

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Marian Gordon, reporter for the Morning Dispatch, returns from hearing a jury acquit William Brown of the charge that he accepted \$10,000 to pass defective workmanship on a high school building to learn that her former school friend, Silver Hondon, has been granted a divorce from her husband Cliff. Then her editor telephones that Cliff has shot himself, and sends Marian to Reno to break the news to Silver. Marian arrives in the midst of a celebration.

Chapter Seven
STRANGE SOBS
FOR a moment Silver stared at Marian in surprise. Then, jumping down, she came forward, hands outstretched.

"Jan... Marian Gordon, of all people. What are you doing way out here at this hour of the night?" She didn't wait for an answer but turned to the other guests. "Folks, this is Marian Gordon, an old school friend of mine, and Marian... the gang. They're here to help me celebrate my free—"

"Please!" Marian interrupted because she could not bear to have that word freedom completed. Something in her voice checked the other girl.



"You're here as Silver's friend?" he asked.

asked. "Have you had a cable from Honolulu, is it mother and dad?" "No, Silver, but can't we go some place where we will be alone?"

It wasn't necessary. As though divining a serious climax to their gale, the guests had started to gather wraps.

They fled out in twos and threes, all except one man. Marian looked at him expectantly. At the first glance he seemed older than the rest, then she realized this was due to prematurely gray hair. His face was young, dark eyes alert, but there was something worldly and old in the cynical expression of the mouth beneath its short clipped moustache.

"I'll stay," he announced and added, "You might need me."

Silver was serious now. Some of the rich color had faded from her cheeks and her eyes were dilated with alarm. "Tell me, Ian, quick," she begged.

MARIAN dreaded the ordeal. It seemed utterly heartless to crush the laughter in this child woman. She seemed like a child playing woman with those curls caught in a knot on top of her head.

"It's Cliff," she began. Silver reached for the support of the strange man's arm, curved her hand about his wrist—"You mean he's dead?"

"No, not yet. At least he was still living when we left Sacramento." Quickly then she explained while Silver, lacquered red finger nails digging into the stranger's wrist, listened. When Marian had stopped she left him and came close to her.

"Tell me," she demanded looking straight into her eyes. "Will he die?" "I don't know," she answered truthfully.

"Marian!" Now the red lacquered nails were digging into her arm. "Marian!" There was hysteria in her voice. "Cliff is dying, a new voice arose in a shrill laugh that changed to a sob, and then with a gesture of abandon, she threw herself into the big chair, and buried her head in her arms, shoulders shaking convulsively.

Marian, alarmed, leaned over her. "Silver, don't do that," she begged.

RECREATION USES OF FOREST AREAS PART OF SERVICE

The forest service is interested in the use of the forest for social development as well as growing of timber. George A. Duttle, chief, division of information for the service in Washington, D. C., said in an interview during his stay in Medford. Mr. Duttle flew here the latter part of the week to attend the three-day session of the Shasta Cascade Wonderland association, which closes today.

"Because the U. S. forest service is interested in such development," Mr. Duttle said, "it is much in sympathy with the wonderland association. There is an opportunity today to do great work in the developing and perpetuation of the forest as a source of recreation."

He went on to say that the forests are now more accessible and more useful to the people. The forest service, Mr. Duttle said, is preparing records of all the resources for which the forests may be used.

The part the forest has played in the depression, as relief for the unemployed, the destitute and the rehabilitation of men who were down and out, has proved they are of use for more than timber, the forester said.

Because living in the forests is cheaper, and people may live there more independently, many are turning to those areas to reside now, he stated.

When developing the forests, according to Mr. Duttle, the social side is kept in view. The great increase of the use of the forest for recreational purposes, fun, entertainment, health and inspiration is noticeable, he said.

UPPER ROGUE CCC BEST FOR MONTH

Company 1747, Camp Upper Rogue, has been named the outstanding camp of the Medford district for the month of September, by Major Clare H. Armstrong, district commander. Camp Devil's Flat, Camp Indian Creek and Camp South Fork attained a rating of honorable mention. The Indian Creek camp was named best camp for August and will turn over the district flag to the new winner.

Camp Upper Rogue has been under the command of Capt. Glenn J. Key. Lieut. Cyril H. McGuire, who has been stationed at the camp for several months, is assuming command with the transfer of Captain Key to district headquarters. Lieut. Harold B. Gillis is medical officer at the camp from Celiaan Ufford is educational adviser.

DATES GIVEN FOR TEACHER TRAINING

City School Superintendent C. G. Smith has announced that the institute for training adult teachers, to be conducted as part of the relief plan for unemployed teachers, will be held at Ashland, October 18, 19 and 20.

Twelve teachers will be allowed to attend the institute, from whom eight will be given employment through the government relief project. Eight is the number allocated to Jackson county.

Returns from Idaho—Alfred Burch returned on Sunday evening's train from Wallace, Ida., where he had been spending the past several days on business.

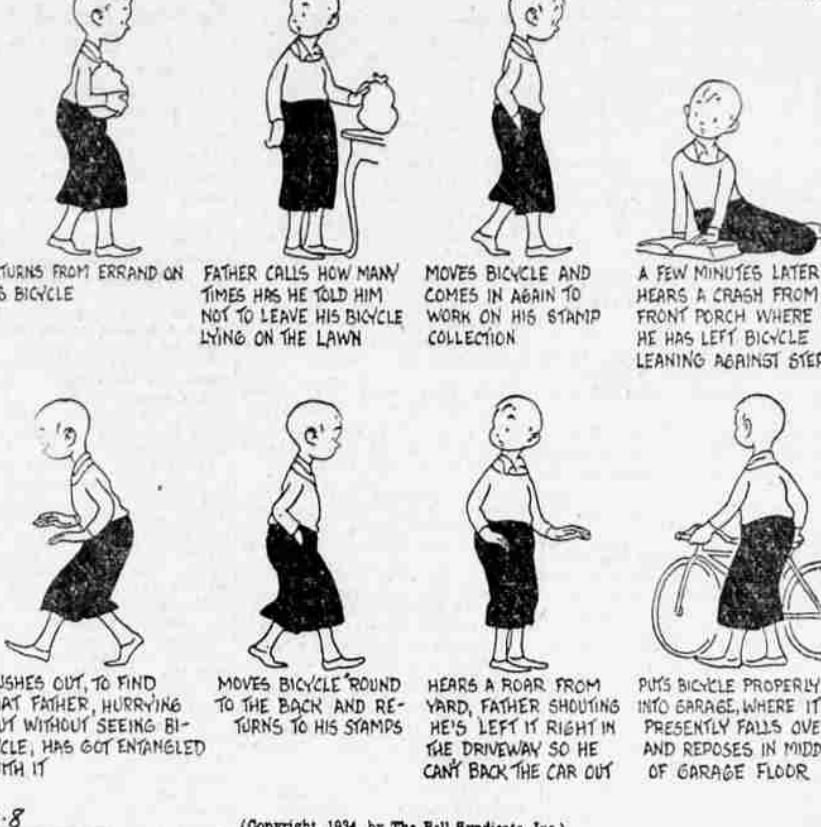
BICYCLE PARKING

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BEAGLE DEATH HELD UNAVOIDABLE MISHAP

A coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from unavoidable accident in an inquest held at Ashland Saturday into the death of James Beagle of Ashland, state fire warden. Mr. Beagle was crushed to death by a flood of heavy logs in an auto accident with a logging truck Thursday morning on the Dead Indian road. The inquest was conducted by Coroner Frank Perri and Deputy Coroner Will Dodge of Ashland.

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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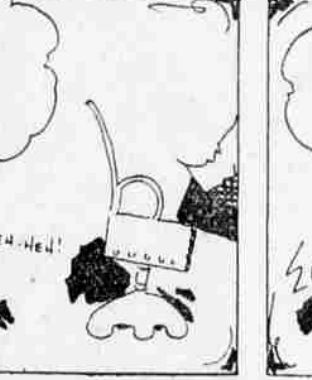
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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Climbing for Reconnaissance!



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Finding Hal Jaeger



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THE NEBBS—Gone, But Not Forgotten?



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By EDWIN ALGER



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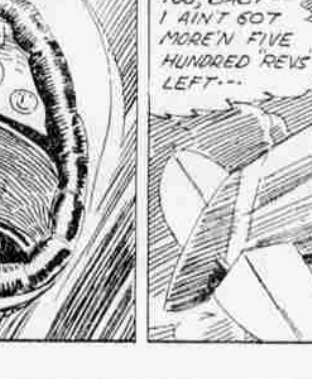
Report Theft—B. B. Grevals of Bend, Ore., reported to city police yesterday that upon his arrival in Medford on the 12 o'clock bus Saturday night, he discovered the theft of a bottle of gold from his coat pocket. Grevals said the gold was worth \$35.

BRINGING UP FATHER



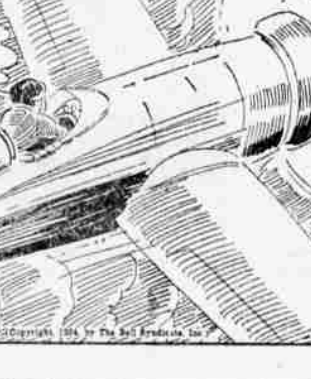
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