

THE BEND BULLETIN

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WHAT THE WAR MEANS

Returning from Washington, D. C., where he attended a meeting of the United States conference of mayors Mayor Earl Riley, of Portland, told Larry Smith, of the Oregon Journal some of the things that had been brought home to him in the nation's capitol regarding the life of the people while the war is being waged.

Citizens of these United States will lead a different life in the next several years than they have ever led before and it will be a life of sacrifice and tightening of the belt from dawn until dark.

As yet we don't know what it is to give up things. We are going to give up so many things in the next several years that we will be stunned. This is no easy war to win.

Younger men are going into the service and their places will be taken by older men and women of all ages.

Work hours will be extended beyond the present limits, the mayor went on. People who normally work eight hours a day in private industry will soon find themselves doing another four hours or more work on some defense matters.

All capital expenditures of cities are out the window for the duration, Riley said. Cities have been urged to spend no money that is not of an emergency nature.

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THE DESCHUTES APPROPRIATION

Although it was announced, when the president's budget estimates were made public, they included the sum of \$600,000 for the Deschutes project later information indicated that the 1943 budget included no new funds for the Deschutes whatever.

Here are the facts. On January first this year there remained unexpended balance on Deschutes of \$910,000. This remains available until expended.

In the situation disclosed by the statement from Mr. Hagie there would seem to be little for those interested in the Deschutes project in which to take concern.

Can any of us quarrel over that state of affairs? Ice plant and cold storage operators are holding a convention in Portland this week.

The tire and tube difficulty is caused by the fact that we cannot make our rubber stretch far enough.

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO (From The Bulletin, Jan. 21, 1927) Bend last night was chilled by sub-zero temperature, the mercury falling to 17 degrees below zero.



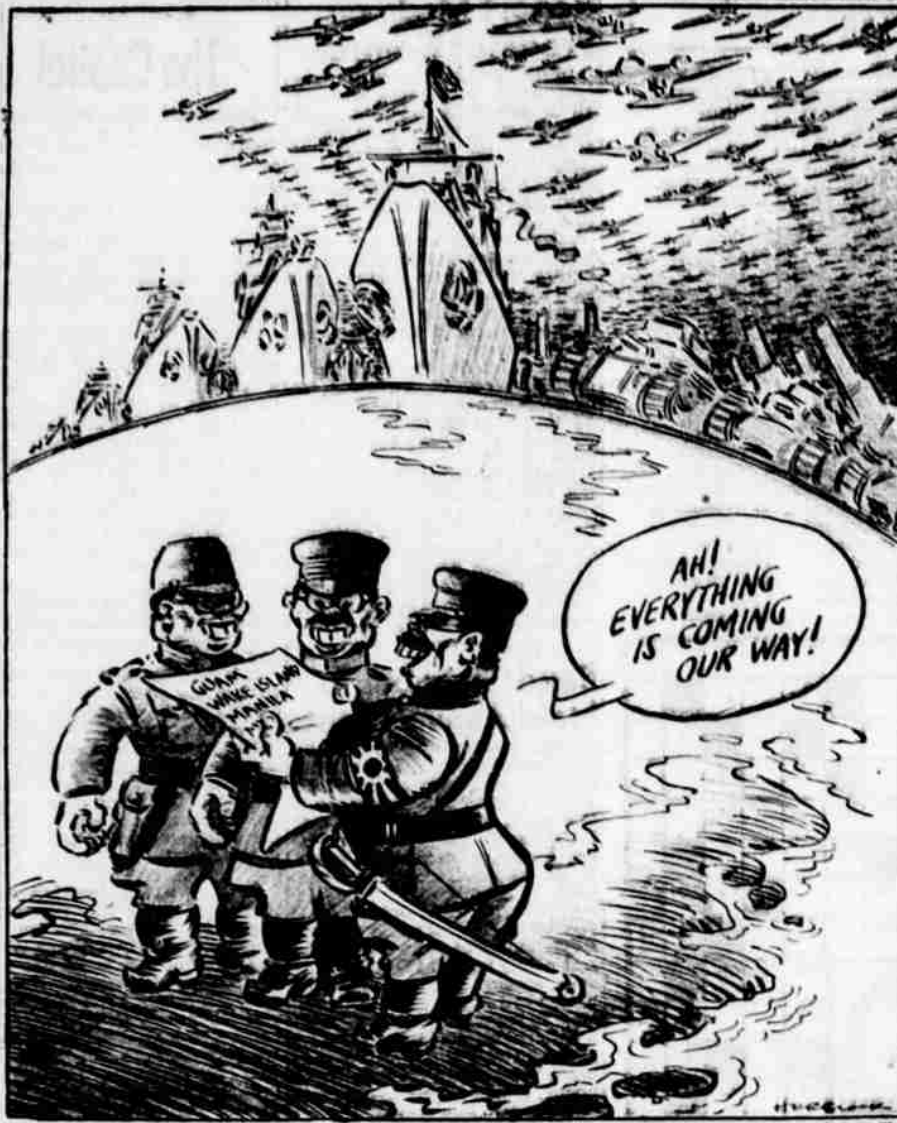
50,000,000 BABIES CAN'T BE WRONG!

Yes, babies are still crying for milk. As long as "Daddy" continues to furnish it, he knows he's doing his best to give them the start they all need.

Medo-Land Creamery Co.

131 Greenwood Phone 41

They Don't Know the Half of It



SERIAL STORY

The Smiting of the Rock A TALE OF OREGON

By GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM FORMER PUBLISHER OF THE BEND BULLETIN

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CHAPTER XI (Continued) THE SETTLERS' MEETING

"What we want is your endorsement of the South Canal unit. Our contract with the State covering it expires in September.

"Mr. Kent,"—the manager's words were biting,—this is a question of whether the settlers care to help themselves. And as for you, sir, what right have you—

"All in favor of the motion— someone up in front shouted. "Ain't no motion put to vote," a hostile voice roared, and half a dozen others added their quota of dissension.

"The interruption caught the attention of the crowd, momentarily calmping the rising uproar. "Let's hear from Dad Trumble. He knows what's what!"

"Land Board probably won't grant extension South Canal contract unless settlers O. K. it. Ask Failing why he wants this endorsement. RUDD."

"Kent reached the signature with astonishment. The last he had seen of the Bishop was at the Penroyer dinner in New York, and here suddenly he was turning up with the key to the puzzle!

"The old man stopped for a minute, apparently meditating. Yet he was not interrupted. No one would, or could, have broken in on him just then, for his sudden fierce fire carried with it the spirit of the entire meeting.

"Are we sure we're to get any good out of the new unit? That's what I'd like to know? Suppose they get the contract extended and sell the lands. Will they spend the grab it and leave us holding the sack?"

"Mr. Failing, why do you want the settlers to go on record for an extension of your South Canal contract?"

"For the good of the settlers themselves—yes, and the company's too, I admit. The South Canal will save us all. And now may I inquire your interest in the matter?"

"The manager's counter question was sharp and cold. But Kent ignored it and came back again. "If the settlers refuse to endorse this scheme for robbing Peter to pay Paul, can you get the renewal yourself?"

There Failing contrived to slip in a sentence. About all the crowd money in saving us, or will they heard of it was the words "guarantee bond."

"Another bygod guarantee! Dad's voice was bitter with scathing contempt. "We've seen contracts, which is guarantees, until we've got the blind staggers studying 'em. The State don't help us get our rights under them, and why should we expect more out of any other kind of bond. Guarantee hell! What's they worth to a man who'd skunk a girl!"

"The last phrase the old man delivered, measuredly, word by word. Every syllable of it penetrated throughout the room. And everyone there knew what he meant; knew that Failing's company, through breaking his contract and not delivering water, had wiped out all of Crete Colton's crop and most of her savings.

"The utter silence broke. Tension gave way in suppressed "ahs." Someone swore.

"It's God's truth," said a man in little more than a whisper, and was heard by all.

"Then a lank rancher was on his feet. "Mr. Chairman, let's hear from the lady herself. While we're at it, let's have all the truth."

"There was Dad Trumble at the platform's edge, with his threatening whip, and his white wrath. The sallow engineer wilted in his chair. Failing stood at the side of the platform, red of face and then suddenly white. The look of him fascinated Kent; abruptly the enraged expression turned to fear, and then, curiously, there was neither anger nor dread, but supplication astonishingly out of place—a subdued, almost feline appeal in the ruddy eyes, softening the hard face until its masculinity seemed somehow to have slipped away. And in wonder Kent turned from the manager to where the manager's suddenly soft eyes were looking.

"Yes, let's hear from her!" The cry went up for Crete Colton. And because all were looking at her, or toward her, none but Kent caught that expression and that mute message written on Failing's face for Crete Colton's own interpretation.

"The girl's mouth opened as if to speak, but she only wet her lips. It seemed as if she were about to rise, but instead she settled all at once more firmly in her seat. And instead of looking to the eager men and women about her, the blue eyes gazed steadily to the stage....

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Crete Colton did not speak. Instead—after a space—she smiled and shook her head. And because she was loved more or less personally by nearly every man and woman in the room, she was urged no further.

Disorder returned. For a minute it looked as if the meeting would break up. Then Dad Trumble made himself heard again. This time he had climbed to the platform, and as he spoke the fire seemed gone out of him.

"There ain't no use in a row," he counseled. "I might be wrong, I dunno. Anyway, it's up to all o' us now to get right ca'm agin, and I don't know anyone who can make more headway when it comes to puttin' kerosene on the scrappy waters, so ter speak, than our good friend Bishop Rudd."

Catching the drift of Dad's remarks heads craned around to locate the Bishop. Everyone at Farewell knew Bishop Rudd, and most of those who knew him liked him.

"So, ladies an' gents, I'm a goin' to ask the Bishop to talk to us, with the permission of the honorable chairman."

Bishop Robert Rudd, whose diocese was a railroadless territory vaster than several eastern states, spoke simply and with strong straightforward words which won prompt attention. He said that in disputes both side usually had a measure of right, and counseled full investigation.

"And as we're here," he continued, "let us take the opportunity to thank the Almighty for what he has done for us, and to pray for his aid and forgiveness. I am sure you are all willing."

So the "little Bishop," who had conducted services before the light of sagebrush fires at cattle camps, and in saloons commandeered for the occasion on Sabbath mornings, offered a simple prayer. He asked that strength be given to make more pure the language of those who supplicated, and especially that the taking of the Lord's name lightly should cease. And all joined with him in a resounding "Amen."

It was late. Restless scraping of feet signaled approaching disbandment of the settlers' meeting. But ere the scraping grew louder the company crowd played their last card, following up the previous lead.

"Mr. Chairman," it was devil-may-care Hartpool speaking. "A while back I put a motion. It was never withdrawn, and I'd like a vote on it."

Silence. "Question," shouted someone. Asabel Brush chewed his mustache and finally called the vote. There was a full-throated chorus of ayes.

"Contrary minded." "No," roared the settlers, and the sound of it sent red blood racing to Failing's face, and delight to the heart of Kent.

Asabel scratched his head. Parliamentary procedure and himself were far from intimate. Rudd, leaning over, coached the puzzled presiding officer.

"Them in favor of the resolution rise," said the chairman. The company crowd to a man stood up. (To be Continued)

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