

THE BEND BULLETIN

and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS
The Bend Bulletin (weekly) 1909-1931
The Bend Bulletin (daily) est. 1916
Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The Bend Bulletin
126-128 Wall St. Bend, Oregon

COUNTY OFFICERS' PAY
As was forecast in a recent discussion of legislation in this column, "discovery" of hitherto unnoticed measures which may be of no little significance is already under way.

Such a measure is senate bill 307, by Belton and Zurcher. It is "for an act to provide for county budget committees and taxpayers recommending changes in county officers' salaries."

Section 1. The county budget committee of any county, created by section 110-1214, O. C. L. A., may upon request of 25 taxpayers of such county, or may, upon its own initiative, include in the county budget estimates made in the year preceding any regular session of the legislature one or more separate items showing any proposed or requested increase or decrease in the salary of any officer of such county.

This new law may be the answer to the county officer salary question which bobs up every time the legislature meets.

For one thing, it invites the officer to make public his desire for an increase in salary. It invites the public to express its opinion on the question of whether or not there should be an increase (or a decrease). It gives a record showing whether the people of the county affected favor a change.

Legislators, who are perennially placed in a false position by being asked to vote more pay for someone else when they cannot get it for themselves, who recognize that in a large majority of cases the pay increase is a matter which has neither popular support nor previous public consideration, will welcome such guidance, we are sure. Taxpayers will be even happier to give it.

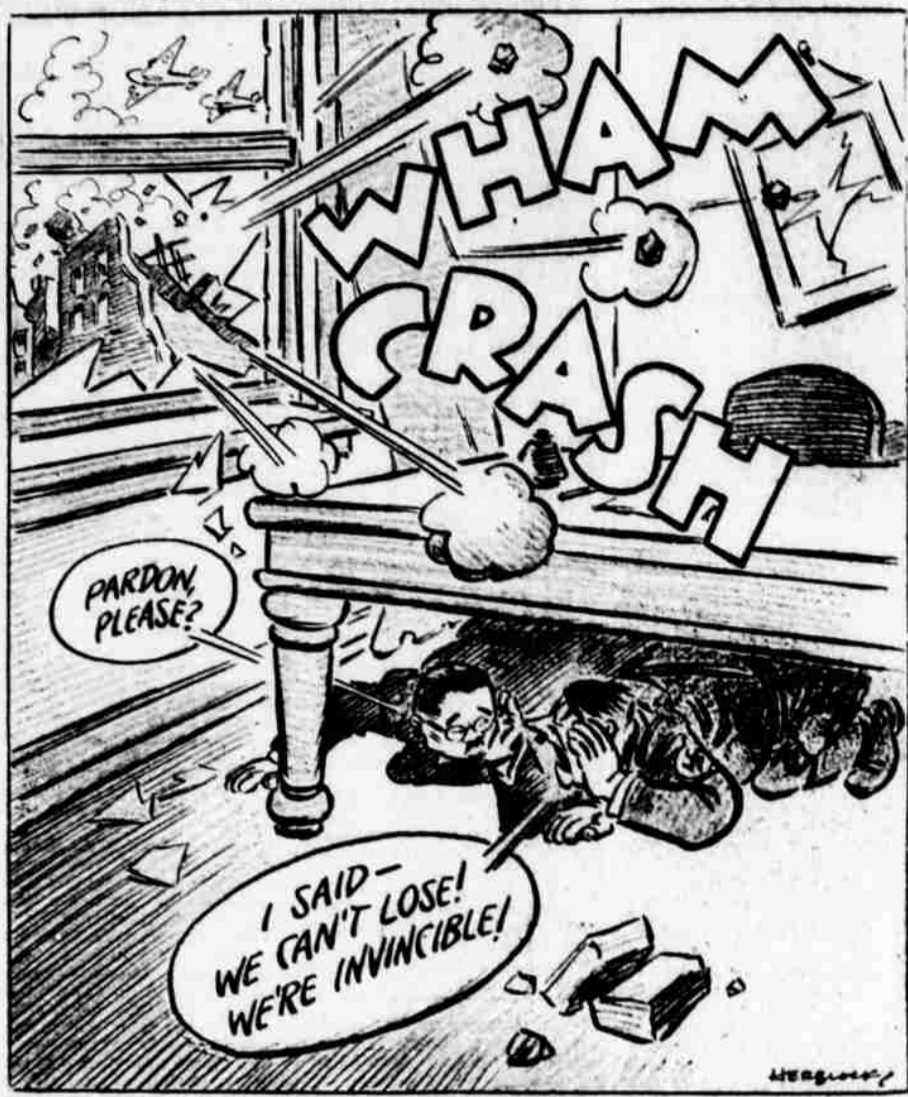
FOREST PRODUCTS LABORATORY

The outstanding act of the recent legislature, according to Governor Sprague, was the approval given to the various measures that together made up his state forest program. At the time he made this statement there had not been enacted a final bill appropriating \$25,000 for the development of a forest products laboratory at the state college.

Scientists assert that Oregon loses millions of dollars annually in forest and saw mill waste. The laboratory will attack this problem with others and we may confidently expect that it will find means of turning these wastes into dollars.

John Kelly yesterday in his Washington column wrote of the production of carbon from other than deciduous trees. That is something right down the Oregon alley. We have raw material of that sort. Show us how to produce this carbon or give us time to discover the process in our new laboratory and we'll go to town.

Matsuoka Has a Nice Visit With Hitler



SERIAL STORY DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

Yesterday, Beatrice files an application for a job, finds she is angered by the attitude of the personnel director. Her courage in talking up to the director lands her the place. At lunchtime she calls Mr. Weeming, tells him she is going to South America—without Clarence. He is surprised, secretly pleased. And Bee Davis, newest member of the Huntington's staff, comes from the phone booth.

BEE SIGNS A GOAL CHAPTER X

Budget Fashions, in the basement, consisted of a huge amount of floor space bounded by built-in cases filled with dresses of every size and color imaginable. In the center of the department, four iron racks of "mark-downs" proved an irresistible attraction which lured even the most casual of passing customers from the nearby children's department.

Miss Bee Davis, who had been working in Budget for a whole week now, supposed that the housewives who purchased double boilers and little boys' pants were the logical customers for Budget dresses, and probably that was why they had put it so conveniently between the two departments.

It had been a hectic and eye-opening week. She had learned to make out sales slips; she had learned the difference between what you did when a customer wanted a purchase charged and delivered, and when it was cash and carry. She had learned to walk up to a woman fingering mark-downs under the blue "Reduced for Clearance" sign, and ask, "May I help you, Madom?"

Every customer in the store was "Madom." The lady in charge of the training department had crisply corrected her when she pronounced it "Madame."

Beatrice had learned too that you never turned a hair when a woman who weighed 200 pounds pawed around in the size 14's; and no matter how broad of beam she happened to be, if she wanted a print with immense flowers that was sure to make her look like a slip-covered elephant, you let her buy it.

"See how well it fits across the shoulders," she had learned to point out, if the dress was too long. And, "It's just the color for you," if the dress was too tight.

She did not feel happy about those things. They seemed a little dishonest. But Toby Masters told her cheerfully, "That's the way to make the quota sing, honey."

Right now, Beatrice was standing beside a thin young girl who was trying on a black crepe with a white lace collar. "I think that looks very well on you; it's quiet, but it isn't the sort of dress that's easily catalogued." At the strange look in the young girl's eyes, Beatrice hurried on, "No one could tell whether you'd spent \$5 or \$50—do you see what I mean? You could wear this dress to work, to a dinner party."

"I want it for a special date," said the girl, uncertainly. "I don't know. It's nice, but it's sort of—"

"Quiet," said Beatrice firmly. "Yet it's becoming. If you bought

zonal stripes in size 20, the buyer had been going over some slips at the counter nearby. But Beatrice hadn't connected that with the resentful look the buyer had given her this morning as she hung up a new lot of horizontal-stripe numbers.

So Miss Dane had been listening just now, too! No wonder Miss Getz and Toby and Annie Ryan called her "Drizzle Puss!"

"She's taking it as a criticism of her buying judgment," Beatrice thought, as she walked back to her customer. "And so it is. She may be a wonder when it comes to getting a shipment of dresses under the market price, but it's her place to buy more discriminately, too." In just this single week, Beatrice had come to many conclusions about Budget Fashions.

The customer finally walked out without buying anything. Beatrice let her go.

She stood there in the fitting room, touching the rejected dark dress that was smart, practical, and quiet for all its tiny price tag, and thought, "Doesn't the store want the best efforts of its sales people? Is this the way they treat everybody who tries to be really helpful?"

True, the dress hadn't sold. But if the store, as a matter of policy, went in for educating its customers—for being of actual service to them—in the end, the sales would be better than ever. "They'd be dependable, regular repeat sales. Customers would be grateful and come back, for they'd know at Huntington's you got an honest opinion, not just a sales talk."

She returned to the sales floor slowly. Mr. Bradley was signing a slip for Toby. On an impulse, Beatrice asked him, "Do you think customers prefer not having the opinions of the salesperson offered them? Some of them are uncertain, they really ask—"

Mr. Bradley looked uncomfortable. "A store must give its customers what they want, not what's good for them. Everybody's taste is different. We can't go in for educating our customers up to our own individual standards."

"Why can't we?" asked Beatrice hotly. "Oh, maybe I don't know enough about it. But it seems to me that if that same girl walked into the college shop upstairs, they wouldn't let her buy a \$20 dress that would announce to anyone who saw it that Huntington's college shop smells bad."

"Miss Dane has been buyer in this department for 10 years."

She wanted to retort, "Maybe it's 10 years too long." She bit the words back. The store earned a great deal of money, it was certainly a successful store, and efficient.

"I never tried to understand it before. But now that I'm here, I'm going to stick it out. I'll learn."

It came to her that if she were

all Signs point to SPRING SAVINGS
\$1.20 Carton HERSHEY BARS 69c
\$1.00 Carton GUM 59c
25c White Ace SHOE POLISH 19c
90c Energine CLEANING FLUID 49c
Another season, another reason for shopping at Brandis Thrift-Wise Drug Store. We welcome Spring with scores of big values...

SAVE ON THESE TIMELY ITEMS
Lucky Tiger Hair Oil 13c
Woodbury Shampoo 29c
Halo Shampoo 51c
Molle Shave Cream 19c
Double Edge Blades 23c
Woodbury Shave Lotion 29c
Phillips Milk of Magnesia 15c
Epsom Salts 14c
Epsom Salts 49c
Witch Hazel—Pint 29c
Absorbine Jr. 79c

Others Say
THAT AFTER-TASTE (Salem Capital-Journal)
After 62 days devoted to a task that should have been easily accomplished in 40—and we say that advisedly—the 41st legislative assembly has adjourned, leaving a bad after-taste in the mouths of many and a lot of corrective detail to be attended to by the governor through the exercise of his veto power.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS
Full Course of Instruction BY MERRILL BLOSSER
DODO SAYS YOU WARM UP THE MOTOR FIRST, THEN PUSH FORWARD ON THE STICK TO RAISE THE TAIL— GOT THAT? YES!

MOVING RIGHT AHEAD
We know that the growth of this bank is not all of our own doing. It is due largely to the fact that you and our many other friends have been progressive, and the fact that this community has had a definite forward momentum of its own.
By serving your interests as well as we could, we have merely gone forward with you, making this bank and its facilities a useful tool in your hands.
We want to assure you that you can depend upon our continued loyalty and devotion to your interests.
Bank of Bend A HOME OWNED BANK
Use Bulletin Want Ads for Best Results!