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SERIAL STORY

THREE TO MAKE READY

BY W. H. PEARS

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IT'S ECONOMY, BUT MORE IS NEEDED
At least a step in the right direction is President Roosevelt's request for a relief budget reduction of \$109,000,000. It is only a step, however, if a sincere program of reduction of non-essential spending is to be undertaken as a means of balancing to some degree the defense essential spending which has begun.

There is, for example, a vast surplus of "made" jobs, of jobholders filling them and drawing salaries in order that needless tasks may be performed. The criticism, of course, depends on the viewpoint. Seen through the eyes of the pie counter politician, these jobs were, and are, tremendously important in building a party organization and in keeping that organization nailed solidly together to the end that a backlog of votes might be constantly at hand and that party workers interested in keeping their jobs might be at all times ready to canvass for and deliver more votes.

This viewpoint is rather antiquated today. America has an emergency to meet. America recognizes this emergency; so does America's national administration. The reduction requested in relief is an admission that in the emergency there is an increase in employment opportunity. Will not this increase also absorb an appreciable number of the workers engaged by government in useless work? There is so much need for useful work to be done and there is so much need for increasing sources from which taxes may be drawn to pay the bills of national defense. Will not the administration avail itself of the opportunity for economy if for no other reason than that of helping out on defense expenditures?

Relief, of course, is a logical starting point in such economy. National reductions here, because of the matching of funds system in vogue, should result, also, in reduction of state and county appropriations for the same purpose, hence a lightening of local tax burdens and a great ability to pay national taxes. But, both in relief and in other items, economy measures should be pushed on an ever growing scale, if we are really to get anywhere. The \$109,000,000 is but a drop in the gallon jug.

WHY NOT POINT THE WAY?

City records show that 78 tickets were issued to overtime parkers on downtown streets last week. While these tokens were being given out by an observant gendarmier, two lots full of parking spaces had comparatively little patronage.

Both lots referred to are virtually in the business district. Both are easily accessible. In neither is a time limit in effect. Both are free. The fact that they are available has been frequently publicized.

But let us analyze the overtime parking figures. Twenty-two of the overtime parking tickets went to known local car owners. For them there is no excuse. Ownership of 11 cars has not been determined; it may or may not be a fact that they are locally owned. Forty-five cars, however, were definitely owned by non-residents. Like others, they took their chance on exceeding the limit proclaimed by curb signs.

There is a difference, however. Local owners knew that there were free parking lots and, knowing, failed to use them. Out of town owners lacked this knowledge. It is true that each lot is marked by a large, legible sign. But neither of these signs is to be seen for any appreciable distance. Unless a stranger should be told of the free parking facilities or should chance to come close enough to them to glimpse the signs, he would naturally be unaware of them.

Pointer signs giving location of the lots and the service which they offer would be a great convenience to motorists coming to Bend, we are sure. Perhaps the city will install them.

Paris newspapers are urging that President Roosevelt function as a mediator in an effort to end the world war, pointing out that neither side is now strong enough to end it by striking a decisive blow. Are we to infer from this that French aid to Germany has balanced the scales?

On the map it's Bachelor butte, but ski runners who speed down its slope this week-end, as well as tourists who view its huge mass in the Central Oregon skyline, will vote it a sure enough mountain. And yet, it's a safe climb and its 9,065-foot summit is a wonderful observation point.

MORE ABOUT The Capitol

(Continued from page one)
the Rogue river valley, site of the Medford cantonment. Vegetables and meat must be bought, and when possible the local market is patronized.

An important responsibility devolves upon citizens of Eugene and Medford and nearby communities. This is in providing amusement for the troops. Many soldiers will visit Portland to have a fling; many others will not go so far. Someone proposes that the town of Central Point be taken over into a rest camp for the troops, with movies, taverns, etc. And before a contract is awarded or even an appropriation made by congress for these cantonments, a group has started a campaign against "sin," meaning hard liquor and members of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Incidentally, it should be mentioned that several chaplains will be with the soldiers at the cantonments and there will be several chapels.

Either cantonment will have a larger population than 29 of Oregon's 36 counties. Only Portland will have a population in excess of these camps, for second city in Oregon is Salem with census population of 30,908, or 4,000 fewer people than will be in the Eugene or Medford establishment. Jackson county is barely larger than

the proposed cantonment, the county being credited with 36,213 in last year's census figures. The camp will double the population of the county (with camp followers) and will triple the population of Medford, if the cantonment can be regarded as in the metropolitan area. The Eugene camp will be only 50 per cent of Lane county population but will be 15,000 larger than Eugene.

Roughly, the two cantonments will mean \$30,240,000 a year new money to those communities, plus the capital investment of \$35,000,000 in cantonments.

Selection of Medford and Eugene was partly political. War department saw on its map that there was no project west of the Cascades. Great base for the army air corps is building in Pendleton; munitions depot is under construction at Hermiston; bombing range has been acquired east of Arlington; Portland has an army air station, but there was a perfect blank on the ocean side of the Cascade mountains. The planning board spotted Medford and Eugene for new developments when the army is increased and money is available, but the brass hats of war department were unaware of these preparations. Meanwhile officials and public spirited citizens quietly obtained options on tracts of land for the department, preventing any attempt at a hold-up. There may be some difficulty in obtaining funds for clearing the bottleneck on the Pacific highway for military purposes between Grants Pass and Eugene, subject to revision now with cantonments decided upon at Medford and Eugene.

Yesterday, Chris and Paula meet Kilo and Jenks and Chris pays off for the picture by flooring the reporter. But Chris resents breaking dates with Kilo. When Tony calls, Paula refuses his bid to a farewell dance. Kilo calls on Paula, warns that she can make Chris come back to her.

PAULA GOES TO A PARTY
"Sorry!" Kilo flung herself in front of Paula. "Well, you needn't be. Not yet. You think I haven't a chance, but you're wrong. Oh, you've got him now, but you won't keep him."

Paula restrained her anger. She must keep her head, not say a lot of things she'd regret. She felt a little sorry for this fiery girl at her side.

"You're not being fair," she said calmly. "Suppose I do love Chris? I can't make him love me. Chris isn't the type to be forced. He makes up his own mind."

"I suppose he made up his own mind to give up the League?" "I talked to him about it," Paula admitted. "I showed him where he was making a fool of himself."

"You should say that," Kilo flared. "You just don't want Chris to do his own thinking."

"His own or Big Barney Sherwood's?" Paula asked softly. Kilo gasped. "What do you mean?"

Paula said, "I'm going back to the house. Good night." Kilo grasped her arm and spun her around. "Before you go, let me tell you this: You think you can hold Chris, but you can't. If I have to, I can make Chris come to me!"

CHAPTER VIII
Back at the house Paula tried in vain to study. Her mind was whirling. She thought, "If I could only talk things over with someone. With Tony..."

She told herself she mustn't pile her troubles on Tony, but it was no use. She felt she had to see him. She went downstairs and called his house.

Characteristically he asked no questions; he said simply, "I'll be right over, Paula."

The porch was deserted when Tony arrived. Paula brought out cushions and they sat on the steps. Lights from the dormitory windows patterned the night with warm, yellow rectangles.

An immense solitude seemed to hold the campus, and Paula and Tony, too. They shared it, reluctant to break the silence. Paula sharply aware of the difference between silence with Tony and silence with Chris.

"It was Paula who finally spoke: 'Kilo Sherwood paid me a visit tonight.'"

A match flared briefly as Tony lighted his pipe. She saw in that moment the seriousness of his lean face.

"Nothing melodramatic. I hope."

"A little," Paula said with a forced laugh. "Either I send Chris back to the League, meaning herself, or she'll use some hold she has on him."

"Don't be too sure she won't," Tony advised. "She's a clever gal. She's used to getting what she wants."

What shall I do? "About all you can do, Paulie, is keep a tight rein on Chris."

"It seems so silly to be fussing this way over a grown man," Paula said, and was instantly ashamed.

Tony shrugged. "That's Chris," he said laconically. "Tony, if I could go to your party without making him mad."

"Sure, I know," Tony said. "Maybe it's better anyway. The League may try some stunt to break up the party."

"What makes you think so?" "I guess I shouldn't show you this, Paulie, but it may affect Chris."

Tony pulled a crumpled sheet of note paper from his pocket. He laid a match while Paula read: "Call off your party if you don't want trouble."

"But why do you think Chris had anything to do with this?" Paula asked.

"I've changed my mind, Tony," she told him. "I'm going to the party with you."

"But, Paulie, what about Chris?" "Chris! Chris!" Paula almost sobbed. "I'm sick of playing guardian angel to a grown man!"

Late Thursday afternoon Paula took her last examination. She went straight to bed and slept until morning. When she awakened she was aware of a new atmosphere prevailing on the campus.

The furious period of concentration was over. Groups of students lounged in the warm sunshine, their chatter and laughter drifting lazily in her window on the breeze.

Ordinarily Paula would have seized these gay, relaxed hours to go on a large with Chris and Tony, but the last few weeks had changed everything. Gladly she settled down in her room with a book.

After supper a scramble began among the Gamma Taus to get ready for their respective parties. Slim, bright-cheeked girls dashed wildly about raiding their sisters' rooms for bits of jewelry, waited over snagged hose and fought with stubborn curls.

Even Paula's low spirits took a jump as she slid into her new formal. If sea-green chiffon cascaded down from her slim waist and foamed about her ankles. The tight-fitting bodice, with its heart-shaped neckline, molded her firm figure into lovely lines.

She whirled before the mirror, loving the whisper of her tulle, loving the little glints of light that raced like shining flies through the fine gold threads woven into the chiffon.

Looking at her radiant young self in the mirror, Paula said determinedly, "I will have a good time. I'll go and dance and forget Chris and the League. This is my night to howl!"

Tony's fraternity had spared no expense to make the party a success. A band from the city dispensed music both sweet and hot. A huge buffet supper was spread in the dining room. French doors onto the veranda had been thrown open to permit dancing outside, but around 10 o'clock a shower drove the guests back into the big living room.

Tony, handsome in a white mess jacket, gave Paula his complete attention. When he held her tight she forgot that his dancing was short of perfection. She closed her eyes and abandoned herself to the gay mood of the party. A mood compounded of spring, soft music, perfume and the carefree spirit that follows a winter's hard work.

She was dancing with Tony when something sailed through the open French doors and broke on the floor. The sulphurous odor of bad eggs filled the room. Tony, the first to realize what had happened, dashed for the door. Paula, not far behind, saw him start down the steps, then crumple to the ground.

(To be continued)

Lapine

Lapine, May 21 (Special)—Open house will be held at the school from 9 to 11 a. m. Thursday. Following this will be a picnic at the Lava Caves for both grade and high school, parents and friends.

Mrs. Daisy Stephenson is visiting old friends in Lapine this week. Mrs. Stephenson taught in the Lapine schools for a number of years prior to 1937.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Johns from near Redmond, spent Saturday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Billie James. Sunday they left for a fishing trip at the lakes.

Eralyn Burgess of Portland, who is home at Shevlin for a short visit, visited with friends in Lapine Monday.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carey Stearns Sunday were Nora and Lora Stearns and Mrs. Frances Stearns of Prineville, Mr. and Mrs. Billie James and family and Ethel Story of Lapine. Mrs. Frances Stearns will be here until after the graduation exercises Tuesday.

Claude Crandall went to Roseburg Saturday. He will be away for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Johnson had a business trip to Eugene Saturday returning Sunday.

Mrs. Bennie Conklin will be hostess to a party Wednesday in honor of her daughter's eighth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glavis Reed made a trip to Klamath Falls during the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Conklin and family visited at the home of Mrs. Conklin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bilodeau, on the Pleasant Valley ranch near Redmond.

Boy Scouts to Camp Near Skyliners' Cabin

Boy Scouts of the Fremont district, comprising the Central Oregon counties, are to hold their annual camporee this week-end in the vicinity of the Skyliners' cabin, on Tumalo creek. It was announced at today's meeting of district council leaders in the Pine Tavern. It was originally planned to hold this outing at Swampy lake, but a change in place was made because of snow conditions in that area.

Most of the troops will move into the Skyliner playground Saturday morning. First camp inspection will take place at 2 p. m. Saturday. Dwight E. Gilchrist, scout executive, announced today.

Boys are to sleep under the stars and prepare their own meals.

Other matters discussed at the district meeting today included plans for the organization in Central Oregon of new scout troops. The Powell Butte Farmers club is interested in sponsoring a troop. It was announced.

AUDITOR ARRIVES

Announcement that W. J. Eagan, recently of Seattle, has joined The Shevlin-Hixon Company organization here as camp auditor, was made today. Thirty-four years of age, Eagan recalls, he was working at Spooner, Minnesota, under C. L. Isted, for the Shevlin-Matthieu Company, the same C. L. Isted who is now general manager of the Bend organization.

TEACHER CHOSEN

Miss Edith Sprague, now teaching at Banks, has been selected as girls' high school physical education teacher for the coming year to replace Miss Barbara Potts, who has resigned the position. Miss Sprague is a University of Oregon graduate.

Ship Sinkings Hit New Monthly Peak



British shipping losses for April (294,000 tons) were no more than in March despite the fact that the total of allied, neutral and British sinkings shot to a new peak for the war, nearly 100,000 tons over the preceding month's figure. April losses put the war's 19-month total at 5,750,000 tons, of which 65 per cent were British.

Tumalo

Tumalo, May 21 (Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Sam Burgess, and son, Charles, and Mrs. Rosanna Scoggin drove up from Shevlin Friday and were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Scoggin. Scoggin is a son of Mrs. Rosanna Scoggin and a brother of Mrs. Burgess.

Mrs. C. I. Duniap was hostess Tuesday to the Tumalo extension unit. A pot luck luncheon was served at noon and Miss Mary Ellen Heckathorn, new home demonstration agent, was present.

Mr. and Mrs. Chet Morrill and son, Gene, left Tuesday noon for a few days' visit in the valley with relatives.

Tumalo has five seniors in the Redmond union high school graduation class, namely: Emily Ann, Andrew, Roy Hartford, Sam Henry, Minnie Lowe and Lee Putnam. Commencement exercises will be held Wednesday evening. Sunday evening a number from Tumalo attended the baccalaureate services at the high school gym.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Henry and children were dinner guests Sunday at the E. W. Putnam home.

F. W. Vandevort, assisted by Lawrence Allen, took thirty-nine head of cattle to the forest reserve on Spring river Friday and Saturday. Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Vandevort and daughter, Barbara, drove up to see how the cattle were and also to visit the Claude Vandevort family on the Upper Deschutes.

A group of Tumalo friends went to Sisters Friday evening and charivari'd Mr. and Mrs. Bob Lowe, who were married May 19. Mrs. Lowe, prior to her marriage, was Miss Wilma Seems of Kansas and is a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Late Seems of Tumalo. The young couple are making their home at Sisters where Lowe is employed in a mill.

Walter Short has left the community and is now working in Alaska. Mrs. Short and the three boys are still here.

The REA line in Tumalo was cut in Saturday morning and a crew of engineers commenced hooking up the farms so that by nightfall a number of places were energized. The crew worked through Sunday checking each place.

Liquid gas is being used to run 60,000 automobiles in Germany, says a report from that country.

PORTLAND DAIRY

The following prices were named on the produce exchange to be effective today: Butter: Cube extras, 37 1/2c; standards, 36 1/2c; prime firsts, 36c; firsts, 35c.

Eggs (produce exchange quotations from dealers): Grade A, large, 26c; grade B, large, 25c; grade A, medium, 25c; grade B, medium, 24c.

TOWER Last Times Tonight

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BY MERRILL BLOSSER

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

