Roseburg The News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH .....Editor

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Spanish Affair Confusing.

A QUESTION often discussed now and one that is somewhat confusing is the Spanish civil war and the causes and objectives of the conflict. Obviously a short editorial is not space enough in which to give this subject a thorough discussion but a few explanations can be made.

A majority of the voters in Spain voted a communist government into power. A vast number of people there resented that, so the leaders of the army, the church and the elements favorable to the former monarchy rebelled against the duly established government. They seek to wrest the government from the socialist-communist people and establish a government according to their own ideas. For want of a better descriptive term the rebels have been called fascists.

The established government forces are referred to in the news dispatches as "loyalists," "communists," "leftists"—all of which terms are reasonably descriptive but are confusing to Americans. The revolutionary forces are called "rightists," "fascists" and "rebels." Those terms also are properly descriptive but are likewise confusing.

Most of the confusion comes from the fact that the term revolution nowadays brings instantly to mind the Russian revolution. In that case the situation was exactly the reverse. The communists, or leftists, were the revolutionaries or rebels in Russia.

So, you see, a communist can be either a rebel or a loyalist depending entirely upon what the government may be at the time. In Spain the communists are loyalists and government forces.

Once more it is necessary to remind those who write letters for publication in the "Letters From the People" column of the News-Review, that such letters MUST be signed by the writer although it is not required that the writer's name be published. It is necessary, however, that the identity of the writer be known to the editor of the News-Review. Today it is necessary to deny the publication of a most interesting and worthwhile letter regarding hunting and game conservation because the writer of the letter did not sign his name.

Once more a dog poisoner is active in Roseburg. How a human being can become so low as to do such a thing is beyond understanding. The method this time seems to be to leave poisoned candy where either dogs or small children might pick it up and eat it. Yesterday two valuable dogs met death in this way. Thus far no children have been poisoned but that, apparently, is just good luck.

The San Francisco Bay area has three bridges, namely Harry, Bay and Golden Gate. Two of these are suspension bridges and there are those who believe the third should be suspended—from a rope.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

way. Better stay!

I STAYED. And I got well acquainted with Til Blake—went partners with him in a small way in a race horse.

"In the back of his mind was always the thought that someone was after him for the killing over across the mountains. He was as cautious as a cat. Riding the range, his eye was always scanning the sage brush ridges. When another horseman appeared, he became nervous and watchful. In a room, he didn't stand with his back to a door. Whenever and wherever he slept, a gun was under his pillow.

"But he was really a fine man, and he had a fine family of girls. He had a bubbling sense of humor, and his views were nearly always sound and sensible. I thought a lot of him.

"TIL DIED in a gun fight—again in a quarrel that was forced on him. The man who'd quarreled with him came in to get him. Til had to defend his life. The guns roared, and when the smoke cleared away both were dead.

"He lived in a rough country and a rough time, and he met each situation as it arose, with the promptness that was necessary if one wanted to go on living in those days.

"But he was no bad man."

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Grab Bag Program.
4:45—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
8:00—Alarm Clock Club contd.
8:30—Pentocostal Church Services.
8:45—Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra.
9:00—Italian National Band.
9:15—John McCormack.
9:30—Excerpts from Bach's Art Of the Fugue.
10:00—The Singing Troubadour.
10:15—Hal Kemp and His Archestra.
10:30—Belle and Martha, Copco.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—The Southern Oregon Gas Company Presents The Mystery Chef.
11:15—Rhythm Review.
11:30—Alma's Hollywood Fashion Parade.
11:45—Modern Melodies.
12:00—Time Signal, Knudtson's.
12:15—Radio Music Store Concert
12:30—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Songs of the Range.
1:30—Remembering, Dr. H. B. Scofield.
1:45—Airs from the Operas.
2:00—Odds and Ends.
2:30—Salon Time.
2:50—News-Review News Broadcast.
3:00—Roseburg Book Store presents World Book Man.
3:05—Hits of the Day.
3:30—Children's Request Program.
3:45—Songs Seldom Heard.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Canyonville Community Program.
4:45—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
7:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
8:00—Golden Voices.
8:30—Down Memories Lane.
9:00—Haydn's Masterworks.
9:30—Music of Other Lands.
10:00—Bing Crosby.
10:15—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.
10:30—Belle & Martha, Copco.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Your Highroad to Happiness.
11:15—Hansen Motor Co. Program.
11:30—Modern Melodies.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Time Signal Knudtson's.
12:00—Chrysler Tops 'em All, Motor Shop Garage Program.
12:15—Vincent Lopez and His Orchestra.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Myrtle Creek Community Program.
1:30—Charles Vagabond and His Orchestra.
2:00—Studio Music in Rhythm.
2:30—Victor Concert Orchestra.
2:50—News-Review News Broadcast.
3:00—Roseburg Book Store Presents World Book Man.
3:10—Patsy Montana.
3:30—Children's Request Program.
3:45—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—The Grab Bag Program.
4:45—Sign Off.

VET AND SON BUILD MINIATURE RAILWAY

A miniature railway system, constructed entirely by hand by Dr. David Kletecka of the veterans hospital here and his 8-year-old son, Billy Joe, has been attracting considerable attention on display at the Parslow Furniture company.

The entire system, except the train and tracks, was built entirely by hand, over a period of a year and a half. It is electrified throughout and controlled by a system of switches and levers.

Daily Devotions
DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

Perhaps no man in the whole history of Christian service suffered more than St. Paul did from ill-instructed Christian disciples who were filled with perverse ideas about their own faith and belief. How often he longed for disciples with warm, hearted, intelligent minds and sane ideas about the truth, who could not be led off into bypaths of childishness and stupidity, and over and over again he recommended Christian disciples to base their faith on intelligence and discernment and a sane understanding of truth. Do Thou help us, our Heavenly Father, that we may be every day learning in The school of truth. Give to us an understanding mind and a heart full of sympathy with the truth that makes men free. Amen.

Balance—or Yoke?

GOD'S CAMPFIRES TOPIC OF SERMON

The cowboy evangelist, Leonard Ellers, spoke last night in the First Baptist church in Roseburg on the subject of God's campfires. He spoke of God's love in the world as being like a campfire, spreading warmth, comfort and cheer. That love was being manifested to the world through the Christians. He declared that the fire was burning low and needed more fuel. He called upon each one present to dedicate himself and place himself as another stick on God's fire, that thus it might blaze brighter and stronger in blessing to others. He illustrated his talk from incidents when on location in making pictures in various parts of the west. His subject tonight will be "Home on the Range." Several have already professed conversion, and there is every evidence of a remarkable spiritual movement having begun in the city, according to J. R. Turnbull, pastor.

WILLIAMS BOY TO BE BURIED THURSDAY

The body of Eugene Dayle Williams, 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Williams, who died at his home in Dunsmuir, Calif., will arrive in Roseburg this afternoon. Funeral services are to be held at the Roseburg Undertaking company chapel at 11 a. m. Thursday, with Rev. J. Frank Cunningham officiating. Interment will be in the Lookingglass cemetery. The child was a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Jess Williams of Lookingglass.

MARKETS

TURKEYS

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 18.—(AP)—Dressed turkeys loose: Under 17 lbs., 21; over 17 lbs. 21; young hens, 22-24.

WHEAT

PORTLAND, Nov. 18.—(AP)—There was no trading on wheat on the Portland futures market, but prices were depressed nevertheless. December and May were both up early but showed a loss of the advance in the finals.

Wheat:	Open	High	Low	Close
May	1.00	1.00¼	99¾	99¾
Dec.	98	98½	98¼	98¼

LIVESTOCK

PORTLAND, Nov. 18.—(AP)—(U. S. Dept. Agr.)—HOGS—Market rather slow, mostly steady; good to choice 165-215 lb. drive-ins mostly 9.85, load lots absent, quotable to 10.00; few 240-260 lb. butchers 9.25; 120-135 lb. weights mostly 9.00-50, packing sows largely 7.50; few up to 7.75; choice local feeder pigs quotable up to 8.00.

CATTLE—Calves 25, to direct; market very slow, partial clearance about steady, some bids lower particularly on low grade cows; off common steers 5.00-6.00; heifers 4.50-5.50; low cutter and cutter cows 2.75-3.25, common to medium cows 3.65-4.25; good beef cows hold above 5.25; bulls mostly 4.75-5.25; choice vealers up to 9.00; common to medium grades 5.00-7.00.

SHEEP—Market about steady on limited supply; few medium 79-85 lb. lambs 6.50-75; good truck-ins salable around 7.25-50; yearlings 5.00 down, short deck slaughter ewes 3.25, choice quotable 3.50 or above.

THE BIG FOUR

A Mystery-Romance by Agatha Christie

CHAPTER XXXIII

"A bas the Big Four! I salute you, my friend, from beyond the grave. "Ever thine,

"Hercule Poirot."

I read and re-read this astonishing communication. One thing was evident. This amazing man had so provided for every eventuality that even his own death did not upset the sequence of his plans! Mine was to be the active part—his the directing genius. Doubtless I should find full instructions awaiting me beyond the seas. In the meantime my enemies, convinced that I was obeying their warning, would cease to trouble their heads about me. I could return, unsuspected, and work havoc in their midst.

There was now nothing to hinder my immediate departure. I sent off cables, booked my passage, and one week later found me embarking in the Ansonia en route for Buenos Aires.

Just as the boat left the quay, a steward brought me a note. It had been given him, so he explained, by a big gentleman in a fur coat who had left the boat last thing before the gangway planks were lifted.

"You are wise," it ran. It was signed with a big figure 4.

I could afford to smile to myself!

The sea was not too choppy. I enjoyed a passable dinner, made up my mind as to the majority of my fellow passengers, and had a rubber or two of bridge. Then I turned in and slept like a log as I always do on board ship.

I was awakened by feeling myself persistently shaken. Dazed and bewildered, I saw that one of the ship's officers was standing over me. He gave a sigh of relief as I sat up.

"Thank the Lord I've got you awake at last. I've had no end of a job. Do you always sleep like that?"

"What's the matter?" I asked, still bewildered and not fully awake. "Is there anything wrong with the ship?"

"I expect you know what's the matter better than I do," he replied dryly. "Special instructions from the admiralty. There's a destroyer waiting to take you off."

"What?" I cried. "In mid-ocean?"

"It seems a most mysterious affair, but that's not my business. They've sent a young fellow aboard who is to take your place, and we are all sworn to secrecy. Will you get up and dress?"

Utterly unable to conceal my amazement I did as I was told. A boat was lowered, and I was conveyed aboard the destroyer. There I was received courteously, but got no further information. The commander's instructions were to land me at a certain spot on the Belgian coast. There his knowledge and responsibility ended.

The whole thing was like a dream. The one idea I had to firmly was that all this must be part of Poirot's plan. I must simply go forward blindly, trusting in my dead friend.

I was duly landed at the spot indicated. There a motor was waiting, and soon I was rapidly whirling along across the flat Flemish plains. I slept that night at a small hotel in Brussels. The next day we went on again. The country became wooded and hilly. I realized that we were penetrating into the Ardennes, and I suddenly remembered Poirot's saying that he had a brother who lived at Spa.

But we did not go to Spa itself. We left the main road and wound into the leafy fastnesses of the hills, till we reached a little hamlet, and an isolated white villa high on the hill-side. Here the car stopped in front of the green door of the villa.

The door opened as I alighted. An elderly man-servant stood in the doorway bowing.

"M. le Capitaine Hastings?" he said in French. "Monsieur le Capitaine is expected. If he will follow me."

He led the way across the hall, and flung open a door at the back, standing aside to let me pass in.

I blinked a little, for the room faced west and the afternoon sun was pouring in. Then my vision cleared and I saw a figure waiting to welcome me with outstretched hands.

It was—oh, impossible, it couldn't be—but yes!

"Poirot!" I cried, and for once did not attempt to evade the embrace with which he overwhelmed me.

"But yes, but yes, it is indeed I! Not so easy to kill Hercule Poirot!"

"But Poirot—why?"

"Strategy, my friend, strategy as in war. All is now ready for our grand coup!"

"But you might have told me!"

"No, Hastings, I could not. Never, never, in a thousand years, could you have acted the part at the funeral. As it was, it was perfect. It could not fail to carry conviction to the Big Four."

"But what I've been through—"

"Do not think me too unfeeling. I carried out the deception partly for your sake. I was willing to risk my own life, but I had qualms about continually risking yours. So, after the explosion, I have an idea of great brilliancy. The good Ridgeway, he enables me to carry it out. I am dead, you will return to South America. But, mon ami, that is just what you would not do in the end! I have to arrange a solicitor's letter, and a long rigmarole. But, at all events, here you are—that is the great thing. And now we lie here—perdu—till the moment comes for the last grand coup—the final overthrowing of the Big Four."

From our quiet retreat in the Ardennes we watched the progress of affairs in the great world. We were plentifully supplied with newspapers, and every day Poirot received a bulky envelope, evidently containing some kind of report. He never showed these reports to me, but I could usually tell from his manner whether its contents had been satisfactory or otherwise. He never wavered in his belief that our present plan was the only one likely to be crowned by success.

"As a minor point, Hastings," he remarked one day, "I was in continual fear of your death lying at my door. And that rendered me nervous—like a cat upon the hearth, as you say. But now I am well satisfied. Even if they discover that the Captain Hastings who landed in South America is an impostor (and I do not think they will discover it, they are not likely to send an agent out there who knows you personally), they will only believe that you are trying to circumvent them in some clever manner of your own, and will pay no serious attention to discovering your whereabouts. Of the one vital fact, my supposed death, they are thoroughly convinced. They will go ahead and mature their plans."

"And then?" I asked eagerly.

"And then, mon ami, grand resurrection of Hercule Poirot! At the eleventh hour I reappear, throw all into confusion, and achieve the supreme victory in my own unique manner!"

I realized that Poirot's vanity was of the case-hardened variety which could withstand all attacks. I reminded him that once or twice the honors of the game had lain with our adversaries. But I might have known that it was impossible to diminish Hercule Poirot's enthusiasm for his own methods.

"See you, Hastings, it is like the little trick that you play with the cards. You have seen it without doubt? You take the four knaves, you divide them, one on top of the pack, one underneath, and so on—you cut and you shuffle, and there they are all together again. That is my object. So far I have been contending, now against one of the Big Four, now against another. But let me get them all together, like the four knaves in the pack of cards, and then, with one coup, I destroy them all!"

"And how do you propose to get them all together?" I asked.

"By waiting the supreme moment. By lying perdu until they are ready to strike."

"That may mean a long wait," I grumbled.

"Always impatient, the good Hastings! But no, it will not be so long. The one man they were afraid of—myself—is out of the way. I give them two or three months at most."

His speaking of some one being got out of the way reminded me of Ingles and his tragic death, and I remembered that I had never told Poirot about the dying Chinaman in St. Giles' hospital.

He listened with keen attention to my story.

"Ingles' servant, eh? And the few words he uttered were in Italian? Curious."

"That's why I suspected it might have been a plant on the part of the Big Four."

"Your reasoning is at fault, Hastings. Employ the little gray cells. If your enemies wished to deceive you they would assuredly have seen to it that the Chinaman spoke in intelligible pigeon English. No, the message was genuine. Tell me again all that you heard?"

"First of all he made a reference to Handel's Largo, and then he said something that sounded like 'carrozzo'—that's a carriage, isn't it?"

"Nothing else?"

"Well, just at the end he murmured something like 'Cara' something or other—some woman's name. Zia, I think. But I don't suppose that that had any bearing on the rest of it."

"You would not suppose so, Hastings. Cara Zia is very important, very important indeed."

"I don't see."

"My dear friend, you never see—and anyway the English know no geography."

"Geography?" I cried. "What has geography got to do with it?"

"I dare say M. Thomas Cook would be more to the point."

As usual, Poirot refused to say anything more—a most irritating trick of his. But I noticed that his manner became extremely cheerful, as though he had scored some point or other.

The days went on, pleasant if a trifle monotonous. There were plenty of books in the villa, and delightful rambles all around, but I chafed sometimes at the forced inactivity of our life, and marvelled at Poirot's state of placid content. Nothing occurred to ruffle our quiet existence, and it was not until the end of June, well within the limit that Poirot had given them, that we had our news of the Big Four.

A car drove up to the villa early one morning, such an unusual event in our peaceful life that I hurried down to satisfy my curiosity. I found Poirot talking to a pleasant-faced young fellow of about my own age.

He introduced me.

"This is Captain Harvey, Hastings, one of the most famous members of your intelligence service."

"Not famous at all, I'm afraid," said the young man, laughing pleasantly.

"Not famous except to those in the know, I should have said. Most of Captain Harvey's friends and acquaintances consider him an amiable but brainless young man—devoted only to the trot of the fox or whatever the dance is called."

We both laughed.

"Well, well, to business," said Poirot. "You are of opinion the time has come, then?"

"We are sure of it, sir. China was isolated politically yesterday. What is going on out there, nobody knows. No news of any kind, wireless or otherwise, has come through—just a complete break—and silence!"

(To be continued)

LETTERS from the People

Communications to the News-Review for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose name will not be published if request is made but whose signature must accompany the contribution.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS NOT CONSIDERED, VOYT STATES

Editor News-Review: From time to time the relief committee receives anonymous letters regarding relief clients. Some contain constructive suggestions and others are complaints. Both would be valuable if we could definitely locate the writers, so that we might clear with them the problem they wish to present. It is impossible to consider anonymous letters, and, in all fairness and in a sense of duty toward the public, it would be advisable to by such suggestions personally directly before the chairman or the executive secretary of the relief committee, who will see that steps are carried through for proper treatment.

We have in the past requested confidential statements relative to relief clients or other recipients of public aid, and again give the definite assurance that advice or information voluntarily presented is carefully and confidentially guarded. Very truly yours,

FRANKLYN J. VOYT,
Executive Secretary.

U. S. POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS

By BYRON PRICE
(Chief of Bureau, The Associated Press, Washington.)

Quite naturally, much of the aftermath of the November election has to do with the supreme court. Technically far removed from politics, it nevertheless stood figuratively in the very midst of the fray.

BYRON PRICE

It was the court which put up the barrier against many of those key policies which President Roosevelt defended during the campaign, and a return to which he advocated, at least inferentially.

It was the court to whose support Governor Landon exhorted his followers, and for whose intervention he thanked providence and the founding fathers over and over.

And when the arguments were ended, two states gave their votes to Landon, 46 to Roosevelt.

Congress Sets Number

Among the whole range of questions raised by the election, there is none more complex than this: Will an attempt now be made to interpret this action of the electorate, translating it into action by the government? And if so, how?

Speculation on this subject has been traveling a devious way. No one pretends to know the answer definitely.

One story, whispered about in minor official circles in Washington, is that authority has been found in existing law for presidential appointment of additional members of the highest court, and that Mr. Roosevelt intends to take advantage of it, naming justices of his own way of thinking.

A search of the statutes fails to disclose any such authority. The constitution left the number of justices to congress. The first congressional act, passed in 1789, provided for six. Six times since the law has been amended. The latest act, passed in 1869, and still in effect, reads:

"That the supreme court of the United States shall hereafter consist of the chief justice of the United States and eight associate judges."

This is plain language, which only congress can change, and under existing circumstances there is not the slightest assurance that even the overwhelming democratic majority in the new congress would consent to a reconstitution of the court to fit the Roosevelt policies. Still, it might, if the white house insisted.

Perhaps Biding Time

Is it possible that the court itself will be influenced in its future decisions by the happenings of November 3?

Repeatedly the court has emphasized that this is a democracy, subject to the will of the people. Repeatedly it has referred to the constitution as a flexible instrument, always to be construed in the light of conditions at the moment. Can a popular landslide enter into such considerations? Of course only the justices themselves can answer that.

Finally, what about a constitutional amendment to reverse the court? Could such an amendment possibly be phrased in terms which would satisfy the requisite two-thirds of senate and house, not to mention the 36 states needed for ratification? It would seem an ambitious undertaking.

These questions ask themselves in profusion. The court goes its way. The president keeps silent. Perhaps, after all, he means only to mark time, waiting for the laws of mortality to supersede all other laws. Six of the nine justices are past 70. It would be remarkable, indeed, if appointments to fill several vacancies did not automatically come the way of the second Roosevelt administration.

NOTICE ODD FELLOWS

First degree will be conferred Thursday evening, November 19th. Lunch. Please be on hand. Note change in meeting night from Friday to Thursday. By order of noble grand.

SECRETARY.

CATCHING COLD?

At the first warning sneeze—quick—a few drops up each nostril. Its timely use helps prevent many colds.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

A Warm Hearth

is the center of a happy and comfortable home. But is yours protected from fire hazards by

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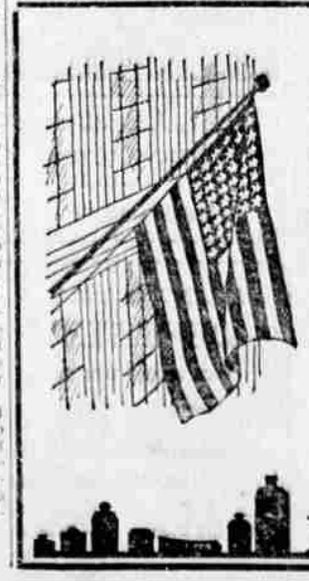

Let Freedom Ring!

Our flag, with its glorious stripes and shining stars, is an eternal emblem of Freedom! Help to keep our country free from disease by making your home a center of health and happiness. Your physician is qualified to be the friend and guardian you need!

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