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ROBERT W. SAWYER - Editor-Manager
HENRY N. FOWLER - Associate Editor
An Independent Newspaper, standing for
the square deal, clean business, clean
justice and the best interests of Bend and
Central Oregon.

Table with 2 columns: Subscription Rates, By Mail, By Carrier. Includes rates for One Year, Six Months, Three Months, and One Month.

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THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1927

LET'S FORGET IT
There can be no disagreement
with the Oregonian when it as-
serts that it was singular that
Portland's interest in the rest of
the state should be attacked at a
meeting held to celebrate the
construction of the Crooked river
bridge. All the circumstances of
the affair—the expression of
criticism, that is—were most
remarkable. Even though the
charge were true it was a most
inept time to express it and since
the charge had no foundation it
is surprising that one so careless
of the fact could have been found
to make the attack. Add to this
that the criticism came from a
member of the Portland group
that was being entertained by
the Bend chamber and had been
put forward as one of their
spokesmen by the Portland dele-
gation and the mystery is com-
plete.

That Portland's treatment of
this section had been such that
central Oregonians would be jus-
tified in making business alli-
ances with San Francisco firms
as soon as the new railroad was
finished south from Bend was
the assertion made by a Portland
speaker at the evening banquet.
No instances of bad treatment or
of indifference were cited. Merely
the bald statement was made.
The statement is, of course,
wrong and no instances were
cited because none exist.

The Oregonian is justifiably in-
dignant over the incident and it
is wholly right in its catalog of
benefits afforded this section and
the rest of the state by the gen-
erosity of Portland and Mult-
nomah county. This newspaper
has itself listed these benefits
more than once in the past. Save
for the ill-advised proposal for a
fair in 1925 there has been no
instance of pure selfishness to-
ward the rest of the state exhib-
ited by the metropolis and there
have been many ways in which
it has made sacrifices. The Port-
land chamber land settlement
program and the Multnomah
county contributions to the state
highway fund and the market
road fund are outstanding ex-
amples.

The whole incident was most
regrettable. It should not have
occurred. Since it did occur it
is not now best to understand
that the charges that were made
were those of one man who re-
flected neither the opinion of his
fellow Portlanders nor of his
hosts of Bend. Let's understand
that and try to forget the most
unfortunate affair.

Philips, in the lower house
of the legislature at Manila, are
attempting to levy a tax on pos-
sessors of bobbed hair. With
the coming of freak legislation
the islands should soon be ready
for self-government.

President W. F. Turner of the
Oregon Trunk has recommended
Bend for a division point for his
railroad, and President Ralph
Budd wants Bend as the terminus
of a Great Northern division.
Won't the S. P. & S. say some-
thing, please?

Among the leaders in the realm
of preventive medicine list the
Detroit cop who found the \$200,-
000 booze cache, thereby fore-
stalling, if our figures are correct,
some 40,000 headaches.

Queen Marie Collapses;
All Roumania Mourns

Bucharest, July 21. — (AP)—
Stricken with grief at the death
of her husband, Queen Marie of
Roumania collapsed today and
was under care of physicians.

Her breakdown came as hun-
dreds of Roumanians swarmed to-
ward Pelisor castle, Sinalia, in a
pilgrimage of mourning to view
the remains of King Ferdinand,
who died yesterday from cancer.

One of England's most cele-
brated oarsmen, D. H. L. Gollan,
is deaf and dumb.

Robinson Crusoe



Jungle Breath
© 1927 by NEA Service
by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Attempts have been made on
the life of ELISE MARBERRY,
an American girl who owns and
lives on property adjoining the
queer little jungle-bordered town
of PORTO VERDE, in west cen-
tral Brazil.

Several mysterious deaths have
occurred, including that of one
of her foremen. Her 2-year-old
orphaned nephew is kidnaped but
is found again, largely through
the efforts of VILAK, her cousin
and protector, who is known in
Porto Verde as ATTORNEY DA-
VIS. Elise's lawyer, Vilak has
sent for LINCOLN NUNNALLY,
elderly American chemist, to help
him get at the bottom of the
mystery.

They are ignorant of the cause
of this hostility toward Elise but
suspect that a man named GAY-
LORD PRENTISS, a reticent and
forbidding character, is somehow
involved.

Word is brought to Elise that
the manager of her property at
VILLAPA is desperately ill and
must see her at once. Vilak sus-
pects a trick and insists that he
and Nunnally accompany her.

On the road to Villapa they
are ambushed by a band of ruf-
fians in the uniforms of soldiers.
They tell Vilak that he and his
companions are wanted for mur-
der. The charge is obviously a
fake. Vilak is convinced their
captors are in the pay of Elise's
enemies and that the messenger
from Villapa was their tool, and
he so tells Elise.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY
CHAPTER XXII

The anger faded from Elise's
face. "What will we do?" she
asked quietly.
"Nothing," Vilak answered.
"For the present, absolutely noth-
ing. We are fearfully outnum-
bered, and if I raise a hand they'll
simply annihilate the lot
of us. There's nothing to do but
wait for an opening. I don't
know what their plans are yet.
When I learn there'll be a possi-
bility of doing something. Mean-
while, do everything they tell
you to do. In a case like this
save your energies for the mo-
ment when they're most useful."

In a moment the mustached
officer returned. Closing his men
about the three Americans so
that they would be targets from
all points of the compass if they
resisted, he demanded their pis-
tols. The old man and the girl
looked at Vilak questioningly. He
handed over his weapon without
an instant's hesitation. The offi-
cer gave the signal for the troop-
ers to advance. The cavalcade
galloped away.

In a short while they left the
road to Villapa and took a de-
serted lane leading toward the
mountains, white in the west.
They rode past a thick forest
where some beautiful but poison-
ous appearing fungi, much re-
sembling orchids in color, made
brilliant the tops of the dark
trees.

partly caved in, and where it was
still intact, covered with vines;
the two wooden steps leading up
to it were rotten and crumbling.

Into this gloomy habitation,
soaked with the constant rains,
the officer led his captives. Vil-
ak's quick eye caught a noose of
leather carelessly slung over the
remains of a wooden bed. The
bed was old, the noose was new.
Vilak hoped that the others did
not see. The officer ordered a
chair and table brought to the
window and, making a pretense
of piling some papers about him
and looking as judicial as possi-
ble, sat down.

"The military court of inquiry
into the death of Colonel Miguel
Bonjardos de Bonjardos Fazenda
will begin," he grumbled, beating
with his warty hand upon the
table. "Jesu, bring forward the
prisoners." The oily-visaged cor-
poral lined them up before him.
The captain eyed them sardonical-
ly. "We will not waste time with
formalities, like the lawcourts
which are long and the lawcourts
which are stupid. The court of
the soldiers of Colonel Bonjardos
will be brief, and their aim . . .
good. Are you guilty or not
guilty?"

Vilak brushed off a greenish-
white termite ant which was crawl-
ing up his puttee. "Innocent, of
course."

"Write down 'Innocent,' Jesu.
If you are innocent, you will
want an attorney. Which one of
my men do you choose?" He
pointed down the row of grin-
ning, ugly faces of the men lean-
ing against the wall.

Vilak shrugged his shoulders.
"Very well. You will take
none? Then I must choose for
you. No man shall say that the
soldiers of Colonel Bonjardos do
not obey the law." He looked
gravely at the sallow-skinned
Jesu who was acting as clerk,
then at a Jazy, blear-eyed giant
slouching in a corner. "Pedros!"
he called.

The giant stumbled forward.
"Yes, capitaz."

"You will defend these three
criminals charged with the mur-
der of Colonel Bonjardos."

"Yes, capitaz."

"Jesu you will be the prosecu-
tor; I shall be the judge."

"Yes, capitaz."

Furiously he tipped over the
table at which he had been sit-
ting, scattering papers he had
carefully placed of the table onto
the backs of a troop of the ter-
mite ants scurrying over the
floor. "Enough of this folly," he
said, calmly. "These two men and
this woman are not children.
They know that we do not hold
a court, that what we do is but
make a silly play. Tie them up,
stupid Jesu. Perhaps your hands
can do what your head cannot.
Tie them well or you will pay
for it dearly. Leave the two pigs
of men here, and take the wo-
man there . . ."

He pointed to a smaller room
toward the rear of the wretched
dwelling. "I will keep her there,
while I ponder what I shall do.
Bind them. Quickly. Hand and
foot. Of the woman, bind only
the hands, so that she may not
strike me."

The men proceeded to execute
his orders. The three captives
made not the slightest attempt at
resistance, the two men quietly
allowing themselves to be stretch-
ed upon the muddy floor and be
trussed with ropes of hide
until beyond a slight movement
of the head and wrists they were
helpless as though in a plaster
cast.

Elise walked slowly into the
other room. Testing the ropes to
make certain they were secure,
Jesu grinned and stabbed Vilak
brutally in the side with his
heavy boot. "Goodbye, my pigs."
—silent, tremendous and majes-
tic. The wildness of the land-
scape, awful gashes in the earth,
and cliffs piled on cliffs in ter-
rifying profusion, are a picture of
nature in its wildest and sub-

He closed the door behind him.
The two men were left alone, but
the voices of men buzzing out-

Advertisement for Shevlin Quality PONDOSA PINE Lumber and Box Shooks. Includes a logo of a stylized 'P'.

side the two doors of the room
told them they were well guard-
ed. For five minutes they lay in
silence. Vilak, motionless as a
statue except when he rolled over
to crush with the weight of his
body a termite ant crawling on
his hand or leg. The Chinese
cast of his eyes again accentuated.
Finally the old man in the cor-
ner, some ten feet away from
his friend, could bear the silence
no longer. "Vilak," he called
quietly.

"Yes, Nanny, what is it?"
Vilak's voice was calm as though
he had been sitting in his study.

"Er . . . I want to talk . . .
to you."

"Roll over to me. Quietly now.
It's all right. These ruffians don't
understand English."

The chemist obeyed and rolled
to the other's side. His face,
hair and clothes became covered
with mud as he twisted over the
water-soaked ground. His thick
glasses were obscured by a black
film so that they were worse
than useless. "What are they
going . . . er . . . going to do
to us, Vilak?" he whispered.
"Kill us?"

(Continued on page five)

Oregon
Editorials

AMONG THE MARVELS

When you drop a stone from
the new Crooked river bridge
into the river, 300 feet below,
you hear a report like that from
a discharged cannon cracker.

People are surprised by it,
and wonder about it. As a result,
they carry many stones out on
the bridge to hear again the
sensational sound that comes up
300 feet between the precipitous
rock walls on which the new
bridge rests.

There are a lot of sensational
and surprising natural situations
around Bend. On one road you
travel along the Deschutes river
where it is walled in by perpen-
dicular cliffs so high that the
river looks like a mere ribbon
of water. For miles you travel
that road, cut out of a rock wall,
and looking down into the deep
chasm, wonder what stories that
sash in the earth could tell of
the past, of how it came to be,
and of things that have happened
down in its depths. At the same
time, from that great height you
picture a dam at the lower end
of this walled-in river and the
enormous water-power possibil-
ities of that audacious and riotous
stream.

Part of the time on this pic-
turesque road you pass through
a magnificent park made by na-
ture out of forests of beautiful
pine timber, emitting a perfume
in which you revel. It is a fra-
grance so rich that you wish you
could breathe it all down into
your lungs.

And here and there on the way
there suddenly flash into view
under the bluest of blue skies
half a dozen snow-covered moun-
tain peaks in such a picture as
only nature can paint. At one
point near Bend on a clear day
eight of the most famous peaks
in the Cascade range are visible
—silent, tremendous and majes-
tic. The wildness of the land-
scape, awful gashes in the earth,
and cliffs piled on cliffs in ter-
rifying profusion, are a picture of
nature in its wildest and sub-

limest mood.
And back in the mountains are
mystery lakes where they say
you sometimes hear the noise of
a locomotive and running trains,
when and where there are no
trains within hearing distance.
And there are other lakes in
which at one point you can boil
meat or cook vegetables, while
a short distance away the water
is icy cold.

And all these marvels of a
marvelous nature are now within
easy reach of every part of Ore-
gon via a splendid highway sys-
tem. The Crooked river bridge,

320 feet and 6 inches long and
300 feet above the river, a
beautiful arched affair that in a
wild setting is a picture in itself
that everybody admires, was the
finishing work in the great
Dalles-California highway. After
a recent trip over it Ralph Budd
told the writer that it was the
fastest and smoothest highway
he had traveled over in the United
States. A Californian, who
had his first ride over it a few
days ago, expressed his high ad-
miration of it by saying, "Why,
it isn't a highway—it's a race
track!"

Built at a cost of \$2,358,785
by the state, \$1,163,133 by the
counties, \$1,352,652 by the fed-
eral government, a total of
\$4,874,471 in all, The Dalles-
California route, with its magnif-
icent distances, its boundless pine
forests and plains and its pic-
turesque mountain range, is a
well co-ordinated twin to the
Pacific highway through western
Oregon, and the two, a loop trip
for a week's or many weeks'
outing, matched nowhere else,
many tourists say, on this contin-
ent, if in the world.—Oregon
Journal.



Valuable Information Comes
To Central Oregon Bank
Through Many Channels

In its everyday transactions the Central Oregon
Bank establishes many contacts with financial,
commercial, agricultural and manufacturing en-
terprises.
These connections provide our officers with oppor-
tunities for accumulating a vast fund of valuable
information on business and financial matters—
information which can readily be adapted to the
needs of almost any enterprise, with profitable
results.
This fund of knowledge is available to our cus-
tomers. Also supplementary to this, the counsel
and advice of our officers may be obtained when-
ever needed.
Such a helpful feature makes a banking connec-
tion, here, a real aid in the orderly management
of financial affairs.

THE CENTRAL OREGON BANK
BEND

Advertisement for Central Oregon Motor Co. featuring 'AUTO REPAIRING' and 'ALL NIGHT SERVICE'. Includes images of cars and text: 'Shabby in, Smart out', 'IS YOUR car in tip-top shape for Summer driving? Is the motor in good shape?', 'If your car needs any work, from minor adjustments to a complete overhauling, bring it in and let us estimate on it. You'll like our work, our service and our prices.', 'BODY REBUILDING A SPECIALTY', 'Central Oregon Motor Co.', 'Bond and Greenwood Phone 240'.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE: Where There's Smoke There's Fire

Comic strip panels for Little Orphan Annie. Panel 1: 'YOU MEMBER OLD SAM - HE WARNED US 'GAINST GOIN' NEAR TH' HAUNTED HOUSE - SAID IT WAS DANGEROUS - I THOUGHT HE WAS TALKIN' THROUGH HIS HAT - BUT MAYBE HE WAS NEARER RIGHT THAN EVEN HE GUESSED -'. Panel 2: 'ANYWAY HE'S GONE AND HASN'T SHOWED UP NOW FOR TWO DAYS - AN' TH' LAST TIME HE WAS SEEN HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO SEE WHAT MADE A LIGHT OVER AT THAT HAUNTED HOUSE - WONDER IF HE FOUND OUT -'. Panel 3: 'YUH KNOW, MR. FLINT, A LOTTA FOLKS THINK THOSE BANK ROBBERS ARE HIDIN' IN THAT OLD HOUSE - YUH HEARD 'BOUT OLD SAM 'S FEARIN' - THAT LOOKS 'SPICIOUS -'. Panel 4: 'OH, I WOULDNA TAKE MUCH STOCK IN ALL THE TALK - PROBABLY OLD SAM JUST WENT FISHING FOR A FEW DAYS - HE WAS A WURRA PECULIAR OLD MON -'. Panel 5: 'NO SIR, SANDY - I CAN'T HELP THINKIN' THERE'S SOMETHIN' WRONG 'BOUT IT ALL - FOLKS, EVEN LIKE OLD SAM, DON'T LEAVE HOME SO SUDDEN AS THAT AN' NOT COME BACK 'LESS SOMETHIN' HAPPENED TO 'EM - I BETCHA IF HED NOT BEEN SO CURIOUS 'BOUT THAT LIGHT HED STILL BE ALL RIGHT -'. Signed 'HAROLD GRANT'.