

THE BEND BULLETIN

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AIRPORT: ASSET AND RESPONSIBILITY

Use of the Bend airport by a second civilian air training school, spoken of here last week as a possibility, became a certainty on Saturday and today the new classes began work. With the project thus assured we repeat the congratulations offered last week to those who cooperated to bring about this activity. They have made a definite contribution to the war effort and they have helped along the road toward full utilization of the city's new utility.

With this development new problems arise. Fortunately, funds for the expansion that is immediately necessary are available thus providing for one phase of the situation that might otherwise be difficult to manage.

Other problems include the question of further expansion and that of general management. As to the latter we urge strongly that the city commission create an advisory board or committee that will include in its personnel civic-minded citizens as well as flying club members. Such committee's first job, after seeing to the adoption of field management regulations, should be the study and preparation of a master plan for development of the field. Civil aeronautics authority officials, we are told, long ago recommended the preparation of such a plan.

With a plan approved by the CAA in hand the city will be in position to take such steps as may be possible to bring about further expansion. More runways will some day be needed. Other improvements may be required. Federal appropriations in which the city may share may become available.

Let everything needed and possible be done to develop and make the most of the city's airport.

A MISLEADING CIRCULAR

From an anonymous source in a plain envelope comes a printed folder carrying tables of comparative taxes and fees paid in Oregon by motor vehicles and steam railroads in 1940 and 1941. According to the tables railroads paid a total of \$2,633,700 in 1940 and in 1941, \$2,617,900 while motor vehicles paid \$15,356,400 and \$17,930,000. There are also shown for the two years taxes paid to the counties by the railroads and the sums paid them from the state highway fund. In 1940 total railroad taxes are shown as \$2,641,297.98 and the highway fund share as \$2,410,961.39. In 1941 the comparative figures are: taxes, \$2,594,565.56 and fund share, \$2,815,071.90.

Who put out this folder and why? Obviously this has been done by an interest adverse to the railroads. The presentation of figures showing that the railroad payments were only a fraction of those of the other named source is intended, clearly, to create prejudice against the railroads. The gesture is a cheap one, however, and should have a boomerang effect for the comparisons are meaningless.

Motor vehicles, as a class, are not in competition with the railroads. There is no more point in comparing the sums they pay in registration fees and gas tax with railroad ad valorem taxes than in comparing the fuel cost of a Bend mill and the price of hay. Certain types of motor vehicles do compete. If it is an interest connected with them that is putting out this comparison it should be clean and square about it. Also, an honest story should be told which this circular does not do when it asserts that railroads "pay no state property tax." Motor vehicles, of course, pay no state, county or any other property tax.

We have no brief for the railroads but when it comes to attempts to influence public opinion we like to see the work done in a clean manner with all the facts displayed and the truth told.

One of our editorial friends says that Kaiser is turning out Vichy ships. We'll bite. What is a Vichy ship?

MORE ABOUT The Capitol

(Continued From Page One)

sub that was the target of an army plane off the Oregon coast.

How many Japanese submarines have been browsing off the west coast, to the knowledge of the army or navy, is a military secret, but the general public has been advised of four (one off California, two off Oregon and one off Vancouver Island) and the public has also been told of submarines which have sunk at least two ships off the strait of Juan de Fuca and of a British flag merchantman which limped into Vancouver, B. C., after an encounter with an enemy underwater craft. In the Alaskan and Aleutian waters the enemy has operated these boats but with what success—if any—is also a military secret. So far as known, only one submarine has been shot at in the northwest and that was the hydroplane carrying craft that was bombed near Brookings with no known results. The submarine that shot at a radio station at Estevan point and the one that attempted to shell Fort Stevens disappeared without even a 22 bullet being fired at them.

The Japanese aviator over the Siskiyou national forest settled once for all the contention of senators and representatives of the northwest that the enemy will seek to destroy the forests with incendiary bombs. It has happened once and will, it is believed, be repeated. Eastern congressmen regarded the forests of the Pacific northwest as something as remote as China and were loath to appropriate a few million dollars for fire protection. This attitude may now change.

With \$3,000,000 advanced by a government agency a midwest

citizen has left for Alaska to get out spruce. To loggers and timbermen he has met he admitted that he came from a flat country where there are no trees and that he knows nothing of the business, but expects to build up an organization when he arrives in Alaska. Among other items of equipment which he says he has is a 62-ton yarder, which would be about the right size for Paul Bunyon. Owing to the rainy season, this midwesterner may not be able to snake out the trees before late next spring. Although the Pacific northwest is saturated with experienced loggers, they have been passed over and the job has been placed in the hands of a tyro. The \$3,000,000 would more than solve the spruce situation for several dozen camps in Washington and Oregon by making possible the construction of roads into the woods.

Submitted to the federal maritime commission, the bureau of ships and other agencies is an invention to rid the hulls of vessels of barnacles, the proposal coming from a northwest attorney representing a client. The invention consists of a composition which is spread on the hulls, like paint and it will, it is asserted, last for several years. Experimental costs of the preparation have been used on vessels out of Puget sound, Columbia river and Coos bay and the shipmasters assert that the paint does the work. Maritime commission and the shipping bureau show immediate interest and have instructed representatives to contact shipmasters familiar with the paint. No device has heretofore been discovered that would eradicate barnacles.

Dr. Grant Skinner
DENTIST
1036 Wall Street
Evenings by Appointment
Office Phone 72 Res. Phone 194-M

In the Nick of Time



SERIAL STORY OF BRIGHTNESS GONE

BY HOLLY WATTERSON

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The Story: Peter Frazier is in the unhappy situation of being in love with Candace Bech, who is engaged to Martin Corby. Peter's roommate in medical school, she and Peter have been raised together, for Belle, the second wife of Peter's father, is an aunt of the orphaned Candace. Peter has returned from a summer's hospital job to find Candace entered in nurse's training, his father almost penniless and separated from Belle, who has refused to turn over their country house to her husband to satisfy creditors.

THREE'S A CROWD CHAPTER X

Early in the summer Peter had promised himself that his first act for the fall would be to get himself a single room. It would be more expensive, but there was no reason then to think that his allowance would not cover it.

The other arrangement had been on the whole pleasant enough; besides Martin, he had shared a large double room and alcove with two freshmen, Bill Ward and Chip Davis. Davis had come equipped with a portable radio, though, and it appeared to be constitutionally impossible for either himself or Ward to read or study without its ceaseless blating.

He had had another reason, only half-admitted to himself, for wanting to make a change: in June at Tuckaways he had felt that he would have given anything to be able to erase his original mistake in having brought about a meeting between Candace and Martin; he did not intend that they should be thrown together again through him. And if he continued to live with Martin that would be almost unavoidable.

All that had now been changed. Rather than increased, expenses would have to be pared down to a minimum, for one thing. And for another, he meant to stick closer to Martin than a brother.

He was quite grim about the latter. It was the one certain way under the circumstances, he felt sure, of insuring frequent glimpses of Candace and, too, it would enable him to keep an eye on the way Martin was treating her.

But he was due for some bad times because of the arrangement, he knew that. Having to congratulate Martin had been tough enough. He had been afraid that

he might not get through it decently, that he might somehow slip and Martin would realize the true state of things. But Martin was too wrapped up in himself at the moment, too far gone in a delirium of rosy dreams to have noticed anything.

Having to see them together, however, was something else again. He most dreaded the first occasion. He spent hours speculating on the best way to carry it off, whether to be out when she was expected and casually walk in later, whether to be there in the first place, or what. It turned out to be easier than he'd dared hope.

They were all there, including Chip Wilson and Bill Ward and the landlady, Mrs. Prosser, who was very particular about what went on in her house and who must of course be introduced. And they were all charmed. They made a party of it. The boys went out and got wood and made a fire in the fireplace and Mrs. Prosser sent up hot cocoa and a drink for each. Candace sat there looking all that was lovely and beautiful, she was delighted and delighted, and the boys were willing jesters and everyone was very gay.

During the week Martin, whenever possible, would go over to New Jersey to Candace, but on her day off she usually came to Manhattan. Occasionally they managed a movie, but for the most part they sat in the alcove and just talked. The two younger boys were frequently away, but Peter, in spite of hints from Martin, refused to absent himself. He would sit in the other room, honestly trying to lose himself in his books; and all the time he would be achingly conscious of the whispered conversations in which he could have no part. Or of the sudden pregnant silences that were even more difficult to bear.

One evening when they came in Peter thought Candace acted worried. She seemed to be wanting a chance to talk with him; she loitered about the desk where he sat, picking up and idly looking at the titles of his books, and when Martin tried to lure her away her tone when she answered him sounded slightly sharp.

The old camera d'erie of the brother and sister relationship again existed between Candace and himself. He asked now,

adopting the old familiar tone of railleury, "Just what weighty problem is on your mind this moment?"

Candace started. The frown-lines disappeared from her forehead and she saw she made a deliberate effort to smile. "Nothing," she said.

Martin grinned at her. "If anything, I'd say indignation, probably. We ate at the Greasy Vest." She said, "Sir, you jest. My digestion is such that it could take care of a grand piano, swallowed whole." But she sounded absent-minded, her thoughts obviously weren't with Martin. After an instant she said to Peter, trying to make it sound very casual, "When did you last see your father, Peter?"

So that's it, Peter thought. She guesses about Dad—or she knows. He leaned back in his chair, draping a leg comfortably over its arm, and drew with elaborate concern on his pipe. "Oh, one day last week. When did you?"

She said seriously, "Not since the day I told you about, when he stopped off at the hospital. I haven't been able to get him on the phone, either. I've phoned him several times when I've been in town during the day and his secretary would always tell me that he was busy, or away, or something." She apparently decided to plunge. "I phoned again today. A strange man answered who said he represented receivers or something, Peter, there's something very wrong, isn't there?" "I am afraid so," he admitted.

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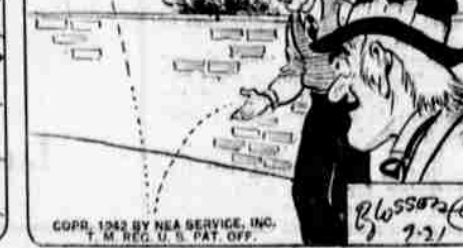
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quietly. "Dad is, at least temporarily, busted."

Martin looked shocked and sorry. "That's tough lines, Pete."

"For him, sure," Peter said. "But he'll come through all right." Candace realized from his manner that Peter didn't want to talk about it; she asked only, "How can I help?"

Peter smiled. He said cheerfully, "By working hard, and by being a good girl so that you won't be a worry on his mind."

She started for home soon afterward. The brownstone where the boys roomed was on West 15th street and the understanding was always that Martin would put her on the Tube at West Ninth street and she would take a taxi when she got off the train at the other end. When he came back from the walk Martin was looking very thoughtful.

"Do you suppose this will make any difference with the Good Samaritan appointment, Pete?" he ventured finally.

Peter was annoyed. He said testily, "I don't see why it should, do you?"

Martin looked surprised at his tone. He said reasonably, "Well, it was such a cinch before. All your dad had to do was to put in a good word with old Hartshorne and you were all set."

"There's nothing to stop him doing it now," Peter said. "If I wanted to work that way, I don't. Where the hell'd you get the idea I'd use my father's connections to get me an appointment, anyway?"

Martin was annoyed in his turn. "You don't have to jump down my throat when I ask you a civil question." What he felt to be Peter's superior attitude irked him. "A guy who has a liveried chauffeur toting him around in a Cadillac can afford to look down his nose at the bird who has to fight for a seat in the subway, too," he said, "but you must admit that there aren't many who can afford such a luxury. There are lots more of us who have to fight."

"As for me," he added, "I've had to fight for everything I ever got. I can't afford to be squeamish. I go out to win, and I fight with no holds barred—"

(To Be Continued)

Others Say . . .

THE RUBBER REPORT

(The Dallas Chronicle)

The public will accept the sacrifices recommended in the Baruch report, because people have confidence in the men on this committee. When they say that the nation is facing a critical shortage of rubber and that rigid conservation is mandatory, there can be no argument.

The trouble before was that every new dealer was making public statements on the rubber situation—and no two opinions agreed. Even the president was at fault, for he remarked optimistically that he did not think that the rubber situation was as bad as it had been painted.

At that time there was much public criticism of administration leaders—particularly directed at Jesse Jones—for not heeding the storm warnings. Rubber stockpiles were inadequate, and until Pearl Harbor no attempt had been made by the government to encourage the development of a synthetic rubber industry. Administration leaders, notoriously thin-skinned when public censure is concerned, attempted to defend themselves and, instead, only "got in worse."

It was to end this controversy and get the facts, no matter how unpleasant they might be, that President Roosevelt finally appointed the Baruch committee. The committee, incidentally, pulled no punches in its report. The administration is criticized severely for failure to take advantage of Russia's offer to teach us her methods of producing synthetic rubber. This neglect set our own industry back many months, and

the committee asserts that we still should accept all the information Russia will proffer.

While Washington—including the president—must take a large part of the blame for our present rubber plight, that does not undo harm already done. The course to follow now is one of realistic rubber conservation, no matter how much it hurts, until our synthetic production reaches a level where all military requirements are met, with some left over for non-essential civilians.

FIRE IS CHECKED

Portland, Sept. 21 (AP)—A slash fire in central Tillamook county that was feared to be running wild last night was reported today as "nearly under control," according to C. C. Scott, secretary of the Northwest Oregon Forest Protective association.

PROTECT WHAT YOU HAVE

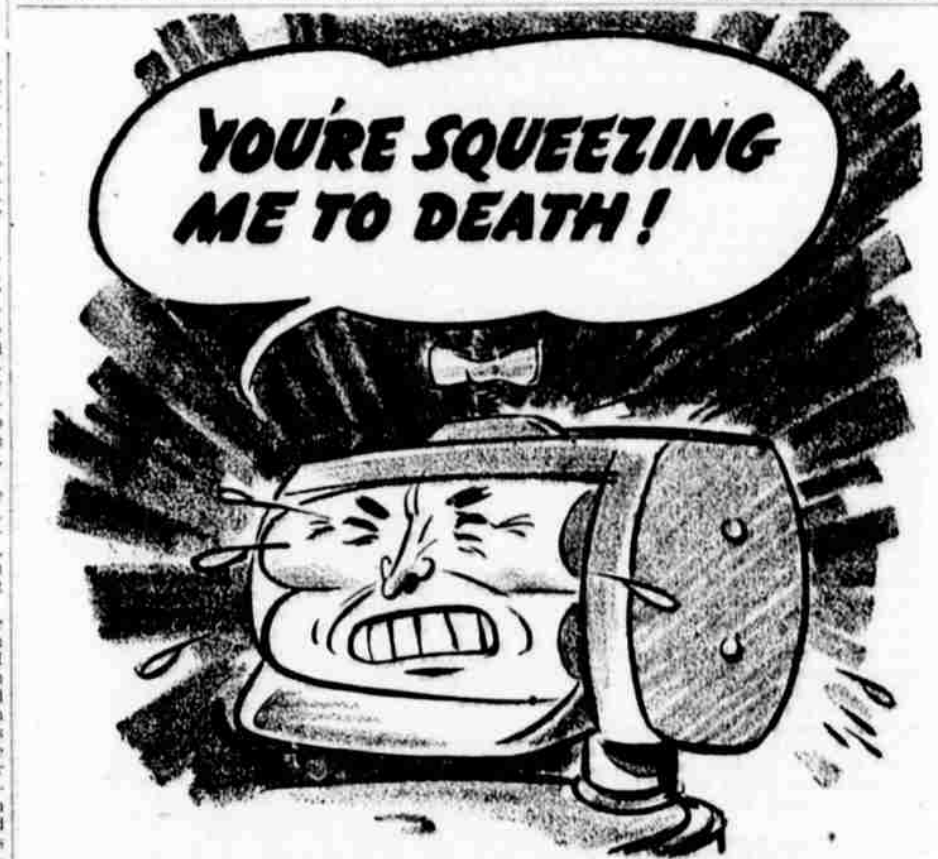
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By MERRIL BLOSSER

9-21