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FRANK H. LOGGAN—Advertising Manager

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NLRB CHECKED AGAIN

The United States circuit court decision setting aside an NLRB order which voided a closed shop contract between the A. F. of L. and a Portland woodworking company should be as pleasing to labor as to the employer. Without binding contracts union labor would be in a sorry plight indeed. If a union contract could be cancelled at the whim of an administrative agency it would hardly be worth while for either side to enter into it.

NLRB, in its order, took into consideration neither good law nor good faith. What it did was to endeavor to set up as a principle that part of the membership of a union may cancel a contract which the union has authorized and extended and may force a new contract substituting the name of a new union which they had joined.

Collective bargaining, in which a labor organization negotiates with the employer as to conditions of employment and terms of pay, has come to be accepted as one of labor's most precious rights. Such bargaining is customarily done through an official or committee to whom representative power has been delegated. But, while it is a precious right, it carries with it definite obligations. When an agreement is reached it is understood that it will be kept by both parties to it. The parties are the union, the organization (not its individual members), and the employer.

The woodworking company, reaching such an agreement, had every reason to believe that it would be observed until its terminal date. The union had equal right to expect full observance for the same period of time. Had the company accepted cancellation because part of the union membership had seceded, even though that part constituted a large majority, it would have broken faith with the contracting union, which continued to function as a legal organization.

The NLRB ordered such a breach and, in the ordering, showed a sublime indifference to the established code of honorable dealing on which the law has its foundation.

THE PARDONING POWER

Senator Ashby Dickson's joint resolution to withdraw the governor's power to pardon first degree murderers and second offenders was introduced in the wrong year. At the beginning of the present legislative session Oregon's new governor, Charles A. Sprague, had given convincing demonstration that in his hands the pardoning power, which includes the power of reprieve, was in safe hands. Despite tremendous pressure which was brought to bear upon him he permitted a convicted murderer to go to the gas chamber. The legislature, with this episode fresh in mind, could hardly have been expected to pass Senator Dickson's resolution.

And yet that resolution was deserving of passage. Executive pardoning power is frequently abused, and we need look no farther to have evidence of it than in the records of Oregon governors of not many years ago. The opportunity for such abuse should be eliminated and, in fairness to the executive, the system should be revised so that one man should not be made to shoulder the heavy responsibility of deciding between life and death.

Delegation of this responsibility to a pardoning board would be preferable.

In its recently issued annual report the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company states that in five years its payrolls have increased $20,212,765 or 59.2 per cent. The company's taxes in 1938 were up $1,402,443 or nine per cent over 1937. In five years taxes increased 68.9 per cent. Had no such increase in taxation occurred it is reasonable to assume that the public might have benefitted by lower rates and increased employment. That, it seems to us, would have been better than the payment of high taxes.

Junk and Old Paper

OREGON EDITORIALS

ADVENTUROUS FOOD
(Pendleton East Oregonian)

Eating should be an exciting adventure, not a tedious chore, asserts William Allen White, distinguished editor of the Emporia Gazette and author of A Puritan in Babylon, in the current Rotarian Magazine. Despite a career chockful of journalistic and political activities, he has noted the gastronomic interests of his contemporaries, even serving as the chairman of the menu committee of the Rotary club in Emporia, Kansas.

"The average man off the street sits down before his food and eats it like a dog, generally not knowing what he is eating, which is my idea of a culinary mistake. For food always should be an adventure, and a wide dietary range is a sign of wide culture," declares America's number 1 country editor. Any man who eats luncheons ranging from rice and curry to rare beefsteak and fresh mushrooms, he believes, will be just a little more civilized for having varied his diet.

Yet the average American business or professional man kicks like a bay steer the minute he is exposed to new food—even before he tastes it, laments the sage of Emporia. "This comes, of course, from fool women trying to doll up food—like landscaping! I mean the kind of women who put panty ruffles on mutton chops and lay silly red stripes of pimento across salad and make their ice cream match their napery. Really good food doesn't need beauty-parlor treatment."

"I never knew a woman-chasing man whose wife was a good and adventurous cook," says White, remarking that there is something in the proverb that says that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Men—both as husbands and luncheon club members—will eat and like beef stew in brown gravy with onions, green peppers, and carrots in it. They will learn to enjoy a New England dinner with corned beef, tongue, pigs' feet, and a fat frankfurter garnished with boiled turnips, potatoes, carrots, onions.

Commenting on his duties as a menu committee chairman in his own service club, White concludes, "It's a great life if you don't weaken, and I have not weakened so far. I'm gradually edging up to onion soup for some cold winter day!"

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AFO
(From The Bulletin, Feb. 21, 1924)

C. P. Niswonger and Dr. G. W. Winslow have announced the purchase of a 17 acre tract for use as a cemetery. This has been surveyed by R. B. Gould and will shortly be opened under the name of the Greenwood cemetery.

Members of the coroner's jury that investigated the death of an infant here yesterday have asked that their fees be used in the purchase of flowers for the funeral.

Stockmen who have summer range near Crater lake national park oppose the attempt being made to create a 20 mile bear preserve around the lake.

Lauretta Crocker Named To Honorary at U. of O.

University of Oregon, Eugene, Feb. 20—Lauretta Crocker, Bend, has been elected to Pi Delta Phi, French honorary, at the University of Oregon. The group is composed of students who have shown outstanding work in the language and have consistently maintained a high grade point.

Miss Crocker, a graduate of Bend high school, is a sophomore majoring in arts and letters at the university. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. Crocker.

THIEF REPENTS AFTER 13 YEARS

Bloomsburg, Pa. (UP)—Ray G. Pensyl received an unsigned letter with 50 cents enclosed. "Thirteen years ago," the letter read, "I stole some candy from your store. Now the Lord has saved my soul."

Bulletin want ads bring results.

● SERIAL STORY
WOMEN WANT BEAUTY!
BY LOUISE HOLMES

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

SUSIE LAMBERT — She served waffles and dreamed of being beautiful.

DICK TREMAINE — He liked Susie's waffles but he couldn't see Susie.

JEFF BOWMAN—His chief concern was to make Susie as beautiful as she wanted to be.

* * *

Yesterday: Jeff discovers Susie drinking a malted milk in violation of her training rules. He seizes it, there is a struggle.

CHAPTER XV

Susie's eyes blazed, fire wiping away the guilt. "Give me that malted milk," she commanded through set teeth.

"No."

"You're not my keeper," she flared. "Try minding your own affairs and see how it seems."

Jeff was white with anger. "So this is the way you double-cross the Chief," he accused scornfully. "You let him spend time and money on you—"

"I make money for him and you know it." Her eyes, frantic with desire, clung to the glass of malted milk. Jeff carried it to the fountain and paid the check. When he returned to Susie she was trembling. "Please let me have just a little of it," she begged, "Just a swallow—."

Jeff's anger subsided in a rush of pity. "I can't let you have it, Susie," he said gently, putting his big lean hand over hers. "Be a soldier, fight it out, can't you?" At the numb shake of her head he asked beseechingly, "Have you done this before?" his hand tigheening on hers.

Her mouth worked. "No." Suddenly then she burst into tears. "I'm so h-hungry, Jeff.

Susie's tears frightened Jeff. There was something so despairing about them. Not versed in feminine nature he had no past experience by which to be reassured. To him tears meant disaster. He did not realize that, to girls, a good cry was of no more importance than a good laugh, that it almost always paved the way for an uplift of spirit.

He said, "Don't cry, Susie, there's a good girl." And, frantically, when she only cried harder, "I'll have the man make you another malted milk and we'll call the whole thing off. I didn't know we'd made you suffer so —I didn't realize—."

While he talked Susie got up and started for the door. Jeff followed. The fountain boy snickered and Jeff shot him a reproachful look. Outside, he found that Susie was still weeping and cast about for a means of comfort.

"Let's go to Edna," he suggested. "Wouldn't you like to see Edna?"

"Y-yes."

* * *

They walked to the car and Jeff solicitously helped Susie in. Walking to the other side he slid under the wheel. Then Jeff did a strange thing. Putting an arm around Susie he pulled her head against his shoulder. She buried her face in his coat and sobbed in an abandoned way that only added to his masculine terror.

If he could have but known it Susie was having one of the few really good times she had ever experienced in her barren life. Never had she known the utter joy of weeping upon a sympathetic male shoulder. She no longer wept because of hunger. Her tears went back to the fraternity party, to the years of repression and frustrated longing, they were the outward sign that Susie's soul was breaking through its bonds.

"There, there, honey," Jeff crooned. "There, there, honey." Jeff's mother had talked like that to him when he was a very small boy. "I'll tell that old Swen a few things in the morning. I won't let him starve you, Susie."

Having every intention of willingly going on to the starvation point she mumbled something as if vastly comforted. Susie was beginning to know her way about, instinctively she encouraged Jeff in his role of protector. After a while she sat up, straightened her hat and wiped her eyes. Jeff, still mightily distressed, started the car and hastened to the safest port in any old storm, his mother.

"Edna," he said worriedly when they went in, "Susie's been crying. She can't take it—it's asking too much—"

"I can too take it," Susie quavered.

Edna was all sympathy. Putting an arm around Susie she led her to a chair. "You poor child," she murmured. "What have they been doing to you?"

* * *

Jeff let out his breath on a relieved sigh. He sat on one side of Susie, Edna on the other, while they talked it over. Before the conversation ended they were all laughing at Susie's dramatic tale of how she had been persecuted, she even more than the others. With great pride she folded pleats in her dress to display her new waistline and showed her hands, soft and white, the nails growing long and pointed.

"You should see my feet," she went on childishly. "They feel so good and are really beautiful."

"And your skin, Susie," Edna put in enthusiastically. "It's getting so clear and pretty."

"Do you think so?" Susie inquired delightedly. "And have you missed a chin?"

While they were talking the bell rang and John Harker was admitted. It seemed he was taking Jeff's mother to the theater. The way Edna fluttered and the way Mr. Harker looked at her did not go unnoticed by Susie. They talked a little of Susie's program. Mr. Harker appeared to be much pleased with what had been accomplished, nothing was said of her near downfall. They all left the apartment together, Jeff to take Susie to the hotel, Edna and Mr. Harker to be ushered into a long, low car by a liveried chauffeur.

"Come to see me often, Susie," Edna said as they parted.

Susie looked after the car. "Isn't she lovely, Jeff? Mr. Harker thinks so, doesn't he?"

"Yep," said Jeff. "I wish he didn't like her quite so well."

"I used to hate beautiful women," Susie observed plaintively, "but I don't any more."

"Why don't you?" Susie's views never failed to amuse Jeff.

"Because I'm already beautiful inside," she said seriously. It was true. As the pounds dropped away they took sluggishness and the old inferiority with them. She was lighter on her feet, lighter in mind and spirit. With the lessening of her shadow confidence grew.

* * *

"Jeff," she faltered as they neared the hotel, "I'm sorry about tonight. I'll never do it again. I promise."

"Aw, that's all right," Jeff replied boyishly. "Guess anybody's got a right to kick over the traces once in a while."

"You were an angel."

"Me an angel—that's good."

They parted on the best of terms. Susie passed the drug store without a glance.

By the middle of December Harker's was elated with Susie's progress. The beautifying campaign had continued to hold the interest of the public. Jeff's ideas concerning the radio program and the question and answer column had been tried and found effective. The Susie fans grew by leaps and bounds, her name was a by-word. Curiosity was at a high pitch.

Often Susie laughed at her followers, imagining them at their exercises, imagining how often they broke their diet. Their results would be negative, but not hers, oh, no, not hers! She glowed with the inner light of achievement. One morning, stooping over to fasten a garter clip to the hem of her stocking, she caught a mirrored glimpse of her leg. She stopped, transfixed. It was a beautiful leg, slim and rounded, tapering down to a slender ankle. In fact the entire line from neck to ankle was breath takingly lovely. For the first time Susie thrilled to the miracle of her own beauty, was intoxicated by it, wanting more and still more.

As yet nothing radical had been done about Susie's face and she gazed at her reflection with dissatisfaction, not unmixed with hope. If they had been able to do so much for her body what might she not hope for her face. Strapping a wide belt around her slim waist she twirled on one toe before the mirror, remembering the smooth little girls on the campus, remembering Dick.

(To Be Continued)

THOSE NEW DIAL PHONES

Lynn, Mass. (UP)—Responding to a signal light and hearing a woman pleading: "My God, don't do it," a telephone operator called police and sent them to the homes of four subscribers sharing the party line. At a home on Johnson street the "crime" was solved. Unable to operate a newly-installed dial phone, an agitated man had thrown the instrument to the floor despite his wife's protests.

GET UP NIGHTS?
It's Nature's Danger Signal

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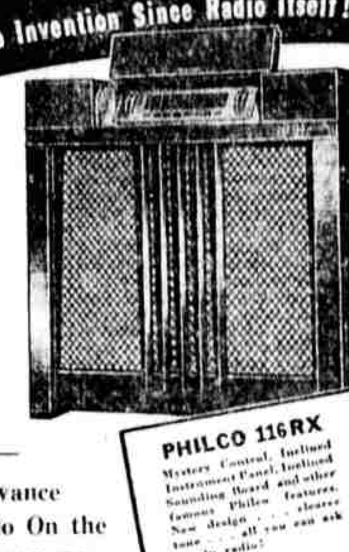

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PORTLAND

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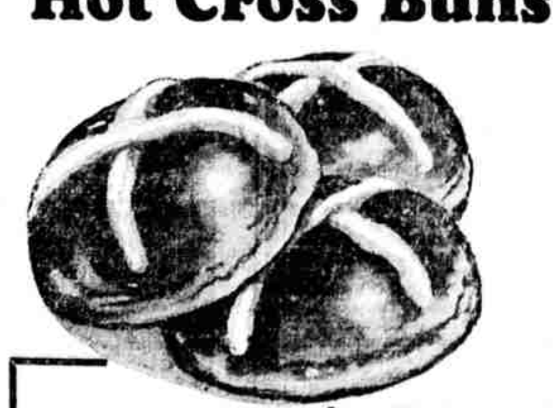

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