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NAME: ADDRESS:	
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request to become a member of the Nader Library, located at 2165 S. Ave Planeta, Tucson, Arizona 85710.	nida
understand that many of the books that are available online at NaderLibrary.com and American-Buddha.com are stored in the Reference lection of the Library Office, and are not available for physical checkout, but be reviewed at the Library.	
agree that when I physically check a book out of the Nader Library, I will re the date of checkout, the title of the book, and my Member Number in the Checkout Record.	ecord
will return all books that are physically checked out of the Nader Library wone month of the checkout date I record in the Checkout Record, and if I wiextend the date of return, I will send a notification to the Librarian at are carreon@yahoo.com, informing her of the intended date of return. I achat if she requests immediate return of the book (most likely because anotibrary user has requested an opportunity to borrow it), that I will return it at earliest opportunity.	ish to gree her
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MEMBER NUMBER:	

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                                 Scandal Over U.S. Oil, by Dina Cappiello, 9/11/08</a></font></div>
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                                 <div align="center">
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60
                                  <font face="Times New Roman" style="font-size:</pre>
         15pt">The news affected Beach City as if an angel had appeared in a shining cloud
         and scattered twenty-dollar
62
                                 gold pieces over the streets. You see, Ross-Bankside No. I
                                  " proved up" the whole north slope; to tens of thousands
63
         of investors, big and little, it meant that a hope was turned into glorious
         certainty. You couldn't keep such news quiet, it just didn't lie in the
         possibility of human nature not to tell; the newspapers bulletined the details
                                  -- Ross-Bankside was flowing sixteen thousand
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Case 1:09-cv-00528-J $+ x + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}$

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barrels a day, and the gravity was 32, and as soon as the pipeline
 65
                    was completed -- which would be by the end of the week -- its
 66
 67
                    owner would be in possession of an income of something over
                    twenty thousand dollars every twenty-four hours. Would
 68
      you  need to be told that the crowds stared at Dad and at Bunny, everywhere
      they went about the streets of the city? There goes the great
 69
                    J. Arnold Ross, owner of the new well! And that little chap is
      his son! Say, he's got thirteen dollars coming to him every minute
      of  the day or night, whether he's awake or asleep. By God, a
      fellow  would feel he could afford to order his lunch, if he was to have an
 70
                    income like that! </font>
                    <font face="Times New Roman" style="font-size:</pre>
 71
      15pt">Bunny couldn't help but get a sense of importance, and think
 72
                    that he was something special and wonderful. Little thrills
      ran  over him; he felt as if he could run up into the air and fly. And
      then Dad would say: "Take it easy, son! Keep your mouth shut,
      and don't go a-gettin' your head swelled. Remember, you didn't make
 73
                    this here money, and you can lose it in no time, if you're a light-
      weight." Dad was a sensible fellow, you see; he had been through all
      this before, first at Antelope, and then at Lobos River. He had&nbsp:felt the
      temptation of grandeur, and knew what it must be to a
 74
                    boy. It was pleasant to have a lot of money; but you must set up a
                    skeleton at the feast, and while you guaffed the wine of
 75
      success, anbsp; you must hear a voice behind you whispering, aquot; Memento mori!
      " </font>
                            <span style="font-size: 15pt">Oil, by
 76
                                   Sinclair</span>
 77
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           <font face="Times New Roman" size="4"> <br>
                    UPTON SINCLAIR was born into an impoverished Baltimore family
129
                    on September 20, 1878. At fifteen, he began writing a series of
130
```

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dime
131
                    novels in order to pay for his education at the City College of
                    York. He was later accepted to do graduate work at Columbia, and
132
                    while there he published a number of novels, including The Journal
133
                    of Arthur Stirling (1903) and Manassas (1904). </font>
134
                    <font face="Times New Roman" size="4">Sinclair's
135
      breakthrough came in 1906 with the publication of The
                    Jungle, a scathing indictment of the vile health and working
136
      conditions of the Chicago meatpacking industry. The work, which won
137
                    him great literary praise, helped in the passage of the pure food
      laws
138
                    during the Progressive Era. He also joined the company of several
                    writers and journalists of the time who were branded as
139
      &guot:muckrakers&guot; by President Theodore Roosevelt. </font>
140
                    <font face="Times New Roman" size="4">Sinclair
      used the
141
                    money from The Jungle to begin a utopian experiment, the Helicon
      Hall Colony of Englewood, New Jersey. In
                    1915 he moved to California where he unsuccessfully ran for public
142
                    office on four occasions. He wrote several politically progressive
143
144
                    pamphlets and became a powerful figure in California's Democratic
                    party, almost winning the governorship in 1934. After his defeat he
145
146
                    continued to write books. Other works include King Coal (1917);
                    Jimmie Higgins (1919); The Goose-Step (1923); Oil! (1927); Boston
147
148
                     (1928); World's End (1940); Dragon's Teeth (1942), which won him
                    a Pulitzer Prize; O Shepherd, Speak! (1949); and Another Pamela
149
      (1950), </font>
                     <font face="Times New Roman"</pre>
150
      size="4">***</font>
                    <font face="Times New Roman" size="4">Shuffle the
151
      cards, and deal a new round of poker hands: they differ in
152
                    every way from the previous round, and yet it is the same pack of
      cards.
                    and the same game, with the same spirit, the players grim-faced
      and
154
                    silent, surrounded by a haze of tobacco-smoke. </font>
                     <font face="Times New Roman" size="4">So with this
155
      novel, a picture of civilization in Southern California, as
                    the writer has observed it during eleven years' residence. The
156
      picture
                    is the
157
                    truth, and the great mass of detail actually exists. But the cards
158
      have
159
                    been
                    shuffled; names, places, dates, details of character,
160
                    episodes -- everything
161
162
                    has been dealt over again. The only personalities to be recognized
163
                    this
                    book are three presidents of the United States who have held
164
      office during the past fifteen years. Manifestly, one could not
      " shuffle " these,
                    without destroying all sense of reality. But the reader who spends
      his time
166
                    seeking to identify oil magnates and moving picture stars will be
167
168
                    time, and perhaps doing injustice to some individual, who may
      happen to
169
                    have shot off his toe to collect accident insurance, but may not
      happen
170
171
                    be keeping a mistress or to have bribed a cabinet official.
      </font>
172
                    <font face="Times New Roman" size="4">
                    <a href="lit.oil.sinclair.1.htm">Go to Next Page</a></font>
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178
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183
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195
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196
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CHAPTER I: THE RIDE

I

The road ran, smooth and flawless, precisely fourteen feet wide, the edges trimmed as if by shears, a ribbon of grey concrete, rolled out over the valley by a giant hand. The ground went in long waves, a slow ascent and then a sudden dip; you climbed, and went swiftly over -- but you had no fear, for you knew the magic ribbon would be there, clear of obstructions, unmarred by bump or scar, waiting the passage of inflated rubber wheels revolving seven times a second. The cold wind of morning whistled by, a storm of motion, a humming and roaring with ever-shifting overtones; but you sat snug behind a tilted wind-shield, which slid the gale up over your head. Sometimes you liked to put your hand up, and feel the cold impact; sometimes you would peer around the side of the shield, and let the torrent hit your forehead, and toss your hair about. But for the most part you sat silent and dignified -- because that was Dad's way, and Dad's way constituted the ethics of motoring.

Dad wore an overcoat, tan in color, soft and woolly in texture, opulent in cut, double-breasted, with big collar and big lapels and big flaps over the pockets -- every place where a tailor could express munificence. The boy's coat had been made by the same tailor, of the same soft, woolly material, with the same big collar and big lapels and big flaps. Dad wore driving gauntlets; and the same shop had had the same kind for boys. Dad wore horn-rimmed spectacles; the boy had never been taken to an oculist, but he had found in a drug-store a pair of ambercolored glasses, having horn rims the same as Dad's. There was no hat on Dad's head, because he believed that wind and sunshine kept your hair from falling out; so the boy also rode with tumbled locks. The only difference between

Case"Oit! bo Exampter File Page 2000026 of 20

the parking place. So Bunny strode in and looked about the lobby for Ben Skutt, the oil-scout, who was Dad's "lease-hound." There he was, seated in a big leather chair, puffing at a cigar and watching the door; he got up when he saw Bunny, and stretched his long, lean body, and twisted his lean, ugly face into a grin of welcome. The boy, very erect, remembering that he was J. Arnold Ross, junior, and representing his father in an important transaction, shook hands with the man, remarking: "Good evening, Mr. Skutt. Are the papers ready?"

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CHAPTER II: THE LEASE

I

The number of the house was 5746 Los Robles Boulevard, and you would have had to know this land of hope in order to realize that it stood in a cabbage field. Los Robles means "the oaks"; and two or three miles away, where this boulevard started in the heart of Beach City, there were four live oak trees. But out here a bare slope of hill, quite steep, yet not too steep to be plowed and trenched and covered with cabbages, with sugar beets down on the flat. The eye of hope, aided by surveyors' instruments, had determined that some day a broad boulevard would run on this line; and so there was a dirt road, and at every corner white posts set up, with a wing north and a wing east -- Los Robles Blvd.-Palomitas Ave.; Los Robles Blvd.-El Centro Ave.; and so on.

Two years ago the "subdividers" had been here, with their outfit of little red and yellow flags; there had been full-page advertisements in the newspapers, and free auto rides

would have time to read it!

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OIL, BY UPTON SINCLAIR

CHAPTER VIII: THE WAR

I

Eunice Hoyt was the daughter of "Tommy" Hoyt, of Hoyt and Brainerd, whose advertisements of investment securities you saw on the financial pages of the Beach City newspapers. Tommy you saw at racing meets and boxing events, and generally you noticed that he had with him a new lady, highly and artificially colored; sometimes she wore a veil, and you kept tactfully out of the way, understanding that Tommy was "playing the woman game." Mrs. Tommy you saw pictured among "the distinguished hostesses of the week"; she went in for art, and there would be a soulful young man about the house. The servants understood the situation, and so did Eunice.

She was dark and slender, a quick and impatient little thing, with an abundance of what was currently known as "pep." She was in two of Bunny's classes, and discovering that he was a serious youngster, she worried him by saying sharp and cutting things, that he was never sure whether she meant or not; he dared not ask, because then she would tease him worse than ever. There were always half a dozen fellows following her about, so it was easy to keep out of the way.

But one Saturday afternoon Bunny won the 220-yard run for the school team, and that made him a bit of a hero, and boys and girls swarmed about him, cheering and patting him on the back. Then, after he had had his shower and

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"No, that's not fair, Dad; we don't propose to teach any doctrines. We want to teach the open mind -- that has always been Mr. Irving's idea. He wants the labor men to think for themselves."

But that kind of talk didn't fool Dad for a moment.
"They'll all turn into reds before they get through," he said. "And see here, son -- I don't mind your giving five hundred to Mr. Irving, but it's going to be kind of tough on me if I'm to spend my life earning money, and then you spend it teaching young people that I haven't got any right to it!"

And Bunny laughed -- that was the best way to take it. But he thought it over -- more and more as the years passed -- and he realized how that shrewd old man looked into the future and read life!

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OIL, BY UPTON SINCLAIR

CHAPTER XIII: THE MONASTERY

Ι

Bunny was studying and thinking, trying to make up his mind about the problem of capital versus labor. It had become clear to him that the present system could not go on forever -- the resources and wealth of the country thrown into an arena, to be scrambled for and carried off by the greediest. And when you asked, who was to change the system, there was only one possible answer -- the great mass of the workers, who did not have the psychology of gamblers, but had learned that wealth is produced by toil. In the very nature of their position, the workers could only prevail by combining; and so, whether they would or not, they had to develop solidarity, an ideal of

Case"Oit! bo Example Fig Page 2000463 of 20

as individuals, and promising there would be no discrimination against union men.

Then one day the steamer brought a telegram signed Annabelle, addressed to Bunny, and reading, "Spring lamb for dinner come on home." He explained what that meant, the strike was over; and so the occupants of the camp packed up, and Mr. Appleton Laurence went back to his fair Harvard, with woe in his heart and a packet of immortal sonnets in his suitcase, while Vee Tracy and Dad and Bunny and the secretary made themselves luxurious in compartments on a Canadian-Pacific train bound West.

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CHAPTER XVI: THE KILLING

Ι

Bunny passed his examinations, and was duly established as a "grave old senior" in Southern Pacific University. And then he hunted up his friends -- and such a load of troubles as fell onto his shoulders! Literally everybody had troubles! Rachel and Jacob Menzies had come back from their summer's fruit-picking, to find their two younger brothers, the "left wingers," in the county jail! The police had raided a Communist meeting and arrested all the speakers, and the organizers, and the literature sellers, and all who had red badges in their buttonholes. They had raided the Communist headquarters -- determined, so the newspapers announced, to root every Moscow agent out of the city. They had sorted the prisoners, and fined a few, and were holding the rest, including the Menzies boys, under that convenient

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will the picket fence and the graves. There will be other girls with bare brown legs running over those hills, and they may grow up to be happier women, if men can find some way to chain the black and cruel demon which killed Ruth Watkins and her brother -- yes, and Dad also: an evil Power which roams the earth, crippling the bodies of men and women, and luring the nations to destruction by visions of unearned wealth, and the opportunity to enslave and exploit labor.

THE END

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EXHIBIT 4 Cost Detail For Printing "Oil" Costs of Laser and Inkjet printing per page taken from

PCSupportTips.com
http://www.pcsupporttips.com/pc-peripherals/printer_cost_per_page_31.html

COST DETAIL FOR PRINTING A COPY OF "OIL" BY UPTON SINCLAIR				
AT A COPY SHOP				
Printing Activity	Unit Cost	Expense		
Printing 629 pages (single	10 cents per page	\$62.90		
or two-sided cost is same)				
Binding 315 double sided	\$4.50	\$4.50		
pages with one 2-inch				
comb-binding				
Cost (without sales tax)		\$67.40		

COST DETAIL FOR PRINTING A COPY OF "OIL" BY UPTON SINCLAIR				
USING OWN LASER PRINTER				
Printing Activity	Unit Cost	Expense		
Printing 629 single-sided	4 cents per page	\$25.16		
pages				
Paper cost	2 cents per page	\$12.58		
Binding 629 single-sided	\$4.50 X 2	\$9.00		
pages with two 2-inch				
comb-bindings				
Cost (without sales tax)		\$46.74		

COST DETAIL FOR PRINTING A COPY OF "OIL" BY UPTON SINCLAIR				
USING OWN INKJET PRINTER				
Printing Activity	Unit Cost	Expense		
Printing 629 single-sided	8 cents per page	\$50.32		
pages				
Paper cost	2 cents per page	\$12.58		
Binding 629 single-sided	\$4.50 X 2	\$9.00		
pages with two 2-inch				
comb-bindings				
Cost (without sales tax)		\$67.40		



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