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AS IT SEEMS IN WASHINGTON

(The following account of the return of President Roosevelt's body to the White House and the comment on President Truman was written by the editor of the Bulletin here in Washington on business. In an accompanying note he says that though the writing was, as indicated, begun immediately after witnessing the procession from the station various interruptions forced a delay in the completion until some hours later, (it is now 1:10 a.m.) and account for the broken nature of the piece.)

Washington, D. C., April 14, 1945.—I have just come in after watching the procession of military and naval units escorting the body of Franklin Roosevelt from the Union Station to the White House. The funeral is to be this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Tonight the late president will leave the White House for the last time and the body will be taken to Hyde Park where the burial service will be held.

According to the local papers President Truman and other officials will accompany the body to Hyde Park. Returning to Washington the new president will move from his present second floor seven room apartment on Connecticut Avenue to Blair House remaining there until the Roosevelt family have completed moving from the residence they have occupied since March 4, 1933.

Blair House is an old time residence not far from the White House and taken over by the government several years ago to provide a place where visiting dignitaries might stay when in Washington.

President Truman is to address the Congress on Monday noon and his speech will be broadcast. He is to broadcast to the military and all over the world on Tuesday. Then he will settle down to the job so suddenly thrust on him—a job that he did not want and one that he undertakes with great humility.

A detailed description of the procession is not necessary. Though I have heard no radio for days—except for short snatches in cabs as I went from one office to another—I understand that there has been almost nothing on the air since Thursday night but programs devoted to Mr. Roosevelt. And so it undoubtedly was this morning with observers—announcers—commentators stationed along the route of the parade and telling in detail of each unit as it appeared and passed the given point. You heard the story as the procession passed.

Along the parade route soldiers were spaced at about 30 foot intervals. The sidewalks were lined six and seven deep with spectators. Though business was suspended for the morning in all departments of the government the public buildings along the way had been opened to employees and they were clustered in groups on roofs and porticos and window sills. Other vantage points were crowded.

It was only when the caasket, flag covered and bound to its carrying caisson by two heavy leather straps, had passed in the military aspect of the procession changed to the civilian. There had been two bands and company after company of blue jackets, marines, infantry (one colored), Wacs, and Wacs, military vehicles. Then came the horse drawn caisson followed by color bearers with the only flags in the procession, and then began the long line of black limousines. President Truman was in the first car behind the flag, or at least so I heard nearby onlookers say. I did not recognize him though I had seen him, trim, spruce, trig, high colored and smiling, as he presided in the Senate for the last time Thursday afternoon.

No emotion was displayed in the crowd where I stood. There was perfect quiet on the part of every person in my vicinity, with the silence broken only by the dirges and hymns played by the two bands, the shuffle of marching feet, the low geared motors of the vehicles and the roar of the two squadrons of planes that passed overhead three times as the parade went up 15th street by the Treasury building.

It is natural enough that President Roosevelt's death, shocking as it was to the whole nation, should be most keenly felt here in Washington. Here is the seat of government. Here are gathered in one community more persons immediately concerned with public affairs than anywhere else in the country. Here are more persons than anywhere else whose fortunes are dependent in greater or less degree, on the administration in power at the moment. And so the news of late Thursday afternoon was doubly shocking here. And so, too, I think it correct to say—once the surprise and shock had begun to wear away—everywhere there began the asking of questions. "What will happen now?" and "What is Truman like?" "What will Truman do?", and so on.

I have said that Truman has entered on the presidency with great humility. Hardly more than a week before President Roosevelt's death Truman, in a short talk before a Congressional group spoke of himself as an uneducated man. He said he had not wanted the vice-presidency and had accepted the nomination only because he was "a good party man" and did what his party wanted of him. He did not know that he would make a good vice-president. Had he the choice to make, he said, he would be back on the senate floor with his one-time colleagues. On Friday, with the first 24 hours of the new office yet to be finished he went to the Senate and, meeting the men whose company he had so recently left, he told them that he wanted their advice and wanted to feel free to ask it. That one idea of wanting advice seems to have run through most of the new president's public utterances since he was sworn in Thursday evening.

I have said that I have heard no radio since I have been here. One friend who has been listening tells me that it seems to him that an effort is being made to build up Truman in the public mind. Doubts of his capacity seem to be current and the propagandists have taken on the job of reassuring the country; so it is said.

As I see it and weighing all that I have heard and Washington, let me say, is a remarkable place to hear rumors, reports, gossip, gossamer stories, news! Truman's qualities and his strength and his weakness are found in what he had said of himself—that he is a good party man and that he wants advice.

The big, and as yet unanswered, question is, "Where will he get his advice?" Naturally, and properly, President Truman's first statement was that he would carry out the Roosevelt policies. With the passing of time, however, there will inevitably be changes. Truman has his own intimates, his own close friends. He is expected to develop ideas of his own and as these influences begin to be felt policies will be revised and given the Truman stamp. Truman men will appear in the cabinet.

Truman's expressed desire to have the aid and advice of the senators is taken to mean that he wants to get along with the whole Congress. In this is found the promise of an harmonious administration with an end to the white house pressures so much in use in the past 12 years. There will be, it is hoped and believed, no more turning on "the heel". Even before this attitude of the new president had become known the minority conference of the senate had adopted and sent to him a statement of its faith in him and of its desire to cooperate. The Democrats will certainly do so and thus the two sides of the chamber and the two ends of the Avenue seem off to a good start.

This prospect of harmony and of President Truman's purpose to restore to the Congress its standing as an independent branch of the government is hopefully regarded. There is also hope in the fact that, though his advisers are as yet unnamed, the first man he called to his side was Mr. Byrnes, wise, trained in administration and of unquestioned honesty. At the very beginning of the fact of Truman's presentation of himself as a "good party man" raised fears lest, in his adherence to his party, he might bring into the picture such men as Kelly and Hague. One man has said to me that he feared another Harding regime. The summons to Byrnes, however, lessens the doubt if it does not entirely end it.

Optimism over the future of the new administration grows, too, out of memory of Truman's conduct of the committee that bore his name. The committee under his chairmanship did its work well. It played no favorites in either party. Its record is remembered and gives hope.

It is remembered, too, that the lawyer who served as the secretary of the committee and was behind-the-scenes man and the committee's highly competent aide was chosen by Truman. He is Hugh A. Fulton and he is expected to have a prominent place in the Truman administration. Many believe that he will succeed Biddle as attorney-general.

All these are the hopeful things. On the other side of the picture are Truman's many lacks—lack of experience, lack of education (his own words but used here in a broad sense) lack of training, lack of background, lack of virtually all that Franklin Roosevelt had in such abundance. In his past there is the record of his failure in business and of going through bankruptcy. That, however, is evidence of the fact only that he was not a good business man. The bankruptcy mark is more than wiped out by his payment in the end of every penny that he owed. And, it is said, it took him years to do it.

Now to Get Them to Eat From the Same Dish



Truman, one senator told me, aged 10 years in one night. His remark to a reporter yesterday is being often quoted. "Did you ever have a load of hay fall on you?" he asked. "Well, last night the stars and moon fell on me." (That, I hasten to note, is not a verified quotation). Observing how Truman aged and sobered in 24 hours (He was the picture of health and vitality in the Senate Thursday afternoon) thoughts have naturally turned to the next in the line of succession. Secretary of State Stettinius, but all the hopes are that Truman will stay well and make good.

Mostly I find agreement that these events have dashed any hope that Henry Wallace might have for the presidential nomination in 1948. Truman is expected to want the nomination. If he makes good he can have it without doubt—and that, incidentally is another reason why he will want to make good—and that leaves Wallace out. Wallace cannot play for the nomination while remaining in Truman's cabinet and he cannot, in good grace, resign from the cabinet to make the play. So cross out Henry Wallace.

One final note. Obviously, Admiral McIntire had no intimation whatever that President Roosevelt was about to be struck down. I had a 15 minute interview with the admiral in his office Thursday forenoon and I am sure one does not get an interview with the president's physician if the physician has the president's health on his mind. R. W. S.

Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS by Lionel Mosher. THE IVORY ELEPHANT XXXVII

Desperately Xavier took out his gun. He pointed at my stomach. I had a clear view of the small black hole in the muzzle that seemed to touch my flesh. Then came a report so loud that it filled the room like the blast of a coast-defense gun. Xavier's pistol was pointed at the floor. He tried to raise it. An amazed look crossed his face and the gun dropped from his fingers. Then I heard Booker's voice. "Xavier," he said dully, "you led with your right." The little round man opened his mouth, put his hands to his side, and slumped gently to the floor. I saw a wisp of smoke curling ceilingward from the muzzle of Booker's gun. Booker looked at me sorrowfully. Then he cocked an ear. I heard remote sounds. Someone running over wood—a dock or a pier. A distant shout. Booker pulled down the brim of his hat. "Trent, I'm leaving. You can explain this better than I." He paused at the door. "But I didn't kill Phineas Hudson. Killing without reason is stupid." And with this strange bit of moral philosophy he left me. Booker had saved my life. But it was the dogged devotion to duty of Simms that led to my discovery. The policeman had got his coffee from Simms in the kitchen. Simms had looked in on me to see if I needed anything, had found the library empty, gone to the window and seen Booker and Xavier putting the limp form that was Nicholas Trent into a car.

"If you will hold yourself in readiness." "But, of course," Eric said. "Anything I can do." He looked back at me. "Nicholas, you must take care of yourself." With that he left. Marks looked after him narrowly. He said: "So that is Mr. Woolf." "He hasn't by any chance a record?" I asked hopefully. "Not a blemish," Marks replied. "A man with so good a record and so bad a face needs watching."

We were back in Louisburg square after the funeral. We had stood in the cold and rain at the little burial ground in Sandy Point where the first Hudsons had ended their careers in the India trade. I was not three yards from the tall granite monument that marked the grave of every Hudson who had died for the past 150 years. I remember looking at it and marking its ostentatiousness.

When it was all over, we crept away with willing reluctance, got in the big black limousine, and drove home. Pat had gone to her room. I sat in the library with Elijah Hudson, who looked disconcertingly like his dead brother. He had just shaken his head and said, "Why on earth should anybody want to kill Phineas?" when Pat reappeared. "Nick," she said, "I'd forgotten something."

She held up a little ivory elephant. "I don't know how it could have slipped my mind," she went on. "At the time I thought I'd never forget it." "Forget what?" I asked. "It was last Tuesday when I had that talk with father. I was not to think it odd or to be alarmed, he said, and it was very important."

"Yes?" I stared at the ivory elephant. "He said if anything should happen to him, if—" Pat shook her head and closed her eyes. "he—should—die, I was to place this in the family monument in the little crypt beneath the pillars." "That doesn't sound like your father," I said. "Nothing that Phineas has said for the past few weeks has sounded like him," said Elijah Hudson. "I was to go there alone," Pat said, "and to say nothing about it to anybody."

I reached out and took the figure from her. "You've already had more than you can stand. I can take it down and place it exactly as your father wished it. Were there any other directions?" "No," Pat shook her head. "He merely said to be sure to say nothing about it to anyone." (To Be Continued)

NOTE TO PORTLAND VISITORS. To be sure of a room, write us a few days in advance! Flavel Temple Owner & Manager. HOTEL WASHINGTON WASHINGTON STREET AT SOUTHWEST 12TH

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS. WHITHER AWAY, DOGFACE? ART WHITING'S BAND WANTS TO HEAR ME WARBLE SOME WORDS! THAT'S LARD SMITH! ISN'T HE A CUTE PACKAGE OF STUFF! ROGER!

By MERRILL BLOSSER. HOW MUCH DOUGH- RAY-MILLIONS IS ART PAYING YOU? FIFTEEN BUCKS IF I CLUCK--- TWENTY IF I'M A SENSATION--- AND TWENTY-FIVE IF I'M COLOSSAL! WHAT IF YOU FLOP? DON'T GO PUTTING IDEAS INTO MY HEAD!

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO (April 18, 1930) (From The Bulletin Files) Discovery that gasoline sells for eight cents more in Bend than it does in Portland causes the Bend chamber of commerce to draft a resolution to wholesalers complaining about the difference in cost.

A cleanup drive in Bend results in the shipment of two carloads of old cars for scrap metal, and tons of junk are collected in the O'Donnell field where city firemen deposit their collections after making trips with a truck donated by Walter G. Coombs of the Bend Garage company.

Mrs. Maud Catlow arrives in Bend from a trip to Western Oregon and reports that she came over the Wapinitia cutoff in five hours and 20 minutes, thus giving the information that the new road is open to travel.

In contests at Redmond, Grace Gingrich of Bend and William Hall of Prineville, win in the district finals, and will compete in the state-wide oratorical contests in Corvallis later this month. In a cooking school conducted at the Hippodrome theater, Mrs. Walter G. Coombs wins first place in the cake-baking contest, and Mrs. J. H. Rosenberg takes second spot.

Mrs. Lew Franks of Redmond, spends the day in Bend shopping. Mrs. H. C. Ellis returns from Portland where she visited her husband, who is a patient in the Emanuel hospital.

HORNED OWL TOUGH Kennebunkport, Me. (AP)—Kenneth Roberts, the widely-known novelist, hunted several days for one of the traps he had set for horned owls which attacked his ducks. He found the trap on the leg of an owl which had been caught in another trap.

Lapine

Lapine, April 18 (Special) — Al Larson of Bend, the new manager of Powells Highway center, came to Lapine Sunday evening and began work Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr Lester and Marsha, of Bend visited friends in Lapine Sunday. The Lesters formerly lived here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coffman, Joyce and Jackey Coffman of Shevlin spent Sunday in Lapine visiting friends.

The high school gave a party in the school gymnasium Friday April 13. Guests were the seventh and eighth grades, Uldean Bellavance, Jimmy Shelton, Gene Frenchie, Melvin Dunn of Gilchrist, Milo Chamberlin and Jackey Coffman of Shevlin, Fern Millsap, Virginia Rhoades, James Sullivan and Helen Schmidt of Bend, Mrs. Garrison, Mrs. Howard and Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Millsap and Fern of Bend spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Summers.

Dr. Kellems of Los Angeles was in town last week looking after his ranch and cattle. While in Lapine he was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Carey Stearns. Mrs. Minnie Candel and Wilma Sue spent the week end here visiting their relatives, Dr. Candel and family and Don Candel and family.

Heart Balm Pay Put at \$54.50

Vancouver, Wash., April 18 (AP)—Perhaps the jury members should have furnished a bill of particulars on how they arrived at the damages awarded Miss Ella Rathje in a "heart balm" suit. Miss Rathje asked for \$8,500 for being jilted by Clarence Bartman, an ex-soldier. She got \$54.50, with no explanation of the unusual sum.

PEPSI-COLA. TOPS FOR QUALITY...at fountains everywhere! 5¢. Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Franchised Bottler: Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co. of Bend.

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