

THE BEND BULLETIN

and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS

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An Independent Newspaper Standing for the Square Deal, Clean Business, Clean Politics and the Best Interests of Bend and Central Oregon

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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A GOOD RECORD

Before now we have commented on the excellent driving of the men at the steering wheels of the larger commercial vehicles on our highways. That this record of fine performance is continuing is called to attention by a news story of the week which reported the presentation of non-accident, safe-driving awards to 18 drivers of Pacific Trailways buses.

When this is translated into miles the figures are impressive indeed. One man's work may mean driving in excess of 100,000 miles a year. Those with the longer service are well past the half-way mark on their way to a million miles with records unmarred by any of the mishaps that the law says shall be reported. For the group the total nears 5,000,000 miles.

All driving on the system, it is shown by carefully kept statistics, is close to this standard. The highest annual rate of reportable accidents (some of these are extremely trivial), is .84 of one accident for every 100,000 miles. The rate of two accidents for every 100,000 miles reported by another system was recently considered worthy of comment by a national publication.

It should be mentioned that the records which Pacific Trailways drivers have been setting have not been made under the most favorable conditions. No inconsiderable part of the mileage covered is on mountain highways, with the uncertain weather of mountain areas. They pilot their heavily loaded buses over ice and snow, through storm and sunshine, on the open road and through dense city traffic. But the record is maintained, even improved.

This does not merely happen. It starts with careful selection of men. A program of training, including thorough familiarization with the rules of the system, follows, ending with a period of driving under supervision before the new man is placed in complete charge of a bus.

And after that, of course, there is plenty of practice.

IN BRITAIN

Worried over what you have been hearing about the country's food supply? Read about food in Britain:

The food front has a rather bleak prospect if Britons have to sustain a further meat cut in the near future.

Those who eat at restaurants and canteens manage comfortably, but this is only a small proportion of the population, and when it comes to small families in country districts, where there are no restaurant accommodations, the existing ration of 25 cents worth of meat per person each week doesn't go far.

Shell eggs are still very scarce, working out to one or two a month, although they are supplemented by dried eggs. Milk recently was increased to 2 1/2 pints a week against two during the winter, but the cheese ration has been cut and the butter ration continues at two ounces with a quarter of a pound of margarine a week.

Potatoes, one of the main diet standbys or fillups, were seriously affected by the unusual winter front, but supplies are adequate. Bread is unrationed—but man cannot live on this alone.

In her column, "My Day," Mrs. Roosevelt recently wrote that "Even the President feels a deep sense of responsibility" in these solemn times. Glad to hear it.

It's Rhine wine that is coming out of Germany now.

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.

FROM COMMISSIONER MUNKERS

Bend, March 23, 1945

To the Editor:

In justice to myself I would like to say that I seem to have been misquoted or at least misunderstood in regard to my remarks on lighting at the City Commission meeting of March 14th.

In effect what I said was that an adequate lighting system for the city of Bend was, in my estimation, of equal importance to some of the projects now planned such as the swimming pool and sewer survey, also that, inasmuch as it would not entail any initial outlay of cash, and that the increased cost of power would be

little, if any, greater than last year's power cost (before the recent rate reduction), I thought that a new lighting program should be included in our plans for the post war period or perhaps in the near future if it proved feasible.

I certainly did not intend to convey the impression that an improved lighting program should replace, or be given preference over, projects already planned.

MELVIN W. MUNKERS.

FIRES EXTINGUISHED

City firemen late yesterday were called upon to extinguish two fires, which caused only slight damage, they reported today. One of the fires was in a wood pile behind the Columbia Mercantile company at Columbia and Galveston avenues, and the other was a brush fire near the Gilchrist foot bridge.

Buy National War Bonds Now!

A Hot Potato



Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS by Lionel Mosher

THE STORY: Nick Trent has a feeling that someone has followed him to Charley Strand's apartment from the Hudson's. On finding that his belongings have been ransacked, he rings for the automatic lift to go out again. When the door opens it discloses the body of Magda Calavestri, her throat cut from ear to ear.

A PERSONAL MATTER VI

If I had known what I know now, I should have gone down the stairway, pushed the first floor button, returning the car to its original position, and gone off to some remote and deserted promontory until the whole weird business had blown over. But I prided myself on being a good citizen.

Furthermore I have an overdeveloped sense of curiosity. So with the faith of a righteous man doing his duty I went back to Charley's apartment and called the police. Then, nourishing the foolish hope that I stood outside of this nasty business, I sat down and tried to throw a little light into the dark places of my brain.

Suddenly, as I sat there, I heard the elevator click. I reached the door just in time to see the last thin bar of light diminish to shadow on the grill-work, as the car slid downward with the body of Magda Calavestri. I had neglected to prop open the safety door. My first impulse was to chase down the stairway after it. But prudence overcame this impulse. Resolutely I went back into the apartment.

I heard steps outside the door. Someone had hold of the knob and, before I could move, the door opened. There, pale and breathless, stood Pat.

She looked as if she had tried to run up three flights of stairs in nothing flat. "Nick!" she said and put her hand to her throat. "I went for the brandy. She downed a pony of the stuff neat and sat back with eyes closed. Finally, she opened her eyes, and with a kind of fatal calm, said: 'You'd never guess, Nick, what I just saw.' 'I don't have to guess. What on earth are you doing here, Pat?' Her eyes widened. 'You saw it?' I nodded.

"I practically invented it. I found her in the elevator, and, when I went to call the police, I forgot to prop open the safety gate."

"The police!" She shuddered and closed her eyes again. "I might have known. Trouble in your shadow, Nick. Wherever you go, fires start, epidemics break out, people declare war. I couldn't sleep. I wanted to make peace with you over tonight's affair. I must have been mad to have Eric over..."

She suddenly stopped and stared past me, her face as white as milk. I turned and saw two policemen and a man. The presence of the police is supposed to have a reassuring effect, but that depends upon which side of the law one thinks he stands on. And the man in plain clothes looked unpleasantly purposeful. Now he gave me a deathhead smile. "Sorry to interrupt," he said, "but Mr. Inspector Marks."

He had a twisted smile—the young-old look of a man who had learned that things are rarely what they seem. He pushed his hat back and fingered his chin. "I suspected as much," I said.

Washington Column

By Peter Edson (NEA Staff Correspondent)

Washington, D. C.—Henry Wallace's assumption of his new job as secretary of commerce has stirred up that moribund old institution more than anything since the days of Herbert Hoover. There are more rumors in the place than filing cabinets to hold them, and what comes out is going to be something to watch.

Reorganization of the staff is being held up pending the return to Washington of Undersecretary Wayne Chatfield Taylor, who has been in Mexico City for the conference of American republics. Taylor was a Jesse Jones appointee and he practically ran the department while Jones spent most of his time running the federal loan agency. Taylor has indicated he would be glad to stay on under Wallace if asked, but he may not be asked. Dr. Amos W. Taylor, head of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, has been in almost constant con-

sultation with Wallace since he took the oath, and would seem a fixture. Dallas lawyer Harold Young, who was Wallace's secretary while he was vice president, has moved to commerce as his personal assistant.

One of Wallace's first luncheon guests in his big new office was Director of the Budget Harold D. Smith. That started commerce buzzing with all sorts of speculation, Smith being in charge of all executive agency reorganization.

Commerce already has a number of vacancies in top jobs, caused by resignations of men going back to private industry at double their government salaries. All sorts of names have been bandied about as candidates for these jobs. Most of them are long shots, but this speculation adds to the fun of Washington's favorite pastime—reorganizing a department under a new boss.

What particularly pepped up the commerce staff since the advent of Wallace is that they now have a boss who is showing an interest in what they're doing and is not preoccupied with RFC and other federal loan agency affairs, as was Jesse Jones. In meetings with his department heads, Wallace has already given his division chiefs some new problems to work on, has speeded them up on other projects already begun, and they love it.

Wallace's particular domestic pets are aid to small business and the full employment program. His immediate problem is employment prospects in the first year after the war in Europe, gauging the effects of immediate cutbacks on war production.

He is equally hipped on the development of foreign trade as a means to aiding employment at home. Gathering accurate information on foreign demands and foreign markets is one of the first essentials here, and this raises again the old problem of transferring back to commerce the commercial attaches now under the state department.

cada to visit her daughter, Bernice.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (March 24, 1910) Mayor Miller proclaims a "clean-up week" for Bend.

B. A. Stover acts as toastmaster when winners in a bowling tournament dine at the Pilot Butte Inn.

Norval Springer leaves for Seattle to sign up with the Seattle baseball team.

C. P. Niswonger and L. W. Richardson spend the day in Redmond.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (March 24, 1910) Organization of the Bend Com-

mercial club is completed with the selection of the following officers: C. S. Hudson, president; H. E. Allen, vice president and J. N. Hunter, treasurer.

Landlord O'Kane of the Bend hotel, announces plans for making the hotel bowling alley into an annex.

L. D. West reports the sale of Wiestoria, newly plotted addition to Bend, to C. W. Melville, representing Seattle capitalists.

The Wenandy-Bunton Auto Co. incorporates and changes its name to the Central Oregon Auto company.

TODAY IN GERMANY (By United Press) The entire Rhine line threatened to collapse under allied onslaughts in the great drive to meet the Russians who were reopening their offensive west of the Oder.

Thousands of planes, streaking out in advance of the ground armies set raging fires across the Ruhr as far as 150 miles from the Rhine.

Berlin had its 32nd consecutive night air attack.

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO (March 24, 1930)

Thirteen cars are derailed, tearing up 10,000 feet of track near Wishram. No one is injured.

Four Eugene Obsidians ski over the McKenzie pass.

Sixty women sign up for a dinner at the Pilot Butte Inn to hear Miss Martha Gash, organizer for Business and Professional women's clubs, speak.

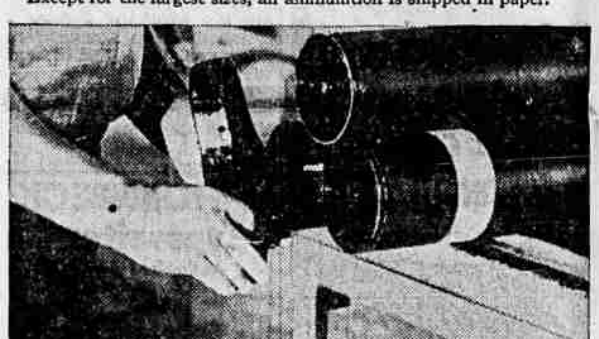
Mrs. H. A. Miller goes to Est-

Checkerboard Cafe DINNERS SHORT ORDERS HOME-MADE PIES FOUNTAIN SERVICE 135 Oregon

TOMORROW Is Paper Collection Day and this is How Waste Paper Goes to War



PACKED... Double-packed in heavy paper, the shell being inserted into the container will travel to the battlefield in perfect condition. Except for the largest sizes, all ammunition is shipped in paper.



CLIPPED... Three shells are clipped together for ease in handling. Now they can be stacked without rolling. The water-proof paper shell containers are strong enough to stand rough treatment.



FIRE... by one of our tanks, "dug-in" at the front. Those shell containers made from your waste paper have done their job to speed the day of victory!

Place Your Waste Paper At a Collection Point Tomorrow! This space furnished in cooperation with the Bend Junior Chamber of Commerce



PASSION WEEK SERVICES Under the auspices of the Bend Ministerial Association CAPITOL THEATRE March 26 - 27 - 28 - 29 Noon Hours: 12:15 - 12:55 Special Music Each Day Paul Hornbeck, Song Leader Wilson George, Pianist

As good as a raise in pay... WHEN YOU USE OUR EASY WAY TO REFINANCE YOUR HOME! Come In Soon and Let's Talk It Over! DESCHUTES FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By MERRILL BLOSSER



By MERRILL BLOSSER

