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SHABBY AND UNBECOMING
This business of getting a cabinet secretary to reply to Wendell Willkie's acceptance speech because the president of the United States is too busy to engage in political debate (and besides it would be beneath his dignity) and then having a United States senator reply to the secretary, if carried to its logical conclusion, may end with a simple dog fight in the alley between the homes of a couple of precinct committeemen of opposite political faith.

Needless to say the campaign will not go to a logical conclusion in this manner. And, unfortunately—though fortunately for the New deal cause—Mr. Roosevelt will not dare to meet the Willkie challenge. He cannot afford to do so. A man whose speeches are the compound of the work of many writers, which we have learned from Raymond Moley and Hugh Johnson is the case with President Roosevelt, has too few convictions of his own to be able to stand up in debate against a crusader like Willkie.

In making his proposal for joint debate Mr. Willkie extended all due courtesy to the presidential office occupied by Mr. Roosevelt. It so happens, however, that Franklin D. Roosevelt is not merely President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He is also Candidate Franklin D. Roosevelt. The magazine Time observes the difference in its latest issue by giving, in addition to its customary section on news of the presidency, another on the candidate. In the former, presidential activity is reported and in the reader finds, in parentheses, this: "For news of Candidate Roosevelt, see p. 15." It is Candidate Roosevelt to whom Mr. Willkie has addressed his proposal.

A presidential campaign is not a name-calling contest and when Mr. Roosevelt turns over to Harold Ickes the task of replying to the Willkie he belittles himself and the democracy of this country. Willkie called no names in his acceptance speech. He did challenge certain New deal and Rooseveltian methods and policies. The answer, if there is any, should be made by the man responsible for them. The vituperation of Harold Ickes is not an answer. "Mr. Big" could find plenty of time for reply, could he make any, by letting his Republican secretaries do the inspection work he has taken on himself.

There is something rather shabby and unbecoming in Franklin Roosevelt's sending Harold Ickes forth to call names in a presidential contest while he, Roosevelt, shuns the issues. The under water weed cutter operated by the city on the Mirror pond this summer has done a good job. Weed growth, so prevalent and objectionable in other years has this year been but little noticeable. Probably by lowering the water and digging out the roots the need for cutting the weeds would be ended for a time. If that is not a practical thing to do this cutting is the next best answer.

Our congratulations to our Redmond friend and neighbor, Tom Quigley, on his 80th birthday celebrated yesterday. Tom is a good friend, a good citizen and a gifted speaker and versifier. One of his pieces of some 20 years ago, "He Kept It Out of Terrebonne," deserves perpetuation in a central Oregon verse anthology if one is ever printed. May Tom celebrate many more birthdays.

DRUNK'S PAINTING HANGS IN CHURCH

Copy of 'The Last Supper' Recently Renovated

Hudson, Ill. (UP)—A young artist whose weakness was a craving for alcoholic drinks, has left a memorial on the walls of a little country church which looks more like a schoolhouse than a place of reverence, in the form of a Biblical painting. The painting, a copy of the immortal picture, "The Last Supper," was done, old-timers said, by a youth who gave his name as George M. Swan, about 19, from Peoria, 26 years ago. They said he seemed to be able to work best while in the grip of drink. W. S. Candegratt, chapel custodian for the past 10 years, recalls the incidents leading up to Swan's painting. He said that Swan, visiting friends nearby, sauntered by the church one day and saw several church members erecting hitching posts which are still in use. "Say," he said to one of the men, "if you'll get me a pair of overalls, buy me the paint and give me something to drink, I'll paint a picture for you in the church. A collection was taken up, \$17 was raised, the drinks and paint were bought, the overalls were

VEHICLES CRASH; 5 TYPES

Peasadena, Cal. (UP)—Five types of vehicles figured in crashes here on a single day. A 15-year-old boy ran his bicycle into an electric bus; an ambulance crashed into a truck and a car blew a tire and skidded for 40 feet on its side. provided and Swan, Vandegratt said, went to work with a Sunday school card bearing a copy of "The Last Supper" as his model. "It took a week and the painting was done," said Candegratt. "I saw that youg fellow up on the scaffold painting that picture when he was so intoxicated he could hardly stand there. It didn't hurt his painting ability a bit." Two years later, Swan died, but his work still gleams on the chapel wall after 26 years. Women in the community recently raised funds to clear the painting of dust and grime and to redecorate the chapel interior and church chairs. The church, built 36 years ago, is located on a hilltop at the south end of Lake Bloomington. It is a one-story, white frame building and is known as the Hinthorne chapel. Denominational, the chapel has an average attendance of less than a score each Sunday. The Great Lakes yield about 32 kinds of fish and shellfish to United States fishermen who fish for market. Bulletin Wants Ads Bring Results.

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Seaside Conversation



SERIAL STORY MURDER INCOGNITO BY NORMAN KAHL

CAST OF CHARACTERS
MARTIN SAYLER—a lawyer with too many enemies.
DALE APPELBY—Sayler's stepson.
RHODA WATERS—Appelby's fiancée.
HAZEL LEIGHTON—Sayler's sweetheart.
WINSLOW MARDELL—a gambler.
GEORGE BARBOUR—Sayler's law partner.
LIEUTENANT O'LEARY—police investigator.
just keep you a second. We want to know how you happened to lose \$35,000 to Martin Sayler."
Mardell straightened out a gleaming yellow tie that lay against a silk shirt of navy blue. He wore trousers of light gray flannel and a sports coat of large, hideous checks.
"O, just one of those things," Mardell said airily. "A little poker game. Sayler often rounded up a few cronies for a friendly session. Luck was against me for a few nights, and I was running a little short of ready cash, so I just wrote some I. O. U.'s. Hope you're not worried about them?"
"No," said O'Leary, "but I guess you were. You had no way of meeting them and Sayler wanted his money, didn't he?"
Mardell's eyes became hard. "So what if he did. He knew he was going to get it."
"How were you going to pay him?"
"I've got money. I could have drawn some from the bank, but I figured I'd let the I. O. U.'s ride for a while and see if I couldn't win some of that dough back."
The lieutenant faced the man bluntly. "Look, Mardell. We know you better. Sayler wanted that money, and you were over at his place the other night. He wanted to collect. I've had you checked pretty carefully. You're broke. Even your hotel bills are overdue."
Mardell snarled, "I wasn't going to wench... I never have yet."
"You never dared. If you can't gamble, you don't eat. And Sayler was going to fix it so no joint in town would ever let you in again. He was going to let it get around that you were a wench. Isn't that right?"
Mardell's lips twisted slightly at the corners. "Maybe," he admitted. "But it's too late now. Mr. Sayler won't do any talking anywhere now."
When the two detectives were back in their automobile, Carroll turned to O'Leary. "That bird's lucky, or is he?"
O'Leary shrugged. "I don't know. Murder isn't beyond him. And he certainly had a lot to gain from Sayler's death."
"Y'eah. Where to now, Chief?"
"Barbour's house. He lives out on Spencer road."
George Barbour was sitting in his shirt sleeves on the flagstone terrace before his commodious Georgian house when the officers swung their car into the driveway. His flabby cheeks looked ruddier and his graying hair had a silvery hue. He appeared much more at ease than he had in the

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Oregon Editorials

HOW ABOUT WILLKIE? (Medford Mail-Tribune)
Wendell Willkie is a typical American. He was born in a modest home in a little town in Indiana of a poor but honorable family. He went through the school of hard knocks. He fought his way to the top. He worked and earned his way through college—a midwestern college. He had no wealthy parents to send him to private schools and to Harvard. He was not born with a gold spoon in his mouth. He worked as a harvest hand in the wheat fields of Oklahoma. He taught school in Kansas. He was reared among the common people and likes them best. Although he has won fame and success, he has never gone high hat.

Willkie is a man of remarkable intelligence. He proved that when he was quizzed on the radio program of "Information Please." He has a trained legal mind. Even in college he made a high reputation as an orator. The new dealers plotted to squelch Willkie and his boom for president. They had Attorney General Jackson, the best spokesman for the new deal, challenge Willkie to a public debate. Willkie accepted. Willkie literally made mincemeat of the attorney general, Jackson, who himself was seeking the Democratic nomination for president or vice-president, was absolutely discredited. His political boom was punctured. Roosevelt had picked Jackson for his running mate, but had to drop him after that debate.

Willkie is a great thinker and a keen analyst. He wins his debates by sheer logic, backed by facts. His statements are straightforward, direct to the point, without camouflage. While he enjoys a debate and revels in a good, clean contest, yet he is more than a great orator, a great lawyer of a great business man. He has a profound knowledge of all the affairs of the country—economic, political and social. He believes in the democratic process, not in a dictatorship, one-man government. He has truly said that in a nation of 130,000,000 people, no man is indispensable.

Willkie is not a politician. The politicians of the Republican party did everything they could to prevent his nomination. It was the rank and file of the people who demanded his nomination and who forced it through the convention against the opposition of nearly all the old line Republican wheel horses. This is the first time in a century when the people have had an opportunity to select a man to the presidency who is not, and never has been,

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



More Red Bats? BY MERRILL BLOSSER

