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THAT MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

In the brief time that has elapsed since President Roosevelt's latest message was read to congress its requests and pronouncements have inspired volumes of comment. They merited little. They were lacking both in originality and timeliness. After the pre-message build-up the actuality was anti-climax. In it are meaningless platitudes, thinly disguised political strategy, too-late acceptance of ideas which should have been recognized long ago if they were to be productive of worth-while results.

Most generally headlined of the points in the president's message was the request for a national service law. No credit was given, although this was urged by the American Legion long before the current war. The president admitted that he had hesitated for three years to recommend such a law. Three years ago it could, conceivably, have done some good, but those years cannot be recalled. The benefits to be expected now are dubious at the best. Arguments which the president produced in support of it were that it would prevent strikes (he has vetoed one anti-strike law and has handled strike situations in general with singular ineptness), and that it will make available for war production every able-bodied adult (there is already over-production for certain war requirements).

Other recommendations of the message, with our reactions:

1. "A reasonable tax law—which will tax all unreasonable profits." Good thought, but what is the president's definition of "a reasonable tax law" and of "unreasonable profits?"
2. "A continuation of the law for the renegotiation of war contracts." Okeh to that one, too, if the intended result is not attained more easily by excess profits payments.
3. "A cost of food law—which will enable the government to place a reasonable floor under the prices which a farmer may expect for his production and to place a ceiling on the prices a consumer will have to pay for the food he buys." He wouldn't scuttle the dear old OPA, now, would he?
4. "Early enactment of the stabilization statute of October, 1942. This expires June 30th, 1944, and if it is not extended well in advance, the country might just as well expect price chaos by summer." And what is it we have now? All right, all right—if it will make him happy.

The paper salvage campaign has started off with a rush but too many are disregarding the rules. Do a 100 per cent job and tie up your newspapers and magazines separately and put your loose papers in a carton or sack. That last is a little inconvenient. It is a bother to bundle up loose pieces of paper, small cartons and so on but so is war inconvenient. Let's give these papers the same complete treatment that we know the boys in the bombers do when they go over the target.

Others Say . . .

RECALLING PROPHECIES

(Oregon City Enterprise)
More than a decade ago the governor of one of our great states in his inaugural address spoke promisingly as follows:

"There is a present dangerous tendency to forget a fundamental of American democracy—the tendency to encourage consolidation of power at the top of a governmental structure alien to our system and more closely akin to a dictatorship or the central committee of a communist regime. We have met difficulties before this and have solved them in accordance with the basic theories of representative democracy. Let us not at this time pursue the easy road of centralization of authority, lest some day we discover too late that our liberties have disappeared."

Later, in a radio address, he touched upon the thought again: "It was clear to the framers of our Constitution . . . that any administration attempting to make all laws for the whole nation . . . would inevitably result at some future time in a dissolution of the nation itself."

"The doctrine of regulation and legislation by master minds has been to gloriatingly apparent in Washington during the last ten years . . . To bring about government by oligarchy masquerading as democracy, it is fundamentally essential that practically all authority and control be centralized in our national government."

The governor referred to who made these statements was Franklin D. Roosevelt and he was appealing to the voters of the state of New York. In view of the growth of the bureau in our present government and the powers they have taken to themselves, we wish the president would reflect on his statements as governor and get his bureau in hand in 1944.

War Briefs . . .

(By United Press)
Italy—Americans capture Cervaro, close in for frontal attack on Cassino, guarding valley approaches to Rome; Franco-American troops win several strategic heights on enemy left flank.

Russia—Russians launch new winter offensive in White Russia, surrounding Mory and threatening to trap German forces in Pripiet marshes; advance along 95-mile wide front in pre-war Poland.

Western Europe—Report three important aircraft plants seriously damaged in American attack on Reich Tuesday, depriving Germans of hundreds of planes counted on to repel invasion.

Pacific—Marines beat off two attacks near Cape Gloucester, bringing enemy dead since landing to 2,400; reveal Solomons-based planes destroyed 242 Jap planes last month.

World War One Year Ago

JAN. 13, 1943
(By United Press)

In north Africa, Flying Fortresses bag 34 enemy planes in raid on airfield 10 miles south of Tripoli.

Moscow reports a 50 mile advance in the Caucasus and capture of Sabinskoe, Novo Seletskaya, Kitaevskoe, Svobodny, Greshchikaya and Novoblagodarnaya.

In Dakar, Vice Admiral Collette, commander of the French fleet and other forces at Dakar, pledges full co-operation with the American and British navies.

Chungking announces recapture of Sinyang on the Peiping-Hankow railway and of Hangchow farther east.

British admiralty announces loss of H.M.S. corvette, Marigold. Italian high command announces loss of two torpedo boats as result of enemy action.

Cloverdale

Cloverdale, Jan. 13 (Special)—Mrs. Frank McFall and son, Merton, and Mrs. McFall's father returned last week from Gerber, Calif., where they spent two weeks visiting at the home of Mrs. McFall's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cooley made a trip to the coast recently where they visited relatives and friends.

Charlie Christy who is in the St. Charles hospital in Bend, is reported to be getting along nicely after a major operation.

Mrs. Hubert Seagins and Mrs. S. L. Hall of Tumalo attended the meeting of the Cloverdale H.E.C. held Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Boyd Simmons. Miss Elizabeth Boeckli and Miss Lutz of Corvallis were also present at the meeting.

On Monday night a meeting in charge of Borden Beck of Redmond was held at the shop on the Willard Cyrus ranch, for the purpose of teaching farm machinery repair. George Wakefield of Sisters is to be the instructor and classes will be held three times a week. Repair of trucks, tractors and other farm equipment can be made with the help of the mechanic in charge.

You Take What You Get These Days



Gideon Planish by Sinclair Lewis

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The Story: As Dean of Kinnikinnick College in 1926, Gideon Planish is well-esteemed, in demand as a public speaker, and referred to as a "leader of humanitarianism." His wife, Peony, is attractive, extravagant and ambitious.

It was the Dean's happy belief that, despite his own eloquence, force and tact, it was really Peony who had made him dean, with a salary of two hundred dollars a year more than a full professor's, with more control over the students, and with less necessity of pretending that he had read the latest works of Mrs. Wharton and Miss Cather and this new fellow, Hemingway.

Following their marriage, Peony had called on Teckla Schaub and after being snubbed more than usual, had become Teckla's closest friend, and been asked to dine with Teckla's father. She had also, entirely against the college etiquette of waiting for the president's wife to call first, popped in on Mrs. Bull and, after being kissed and petted more than usual, had become Mrs. Bull's closest friend.

Peony had urged her husband to offer himself to President Bull for every style of committee work, and within a year it was expected that whenever a Visiting Celebrity was to be introduced in Assembly, or a program made for combining the organic chemistry and salad-making courses, it would be Professor Planish who would take on the ordeal. When the old dean died, in harness though also in liquor, the choice of Planish for the deanship was inescapable, and his child-like wife considered not unworthy of the purple.

She was an earnest young matron as they drove into the county seat, Mabel Grove (pop., 11,569). One who knew her high position would have supposed that she was thinking of racial problems or social hygiene, but she was saying to the Dean:

"I think we can sneak in a glass of beer at the Appleton House without getting caught. But first I got something to show you: the most fol extravaganza you ever heard of, and how I want it! Do I get it, Gideon?"

"What are you asking me for?" he said fondly.

She bade him stop at an old brown house with the modest sign, "T Shop & Antiques." She looked nervous as they went up the walk; she yanked the door open as if to get it over, she pointed at an object, and tightly held his arm. The object was a huge Chinese rug, blue as a June lake.

"Isn't it the most beautiful thing you ever saw?" gurgled Peony.

"Mm."

"That'll be something for us to have when you're Senator from Iowa."

"Sweetie, I guess maybe we better wait till I am Senator."

"It's a thousand years old—well, a hundred years old, I guess—and it used to cost fifteen hundred dollars, but we can get it for three hundred."

"Sweetie, we haven't got three hundred dollars in the world, and we must be over two hundred in debt—I don't really know—I kind of hate to add up the bills."

They drove up to the Appleton House for dinner with the Chinese rug in the back of the car.

In celebration they drank not beer but old-fashioned cocktails, and at dinner, looking in a pleased way at all the luxuries, pickled melon rind and ripe olives and nut bread, everything that spelled richness and worldliness and deli-

cacy of taste, Peony said, "Don't forget Dad is a crank about debts. We can count on him to pay up to a thousand, if we get sunk badly enough, and by the time that's all dished out, maybe you'll be earning more dough. Oh, and I got another surprise, just as big as the Chinese rug, bless its blue soul!"

The Dean squeaked, in terror, "I hope it won't cost another three hundred!"

"It won't set you back a cent, my boy."

They both looked relieved.

"Here's the new stunt, Gideon. We've been talking so much about your getting on and taking your proper place in the world, and now it's time to really start doing something. The chairman of the County Censorship Board has just resigned, and they're looking for a new one. And has that board got power! I don't suppose it has any legal position at all, but every movie house and library board in the county listens to it. So tonight we're going to call on Mrs. William Basswood, and then watch my little man become chairman of the board!"

By nature Mrs. Basswood should have lived in a lilac-shaded cottage, but she was found in a compressed flat with an electric log, and portraits of Mary Baker Eddy, Tennessee Claflin and Mrs. Hetty Green. She had a radio, which was pretty modern in 1926, but her torso, covered with jet to take away the curse of sex, still creaked in the old-fashioned way.

"Oh, I think it's wonderful that you're interested in our little fight for godliness, Dr. Planish, and your dear wife, and you must meet Mr. Pederson, the Reverend Chauncey Pederson of the Lutheran Church, but it's affiliated with the English Lutherans now. I mean it doesn't call itself a Norwegian Church any more I mean, of course, the Norwegians are a fine, upstanding, God-fearing people but—and oh yes, I'll telephone Mr. Pederson right now."

This was Mrs. Basswood speaking. She continued speaking as they awaited the Reverend. She always continued speaking.

Mr. Pederson was a wide, middle-sized man, weighing about 190 in his stocky feet, and he seemed to be entirely free of vice and practically free of everything else. We welcomed the Dean to their censorship board; he explained that the Dean's name was supposed to be voted upon by the other members of the board, but as those two dogs weren't even very good Protestants, the dean could consider himself elected right now; in fact—and here Mrs. Basswood and he exchanged some small language of nods and winks and pious smiling—he might as most say that Dean Planish was already chairman of the board!

"Now, Dean, I want to ask you

a question. Don't you feel, as Mrs. Basswood and I do, that there is no force or factor which is a stronger factor in producing the dreadful vice that we see rampant about us at this moment, a condition that would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of Nero or any of those notorious high-rollers of history, with King Alcohol ruling his rowdy crew on all sides of us now, and women, even young women, pursuing the males' (here Peony looked pious) "and doing things and acts that I could not describe in the presence of ladies, and don't you think that there is no factor that more grievously tends to produce these awful conditions than the so-called popular and best-selling novels, with their shameless word-painting of naked women" (the smack of his lips, Mrs. Basswood looked hungry, and the Dean blushed, while only Peony remained innocent) "and the at once bold justification, in these novels, of the lowest vice, and malicious sneering at the dauntless defenders of purity in the church and home? Scandalous!"

The Dean said he thought there was a lot to that.

(To Be Continued)

Washington Letter

By Peter Edson
(NEA Staff Correspondent)

The bell is about to ring in the tax court of the United States, marking the end of another round in the long fight over whether the federal govern-

ment should have the right to tax the income on tax-free securities issued by municipalities, states, or the subdivisions thereof. Specifically, what the tax court is about to decide is whether the bureau of internal revenue may collect taxes on \$2,493.62 of income representing interest on bonds issued by the port of New York authority, which is a proprietary instrumentality of the states of New York and New Jersey. It runs greater New York's port facilities, bridges, tunnels and the like.

The case goes back to 1941, when the bureau of internal Revenue sought to collect taxes on this \$2,493.62 from one Alexander J. Shamburg, on the grounds that he had failed to declare this sum as income on his federal tax return. Shamburg resisted on the ground that port of New York authority bonds were tax-free. Shamburg filed the same year the bureau of internal revenue began suit, but his estate carried on the action. Evidence in the case was presented before the U. S. tax court in Washington last summer, and the court is preparing to hand down its decision early in January.

Edson

This opinion will not, however, settle the issue. No matter how it is decided, the case will be appealed to the supreme court for another round. If the decision here goes in favor of the estate of Alexander J. Shamburg, treasury officials will have to begin all over again their effort to levy taxes on state municipal securities. If the government gets the decision, however, the treasury department may then be expected to recommend to congress the enactment of a new law to conform to the supreme court decision and provide for federal taxation of securities issued by state and local governments.

The entire argument goes back to a study of English, an interpretation of the meaning of the 16th amendment to the constitution which provides that "Congress shall have the power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived," and so forth. The "from whatever source derived" is the key to the whole thing.

When ratification of this amendment was being sought, Charles E. Hughes, then governor of New York, raised the question of whether it would not permit federal taxation of income on state bonds. Senator William E. Borah took the lead in assuring the states it would not be so interpreted. And Cordell Hull, then chairman of the house ways and means committee, put a definite

exclusion clause to exempt local government securities from the first revenue act passed after the 16th amendment was ratified in 1913.

A similar exemption has remained in the revenue code ever since, and nearly 100 efforts to secure a constitutional amendment to remove this immunity from federal taxation have all been defeated. It is this statutory restriction which has caused the treasury to take the rather roundabout way of removing the barrier by starting action to collect income taxes on interest from port of New York authority bonds.

City to Vote on Manager Plan

Marshfield, Jan. 13 (AP)—Citizens of Marshfield will vote on a new city charter in the coming primary elections which includes provisions for a city manager form of government and a resolution to change the name of the city to Coos Bay.

Plans for the new city charter were approved at a public meeting here last night and carry out plans included in the recent proposal which would have applied to both North Bend and Marshfield had voters of the two cities chosen to consolidate.

Buy National War Bonds Now!

Bend's Yesterdays

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
(From The Bulletin, Jan. 13, 1919)

Recurrence of a mild epidemic of influenza causes emergency meeting of city council with City Health Officer J. C. Vandever, resulting in keeping some children from school.

G. H. Baker and Ray Canterbury, Bend, receive offices in the Oregon Federation of Labor, as it is announced convention will be held here in July.

Carl Steffens, a newcomer to the Tumalo district, proves land is productive when he obtains \$2,200 from 40-acre patch of alfalfa and clover.

The annual overhauling being completed, work is resumed at the Brooks-Scanlon mill.

With 3,037 Deschutes county persons subscribing \$281,200, the district ranks high in the state's Liberty Loan campaign. The quota is exceeded by 12.26 per cent.

Chairman Carl A. Johnson reports plans to make the Bend Amateur Athletic club a true community center.

C. H. Cathro, manager of the diatomite plant at Lower Bridge, leaves on business trip to Portland.

Word is received that Frederick L. Rice, Redmond, is severely wounded in France.

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