

THE BEND BULLETIN

and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS

The Bend Bulletin (weekdays) 1900-1901 The Bend Bulletin (daily) est. 1924

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The Bend Bulletin, Bend, Oregon

Entered as Second Class Matter, January 6, 1917, at the Postoffice at Bend, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879

ROBERT W. SAWYER—Editor-Manager HENRY N. FOWLER—Associate Editor
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One Year	\$2.00	One Year	\$2.50
Six Months	\$1.25	Six Months	\$1.50
Three Months	\$0.75	Three Months	\$0.90

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BUSINESS MANAGEMENT NEEDED

With the cheerful optimism which is the least that could be expected of a self-drafted candidate (third term), President Roosevelt predicts that the new deal will be "swept back" into power and that he will be reelected. His choice of words is both interesting and significant. Mark well that he does not say that the new deal will be continued in power; it is to be "swept back." The precise connotation is that the new deal has lost ground and that President Roosevelt, himself the new deal, admits it.

Truly it has lost ground. It could hardly be otherwise as the American people come to a recognition, through their own experience, that its promises (the Roosevelt promises) are too frequently forgotten, that its methods and theories (the Roosevelt methods and theories) have too frequently failed to bear the expected fruit, that results which have been gained have been at a cost out of all proportion to benefits derived.

Some of the most featured ideas of the present administration were those of borrowing and spending our way to prosperity, of pump priming, of the abundant life and the economy of scarcity. Many believed in them, felt sincerely that these fallacies were paving a short cut to the millennium. Some of them are already disillusioned; others would have been eventually. Now, however, their disillusionment is being hastened as a national emergency created by world revolution raises relentless questions. The answers cannot be squared with the theories and policies of the new deal and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Reckless spending—not for commensurate concrete results nor with such results, but to provide millions with a pittance—has been carried on for years. It has been carried on through a period when evidence of the need for large defense armaments and armies was already at hand. These needs were ignored. Reduction of production was steadfastly encouraged through the same period when accumulation of resources was as inescapably indicated. Steadily, working hours were legislated downward. Millions of Americans were being encouraged to believe that the nation owed them a living. And, through it all, deficits piled up year after year, billions of dollars upon billions of dollars.

Now comes the test. The billions squandered could have provided America with a trained army, navy and flying personnel, with battleships, planes, artillery and motorized equipment on a scale which would have eliminated the dictator powers of Europe as potential invaders. But the billions were not spent. Now, we are informed, they must be spent again and this is unfortunately too true. This spending is under way. Now, we are realizing, we must have production, vast production, speedy production. The economy of scarcity is already in the discard.

And what of the abundant life, the life of leisure with its opportunities for pleasure, for enjoyment of finer things, for contemplation of beautiful ideals, for the dreaming of lovely, if somewhat cockeyed dreams, for the life of Riley, if you will, which the new deal conjured up—what of this abundant life?

Without question it, too, must go by the board. Let the nation put a million or two million men under arms, let it buckle down to the task of outfitting those men, of providing vast stores of war material, of building warships by the gross, bombers and combat planes in unguessed numbers. Let the nation bleed itself white with taxes which it must levy to pay the bill. America can do this, and must. But what will become of the normal production of other things, of things which other nations consider luxuries but which are part and parcel of our American standard of living. With our added taxation, what will become of our normal ability to pay for these things, to maintain this American standard?

The answer must come in one of two ways. Either the American standard must be greatly lowered (and then what price the abundant life?), or, if the standard is to be maintained, Americans must pay its cost by keeping up their normal productions. There will be more work to do and fewer to do it. Americans will work longer and harder. In such a program the abundant life, according to the Roosevelt idealization, would also make its exit.

The test confronts us and it is the test of stern reality. The time for the telling of fairy stories is past, nor will America longer endeavor to enact them. Not for the era which we are now entering is the teller of tales or the dreamer of dreams. In its crisis America will face the facts, among which none is more self evident than the need for the highest type of business management by a truly qualified executive. Re-election of the man under whose leadership America has reached its present predicament would fall far short of meeting this need.

Women in Politics Are Called Mentally Lazy

Pittsburgh (UP)—A woman professor at the University of Pittsburgh believes the average American woman has a lazy attitude toward politics and is inclined to rely on her husband's advice as to how to vote.

Dr. Rosalind L. Branning, one of the few women instructors in political science, deserted the ranks of her sex to make the charge, but tempered it by asserting that both men and women should make a deeper study of politics.

"Too many women are prone to vote only on the advice of others," Dr. Branning said. "Here in America, where women have a voice in the government, they should take an active interest in politics."

Alcoholic Blood Test Over Heads of Jurors

Everett, Wash. (UP)—The state of Washington has an alcoholic blood test statute in its legal code—and doesn't quite know what to do about it.

The law was put into practice here for the first time when Vivian Reeves, Tulalip reservation Indian, was acquitted of negligent homicide in an automobile accident. Seven persons were killed in the crash.

Jurors who acquitted Mrs. Reeves said: "The blood test may be reliable. We don't know. It's over our heads. We don't understand those medical terms."

Bulletin Want Ads Bring Results.

"There Is a Tide in the Affairs of Men"



SERIAL STORY

MURDER INCOGNITO

BY NORMAN KAHL

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARTIN SAYLER—a lawyer with too many enemies.

DALE APPLEBY—Sayler's stepson.

RHODA WATERS—Appleby's fiancée.

HAZEL LEIGHTON—Sayler's sweetheart.

WINSLOW MARDELL—a gambler.

GEORGE BARBOUR—Sayler's law partner.

LEUTENANT O'LEARY—police investigator.

Yesterday, Martin Sayler invites five guests for dinner. Dale Appleby, his stepson, whose fortune Sayler refuses to release; Rhoda Waters, Dale's sweetheart, whom Sayler has called a gold-digger; Hazel Leighton, in whom Sayler is interested; Winslow Marcell, a gambler; and George Barbour, Sayler's law partner. After talking to Barbour, Sayler returns to his study alone. In 20 minutes Hazel goes to the door, finds Sayler dead.

The still form of Martin Sayler was a thing of hideous fascination. One arm encircled his head, buried partly in the rug. The other came out straight from his body and bent at the elbow. Only the white sleeve of his linen suit seemed stained by the blood that darkened the rug.

The five of them stood for minutes in the doorway. It was Barbour who finally broke the spell.

"Well, I'll be—I suppose that had to happen sooner or later," Rhoda suggested.

Dale looked at her, and she thought she recognized a glimmer of something fearful in his eyes.

"Let's see," he said. They didn't need to look too closely. As they stood over the body, they could see one side of Sayler's face. His eye was still open—still hard and friendless. There wasn't any question about it. Martin Sayler was dead.

Marcell bent down and put his hand on the dead man's shoulder.

"Don't touch him," Dale commanded. "What are you trying to do?"

Marcell straightened. "I was just going to turn him over."

"Well, don't. Don't anybody touch a thing. Not until the police get here."

Hazel stiffened. "The police? Must we?"

Dale turned toward her and said dully, "What do you think?"

From the library, at the other end of the room, a tall, gray-haired man in a butler's livery had entered the room and was standing stiffly at attention. "Is there anything I can do, sir?" he asked Dale.

Dale turned toward the butler. "Nothing at the moment, Willows. Mr. Sayler is dead."

"Yes, sir, I know. And there was no sorrow in his voice."

"Go back to the kitchen and tell

the others the remain there until the police arrive."

Willows retreated. Dale hurried over to the desk in the southeast corner of the room, diagonally across from the doorway through which they had entered to discover the body. He picked up the telephone and asked for police headquarters.

Barbour stood peering out of the heavily curtained French windows that broke the array of bookcases just west of the desk. Dale cautioned him not to touch anything and then he turned his attention back to the instrument in his hand.

"Homicide squad? Who's in charge there now? Lieutenant O'Leary. Thank you, may I speak to him?"

A brief pause. "Lieutenant Dale Appleby is my name. My stepfather, Martin Sayler, has just been shot to death. . . . Yes. . . . I wish you would. Fifteen minutes, then. Yes, everyone will stay here. He gave the address and hung up."

"Can't we wait in the other room?" Rhoda asked.

"I think it would be better," Dale agreed. "The police will be along quickly. Just tell them what you know about this. Lord knows that isn't very much."

The police weren't long in coming. Dale was standing at the drawing room window when the lights of several cars flashed up the driveway. Dale himself went to the door and admitted two men in civilian attire and three uniformed officers.

Lieutenant O'Leary introduced himself. He was tall and broad-shouldered—a tremendous bulk of a man. But there was a friendly twinkle in his eye.

"This is Sergeant Carroll," he pointed to the shorter man, with fat jowls and unsmiling features. "I suppose you're Mr. Appleby."

"Yes," said Dale. "The others are in the drawing room. Nothing's been touched."

O'Leary nodded approval. "Where is it?"

Dale indicated the closed door of the study. O'Leary ordered the uniformed men to wait in the hallway, and then he led the way into the study. When he saw the body, the lieutenant glanced swiftly at his assistant and then at Dale.

"How'd it happen, Mr. Appleby?" he asked.

"I don't know. We were sitting in the drawing room. Sayler had gone back to this room a little before. He wanted to see one of his guests—Miss Leighton. When she came into the room, she found him here—just like this."

"What about the shot?"

"No one heard it."

The lieutenant bent over the lifeless form and lifted the heavy shoulders. For several seconds he stared blankly at the stained white coat front and at the mocking eyes of the

dead man. O'Leary turned to Sergeant Carroll.

"The medical examiner will be along any minute. Bring him in when he comes," he instructed.

O'Leary thrust his hands into his hip pockets and stood for several minutes studying the room. It was fully 40 feet long and more than half as wide. The entire floor was covered with heavy carpeting. Three of the walls faced outside. Along the north wall, the room could be entered from both ends—from the library or the reception hall. The entire room was lined with bookcases, windows, several full-length mirrors and a massive fireplace in the center of the south wall. French windows, that opened nearly to the floor, flanked one side of Sayler's desk. On the other side of the fireplace, similar windows flanked a doorway that led out onto a broad terrace.

One divan was set directly in front of the fireplace. Another stood on the north wall, opposite, between two long mirrors. A third was placed against the west wall.

O'Leary motioned Dale into a chair near the west doorway. "How long was your stepfather in the drawing room before he went into the study?"

"Just a few minutes. He'd been in this room with Mr. Barbour, one of the guests, and they came out together. He said he would see Miss Leighton in 10 minutes, and then he came in here. Hazel—Miss Leighton waited 20 minutes and then came in here."

"What time was that?"

"Nine-thirty."

"How long was Miss Leighton in the room before the rest of you followed?"

"As a matter of fact, she wasn't in the room at all. She was at the doorway. As soon as she opened it, she screamed, and the rest of us came running."

Sergeant Carroll entered the room, followed by a small, bald man with steel-rimmed spectacles and a thin, gray mustache.

"Here's the doc," Carroll said brusquely.

O'Leary quickly introduced Dale and the medical examiner. "Now, Mr. Appleby," O'Leary suggested, "if there's some other place we can go for a few minutes, we can finish our talk. I think you'd rather not be here while the details are taken care of."

"There's the library," Dale said. The two men walked through the east doorway and Dale snapped on the lights. The room was medium size, without character. There were no books in it, as the lieutenant had expected.

"What was going on here?" O'Leary asked, after they were seated.

"Nothing in particular. Just a little dinner party."

"Did your uncle often have them?"

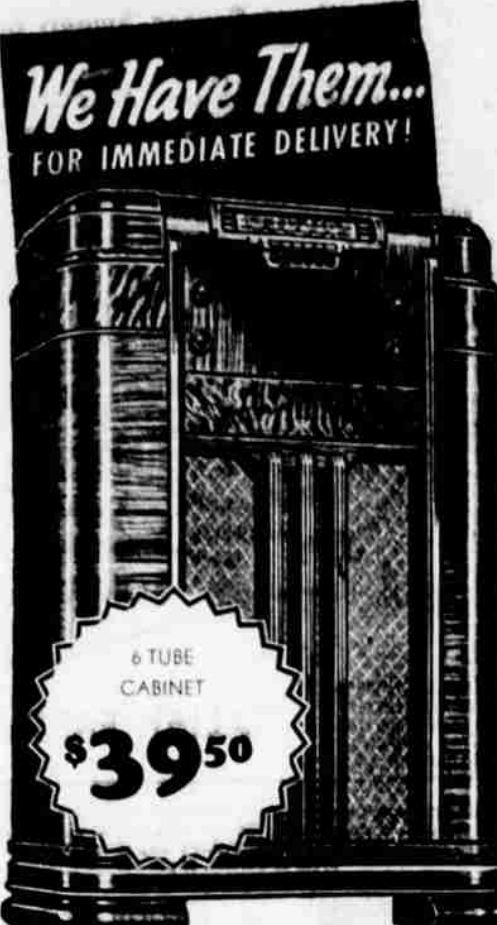
"No, as a matter of fact he didn't. They were a bit rare."

"What was the occasion for this one?"

Dale traced shapeless figures in the plush arm of his chair. "Why, I— I really don't know. That is, there was nothing—no occasion really."

O'Leary smiled faintly. "Okay. We'll get to that later."

The medical examiner appeared at



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Catton's Washington Column

By Bruce Catton

(NEA Service Staff Correspondent)

Washington.—A sub-surface row between titans of the oil industry is finding covert expression in an innocent-looking bill now pending in congress.

This bill is a brief amendment to the "stolen property act" of 1934. It seeks to close United States markets to any properties which have been expropriated by a foreign government; it has passed the senate and is up for consideration in the house.

Back of it is a scrap between the Standard and Sinclair oil interests, arising from the fact that Sinclair settled its claim against Mexico, while Standard did not.

Sinclair settled for \$8,500,000 and a contract permitting it to buy 20,000 barrels of Mexican oil over a four-year period. Complaint of its rivals is that this oil is coming in fast enough to depress the United States market, and that much of it is in fact oil taken from the wells of the other expropriated companies. The pending bill is supposed to block such importation.

Sinclair officials, however, say that under their contract all the oil they get must come either from the wells they themselves formerly owned, or from wells originally owned by the Mexican government. Anyway, they argue, their oil imports run less than 14,000 barrels a day, whereas total United States oil imports have been swinging between 100,000 and 300,000 barrels daily.

The really interesting part about the scrap, though, is that it stems from Sinclair's breaking of the "united front" maintained by American oil companies against Mexico; and behind the breaking of that front there is an odd little story.

HURLEY, RICHBERG ARE REPRESENTATIVES

In its Mexican negotiations, Sinclair was represented by Patrick J. Hurley, former secretary of war under Herbert Hoover. Standard and Dutch Shell had as their negotiator Donald R. Richberg, an ex-time counsel for NRA and an ex-inner circle New Dealer.

Bearing the White House blessing, Richberg went to Mexico to negotiate one settlement for all the oil companies. After a good start, he bogged down. Mexico was insisting the oil companies should get paid for only plant and equipment seized and for money actually invested. The oil companies naturally wanted to be paid for the potential value of the properties. The gap could not be bridged.

FUNNY PART OF IT IS—

Harry Sinclair presently decided a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, and sent Hurley down to Mexico. Hurley found the Mexicans had been assured that they needn't consider Sinclair, because if Standard and Shell settled Sinclair would have to follow along. He also found that in view of the Roosevelt administration's attitude, settlement would have to be made on the Mexicans' terms. So Sinclair pulled out of the "united front" and accepted the settlement Hurley and President Cardenas had worked out.

And the funny part about it all is this: that this settlement, following the line of the New Deal's good neighbor policy, was evolved by the

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Oregon Editorials

MAKE OURSELVES STRONG (Oregon Journal)

A new kind of war is loose in the world—fought with all weapons, including treason, and fought most insidiously during what some of our countrymen call "peace time." It is a war against the civilization that we know. It is a revolution against all of the values which we have cherished and which we wish our children to cherish in the future. It is a revolution which denies the dignity of man and which banishes the hope of brotherhood and comradeship on earth. We can see it developing right before our very eyes.

It must be faced with daring and devotion. We must lift up our hearts. We must reaffirm our noble tradition. We must make ourselves so strong that the tradition we live by shall not perish on which an agreement may be written but that it will be worth more than Hitler's pledged word. The German dictator doesn't even believe those next to him in command, thinking their word no better than his.

Lindbergh's acknowledgment that we need an army for national defense is a concession to overwhelming American public opinion.

But of all the drive made last Sunday upon American sentiment—by Luther, Knox, Adler, Patterson, Hill, Lee, Nye and Fish—none reached a plane so high or spoke a wisdom so experienced and true as General Pershing.

How cheap, in comparison, the Nye-Fish mouthings that compulsory military training is un-American and dictatorial. The compulsion is that of the nation's emergency. The dictation is by our own consciences.

arch-republican Hurley—while the ex-New Dealer Richberg failed to work out a good neighbor settlement for Standard and Shell.

BY MERRILL BLOSSER

DR. R. E. DALLEN
Chiropractor—Foot Specialist
Formerly of The DeVeny in Portland

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OH, WE CAN TAKE IT ALL RIGHT!

BUT IF THAT GUY KRIITS SHOULD HADEN ALONG RIGHT ABOUT NOW, THERE ARE TWO "BATS" THAT WOULD LEAVE THEIR NESTS AND LEARN TO FLY!