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● SERIAL STORY
MURDER IN CONVOY
BY A. W. O'BRIEN

Yesterday, Tees is buried at sea the next day. Joan tries to comfort Rollins for the loss of his old friend. Later, Lieutenant Milley questions Rollins further as to whether he was alone when he saw Tees just before the murder. That night, Rollins looks out of his porthole, sees a light. As he prepares to investigate he hears a rifle shot, followed immediately by the lifeboat alarm.

STRUGGLE IN THE PASSAGE
CHAPTER VII

Automatically, Lieutenant Rollins shifted mental gears as the emergency gong sounded. Army discipline went to work. He had an official post to assume at Lifeboat Station 15, and everything else became secondary. Regretfully he shoved the revolver back into his pocket, but the thought flashed through his mind that it didn't matter much because whoever had flashed the light would be swallowed up in the men flooding the decks.

Hurriedly he slipped into his trousers, donned a balachava, slung on his shoulder bag and gas mask, and dashed into the corridor. Except for a puffing sentry, he was alone; but within a few seconds other officers were pouring from their cabins, and Rollins marveled at the general coolness. One would think that a lifeboat alarm in the dead of night aboard a troopship riding angry waves was an everyday occurrence in the lives of these men.

At the exits, military police were already stationed, repeating the same warning: "Show no light as you step on deck!"

Each man whipped the heavy curtain behind him before he opened the door. Outside it was pitchblack, and cold spray filled the night. Murky figures bumped one another as they passed. Rollins walked quickly with both hands outstretched to prevent himself from crashing headlong into others before he reached Lifeboat Station 15.

His sergeant was only seconds behind and breathing heavily from the run upstairs with heavy equipment. "What's up, Sir?" he gasped. "I didn't feel any explosion and the ship's whistle isn't blowing the regulation blasts."

Rollins had been thinking along the same lines. "Perhaps it's only a drill, Sergeant. Don't have the men climb into the boat yet. It's a bit dangerous with the ship heaving around and the planking wet. Wait until there is further cause for alarm."

"Very well, Sir!" Within two minutes more, the full complement of men for Lifeboat Station 15 was on hand and standing in position, ready to hop into the boat on order. Members of the ship's crew stood by the lowering apparatus.

After the first wave of excitement, the men standing in the black-shrouded night began to grumble in approved soldier fashion. "What's the idea—getting us up in the middle of the night like this?" "And it took me two hours to get to sleep on this bleeding tub!" "Some brass had had a brain wave!" "Maybe the Old Man got the wind up."

"Anybody got a cup of hot rum?" They stood there for a full half hour before the adjutant, heavily clothed, came around. "Dismiss your station, Lieutenant!" he ordered. "The captain doesn't wish to sound the regular dismissal signal on the ship's whistle because it might alarm the other ships."

parently inexplicable motive for the murder. After all, even if somebody was smoking illegally that individual would hardly murder an officer to avert being reported.

Again, Rollins' brow clouded—the girl always entered the puzzle. She had admitted being responsible for the light on the first night. Rather, at least, she had admitted smoking on deck. There could possibly have been, Rollins conceded, another person on the deck flashing the light seen by the sentry and reported to him. When he rushed up he had found the girl. She was not flashing any light. In fact, she wasn't even carrying a lighted cigaret.

Still, the fact remained that about the same time every night, something extraordinary seemed to happen around the same section "A" deck.

At long last, he had come upon a plan that might give him a chance to solve the mystery and lay his hands upon the killer. It all depended on one detail, and he intended to put himself straight on that detail without delay.

Throwing on his bathrobe, Rollins stepped out into the corridor again and walked to the first cross-passage. He turned into it and made his way towards the far side of the ship where Lieutenant Milley's cabin was situated. As he turned along the corridor running parallel to his own, some slight movement in the curtain sheltering a deck exit caught his eye.

Quick as a flash, Rollins stooped, apparently to adjust his shoelace, meanwhile studying the curtain tensely. It hung about two inches off the floor and even in the darkness he could see two shoes standing motionless!

Rollins waited until the ship swayed downwards. Lighly, he straightened a bit before diving hand and foot into the curtain where he judged the knees belonging to those feet should be.

It was a tackle that would have warmed the cockles of any rugby coach's heart. His arms scissored around a pair of strong legs, and with a heave of his shoulders he bowled over his opponent, the curtain coming down with a ripping sound over the struggling figures.

Rollins heaved again and rolled on top. With a single deft move, he grabbed a struggling arm through the folds of the curtain and twisted it upwards. "Easy—you'll break it!" a voice growled.

Rollins released his hold—it was Harry Milley!

(To Be Continued)

RUN ON FLYSWATTERS
Tyler, Tex. (AP)—This city is an exceedingly uncomfortable place for flies, judging by reports of local merchants. Several drug, hardware and grocery stores reported recently their stocks of flyswatters had been sold out and could not be replenished for several days.

BONUSES FOR ENLISTMENT?
As the proposal of the war department and of President Roosevelt to lengthen the service period in the new army takes form for congressional consideration, Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska makes the headlines by suggesting a bonus for drafted men who volunteer for army service beyond the original one-year period. The suggestion is good politics, its enactment would be poor practice.

In justification of his plan, the senator speaks glowingly of "our contract with the boys." The term is rather far fetched. There was no offer and no acceptance. There was a command, which was to be obeyed. Voluntary enlistment does involve a contract; in selective service there is none.

In the American army, we have the two types of service. It is to be noted that, in the main, the drafted man (selectee, in the army's euphemistic nomenclature), serves as willingly as the man who enlisted without call, but the fact remains that the first entered the service on command and that the command may be renewed. But both are in the army.

The Norris plan is bad in the fact that it would make one type of service eligible for special reward. Because the reward would be noted in advance, it would better be regarded as a special inducement. Here we have two men who entered the army on the same day. One enlisted for three years; the other one was called for one year. The first would be permitted to step forward and say, "I'll serve for another year," and draw his bonus (the amount is not mentioned by the senator); the other could only reflect, "I'm in for two more years anyway, so I get no extra pay."

Within the drafted personnel, there would be the further fact that, if a soldier did not wish to continue, he could still be required to do so. It may be taken for granted that, with this compulsion in the background, he would promptly step forward. The net result would be a pay increase for the selective service army (already high in its pay scale compared with the majority of other armies of the world). And, as has been remarked, part of the army would not come under this pay increase.

And then there are the navy and marine corps and coast guard, branches of the service in which the draft is not used, where fairly long enlistment periods are the rule. With one, two, or more years to serve, with no opportunity to volunteer for these years (the volunteering having already been done), sailors, marines and guardsmen would also find themselves in the ranks of the forgotten men.

The Norris plan, it will be observed, is not a new one. Before now inducements have been offered to stimulate interest in the military service. In England, the recruiting officer presented a shilling to the prospective recruit. "Taking the king's (or the queen's) shilling" was equivalent to enlistment. This was more than half a century ago. In America's own civil war a cash payment known as a bounty was offered. Senator Norris speaks of a bonus.

From this bounty a new word came into the American language—"bounty-jumper." The bounty-jumper received his reward for enlistment, then deserted at the earliest opportunity, moved to another location, preferably crossing a state line, and enlisted again, drawing another bounty. The plan naturally fell into disfavor, except with the bounty-jumper.

Today, as in 1917 and 1918, Americans enter the service because they have decided that it is the thing to do and because the law so provides. They enter the service when the call comes, or before it comes, according to their individual circumstances. There is no actual difference and it is unfair to create a difference.

It is hard to believe that Congress will give serious consideration to the suggestion which would so disturb the equality on which the army and other service branches have their foundations.

Now how about the old skillet with the warped bottom, or the saucepan with the battered sides? If it is aluminum, it will be far more serviceable as part of an airplane than it is now for cooking. Other materials will do in the kitchen, but America needs more aluminum to meet the shortage of this key metal in national defense. Sort out the utensils which you can do without and drop them in the wire netting receptacle at Wall and Minnesota. Uncle Sam will appreciate them.

"V" day, we are sad to observe, passed without anything crucial occurring. Its European celebrants continued to chalk the victory initial on walks and walls, to thump out the Morse equivalent of the letter. And the gestapo continued their quest for persons so engaged. We hope it worries Hitler a lot.

To June 30 the city of Bend had taken in from all sources the sum of \$143,356.03. The city's budget for the year, proposed by the city commission, approved by the budget committee and voted by the people, is \$142,855. Everything taken in after June 30 is velvet.

Bend's Yesterdays
FIFTEEN YEARS AGO
(From The Bulletin, July 21, 1926)
The Pandora moth, which attacks needles of pine trees, is active in the panhandle district of the Deschutes national forest, near the Arnold ice caves. Such was the report made here today by Dr. F. C. Draighed, forest service entomologist from Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Higgins, who have just returned from a wedding trip, were guests of honor at a picnic sponsored this week on Little river by members of the Bend postoffice staff.

Dr. Cass A. Cline, dentist for whom Cline falls, on the Deschutes river, were named, died in Prineville Monday. Dr. Cline practiced in Central Oregon for 35 years. In early days he homesteaded the present Cline falls area.

High Catch of Coyotes Reported
An exceptionally high catch of coyotes and other predators was reported by hunters during the first quarter of 1941, according to information received here from the Portland headquarters. Working all or part time, 67 hunters paid under federal-state-county funds took 3,145 coyotes, 164 bobcats, six mountain lions, 8 bears during the quarter. An average of 30 WPA hunters took 386 coyotes, 69 bobcats, 3 mountain lions and four bears.

Robert E. Long, Malheur trapper, accounted for the largest catch, 206, for the quarter in the country east of the Cascades. Samuel C. Shaver, Deschutes hunter, caught 85 coyotes and one bobcat.

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MORE ABOUT
The Capitol
(Continued From Page One)

ing engine must serve. Some 30 or 40 engines have been let to an Oregon ironworks.

The 566 additional steamers will cause a drain on mills furnishing steel plate (steel is already on priority) and with the naval program the shortage of steel is expected to increase despite expansion by some mills. In this situation, the commission may change its views about all-steel ships and decide on having a few wood boats. Senators from Oregon and Washington have argued repeatedly that wood ships should be given a chance; they cost less and serve as well as cargo carriers. Wood ships were turned out in the score in the first world war in Portland, St. Helens, Astoria, Coos Bay, Vancouver and Tillamook. By next year the commission may be prepared to make a few concessions to the Pacific northwest.

One month ago the house of representatives was prepared to vote for the most drastic anti-labor curbs. Conservative members advised waiting; that the time was not right. A few days ago the house rejected any restraint on labor or strikes during the emergency, but gave the president the right to take over any plant where the employer was in disagreement with labor. It was the most remarkable reversal in the history of the house and the reason was CIO lobbyists, who in bands of three invaded offices of house members and threatened to prevent their re-election next year if they supported the restrictions on labor. There were 200 CIO lobbyists, from Harry Bridges up and down, mobilized in the national capital to browbeat congress.

Of course, there was another reason: strikes have practically disappeared since the communists became anxious for the United States to send lend-lease material to Russia and no longer charge Britain with conducting an "imperialist war." The White House, too, opposed any restraint, but CIO did not fail to denounce President Roosevelt for calling out the troops at Inglewood, Cal. Calling troops in, in the opinion of labor, the most anti-labor act an official can do and they have not forgotten the Inglewood affair.

Recruiting Office Now Permanent
Bend has been designated as a United States naval recruiting station and assigned a full time officer, who is to serve the Central Oregon counties. It was announced here today. Formerly, the interior country was served periodically, with an officer coming in from Portland.

John Sharpe, chief machinist mate, is to be in charge of the Bend station. He has opened his permanent office in the postoffice building.

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I THINK THAT'S A SPLENDID IDEA!
UP TO A POINT IT IS! GOSH, DO I HAVE TO SPEND IT ALL JUST TO BUY MYSELF FOUR YEARS IN A BRAIN FACTORY?
I SUPPOSE YOU'D PREFER SQUANDERING THE MONEY ON A NEW CAR? WELL, NOTHING DOING, YOUNG MAN!
GOSH, WHAT PUT THAT IDEA IN YOUR HEAD?
FOLLOWING A BRIEF DISCUSSION WITH MY FATHER, I THINK YOU'D BETTER DISREGARD OUR CONVERSATION OF YESTERDAY!

A Dash of Cold Water
By MERRILL BLOSSER