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WHAT THE COLUMBIA AUTHORITY BILL MEANS Recognizing the scarcely-hidden threat of federal blanketing of state and local rights and functions which is contained in the Columbia river authority bill, the Oregon senate has directed a memorial to congress opposing the measure.

We have spoken in this column of various features of this Columbia authority bill, which we consider dangerous as well as unnecessary, but now are able to present a detailed exposition of the proposal. It is an editorial published in yesterday's Oregonian and it covers the subject rather fully. The Oregonian says:

The memorial voted by the Oregon senate opposing the Columbia River authority bill submitted to congress by Senator Mitchell of the state of Washington is directed at a ponderous document of seventy-five pages and of about 18,000 words. Space permits only mention of some of the bill's highlights.

The Columbia watershed over which the authority would have jurisdiction has a computed area of 220,300 square miles within the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, of marked variations in climate, rainfall, flora, population. The authority's program of water control and resources development would, however, also include "those portions of Oregon and Washington not within the Columbia watershed, and such additional territory as may be related to or be materially affected by the development consequent to this act."

By comparison, the Tennessee valley region is a compact 41,000 square miles of fairly uniform climate and ample rainfall.

The authority would be a body corporate with three \$15,000-a-year directors appointed by the president. There would be an advisory council of seven, four appointed by the state governors and three by the president. There would also be a national river basin development board composed of the secretaries of interior and agriculture, the chief engineer of the war department and the board chairman of TVA, CVA and of such other regional authorities as may be created hereafter.

The corporation would have power of eminent domain but could not acquire by condemnation municipally owned water or light utilities unless the municipality were agreeable. It would take over control of Bonneville, Grand Coulee and Hungry Horse projects, and at its option such other government projects hitherto or yet to be constructed on the Columbia or its tributaries. It "may" operate Bonneville and Grand Coulee through the present administrative agencies—the board of army engineers and reclamation service.

The corporation would be empowered to sell surplus water as well as electric energy; to make and sell fertilizers; to establish, maintain and operate game farms, wildlife preserves and fish culture stations; to exercise the same powers as the interior secretary, director of grazing, agriculture secretary and chief forester over grazing and forest practices; to establish, maintain and operate recreational facilities; to develop mining techniques and sell minerals found or purchased; to construct and operate flood control projects, including but not limited to dams, locks, reservoirs, fishways, canals, roads, docks, sewage disposal, water purification, sanitation works, powerhouses, steam generating plants, transmission lines, rural electric lines; to assist and give credit to groups constructing water and electric distribution facilities; to experiment with and demonstrate farming processes, and sell plants, grasses, trees.

The corporation may, by the terms of the act, also accept custody of, maintain, repair, alter use and operate such real and personal property of the United States which may be entrusted to it by the United States, whether or not for the general purposes of the act. The last seems broad enough to embrace no longer needed military camps, army and navy hospitals, defense plant corporation holdings, ships of the maritime commission, and what else have you, Uncle Sam?

It follows the usual bureaucratic pattern of giving overlapping jurisdiction to a newly-created body. About a dozen already created federal departments, bureaus and agencies would share their powers with the Columbia Valley authority instead of yielding them and quitting the picture in the particulars involved.

The reasons for the Oregon senate's opposition are all too apparent.

Others Say... BUDGET MEASURES (Corvallis Gazette-Times) There is a bill pending in the state legislature to require municipal utilities to prepare and publish a budget the same as any other local government does. It is about time that public utilities, municipally owned, should be treated as if they were privately owned on the matter of taxes.



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This Is Close Enough for the Nonce



A SONG TO REMEMBER by Willard Wrener

XXIX ILLNESS The heat in Majorca was intense. The rains came. The down-pour lasted for days. The rain came down in sheets and the sky, usually so blue, was gray and heavy with leaden clouds. The gloom and murk that settled over the island enveloped also the occupants of the old Carthusian monastery between the rocks and the sea. Frederic caught a cold and he could not shake it off. His illness, while not serious, had sapped his strength. George was alarmed when she saw him hunched over the keyboard, unable to sit straight. "George, why do you stare at me like that?" "Was I staring?" "Am I so like a ghost I frighten you?" "The rain, Frederic. The rain and the wind." "The winds blew and currents of air swept through the vaulted chamber. The candles flickered. George sent for the chief doctor of the island. But it was three days before he was able to make the trip to Valdemar. He came and he examined Frederic. He shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know." A second doctor came. He said the same thing. Over the period of a week, three doctors came to the monastery. They all examined Frederic and they all shook their heads. Then in a day or two he was back at the piano. The cold was gone but he was left with a slight cough. "The grayness, the gloom, the constant rain all helped to dispirit someone what the unreality of Majorca smiling. Frederic worked constantly. "Do you know, Professor, I was thinking only the other day..." He looked up from the piano. "George!" Her clothes were wet, her hair drenched. "Where have you been?" "Walking." "In this rain?" "Why not?" "You might have told me." She murmured something. "What?" "Nothing, Frederic." "I said, George, you might have told me." "You have your work." "But you always tell me." She was wringing her hair. "Yes, I used to think it was important. But nothing I say is important to you, Frederic." "Everything you say is important. How can you talk like that?" "No, Frederic. We live in worlds apart. Whenever I try to bring you into mine—What's the use?" "That's being very mean, George. We have our own world— together. Isn't that what we've always said?" She pushed her hair back from her face. "For days you've been dining that Polonaise jumble into my ears! I could swear when I hear it! There's no place in my world for that, Frederic! None! Do you hear me—you damned idiot!" Frederic squirmed. His face was white. "I—I'm sorry, George." His hands twitched. He tried to steady them. "I am not well, George; I am not well." He tried to rise from the piano. "—George, don't turn your back on me. I need you, George—very much—more than anybody in the world. Look at me. You can see, George, I am not well. I must work—I must—I have to—" "That damned jumble!" "—No, oh no, George. That's wrong. I know it's wrong. Forgive me George. Tomorrow—you will see—I will be gay—graceful—and out of my head there will come waltzes—beautiful melodies, George—for you. Yes, I promise—the light and gay tunes that you love so much. "—But today—my head, George—" "Are you sure, Frederic, it isn't Paris you're aching for?" "—Paris?" "—Yes. And Professor Elsner?" "—No, George." "And your beloved causes?" "—You accuse me—you accuse me falsely—" "I wonder?" "—You do, George. You are very mean. You have no right—" "What shall it be, Frederic—the old way of life—" "—George, I am not well." "The old way of life, Frederic—or the new way, as you and I had planned it?" "—I am not a well man, George." "What is your choice?" "—Take me away from here, George—the rain—the dark—the damp—" "You choose Paris?" "—George, you won't listen. Away from here, that's all. Do that, George. Anywhere—Nohant. Yes, we could go there. Yes, Nohant. You will take me, won't you, George?" "—You and I?" "—Always. Yes, George, I swear—always—" "No intruders?" He stared at her. He repeated her words. "No intruders." "And you will hold your head up, Frederic—firm—" "—Yes," he said, his head drooping. "—With the same unalterable contempt for what the world thinks of you—or of me—or of us both?" "—Yes." "There will be no backing down Frederic? You agree to that?" "I agree." His eyes wandered over the floor. "—Frederic." His eyes were trying to find her. "—Hand me, please, that?"

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Washington Column

By Peter Edson (NEA Staff Correspondent)

Washington, D. C.—The most sensational parts of the simultaneous U. S. and British air force announcements on the new jet plane are the details not yet revealed.

To the Americans the new plane is the P-80 Shooting Star and to the R. A. F. it's the Meteor. By whatever name it is called, this new plane could not have more impact on world civilization if it were an actual heavenly body the size of the moon and if it actually crash-landed on the earth. For the jet-propelled airplane is revolutionary in every sense, not as a military weapon but as an economic factor, affecting everyday civilian life.

Consider only two of its possibilities: The jet plane burns kerosene—not high-test gasoline. If the jet engine or gas turbine, as it is more properly called, should be developed to the point where it is a more efficient engine than the present gasoline-powered aviation engine, think what that means to not only the manufacturers of aircraft engines, but also to the oil refining industry. The jet plane will not necessarily ruin their business but it will make necessary an almost complete conversion of their factories processes and products.

The jet plane is an anomaly, a paradox in that it may cause the oil refining business to go back to the coal age—in order to keep up with the jet turbine age that lies ahead.

Air force generals and aviation engineers admit frankly they don't know where the gas turbine principal will lead. They believe the airplane itself is here to stay, but whether the gasoline-powered

Americal Chief



Maj. William H. Arnold, above, of St. Louis, Mo., heads the famed Americal Division, which recently seized Capul Island in the Philippines. Isle controls seaway between southern tip of Luzon and northern end of Samar Island in the Philippines.

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