

THE BEND BULLETIN

and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS

The Bend Bulletin (weekly) 1909-1951 The Bend Bulletin (daily) est. 1916

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The Bend Bulletin, 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
FRANK H. LOGG—Advertising Manager

An Independent Newspaper standing for the square deal, clean business, clean politics and the best interests of Bend and Central Oregon.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail	By Carrier
One Year \$5.00	One Year \$7.00
Six Months \$3.00	Six Months \$4.00
Three Months \$1.50	Three Months \$2.00

All Subscriptions are due and PAYABLE IN ADVANCE
Please notify us promptly of any change of address, or of failure to receive the paper regularly.

THE O. L. C. C. AND PRICE CONTROL

Official reports of government agencies are more often than not extremely dry reading, but that of the Oregon Liquor Control commission for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1941, a copy of which has just been received, is anything but dry. No pun is intended here. The report is interestingly written on an important subject and, especially when read in conjunction with the previous annual publication, gives an excellent picture of the manner in which the state is handling the liquor question, gives a clear insight to the intelligent methods being followed in steering a safe course between the extremes of prohibition on the one hand and unlimited sale of intoxicants on the other.

The latest statement to the public makes pointed reference to the study made in 1940 of newspaper advertising in which the newspapers of the state gave valuable cooperation. The net result was to limit the type of sales appeal.

Control is progressing most satisfactorily, it may be deduced from comparative figures for the two periods. Consumption of spirits, as indicated by the sales reports, increased less than .6 of one per cent. Considering the factor of a growing population this would point to a static condition as far as per capita use is concerned. The same basis of comparison shows almost 6.2 per cent decrease in wine.

That the commission may have to face a very real problem is recognized as the new report notes that persistent demands from the legislature for more and more money for relief, plus increases in federal tax have "brought the retail price to a point where illegal manufacturing may be anticipated."

In the year covered by the report the commission made available for public assistance (relief) the sum of \$3,523,198.95. In the seven and one-half years up to June 30, 1941, the total turned over for relief was \$17,454,083.55. To meet last year demands in this period, the commission was forced to apply a 54 per cent mark-up to the cost of merchandise in the state warehouse.

In the previous report the commission had noted happily that illicit manufacture was to all intents and purposes wiped out. Now it is fearful that a law enforcement problem may be in the making.

This is something which the Oregon legislature will do well to recognize at its next session. Operations of the liquor control commission are naturally the source of considerable revenue. But that revenue has its limits of elasticity. Further mark-ups should not be forced if the commission is expected to continue to do the same fine job that it has been doing in the last two and one-half years.

The Central Oregon league of women voters writes to express its indignation at government delays in drafting material for defense needs, in defense production, in setting up new defense plants, in putting a ceiling on living cost, in moving and internment enemy aliens. On none of these matters can we take issue with the league.

The same letter urges government regulation of strikes and immediate curtailment of all government projects other than those needed for defense. We wish for the same things (for "projects" we would substitute "expenditures"), but we have no hope of any regulation that will regulate or of any curtailment that will decrease costs.

Among American cities having 10,000 or more population, one out of every five offers motorists the facilities of municipal parking lots, thus easing the demand for curb space, it is mentioned in the bulletin of the Public Administration Clearing House, which notes also that Bend is in the one out of five class.

We also have bicycle racks and hitching rings in Bend.

MORE ABOUT

The Capitol

(Continued From Page One)

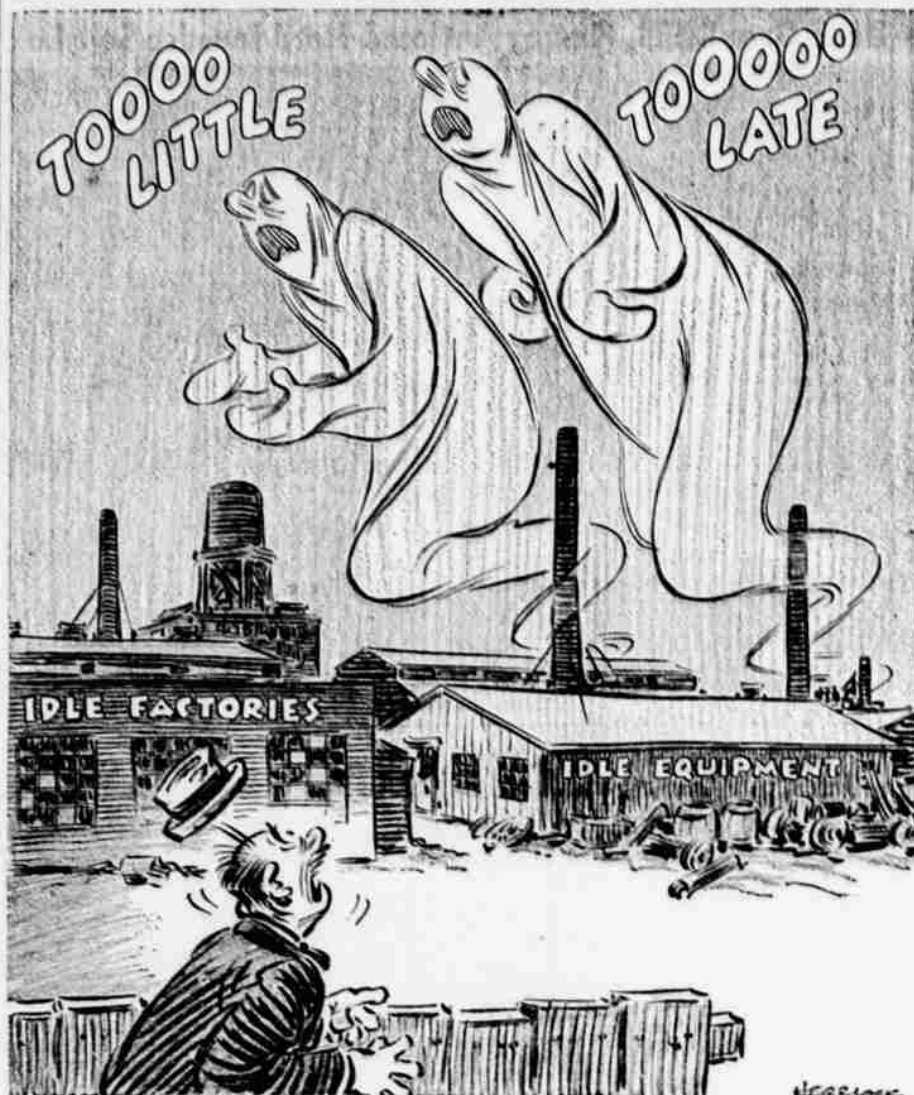
boys can obtain higher wages in industry.

There are scores of CCC camps ideally located in the forest areas of the northwest. They are boarded up, abandoned. Suggestion is being made that these camps be used by the troops. Each camp is equipped for 200 men at least, and an infantry company would find excellent accommodations in these barracks. According to all the strategists, if there is an invasion by Japanese the attempt will be made in the Pacific northwest. This being the assumption, detailing companies or troops to CCC camps would be ideal training; the soldiers would be taught the tactics and methods necessary in fighting over the very ground they may have to defend some time in the future. The high command has not given sanction to this practical method of defending the rough, hilly country of the forest sections.

Nor is the forestry service as keen as it could be, assert representatives from the northwest who have been here in the interest of fire protection. The foresters in the field are aware of the hazards, but some of the top hands in Washington, D. C., are unable to see that far west. Something may be accomplished to make the forest service more alert later.

We Buy CAST IRON
Clean Cast .\$.14 per ton
Avg. Cast .\$.12 per ton
Delivered To Our Shop
Bend Iron Works
Second and Scott Sts.

Haunted Houses



SERIAL STORY

KINGS ROW

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

NEA SERVICE, INC.

PARRIS OUGHT TO KNOW

CHAPTER XXIV

Dr. Gordon sat in his living room with a tray before him. He ate slowly, almost absently.

The door opened so slowly and so silently that he did not notice Louise's entrance.

"Father!" Louise spoke in a curious flat, colorless voice.

"What's the matter?"

"I—I heard about Drake McHugh."

"Um." The doctor turned his attention to his food.

"I stood it as long as I could, then I went down to the—railroad."

"You had no business there."

"You had just left. They had carried Drake away somewhere. An old man was cleaning up the depot room where—"

"That will do, Louise. It was most unbecoming of you to go about parading your feelings—whatever they happen to be."

"Father!" Louise stared stony-faced at Dr. Gordon.

"What do you want to say, Louise?"

The girl shook now so violently she could scarcely stand.

"You monster!"

"Louise!"

"You fiend!"

Dr. Gordon arose, laid his napkin on the table, and with the utmost deliberation struck her. She staggered and slumped to the floor. Very slowly she laid hold of a chair and struggled to her feet.

"I'll let the world know what you are, if it's the only thing I ever do in this world. Tomorrow—tomorrow—I'll tell everyone. I know what you are. I know all about you—and your operations."

Dr. Gordon took her by both arms. "You are going to bed—tonight."

"I will not—I—I'm going to tell."

"Louise."

"I will tell. I will tell. I will tell." Louise began a sort of singsong chant that rose suddenly to a shriek.

Dr. Gordon struck her again, a sharp, stinging slap that cut her screams short.

She shook her head slowly like a dazed animal. "I'll tell them—"

"Louise—this is enough of your willful tantrum now. If you persist, there is one thing I shall have to do—"

He waited. She stared at him, half listening, then suddenly alert.

"What?" she whispered.

"If you utter one more word of the kind of nonsense I've heard from you I shall—commit you to the insane asylum."

Louise backed away. "You wouldn't dare!"

"I have only to call Dr. Nolan on that telephone there in the hall, and have you in a cell—behind bars—in one hour. Now, can you get that through your head?"

stands what is being said. She backed toward the door.

For three days Randy scarcely slept. She felt that she dared not leave Drake. She knew that she had to be with him when he found out what had happened.

Her face was thin and white and harsh with the effort she made for control. She felt that she must not let herself go for an instant.

She must not even look in the direction of any release of her own grief. She was fearful that she might never gain control of herself again.

Randy set her foot on the first step, and paused. She stood for several minutes leaning her head against the door frame. It was then that the dreadful sound came from that upper room. Randy knew even in that terrifying instant that she would never forget the sound of Drake's voice. It was a hoarse scream—almost a yell in which there was horror, and pain, and something worse—sheer animal terror.

She tore up the narrow staircase and flung the door open.

"Drake!"

Drake's eyes were rolling and his face worked violently as if the very bone structure had been shattered. Randy saw with a sick horror that his hands were groping frantically under the blankets.

She almost leapt across the room and seized his hands. "Drake! Drake!"

"Randy—where—where's the rest of me?" His voice rose to a sharp wail.

"Hush, Drake. I'm here with you. You'll get well, now."

He held hard to her shoulders. Little by little he quieted.

"It was that accident?"

"Yes, Drake. But don't try to talk about it yet. You'll get well now."

His grasp loosened. She looked fearfully at him. He was quieter now. Very slowly he turned his face to the wall.

NEW! SMART!
• BEIGE SHOES FOR '42
Mermel's Shoes
937 Wall St. Phone 836

PAINT UP This Spring!

We will be glad to give you an estimate on painting or papering... one room or your whole house. Expert work!

GEORGE BARR
Phone 506

NEW WALLPAPER SAMPLES!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SOLDIERS YOU INVITED FOR DINNER? I NEVER HEARD OF HEALTHY YOUNG SOLDIERS PASSING UP HOME-COOKED FOOD!

THEY DIDN'T PASS IT UP!

WELL, THEY WEREN'T AT THE TABLE!

I KNOW! I ASKED THEM WHAT THEY MISSED THE MOST, BEING AWAY FROM HOME!

THEY SAID THEY WERE FED WELL IN CAMP BUT THAT ONE HOMEY TOUCH WAS MISSING IN ARMY LIFE!

WHAT DID THEY MEAN?

RAIDING THE ICE BOX!

By MERRILL BLOSSER

© 1942 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. U. S. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. 3-21

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

(From The Bulletin, March 21, 1927.)

A "gas war" flared forth in Bend today, with a two-cent drop in price.

Boys hunting jack rabbits found a 50-gallon still eight miles south-east of town Sunday. Over 450 gallons of mash were also found.

Bids for construction of concrete tennis courts at the high school have been called by the school board.

"Come on, now, and set down. How we going to fix it up, you reckon?"

She shook her head. She was not able to speak.

Suddenly blind with tears, she rushed to the front room. She closed the door behind her and leaned against it. She did not know what to do. She wanted to do something or say something.

For a moment she had a recollection of her old grandmother, her father's mother, sitting by the fire with the beads of the rosary moving one by one between her fingers.

But Randy could not pray. If there had been a power for good, for benevolence in the universe, it would have saved Drake from a senseless accident. No; she could not pray. Drake's world had turned its back on him. She used to look a little wistfully, a little yearningly at that world and wish she were in it, and of it. She recalled Drake's aunt, Mrs. Livingstone. She had seemed to Randy the very peak of elegance and charm. But what of all of those people who should have helped Drake when he needed it?

And now, her father, hard and knotty from years of hard work. Randy returned to the kitchen. They sat in silence for a time. Then Mr. Monaghan stood up.

"Now you listen to me, daughter."

"All right."

"I never said anything to you about Drake when he began coming around here. I—I just didn't know what to think. I feel awful bad that everything's turned out this way, but we got to take everything as it comes. Now, like I asked you a while ago, how we going to fix this up?"

"I guess I know what you mean. I'm going to marry Drake."

The old man looked searchingly at her. The underlid of his eyes sagged a little.

"Is that the way you want to do it?"

"I've got to convince him, some way. I'll think it out."

"Randy, you're a good girl."

"I'm just doing what I want to."

"Now look here. There is one thing. There's just me. So this house is yours, anyhow. I saved a little money. Ain't any of us going to starve."

"I'll think of something. First of all, I'm going to send a cable to Parris Mitchell. There's been enough of this foolishness."

"You ought to let Mitchell know, I think."

"I'm going to—right today."

Randy dressed again and went out. It was horribly cold, but she scarcely noticed it. She was excited, and terrified, too. How Drake could be managed was the real question. He'd be mad, no doubt, about letting Parris know, but she was certain that she should.

She wrote carefully, crossing out words, and finally rewrote the whole message. It was a succinct but full account of the loss of Drake's money, and the accident. She bit the eraser in the pencil for a moment or two, and added: "I must keep him with me somehow."

(To Be Continued)

menting the work of surveying and mapping, which will be the first step in the adjudication of the river's waters.

A carload of lumber is being shipped today from The Bend Company's mill to Montevideo, Minn.

Mrs. Seowell, the temperance lecturer, spent Sunday and Monday in Bend, delivering addresses that were heard by large audiences.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
(From The Bulletin, March 23, 1907.)

The precipitation in Bend since the first of the year has been 12.17 inches.

A few Bend people were caught by recent additions to the forest reserves. A number of home-steads, on which filing had been made, were thrown into the reserve.

Another large irrigation enterprise has been launched. Contracts have been entered into between the state land board and the Portland Irrigation company for the reclamation of a large tract of land near Paisley in Lake county.

Work undertaken by local Elks to secure a charter for local members of the lodge is progressing satisfactory, according to word received from district headquarters in Portland.

That one or more batteries of mountain howitzers be formed here is the proposal made by Philip H. Brooks, owner of the Pilot Butte Inn, who offers, if the plan is carried out, to give the benefit of his experience in training the batteries to a high point of efficiency.

THIRTY YEARS AGO
(From The Bulletin, March 20, 1912.)

R. C. Wygant, assistant state engineer, left Sunday for the upper reaches of the Deschutes, to make a preliminary examination of the river preparatory to com-

pleting the work of surveying and mapping, which will be the first step in the adjudication of the river's waters.

A carload of lumber is being shipped today from The Bend Company's mill to Montevideo, Minn.

Mrs. Seowell, the temperance lecturer, spent Sunday and Monday in Bend, delivering addresses that were heard by large audiences.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
(From The Bulletin, March 23, 1907.)

The precipitation in Bend since the first of the year has been 12.17 inches.

A few Bend people were caught by recent additions to the forest reserves. A number of home-steads, on which filing had been made, were thrown into the reserve.

Another large irrigation enterprise has been launched. Contracts have been entered into between the state land board and the Portland Irrigation company for the reclamation of a large tract of land near Paisley in Lake county.

Work undertaken by local Elks to secure a charter for local members of the lodge is progressing satisfactory, according to word received from district headquarters in Portland.

That one or more batteries of mountain howitzers be formed here is the proposal made by Philip H. Brooks, owner of the Pilot Butte Inn, who offers, if the plan is carried out, to give the benefit of his experience in training the batteries to a high point of efficiency.

THIRTY YEARS AGO
(From The Bulletin, March 20, 1912.)

R. C. Wygant, assistant state engineer, left Sunday for the upper reaches of the Deschutes, to make a preliminary examination of the river preparatory to com-

pleting the work of surveying and mapping, which will be the first step in the adjudication of the river's waters.

A carload of lumber is being shipped today from The Bend Company's mill to Montevideo, Minn.

Mrs. Seowell, the temperance lecturer, spent Sunday and Monday in Bend, delivering addresses that were heard by large audiences.

MacArthur 'Deserted'

Tokyo Radio Charges
Tokyo, March 21 (AP)—(Heard by United Press Listening Post in San Francisco)—Tokyo radio continued today its campaign of vilification against Gen. Douglas MacArthur who, it has charged, "deserted" his command in the Philippines for the "safer haven" of Australia. "In the warrior's code of Bushido," said the radio, "MacArthur is a traitor and should be executed without delay."

house is yours, anyhow. I saved a little money. Ain't any of us going to starve."

"I'll think of something. First of all, I'm going to send a cable to Parris Mitchell. There's been enough of this foolishness."

"You ought to let Mitchell know, I think."

"I'm going to—right today."

Randy dressed again and went out. It was horribly cold, but she scarcely noticed it. She was excited, and terrified, too. How Drake could be managed was the real question. He'd be mad, no doubt, about letting Parris know, but she was certain that she should.

She wrote carefully, crossing out words, and finally rewrote the whole message. It was a succinct but full account of the loss of Drake's money, and the accident. She bit the eraser in the pencil for a moment or two, and added: "I must keep him with me somehow."

(To Be Continued)

INSURANCE

Only a millionaire

can afford to be without insurance—and

HE WOULDN'T!

LUMBERMENS INSURANCE AGENCY

Phone 17 Bend, Ore.

MARCHING ALONG TOGETHER!



The Miller Lumber Company is marching right alongside of Uncle Sam. We are helping you keep Uncle Sam supplied with a nation full of modern, liveable homes. "Critical Materials" restrictions have a very limited effect on average home construction and remodeling. We have a large stock of supplies and can take care of your building and remodeling needs. Keep your home in good condition... never allow it to deteriorate. Make your home comfortable and secure and you'll be making your country strong.

We will be glad to give you free estimates on the cost of remodeling

The Miller Lumber Company

Phone 166

GENERAL REMODELING

- EXTRA ROOMS
- ROOFING
- FOUNDATIONS
- ADDITIONS
- GENERAL REPAIRS