

Roseburg News-Review

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Editor
M. H. KILGORTH

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Growing Up.

OREGON is sort of "growing up" as a state. No longer is this state a part of the wilderness of the great Oregon country. We have a splendid highway system giving easy access to even the remotest corners. We have a reasonably complete network of rail transportation. Our communications systems cover every nook and cranny. Oregon even has more radio transmission in comparison with population than most states.

Oregon, blessed with unusually rich natural resources, having been a little slow in growing up, may be able to apply proper conservation methods in time to prevent their dissipation. The state of Washington, for instance, endowed with vast amounts of timber which was developed early, is near being classed as a cut-over state—meaning a state from which the timber has been taken. It is reasonably certain that Oregon will be able to place its timber resource on a sustained yield basis, meaning that as much new timber will be grown as is cut.

But Oregon has lagged pitifully in protecting another of its great natural resources—the fish in the coastal streams. When western Oregon was settled every possible means of making a living was promptly utilized. It was necessary, in order to sustain life, that every natural advantage be seized upon and developed. The people who first settled at the mouth of the Umpqua, isolated and without land transportation other than pack trails and without rapid means of communication, carved out their existence with the resources that were available. They trapped fur-bearing animals, they cut the timber, they caught and packed or salted the fish in the stream. Those things made life possible and for some meant wealth.

Now the near timber is gone. The fur-bearing animals are scarce and have been protected by legislation. The fish run in the river is dwindling and in a very few years will be gone—at least the spring chinook and steelhead runs will end. And yet no adequate means of preventing this final and total destruction of one of the county's great resources has been adopted.

It is time, in fact it is nearly too late, to protect and save the last straggling remnants of the once great chinook and steelhead runs. It is time for the people of Oregon to realize that this state has indeed grown up. The Umpqua must be closed to net fishing or we must bid farewell forever to that river as a great recreational asset—it certainly has long since ceased to be important as a commercial fishing stream.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

when the ship owners had too much power. They did a good job of it, and greatly improved working conditions in the shipping industry. For that, they are entitled to much credit.

THERE are signs in the wind that the unions, or at least their leaders, are now beginning to get too much power. In Seattle, for example, it appears that a farmer can not safely drive his own truck, loaded with his own produce, into the city without taking on a union driver, or at least a union escort, at the city limits. In Seattle, we have seen the amazing and in America unprecedented spectacle of a great newspaper closed up by force, throwing its hundreds of employees out of their jobs, because

it had displaced powerful union leaders. That, also, is evidence of too much power and the abuses that follow.

THE marine strike on the Pacific coast will probably be a long drawn out struggle, although everyone is still hoping that a way may be found to avoid such a calamity. What its outcome will be, no one knows.

But there is little doubt that the general public will be better off if the struggle ends in a draw, with neither side winning decisively. TOO MUCH POWER in anybody's hands isn't good for the public as a whole, for too much power leads to abuse of power.

It always has, and in all probability it always will.

KRRR PROGRAM (1,500 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Concert Arrangements.
5:00—The Grab Bag Program.
6:00—Election Returns through Sponsorship of News-Review in cooperation with Hansen Motor Co.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
8:00—Popular Band Selections.
8:30—Duke Ellington.
8:45—Dream Melodies.
9:00—Haydn's Masterworks.
9:30—Waltz Time.
10:00—Victor Concert Orchestra.
10:15—Sol Bright and His Holly Wailers.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Jack Demarchant.
11:15—Modern Melodies.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Time Signal.
12:00—The Ford V-8 Revue.
12:15—Bill Biles.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Myrtle Creek Community Program.
1:30—Dean Rhodes.
1:45—Ruth Royale.
2:00—Max Hendrix Ensemble.
2:30—The Sonneters.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Airs from the Operas.
3:30—Children's Request Program.
3:45—Famous Love Songs.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Oakland Community Program.
4:45—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5

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—Postcard Church Service.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Famous Music.
9:30—Nat Shikret and His Orchestra.
10:00—Saw Turns.
10:15—Class Harmony Four.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—The Southern Oregon Gas Company presents "The Mystery Chef."
11:15—Rhythm Revue.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Time Signal.
12:15—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:30—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Viking Accordion Band.
1:15—Kay Kyser and His Orchestra.
1:30—Remembering.
1:45—Municipal Dance Band.
2:00—Sonics Seldom Heard.
2:30—Richard Crooks.
2:45—Three Rhythm Kings.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Modern Melodies.
3:30—Children's Request Program.
3:45—String Ensembles.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Canyonville Community Program.
4:45—Sign Off.

GUARDSMEN DRILL FOR SPECIAL DUTY

Roseburg's national guard company in its regular weekly drill last night received special training in riot duty and machine gun operation. Instruction was given both by the company officers and by reserve officers. Captain V. J. Meehl, commanding officer, conducted a demonstration problem in

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

What strange thoughts any man must have of God when he would, for any reason at all, wish to get away from Him. No wonder what our lives have been, our hope and safety lie in coming to Him rather than running away from Him. There is no fully that can be quite so foolish as that of trying to get out of His way. That we cannot do it, we know full well, and that we shall have to face the issue of it some time, and of the depth of our folly and our sin and ignorance we cry out. There, O God, and we know Thou wilt hear us and will come into hearts and our lives with Thy grace and Thy love. Amen.

Hallowe'en!



defense of the county courthouse. James W. Long and Robert Ridgeway were enlisted as new members. There are still a few vacancies in the company. Captain Mitchell reports, and young men desiring to join the guard unit are requested to get in touch with the captain or other officers of the unit.

LECTURE, PICTURES DATED AT CHURCH

Dr. H. W. Jeffries, of Portland, supervisor of the northwest district of Four-square churches, will speak at the local church tonight on "The Need of the Hour." He will also show lantern slides on Palestine and Italy. The pictures are in color and are said to be some of the best of their kind ever taken. The meeting will be open to the public.

NEW GAS STATION WILL OPEN NOV. 7

The new Richfield service station built by the Coen Lumber company at Cass and Stephens street, across from the post office, will be opened here Saturday, November 7. It was announced today. The station is one of the most modern and attractive in the state, both in architectural design and arrangement.

MELROSE

MELROSE, Nov. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Russell Fleece, of Hollywood, Calif., and the latter's aunt, Miss Edward Beck, of Oakland, Calif., left Sunday for their homes after visiting several days with Mrs. Fleece's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Doerner. Mrs. Fleece was formerly Miss Lucy Doerner and resided at Cleveland for many years. Mr. and Mrs. Fleece made a trip on to Seattle while they were here.

Elmer Hedberg recently returned from several years spent in Seattle, and after visiting at Melrose and Roseburg left Sunday for Klamath Falls, where he will visit his two brothers, Fred and Gunnar Hedberg. He was accompanied on the trip by Miss Helen Anderson, who will visit her sister, Mrs. Gunnar Hedberg, and her brother Carl Anderson. After Mr. Hedberg returns from Klamath he plans to leave for Sweden where he will visit his mother.

Miss Eva Walters of the Baughman settlement was the weekend guest of Miss Charlotte Williams. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cederstrom and daughter of Marshfield visited over the last weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Becker recently moved into the house belonging to Merle Olson.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Strader and family, of Glendale, recently visited the former's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Ward.

Those attending the Townsend rally at Canyonville last Sunday from Melrose included Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Lundeen, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Glaser, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Anderson, Travis Buffington and Wesley Glass.

Mrs. Lillian Doerner has as her guest her sister, Mrs. Emily Mitchell, of Marshfield. Mrs. Mitchell will visit in Roseburg with her brother, Horace Hagen, before she returns home.

THE BIG FOUR

A Mystery-Romance by Agatha Christie

CHAPTER XX

Our next move was to visit Dr. Quentin. His story was substantially the same as he had told at the inquest, and he had little to add to it. He received us in his surgery, having just come to the end of his consulting patients. He seemed an intelligent man. A certain primness of manner went with his primness, but I fancied that he would be thoroughly modern in his methods.

"I wish I could remember about the window," he said frankly. "But it's dangerous to think back, one becomes quite positive about something that never existed. That's psychology, isn't it, M. Poirot? You see, I've read all about your methods, and I may say I'm an enormous admirer of yours. No, I suppose it's pretty certain that the Chairman put the powdered opium in the curry, but he'll never admit it, and we shall never know why. But holding a man down in a fire—that's not in keeping with our Chinese friend's character. It seems to me."

I commented on this last point to Poirot as we walked down the main street of Market Handford. "Do you think he let a confederate in?" I asked. "By the way, I suppose Japp can be trusted to keep an eye on him?" (The inspector had passed into the police station on some business or other.) "The emissaries of the Big Four are pretty aptly."

"Japp is keeping an eye on one of them," said Poirot grimly. "They have been closely shadowed ever since the body was discovered."

"Well, at any rate we know that Gerald Paynter had nothing to do with it."

"You always know so much more than I do, Hastings, that it becomes quite fatiguing."

"You old fox," I laughed. "You never will commit yourself."

"To be honest, Hastings, the case is now quite clear to me—all but the words, Yellow Jasmine—and I am coming to agree with you that they have no bearing on the crime. In a case of this kind, you have got to make up your mind who is lying. I have done that. And you?"

He suddenly darted from my side and entered an adjacent bookshop. He emerged a few minutes later, holding a parcel. Then Japp rejoined us, and we all sought quarters at the inn.

I slept late the next morning. When I descended to the sitting-room reserved for us, I found Poirot already there, pacing up and down, his face contorted with agony.

"Do not converse with me," he cried, waving an agitated hand. "Not until I know that all is well—that the arrest is made. Ah! but my psychology has been weak. Hastings, if a man writes a dying message, it is because it is important. Every one has said—Yellow Jasmine? There is yellow jasmine growing up the house—it means nothing."

"Well, what does it mean? Just what it says. Listen." He held up a little book he was holding. "My friend, it struck me that it would be well to inquire into the subject. What exactly is yellow jasmine? This little book has told me. Read."

"Gelsemium Radix, Yellow Jasmine. Composition: Alkaloids gelsemine (C₂₁H₃₃N₃O₆), a potent poison acting like coniine; and semine (C₂₁H₃₃N₃O₆), acting like strychnine; gelsemium acid, etc. Gelsemium is a powerful depressant to the central nervous system. At a late stage in its action it paralyzes the motor nerve endings, and in large doses causes giddiness and loss of muscular power. Death is due to paralysis of the respiratory centre."

"You see, Hastings? At the beginning I had an inkling of the truth when Japp made his remark about a live man being forced into the fire. I realized then that it was a dead man who was burned."

"What? Why? What was the point?"

"My friend, if you were to shoot a man, or stab a man after he were dead, or even knock him on the head, it would be apparent that the injuries were inflicted after death. But with his head charred to a cinder, no one is going to hunt about for obscure causes of death, and a man who has apparently just escaped being poisoned at dinner, is not likely to be poisoned just afterwards. Who is lying, that is always the question? I decided to believe Ah Ling."

"What? I exclaimed. "You are surprised, Hastings? Ah Ling knew of the existence of the Big Four, that was evident—so evident that it was clear he knew nothing of their association with the crime until that moment. Had he been able to retain his impassive face perfectly. So I decided then, to believe Ah Ling, and I fixed my suspicions on Gerald Paynter. It seemed to me that Number Four would have found an impersonation of a long lost nephew very easy."

"What? I cried. "Number Four?"

"No, Hastings, not Number Four, as soon as I had read up the subject of yellow jasmine, I saw the truth. In fact, it leapt to the eye. 'As always,' I said coldly, 'it doesn't leap to mine.'"

Number Four has simply masqueraded as him for a short time. The arrangements with Dr. Bolitho were all carried out by correspondence, the man who was to substitute originally having been taken ill at the last minute. At that minute, Japp burst in, 'very red in the face.' "You have got him?" cried Poirot anxiously. Japp shook his head, very out of breath.

"Bolitho came back from his holiday this morning—recalled by telegram. No one knows who sent it. The other man left last night. We'll catch him yet, though."

Poirot shook his head quietly. "I think not," he said, and absent-mindedly he drew a big 4 on the table with a fork.

Poirot and I often dined at a small restaurant in Soho. We were there one evening, when we observed a friend at an adjacent table. It was Inspector Japp, and as there was room at our table, he came and joined us. It was some time since either of us had seen him.

"Never do you drop in to see us nowadays," declared Poirot reproachfully. "Not since the affair of the Yellow Jasmine have we met, and that is nearly a month ago."

"I've been up north—that's why. How are things with you? Big Four still going strong—eh?" Poirot shook a finger at him reproachfully.

"Ah! you mock yourself at me—but the Big Four—they exist."

"Oh! I don't doubt that—but they're not the but of the universe, as you make out."

"My friend, you are very much mistaken. The greatest power for evil in the world today is this 'Big Four.' To what end they are tending, no one knows, but there has never been another such criminal organization. The finest brain in China at the head of it, an American millionaire, and a French woman scientist as members, and for the fourth—"

Japp interrupted. "I know—I know. Regular bee in your bonnet over it all. It's becoming your little mania. Moosor Poirot. Let's talk of something else for a change. Take any interest in chess?"

"I have played it, yes."

"Did you see that curious business yesterday? Match between two players of world-wide reputation, and one died during the game?"

"I saw a mention of it. Dr. Savaronoff, the Russian champion, was one of the players, and the other, who succumbed to heart failure, was the brilliant young American, Olinor Wilson."

"Quite right. Savaronoff beat Robinson and became Russian champion some years ago. Wilson was said to be a second Capablanca."

"A very curious occurrence," mused Poirot. "If I mistake not, you have a particular interest in the matter?"

Japp gave a rather embarrassed laugh. "You've hit it, Moosor Poirot. I'm puzzled. Wilson was found as a bell—no trace of heart trouble. His death is quite inexplicable."

"You suspect Dr. Savaronoff of putting him out of the way?" I cried.

"Hardly that," said Japp dryly. "I don't think even a Russian would murder another man in order not to be beaten at chess—and anyway, from all I can make out, the boat was likely to be on the other leg. The doctor is supposed to be very hot stuff—second to Lasker they say he is."

Poirot nodded thoughtfully. "Then what exactly is your little idea?" he asked. "Why should Wilson be poisoned? For, I assume, of course, that it is poison you suspect."

"Naturally. Heart failure means your heart stops beating—that's all there is to that. That's what a doctor says officially in the moment, but privately he tips us the wink that he's not satisfied."

"When is the autopsy to take place?"

"Tonight. Wilson's death was extraordinarily sudden. He seemed quite as usual and was actually moving one of the pieces when he suddenly fell forward—dead!"

"There are very few poisons which act in such a fashion," objected Poirot. "I know. The autopsy will tell us I expect."

(To be continued)

JUROR GIVEN JAIL TERM FOR CONTEMPT
PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 2.—(AP)—A charge of "unlawful interference with the proceedings of the court" in connection with his service on the September circuit court jury panel brought Morris A. Harris, WPA worker, a six months' jail sentence for contempt. He was accused of phoning a plaintiff in the damage case for which he was a juror.

In pronouncing sentence, Circuit Judge John P. Winter characterized the nation's jury system as the foundation of justice.

A mistrial was declared in the case in which Harris acted.

CARD OF THANKS
We do deeply appreciate and acknowledge the sympathy and kind assistance of our many friends in our time of sorrow. Mrs. Naomi Elliott and Larry. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Elliott and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Haskin. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Elliott. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Young and family.

AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY
Due to election there will be no meeting of the Auxiliary on Tuesday, November 3rd.—Adv.

McCORMICK-DEERING tractors are modern in every respect and are made to give years of good service. They are sold at Wharton Bros.—Adv.

WATKINS GOODS, 129 W. Lane.—Adv.

HOME COMING AT SONS IS PLANNED

Students of the Southern Oregon Normal school are preparing for the reception of the alumni on November 6 and 7 at what is expected to be one of the greatest homecomings in the school's history.

Many special events are being planned for the old grads, including the big noise parade and bonfire Friday evening, a banquet at the Lithia hotel and numerous entertainments and banquets sponsored by the various clubs and organizations for their former members.

A colorful dance in the school auditorium will conclude the series of events on Saturday evening.

Probably the biggest event of the homecoming will be the year's grid clash with Oregon Normal on Saturday. The kickoff will be called at 2 o'clock and this will be the second and last home game for the local gridlers.

Invitations will be sent to all the old grads and former students; and a record number of alumni are expected especially since this year marks the tenth anniversary of S. O. N. S.

Miss Marion Ady, art instructor, is chairman of all arrangements.

Forget-Me-Not

I. C. W. Clark, mayor of the city of Roseburg, do hereby designate Saturday, November 7, as forget-me-not day for the benefit of all disabled American veterans of the World War.

It is my hearty wish that the city officials and the citizens of Roseburg render all possible assistance and support to this worthy cause.

These men gave up their health and their youth in the hour of our country's need that we might remain a nation of free peoples. Let

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