

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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We Celebrate Peace.

EIGHTEEN years have passed
since the first Armistice. That
armistice threw the whole western
world into unrestrained celebra-
tion. The world war had ended, the
war fought to make the world safe
for democracy. The war fought to
end all war had ceased.

Today the veterans of that war
grimly realize that the world was
not made safe—not safe for democ-
racy or for any other form of gov-
ernment. They know too that the
war to end war did not accomplish
its purpose. In fact the war to
end war did not even result in de-
laying conflict in the world. Rath-
er it might be said that the war
which was designed to end war
merely provided the seed for more
wars.

Even so, we celebrate every No-
vember 11. The celebration today
is sponsored by the American Leg-
ation and other veterans' organiza-
tions take part. There are parades,
flags, uniforms. To many it is a
wildlike spectacle. But those who
believe this celebration or any
part of it is intended to glorify war
are pitifully wrong. There are
those who profess to believe that
the veterans' organizations are
militant and war-thirsty. They
are likewise mistaken.

The organizations have a com-
mon ground of brotherhood—their
members fought side by side in a
great conflict. They offered every-
thing—they sold nothing and pro-
fited none. In these respects they
differ from other folks and theirs
is literally a bond of blood sealed
with blood—yes, the blood of their
fallen comrades. If they march
proudly and with military step be-
hind the flag of their country; if
they combat vigorously any and
all assaults against the govern-
ment for which they fought, wheth-
er such assaults come from within
or from without, theirs is a pa-
triotism with meaning. There is a
patriotism utterly beyond the
comprehension of small minds or
inexperienced sentimentalists.

Yes, we celebrate the signing of
the armistice. May it be a last-
ing armistice. It is perhaps grimly
significant that we do not ever
celebrate the signing of the treaty
of peace. We celebrate only the
signing of the armistice—the
agreement which provided, not a
permanent peace, but the halting
of hostilities. Our celebration to-
day is a revival, a recreation, if
you please, of that first armistice
celebration 18 years ago. The war
had ended. We join today in the
celebration of that greatest event,
the advent of peace in a war-torn
world.

AERIAL MANEUVERS EXPLAINED HERE

A technical explanation of the
recent air corps maneuvers off Pu-
get sound, where squadrons of pur-
suit and bombing planes were en-
gaged in simulated defense against
an invading enemy, was given be-
fore the local chapter of the officers
reserve corps at the regular
dinner meeting last night.

A group of officers from Hamil-
ton field, returning from the man-
euvers were guests of the local
unit. Among the visitors present
were Major Foster, commander of
air corps units of Hamilton field;
Lieutenant Clarence Schmidt, 11th
bombardment squadron; Lieuten-
ant Richard Kugel, 7th bombard-
ment squadron; Lieutenant M. E.
Glasen and Lieutenant E. L. Reid,
air corps reserve.

The officers were members of a
group of 400 air corps men who
spent last night in Roseburg on
their way back to Hamilton field.
The local unit discussed plans
for the contact camp to be held
here in December, and made ar-
rangements for pistol practice next
week and small calibre machine
gun fire the following week.

F. R. SEES NEED FOR ADDED RELIEF FUND

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—(AP)—
President Roosevelt said yester-
day a supplemental work relief
appropriation probably would be
necessary for this fiscal year be-
cause the drought had dug deeply
into the \$1,425,000,000 appropriated
by congress last June.

The president made the state-
ment at a press conference. He
also said it was likely the budget
estimates for the next fiscal year's
relief program—beginning July 1,
1937—would be delayed until March
when it would be easier to esti-
mate the cost on an annual basis.

He did not know at this time, he
said, how much would be needed
to bolster relief funds for the re-
mainder of this fiscal year which
ends June 30.

Asked if he expected to have a
balanced budget by that time, the
chief executive smiled and replied
he would have an answer to that
in his message to congress Janu-
ary 6.

Discussing plans for the future,
Mr. Roosevelt said continuation of
the resettlement administration,
the national youth administration,
the civilian conservation corps, and
other new deal agencies of this
type by absorbing them into exist-
ing or new federal depart-
ments was a probability.

The president said the whole
matter awaited recommendations of
congressional and presidential
committees studying reorganization
of existing departments.

Several long-time leaseholders,
who have made fortunes on the
lands in spite of floods and other
hazards, were noted out by new
interests, one of which was a
certified check for \$50,
000. For the first time no prefer-
ential rights were granted current
leasees.

The land is turned principally to
grain production, with a small por-
tion devoted to grazing and hay.
Potato growing is banned in order
to protect small homesteaders and
property owners of the district.
This year the land will bring an
estimated \$1,750,000 to the lease-
holders.

GRANTS PASS RAIL PROJECT NOT SLAIN

GRANTS PASS, Nov. 11.—(AP)—
Advocate of a special ex-
amination of the interstate commerce
commission does not stalemate
proposals for construction of a
railroad from Grants Pass to
Crescent City, C. H. Demaray said.
"Exceptions will be filed, and
arguments made directly before the
commission, which itself has not
acted," he said.

Demaray, receiver for the Cali-
fornia and Oregon Coast railroad,
already built 14 miles between the
two cities, said the army board of
engineers has postponed a harbor
hearing scheduled to begin today
at Crescent City until December 10.

The Crescent City harbor pro-
posal is complementary to the rail-
road program in a municipal-federal
project for development of a
mid-Pacific economic empire.

Although not linked with the
railroad in the applications, a cross-
state line has also been envisioned
and the Grants Pass-Crescent City
line endorsed by representatives
backing the line across Oregon.

DAYS CREEK, Nov. 11.—Mrs.
A. F. Moore and son, Delbert, went
to Portland Thursday where Del-
bert will receive eye treatment at
the Boerbocker hospital. Mrs.
Moore will visit her stepmother,
Mrs. B. W. Hanks, who is critically
ill at the Good Samaritan hospital.

Nettie Moore attended the adult
education class in first aid Wed-
nesday evening.

Earl Duncan and Earl Sumner
are doing some duck hunting in
the Klamath region this week.
Fried prizes are moving out of
the neighborhood, many truck loads
being taken to packing plants in
Roseburg this week.

Tom Knight has been doing
some tractor plowing for Ray Mat-
thews the past few days.
Mrs. W. G. Hill, who has been
visiting her son, C. C. Hill, for the
past several weeks, returned to the
O. C. Brown home in Dixonville,
Friday.

Mrs. Fred Illman transacted
business in Roseburg Thursday.
At the regular meeting of the
South Umpqua grange, Monday eve-
ning the following officers were



THE BIG FOUR

A Mystery-Romance by Agatha Christie

CHAPTER XXVII
"Surely, Hastings. As the keeper,
his teeth were broken and discolored,
in Paris they were even and white,
as the doctor they protruded
slightly, and as Savaroff they had
usually long canines. Nothing
altered the face so completely as
a different set of teeth. You see
where all this is leading up?"

"Not exactly," I said cautiously.
"A man carries his profession
written in his face, they say."
"It's a criminal," I cried.

"He is an adept in the art of
making up."
"It's the same thing."
"Rather a sweeping statement,
Hastings, and one which would
hardly be appreciated by the the-
atrical world. Do you not see that
the man is, or has been, at one
time or another, an actor?"

"But certainly. He has the whole
technique at his fingertips. Now
there are two classes of actors, the
one who sinks himself in his part,
and the one who manages to im-
press his personality upon it. It is
from the latter class that actor
managers usually spring. They
seize a part and mould it to their
own personality. The former class
is quite likely to spend his days do-
ing Mr. Lloyd George at different
music halls, or impersonating old
men with beards in repertory
plays. It is among that former
class that we must look for our
Number Four. He is a supreme ar-
tist in the way he sinks himself in
each part he plays."

I was growing interested.
"So you fancy you may be able
to trace his identity through his
connection with the stage?"
"Your reasoning is always bril-
liant, Hastings."

"It might have been better," I
said coldly, "if the idea had come
to you sooner. We have wasted a
lot of time."
"You are in error, man and no
more time has been wasted than
now my agents have been engaged
on the task. Joseph Arons is one
of them. You remember him? They
have compiled a list for me of men
fulfilling the necessary qualifica-
tions—young men round about the
age of thirty, of more or less non-
descript appearance, and with a
gift for playing character parts—
men, moreover, who have definite-
ly left the stage within the last
three years."

"Well," I said, deeply inter-
ested.
"The list was, necessarily, rather
a long one. For some time now,
we have been engaged on the task
of elimination. And finally we have
bottled the whole thing down to
four names. Here they are, my
friend."

He tossed me over a sheet of
paper. I read its contents aloud.
"Ernest Luttrell. Son of a North
Country parson. Always had a
kind of some kind in his moral
makeup. Was expelled from his
public school. Went on the stage
at the age of twenty-three. (There
followed a list of parts he had
played, with dates and places.) Ad-
dicted to drugs. Supposed to have
gone to Australia four years ago.
Cannot be traced after leaving
England. Age 32, height 5 ft. 10 1/2
in., clean-shaven, hair brown, nose
straight, complexion fair, eyes gray."

"John St. Maur. Assumed name.
Real name not known. Believed to
be of cockney extraction. On stage
since quite a child. Did music hall
impersonations. Not been heard of
for three years. Age, about 32.
Height 5 ft. 10 1/2 in."

"Andrew Beard, 55-year-old negro
of Ethelville, Ala., recovered after
being buried under dirt for seven
hours.
eyes, fair coloring.

ARMISTICE DAY
Crawling Through the Smoke

ARMISTICE DAY
Crawling Through the Smoke

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Crawling Through the Smoke

ARMISTICE DAY
Crawling Through the Smoke

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

Today is Armistice day. It is
called Remembrance day in
England, remembrance of the
great sacrifice, and price that
was paid to make the world
safe for democracy. "Democracy
is a growth, not an invention,
a life, not a machine, an effect,
not a cause. It is a stage of de-
velopment. It comes, like man-
hood, as the fruit of youth. Im-
mature people cannot have it.
Democracy is conduct and its
only foundation is character.
America is not free because she
is a democracy. She has de-
mocracy because she is free."
How sacredly we should guard
this great gift of God, and re-
verently honor those who gave
their lives that democracy might
live. Dear Father, may we
be ever grateful for those
who gave their lives, that "a
government of and for and by
the people should not perish
from the earth." Amen.

feelings of Mr. McNeill.
This outrageous flattery was not
without effect. Miss Monroe blushed
and simpered.

"Oh, go on now, Mr. Poirot!" she
exclaimed. "I show what you
Frenchmen are like."
"Mademoiselle, we are not quite
like Englishmen before beauty.
Not that I am a Frenchman—I am
a Belgian, you see."

"I've been to Ostend myself,"
said Miss Monroe.
The whole affair, as Poirot
would have said, was marching
splendidly.

"And so you can tell us some-
thing about Mr. Claud Darrell?"
continued Poirot.
"I knew Mr. Darrell very well at
one time," explained the lady.
"And I saw your advertisement,
being out of a shop for the mo-
ment, and my time being my own,
I said to myself: There, they
want to know about poor old Clau-
die—lawyers, too—maybe it's a
fortune for the right heir. I'd
better go round at once."

Mr. McNeill rose.
"Well, Monsieur Poirot, shall I
leave you for a little conversation
with Miss Monroe?"
"You are too amiable. But stay
—a little idea presents itself to
me. The hour of the rejuvener ap-
proaches. Mademoiselle will per-
haps honor me by coming out to
luncheon with me?"

Miss Monroe's eyes glistened. It
struck her that she was in exceed-
ingly low water, and that the in-
crease of a square meal was not
to be despised.

A few minutes later saw us all
in a taxi, bound for one of Lon-
don's most expensive restaurants.
Once arrived there, Poirot ordered
a most delectable lunch, and
then turned to his guest.

"What do you say to champagne?"
Miss Monroe said nothing—or
everything.

The meal started pleasantly.
Poirot replenished the lady's glass
with thoughtful assiduity, and
gradually slid on to the topic near-
est his heart.

"The poor Mr. Darrell. What a
pity he is not with us."
"Yes, indeed," sighed Miss
Monroe. "Poor boy. I do wonder
what's become of him."

"It is a long time since you have
seen him, yes?"
"Oh, simply ages—not since the
war. He was a funny boy, Claude,
very close about things. Never
told you a word about himself.
But, of course, that all fits in if
he's a missing heir. Is it a title,
Mr. Poirot?"

"Alas, a mere heritage," said
Poirot unblushingly. "But you see,
it may be a question of identifica-
tion. That is why it is necessary
for us to find some one who knew
him very well indeed. You know
him very well, did you not, made-
moiselle?"

"I don't mind telling you, Mr.
Poirot. You're a gentleman. You
know how to order a lunch for a
lady—which is more than some of
these young newspapermen do
nowadays. Downright mean. I call
it. As I was saying, you being a
Frenchman won't be shocked.
Ah, you Frenchmen! Naughty,
naughty!" She wagged her finger
at him in an excess of archness.

"Well, there it was, me and Clau-
die—two young things—what else
could you expect? And I've still
a kindly feeling for him. Though,
mind you, he didn't treat me well—
no, he didn't—he didn't treat me
well at all. Not as a lady should
be treated. They're all the same
when it comes to a question of
money."

"No, no, mademoiselle, do not
say that," protested Poirot, filling
up her glass once more. "Could
you now describe this Mr. Darrell
to me?"

"He wasn't anything so very
much to look at," said Florette
Monroe dreamily. "Neither tall nor
short, you know, but quite well set
up. Spruce looking. Eyes a sort
of blue-gray. And more or less
fair-haired, I suppose. But oh,
what an artist! I never saw any
one to touch him in the profes-
sion! He'd have made his name
before now if it hadn't been for
jealousy. Ah, Mr. Poirot, jealousy
—you wouldn't believe it, you
realist! wouldn't, what we artists have
to suffer through jealousy. Why,
I remember once at Manchester—"

We displayed what patience we
could in listening to a long com-
plicated story about a pantomime,
and the infamous conduct of the
principal boy. Then Poirot led her
gently back to the subject of Claud
Darrell.

(To be continued)

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this opportunity
to express our appreciation for the
sympathy and kindness extended
by our friends during the illness
and death of Mrs. Davis. And also
for the beautiful floral offerings.
Mr. W. C. Davis.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Kuhlman
Jr.
Mrs. Edna M. Hayward.
Robert W. Hill.
Jack Hill.
F. E. Hill.
Robert C. Huff.

One Word Led To Another

By
Bugs Baer

(Copyright, 1936, King Features
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Big Berries Come Out on Top

What we will miss this winter in
radio entertainment is the political
speech which was not radio enter-
tainment.

The broadcast jabberwocky
started with the conventions in
June and flatwheeled through
July, August and a couple of
oyster months. Like Whit-
ter's snow, it began in the
gleaming and continued
through the night.

You couldn't dial it out because
it ran the 360-degree gamut of the
radio dial. No matter where you
twisted the dials there was always
some presidential candidate being
drafted by his friends.

It's fun to be fooled but it's
more fun to know. The air was
full of six-legged political
calves trying to save the coun-
try from a fate worse than
debts. It seemed to us that
there were at least sixteen can-
didates campaigning every
night and that most of them
should have been on Major
Bowes' hour as double quar-
tettes.

We have followed the political
scene for many campaigns but we
never saw one like that of 1936.
There was a candidate for every-
thing and every candidate had a
spare candidate strapped on his
back.

Every candidate had a splen-
did idea of what the country
needed. What the country
needed was him.

Which egotistical sentiment was
endorsed by the national commit-
tee, corroborated by a national
hook-up and certified by a sycoph-
antic league. We started last
January with three or four hun-
dred presidential candidates who
appeared as mysteriously as the
twelfth Princeton player in the
Dartmouth game of 1936.

They were reduced numerically
by caucus and culling in the
June conventions and further
eliminated from the tourna-
ment on the first Tuesday of
last week. Now there is but
one candidate who is the duly
elected President of the United
States and its territories.

Where did the others go? Back
into the box like a ventriloquist's
dummies? Back into civilization?
Back into the limbo of unknown?
Back to where the woodbine twin-
eth and the grass is ever green?
What would you say of a sharp-
shooter who aimed for Washing-
ton and hit Hoss Cave or Five
Corners?

Our sympathies go to the
losers and our congratulations
to the winner. No matter what
history thinks of our presi-
dents it must give us credit
for electing them one at a
time.

U. S. POLITICAL
OBSERVATIONS

By BYRON PRICE
(Chief of Bureau, The Associat-
ed Press, Washington)

Election post-mortems usually
are rendered difficult by a nat-
ural absence of proof, but in the
case of the great
republican carnage
of November
3 there is no such
obstacle.

In fact it now
is plain that the
victim was suf-
fering from so
many fatal dis-
abilities that the
problem is to de-
cide which of
them was the
principal cause of
extinction.

The simplest
way is to classify the reasons for
the republican demise under three
general headings — the candidates,
the issues, and party organization.
In every one of these respects the
voters apparently gave the democ-
rats the best of it. Any one of
the three, it appears, might have
determined the outcome by itself.

It was not the sort of campaign,
for instance, where a finger could
be put on any single circumstance
or development, and that particular
factor identified as the turning
point toward democratic victory.

On the democratic side there
was no one spectacular thrust at
the opposition — in fact surprises
of every kind were notably lacking
during the entire period of cam-
paigning. On the republican side no
one particular blunder can be
charged with causing the defeat.

The only conclusion is that an
invisible combination of causes was
working steadily to democratic ad-
vantage.

Prosperity Aids Democrats
Unquestionably the character
and records of the candidates in-
fluenced many votes.

Mr. Roosevelt's recognized abil-
ity on the stump, his agility in tak-
ing advantage of every break, his
almost uncanny faculty of sensing
public sentiment — all those were
in his favor. Besides, many who
did not agree with his policies liked
him for his courage and his

record of action, and for his back-
ground of experience, particularly
in international relationships.

In contrast, Mr. Landon not only
failed to capture the popular imagi-
nation, as the manifestly was ad-
vised badly in some of his most
important utterances. He put up
a brave battle, and won wide re-
spect for his devotion to simplicity
and directness. But that did not
prove sufficient to an electorate
accustomed to the glamor and
fineness which Mr. Roosevelt had
brought to the presidency.

That was the issue of prosperity.
It is the long and invariable cus-
tom of the American electorate to
punish administrations which are
in power in evil times and to sup-
port those which are in power when
times are prosperous or tending to-
ward prosperity. That rule is al-
most all-powerful, and it did not
fail in the November 3 election.

Farley Welds Machines
Finally, in the matter of party
organization, the discrepancy was
so great as to hardly admit of
comparison.

After the debacle of 1932, the re-
publican managers started with
nothing but a hope. They were han-
dicapped by being newcomers on the
national scene, hardly on speak-
ing terms with the powerful party
leaders in those eastern centers of
population which Mr. Landon must
capture if he was to be elected. And
in the western country which they
knew best, their organization lines
had been smashed pitifully by the
Roosevelt policies.

Against them was an astute dem-
ocratic chairman who had had four
years to consolidate the triumphant
lines of 1932. He spoke the lan-
guage of the population centers
where voters are concentrated —
and skillfully managed. He had
done what no chairman ever did
before in similar measure—taught
the great political machines, east
and west, how to stand together.

Many additional things might be
mentioned — patronage, class leg-
islative favors, government spend-
ing, and others. But when all is
said and done, history must attrib-
ute the greatest political victory
in more than a century to two
principal causes — the personal
qualities of Franklin D. Roosevelt
and of James A. Farley.

Fairbanks, Alaska, in the same
latitude as Iceland, is the center
of a growing agricultural indus-
try.

face "Broken Out?"
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amazing. A habit taken times a day
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torial Review, Physical Culture and
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