

THE BEND BULLETIN

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THE STATE BUILDING PROGRAM
Of two measures which will appear on the ballot at the special election June 22, that which would provide for the financing of a part of Oregon's badly needed post-war building program is undoubtedly the more important. It is the \$10,000,000 appropriation bill for public buildings.

We have said that it would provide for part of the financing of the program. The entire job of construction, which would come partly under the jurisdiction of the board of control and partly under the jurisdiction of the board of higher education, would reach a total cost of \$16,500,000. Budgeting by the legislature has already provided \$1,000,000 for college and university buildings and \$3,000,000 for buildings within the province of the board of control. In addition, buildings and furnishings at institutions of higher education in the amount of \$2,500,000 are expected to be financed from student fees. This makes \$6,500,000. The remainder needed, \$10,000,000, is on the ballots. The total of \$16,500,000 is the amount deemed necessary on the basis of studies made by the board of control, the board of higher education and the state emergency board.

Because of the Oregon statute which provides that revenue derived from the state income tax shall be used only to offset taxes on property, the \$10,000,000 appropriation to complete the program must and does appear under the guise of a property tax levy, which if made can then be offset as the law provides. But, as an actual fact, the measure referred to the people by the legislature does not propose a property tax. It would, instead, use surplus impounded in the general fund.

The explanation is made because a five mill levy for two years could produce an unpleasant reaction among the members of the electorate, perhaps even threatening the passage of the measure. The purposes of the appropriation, we believe, are worthy and should not be thwarted by misunderstanding.

The income tax is sufficiently productive now and will be for another year to take care of the \$5,000,000 a year for the two years for which period, the bill provides, this amount is to be transferred to a public buildings fund. This means, in turn, that the ones who will actually provide the money are the income tax payers.

The chief appeal that is being made by proponents of the measure has to do with that part of the appropriation which is to be expended in construction of more facilities for institutions under the state board of higher education. Much greater enrollment is foreseen at the state university and college at the end of the war. The present capacity of institutions of higher learning, it has been estimated, will be quite too small to take care of those returning from service to continue an interrupted education. Such enrollment, spread over a number of years, will come as an addition to normal registration. To aid in meeting this need, the measure would provide \$4,000,000.

Although little mention has been made of the use to which the remaining \$6,000,000 would be put, the need for this sum is also great. It has been known for long that such state institutions as the state hospitals, boys and girls training schools and penitentiary are inadequate and badly crowded. It is toward such improvements and additions as would remedy existing conditions that the \$6,000,000 is asked.

Depending upon the vote, the program may be authorized for the full amount, or it may be limited to the \$6,500,000 already provided. We are of the opinion that the importance of it will be generally recognized and that the full program will be made possible.

A Tokyo radio broadcast comments that fighting by the special Jap attack corps is so heroic as to "make even the gods weep." At its futility, no doubt.

A serious shortage of fats has developed, we are told. But at least we have Goering.

Where Rests the Mighty Oregon?

(Out in the remote Pacific, at some undesignated spot, a Bend sailor, George R. Brick, EM 1-c, by chance came across the hull of a once proud ship, the battleship Oregon of Spanish-American war fame. His reactions to the sight of the historic ship, stripped of its superstructure and cut down to a barge, are penned here.)

By George R. Brick
We went out of the harbor on an assignment along the coast of this island. Close to the beach there was an old rusty hulk taking the breakers in a dash of white foam. It looked odd for a barge or a lighter. I wondered about it and when we came back into the harbor I looked at the harbor list of ships and so help me this is what I found: "Ships present, Port—, Oregon (EX. BB No. 3)." Further inquiry brought out the fact that that old darling was being used, or had been used, for an ammunition barge.

As far as I know I am the only man from Oregon who saw it, or cares anything about it, out here. Picturing it as I have often seen it in Portland and as I see it now puts a heavy burden on my shoulders. Just think of the pennies, nickels and dimes that went into the preservations of that old ship from the children of Oregon! If they could see it now what would they think? As for myself I feel about it as I did about the old cannon in the park. Let all of the other old scrap be donated first.

FIND 2,087 SLUGS
Johnstown, Pa. (AP)—The city was richer by \$58,855 and 2,087 slugs after 14 slot machines, which had been stored for several years were destroyed. Police were unable to compute the amount of money drained out by use of slugs.

The production of tin cans for food and other materials in 1944 was equal to the 1940 output, but the amount of tin used in them was decreased nearly one-half because electroplating displaced the hot-dipping method.

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The Next Enemy to Be Overpowered



THE AMERICAN HOUSE By Virginia Chase

We girls had, naturally, never seen a comet, and we read everything about it that we could lay our hands on. We were not in the least superstitious. "It is a perfectly natural occurrence," my mother assured us, and we believed her. Then one day in April came a disturbing news came. EARLY TO PASS THROUGH THE COMET'S TAIL, the paper read, RESULTS DEBATEABLE. The tail, it went on, was composed largely of gases. We would go through it at 2500 miles a minute at 9 o'clock on the evening of May 18. The earth had passed through a comet's tail before, it reminded us, once in 1819 and again in 1861, but those comets were smaller ones. This was Halley's. In a single month its tail had grown from 5,000,000 miles to more than 20,000,000. It was still growing.

A good many sensible people—not just country people, either—began to wonder if we might not be in for something. What they read wasn't designed to quiet them any. "Through the glowing appendage of Halley's comet, as poisonous as it is beautiful, the earth will plunge on May 18th, 1910," said Collier's Weekly. Scientists hastened to reassure us. It was true, they said, that the tail did contain poisonous elements, but these were too thin to do any real damage. Most people took their word for it, but a few were already too aroused.

Lem Gott predicted the imminence of Doomsday. It would come, he warned, as of the heavens cracking. After Boshy heard that, if you as much as snapped a whip in the stable he would quake all over. It took more than the threat of Doomsday to scare Mrs. Guphill. If the world was coming to an end, she guessed this was as good a time as any, she said. As for her, she wasn't going to sit around until May 18 with her hands folded.

Julia, too, showed real bravado. She was interested in comets, and she hoped this one would come close enough so that she could get a good look, she said. She was going to take all the bottles she could find and fill them with gases when we passed through the tail. This was ridiculous, Sue confided to me. Being in the Academy, she naturally thought

stant. You couldn't turn off a comet's tail. . . . At night the light from the street lamp shone in round and bright through the porthole. I had a hard time sleeping. . . . My mother began to complain that I looked pindling. "I'm going to mix you up some sulphur and molasses," she said. "It helped me as a girl, for all your father says."

There was no use in protesting. Sulphur and molasses had always been revolting to me. But this year it seemed to have a new taste. A taste like gas.

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Attendance at church had increased noticeably. The Blaisdells and the Haskells, who had cherished a feud for generations, ended it by talking over the back fence. Two of my father's least responsible creditors suggested making a settlement. In his zeal to save others, Lem Gott had begun to paint warnings in appropriate and conspicuous places. IS YOUR HOUSE FOUNDED UPON A ROCK? he printed in red across one of the ledges along the shore. YOU ARE MAKING YOUR LAST RUN stared out at you from the foul fence at the ball ground. The comet would hit the earth, he told all who would listen. May 18 would be the last day any of us would live. On the evening of the ninth a fog rolled in, a heavy fog that blotted out the sky. There would be no use in getting up before sunrise, people agreed. To some it was a disappointment. To me it was a real relief. The fog hung on after that, burning off every day before noon. On the 16th we had our first word from Cousin Victoria. She knew we were sorry for the way we had treated her, she said, and she was willing to accept our apology. She was distraught about the royal family. Then followed a quotation that Sue was proud to recognize as coming from Julius Caesar. "When beggars die, there are no comets seen; The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of kings." A postscript added: "This may be the last letter you will ever have from me." Clearly, she felt herself, too, a special target. "I'll certainly be thankful when the 18th is over," my mother sighed. "Such a to-do over nothing!" On the 17th the fog lifted, and some claimed to have seen the comet, then, in broad daylight, though no two, it seemed, had seen it in the same place. At night it would be bigger, brighter. Boshy's agitation grew. His sniffs quickened in tempo. "What kin we do if the comet aims square at us?" he asked Mr. Tapley. "We might ban it," Mr. Tapley told him. "The way we did automobiles."

On the morning of the 18th my mother insisted on my taking an extra spoonful of sulphur and molasses. "I'm going to have your father give you a thorough going-over," she said, looking worried. "And beginning tonight you go to bed at 7." She had forgotten! "Not tonight, Mama. Everyone is going to the hill tonight." (To Be Continued)

Bend's Yesterdays (From The Bulletin Files) FIFTEEN YEARS AGO (May 16, 1930) The Lions club meets in the Pilot Butte Inn with Frank H. Loggan presiding, and the following appeared on the program: Doris Dyer, violin; Miss Ragnild Moe, piano; Hazel Prosser, harmonica, and Vada McGill gives a recitation. Dr. Burt Brown Barker, vice-president of the University of Oregon is principal speaker.

In Redmond, the following members of the graduating class win awards: Ella Cottongim, American Legion auxiliary trophy; James Teater, American Legion trophy; Ruth Irwin, Parent-Teachers' association trophy, and Verna May Friday the Oregon scholarship. A delayed blast sends a workman engaged in building the Central Oregon highway on Horse Ridge to the St. Charles hospital. Word comes from Eugene that Neill Whisnant, son of A. Whisnant, is a member of the University of Oregon track team to compete with the University of Wash-

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