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Senator Vandenberg—a Freyre Sketch



(NEA Telephoto) Sen. Arthur A. Vandenberg (R., Mich.), one of America's strongest and most powerful delegates to UNCTIO, is portrayed in this vivid characterization drawn in San Francisco by Rafael Freyre, NEA artist.



XXI
The expedition to the hill had originated with Lem Gott, who had chosen the spot, presumably, for convenient ascension into heaven.

"See anything yet?" we called to those ahead.
"Not yet."
I hurried to catch up with Benjamin. "Think, Benjamin," I said soberly, "I may never see you again."

We found him at the very top of the hill, surrounded by an interested group of spectators. (No one was bold enough to laugh at him then. They would wait until 9 o'clock for that.) He was dressed in his best suit and reading aloud from the 12th chapter of Revelation. Every few minutes he would stop, look at his watch, and call out the time in a very loud voice.

My father approved of the expedition. Comets didn't come very often—he appeared thankful for it—and this was a good time to clear up a lot of nonsense about them. If people were together, he said, a few couldn't start a lot of foolish stories. He would go himself. Benjamin would drive all of us to the foot of the hill.

That morning Benjamin hauled his last load of gravel. When he came in for dinner, Mrs. Gupitill was ready for him. He had promised to change the stove. Well, he could do it that very afternoon before he got tied up with something else. She started out again about her and Job.

He'd do it, Benjamin said. He wasn't one to go back on his word. But it would take two men for lifting. Boshy was no good. He was shaking so much now he couldn't lift a feather. They would have to wait for Jay.

Now that spring had come Jay was on an earlier schedule. He came in at 6, and he and Benjamin changed the stove at once. He was just finishing his supper when I went down into the kitchen to tell them that the teams were almost ready.

"I'm not going," Mrs. Gupitill said. "It's Wednesday, and I've got my bread to bake."
"Course you're going," Jay told her. "Your bread can bake without you hangin' over it. I'll come back myself and take it out in an hour."

At first she would hear of it. Other people could go gallivanting off to mountain tops, she said. She could hear the Town Clock strike 9 from where she was.

Jay winked at me. "I believe she wants to be left alone with Mr. Cutter," he said slyly.
That settled it. She went off for her coat, leaving Jay to build the fire. He crammed the stove with excelsior, put in some edgings and opened the draft. "You go on outside," he told me. "I'll stay here to shut it up when it gets going."

At 7 o'clock we started off, nine of us, filling a buckboard and a surrey. On the way we passed groups of people on foot. The Pettigrews, The Bowdens, The Sawyers, The Giddings boys.
"Give us a ride," they called out, laughing.

At the foot of the hill a number of teams were already standing. Benjamin tied the span, and we started up the narrow, winding path that led along the side to the top. Trees cut out any real view of the sky. It was still dusk.

I had seen something, not in the west at all, but in the south, where the cillage lay. It came again—a long, red tail of flame.
"Look! The comet!"
They looked.
"That's no comet," Benjamin said. "That's a fire!"
"Is it high?" Jay broke in. "Do you figger, . . . ?"
"That's just what I was figgerin' in."

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO (May 15, 1930)
A near blizzard whipping over the Newberry crater spoils fishing on East and Paulina lakes.
The Bend Glider club's new sail plane arrives from Colorado springs, and members are enthusiastic about the prospects of soaring over the Deschutes basin at an altitude of 6,000 feet.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (May 15, 1920)
Bend school pupils stage a May day fantasy at the Reid school. In Redmond, Madras wins the declamatory contest in the tri-county meet.

UNANIMOUS ON 64 BILLS
Augusta, Me.—The 10 members of the legislative inland fish and game committee voted alike on every one of the 64 bills they considered.

Big Three Parley Hope of Truman

Washington, May 15 (AP)—President Truman said today he hopes there will be a meeting of the Allied Big Three soon.

Mr. Truman said that was one of the things which he discussed yesterday with British foreign minister Anthony Eden. Eden stopped at the White House en route from the San Francisco security conference to London.

De Gaulle Ruled Out
Asked whether such a big three meeting might be held in San Francisco, the president said it definitely would not be.

He ruled out the possibility that French Gen. Charles De Gaulle would participate in a Big Three meeting.

(De Gaulle had given notice that he expected to be invited to any such meeting, and would demand an invitation if one were not offered at the outset.)

When pressed for a definition of what he means by a meeting soon, the president replied only that he meant not immediately but in the not-too-distant future.

Nine Jap Vessels Bagged by Subs

Washington, May 15 (AP)—U. S. submarines have sunk nine more Japanese vessels, including five warships, the navy announced today.

The combatant vessels included one destroyer, two small escort vessels and two patrol vessels. The remainder of the bag included one large tanker and three cargo vessels.

Today's sinkings, a smaller total than is usually reported, brings to 1,128 the number of enemy vessels sunk by American submarines. This figure includes 131 warships.

LITTLE PIGS GET GATE

Chicago (AP)—When Mrs. Martha Evinsaska bought two little pigs with visions of having pork chops without ration points, it was the neighbors who "squealed." She was arrested on a charge of violating the city health ordinance and was forced to dispose of the porkers.

City Drug Co. — City Drug Co. — City Drug Co.

Advertisement for Vita Vim Fortified Capsules, featuring a woman in a hat and the text 'For ALL-DAY-ENERGY' and 'Some mornings you wake up tired — or as the day passes, energy seems to fade, you feel listless and lazy. We recommend— Vita Vim Fortified Capsules'.

Others Say . . .

'THE BEST FROM YANK' (The Oregonian)

There is a great new war book on the market. It is simple and powerful and dramatic and in places humorous beyond anything we have seen that has been written by a civilian. It was not meant for civilians. In the first place. The stories and poems in it were written and cartoons were drawn by soldiers and sailors and marines. for the information and entertainment of their fellows in uniform. The book is "The Best From YANK, the Army Weekly." The editors need not have been so modest. Here is a sample:

In the jungle, war is always a personal sort of thing, one man against another. . . . When Sgt. Robert Chambers of Bend, Ore., ran out of grenades, he called for his buddy to throw him more. The other sergeant tossed them forward and as he did so a Jap rifleman in the pillbox shot him through the chest. The sergeant was on his feet and, when the bullet hit into him, he wheeled to face the Jap and yelled like a man fouled in a fist fight: "Why, you dirty little bastard!" He raised his rifle, started forward and fell dead.

"Chambers, a few feet away, went blind mad. He hurled two grenades into the Jap position as though he were stoning a snake, then leaped into the pillbox with his trench knife. When he came out, he crouched over his teammate, but there was no heartbeat; he had done all he could." (From "The Five-Day Attack on Hastings Ridge," by Sgt. Mack Morris.)

There is no fluff or frill about the news-writing for YANK. Men in combat have no need for "fine writing" to tell other G.I.'s what happened, and how they felt about it. It is the stark simplicity, the restraint, the authenticity of the writing that are its greatest assets.

The nearest approach to the reporting in YANK was that of Ernie Pyle, who wrote and died with the foot soldiers. But Ernie was writing about the G.I.'s for their fathers and mothers and wives and kid brothers, as well as for the G.I.'s. The corporals and sergeants who write for YANK are writing for the G.I.'s only.

Norway Author's 2 Sons Accused

Stockholm, May 15 (AP)—The Swedish radio said last night that Knut Hamsun, Norwegian author who won the Nobel prize for literature in 1920, suffered a "nervous breakdown" when he learned the Germans had surrendered.

The broadcast said Hamsun's two sons had been arrested. One was said to be a former member of the Waffen SS and the other a "Quisling" manager for the printing department of a Norwegian publishing firm.

Hamsun is best known for his three novels "Hunger," "Growth of the Soil" and "The Woman at the Well."

Glass cloth, woven of glass fiber yarns and coated with either synthetic rubber or resin, will be used by the army for side walls and ends in newly developed airplane hangars at forward bases.

Table titled 'SUMMARY OF ANNUAL STATEMENT' for LUMBERMEN'S INSURANCE COMPANY. Columns include Income, Disbursements, and Admitted Assets.

SISTERS MAN WOUNDED
Sisters, May 15—The office of war information today reported that Lyle Davis, hospital apprentice 1/c, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Davis of Sisters, has been wounded. The OWI did not reveal where the sailor received his injuries.

Buy National War Bonds Now!

Advertisement for Fountain Service, Luncheons Home-Made Pies, Sportsmen's Headquarters, and Douthit's.

Ration Calendar

Processed Foods: Book 4 — Blue stamps H2 through M2 valid through June 2; N2 through S2 valid through June 30; T2 through X2 valid through July 31. Meat, butter, cheese:—Book 4 Red stamps Y5 through D2 valid through June 2; E2 through J2 valid through June 30; K2 through P2 valid through July 31; Q2 through U2 valid through Aug. 31. Sugar: Book 4 — Sugar stamp 35 valid through June 2. Sugar stamp 36 valid May 1 through Aug. 31. Shoes: loose stamps invalid—Book 3 — Airplane stamps 1-23 now valid. New shoe stamp valid Aug. 1. Gasoline: coupons not valid unless endorsed—"A" 15 coupons, 4 gal. each, valid through June 21. "B" 67 valid, 5 gal. each. "C" 67 valid, 5 gal. each. Stoves: Apply local board for oil, gas stove certificates. Wood, coal, sawdust: Dealer determines delivery priority from consumer's written statement of annual needs and quantity on hand.

LETTER AWARDED

Leroy Franklin Livingston, 14-year-old son of Mrs. H. L. Livingston, 937 East Third street, Bend, was awarded a letter certificate for cross-country run, for the season of 1944-45, at Hill Military academy, Portland, Oregon.

Berry baskets are extensively made from the common river birch.



Bring Your Eyes Out of the Dark

You can, by having us examine them and then make a pair of glasses for you that will correct vision defects.

Dr. M. B. McKenney OPTOMETRIST
Offices: Foot of Oregon Ave. Phone 465-W

Bend Abstract Co.

Title Insurance—Abstracts
Walt Peak Phone 174

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Comic strip panel showing characters talking about a dinner and a business Hector.

Comic strip panel showing a character saying 'NOW HELP ME OUT THE WINDOW — AND KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT!' and another saying 'SOME DAY I'M GONNA WRITE A BOOK!'

Comic strip panel showing a character saying 'GOOD NIGHT, MAJOR! I'VE HAD A LOVELY TIME! NO, NO, PLEASE DON'T TRY TO KISS ME!!'

Comic strip panel showing a character saying 'OH, GOOD EVENING, LARD — I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE!' and another saying 'By MERRILL BLOSSER'.

Advertisement for Mobilgas and Mobiloil, featuring the Flying Red Horse logo and the text 'More Flying Red Horses than ever!' and 'Up they go—everywhere! More and more Signs of the Flying Red Horse identifying Independent Mobilgas dealers.'.