

THE BEND BULLETIN

and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS
The Bend Bulletin (weekly) 1900-1901 The Bend Bulletin (daily) est. 1916
Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The Bend Bulletin
146-728 Wall St. Bend, Oregon
Entered as Second Class Matter, January 6, 1917, at the Postoffice at Bend Oregon, under
Act of March 3, 1879.

ROBERT W. SAWYER—Editor-Manager HENRY N. FOWLER—Associate Editor
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By Mail	By Carrier
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TABLING H. R. 6,559

The ways and means committee of the national house of representatives is to be complimented on its action in voting to table H. R. 6,559, the administration bill to sweeten unemployment pay for favored classes of workmen and to federalize the state systems of unemployment compensation. This particular bill is killed and in killing it the committee has performed a public service. Had the measure been reported out it would have been on its way to passage in the house at least.

It was better that it should be stopped early in its career. Had it been enacted, Congress would be on record as abetting an injustice to the states, an injustice to many of those who may be thrown out of employment by the change to a war economy and an injustice, yes, an affront to the armed forces of our country.

The measure had its inception in the situation developing in automobile manufacturing centers such as Detroit, where payrolls suddenly fell off as plants were closed for conversion to war production. As introduced, it carried also provisions enabling the national social security board to take over the functions of the state unemployment compensation systems.

This latter phase has been thoroughly discussed. Less attention was paid to immediate results which would have been had. Production workers would have been taken care of with a 20 per cent increase in maximum benefits; but the dislocation of industry has extended farther than this—to garages, to sales agencies, to service stations, for example. Here was unemployment, too, but there was nothing in the proposed law to indicate that benefits for this class of employees would be increased. A small army of salesmen has been thrown out of work—not temporarily, as are plant employees, but for the duration. Was any provision made for them? There was not, nor did they expect it. The bill was almost frankly discriminatory.

The bill, in the phrasing of its title, was tied to the war emergency. This was not sincere, America was, and is, fighting a war of survival, with its ships torpedoed at sea, its outnumbered planes battling valiantly, its soldiers dying on Bataan that we may live and that our way of living may endure.

For these men nothing was being done. Yet here at home the administration suddenly discerned great need to increase benefits to certain ones who might be temporarily unemployed. Already they could draw more for idleness in safety than the soldier fighting interminably against Japan's anti-like hordes in the Philippine jungle.

The comparison is not a pleasant one. Whether it was brought out in the committee hearings does not appear, but assuredly it must have been in the minds of all as the hearings were going on. It was an angle which could hardly be overlooked, even after the administration had softened the original federalization menace in a substitute bill.

THE ADMINISTRATION RESPONSIBILITY

The public was chided the other day for its failure to respond to the call of the rationing board for office equipment needed for carrying on its work. Fundamentally, of course, the criticism lies at the door of the administration. It has asked citizens to undertake serious duties involving large responsibility and requiring, in their impartial performance, the working of hardship, at times, on friends and neighbors. And yet, with all the billions it has to throw around for dancers, public relations men and like trivia it cannot supply ordinary office equipment for a rationing board.

The situation is on all fours with the services that are asked of financial institutions in connection with the distribution of defense securities. Many a bank has found it necessary to employ additional help and go to other expense in this work with no return whatever. As with all, rationing boards, civilian defense workers and everybody else they are glad to serve in the war cause but they are gripped as they do so to know of the manner in which publicity experts, their desks and typewriters clog the offices of Washington, D. C., and the money goes out for boondoggling.

A New York paper reports a slump in the sale of defense bonds of more than \$31,000,000 in the first 11 days of February with "the publicity given the 'frills and furbelows' appointments in the office of civilian defense and the fact that congress had voted pensions for itself" given as the explanation. It is a natural effect nor will the condition be improved if Kimmel and Short, as now seems intended, are given leave to retire on half pay. The people will give their time, their money and their blood to win this war but they will never condone the waste that goes with their government's urge that they spend time, money and blood.

An interesting news item in the Prineville paper tells of the way in which the pavement has been cleaned over there. And have you noticed how dusty a pavement in Bend can get—and stay—these days?

Redmond

Redmond, Feb. 21 (Special)—E. H. Booth and son, Ed, who have been employed in Salt Lake City, were in town this week, moving their household goods to Spokane, where they will be employed in defense work.

Roy Newell is now associated with the Darrell Smith insurance agency, located in the building formerly occupied by the Redmond Electric.

Andrew Morrow of Madras is ill with pneumonia at the Redmond clinic.

Redmond Church of Christ basement will be used by the Red Cross for a sewing room, announces Mrs. Harry E. Van Arsdale. Work will start as soon as materials are available.

Mrs. E. E. Burgess will be hostess Thursday for the members of the Northwest Fidelity club.

Mrs. Fred Rodman, Mrs. Hazel Brown and Mrs. Homer Thomas of Madras spent Friday in Redmond.

C. C. Rowan, assistant president of the Federal Land bank in Spokane, was in town Friday.

Mrs. Sidney Loyd will be hostess Tuesday afternoon for the members of the Arena club at her home.

Pythian Sisters and Knights of Pythias are sponsoring a benefit

card party Friday, Feb. 27, at the K. of P. hall. Proceeds will go for Red Cross.

Mrs. E. D. Everett of Lakeview is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Parker. Mr. and Mrs. Willard Faulkner are new residents here from Lapine. Faulkner is employed by Babler Bros.

Betty Mae Wiegand, student at the University of Oregon, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wiegand.

Ben Galligan will go to Kennewick, Wash., this week-end and bring home his wife and sons, who have spent two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Moulton.

Mrs. Jess Tetherow is in Portland to spend the week-end with her daughter, Miss Marjorie Tetherow, nurse who has registered with the Red Cross for foreign service.

Mrs. J. R. Roberts returned Thursday night from Klamath Falls where she attended the state D. A. R. conference.

Ralph Arnsmeier and family, who recently moved here from Eugene, are living in the A. R. Thornberg property on 11th street.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Farley of Idaho Falls, Idaho, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thurman Drago. Mrs. Farley is Drago's daughter.

Do We Stay Awake This Time?



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 XXIX (Continued) WELCOME WATER

As she recounted her experiences, Kent, too, summoned up a mental picture. He could see the weary girl urging on the little horse through the black night, with the rain beating down upon them and the inky shadows of the fir trees engulfing them as they wallowed through mudholes and made stumbling detours around fallen logs, while the dark underbrush slapped in their faces, soaking with pent-up moisture. And he thought, also, of what preceded this experience. Of the hardships and strain she had undergone; of the heart-breaking struggle when she dragged him from the path of the landslide; of the foot-sore weary way down to the cabin; and of the midnight operation, when she sewed up his wound. And on top of all that, while he himself lay there in the cabin in the comfort she had provided, this self-contained, steady-eyed girl had set out alone to snatch victory from defeat.

She told him, then, the details of that venturesome journey down the long stretches of the Ringo Trail and how she had found the rangers who subsequently had brought him out to the railroad, whence he went to Portland and later at Pharaoh's urging, to Farewell. And as Crete progressed with her story, proud and happy to tell it, the grayness of the waning afternoon seemed to lighten.

"At Salem," she wound up, "I intended to make my own filing, thinking that no one but the person who did the actual posting of the notice at the water right location could file. But they told me that isn't true. If there is an affidavit by someone who actually saw the posting done they'll accept the filing of an absentee. As I saw you post your notice I made the necessary affidavit, and your own filing, giving one David Kent the exclusive control of the overflow of Lost Lake, was received and accepted for. And here's the receipt."

A little out of breath she stopped to fumble in her shirt pocket for the precious paper. Holding it out to David she added, with a malicious twinkle: "And if you're going back East please turn it over to me. . . I intend to stick by Farewell and fight things out to a finish."

"What's that?" This seemed to astonish the young man even more than the news of the successful filing. "Why, you said you were going to Seattle."

"And I was going . . . only remember that women are forever changing their minds. The very minute I had that receipt and knew the company crowd was beaten, mine changed. To go now would be like leaving a play at the end of the second act. No sir! I want my money's worth."

"So you foresee a happy ending?" That took him back to himself. For the settlers, act three, as she put it, might well be Utopian, but for himself he could see no very joyous outcome.

"Why not? As Dad would say, the rest is simple as shooting fish. With that extra water in Welcome

River, and the right to it exclusively yours, it's impossible for the company not to accept any terms you lay down."

"Yes, it could be worked out readily enough." But he said it wearily. "There wouldn't even need to be any State investigation, for there's ample water now for all hands. No need to drag Pennoyer in."

"But he doesn't know anything about it."

"Who?" A memory of what he had seen at the Horse Cave checked him there, and his spirits sank still further. Likely enough Pennoyer did not know about the crooked flowage report. But Failing did. And what of her and the manager? He had almost forgotten that.

"Crete." He sounded very far away. "Failing knows. He is in it all. Once . . . last summer, at the Horse Cave, I blundered on you . . . and him. I couldn't help hearing and seeing a little. I'm sorry. I couldn't understand. Crete . . . he paused, seeking words to express the hunger that was in him. . . you've awakened me as no one ever did before. . . and, Crete, I love you . . . desperately. No, don't speak . . . perhaps I should not, but give me a chance. I understand . . . at least I try to. I'm not going to ask you again. I know what you may have thought that time, up at the ranger cabin . . . but it's all over there. She never cared for me. . . God knows how well she showed it! I've come to think that kind—the pampered butterlies—don't know what love and loyalty are."

"He checked there, but his eyes showed his belief that the girl before him did understand these things as he would have them understood. 'Crete, you know I'm sincere . . . you know that this time I know.' She sat over so still on the step below him. Her head was low, now, and she was sobbing. But her heart was glad. She did know. 'If you really love someone else I'll . . . I'll never speak another word like this. If it's Failing . . . Then she saw, and the realization left her breathless. She wanted to cry out, to laugh. 'Shall I quit now, once and for all—just as I determined to do half an hour ago? That will make it easier for Failing.' He was relentless."

She turned her face up to him, then, her eyes starry through their tears. "No, no! Don't give up. Stay and make them do what's right."

"I'll be so proud." At that she broke down, burying her head in her arm, so that the next words, wrung from the very depths of her, were scarcely audible.

"I hate Jim Failing! It was just . . . just loneliness and . . . the bigness of him. I guess I was flattered and let him make love to me . . . a little. But that Sunday in the Cave . . . that was the only time . . . it ended there."

"You love someone else, then?" His voice was level, laden with torment.

"Yes . . . I love . . . someone else."

"Why, why was he so blind? The Bishop? In a flash the thought struck him. And why not? Where could there be a finer or a fitter man? Despite his heartache he was glad, or tried to be.

There was silence then, he looking out to the river with eyes that did not see, across the sturdy little shoulders and the golden dusty hair.

"I hope . . . I hope you'll stay . . . and help."

She said it carefully, as if she had thought out the words in advance, and dared not trust extemporizing.

He shook himself.

"I will." Worded that resolution seemed to lift a great weight from him. "I'll stay, if you will. Is it a bargain?"

He was standing before her now, holding out his hand. "Shake."

Crete, seeing the look of renewed resolve, gloried in it. There was sweetness in knowing that she had kindled it, at least, even if he could not comprehend what was in her heart. And her right hand clasped his, manfully, sealing their bargain.

"Mother of Moses!" he ejaculated wonderingly, more to himself than aloud, and retaining that small, strong brown hand. "What a girl you are . . . and what a stupid fool I've been."

Then the man's fingers tightened and this time the tears were in his eyes as he looked down at her. And the question he asked seemed to her extraordinary beyond understanding.

"Are you certain you love the Bishop?"

What did he mean? Her mystification was complete. Amazed, she stared at him, wordless. And her hand still lay in his.

"It was . . . it is . . ."

Crete never completed the sentence.

(The End)

MORE ABOUT

The Capitol

(Continued From Page One)

living, shut-downs in important industries for trivial reasons. Congress does not like to see 10,000 men in a plant quit work for an hour as a demonstration, for this means 10,000 hours, or 1,250 days—30 weeks. Thirty weeks in certain plants will represent 400 air planes and a fleet of tanks or a cargo carrier.

From Cabinet forge on the Montana-Idaho line to Ross dam on the Skagit river in Washington, and to Detroit on the Santiam river in Oregon, the latest power development for the northwest includes every potential site in the three states. Congress is requested to make an investigation and report in three months and then, assuming congress gives its blessing, the entire comprehensive program is to start building.

Every proposed dam and additional turbine suggested in the report is feasible, logical, and some day will be utilized, presumably with government money as the plan is intended to shove out of the picture any and all private utility companies in that region. There is a potential power development in practically every congressional district in Idaho, Oregon and Washington, a point which has not been overlooked in framing the recommendations.

There are very few new proposals in the power program. The same sites for dams, the possibilities of tucking in additional waterwheels in existing dams, etc., have all been used in other pronouncements from the federal power commission and the department of the interior. There has been a regrouping, but without exception each prospective kilowatt has been publicized in the past.

If but a part of the program should be sanctioned by congress it would require two or three years to attain a point where power would be generated. Dams require about two years to build; turbines from 12 to 18 months depending on size, if the even flow of business proceeds. War will lengthen the time. The matter of priorities is becoming more difficult with each passing month. Steel and concrete cannot be ordered like a sack of potatoes; the holder of a priority order stands in line, waits his turn. The water-wheel must be designed and built, and factories making turbines are now swamped with navy orders and with equipment for 100 merchant vessels now under contract. Labor is another element and becoming scarce. These power dams require hundreds of workmen who for some time will be more interested in war industries than in dam building.

In the national capital the power program looks nice on paper, but there are so many serious obstacles in the way that there is little belief expressed that it will materialize within 50 years or more. There is a possibility that some one or two dams may be authorized, up in northern Idaho and on the Skagit river, or even at Umatilla, but no wholesale authorization is anticipated. Besides, the president prefers that his own pet project, the St. Lawrence waterway, shall have the right-of-way.

"What . . . what do you mean?" Finally she could speak.

"Just what I say." The lines of his face were drawn. "You said you didn't love Failing . . . but that you loved someone else."

"Well?" It was the merest whisper. He failed to see the sudden dancing light which suffused the blue eyes, because they were lowered.

"It sort of came over me that it must be the Bishop . . . and . . . and I'm glad for your sake because . . . he's a very fine fellow."

He ended lamely, and tragically. "David," she was making not the slightest effort to disengage her hand, and the blue eyes wavered up to his, "it wasn't the Bishop."

The dusty-golden crown swayed nearer him.

"It was . . . it is . . ."

Crete never completed the sentence.

(The End)

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

(From The Bulletin, Feb. 21, 1927)
Bend's heaviest February precipitation in history fell this week. A three-day rain yielded 3.14 inches of moisture. Railroad lines in the Deschutes gorge were blocked by washouts. The Dalles California highway over Sand mountain was blocked by six feet of new snow.

J. D. Donovan returned from Portland by automobile last night, making the trip in eight hours.

The voice of President Calvin Coolidge will be heard in Bend tomorrow morning, providing the elaborate radio network prepared for the occasion functions.

Knights Templar living in Bend are to meet next week to organize a commandery. There are 18 Knights Templar here.

Bend will require about six more miles of sidewalks before city delivery of mail can be started here, C. W. Linebaugh, postal inspector, told city officials today.

W. W. Woodward, who is compiling a city directory, estimates that the present population of Bend is just under 6,000.

THIRTY YEARS AGO
(From The Bulletin, Feb. 21, 1917)

J. P. Keyes, who has been connected with the Scanlon, Gipson and Brooks interests for many years, has arrived in Bend to make his home.

D. E. Hunter, of Dayton, Ohio, has bought from the Bend Co. 55 acres of land lying across the Deschutes river from the power plant.

John Wolfert, of Powell Butte, reports he has located a fine flow of water on his ranch through the use of a water wheel.

More than 100 ranchers took part in a rabbit drive in the Culver community last Sunday. Some 900 rabbits were killed.

The Bend delegation to the irrigation congress left for Portland Sunday. Making the trip were A. O. Hunter, J. E. Sawhill, Clyde M. McKay, H. C. Ellis, H. J. Overturf, P. H. Denser, Vernon A. Forbes and C. C. Harrison.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
(From The Bulletin, Feb. 22, 1907)

A telegram was received Saturday from J. H. Overturf which announced that the bill introduced in the state legislature to create Deschutes county had been killed in committee.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Grant and son, Hazen, drove to Lava butte Wednesday. It was the first time they ever viewed that wonderful evidence of former volcanic action.

Miss Ruth Reid, of Bend, has been elected vice president of the Crook county educational union.

Willow creek, flowing through Madras, went on a rampage last week and roared into the steep canyon just below town like a mighty river.

The U. S. army quartermaster corps has introduced substitutes for 800 articles previously used.

British munitions makers use spider webs as hair-lines in gun sights and periscopes.

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Others Say . . .

CROCUSES, VIOLETS—POLITICIANS

(Eugene Register-Guard)

It is a sign that the happy days of May and the political primaries are coming to read that Hon. Earl Snell has at last made up his mind to oppose Governor Sprague for the Republican nomination in Oregon. The friends of Governor Sprague—among whom we take our stand without further quibbling—should be very glad that Mr. Snell has made this decision.

It has been quite a strain watching Mr. Snell in the process of making up his mind, although his dilemma has been entirely understandable. After two terms as secretary of state, Mr. Snell has reached the constitutional limit of continuous service in that office. He had several possible choices:

1. Graceful retirement till called to serve party, state or nation (the Cincinnati role).

2. Running for Congress in his home district east of the Cascades, but this meant facing the venerable and perennial Weeping Water Pledge.

3. Staking his political future on one grand gamble, betting his personal popularity against the Sprague record.

The chief complaint against Charlie Sprague (among those who call themselves Republicans) has been that Charlie is "not a good ball player" which means that he did not always consult those who thought they ought to be consulted in the handling out of jobs and the shaping of policies. The chief argument for him, Snell is that he is a political ball player par excellence—a sort of Joe Gordon of the Oregon circuit, whereas Sprague is more in the old Lou Gehrig style, consistent and faithful.

Mr. Snell has fashioned for himself a very shrewd platform which includes the usual number of plus promises—win the war, abolish unnecessary boards and commissions (especially the tax commission) and its Democratic member Mr. Galloway who revised Portland's tax ratios to conform to practice in the rest of the state, and the "rationing of taxes" (which at least sounds something like rationing tires and sugar).

The only real issue, of course, is whether Mr. Snell deserves to take over Governor Sprague's job and position as Oregon's Republican leader. It is the good hand-shaker, lodge joiner, professional friendly opportunist against the rather austere, unbending and sometimes inept, though always earnest citizen who ventured into politics a few years back when the so-called Republican party could find no other leader. Sure, Sprague isn't "popular"; his only political asset is the confidence he inspires.

Governor Sprague, as we see it, has earned the right to undivided support of the Republicans of Oregon. Snell has been a good official, but we feel that by his opportunism and self-seeking he has invited rebuke. If the Republicans abandon Sprague who gave them leadership when they needed it sorely they will deserve what they get.

British munitions makers use spider webs as hair-lines in gun sights and periscopes.

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