

THE BEND BULLETIN

and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS

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PRINTING PRESS MONEY

After some of the oddities in economic theory that have been tried out in America in recent years, it is not astonishing when we receive a circular letter from an address in the deep south in advocacy of a plan to "have the government issue sufficient money to pay off the war bonds as they are presented for payment, and to retire all of them as they become due."

Our correspondent suggests that, by this method the government will save about ten billion dollars annually, at the same time reducing and eventually wiping out income taxation. Also, he emphasizes, the government will be saved the need of borrowing money and of paying interest and interest, he adds, "can ruin a government as well as a corporation or an individual."

Of course our correspondent may merely be taking us for a ride, but as far as we can tell he is deadly serious. He seems to feel that he has discovered something brand-new in the way of national financing, something that will fill a long-felt want. It's even possible that he expects a medal for the idea.

We doubt that he'll get one. His plan isn't at all new. It has been tried again and again by hard-up nations and extravagant rulers. It is technically known as inflation of the currency. When used in the manner proposed, it merely perpetrates a swindle, returning worthless paper for money which had real value. It is the printing press method of national financing. The German mark in the days which followed the first world war is the classic example of what such currency comes to be worth—nothing and even less than nothing.

We're willing to go on paying high taxes, thank you, if such a scheme of inflation is to be the alternative.

IT'S PAYMENT TIME

Herman Goering, now in American hands, was reichsmarshal until recently. Then he resigned, it was announced, because of heart trouble. Until that time he had made the nazi racket an extremely profitable one to himself. His country house was a show place, decked out with loot from conquered countries and proscribed homes. He amassed a fortune in the heyday of the nazi regime and had transferred impressive amounts to South America for the rainy day which he doubtless foresaw.

While the people of occupied lands were bowed by poverty and oppression, while the horror camps of his government carried on their routine of unthinkable atrocity, Herman Goering ministered without stint to his personal vanities. His extravagances were notorious.

For long he had been Hitler's anointed, but that is something that he now chooses to forget. A prisoner of the Seventh American army, he promptly asserts that he had been condemned to death by his leader.

It may be that this is so. If it were so, regardless of the ostensible reason, it is safe to say that he deserved the extreme penalty on general principles. It will not improve his standing with his captors, however. He still deserves the death penalty.

LEGION PARTY POSTPONED

A big party which had been planned by the Percy A. Stevens post of the American Legion for the night of May 19, has been indefinitely postponed, it was announced today by LeRoy Fox, chairman of the committee in charge of the event. It was pointed out that lack of red points with which to obtain food for the party was a contributing factor in causing the postponement.

FIRE IS CHECKED

Grease collected on the hood over the range at Allen's cafe, 855 Wall street, this morning caught fire, necessitating a run by city firemen, they reported today. Employes had quenched the flames before the firemen arrived, however.

Holding Us Down to Earth



THE AMERICAN HOUSE

XVI Cousin Victoria developed a real interest in Mr. Tapley, who avoided her as if she had been the plague. It was some time before she had caught on to his drinking. Then her interest doubled, for she was above all things a crusader. "What a pity a fine man like that should be the victim of such a scourge," she said. She took to putting Temperance pamphlets under his door. (Ada used to find them in his sloop jar.) As a result he brought his whiskey right into the dining room.

This only heightened Cousin Victoria's zeal. She sent away for a bottle of White Star Liquor Cure, and one morning, very secretly, put a dose of it into his coffee. But he wasn't fooled for a minute. "Damn you," he shouted, glaring across the room at her. Then he went out, banging the door. We hoped this would start her packing, for Cousin Victoria abhorred profanity. But she was magnanimous. "Poor thing," she said, "He's not responsible." We had all but despaired of her ever going when she had her run-in with Mrs. Guptill. Cousin Victoria was, as I have mentioned, much given to change.

This pamphlet she sent by me to Mrs. Guptill. (Being so aristocratic, Cousin Victoria had naturally kept aloof from the kitchen.) "Every receipt here can be made successfully without eggs," the flyleaf read. Under this Cousin Victoria had written, "My diet from now on." When I handed it to Mrs. Guptill, she took one quick look and threw it in the wood box. "Stuff and nonsense," she said. I rushed back and knocked on Cousin Victoria's door. She did not answer. This did not surprise me, for she never allowed herself to be interrupted when she was writing in her Journal or even in the midst of a reflection. I waited impatiently. It was a good five minutes before she let me in. I reported the incident with considerable zest. Cousin Victoria drew a deep breath and raised her bosom high. "Show me to the kitchen," she said. I had a hard time keeping ahead of her. Mrs. Guptill was laying out some salt fish to serve with pork scraps for dinner when we came down the kitchen stairs. "I should like a word with you," Cousin Victoria began loftily. "I'm ready," Mrs. Guptill answered without looking up. "It concerns the pamphlet I sent you." Cousin Victoria paused for an acknowledgement. Mrs. Guptill kept right on working. This only added to Cousin Victoria's annoyance. "This child tells me that you had the audacity to throw it in the wood box." Mrs. Guptill tasted her fish and added a shake of pepper. "In with the other trash," she said calmly. "Trash," Cousin Victoria shouted, now thoroughly incensed. "You will find it immediately and follow it. Do not forget that I will never eat anything cooked with an egg again." Mrs. Guptill's neck reddened. She pushed the fish aside and reached up in the cupboard for a basket of eggs. Then, very deliberately, she counted out a dozen and began to break them in a bowl, hitting each one against the side with a sound crack. "People in this house eat what's set before 'em," she said, "or else they go hungry."

Cousin Victoria was speechless. The last egg had been broken before she began to recover. "Such impertinence," she choked. "Such insubordination. I shall speak to the doctor." The rest of her words were lost in the racket the egg beater was making. When my father came home at noon, she was waiting for him. "That cook of yours," she began. Even then she wasn't able to speak fluently. "She won't take orders." "That's right. She won't," he agreed readily. Cousin Victoria looked dumfounded. "Do you mean that I must stand for that?" she demanded. "We do," he told her. She drew her bosom up again. "I don't take impertinence from subordinates," she announced. "I will go back to Balmora!" He was polite, but he didn't attempt to dissuade her, though her going meant the loss of seven dollars a week. "I'm sorry things are like this," my mother said, coming in while she was packing, "but we aren't at home, you know. When we get there, we want you to come for a nice long visit." Julia and I tried to help her pack, valiantly suppressing our enthusiasm. But she wouldn't let us. "I can look out for myself," she told us, dragging out her heavy bags. My father did not wait to see her off, but he arranged that Benjamin should drive her to the Junction with Lady. It was an awkward parting. My mother kept talking pleasantly about the roads, the air, the sunshine, while Benjamin put in the bags. Cousin Victoria said nothing at all until Benjamin raised the reins over Lady's back. Then she spoke coldly. "I shall put all this in my Journal," she said. (To Be Continued)

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Wife of 8 Men Given Sentence

Sacramento, Cal. May 10 (U.P.)—Mrs. Vilma Suberly, 26-year-old blonde, undivorced wife of eight servicemen, today was under sentence to two years in a federal penitentiary after Federal Judge Martin I. Welsh ruled she was not entitled to probation after her guilty plea of using the mails to defraud. Mrs. Suberly pleaded guilty to charges of collecting allotment checks from four husbands in the armed services. Following her arrest in Eugene, Ore., she had denied making fraudulent collections. She asked for probation to permit her to return to Oregon and care for her mother. Welsh said he was denying the request on the basis of her record.

Bend's Yesterdays

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(May 10, 1920) (From The Bulletin Files) Heaviest travel on the road between Bend and the Knott ranch on the Bend-Burns highway, is experienced as local residents go horseback and by auto to the Knott landing field to see the first airplane to fly over Central Oregon. The Elks sponsor the showing of "The Way Back" at the Liberty theater to raise funds for the relief of disabled soldiers. Dennis D. Hunt of Sisters, spends the day in Bend on business. W. R. Wiley of Lapine, visits Bend friends. S. L. Moffatt and H. E. Schaefer arrive in Bend from Princeville and plan to spend the night. Mrs. C. P. Niswonger, president of the Ladies' Civic Improvement association, announces an early meeting of the organization at Sather's hall. M. H. Horton goes to Portland to attend a Rexall convention. R. W. Harvey, opening a tire vulcanizing shop in Bend, goes to Portland for the purchase of sup-

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