

THE BEND BULLETIN and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS

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HARRY UTLEY HAS FACTS STRAIGHT. Some days ago we criticized here an editorial on the proposed Shevlin-Hixon timber exchange that had appeared in the Oregon City Banner-Courier and then reprinted, with apparent approval, in the Lakeview Examiner.

I think the editor of the Oregon City Banner-Courier that wrote the article that appeared in their paper and was reprinted in the Lake County Examiner of March 1, 1945, did not know the score, and I want to take issue against it. Editorial says "The trading of timber for cut-over land by the forest service is to no one's advantage except the two trading parties—the general public suffers financial loss."

Editorial says "And, when the tracts are logged, the company either trades the stump patch back to the forest service for more timber elsewhere, or lets it go to the state under the reforestation plan." The tracts in Clackamas county that will be logged are national forest land and will be cut in accordance with proper management practices under the supervision of the forest service.

While I have no timber lands in Lake county to exchange, I am in favor of that law. I have always said that the county should receive more than 25 per cent of the National Forest receipts and I have always advocated when these private lands are traded to the National Forests and taken off the tax roll that the government should pay to the county at least 10 cents per acre or some equal amount so it will not upset the tax structure of the county.

Others Say ...

LET'S HAVE THE ANSWER (The Oregonian)

Oregon has complete faith in the integrity and intelligence of United States District Judge Claude McCulloch. When such an official feels it necessary to embarrass himself with such a statement as that which he issued on Friday in connection with the procedures and condemnations involved in the acquirement of parts of the site for Camp Adair, most of the people of this state will want the matter pursued to the end—no matter how unsavory that end may be.

In other words, a trusted judge makes startling charges. And every decent citizen will want the truth. If under the cover of the war emergency, "greedy men and recreant public officials" have been at work, they are worse traitors than one could find in the field, because they are under less pressure. And if those recreant officials are in the lands division of the department of justice, or have been, as Judge McCulloch implies some of them have been, that makes the situation more offensive, because the department of justice is the very agency which, as is indicated by its name, promises justice to the people.

Without going into the question of who should investigate the department of justice when that department, itself charged with investigating, is itself under suspicion, we can only say that whoever is responsible should get busy.

his statement with careful forethought and in the most profound consciousness of his duty as a judge. The people will expect an answer from the agencies involved, and punishment where there is guilt. Under war conditions, guilt of this kind would be additionally reprehensible.

Tumalo. Tumalo, March 20 (Special)—Mrs. C. L. Allen entertained members of her Sunday School class with a party Saturday afternoon at the home of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lee Allen. An egg hunt, games and refreshments were highlights of the afternoon.

Boys in the upper grades at Tumalo spent Friday afternoon clearing and raking the school yard under the direction of Tom Fair, driver of one of the school busses.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shepard and son, Clay, returned Saturday evening from a two day trip to Portland. En route they stopped off at Seas and Salem to call on relatives.

No Miss-Fire



Appropriately, Pvt. Kenneth R. Heger, Hartford, Conn., has attached his favorite pin-up gal, "Miss Spiffire," to his flame thrower as he heads for action on Iwo Jima.

for the ensuing year was made and Sunday the congregation passed it.

J. A. Chamberlin went to Portland Friday to attend a reunion banquet of former students of old Failing grade school.

Mrs. T. W. Vandervoort found out last week that a sprained wrist which she injured in January was really broken instead of sprained, so now she has it in a splint.

Tech. Sgt. George Ludwig wrote the E. T. Hanneman family that he is still with the 41st division and is in the Philippines.

Tumalo Calf Club met Sunday at the home of J. L. Jones, leader of the group.

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO (March 21, 1930)

Two thousand sheep are signed up at Powell Butte when stockmen hear C. L. Worrell and others tell of the benefits in belonging to the Pacific Co-operative Wool Growers association.

Art Tuck, district deputy game warden, reports that moonshiners in the hills are responsible for the killing of many deer.

Spring is officially ushered into Bend with a gala show, started by a Lions club matinee at the Grand theater.

Reports that a bison skull had been found in the Ochoco valley, recalls to C. P. Becker's mind that a bison horn was found a number of years earlier in Deschutes when the C. O. I. ditch was being dug.

Commander R. W. Hemingway and Frank Young, of the Bend American Legion post, announce plans for a minstrel show.

Going to Prineville for a Rebeckah conference are Mrs. Flora Miller, Mrs. N. A. Gilbert, Mrs. Hattie M. Brown and Mrs. Carl Johnson.

LeRoy Fox, Bend fire department engineer, is in the veteran's hospital in Portland.

H. C. Ellis, after undergoing a second operation, is reported improving at the Emanuel hospital in Portland.

Forn O'Brien goes to Portland to attend a symphony concert.

Mrs. Hugh O'Kane returns to Bend and takes up residence in the O'Kane home at 645 Broadway.

Redmond P.E.O. Plans Program

Redmond, March 21 (Special)—Mrs. John Berning will entertain Chapter AQ of the P.E.O. Sisterhood Thursday at 2 p. m. Mrs. C. H. Irvin will give the program, "Six Pillars of Peace." The new officers will preside at the meeting.

Buy National War Bonds Now!

"Ah! Now I Can Breathe Again!" Wonderful quick relief. A little Va-tro-nol in each nostril helps open nasal passages—makes breathing easier—when your head fills up with stuffy transient congestion! Va-tro-nol gives grand relief, too, from sniffly, sneezy distress of hay fever. Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

DIAMONDS. The quickest way to lose \$25... Cash Your \$100 War Bond. A. T. NIEBERGALL Jeweler. Next to Capital Theater Phone 148-R. WATCHES.

Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS by Lionel Mosher

THE STORY: Nick Trent, army pilot, has been buzz-bombed out of the war. On the boat home a mysterious stranger named Booker makes him a vague money proposition which he turns down.

THE AMULET III

I left Magda Calavestri and Booker standing there together and walked across the lobby to join Charley.

"Come," I said. "Let's get out of here."

"Who on earth are those people?" he asked.

"Never mind that now. Where's your car?"

"Just around the corner. But I thought we might mull a bit over an old-fashioned."

"Not here, Charley." I shook my head. "Let's go down to the yacht club."

After Charley had his drink we sat in the lounge of winter quarters of the Sandy Point Yacht club looking out over T wharf at the harbor lights.

"Nicholas, Nicholas," he said and shook his head.

I stared at the thing. It was a kind of gold amulet, shaped like a maltese cross. In its center was set the most beautiful diamond I had ever seen—large and exquisitely cut. Fire-lights flashed out from the stone.

"Nick, what do you suppose this is worth?" Charley asked.

"A life or two," I said.

Charley turned and stared.

"What's this all about, or isn't it any of my business?"

"The man with Calavestri—" I began and Charley put down the amulet.

"Calavestri!" he said.

"That's right. Why?"

"Nothing," Charley smiled weakly. "It just frightens me a little; that's all."

"The man who was with her claims to be an agent of some kind. He was on the Cambodia. Just before we landed, he made me a rather vague and illusive proposition."

"What did he want you to do?"

"He didn't say."

"Very unbusinesslike," Charley murmured.

"Very," I answered, "but this isn't business."

"What's his name?"

"Booker."

"Nicholas, my lad," said Charley. "I don't like the looks of this one little bit." He passed back the amulet. "What on earth did you take the thing for?"

I shrugged.

Pat Hudson's place in Louisville square had about it the kind of homely elegance such as only people who are very sure of themselves can support.

There were antimacassars on all the chairs and sofas, and there was a Ming vase in the hall into which Mr. Hudson occasionally put his umbrella.

I was punctual that night and Mr. Hudson remarked upon the fact somewhat caustically, as I was customarily late. All during

the meal he asked me pontifical questions about the war. But he did not listen to the answers. He assumed quite sensibly that 30 missions over Europe and an experience with a rocket bomb would throw little light upon the economic and financial affairs of Europe.

He considered my 16 months in the air force a footless junket that was largely due to youth and irresponsibility. When he left us in the library, he looked at me with an expression intended to convey parental sternness and said:

"Well, Nicholas, now that you're back with us, I hope you've gotten over your little foolishnesses and are ready to settle down."

I thought of Calavestri's amulet in my pocket and shuddered.

Pat and I sat for a few moments in silence. Then she asked: "What did you do this afternoon, Nick?"

"I slept."

"Oh," Pat looked thoughtful.

"I just wondered," Pat frowned. "I was thinking of that strange-looking chap at the pier. I thought perhaps you might have seen him again."

"Who, Booker?" I took out my pipe and ran my thumb along the shiny grain of the bowl. "What makes you think that?"

TODAY IN GERMANY (By United Press)

The American and Russian armies, squeezing in from west and east, were only a little more than 300 miles apart. Berlin reported the Russians were starting their drive on the battered Nazi capital from their Oder river bridgeheads 30-odd miles away. Berlin had its 29th consecutive night air attack.

MEETING POSTPONED

Redmond, March 21 (Special)—The regular weekly luncheon meeting of the local chamber of commerce was not held Tuesday. The group will attend the opening of the Central Oregon community auction ring, one mile south of Redmond, today.



... TOPS FOR QUALITY

Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Franchised Bottler: Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co. of Bend.

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PENICILLIN. Squibbs — Abbotts — Upjohns. Now Available on Your Doctor's Prescription — at the Owl Pharmacy.

Juniper Pin Souvenirs ..... 75c Hand Made — Plus Tax

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1.25 S.M.A. Baby Food ..... 94c
50c Pabulum Cereal ..... 39c
50c Cerevim Cereal ..... 39c
85c Dexin ..... 79c
Mull-Soy ..... 45c
Biolac ..... 23c

Desk Pen Sets By Robinson \$3.00

Cribbage Boards Inlaid Wood With Pegs \$1.49

VANCE T. COYNER'S OWL PHARMACY PHONE 50

Tough Pace FOR A SUIT OF CLOTHES. And tough on us, too, because we want to keep your wardrobe in shape for you. City Cleaners & Dyers 1032 Wall—Phone 246

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

MOTHER, MAY I PUT ON MY BOBBY SOCKS? YES, MY DARLING SWOONER! YOU MAY PUT ON YOUR BOBBY SOCKS... BUT DON'T GO NEAR THE CROONER! WHOOOOOOOOPS!

By MERRILL BLOSSER

LISTEN, SACKFACE, YOU AIN'T EVEN REMOTELY CUTE! DO YOU WANNA MAKE SOMETHIN' OF IT? IT'S GETTING SO A GUY CAN'T EVEN ASK A CIVIL QUESTION!