

THE BEND BULLETIN

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THE ARMY NURSE CORPS
For some time we have had in mind paying our compliments to the army nurse corps, a splendid service branch which is doing a tremendous job and which has been receiving its chief recognition by indirectness through official appeals for increase in personnel.

If any one should ask me what branch of the service I respected most there is no doubt that "the Army Nurse Corps" would be my answer. I dare say that if people knew what those girls do and knew how hard they work a few of the strikers would have guilty consciences about squabbling over hours and wages.

More army nurses are needed, we have been told. The paragraphs which we have printed from our soldier friend's letter should make us understand why they are needed.

When the Corvallis Gazette-Times declares editorially that "Wein" is the German name for Vienna, we are immediately reminded of the insistence with which certain food handling establishments, encountered every now and then, offer "weiners" to a hot dog loving public.

Here let us point out that the word is "Wienerwurst," just as the name of the Austrian capital, from which its stems, is "Wien." If it were "Wein," it would mean simply wine and if we add a syllable to form the verb "weinen," the meaning is to weep.

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO (April 14, 1930)
(From The Bulletin Files)
William Owens, former football star of the Bend high school, escapes death when he throws a radio antennae wire over a power line.

An automobile stolen in Bend and abandoned by the thieves, is recovered from 14 feet of water at Twin Bridges.

A. W. Post of the bureau of public roads, conducts a traffic survey in Central Oregon.

Sheriff Claude L. McCauley makes an official trip to Portland and Salem.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (April 14, 1915)
Master Fish Warden Clanton and District deputy wardens Clyde McKay inspect proposed fish hatchery sites in the Bend district.

Members of the Parent-Teachers association name Mrs. H. H. DeArmond, Mrs. C. M. McKay and Mrs. T. H. Foley as a committee to confer with the Commercial club in an effort to get a rest room established downtown.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jamison of Silver Lake, spend the day in Bend.

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THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (April 14, 1910)
The Pilot Butte Development company reports that it will shortly install a kiln at its mill.

Bend residents raise \$7,875 to clear a right-of-way and provide depot grounds for the incoming Oregon Trunk railway.

R. B. Mutzig begins the erection of a building on Oregon avenue to house the Lemmon Brothers meat market.

SANG WITH FEELING
Houston, Tex. (AP)—The elevator at the Houston police department stuck fast between the first and second floors. During the hour and a half it required mechanics to put it back in operation, police

Lt. A. W. Rainey sang lustily, if not tunefully: "Don't Fence Me In."

Tiny Nisei Wac Helps Hospital As Pharmacist

Louisville, Ky. (AP)—Pert, almond-eyed Kumi Matsusaki, a Wac of Japanese parentage, is dispensing the pharmaceuticals with a deft hand at the army's Nichols general hospital here.

This 4-foot-10-inch edition of a woman in khaki says the new job is "fine," but that it's something new to her to be compounding and dispensing drugs in bulk and not by prescription.

"I wanted to be a doctor," she said, "but it was a long and costly proposition. So, I settled for pharmacy instead." She worked her way through the University of Colorado, Boulder, Col., graduating with a degree of pharmaceutical science in 1940.

The Wac private, who is 27, said her parents left Japan almost 50 years ago, settling in Denver, Col., where she was born. She later moved to Las Cruces, N. M., where she attended high school.

Before joining the Wacs Sept. 22, 1944, she worked at Beth-El hospital, Colorado Springs, Col., and later at St. Luke's hospital, Denver.

The Waves turned her down because of her height, she said, but the Wacs waived the height regulation and took her in.

She's in the army at her father's suggestion, she said, because he "actually was unhappy at having no sons to lead to the war effort." Two of her brothers-in-law, both Nisei, are overseas. A third, wounded in Italy, is back in this country, she said.

Western Front—Third army tanks roll into eastern Germany, 80 miles from junction with red army.

Eastern Front—German radio says Russians have launched offensive on 300-mile front arching across Germany.

Pacific—Huge Superfortress fleet sets fire to five-square mile arsenal area in Tokyo; Americans gain slowly against enemy defenses before Okinawa's capital; U. S. assault forces win control of Bohol in central Philippines.

Air War—U. S. air force attacks German positions on Gironde estuary northwest of Bordeaux.

Italy—British armored force drives within 22 miles of Bologna on 10-mile front.

Cross-Roads of the War



Deaths, BRIGHT DIAMONDS by Lionel Mosher

A LETTER FROM THE DEAD XXIV
There was the ache of tragedy in the house in Louisburg Square. All the servants had gone but Simms and he hung on with dogged loyalty. There was little for him to do. I think he hated to leave the curious fastness of the old house. Pat was in bed of nervous collapse, and I heard the discreet rustling of the nurse's uniform as she glided to and from the kitchen with her nourishment trays.

Charley arrived, and as if by mute consent, we gravitated to wards Phineas Hudson's study. On a desk that looked like a spinet was a quill pen and beside it in the bronze inkwell an ordinary red pen-holder such as one could purchase in the five and ten-cent store. Beside the pens lay a thick volume with a leather cover and on the cover the simple gold letters: JOURNAL.

Feeling like a ghoul I opened the volume. I turned to the last notation: "Execrable weather and me off to The Ledges. The cumulative consequences of one ill-considered act are staggering. Not the least of which is the necessity of exposing my vulnerable body and spirit to the rigors of Sandy Point in November."

Something or nothing? There was no telling. What ill-considered act? Whose? Then there was the notation on April 30: "Today concluded satisfactory arrangements with W. Typical Hudson embroidery, but a little less clear."

This cryptic entry was anything but clear. W, might be Woolf, but what the embroidery was I could not fathom. But the next notation stopped me. It concerned the death of his wife and after it was a lapse of a month. It simply said: "Beatrice gone. What shall I do? God give me strength."

I closed the journal. "I'm no detective," I said to Charley, "and I've no stomach for this."

We went into the library and sat through the gray hours of the morning, smoking and waiting for someone to put an end to our uselessness.

It was the post-man who started it all rolling again. Merely by dropping the mail through the slot and ringing the bell. The letter caught my eye at once. A long white envelope and written across the face in clear, bold script was Phineas Hudson's name with the appendage Esquire added as a kind of ironic flourish. And in the lower left hand corner were two

words that the writer had written large and underlined for emphasis: "Personal—Urgent." I felt a tingling at the roots of my hair. I carried the letter into the study, its thickness teasing my palm, and passed it to Charley.

"You're the legal half of this firm," I said. "What about it?" Charley looked at me silently, then stared up at me. Excitement leaked into his eyes, betraying the dead calm of his voice.

"That's Phineas Hudson's signature," And his finger was resting on the address on the envelope. "But it can't be," I said. "He's dead."

Charley slit open the long envelope. An insurance policy and a note. Nothing more. Charley glanced at the note, read a line or two, then stopped.

"This seems to be personal," he said. "It's for Pat."

"Pat's asleep," I said. "You'd better read it all."

Washington Column

By Peter Edson (NEA Staff Correspondent)
Washington, D. C.—An increase in the number of lawyers in Congress is shown by an occupation survey of the 96 Senators and 435 Representatives sitting on Capitol Hill today.

There were 60 lawyers in the Senate at the start of the war in 1941, but there are 70 lawyers in the Senate of the 79th Congress today. There were 230 lawyers in the House four years ago, 239 today.

This preponderance of legal minds—approximately 73 per cent of the Senate and 53 per cent of the House—has been frequently mentioned as one of the things that's wrong with Congress. This criticism raises the point that if you want to hire somebody to write you a law you'd look first for a lawyer. Nevertheless the big idea of representative government is that it is supposed to pick a good cross section of the population to do the governing and Congress as it is now set up gives only a good geographical cross section, picking one Congressman for every 260,000 odd souls.

What would help, it is claimed, would be to let Congress have an advisory body which would truly represent in better proportion the occupations of the people.

It's a nice idea to fool around with, but a further examination of the previous or side-line occupations of the present members of Congress shows that it is about as variegated a lot of jack-of-all-trades as you could ask for.

Even in the Senate, top-heavy as it is with lawyers, a lot of them list other interests and occupations on the side, such as banking or farming. That makes occupational classification a little difficult, but picking them by their principal avocations, the 26 non-lawyer Senators divide up as 10 newspapermen and publishers, seven businessmen, three farmers and stockmen, four professional officeholders who can best be classified only as politicians, one educator (Thomas of Utah) and one showman and radio entertainer (Taylor of Idaho) who can probably speak for the crooners and swooners.

Note that the newspapermen and publishers rank second only to the lawyers as throwers around of weight. The businessmen run the gamut. O'Daniel of Texas is a flour salesman, Gurney of South Dakota runs a seed and nursery business in addition to a radio station, Maybank of South

Freed Slaves Taste Revenge



(NEA Radio-Telephone) A German flour warehouse proprietor at Lemgo, Germany (center, with arm upraised), is beaten to the ground as he vainly attempts to stop plundering of horde of hungry slave laborers liberated by U. S. Ninth Army. Thousands of men and women, once again tasting fruits of freedom throughout Reich, are turning on their former captors and pillaging warehouses, trains and supply depots. Signal Corps radio-telephoto.

Carolina is a cotton exporter, and Wherry of Nebraska is an auto and furniture dealer and embalmer.

It's among the 78 businessmen that you get real diversification of interest. Nineteen are real estate and insurance men, which is understandable when you think how they get around and meet people. Aside from that concentration it's a hodgepodge. Seven builders and contractors, six bankers, four lumbermen, two accountants, auto dealers, oil and gas men, ad men, manufacturers, and one shipbuilder, clothier, adhesive maker, miller, mine operator, grocer, architect, merchant, gold miner, ice cream maker.

On the whole, a pretty representative bunch.

Chicago (AP)—Ruth Anna Winch, 12, collected 76 1/2 times her weight in wastepaper during a two-week salvage drive to become the champ salvage collector of her school. Ruth weighs 80 pounds. She collected 5,452 pounds of paper.

BIG HOUSECLEANING
Chicago (AP)—The new owners of Chicago's Congress hotel have what might be the biggest of all spring housecleaning jobs. They have started decorating and equipping the 1,000 rooms in the hotel—with no priorities on manpower or equipment.

80-POUND CHAMP
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THERE'S A SEAT FOR YOU ON TRAILWAYS

Bill Smith is bound for home to see his folks before going overseas. Mrs. Paul Jones plans a family visit. Joe Jenks is off to work in the repair shop . . . and they depend on Trailways for the necessary transportation.

Sometimes schedules seem crowded, while others are less crowded, but your Pacific Trailways has prided itself on getting its passengers to their destination and back—on schedule.

On that trip you can save your own vital tires and gasoline by traveling Trailways.



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Bring Your Eyes Out of the Dark

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Offices: Foot of Oregon Ave. Phone 463-W

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

ART WHITING IS GONNA TRY ME OUT WITH HIS BAND! THEY PLAY FOR DANCES AT THE COUNTRY CLUB!—THIS IS THE FIRST STEP UP THE LADDER, POP, AND I'LL NEED SOME FOLDING MONEY!



By MERRILL BLOSSER

WELL, DIDN'T YOU LAY MONEY AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY? SURE, POP, BUT I WASN'T PREPARED FOR THIS MUCH MOISTURE!!

