

THE BEND BULLETIN

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LICENSE NUMBERS AND OWNERS
It has been noted in this column before now that various agencies and bureaus of the federal government do not take either the paper shortage or the need for paper conservation at all seriously.

The state of Oregon is more careful. If this were possible we would say that, in one respect at least, it is too careful. We are referring to the cessation of publication of the state list of cars, owners and licenses.

It would be incorrect to say that this suspension of publication is wholly on account of paper shortage. Partly it stems from the fact that license numbers have been unchanged since that time. But, while numbers have not changed, owners have changed and with unusual rapidity.

But to get back to the license list. It was formerly the case that every police station, or other recognized office of a law enforcement department could obtain a copy. It was a sizeable volume, represented a great deal of work and saved a great deal of work.

But it is not available and, apparently, will not be for some time. The information, it is true, is on tap at state police headquarters, but it is only in connection with the more serious matters that a local officer would feel warranted in wiring, telephoning, or using short wave radio to obtain it.

It will be pleasing to police departments, we are sure when that book is again available.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE

The chance that such another tragedy as occurred a few days ago in the woods near Bly when a woman and five children were killed is probably negligible. But the fact that there is any chance at all makes it highly important that unusual caution be observed.

It will be remembered that an object, which apparently aroused the curiosity of the party, exploded when closer investigation was made. The seventh member of the group, some distance away at the time, was not injured. Whatever caused the six deaths, it is needless to say, was not identified.

To ordinary safety rules, it is plain, there should be an additional one, which should be scrupulously observed by those who frequent the out-of-doors. Anything of unfamiliar, unexplained nature should be left strictly alone. It should, moreover, be reported at once to the authorities. The reason hardly needs elaboration.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE

Ever since Mrs. Guptill had discovered the secret of the kerosene, she had taken it upon herself to mete out punishment. She saw to it that Mr. Cutter got the dregs of the coffee, the tail of the fish, the neck of the chicken. What was more she put a padlock on the closet so that he had no more lunches.

I had my grudge against him, too. One day in reaching secretly for the register, I noticed that the copper paper weight was missing. To have asked him where it was would have been to reveal my own trickery. Besides, he wouldn't have answered.

"I believe he's put it away just to spite me," I complained to my mother. "Nonsense," she said. "Some transient has picked it up for a souvenir. It didn't amount to anything anyway."

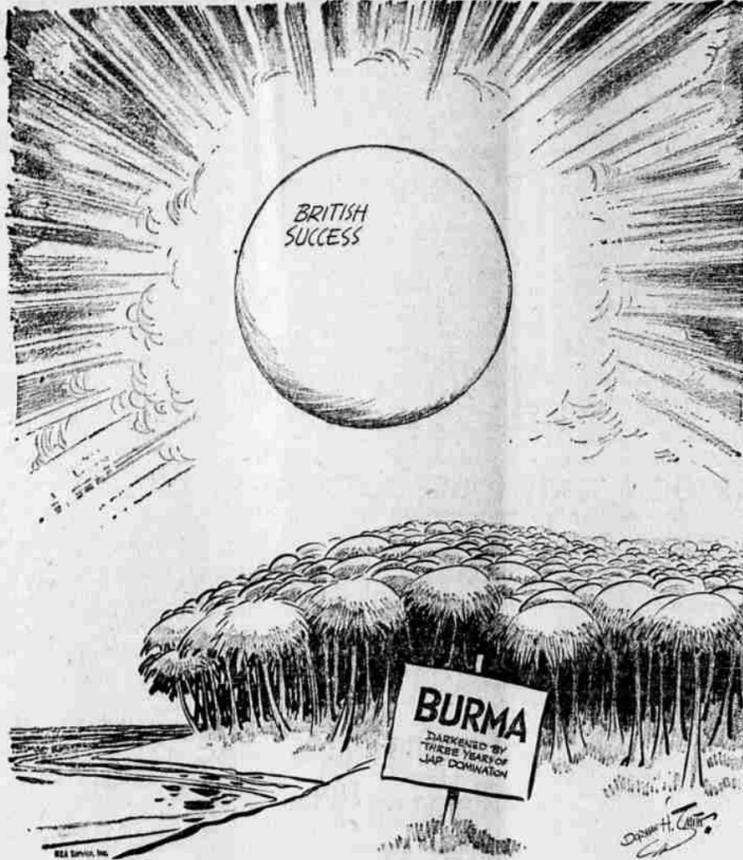
My mother might have been more sympathetic had not her mind been on something else. One Saturday morning she had filled the oil stove, put in a new wick, and set it in the linen closet. On Sunday when she picked it up to take back into the bathroom, she found it dry. The wick had not even been lighted. The stove held a gallon.

Suddenly a question had come to her. What did Mr. Cutter do with all that kerosene when he finished with it? She went at once to his door and knocked. No one answered. She stepped inside. His chamber work had not been done. (Ada liked to leave it until last, so that she could dwell upon it.) The receptacles were all empty. The



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Where the Dawn Comes Up Like Thunder



lamp was empty, too. She looked around the room. There wasn't a speck of dust anywhere. The windows were clean; the brass plate on the chimney was shining. She looked in the closet. It was bare. (Mr. Cutter owned only the clothes on his back.) She opened the drawers of the bureau. The top one held a shirt and some underwear, neatly folded. The others were empty. She looked in the commode. Under the bed. Out the window. Everywhere. There was no sign of kerosene.

She called us girls together and took us into her confidence. We searched the cellar, the linen closet, the halls—everywhere he would have been likely to go. My mother herself searched the office. None of us found anything. Early in March the weather moderated. It rained and at the same time grew very cold so that everything was covered with ice.

One morning Mrs. Guptill recklessly stepped into the back yard without taking time to put on her creepers. She had barely put her foot down before she slipped and sprained her ankle.

The sprain turned out to be a bad one. Bad enough to keep her in bed for a week. My father decided, or even longer if she didn't stay perfectly still. She made a terrible fuss when he told her. Who would get Jay off in the morning? Who would do the cooking and planning? Who would take charge of the 20 visiting Odd Fellows who were coming for dinner on Saturday? Here is was Tuesday.

We would find someone, my father assured her with more confidence than he felt. Help was hard to get especially at this season.

The second day passed without even a real prospect. Upstairs Mrs. Guptill was fit to be tied. Things were going to rack and ruin, she knew. There was no good, she said, in trying to keep it from her. Here it was Wednesday.

On Thursday morning Mrs. Guptill threatened that if we didn't have someone by night, she would come downstairs herself. She meant it, too. Suddenly father had an idea. "I've got the very person," he said. "I don't know why I didn't think of her in the first place."

"Who?" my mother wanted to know. "We've scoured the town," "Eunice Sawyer. Luther owes me \$20. She was asking me the last time I saw her if there wasn't some way they could work it out."

"She'd be real good help," my mother agreed, "only..." "Only what?" "Nothing, only..." My father was getting provoked. He had his own hands full, and he considered this helping a kind of personal favor he was doing my mother. "What's the trouble with Eunice Sawyer?" he demanded. "Nothing's the trouble with her," my mother assured him. "I just wondered if she would be willing to come."

"Why shouldn't she be willing?" he demanded. "No reason, I guess. Why don't you telephone her?"

He went into the office. In five minutes he was back again. "She'll let us know right away," he said.

Actually it was an hour before she called back. She would see us through the Odd Fellows' dinner, she said, on condition that she could go home on Friday night. Her husband would have her back at 5 in the morning. She could come no other way.

That afternoon my mother called us together. "Eunice Sawyer is going to help us out for two days," she said, "and I want you to be very careful not to let on that I ever told you about her having been friendly with Mr. Tapley. As I think it over, it was made up out of whole cloth."

"Yes, Mama." "And something else." She hesitated and then went on, trying to be very matter-of-fact. "There is no occasion for Mr. Tapley's knowing she is here. After all, he is a boarder, and not in the least concerned with the running of this place."

"Yes, Mama." We hadn't been fooled. (To Be Continued)

Bend's Yesterdays

From The Bulletin Files

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(May 11, 1920)

A shortage of brick forces a halt in the building of the Baird building on Bond street.

A number of Bend folks take their first plane ride, including M. H. Symons who soars over the city and takes a number of pictures. The airplane, piloted by R. S. Thompson of Portland, leaves tonight for Prineville.

Miss Lillian Sabia arrives to become Deschutes county librarian. Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Lempe who have been visiting relatives and friends in the east for several weeks, return and report prices are high back there.

Miss Ella Dews, instructor, reports that an exhibit will be given in the gymnasium of work done

in the physical training class. The Benham Falls project is reported favorably by Prof. W. O. Crosby, and steps are taken to induce congress to make an appropriation for the irrigation development.

Clyde McKay goes to Lapine on a short business trip.

Clyde Short of Tumalo, is in Bend on business. County Judge R. W. Sawyer leaves for Portland to attend a meeting of the state chamber of commerce.

Prineville Class To Be Graduated

Prineville, May 11 (Special) — Principal Dallas W. Norton of the high school has announced the full program for commencement week, May 13-18.

A class of 36 will be graduated, six of whom are in the armed forces and will graduate "in absentia." They are: Roy Birdsong, Melvin McCoy, William McMeen, Philip Quinn, Maitland Waldon, and Merle Westcott.

Baccalaureate services will be held in the school gymnasium at 8:00 p.m. Sunday, May 13. Rev. Edward H. Cook of the Episcopal church will deliver the address. The invocation will be pronounced by Father Thomas McTeigue of St. Joseph's Catholic church and the benediction by Rev. W. N. Byars of the Community church.

Dr. Charles A. Howard of the Monmouth school of education will deliver the commencement address. Carol Abel is the valedictorian and Jean Graffenberger the salutatorian. The professional and the recreational for both baccalaureate and commencement nights will be played by Mary Louise Powell and the music for both occasions furnished by the high school glee clubs directed by Miss Sophie Messinger. Mrs. La Selle Coles will present the Girls league cup, Commander M. D. Barney the American Legion cup and Mrs. Hazel Powell the American Legion auxiliary cup.

Wednesday, May 16, will be class night when the seniors will have their last class meeting for fun and their own enjoyment, as well as that of their audience, featuring a dramatized class prophecy, class history, the will, and a class poem.

A feature of the evening's entertainment will be the installation of next year's student body officers. They are president, Paul Thalhofer; vice-president, J. C. McPhetridge; secretary, Sally Lewis; treasurer, Patty Hyatt.

Also at this time G.A.A. awards will be presented by Miss Irene Schlattman, girls P.E. instructor; athletic awards by Coach John Pariseau; awards to commercial students by Mrs. Vada Applegate; and hand letters by Principal Dallas Norton.

The catch of lobsters on the coast of Maine last year was 14,500,000 pounds, the largest since 1892.

Graduation Suits

as you like them



Dressy?

Tailored?

"SMART" is the word for these young styles and smart you girl grads will be to select now! Dressy suits with clever trims... suits tailored to a "T"... all of 100% virgin wool. Rainbow colors of light blue, green, fuchsia and beige. Also black, grey, brown and checks. Sizes, 10-20 29.75-49.00

THE PEOPLES STORE First National Bank Bldg.

SATURDAY'S SPECIAL VALUE Limited Number... GENUINE OREGON TRAIL 4 Piece BEDROOM SUITES SPECIAL \$8950 BEND FURNITURE CO. Phone 271 (Central Oregon's Home Furnishers) Bend

GREENWOOD GROCERY FRUITS - VEGETABLES GROCERIES - MEATS PHONE 466 Sat. and Mon., May 12-14 Cheese...lb. 37c Apple Juice...qt. 25c Peanuts, fresh roasted...lb. 29c Camay...3 bars 20c Klondike Peas...can 11c Whole Kernel Corn...can 15c Hi-Ho CRACKERS 20c Swans Down Cake Flour 27c Oranges...doz. 35c Lemons...doz. 33c Grapefruit...4 for 25c Chase and Sanborn Coffee lb. 29c Hershey's Cocoa 1/2 lb. 11c

"CARNIVAL OF FUN" STARTING OFF WITH 7 CARTOONS DONALD DUCK! MINNIE MOUSE! PLUTO! MIGHTY MOUSE! BUGS BUNNY! POPEYE! LITTLE LULLU! AND THEN "Rockin' in the Rockies" Loaded With Screen, Stage and Radio Stars! Tower Sun. - Mon. Only

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By MERRILL BLOSSER