

THE BEND BULLETIN

and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS

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THE GPU REENFORCES

In the early part of the world war, Russians in uniform, (not well uniformed), armed, (but by no means all well armed), were driven into battle. As history reveals it, they weren't very keen about fighting. They weren't cowards, but they knew the faultiness of their equipment and, besides, they weren't greatly interested in war. They were prodded and scoured on into the fray by their officers, but presently they just quit fighting. The war was over as far as they were concerned.

On the Finnish border today there is strong evidence that the Russians are no better off as to personal equipment than they were in the world war. There is evidence, too, that they have little more interest in the attack on Finland than their fathers and older brothers had in conquest a quarter of a century ago. The Russian peasant, regardless of the type of dictatorship under which he may live, is a man of peace. In mere numbers Russia has the advantage over Finland and that, apparently, is as far as it goes.

Perhaps it is this lack of warlike spirit which explains one paragraph in the war news of the week. Opposite the central and northeastern Finnish fronts the Russian forces have been "reenforced" by picked GPU units on the eve of a new drive to cut a way through Finland toward the gulf of Bothnia.

Now the GPU are the more or less secret police of Russia, their mission the suppression of political and economic counter-revolution, espionage and banditry. It may be presumed that they are no better soldiers than the men already on the front. Soldering is not their job ordinarily, and it is quite probable that it is not their job now. They do inspire fear, however, among the ordinary citizenry of the vast Soviet state and it is conceivable that troops of the line may turn in a better performance knowing that they are under surveillance and that a GPU denunciation is the alternative.

Or is it possible that a counter revolution is quietly under way among troops who had no great desire to fight in the first place and who are sadly disillusioned now? If so, the job of the GPU would be the suppression of the counter-revolution by weeding out the leaders.

Influencing the troops in either way, the GPU might well increase their effectiveness, but it is likely that the dictator's secret police are not "reenforcing" in the ordinary sense of the word.

The Oregonian firmly refuses to retreat from its position in support of 1940 as the first year of the decade, despite a weight of evidence to the contrary. It prefers to start numbering with "0" instead of with "1" and slips rather neatly out of an unbreakable hold by redefining the issue. Where the arguing had been about "the decade," The Oregonian now points out that "a decade has now begun."

To be sure it has, and likewise "a decade" began with 1939 and one began with 1938. "The decade" is something else. Now that that is settled, it is probably in order to stress that the beginning of a decade is not necessarily synchronized with a beginning of decadence.

"The Bulletin is pleased indeed to receive the letter on parallel parking from John C. Todd, used in this issue. Mr. Todd is one of the country's few real pioneers and drove his horse drawn mail wagon through the streets of Bend at a time when there was no traffic problem to speak of. He has seen and participated in the transition from the old days to the new and his comment is the more refreshing because of this.

More of Sunday and Monday's nine inch fall of snow was being removed from Bend streets this morning, but there is little doubt that there would remain through the week end more than is actually needed. This snow, by the way, had the unusually high moisture content of .81 of an inch.

More testimony as to Bend's well being is found in the decision to increase capitalization of the Bank of Bend, as reported in yesterday's news, and in the fine statement regarding the condition of the institution.

College Student Travels

160 Miles Every Day
Madison, Wis. (UP)—James Crosby, Jr., Elroy, will have traveled 28,000 miles to complete his education by the time he is graduated with a degree in agriculture from the University of Wisconsin next June.
Crosby, son of a railroad station agent at Elroy, commutes to classes five days a week on a student pass. He leaves home early in the morning and returns on a noon train, a round trip of 160 miles.

PUPILS ON BORDER LUCKY
Calistoga, Cal. (UP)—Utopia for the school children in this town situated on the international boundary where American national and state holidays are observed along with the various Mexican civil and religious celebrations.

Marriage Course "Cut"

By Student to Marry
State College, Pa. (AP)—When Thomas H. Smith, Jr., failed to report for a test in the "marriage course" at Pennsylvania State college, his professor was rather perturbed.
The next day Smith came back with an excuse. Smith said he had taken the day off to get married in Pittsburgh. His wife is the former Marion Wollett.

CHRISTMAS ISLE OPENS PURSE
Singapore (UP)—The 1,320 inhabitants of lonely Christmas island, a tiny corner of the empire for out in the Indian ocean, have contributed nearly \$400 to the Malay's patriotic fund for war charities in Britain and France.

'Maybe I Had the Right Idea the First Time'



SERIAL STORY

BLACKOUT

BY RUTH AYERS

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
Mary Carroll—American fashion expert, in London during wartime.
Vincent Gregg—soldier of fortune, in love with Mary.
Carla Marchetta—a mysterious London socialite.
Dr. Gilbert Lenox—surgeon, serving with British army.

Yesterday At Lady Ponce-Townsend's exhibit, Mary hears two women discussing Carla Marchetta. They wonder why the suicide of the young count who once loved Carla has never been explained. It was he, Mary recalls, who followed her on the Moravia. The women also remark about Vincent's attention to Carla. Mary determines to solve the mystery of Carla but when she reaches home, she finds a message from Dr. O'Connell.

CHAPTER XVIII
"You may go in, Mrs. Lenox." A startled, white nurse showed Mary into Dr. O'Connell's consulting room the next afternoon.
Mary had waited scarcely at all when the deep bass voice of Dr. O'Connell boomed:

"So this is Gilbert's wife. And how are you, my dear?"
Dr. O'Connell had a thick thatch of iron gray hair. A smile twinkled in eyes behind steel-bowed spectacles.
"Before I left the Base Hospital I was given this to deliver to you." He handed her a letter addressed in Gilbert's handwriting. Mary reached eagerly for the letter, aware of a feeling she could not name.

"Now let's have a look. Let's see about these facial nerves and see just how deep the damage has gone," Dr. O'Connell went on.

He tapped her face with light fingers. As if to put her at ease he kept up a flow of conversation.
"Your husband is doing a mighty fine job in France. It's the young medical men who are doing the real surgery at the front. That's why I can serve my country better by being on hand when the cases that are inviolable home arrive. Ordinarily, it takes months to build up a seriously wounded man to the point where plastic surgery would be any good at all."

"It makes me proud to hear about Gilbert."

"You have every reason to be proud of him, my dear." He tilted her face under the strong white examining light and studied the injured cheek critically.
"You don't know how much this means to me," she said at length.

"Save your thanks until afterwards," he said gruffly. "It will be time enough when we see if the operation is successful."

"You mean there's a doubt?" she asked.
"Well, there's always a doubt. We never know in advance what the results will be. We can only hope. Here's what I want you to do. You will be admitted to the hospital today. We'll operate tomorrow morning, if you agree."

With the dispatch which characterized Dr. O'Connell, Mary found herself a patient in a private room in the same hospital she had left only a few weeks earlier. She purposely waited until the grueling routine of tests was over to read the letter from Gilbert. She had to be alone.

"My dear," she read, "Dr. O'Connell will bring you this message from me because I fear you have not received any of my letters. Service is uncertain and vastly slow in wartime. You will soon undergo this operation. When I trust you to Dr. O'Connell I'm leaving you in the best hands

I know. You have my best wishes for all the luck in the world.
"This has to be brief because Dr. O'Connell is leaving immediately. But it carries sincere affection.
"Gilbert."

Mary leaned back on her pillow, the letter tight in her hand. So he had written!
The words she had just read had brought back the first time she had ever seen his red hair towering above others in the air raid shelter. Some day she would tell him all about it, and perhaps, by then she would have learned the mystery of Carla Marchetta's strange part in the events that had taken place since that night.

That Carla was engaged in a mysterious mission, she now firmly believed. Her own intuitive desire to uncover that activity had been cut short yesterday, by the summons from Dr. O'Connell. But she would endeavor to pry out the secret when she was well again.

The scratching of starched skirts grew louder as a nurse approached her bedside. The imperturbable British calm was, for once, upset, Mary noted.

"Another ship has been sunk," the nurse blurted out. "Nobody can make me believe these enemy subs are working blindly. There's a spy ring at work for certain."
Mary blanched, her eyes horrified.
"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lenox. It was thoughtless of me. Dr. O'Connell wouldn't like it. It was only because I was so overwrought, I forgot myself. My brother was lost. Now for the supper tray."

Early the next morning Mary found herself being lifted from her bed onto the blanket-covered hospital cart. This was the day! This was the day that would either restore her as Mary Carroll or send her into a permanent blackout.

Inside the operating room, she blinked at the glare. Without the tiniest jar, she was slipped onto the operating table. She heard the sound of water as Dr. O'Connell and his assistants scrubbed for the operation.
"Take a deep breath," she could hear the nurse saying as the ether came on all sides. There was Vincent Gregg. There was the blue black face of Carla Marchetta, magnificent in plumes, rich furs and jewels. Lady Ponce-Townsend seemed to come into the scene. On one arm she had a pile of bedraggled garments. But she also held a stack of pencil sketches.

Then there was the blond boy who had frightened her from the shadows of the Moravia's deck. And Gilbert Lenox. It must have been Gilbert

Lenox who kept saying "Steady. Steady."
In her last breath of consciousness she had but one thought.
Was she going to emerge from all this as the Mary Carroll she had been before?
(To Be Continued)

SEAL HUNT CANCELLED

Capetown, South Africa (UP)—Changing fashions in fur coats have resulted in the cancellation of the union government's annual official seal hunt this season. The demand for sealskins on South African and foreign markets is small this year.

Freckles and His Friends

WELL, I'VE DECIDED NOT TO LEAVE TOWN! I CANCELLED MY RESERVATION TO THE CITY!
LARD, PUT THAT TINFOIL REFLECTOR WHERE IT'LL PICK UP THE MOST LIGHT FOR THE FIRST LOVE SCENE!
-HUH? WHAT DID YOU SAY, JUNE?
I SAID I CANCELLED MY RAILROAD RESERVATIONS!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT—HEY, MOVE IT OVER ABOUT TWO FEET—AND GET SUE AND THE GANG! WE'RE READY TO SHOOT!
WELL, PARDON ME!
IT WORKED, FRECKLE! SHE'S NOT GOING TO THE CITY!
HOW CAN I BE SO HAPPY, AND BE SO MEAN!

Catton's Washington Column

By Bruce Catton
(NEA Service Staff Correspondent)
Washington—Back of Sen. Sheridan Downey's innocent resolution for a senate committee to investigate super highways there is the most elaborate public works program ever submitted to congress. On the face of it, the senator's resolution simply asks that the senate name seven members to find out how and where a super-highway network might be built, and how much it would cost.

What the senator actually is shooting at, however, is the building of a highway system that would cost \$100,000,000, the building to proceed at the rate of approximately ten billions a year. By doing all of this, the senator believes, that the nation would:

- 1—End the depression.
- 2—Solve the employment problem.
- 3—Acquire a set of highways tailored to fit the automobile age.

Senator Downey keys his whole project to the recent studies of the temporary national economic committee. The "TNEC," he says, has shown that the nation's major industries have become practically self-financing.

Because of this, excess savings are piling up at a tremendous rate for the past year, he asserts, they run to better than seven billions, and if we reach a national income of 80 billions this year, the excess savings—money available for investment but lacking an outlet—will amount to at least 10 billions.

What he proposes is to funnel those excess savings off over a 10 year period, and build highways with them.

"Investigations of present highway conditions show clearly that our highways are inefficient and dangerous," the senator declares. "In another decade, if our roads are not rebuilt, traffic and commerce will simply have to stop."

There is, of course, the question of how all of this is going to be paid for. Senator Downey figures that the problem is relatively simple. Here is the answer as he works out the figures: Suppose that bonds to obtain the necessary hundred billion are issued. Let the bonds carry interest of 1½ per cent and add another ½ of 1 per cent for amortization. Two billions a year then would carry and retire the bond issue.

Meanwhile the construction of this vast chain of highways, as he sees it, would cause a huge boom in auto traffic and the existing federal taxes on gasoline and oil would bring in much higher revenues.

Since trucks and buses could operate much more cheaply on the new highways, they could properly be taxed more heavily to help pay for the bonds, he believes.

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO
(From The Bulletin, Jan. 13, 1925.)

The west approach to Crater lake, from Anna springs to the park, will be paved this year, Colonel C. G. Thompson, park superintendent, has announced.

Installation of a standard X-ray machine, one of the most modern of its type, was completed at the St. Charles hospital yesterday.

A Whisnant, for several years a newspaper editor in Bend, has accepted the position of secretary of the Pacific logging congress.

Tommies Like to Sing "Beer Barrel Polka"

London (UP)—Thousands of British Tommies at home and in France march along singing a song which the majority think is either English or American, but in reality Czech.
The song is a fast fox trot, like a polka, called "Roll Out the Beer Barrel" and five years ago in Prague it was played so frequently that the local swains began dubbing it a "nuisance." Britishers today consider it the latest hit. With "Hanging Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line" it shares first place honors as the most popular tune this war has yet produced.

Composer of the "Beer Barrel Polka" is a relatively obscure Czech artist named Jaromir Vejvoda. It's a safe bet that fewer than half of one per cent of the Tommies who now either sing or shout it ever heard of him. When Vejvoda composed it he called it "Pity the Lover" and its original verse was sweet and sentimental.

Owing to the scarcity of fresh war songs, "Pity the Lover" assumed the less romantic title of "Beer Barrel Polka" and music shops throughout the country are selling copies at a shilling each.

The song became a hit overnight after Harry Roy and his band featured it and broadcast it from the Cafe Anglais in London.

TORONTO STUDENTS THIRTY
Toronto, Ont. (UP)—More than 300 University of Toronto students are paying their way through their several courses by working at part-time jobs at the university, or in various downtown business firms.

FEMININE NOVELIST

HORIZONTAL
1, 5 Modern novelist.
10 Dealer in oils.
12 Bustle.
13 Foreign matter forced under the skin.
14 Ovum.
16 Perches.
18 Papa.
19 Bone.
21 Novel.
22 Indefinite article.
23 Humor.
25 Loud merrymaking.
28 Dance step.
31 Vessel.
33 Winkles.
34 Currency.
35 Adhesive substance.
37 To growl.
39 Measure of area.
41 Debt.
43 Frigid.
44 Credit.
45 Soft cap.
47 Maxim.

Answer to Previous Puzzle
KING FAROUK
50 Witticism.
51 To stop up.
53 Seasoned food.
54 Eccentric wheel.
55 Vampire.
57 Measure.
58 Morning prayer.
60 Her novels have made popular motion—8.
61 Her native land.
2 Animal.

3 Insects' eggs.
4 Bitter drug.
5 France.
6 Organ of sight.
7 Sack.
8 Verbal termination.
9 Gypsy.
11 To come in.
13 Her book "—" made a splendid play.
15 Donated.
17 Oppresses with heat.
18 Vegetable.
20 Courtesy title.

24 Point.
26 To emulate.
27 Limb.
28 Chum.
29 While.
30 She also writes— stories.
32 To wander about.
34 To weep.
36 To dine.
38 To perform.
40 Semi-diameters.
42 Asiatic tree.
44 Funny.
46 Pressed grape skins.
48 Comfort.
49 Heating vessel.
50 Chinese sedge.
52 Encountered.
54 Auto.
55 Span.
56 Chaos.
58 Myself.
59 North America.



COMMUNICATIONS

(Communications are invited on matters of current local interest. Letters should be not over 400 words in length, on only one side of the paper and, if possible, typewritten. Letters or manuscripts submitted for publication will not be returned.)

MORE ON PARKING

Bend, Ore., Jan. 13.

To The Editor:
The Bulletin asked for a better plan to end the parking war. Seems to me a compromise is in order between the parallel proposed and the angle of parking now in use. A great majority of the taxpayers and people who come to town to trade are against parallel parking, regardless of what one reads about the actions of the non-service clubs being led by the nose by the city manager.

As a further appeasement to the highway department, I would suggest the city allow the highway commission to open up a scenic drive along the river through the congested part of the city, which would be the extension of Broadway street from Franklin avenue to the Newport avenue bridge, wide enough to carry two way thru traffic with parking absolutely forbidden.

No doubt the property owners along this stretch of the river would swell with pride in having beautiful Broadway drive landscaped in front of their houses without cost to themselves.

As at present it must be very humiliating when out of town friends come to visit them to have to sneak said friends down a back alley and into the back door of their houses.

Among the property owners on this proposed opening are the Masons, who are supposed to be for anything that is good for the city. Two other owners are prominent democrats, supposed to be against special privilege. Another is a pioneer doctor, here before the tower was torn, always for the good of Bend. Another semi-retired owner, retired for many years as far as work is concerned, I am sure would be glad to be relieved of keeping up so large a lawn.

If something isn't done to appease the highway department they are liable to dig another hole under a railroad switch track and knock the value of property for blocks around.

We know parallel parking on Minnesota street is the bunk, also that the angle used on Wall street is too sharp, so let's try around a 30 per cent angle on this highway street.

If The Bulletin won't be satisfied, might let them have parallel parking in front of their main editorial office on Franklin, and the service stations the rest of that block. Then everybody only those who cannot find a place to park should be happy.

John C. Todd

NEW BOOTLEGGING EXCUSE

Darlington, S. C. (UP)—An 80-year-old negro woman has been arrested for bootlegging. She admitted she knew it was wrong, but said she was selling her wine to a negro preacher so he could preach better.

"HESPERUS" POEM PARTLY FICTION

Daughter Was Woman of 55 Years

Gloucester, Mass. (UP)—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem, "The Wreck of the Schooner Hesperus," published 100 years ago today, was based on the fact—only he wrote about the wrong ship and the skipper's "fair daughter" whose cheeks were like the "dawn of day" was a woman of 55.

It was several days after a severe storm along the New England coast that Longfellow conceived the idea of the poem while reading a clipping from a Boston newspaper which said:

"From Gloucester we learn that of a large number of coasting vessels and ships which had put into Cape Ann harbor when the storm came on and for the most part anchored in the outer harbor, 20 went ashore, and 16 of that number went to pieces. Many lives were lost as 17 bodies had already been washed ashore. One of them was reported to be a female who was lashed to the bits of the windlass of a coast-line steamer."

Grizzled Skipper Lost
From that information, Longfellow wrote his first ballad, the story of the schooner Hesperus being wrecked on the reef of Norman's Woe. It tells of a grizzled captain who took his daughter with him on a voyage. The skipper, confident that he could bring his ship through any storm, disregarded the warning of an old sailor and failed to enter harbor when a gale began.

The captain headed for Gloucester harbor when the gale became more severe—but it was too late. He lashed his daughter to a mast, hoping she would float to safety.

Research by Longfellow's grandson, Henry W. Longfellow Dana, shows that a schooner Hesperus was wrecked in the storm—but that the accident occurred in Boston harbor 40 miles from Gloucester.

Schooner Was Favorite
It was the schooner Favorite from Wiscasset, Me., that "like a vessel of glass, stove and sank" on the reef of Norman's Woe. The woman was not identified, but it was well known that she was about 55. Dana said the first mention of the now famous ballad was in the poet's journal. He wrote, "News of shipwrecks horrible—twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester. One female lashed to piece of wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe."

Among others, the schooner Hesperus. Also the Seaflower on Black Rock. I must write a ballad on this."

Less than three weeks after that entry the magazine New World accepted the poem, saying it would "resplendently curate in the glorious paper on Saturday next."

By Merrill Blosser

Shevlin Quality PONDEROSA PINE



Lumber and Box Shooks

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"My dear," she read, "Dr. O'Connell will bring you this message from me because I fear you have not received any of my letters. Service is uncertain and vastly slow in wartime. You will soon undergo this operation. When I trust you to Dr. O'Connell I'm leaving you in the best hands