upon some nurse who was then permitted to suggest her favorite number for the next dance. The beam had rested directly on Joan's blond hair.

THERE was a blinding of intense black over "A" deck and a growling roar was roaring endlessly through the rigging. Sally averted her eyes as he furiously watched the sentry shuffle along the slippery deck toward the stern. Quickly he slipped across to the lifeboat he had already selected, leavened a turbulent roar and crawled under the eaves. The illuminated aid on his watch told him it was 12:25 p. m. He rattled himself as comfortably as possible in the cramped quarters.

A dark figure slipped out and glided itself like a dark smudge against the deck wall for a minute. Then it moved like a cat to the rail.

From his inch of aperture between canvas and boat edge Rollins saw brief light flash. He waited no longer. He slipped back the canvas with one hand and pulled out his service revolver with the other, but even as he vaulted from the lifeboat onto the deck he saw from a corner of his eye a second dark figure break from the shadow of an emergency raft and rush toward the other at the rail.

For the merest fraction of a moment his view was cut off by a section of the lifeboat. A revolver

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