

THE BEND BULLETIN

and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS

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CLEAN UP THE WILLAMETTE

Sometimes it takes a war to bring about desired reform and improvement and the present conflict is no exception to the rule. The particular reform to which attention is now called is the end of the use of the Willamette river as a sewer by the city of Corvallis.

You must understand, of course, that the reform has not already been accomplished. In spite of all that is wrong in the use of the river for the disposal of sewage and in spite of laws intended to end such use Corvallis, like most other communities on the Willamette, has hitherto failed to arrange other means for handling its sewage problem. Now, however, another community has been established on the river down stream from the college town and its officials are insisting that sewage dumping be stopped. Fortunately, these officials have both the power and the will to require action.

This new community, you will have guessed, is the just-activated Camp Adair which has, or will have, a population of 30,000. The water supply for Camp Adair comes from the Willamette and the camp authorities have demanded that the water be kept clean.

The Corvallis reply, as reported in the news, is that the camp supply will be quite all right if sufficiently chlorinated. The military men say that that may be so far as actual freedom from disease is concerned but that chlorine never did make sewage palatable.

A new sewage disposal plant for Corvallis will cost, it is said, some \$300,000. The city, we would argue, should accept the burden cheerfully. It is one of the favored communities of Oregon and as such has an obligation to accept civic responsibilities and to set a good example for the rest of the state. All Oregon contributes to the prosperity of Corvallis through support of O. S. C. and its student body. The cantonment that forces the river clean-up also offers current and continuing financial benefits. Except for such difficulties as may be created just now by the priorities situation there would seem to be never a better time to undertake this project.

Here in Bend we may view this sewage situation with special understanding because our own development has been based on non-use of the Deschutes river for sewer purposes. It would have been well had city planning in the Willamette valley followed the same rule. It did not do so and the time has now come to repair the damage. As up-river towns act there will be greater reason for and pressure on Portland to act, also.

We cannot help thinking that the good new world that is to be developed after war will not be quite as it should be unless the Willamette river again attracts the salmon as it once did and folks can swim in and drink its waters without fear of disease.

DISQUIETING REPORTS

Disquieting reports come out of Washington regarding the way things are being managed. President Roosevelt still insists on keeping every pair of reins in his own hands. Little as well as big questions are referred to him—and laid away for later decision. Inter-department quarrels develop and require settlement by him. Donald Nelson, cheered eight months ago as the man who would bring order in the war and production effort, has slipped so far that there is talk of another—unnamed—for his job while he, himself, realizing the spot he is on, announces that he is going to get tough.

Congress has virtually adjourned though serious problems call for legislative action. More important to the members of congress, it is agreed, is their desire for re-election and, therefore the call to postpone action on these problems until after November 3.

What form, as the public realizes conditions, will its protest take?

A press association correspondent in Britain (not the United Press that serves The Bulletin) writes of the training the American commando or ranger troops are getting over there saying "They have climbed 4000 foot mountains through forests never before penetrated by man." That, of course, is just plain eye-wash and creates doubt about everything else this man writes. You must get a long way from Britain before you will find forests of that description. The rangers are tough babies; no doubt about that, but why try to build them into something they are not?

LAWYERS FORM WAR CLASS Philadelphia (AP)—Twenty-four Philadelphia lawyers comprise a class taking a 400-hour course in machine-tool operation. The exponents of tort, mandamus and habeas corpus meet five nights a week from 3 p. m. to 11 p. m. All hope to help win their suit against Hitler, Inc., by finding jobs on the night shift of a war industry when they complete their training.

KEEP OREGON GREEN

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SERIAL STORY

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

BY RENE RYERSON MART

CHAPTER I
 "Letty, Tom's asked me to marry him."

Letty Fields stopped trying to get the freshly laundered, pink gingham dress over the head of the squirming baby on her knees, and looked anxiously at her younger sister.

"Are you going to?"

Enid Sharon kept her eyes on little Ann. What an adorable picture she was with her mop of red-gold curls, her apple-blossom skin, and her rosy fat little fists that were beating the air in time to some unheard symphony. Suddenly she leaned forward, lifted the half-dressed baby off her sister's lap, and snuggled her against her shoulder. The baby's cheek against hers was softer than the softest velvet.

Longing tightened around Enid's heart. She wanted this, a baby—a baby of her own to cuddle in her arms, a little house to keep bright and shining, a man of her own, and a woman's age-old right of helping that man to make a home.

She was so tired of the office, of the dry routine of typing letters eight hours a day, five and a half days a week. She had been in that same office now for six years. And she was on the same job she had started with: There was no chance for promotion for a girl in the complicated set-up of a great industrial plant office.

Enid sighed perplexedly. She wanted to get married. But would Tom Driscoll give her the kind of a marriage she dreamed of, or the kind of a marriage—that Letty had?

Letty, who was old-looking at 30. Letty who had three children when Phil's wages were only adequate for one. Letty who was always worried about bills and the insecurity of Phil's job. Letty who was lonelier with her husband than Enid was as a spinster. For Phil only came home at night to take off his shoes and prop his weary feet on the coffee table while he read and dozed.

Enid was thinking of this when she finally answered Letty's question. "I don't know, Letty. I don't know whether I'll marry him or not."

And then Letty unexpectedly rallied to a defense of marriage. "I wish you would, Enid. It isn't any kind of a life for a woman to live alone and work in an office all her life. I know how you feel. You're the last one at home and you think it's up to you to stay there and help now that Pop can't work any more. But it isn't fair. You're entitled to a life of your own the same as anyone."

Letty paused for breath and plunged on. "Go ahead, Enid, and marry Tom. There will be some way for Pop and Mom to manage. They own their home and don't have to pay rent. And it doesn't take much for them to eat. Maybe Tom would be willing to give some every week—and—" She paused, torn between warm generosity and an acute consciousness of the inadequacy of Phil's salary to meet even their own needs. "Phil and I will try to help a little," she finished bravely.

Enid reached over and took the pink dress out of Letty's hands

and slipped it over Ann's curly head. "Sit still, you wiggle-worm," she admonished, "until I get this buttoned. She bent and kissed the back of the moist fat little neck.

Letty, she reflected, meant well, but she hadn't been much help in solving her problem. And it was a problem that had to be answered soon. She and Tom had been going together for two years now, and he was getting impatient. He wanted to be married right away. He hadn't any money saved up, but that didn't bother him at all. He'd said that they could borrow money and buy their furniture and then pay it back month by month. He expected her to go on working for a while, until they got started.

But, Enid thought, what if something happened and she couldn't go on working? What if she had a baby right away as Letty had had? Tom was a salesman for a small manufacturing plant. He wasn't making any more money than Phil Fields was as a mechanic in the same shop. Try as she would, Enid couldn't see any future ahead for herself and Tom except one like Letty's and Phil's. Well—maybe, that as good as she could do.

She wasn't really pretty. Her skin was creamy and her fine straight hair was a honey blond shade, contrasting nicely with her brown eyes. But her face lacked animation, it was too quiet. And she was shy. She'd never had any boy friends except Tom. She'd met him at Letty's house. In fact it was Letty who'd engineered their first meeting and steered them into their first dates. And now it was Letty who was urging her to marry him.

Letty was still talking. "You're

the children. She was fond of the noisy little scamps. But tonight in her perplexed mood she found their exuberance distracting. She helped Letty cut up food for Eric and little Enid, and fed the gurgling one soup and apple-auce, and when at last the children were satisfied she found that her own appetite had fled. It was too hot to eat, anyway. She picked up the paper where Phil had left it.

The front page was filled with the usual news, traffic accidents at home and war bulletins from abroad. Listlessly Enid leafed through the inside pages, paused for a second glance at a man's picture. The face attracted her, long and thin with serious eyes and a ridiculous toothbrush mustache on the firm upper lip. He looked rather English, Enid thought.

She glanced below at the caption: "Dr. Henry Holliday will be one of the speakers on the opening program of the State Medical Association's 96th annual meeting, which begins Friday at the Neil House. Dr. Holliday recently returned from a year of research work at Johns Hopkins Hospital. He is the son of Dr. Henry Holliday, Sr., chief of staff at Wing Memorial Hospital here."

Enid recognized the last name as that of the city's leading surgeon. She stifled a sigh. Life must be fun for people like that, with money, position, an assured place in the world, and exciting work to do.

"We'd better get busy, Sis," she laid the paper down and bustled to her feet as Letty finished eating. "That is if you want any help with the dishes."

"Why—is Tom coming after you?" Letty asked hopefully.

"No, I'm walking over to my art class at the university from here. He'll pick me up there later."

Letty went to the front door with her when she left. She thought Enid looked especially nice in her crisp tailored linen suit. She'd like to have one like it. But clothes weren't the most important things in the world. Her thoughts came back to Enid's problem rather than her own as she watched her sister out of sight.

"She'd better marry Tom Driscoll while she can get him," she thought. Any kind of a marriage was better than no marriage for a woman. The trouble was, Letty reflected shrewdly, Enid had read too many high-falutin' books. Her ideas were too high for a poor girl.

(To Be Continued)

PEA CROPS HARVESTED

Redmond, Aug. 21—Pea and vetch crops are being harvested in the county, with large supplies of seed coming into the local warehouses, reports Ben Davidson, shipping point inspector. These two crops are being purchased largely by the AAA, necessitating the services of an official sampler.

MORE ABOUT The Capitol

(Continued From Page One)

There are two methods considered of distributing the civilian meat—allocation to retail dealers, now being carried on in most eastern states; and rationing meat to the consumer after the manner sugar is being rationed.

Principal shortage now is beef and pork. There is discussion of placing a ceiling on livestock, a subject which aroused acrimonious debate in congress when the office of price administration was being considered. Out of the west, from states such as Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana, come great herds of beef cattle and the owners joined hands in insisting on no ceiling. They won their point, but it is possible that a ceiling later may be imposed. In any event, the housewife will have difficulty in buying meat in the future.

With 28 members of the 435 on the floor of the house an attempt was made to amend the increased pay act so that soldiers would receive their \$50 immediately and their dependents be paid under the new law. Army and navy has requested that none of these increases or benefit payments be made until November and deny the elections had anything to do with their proposal. Of those who spoke for immediate payment, retroactive to June, were Rep. Martin F. Smith of Washington and Homer Angell of Oregon. A similar bill was defeated in the senate, the presiding officer making the tie and defeating the proposal; the vote was six to six, 12 senators out of 96. This is controversial legislation which was brought up despite a gentleman's agreement that no controversial subjects, requiring a quorum call, would be considered while congress is taking an unofficial recess.

Northwestern furniture manufacturers have been awarded large contracts for furnishing proposed dwelling units and the making of bunks. They won in competition with California concerns even on California war projects. Originally the supply department asked for hardwood, of which there is none in Oregon and Washington, but when the westerners explained that softwood is the only material in the far western region the specifications were changed and the major part of the equipment was assigned to Douglas fir and pine. Another matter the furniture people settled was the practice of having bids opened in the mid-west and delivery at that point.

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.)

LIKES EDITORIAL

Missoula, Mont. Aug. 17, 1942

To the Editor: I have just had an opportunity to read photostat copies of newspaper treatment of the Pinchot and Greeley letters representing various parts of the country and various degrees of editorial ability. Regardless of the merits of the two letters and the case at issue, you are certainly to be complimented for your editorial of July 29. You are one of the very few to see and to point out to your readers that both men may be right and that they are not talking about the same thing in the same way. You help your readers to understand, then let them form their own conclusions, the highest type of editorial function. Congratulations. Stay with that.

H. T. Gisborne

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THEN I'LL JUST SET THE ALARM FOR ONE HOUR LATER!

By MERRIL BLOSSER

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