

THE BEND BULLETIN

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and the Best Interests of Bend and Central Oregon

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ANOTHER ALASKA HIGHWAY

Had it been a time of peace when the route of the Alaska military highway was selected in the spring of 1942 there would have been considerable commotion. To a good many acquainted with the facts it appeared that considerations other than speed of construction, cost, ease of maintenance and accessibility for defense purposes carried the day. In particular the fact that certain airfields would be reached by the favored route carried much weight. Whatever the facts, however, no one was disposed to make much of any fuss over the selection. The prime thought was to get a road built that would serve Alaska defense needs and the job was done.

Now, with that road finished and in use west coast highway leaders have begun to call attention to the route that was passed over when the selection was made. This is further to the west, 517 miles in length, and runs from Prince George, in British Columbia, to a connection with the military highway at Watson Lake near the Alaska boundary.

Hitherto, of course, there have been close commercial relations existing between Alaska and the west coast. The war and the airplane have transferred some of Alaska's business further east but military supply bases on the west coast still serve this defense outpost and a glance at the map shows the importance the proposed new route would have over the other just-finished road in land transport to the northern territory.

The estimated cost of the new route is \$18,000,000. British Columbia has authorized the expenditure of one-third of this sum and the Dominion of Canada is to be asked for another third with the balance coming from the United States. West coast interests should unite in the effort to secure the federal appropriation and to get the road built.

GRATEFUL FOR HOSPITALITY

Having reported the criticism of local hospitality voiced by Camp White soldiers we want to tell you about letters received by Mrs. W. M. Bevins, of 716 Harriman street, from Camp Adair soldiers here on the maneuver. Learning that many soldiers were in town with no place to sleep Mrs. Bevins, through the USO, offered to take in a number. Altogether she took in 11 and some of her guests had to sleep on the floor but they recognized her true spirit of hospitality and have written letters of thanks that she prizes highly.

One soldier wrote, "Your hospitality was not only so gracious, but also so welcome. . . it was like home." And, "It meant more to me than anything I have done or had done for me since I first came into the army." And another said in his letter, "I am a thankful soldier in search of words to write a letter befitting your gracious hospitality. Your thoughtfulness and kindness were a dream come true. I assure you that I shall always remember your hospitality."

The Bevins home was not the only one in Bend where soldiers were entertained. And we venture that for the few Camp White grumblers there were scores of appreciative guests whose sentiments are like those expressed in the letters from which these extracts have been made.

ASKED AND ANSWERED

This came over the news wire:
New York, Sept. 20 (UP)—Smartering under the weight of constant criticism, the regional office of price administration said today in its house organ:

"Our forefathers did without sugar until the 13th century, without coal fires until the 14th century, without buttered bread until the 15th century, without potatoes until the 16th, without coffee, tea and soap until the 17th, without pudding until the 18th, without gas, matches and electricity until the 19th, without canned goods until the 20th, and we have had automobiles for only a few years. . .

"Now, what was it you were complaining about?"
Glad you asked the question. What we were complaining about was not the lack of coal, butter, potatoes, coffee, tea, soap, pudding, gas, matches, electricity or canned goods. It was:

- (1) The waste of paper involved in the publication of a house organ by OPA, and
- (2) OPA's belief that we can get along without milk, something that those forefathers it mentions never did get along without.

Richardson

Richardson, Sept. 21 (Special)—Sel Thomas has purchased the J. F. Wolf ranch and moved in over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Rollie Owens made a business trip to Roseburg last week-end. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Heater.

Mrs. Leslie Kribs and son, Cecil, spent Friday with Mrs. Walter Prichard.

Eugene Bowlesby of Portland visited his sister, Mrs. Fred Davis and family, for a few days last week.

Mrs. Stanley Mayben and family made a recent trip to Lowell, Ore., where they visited relatives and returned with canning fruit.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Eskman called on the Petro-Klobas family last Tuesday evening.

Bill Fifer of Redmond and Mrs. Marion Dubis were Sunday dinner

guests at the Walter Prichard home, the occasion being Mr. Fifer's birthday.

Mrs. Eugene Ackley called at the Edith Beach home Monday afternoon.

Miss Jeanne Dubis left Thursday for her home in Salem, where she teaches school, after spending a week visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter Prichard.

J. F. Wolf is seriously ill in St. Charles hospital.

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

(From The Bulletin, Sept. 21, 1928)

A petition for a new Bend charter will come before the city council at its next meeting.

The honor of being the first woman to get a deer in the Bend country goes to Mrs. J. W. McDonald of Brooks-Scanlon camp No. 1.

C. S. Hudson, former president of the First National bank of Bend, has purchased the Litchfield avocado ranch at Carlsbad, Calif.

The heroic action of Don Williams, office manager of the Union Oil Co., prevented a disastrous fire when he drove a flaming truck from the company's yards in Bend.

R. J. McKinney has been elected commander of Bend's American Legion post.

Twenty-five years ago

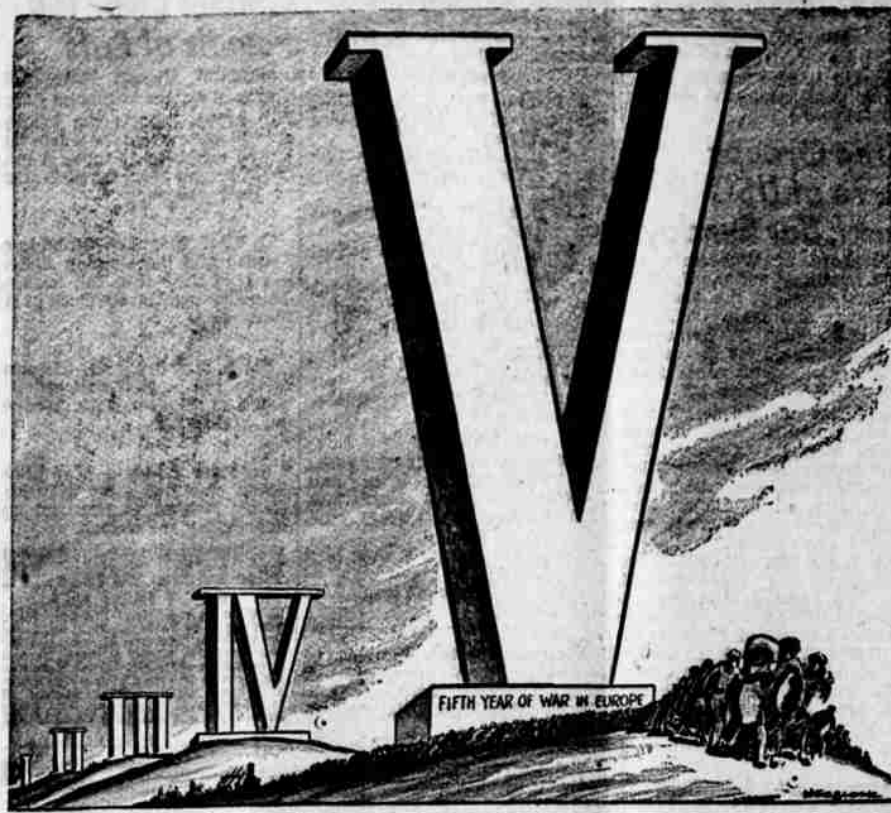
(From The Bulletin, Sept. 21, 1913)

British troops have reached new points near the old Hindenburg line.

Senator James Hamilton Lewis, in an address, declares that Germany's war spirit has been broken.

A new road into East lake to connect with the China Hat road has been proposed by the forest service.

Omen



UNLOCKING ADVENTURE

By Charles Courtney

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CHAPTER XX

For the next few days, we stayed on deck while the divers worked into the hull. Then we went down to attack the first bulkhead, accompanied by several other divers to keep our lines clear. We were using a new method to drop off the armor plates. Where water had seeped in around the rivet heads and rusted them, we broke them off with pneumatic chisels, then pushed the rivets out with a pneumatic hammer. When the plates didn't fall clear of the wreckage, they were dropped to the bottom by the grab. The progress was slow, as we reckon work on land, but every day the hammer came nearer to the gold.

On Easter Sunday the wind was raw, and I suspected that the treacherous crosscurrents were making hell for the men below. By night the wind had risen to a gale and the captain's face was as angry as the sea. There was nothing for it but to run to Stromness harbor.

We were not encouraged to go ashore. Those four days cooped up on the idle ship, listening to the wind and watching the whitecaps foaming on the savage black waves that rushed the harbor, were enough to wear down any man's nerves. I remember how Weissfelt snapped at the first mate when he said that the North sea could be as calm and beautiful as the Mediterranean.

Chiefly we talked about the Hampshire, not about our hopes for the gold—they were too intense for comfort—but about the fate of the cruiser and the men aboard. The long controversy about the manner of the sinking we fought again. Was the cruiser destroyed by a U-boat as the Admiralty had reported or by a mine? How it happened that the war minister of England and her greatest hero, not to mention the Bank of England's \$10,000,000 in gold, had been risked in the North sea without certainty of a clear channel was a matter of endless speculation.

The next day we chugged out of the harbor in the face of a dying wind. Costello and Mansfield went down, although the crosscurrents were so strong that they had to crawl. In a few moments they pulled the signal rope. They didn't even wait to telephone.

That evening in the captain's cabin, we held a consultation. The whole ship was buried anew in sand, they told us, and it would take weeks to clear another opening. Again the divers made their way toward the captain's cabin, where we figured the gold to be. For seventeen days they worked, going down twice and sometimes three times a day in weather that was often so foul that they were risking their lives every time they went over the rail. The deck above the captain's cabin was dragged away by grabs, powerful ones that could lift fifty tons.

On the next trip I went down with Costello and Mansfield to open what we believed was the door to the gold. It was a still, bright Sunday morning, and perfect day, and we descended immediately after church, with the prayer still on our lips. Climbing over the wreckage, we unceremoniously pulled the bolt, attached the hoist-chain tackle to the airtight door, and slowly pulled it open. There in the sealed room were two perfectly preserved officers staring at us. The water flowed in gently and the countercurrent lifted the officers from their chairs and swept them past us. Reaching out my hook, I caught a hand. It came loose from the arm and I was left holding it while the rest of the officer floated by. On one of the fingers was a gold signet ring. I dropped it into my bag,

thinking it would identify him, and threw away the ghostly hand. Glancing around for Mansfield and Costello in the dim flame of the submarine lamp, I saw that they were making for the door. Mansfield I heard calling for the emergency stage. When we reached the surface, we were all three so shaky that we couldn't stand.

"I thought they were chasing us," muttered Costello, taking a long swig of whiskey.

The next day we were so jittery that we didn't go down, but lay in our bunks steady our nerves with Scotch. Weissfelt and a German diver, Gruber, put on the armor to bring up the papers from the captain's cabin. Gruber was a good diver, but a gloomy soul and not afraid to express himself. They had not been down 20 minutes when he called the emergency. The two officers were floating about in the ship, pursuing them. It was fully a week before we were at normal work again.

We found the safes not in the captain's cabin, but in the little anteroom beyond, six enormous strongboxes and a smaller one that was evidently the ship's own chest. The grabs could not reach these strongboxes without dynamiting, so they had to be opened where they were. I began on the smallest one, working for three days to cut the bar that engaged the lock. When the door gave, Weissfelt and Costello pressed forward so eagerly that the floodlights were too near to give a proper light. I raised my right hand to say O. K. and stepped back. The light fell on rows of splintered boxes disgorging gold coins dull and green with tarnish.

(To Be Continued)

War Briefs ---

(By United Press)

Italy—Fifth army captures Eboli, anchor of German defenses southeast of Salerno, and drives toward Naples plain.

Mediterranean—French and Italian troops seize Ajaccio, capital of Corsica, drive Germans back; British take Dodecanese island of Cos (Kos) and establish air base within easy range of Balkans.

Europe—American Marauder medium bombers attack Beauvais air field in France, other raiders strike across channel as offensive picks up weight.

Russia—Red army drives Germans back within 10 miles of White Russia, 15 miles from Dnieper bend, 27 from Kiev and 20 from Smolensk, undermining all Nazi defenses east of Dnieper river.

Pacific—Flying Fortresses and Liberators drop 94 tons of bombs on Cape Gloucester, New Britain, on road to Rabaul, leaving fires visible 70 miles.

What have you done for free-dom today? You've done your bit, now do your best—buy a bond.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



MORE ABOUT

The Capitol

(Continued From Page One)

Formerly hops were imported from Germany, from Russia and from England, but these sources of supply have been cut off and the brewers now depend upon the hops of Oregon and Washington and the few yards in California. Hop growers have the world by the tail. A 2,000-bale yard is not a large yard, but this year the crop is worth \$200,000. There are many 1,000-bale yards and each is bringing in better than \$100,000. Because of the ceiling of 64 cents the pickers are doing "dirty" picking, which means they are not careful of picking leaves and stems along with the hops. A "clean" pick has warranted a slight premium in the old days, but now clean or dirty makes no difference—the price is 64 cents. The brewers howl but take the hops, stem, leaves and all. A very small quantity of hops is used in beer making, about eight ounces to a barrel, since people prefer light to dark beer.

Pickers have been making from \$4 to \$14 a day, depending on their adaptability, with everything counting (leaves and stems). There is no withholding tax on the hop picker's pay. This comes under the head of agricultural labor. In every yard are men employed to take down the wires and get the hops to the drier. This is essential labor and there is a fixed rate of pay. However, yard owners report that these laborers, seeing that the pickers are making far more money than they are, quit as laborers and start picking. To maintain this labor force the growers have had to increase the pay of the hop yard labor.

Officials in the department of agriculture predict that the beer famine will become worse before there is an improvement. Brewers, confronted with increased cost in hop prices, proposed that they increase their prices but government emphatically declared that beer must not go above 10 cents a glass. Brewers suggested 15 cents or two for 25. In the north-west beer is rationed by the brewers to the retail trade and there are brewers who make an allotment of only 10 per cent of a customer's normal supply.

Best guessers around here are confident Roosevelt will be a candidate for re-election, regardless of whether or not the war is still on, come 1944. A year ago these same guessers were of the opinion the president would not seek election again, should peace come prior to the summer of 1944. However, they have changed their minds. It is now thought Roosevelt will want to sit in as the No. 1 man at the peace conference, which will take many months to work out after the last shot has been fired. There are still a few big-wigs who harbor the idea that the war will fold up within the next 12 months, but these beautiful thoughts are very much in the minority. Some high army minds believe Germany may crack up before the next 12 months roll by, but they firmly believe it will take much longer than that to clean up Japan. When Italy folded up it added more logic to the predictions for an earlier end to the war than had been expected. However, Italy's crack-up and recent surrender was no surprise to the high command, who knew it would come several weeks before it actually happened.

Instead of standing off and scolding because the forest service goes ahead with its acquisition program, state and counties should press forward with the state forest program which can be made to avert so much federalization. And the lumbermen, who are fearful of federal control over all forests, should speed up private conservation and cooperation with counties and the state. Where nothing is done, the forest service will take over by default.

Abbot Diary

Following is another installment of the first publication of the diary of Henry Lacour Abbot, topographic engineer, who as a member of the Pacific survey party, visited the Deschutes country in 1855. On this date in 1855, the engineers were in the country to the north.

Sept. 21, Friday, 1855

Passed over a rolling country to Millican Creek. Visited warm spring 145 degree Fah. Bubbles out of rock in many places for 15 or 20 feet. Deposits a salt. Cooked snakes etc. Level prairie between divide of Willow Springs Cascade R. & the ridge on which we travel. I think W (am) C (huck) heads in Mt. Hood. An Indian confirmed this opinion. We strike the 3 plain level at W (am) C (huck) River. Went to Shittrach Creek and camped with good water & grass.

Editor's note: The warm spring was on Warm Springs river. Shittrach creek was Shitike creek.

Buy United States War Bonds!

BONDS OVER AMERICA

For years our government has worked to improve conditions for our citizens everywhere. Bonneville Dam in Oregon is one of hundreds of projects erected for our benefit.

Bonneville Dam



Keep in Step
Buy War Bonds

In Russia the Soviets with the help of American Engineers harnessed the waters of the Dnieper River. Hitler's Huns marched in and the Russians destroyed their greatest work of this generation.

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.

Washington, D. C.
September 17, 1943.

LIKES PAPER

To the Editor:
I have received the Camp Abbot edition of the Bend Bulletin published on September 1st for the dedication of Camp Abbot. Your edition was most interesting and I am convinced that the people of Bend are backing the social activities of the camp and will do all that is possible to make the soldiers stationed there feel welcome in the town of Bend. Thank you for your consideration.
—Lowell Stockman, M. C.

Forest Grove, Ore.
September 17, 1943.

FROM FOREST GROVE

To the Editor:
This is probably too late for the contest as to the correct word for the word mentioned in the Abbot diary, but I couldn't resist adding my guess. To me the word is very plainly "Danish Ford." For whom it was named has not been explained, but in studying the formation of the letters and comparing them with other specimens of

his writing, it looks the most reasonable to me.

Fords at that time were as welcome as an oasis in the desert to the thirsty Arab, and he would not be likely to be profane about it, or if he had he would have said "the damned ford" and not capitalized the name of the ford. Isn't that reasonable?
—Dorothy H. Seymour.

Hosts to Attend Special Classes

John Newby, captain of the USO host group in Bend, today announced that a leadership training course for the men volunteers will be held in room 204 of the high school Thursday and Friday nights, from 8:30 to 9:30. All 105 members of the present host group, and all men interested in volunteering their services for the future are urged to attend the sessions.

Harry O'Grady, USO director, will speak on the "Psychology of the Modern Soldier," explaining the hosts' approach to the many problems which occur while they are acting as "buddies" to the service men away from home. Newby and N. O. Anderson, host adjutant, will present dramatizations of their, and other members' experiences on duty as hosts in Bend's two USO clubs.

WARNING

If you have not selected
the proof of your baby's
picture for the contest . . .
HURRY!

SAT., SEPT. 25
IS THE LAST DAY!

We took hundreds of babies' pictures for the contest and a great many have not yet called to see the proofs and select the picture to enter in the contest. Saturday is your last chance. DO IT NOW!

EVERGREEN STUDIO

PORTRAITS OF DISTINCTION
Next to USO

By MERRILL BLOSSER



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of Your Eyes!

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