

THE BEND BULLETIN

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THE SALEM TRAGEDY

Several of our newspaper friends find in the shocking deaths of nearly 50 inmates of the state hospital at Salem an indictment of the condition in the building where they are housed. We cannot follow the logic. The deaths resulted from the eating of poisoned food. Were the hospital the most modern in the land there yet might be poison placed in food, either intentionally or otherwise. The building, without doubt, is a disgrace to a civilized state but the fact does not result in poisoned food.

We must expect, perhaps, that logic shall go by the boards in the face of this Salem tragedy. It is but natural that the event should be capitalized in the campaign for a proper, modern hospital building. Undoubtedly a new building has been hastened by this terrible affair. Let the agitation for a new building continue but, more important, let the poisoner be discovered and dealt with.

RENT CONTROL

Visitors to Bend in recent days who have observed the impact of war activity on other communities have expressed doubt over the success of the recently constituted fair rent committee undertaking. Each has agreed that it is an ideal program. Each has expressed the belief that it will not work. Each has said that if this section is placed in a rent control area great difficulties and hardships will develop. It is an odd but not at all unusual situation. The acts of a few may affect many and, as a result, rebound to affect the few as well. Again and again men who sought special advantage have lost it and in doing so caused loss to others as well.

For an illustration of what will develop here if the present plan of voluntary rent control fails to work read this news story of forced control in Clatsop county:

Astoria, Nov. 19.—Landlords of Clatsop county were registering their rental properties at Astoria defense rental headquarters this week, with registration completion due by December 15, after the county's rents were frozen November 1 at March 1 levels. Gordon Sloan, defense rental director-attorney, said about 350 registrations had been received since opening of the program Monday. Special service will be given landlords of Seaside and other up-county cities soon.

The rental division of OPA said Clatsop county had been designated a defense rent area following a survey by the bureau of labor statistics, which showed a rising trend of rents. Spokesmen for the division said it was also probable that future war business and developments in city planning pointed toward further difficult rental situations.

It can happen here but all who understand the facts hope that it will not.

HIS FOOT SLIPPED

With his best air of hearty frankness, President Roosevelt admits that his "foot slipped" when in late October, he permitted release of the news of an American aircraft carrier sinking. The admiral told him later, he discloses, that the Japs could have benefited and that he shouldn't have done it. He did do it, however, he reveals, to avoid charges that he had suppressed the news until after the election. What he does not say is that the criticism that the administration was suppressing bad news and giving out the good was having its pre-election effect. And so, just before election, news was given out to silence this criticism. The dividing line between thus putting the war into politics and putting politics into the war, which the president disclaims, is a fine one, indeed.

There need be no argument that the president's "foot slipped" in this pre-election relaxation of the censorship. A few weeks before, on the occasion of his trip across the United States, his foot did not slip.

Censorship

(The following is one of a series of articles dealing with wartime censorship, made available for publication in The Bulletin by Byron Price, head of the office of censorship.)

RUMORS

(Eleventh of Series)

"The spread of rumors in such a way that they will be accepted as facts," says the voluntary censorship code, "will render aid and comfort to the enemy. The same is true of enemy propaganda or material calculated by the enemy to bring about division among the United Nations."

Any nation which prides itself on freedom of speech will be a target for divisionist propaganda. It is well established that axis propaganda is seeking not only to deceive us, but to divide the United Nations socially, politically and racially.

Many false reports are originated without vicious intent. Many others are circulated deliberately by the enemy. All such reports must be carefully sorted over on news desks.

Editors have been advised to exercise discretion in the publication of enemy propaganda from the short-wave radio and Morse code transmissions.

The enemy deliberately puts out certain "reports" in the hope that they will gain circulation through our news channels. The "reports" are often aimed at provoking official replies which will give the enemy exact information,

at diverting attention from a vital area, at confusing American opinion, or at directing American opinion upon specific issues. For example, the enemy may "report" the alleged sinking of American troop transports at a time public opinion is focused on an allied offensive, or the alleged sinking of merchant ships enroute to Russia at a time when aid to the soviet union is the subject of widespread discussion. For security reasons it may be inadvisable for the government to deny these propaganda claims until the ships have safely returned to their home ports some weeks later.

When news actually comes from an enemy source the source is always conspicuously identified before the information is placed before the public.

The American people are entitled to know the source of wartime information, particularly of a social or political character.

They also have the right to know about the progress of the war, and they are being told about it daily to an extent never equalled in any previous war.

HOLD SCHOOL SATURDAYS

Mt. Gilead, O., Oct. 2.—Three boards of education in Morrow county have decided to hold school on 10 alternate Saturdays in November, December, January, February and March to permit schools being dismissed two weeks earlier in the spring of 1943. The boards taking the action were Johnsville, Chesherville and Sparta.

Time to Start Planning the Next Big Move



SERIAL STORY

THE EDGE OF DARKNESS

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BY WILLIAM WOODS

NEA SERVICE, INC.

The Story: While their fathers in Trollness are planning action against their German conquerors, Karen Stensgard and Margit Osterholm are at the mountain saeter, where they had almost forgotten the war and the occupation of the village. Morten Mortensen, a neighbor, gives Karen a pair of skis she admires. A lanky, bold-looking German trooper approaches the saeter, and laughs at the girls' efforts to chase him away.

AN SS OFFICER ARRIVES

CHAPTER VI

He kept looking at her. It made her breath come faster to see his eyes on her.

"I hate you," she cried. "We're enemies. No decent Norwegian girl..."

"Karen!" Margit clapped a hand over the younger girl's mouth.

He burst into delighted laughter. His eyes got smaller and smaller, with little wrinkles in their corners.

Karen stamped her foot. "Stop," she cried. His face sobered immediately. "How did you know my name?"

He leaned back without answering, pulled a mouth organ out of his hip pocket, and watching them quizzically, with one eyebrow lifted, tapped it on his knee and began to play.

"How did you know my name?" Karen cried again petulantly.

He stopped. "I saw you one day last June," he said. "You had on black boots and a yellow kerchief, and were planting in the doctor's garden."

"Oh," she said, and then a moment later in a lower voice, "But now you have to go."

The soldier looked brown and healthy and happy. He had no intention of going.

"He is German," Karen kept on thinking to herself. All the weeks and months when she had been alone came back to her. "He is a German. He is a German." She sat down with her dusty brown legs straight out in front of her.

Margit saw them look at each other, and got up stiffly and went into the hut by herself. A strange, taut feeling came over her. The mouth organ played outside. Then it stopped. Something was in the air. It was wrong. Somewhat beyond the sun-drenched sill, she heard their voices. "Oh, Karen," she thought suddenly, "please . . . please."

And then all at once Karen was in the door. Margit ran to her. "What happened?"

She felt Karen cling, sobbing, to her shoulders.

"What happened?" she kept asking. "What happened?"

Karen broke free and ran out again. The soldier was gone. Margit followed her. "Karen, what happened?"

But Karen would not look at her. "I never want to see him again," she whispered. "Never, never." Then she whirled round and cried passionately. "We are Norwegians. I don't like him. Do I, Margit? Do I?"

"No," Margit said, and went to her, shyly at first, then bravely, took her and held her close, stroking her hair. "No, Karen," she said. Over and over again. "No, no, of course not."

The hotel was a rambling, gabled

structure of dark brown wood, that stood in a grassy clearing half a mile up the hill. An enormous red and black swastika flag flew gently from a pole on the porch roof. From the broad steps, one could see down over the pine tops to the village itself, and westward out beyond, to the sea, sparkling in summer sunlight.

In peacetime, the town had been something of a tourist resort, and Englishmen and Americans had come up on the excursion boats from Trondheim and Bergen, and on summer evenings gathered at the hotel, where there were music on the veranda and Japanese lanterns strung between the trees.

But now everything was changed. The gray-green uniforms of the troops were quartered there, and milled about the restaurant evenings, talking and drinking beer. During the day, when they were down in the village on duty, or else going through maneuvers back in the hills, the place was deserted.

There was still the same scrupulous cleanliness, but the checkered cloths were gone from the dining room tables. The bright green awning had been taken down from over the porch, and only the flag was there. The cushions from the porch chairs were stored in the attic. The floor was no longer waxed for dancing, but scrubbed down instead with a wet brush three morning a week. The pictures, fjord scenes, photographs of ski matches, were down from the walls. Ease had given way to military bareness; the hotel was run according to a strictly regulated plan.

In the hotel restaurant, some 25 or 30 soldiers were sitting at the round tables playing cards or talking in low voices. The room, broad, with a beamed ceiling, was warm and hazy from cigarette smoke. Gerd Bjarnesen sat stern and decorous in her alcove under the stairway and watched.

Even at this hour the men were in regulation uniform, complete and ready for inspection. She marveled sometimes at their adherence to rule, even in conversation. Tonight, for example, not a word had been said about the debacle of Stoksoyund it was forbidden, even though they could hardly have had much else on their minds. "It is as bad for them," she thought, "as for us, not to know."

One thing she had noticed over and over again, how even in the midst of laughter, a man's eyes would be fixed on his neighbor's lips as if to drag out something that lay beyond the words. They were tense, even when resting. It showed in their quick, nervous reactions when one of them mentioned the war. Yet they were the battle-trained troops who had marched into Prague and thundered over the bloody plains of Poland, who had fought six of the great armies of Europe and never lost.

She feared and hated and respected them with a silence and fixedness that not even they could have altered. For she saw them not as manifestations in themselves, not as episode, but as climax to all of her uneventful 40 years. She forgot in her hatred of them her own plainness and barrenness, the loneliness, and the still rankling fear of her stern father that had oppressed her even after his death. The three things most important to her, the hotel, the memory of her father, and the young boy Trygve, who was not her son, faded into the welter of daily trivia before the new, physical fact of a company of men who sat every evening in her restaurant, and talked.

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BUY WAR BONDS HERE

DESCUTES FEDERAL SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION

Locally Owned—Government Supervised

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



The hotel was a rambling, gabled

smoked, drank and played cards. It was about 9 o'clock when Karl came in from the day's leave. The men greeted him with curt nods. He waved at them, sat down, and ordered beer.

Two soldiers were shooting darts over in the corner. Toward the front of the room, a bridge game was going on. The players were all older men, and went at their game with great seriousness.

Down near the cashier's cage an argument developed. Phrases floated over. "Two million men . . . mine throwers . . . the attack on Kiev." The corporal had gone over. Everyone heard his voice, unexpectedly loud. "Must you always be talking about the war?"

The men sitting at the tables looked up at him, and one or two shifted in their chairs. He fumbled for words. "You start thinking about war, and soon . . . soon you can't think of anything else."

The voices in the room died away. "I, for one," said the corporal, "am sick of the . . . the talk."

A tightness came into the air. The mouths of the bridge players froze in the midst of laughter. The fat one stopped with a card suspended, and looked at his partner. Somebody cleared his throat. But no one looked around. Faintly they could hear the far, soft surge of the sea down in the fjord.

At that moment the porch door was flung open and a giant of a man in an SS officer's black uniform strode quickly into the room.

He turned his shaggy head right, then left. The soldiers snapped to their feet. Gerd Bjarnesen came sliding out from behind her desk.

"I wish to see Captain König," the stranger said in a clear voice.

An orderly scurried from a table. "This way, sir."

The men sat down. The room was unattractively still.

(To Be Continued)

Others Say . . .

WILLIE WADE, OF GOSHEN

(New York Herald-Tribune)

In a pleasant little town of Goshen, N. Y., a place which comes to life once a year for the running of the Hambletonian, there lived a negro dishwasher named Willie Wade. It was the consensus of the townspeople that there was nothing particularly remarkable about Willie, either in looks, ambition, intelligence or prospects for greatness. Then, one day in 1940, Willie told the boss in the restaurant where he worked that he thought he would join the navy.

What job should he ask for? "Try to be an admiral," said the boss, and this quip was esteemed locally as a neat joke on Willie, who finally got in as a cook. After that the people of Goshen more or less forgot about Willie. And then came the news that he was among the missing from the aircraft carrier Wasp. That is why the people are not laughing any more when they think of Willie. He is their first and greatest hero, and the people of Goshen, rightfully, are prouder of him than of the biggest crowds that ever came for the running of the Hambletonian.

The refractometer, optical instrument, takes advantage of the fact that many solids, plastics, and liquids have a definite index of refraction or light-bending power, to detect dilution, adulteration, and to control petroleum distillation.

MORE ABOUT The Capitol

(Continued From Page One)

As ranking republican on the house naval affairs committee his support was invaluable.

After four months of combat service in the Pacific the fighting congressman returned to Washington on the eve of the election, waited a week and then kicked back the ears of the admirals and made a series of charges in a radio broadcast that has led to a demand for an investigation of his allegations to be made by his own naval affairs committee. Into the microphone the colonel of marines declared: "We are still losing the war in the Pacific and have been losing it every day since Pearl Harbor." The Japanese, he pointed out, have lost none of the ground which they had gained during that period; they control tin, rubber, oil, bauxite, iron, etc., and unless the United States recaptures these sources of supply it matters little whether Hitler wins in Europe or not, for Japan will develop them and prepare for world conquest a generation hence.

Incompetency and defeats at the navy, accused Representative Maas, have been covered up by the communiques, defeats have been announced as victories and the people misled and deceived. He quoted a statement by Admiral King, chief of naval operations, that "at least one cruiser was sunk and two cruisers damaged." Maas says three American cruisers and one Australian cruiser were sunk, with terrible loss of life, in the Solomons; that a smaller Japanese fleet caught the Americans "literally asleep" at night and blazed away for eight minutes, then escaped before the Americans could fire a gun. Later a navy communique declared the Japanese had been "dispersed," but the enemy had gone on its way rejoicing. Everyone concerned was aware of the facts, said Maas, but the American people. And that isn't one half of the criticism.

Prior to his broadcast Maas submitted a copy of his talk to the navy department. He states that at the request of the navy he made a few minor changes. The demands for an investigation have

not come from the administration but from a few new dealers in congress; the high command is willing that the subject be not aired and agitated, figuring that the public quickly forgets and the north African adventure will absorb all attention. Maas is campaigning for a unified command in the Pacific; says someone should be in complete control—the same observation made by the senators who visited Alaska recently, for army and navy each have their own ideas.

Seven per cent of the 130,000,000 population of the United States is cleaning out the shelves of the food dealers, and that is one reason for the shortage of canned vegetables. The army, which will be 9,500,000 next year, has taken 35 per cent and more of the food supply. The quartermaster department, not knowing how long the war will last nor the food requirements, has been purchasing quantities beyond the current needs and is sending stocks to the four quarters of the globe, storing the supplies in warehouses from Dan to Beshsheba.

OPA has winked at the war department paying more than the ceiling prices for many commodities, such as butter, which will soon be rationed owing to the grave shortage of stock in storage, and prices are now higher than they have been in 13 years. Butter in storage now is 100,000, 500 pounds less than it was one year ago, with lend-lease and other purchases asking for 10, 000,000 pounds a month. Butter can not be hoarded.

War department is now in the market for powdered milk, and immense quantities are being sent abroad by lend-lease. There is a limit to powdered milk (skimmed is the best) because present facilities can not be enlarged owing to the shortage of materials for machinery. Powdered milk saves tin containers—and cargo space. When desired for use, just add water and serve.

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