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and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS
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CENTRAL OREGON'S "LOST" CAVERN
Fifteen years ago, it was recently noted in The Bulletin column dealing with Bend's yesterdays, there was discovered a new lava cave, walls of which sparkled like so many diamonds when lights were flashed in the subterranean cavern. The cave, a part of the Arnold ice cavern system, was explored by four Bend boys, Ervin McNeal, Elmer Johnson, Wilbur Watkins and Lewis McNeal. The first three members of this group had already won wide recognition in 1923, when they scaled the previously unconquered peaks, Mount Washington and Three Fingers Jack.
The four young explorers brought back word from the Arnold ice cave area that the newly found cavern had apparently never before been entered, either by white man or by Indian. The cavern was described as being more than a mile in length.
"Only after digging a hole under the ice of the main cavern were the youthful discoverers able to crawl into the dome room of the ice cave," relates The Bulletin's account of the discovery. After reaching the end of the dome room, the boys noticed a small opening at the far end and near the top of the chamber.
With considerable difficulty, the explorers squeezed their way into the new cavern, their lights bringing out the beauty of icy stalagmites, some of them three or four feet high. Making their way over rocks, the boys continued on their tour of discovery. It was found that the newly discovered cavern was the continuation of the Arnold ice cave, on a different level.
But what has happened to this cavern of the Arnold ice cave group? If the ice-beaded cave is still accessible, certainly it would be a major tourist attraction.
At least one of the four explorers is still a resident of Bend. Probably he would be willing to lead a party to the cave, to determine whether the small opening into the big cavern is ice-free, or to see if a hole can be bored through the ice pack into the vast chamber, walls of which sparkle like diamonds.
Such explorative work would be a valuable contribution to the natural attractions of Central Oregon. Certainly a great cave, ornamented with stalagmites and stalactites of ice and frozen lava and holding a dome room lined with sparkling crystals, would be a tourist lure second to few in the northwest.

MAKE HIM A BET
Referring further to the alleged sale of books to the editor of The Bulletin mentioned in an editorial box on the front page of yesterday's paper it should be said that the salesman mentioned secured a signature indorsing anti-communist activity. It is understood that this signature is being shown as evidence of a book order. If this is being done deception is practiced. As stated yesterday no order for books was given and if assertions are made that an order was given doubts are cast on the good faith of the salesman.
It may be remembered that on other occasions there have been reported in this column offers of gift sets of books, the offers being made "in order to introduce the books in Bend." Such gifts will never be accepted here nor will books or sets be purchased from an itinerant salesman. Our suggestion is that if any salesman tells you that the editor of The Bulletin has bought or ordered books from him you call him a liar, as suggested yesterday, or offer to bet him the price of the books that no such order was given.
You will win the bet.

Out-of-state cars registered in Oregon in the first four months of the year were nine per cent less in number this year than last. From this fact various authorities are trying to draw various conclusions. Our guess is that only one of two conclusions can be drawn and that the more likely has not been suggested. One is that there are fewer cars coming into the state which seems unlikely and the other that though there are more cars entering Oregon fewer tourists are taking the trouble to register. That is probably what is happening.

The current conductor of the editorial column of the Salem Statesman said something the other day about what he had learned here. That did not include the use of the phrase "revert back" which appeared in his otherwise worthy editorial "Vindication."

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● SERIAL STORY
K. O. CAVALIER
BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

CAST OF CHARACTERS
VAL DOUGLAS—girl sports writer, shipped on a freighter to find excitement.
EDDIE CAVALIER—prize fighter headed for a title, has a score to settle with Val.
CAPTAIN STEVE HANSEN—skipper of the Northern Belle.
DUFFY KELSO—Cavalier's manager.

Yesterday: Val sees little of Eddie on the return trip. The last night out, he finds her on the after deck, kisses her. They are in different leagues, he insists, and he has no business kidding himself.

CHAPTER XXIII
When Val finally went to bed she knew what she was going to tell Rodney Blair if he asked her again to marry him. She found it quite a relief now that she had made up her mind. She wondered if Rodney would be there to meet them when they looked. She had a hunch he would.
Val was right. When they finally slipped alongside their dock and were made fast, she saw Rodney Blair waving up at her.
Rodney wasn't the only one there, however. Sam Golden was so excited he almost fell into the bay.

A half dozen sports writers were on hand and a battery of photographers made ready to shoot the works. She recognized Tommy Evers from her own office and waved to him.
Once again she had changed into more feminine clothes, donning the same suit she had worn when she boarded the ship almost two weeks ago.
Eddie Calavier was watching her when she ran down the gangplank and up to the tall, mustached man at the gate. He saw her kiss him lightly and turned away. Turning, he bumped into Capt. Steve Hansen.
"Well, Steve, coming to the fight tomorrow night? Bring all the boys. Don't worry about tickets. They're on me."
He laughed somewhat nervously. Deliberately Hansen looked at Val walking off with Rodney Blair. Then he looked back at Eddie.
"We'll be there, all right, son. An' we're for you all the way. In every way, too," he said, but the significance was lost on Eddie.

Eddie Calavier was too busy trying to drive the memory of Val kissing the stranger out of his mind.
Sam Golden embraced him like a long-lost son. The cameramen were snapping pictures all over the place. But when they looked for Val Douglas she had disappeared.
Eddie swore at himself when he searched for her face at the boxing commissioner's office when they reported for the weighing-in ceremony at the next day. She wasn't there. He wondered if she'd be at the fight. But of course she would.
He posed for photographers shaking hands with Corky Briggs. Corky looked good. He looked bigger and stronger than when Eddie had last seen him. The photographers asked them to square off together for a shot and Eddie wished someone would ring the bell then and let them get it over with.

Duffy and Pop didn't let him out of sight once that afternoon. They went back to their hotel. Pop told him to lie down and nap for a couple of hours. He lay on the bed for 10 minutes and got up. He was thirsty, he explained to Duffy.
Duffy pulled up a chair and sat down next to him. "Eddie," he said, "you're not fooling me. It's that girl. I know. Of all the times for a dame to put the clamp on you it had to be now!"
"Eddie... don't you see... you've GOT to get her out of your mind. Look, Eddie... I'm not trying to run your private life. But at a time like this... this is different. Anyway... anyway, she's strictly poison."
"Don't ever say that again, Duffy. Never. I love that girl."
A great weight seemed to fall on Duffy Kelso and crush him. There were tears in his eyes as he got to his feet. He crossed to the window and looked out. Duffy Kelso also had a look. He loved Eddie Calavier as a father loved a son. And now Duffy felt like a father seeing that son hurt. If only it were a dream. But it was real. Brutally real.

Pop Grimes could never recall when it had been so quiet in Eddie Calavier's dressing room before a fight. Absolutely no one was to be admitted. Duffy had notified the guard outside. No one. Not even reporters.
Pop gave Eddie's bandages a final inspection, wordlessly. The only sound in the room was the drip, drip of a faucet. Duffy took out a cigar. He couldn't smoke in the dressing room, so he chewed it viciously.
Pop didn't like things the way they were. It was a violin string stretched too tight. He was afraid. He wished the preliminary would be over so they could go to work. Outside he could hear the muffled roar of the crowd. Someone must have been belted a good one.
Then, after hours, it seemed, they knocked on the door. "Okay, Cavalier," a muffled voice said, and they went out into the night and down the crowded aisle. Eddie almost ran. A tremendous roar went up as he climbed through the ropes. Another, an instant later, heralded Corky Briggs. Corky came over and shook hands with Eddie in his corner.
Eddie looked down at the ringside as he shuffled his feet in the resin and suddenly froze. Val Douglas in the second press row was looking at him, her lips slightly parted, as though she wanted to say something but couldn't. He turned away quickly.

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Speech on Economy Brings Penny Donation
New Britain, Conn. (AP)—State Finance Commissioner O. Glenn Saxon gave such a convincing talk on governmental economics that it apparently affected the liberality of his audience at a public forum.

After the talk, six collection boxes were opened to learn the financial response of his listeners. Five were empty, and the sixth contained a single penny.
ly and went to the middle of the ring for instructions.
Back in his corner he slipped out of the blue bathrobe with the large white "E C" on the back. Duffy was intoning last-second instructions in his ear, but he didn't hear a word. And then the bell which mercifully forced all other thoughts out of Eddie Calavier's mind. He got off his stool and went out to meet Corky Briggs.

Eddie jabbed with his left experimentally. Briggs blocked it and got in close, hammering a hard right to Eddie's ribs. It hurt, and Eddie knew the 10 pounds Briggs had on him was going to mean a lot. He speared Corky with another left and danced away.
Briggs followed, worked him into a corner and landed to his body again. He hooked Eddie sharply with a left and then dug into his ribs with another thudding right.
"He's working downstairs," Duffy told him hoarsely between rounds. "Keep dancing away and spearing him with your left. Don't let him get in close. He's dynamite in there."
Eddie didn't have to be told that. Corky Briggs was tough. At the end of the third round Eddie's body was red. "Two more rounds like that and he'll have you broke in two," Duffy said savagely. "You better get to him with a couple of good ones this time to slow him down."
Pop sponged him off and rubbed his leg muscles. The bell again.

Eddie walked right into Briggs and hooked him with a wicked left. He followed it up with two straight left jabs to the face. Eddie bobbed and threw a right, but he was a little too eager. He went off balance just a trifle, but enough for Briggs to step in.
Corky looped a right that landed high on Eddie's cheek. It staggered him and Briggs put him against the ropes with a short right to the heart.
Eddie's guard came down momentarily and Briggs flashed a left to his head. It caught Eddie just above the eye.
Eddie covered up and weathered the storm as the bell sounded, but there was a trickle of blood running down his face.
Pop worked on it furiously with colloidion and cotton swab.
Val Douglas could see the damage from where she sat. And it was with a sickening feeling that she realized that Corky Briggs had respined Eddie's blackjack wound.
The same blackjack wound she had been responsible for the night she had shafted him.
(To Be Concluded)

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Freckles and His Friends
LIA HA! IS THAT A LAUGH!
LOOK AT THAT! ISN'T THAT FOUR STAR WOW!
EASY, LARD... THAT HAPPENS TO BE A PLAIN MIRROR!
NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
YOU CAN WIN HER OVER YET, LARD... WHAT YOU NEED IS FLOOR STOPS AND STUFF!
I KNOW IT! FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO STOP TO CONQUER!
By Merrill Blosser

Catton's Washington Column
By Bruce Catton
(NEA Service Staff Correspondent)

Washington—People here who try to weigh the chances of the United States getting involved in the war are beginning to look west and south rather than east.
Few see any danger that the U. S. army or navy will be sent to Europe. There is a good deal of concern, however, about the shape things might take in Mexico and Japan.

Mexico has a presidential election this year, and there is a good deal of danger the election may be followed by a revolution. Washington advisers are to the effect that if that happens it won't be just another Latin-American squabble between the ins and the outs, but a deadly serious affair in which one of the parties will have important nazi-communist backing.

The communists are strong in Mexico. They are reputed to have an understanding with nazi agents there. More important, according to current reports, is the fact that some thousands of leftist veterans of the Spanish civil war have found asylum in Mexico. These men brought their guns with them.

Since Mexico is a good deal closer to the Panama canal than the United States is, it goes without saying that this government would be unlikely to sit on its hands if a rebel group with a definite nazi-communist tie-up seemed likely to get control.

FLEET STAYS NEAR DUTCH EAST INDIES
The Japanese angle, of course, has to do with the Dutch East Indies. It may or may not mean anything that the U. S. fleet is not coming back from their maneuvers in Hawaiian waters, as originally scheduled; instead, it has been ordered to maneuver some more, 800-odd miles west of Hawaii, in a spot which just happens to be on the flank of the Japanese route to Java.

Note, too, a queer shift in congressional sentiment about the fortification of Guam. Quite a few of the men who voted against the plan last year have quietly given notice they'd vote for it if it should come up now; but some of their colleagues who worked hard for the idea a year ago are reluctant to push it this spring.

U. S. MIGHT MAKE DEAL FOR TIN
Despite the noise you're hearing about it, don't look for much of a push to modify the Johnson act so that direct loans can be made to the allies. What you might see, however, is the advancing of a somewhat similar proposition—that loans be made to Great Britain, secured by big quantities of tin and rubber.
Those commodities rate as strategic materials. The U. S. needs them badly, and Britain has lots of 'em. Talking point for this plan is that if the loan should go in default, Uncle Sam would get something out of it.

Oregon Editorials
PROTECT THE COUNTRYSIDE
(Salem Statesman)
How would a city dweller like it if some one from the country drove up in his car and dumped overboard on the city man's lot a sack of tin cans, a carton of empty bottles and a boxful of miscellaneous litter? He would squawk to high heaven, yell for the police, the garbage man, the health department, and perhaps the state police.
But city folk by no means infrequently reverse the process and dump sacks of cans of their own debris on country lanes or on rural property. The sight is quite as offensive to country dwellers as piles of such litter are in town to those who reside there.
Mayor Zetta Schlador of Silverton, hearing protests from residents in the vicinity of that city against such practices is, with characteristic energy, proceeding to do something about it. She says, "We want this dumping practice stopped."
More power to her and to other mayors and city folk with similar strong resolutions.

ZOO HERE IN ELEPHANTS' WILL
Seattle, Wash. (AP)—Tusko, an elephant at the Woodland park zoo, died seven years ago without heirs or will. But he left a bank account of \$79.13. Park authorities indicated the money would be used for the benefit of other animals at the zoo.

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COMMUNICATIONS
Communications are invited on matters of current and local interest. Letters should be in care of the editor and on only one side of the paper and, if possible, typewritten. Letters or manuscripts submitted for publication will not be returned.

PREWSTER THANKS VOTERS
Redmond, May 20, 1940
To the Editor:
Through your columns I would like to express to the republican voters of Deschutes county my appreciation for the very wonderful support which they gave me in the recent primary election. I am indeed gratified at the showing I made in the northern portion of the district. I want to say, however, that I believe the voters have chosen wisely and possibly selected the best man for the office.
Marshall Cornett of Klamath Falls is a wonderful man and I hope the voters will give to him the same support this fall as they accorded me last Friday.
George H. Brewster.

Canadian "Over There"
By Sheer Determination
London (AP)—One of the most popular members of the Canadian forces in England is 5-foot-2 Private D. Biddle, one of the few bantams in the Canadian expeditionary forces.
Determined to enlist, he hitchhiked to the nearest recruiting station, 230 miles off in the Grand Prairie.
The recruiting officer turned him down, so Biddle started for Edmonton, 330 miles away.
Edmonton was so impressed by his achievement that he was passed for the army.

CHILD 2 TAKES TO GEOGRAPHY
Montesano, Wash. (AP)—Wars may come and go but Louisa Capriotti, 2, has no difficulty whatsoever in reciting the names of 150 places on the globe. It all started when her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Capriotti, began to discuss the Russian-Finnish hostilities.

He Marries Daughter Of Former Sweetheart
Hays, Kan. (AP)—Parental objection prevented Ignatz Lang, 71, a native of Rumania, from marrying the woman he loved; so he married another and came to the United States. Now, 40 years later, he is married again—to the daughter of the woman whose parents turned him down.
He met the daughter of his old sweetheart and they were married. The second Mrs. Lang is 25 years younger than her husband.

MY THANKS
I want to thank the voters of Deschutes county for the way they supported me in the primary election.
I will do all I can to merit the confidence put in me.
R. A. "Fergie" Ferguson

Bend Down, Brother
YOU CAN WIN HER OVER YET, LARD... WHAT YOU NEED IS FLOOR STOPS AND STUFF!
I KNOW IT! FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO STOP TO CONQUER!
By Merrill Blosser