

THE BEND BULLETIN

and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS
 The Bend Bulletin (Weekly) 1903 - 1931 The Bend Bulletin (Daily) Est. 1917
 Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday and Certain Holidays by The Bend Bulletin
 786 - 788 Wall Street Bend, Oregon
 Entered as Second Class Matter, January 6, 1917, at the Postoffice at Bend, Oregon,
 Under Act of March 3, 1879

ROBERT W. SAWYER—Editor-Manager **HENRY N. FOWLER**—Associate Editor
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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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THE STORY: Someone enters Nick's room at night. There is a struggle and a bullet goes in to the wall. Nick manages to wrench the pistol away from his assailant but the man himself escapes.

BRENDA XIV

The sun was still quite low in the east when I slipped out the front door and walked down towards the sea. Seated on the seawall smoking a cigarette and looking as fresh as a child after a nap was Brenda Temple.

"Why, Nick, you've shaved," she greeted me. "You look positively blooming."

"Do I?" I said. "What got you up so early?"

"I had a foul night."

"Where are the others?"

She shrugged.

"Still asleep, I suppose. Why? Are you hungry?"

"Tolerably."

"I'm famished. Let's run up to Minot. The diner will be open."

"An inspiration," I said.

Brenda had her head back against the seat with her eyes half-closed.

"Do you know this is the first time I've felt secure since I met you all last night?" she asked.

"Really?" I said.

She half turned and looked at me.

"Leave the lying to the women, Nick. You can trust me."

I steered carefully around a bump.

"I haven't lied—yet."

"Do you expect me to believe that cock and bull story about the surprise party? That little conclave last night had the makings of a lovely blow-off. The air just reeked with private hates."

"You and Eric hit it off especially well," I said.

"That man!" Brenda made a face. "Whose idea was he?"

"Papa?" She gave me a sly look.

"You're sure he isn't Pats?"

"Look, Brenda," I said, "if you know the answers, why bother to ask the questions?"

"There's no use getting angry, Nick. She sat forward with sudden earnestness. "I know as well as you that Pat doesn't like Eric Woolf. But she might have her reasons for being nice to him."

"Such as what?" I asked.

She did not answer at once. She put her head back on the seat again.

"Did you know that the Hudson fortune has dwindled to a mere shadow?" she asked.

We drew up at the diner and Brenda laid her hand on my arm.

"I'll tell you something else, Nick. I looked out car over this morning and found that the rotor had been removed from the distributor head."

"So it wasn't the rain," I said.

During breakfast I turned the thing over a hundred times in my mind and got nowhere. Finally I pushed my plate away and took out my cigarettes.

"Feeling strong?" I asked.

"Top-hole," she said.

"Able to stand a shock?"

"I'm practically shock-proof."

"Someone tried to kill me last night."

Just calm like that at breakfast, the way you'd say I scarcely slept a wink. Her glance never wavered.

"You've come a long way since the old days, Nick," she said.

"The boy who made good," I quipped. "But hold on. Here comes the real shock; whoever disabled your car last night might have wanted to keep your father here so that he could take a shot at him."

Her lips tightened, but her eyes were skeptical.

"And he got in the wrong room?"

One hundred years ago, when life insurance was new in the United States, policies became void and all previous payments were forfeited to the company if the policyholder went on a sea voyage without permission and without paying an extra premium.

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I doubt it. Think a little, Nick. She gave me a calm, clear look. "Removing the rotor from the distributor head of a car wouldn't keep anyone at The Ledges who really wanted to get away. Especially when the garage was full of cars."

The light dawned. Bruce Temple, himself, had removed the rotor from the distributor head, and Phineas Hudson had made it very easy for him to stay. And that fortuitous meeting of the Temples in Minot with the well-engineered invitation to join the party. It fell neatly into place. Afraid of the awful thoughts showing in my eyes, I looked down at the table top. I could feel Brenda's eyes boring into my brain.

"Whom do you suspect?" she asked clearly.

"Suspicion is no good," I said.

"What did he look like?"

"It was dark. He was big. That's all I know."

"Big?" An odd smile curved her lips. "As big as father?"

"Or Charley Strand or Eric Woolf," I said evasively.

"I ought to say it couldn't have been father. Her voice was dead calm. "But if you knew what I know—" She broke off and stood up. "Let's get back to The Ledges."

She didn't speak until we had crossed the old wooden bridge again and the long crescent of Crystal Beach was visible running in a graceful curve from the stony bluff where The Ledges stood.

"Look, Nick," she said. "You're a nice boy and I like you. Why don't you pack your suitcase and slip aboard a freighter that is bound for Pernambuco or some equally remote place?"

"What are you afraid of?"

"Do you really want to know?" She tilted her head to one side and smiled grimly. "The dark. I wouldn't spend another night in this house for all the tea in China."

"Why not?"

"Because somebody's going to get hurt. I think I know a little something that you don't know and—I can feel it in my bones."

(To Be Continued)

Considering the inspection of all meats in the city, the council studies a new ordinance providing for the appointment of a deputy poundmaster and meat inspector.

Miss Evelyn Carlson, first grade school teacher, wins a \$25 prize for suggesting the name of "Bend's Business Booster" for a proposed publication of the Merchant's association.

Lloyd Douthit, E. L. Payne and Dr. W. G. Manning return from the Metolius with a good trout catch.

C. P. Niswonger is the proud owner of a new 7-passenger Nash.

OPENS

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

YOU WERE HERE IN THIS CONCENTRATION CAMP WHEN I WARBLED IN ASSEMBLY. LEANME SHOW YOU WHAT YOU MISSED!!

HER GUARD IS DOWN, AND HE'S GONNA SLIP HER A LITTLE MUSICAL SCHMALTZ!

HE'S A MELLOW FELLOW!

IF YOU WERE A GAL BEING WOODED BY A GUY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR HIM LILT IN LATIN. OR LIKE THIS?

WHEN I KISS A MISS LIKE YOU, IT'S HEAVEN DIVIDED BY TWO.

By MERRILL BLOSSER

March Weather Arid, Stormy

While the heaviest March snow in years was piling up along the Cascade summit only a few miles to the west, Bend this past month experienced one of the most arid later winters and early spring seasons in a decade, data released today by observers in charge of the local always weather station revealed. Bend's precipitation in March was only .18 of an inch.

The end of the month found some eight feet of snow in the Dutchman flat country of the eastern Cascades, directly west of town, and on the Santiam Summit there was 92 inches of snow. Most of this mountain pack fell in March.

The weather observers say that only flurries of snow and scattered showers of rain from the mountain storms reached Bend. Indicative of the extent of the storms in the higher areas, a trace or more of precipitation fell in Bend on 22 different days in March—yet the total for the 31 days was mere .18 of an inch of moisture, compared with a long-time mean of .78 of an inch. A trace or more of snow fell in Bend on 18 different days in the month.

Not a single clear day was recorded here in March. A clear day observers explain, is one in which on the average not more than three-tenths of the sky is covered by clouds.

Heaviest precipitation recorded here in any of the numerous "storms" that visited Bend in March was only .05 of an inch.

Father and Son Hope to Meet Out in Pacific

Gunnery Mate 3/c Eugene Brick wrote to his mother, Mrs. George Brick of 418 Florida, that he had been transferred from a sub-chaser to duty aboard a destroyer in the South Pacific and that he hopes to see his father soon.

Electrician's Mate 1/c George R. Brick, Eugene's father, is on duty in waters surrounding the Marianas and it is there that they hope to arrange the rendezvous.

Eugene had served on the sub-chaser 18 months until the ship was docked to repair damages received in active sea fighting.

Officers of Elks to Take Posts Tonight

A large attendance was expected tonight when members of the Bend Elks lodge will install officers for the ensuing year. The ceremony, led by past exalted ruler Hans Slagvold, is slated to begin at 8 o'clock.

To serve for the year 1945-1946, the following are to be installed: Ralph Ferguson, exalted ruler; Loren Carter, leading knight; Jerry Chester, loyal knight; William McWilliams, lecturing knight; Paul Sevy, secretary; Grant Jensen, treasurer; Charles Pierce, tyler, and Walter Emard, trustee for five years.

Outgoing officers are Ralph Adams, exalted ruler; Mel Munkers, leading knight; N. E. Gilbert, loyal knight; Earl Amick, lecturing knight, and Hugh Simpson, trustee.

Service Station Manager Named

Douglas Florence, new resident of Bend, will assume operation of the former Hitchox & Lomax service station formerly owned by

Warren W. Wing, E. L. Nielsen, General Petroleum distributor, announced yesterday.

COLLECTION RUINED

Hammond, Ind. (AP)—What probably was the largest collection of whisky from all over the world was destroyed when the Phil Smidt & Son restaurant exploded and burned recently. Smidt had for many years collected a bottle of whisky from every country in the world and not one of the bottles had ever been used.

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Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO
(April 3, 1930)
(From The Bulletin Files)

The city commission votes to submit two charter amendments to the voters on May 16, one to raise funds for the installation of an ornamental lighting system downtown, and the other permitting the city to enter into 10-year contracts.

The Bend chamber of commerce names Don H. Peoples, Robert W. Sawyer and Frank S. McGarvey as a committee to study the Arnold irrigation district's water problems in view of an impending shortage.

Central Oregon Schoolmasters convene in Madras, and J. Alton Thompson talks on "The Teacher as a Buckpasser."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
(April 3, 1920)

The Bend Water Light & Power company's new steam plant is put into operation, supplying the city nearly double power.

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