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SERIAL STORY

LOVE POWER

BY OREN ARNOLD

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Yesterday: Spud Delaney, driver of the truck carrying Hale's precious cargo, stops for a beer. Then, curious to know more about his unusual load, he opens the box as a saloonkeeper watches. A bit of hot cigar ash falls. Carolyn, at home, suddenly feels a terrifying roar.

X-999 ON A RAMPAGE

CHAPTER VI
Fear seized Carolyn, held her motionless. "Carolyn," her mother called again. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes, mother!" It was a raspy sort of assent. Her mother came in, clad in nightgown. Together they went to a window, but even after snapping off their light they could see nothing. This city was large, and while exceedingly loud, the explosion might have been far away.

"I've got to go see what happened!" Carolyn breathed, tense. Her mother turned to her. "Where, dear? What is it?"

"Where, indeed! She didn't answer. She just stared into the night. She could almost hear her own heart now, she suddenly realized. Where could she go?"

She was thinking back frantically, trying to remember some phrase through the fatigue of the past day and night's work at the laboratory that might help. If Robert had only been more specific! Or even if she were sure the explosion was due to what she feared!

She ran to their living room and lighted it, then opened the telephone directory. H—Ha—Ha—Hal—Hale—Hale—Hale it offered three inches of Hales including R. J., Robert W., and plain Robert. The addresses didn't help. She had no idea where her employer resided, or even if he had a home telephone. But he signed all his letters plain Robert Hale, so maybe—

She called the Robert Hale number and almost at once hung up again. Dr. Hale wouldn't be there! Of course he wouldn't be reminded herself; he had left her to go to the farmhouse and receive the shipment of X-999. And of course she must not talk about it at all to his servants or even his family.

She was suddenly frantic again with indecision and inaction. "Did you learn anything, honey?"

"No, No, mother. Please go on to bed. I'm sure it's nothing—nothing so important." Her voice lacked conviction and she knew it. "I'm going out again. Just to see. You go to bed."

"But Carolyn, it's dreadfully late!" "Just a little past midnight. Bob said."

"Bob who?" "Dr. Hale. My boss. I—well, frankly, mother, I am anxious to learn what happened. I am sure I mean I hope he isn't—Look, I'll telephone you the moment I know anything! You go to bed now, there's a dear."

Carolyn talked jerkily as she literally snatched off pajamas and dressed again, gently commanding her mother as if she herself were the older of the two. She paused only to telephone for a taxi and was on the sidewalk when it came.

"The explosion—to the Schoenfeld Laboratory, driver. Please rush! I am so—"

"That's east, miss. The explosion was southwest. You know what it was? Gee, it knocked me auto my—"

"Was it? Oh! Oh dear! . . . I—look, driver, do you know a farmhouse out 30 miles? A—deserted—a place with land around—"

She stopped, realizing how inadequate that was, how silly really. Distress in her voice made him stare at her.

"Then let's go there!" she suddenly ordered. "Southwest, I mean. Until we learn—"

"Okay!" murmured the driver, roaring off. Two minutes later the taxicab was positively crawling; but no—she glanced over at the speedometer—hardly crawling, at 48. The streets weren't crowded. The man screeched and skidded his tires on sudden turns.

"Thisaway, I'm positive!" he shouted back to her. Then because he was highly interested himself, he added, "Don't you worry about the fare, miss."

She hadn't even thought of that, but she felt a flash of gratitude. He was a gentlemanly driver, and skilled.

They passed several other taxicabs going southwest, and then a police car with siren shrilling

passed them. They had to pull over to let fire trucks go by. They knew now they had the right direction. If fire trucks were coming from this distance, and this long after the explosion, it must mean a second or even general alarm fire somewhere, the driver said. But no blaze was visible. Ambulances streaked by them twice.

"Oh-h-h!" That was involuntary, from Carolyn. "What was it, Miss? What bustled?"

"I—I don't know!" He let it go at that. And 20 minutes later they had the answer before them.

They had left the main business district, passed miles of outlying groceries, small firms and dwellings and were in the suburban industrial area when the matter became more plain.

"Gee!" murmured the driver, appalled. He slowed down because he had to, now. In a moment the traffic stopped him entirely. "Come on, miss! On foot, eh?" He was excited.

Efficiently he escorted her up a railroad embankment. He asked questions of everybody. He climbed part way up a power pole ladder the better to see, then boosted Carolyn up. He learned what they wanted to know.

"—all the big furniture factory, a florist's greenhouse covering two acres, an old warehouse four stories high, a half mile of railroad track—!" Thus the awed driver summarized what they had learned from looking and listening. "Spies, huh? You think spies, miss? They oughta—"

"Oh-h-h!" Carolyn was inarticulate now. Devastation before them was overwhelming. From her point six feet up the power pole she could see limitless wreckage. Twisted girders. Piles of brick and stone. Flames. Smoke. Every kind of debris.

It was as if the whole area had been run through a grinder, so small were the pieces. She wasn't familiar with this section of town and so couldn't tell what structures had actually gone down, but the whole lurid landscape here was a scene from Europe's hell.

She looked around to sides and rear. She couldn't even pick out her taxi now in the sea of cars that had crowded up behind. Honking and shoutings, police whistles, wailing, sirens, all added to the general hysteria.

She felt more and more impelled to do something. But what? Nothing before had ever struck her city like this. People and vehicles were packed around by the thousands and doubtless were still coming. Whatever could she do? "I've got to!" she whispered desperately to herself. "I've got to find him!"

(To Be Continued)

COMMUNICATIONS
(Communications are invited on matters of current and 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.)

FEAR LABOR UNREST
Bend, April 21.
To the Editor: During the past week, one W. Yeoman, organizer for the Lumber and Sawmill Workers union, A. F. L., has been using your valuable space and time in an unwarranted attack upon the International Woodworkers of America, Local No. 7, C. I. O., of Bend, and in advertising to the public that he and his fellow workers are true Americans.

The Bend local is made up of about 1200 members, men who for the most part, have lived in Bend and Central Oregon for a good number of years, and do not deem it necessary to tell you, their friends and neighbors, what you already know: that they, too, are good Americans. They do, however, wish to call your attention to the fact that during the three years that the Bend local has been in existence, there has been absolutely no labor trouble in Bend, and that they will do all in their power to avert any such trouble.

It is, therefore, logical to assume that another faction attempting to enter the picture at this time can only cause the dissatisfaction and unrest that the American people are so anxious to avoid.

International Woodworkers of America, C. I. O. Bend local No. 7.

W. FALLEY AT MILL VALLEY
Mill Valley, Cal. —For alliterative purposes there's always City Clerk Will Falley at Mill Valley.

FOOD TIN KEPT 21 YEARS
Amarillo, Tex. —Who made that crack about brides starving without a can-opener? Mrs. E. J. Sowder bought a can of sweet potatoes shortly after she was married 21 years ago. Today that same can sits on her self.

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TOURISTS, TRAFFIC, SAFETY
It is not too late, we believe, to comment on the tourist reception school, which came to a close in Bend last week. In this undertaking Bend pioneered in Oregon, as Bend has pioneered in many enterprises. There is cause for gratification in this, alone, but it is more satisfying to be able to look back on the school and to realize that it was also a successful one. The interest displayed at the outset was to be expected. There is always interest in a new thing. But the interest was maintained throughout the sessions. It reached its climax in the final meeting last week when diplomas were awarded to those who had completed the course. For all of this, it is needless to say, a degree of cooperation from many persons was required and willingly given. A special bouquet goes to Gilbert Moty and his tourist and publicity committee of the chamber of commerce for their work in organizing and conducting the school.

It was entirely fitting that Oregon's secretary of state, Earl Snell, should close the final session with the presentation of diplomas for, after all, tourist movement is one of the big factors in highway traffic and highway traffic, in turn, makes the secretary of state's job the biggest in Oregon, excepting only that of the governor.

In connection with highway traffic, Earl Snell finds the subject of motoring safety the most fascinating. It is part of his job to promote safety on the highways, it is true, but it is also his hobby. It might be more accurate to say that it has become almost a religion with him.

Never does Earl Snell miss an opportunity to spread the gospel of traffic safety. John Carey, one of his aides, developed the theme at the last session of the tourist school; the secretary of state included convincing remarks on the same general subject in his address. Such discussion had a proper place at such a meeting. As a matter of fact it would be in keeping in almost any sort of gathering.

One thing leads to another, and the foregoing reminds us that Oregon highways are among the safest in the nation. In the national traffic safety contest which recently ended, Oregon had first place for the entire western division. On a mileage basis its motor vehicle death rate in 1940 decreased 9.3 per cent from the average of the years of 1937, 1938 and 1939, and three per cent from the rate of 1939. These figures indicate steady progress, not merely a sudden spurt.

How has Oregon achieved this record? Not by any spectacular means, but by persistent effort—in education, in engineering study to learn and remedy physical causes for accidents, by requiring examinations for vision, knowledge of the rules of the road and driving ability before the issuance of operator licenses, by highway patrol and law enforcement.

Oregon's driving schools have been of great value in this program. The first such school in the state, it will be recalled, was held in Bend.

It must not be thought that Oregon's traffic safety work is confined entirely to the open highways, however. Safety competition is encouraged among cities. In such a contest two years ago, Bend won first place in its class, last year earned an honorable mention. Experts are made available by the state to conduct traffic studies for municipalities. Such a study was carried on here some time since. One of the important recommendations which resulted from this study was pigeon holed. The futility of seeking expert advice and failing to act in accordance with it should be at once apparent.

Army Horse Buyers To Make Local Stops
Salem, April 12 (AP)—The army remount service will spend most of the second week in May buying horses in Central and Eastern Oregon as part of a buying program expected to net 1000 horses before June 30. The horses will be used in the defense program, and must be of good stock, with only a few half-breeds to be chosen. The remainder will be thoroughbreds. All will be geldings. The buying tour will cover four states, Oregon, California, Washington and Nevada. On Tuesday, May 6, the buyers will be at the Great Northern railroad yards in Bend at 8 a. m.; at the fairgrounds in Redmond at 9:30 a. m.; at the I. M. Miffs ranch at Paulina at 3 p. m. At the Prineville railroad stockyards at 11 a. m. To protect their feet from sharp ice in spring, sled dogs around Hudson Bay region wear moccasins.

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Others Say
PARKING METERS AGAIN (Marshfield Times)
Admitting the good intentions and earnest desire of Marshfield's city council to "solve the parking problem," The Times retains its stand that these mechanized tax gatherers are not desirable for Marshfield. Klamath Falls, larger and more congested than this city, has come to a firm decision to have nothing more to do with meters, because public reaction has been so unsatisfactory. Even larger cities are finding the meters driving business away from downtown areas.

OREGON'S DEFENSE CAPACITY STUDIED
Shops and Foundries Are Listed
Portland (Special)—Oregon has registered 229 machine shops, 13 woodworking shops, 40 sheet metal shops, and 39 foundries as available for production of defense materials in the state, according to the inventory of productive facilities just completed by the Oregon economic council.

Representatives of the office of reclamation management in Washington, D. C., visiting recently in Portland, all have indicated that the government is desirous of using all available facilities as rapidly as proper contracts can be established.

However, a considerable amount of organization apparently will be necessary before the smaller shops will be able to share in these contracts.

The survey was under the direction of Leon S. Davis of Hillsboro, who was also in charge of the inventory of skilled labor in the state of Oregon.

Of the 229 machine shops, 147 were outside of Portland. These machine shops registered 900 production tools operated by 974 workmen, while the shops were idle 1627 hours per day. 2089 skilled men would be needed to place them on a 24 hour shift while the labor necessary shows 7089 skilled men available to man the machines.

E. B. MacNaughton, president of the First National bank of Portland and chairman of the economic council, in an effort to put these machines to work, held a meeting in Portland on April 18th. Machine shop operators of facilities which reported to the economic council were invited to attend.

Discussion of the problems of obtaining defense work were discussed by T. H. Barnfield, president of the Iron Fireman Manufacturing company, J. C. Carter, production manager, and Lt. Col.

SONG WRITER DIES POOR
London (AP)—Frank Leo, famous composer of "Where Do Flies Go in the Winter Time," and 1,400 other song hits died a poor man because he scorned jazz and would not write it. He left only \$1,112—a sum which at one time he earned in less than a month.

J. L. Stromme, commanding officer of the air base at Portland. The Iron Fireman company already is producing materials for the army and navy at full capacity of its plant, while Col. Stromme has been employed by the army previous to his assignment at the air base as a production purchasing expert.

Five hogs, dressed and ready for market, were stolen from the J. S. Pierce farm, about two miles southeast of Bend, Tuesday night.

Ronald Sellars, of Bend, has been elected president of Sigma Phi Epsilon, at the University of Oregon.

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Can It Be Sue? BY MERRILL BLOSSER
I THOUGHT IF YOU WERE DRIVING TOWARD THE POST OFFICE, YOU MIGHT BE KIND ENOUGH TO LET ME RIDE WITH YOU! CERTAINLY, SUE—HOP IN! HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF SELWYN LATELY? SELWYN AND I SPEND A GREAT DEAL OF TIME TOGETHER THESE DAYS! DON'T YOU FIND HIM SO? YES, INDEED!... (I HOPE SHE GETS OUT SOON, SO I CAN GO SOMEWHERE AND QUIETLY RAIN!) I HAVE FOUND THAT SELWYN AND I ENJOY MUTUAL INTERESTS. HE IS AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING PERSONALITY!