

THE BEND BULLETIN

and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS

The Bend Bulletin (Weekly) 1903-1931 The Bend Bulletin (Daily) Est. 1916 Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday and Certain Holidays by The Bend Bulletin 732-734 Wall Street, Bend, Oregon Entered as Second Class Matter, January 6, 1917, at the Postoffice at Bend, Oregon, Under Act of March 3, 1879. ROBERT W. SAWYER—Editor-Manager HENRY N. FOWLER—Associate Editor FRANK E. LOGAN—Advertising Manager As Independent Newspaper Standing for the Square Deal, Clean Business, Clean Politics and the Best Interests of Bend and Central Oregon MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS SUBSCRIPTION RATES By Mail One Year \$7.50 Six Months \$4.50 Three Months \$2.50 By Carrier One Year \$7.50 Six Months \$4.50 Three Months \$2.50 Please notify us of any change of address or failure to receive the paper regularly.

CORDON AND SHIPSHAW

The war production board's recommendation for the cancellation of the optional part of the American government's contract for purchase of Canadian aluminum from the Shipshaw plant should be well received throughout the United States. It will certainly be acclaimed in the Pacific northwest, where aluminum plants, with ample power at hand have been idle or threatened with idleness so that Shipshaw might have a market for its product. And it will be earnestly hoped that the suggestion reported by Senator Guy Cordon from the small business committee, that the non-optional part of the contract, for purchase of 100,000,000 pounds of aluminum, be negotiated, may be promptly carried out. Only by negotiation may this obligation to purchase be cancelled or reduced.

But while the board's recommendation is deserving of approval, it should not be overlooked that the credit goes back considerably farther than this. Much of it belongs to Senator Cordon who, ably assisted by Oregon's junior senator, Wayne Morse, has worked for months to bring government agencies to a realization that America's own production was sufficient and that continuation of a policy of closing domestic plants in order to buy elsewhere was silly.

The American government financed the Shipshaw construction with a \$68,000,000 loan at a time when facilities in this country could have met the war need for aluminum. In the agreement, however, it did not appear as a loan, but as an advance on one-third of the amount which this government was to pay the Aluminum Company of Canada for its product.

The contract was carried out and then, for some unfathomable reason, it was renewed last March for 250,000,000 pounds of metal. The northwest asked, "Why?" and the small business committee of the senate, with Senator Cordon as a newly appointed member, endeavored to find the answer. The Oregon senator played a prominent part in the investigations which followed and, through skillful questioning of witnesses at committee hearings developed the facts which, once brought into the open, have shown definitely the folly of the Shipshaw agreement. Testimony given by Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, who admitted that he had learned too late of what had been going on, who scored the contract severely and urged that it be cancelled, has unquestionably been of great importance.

The deal, as Secretary Ickes stated, was a mistake from the beginning, but it is doubtful if, even now, anything much would have been done about it had it not been for the determination of the new Oregon senators and the fine work done by the senior of the two in committee.

MOSCOW'S CRITICISM

The justice of Russian criticisms of any display of seeming cordiality by American officers to accused war criminals who have been taken prisoner will at once be apparent. But when a Moscow broadcaster denounces our correspondents for interviewing the captured Goering, that is something quite different. In this case, we would observe, the critic simply doesn't understand.

In his own country, we gather, it is one of the things that are not done. In our country, on the other hand, persons awaiting trial on charges of major crimes are more often interviewed than not. In our country these things are news and the correspondents who questioned Goering are writing for American news readers.

It's largely a matter of custom and a matter of outlook. The Russians have their ideas of news and we have ours. In some respects they are different. We feel certain that the Russians would not relish it if we were to tell them what is news and how they should cover it and we hope that they will forgive us if we do not always conform to their standards of propriety in our own coverage.

Washington Column

By Peter Edson

(NEA Staff Correspondent) San Francisco, Calif. — To Ahmet Enin Yalman, president representative of the Turkish delegation to the United Nations conference, has come one of the strangest and pleasantest experiences of the whole San Francisco meeting, marking the end of another, smaller search for peace that began back in 1939. Or maybe it began a couple of hundred years before that. Anyway — In 1939 Yalman was a Turkish commissioner to the World's Fair in New York. In June of that year there came to the Turkish embassy in Washington a delegation of Molokans from California. They wanted to migrate to Turkey and the case came to the attention of Commissioner Yalman in New York because it was in the nature of "new business."

Now the Molokans are a lovely people, a clean and humble people something like the American Quakers. The word "Molokan" means "a drinker of milk." They eat no pork. Molokans are pacifists. Originally they came from what used to be southern Russia, though their homelands are now in Turkey on the Russian border. Over the centuries they had built up their own customs and culture in which the desire for peace was always a dominant influence.

When they grew tired of the continual warring and massacres on the Turkish-Russian border, some of the younger spirits migrated to America to find peace. Here they prospered. There is a small colony of them in San Francisco, larger communities of several thousand families in the Fresno and Los Angeles areas. They made good citizens, pay their taxes and they never cause any trouble.

But in 1939 a group of these

Molokans from the Los Angeles colony wanted to return to their homeland and they came to the Turkish embassy in Washington to see what could be done about it. Their reason for wanting to leave America was this: One of the prophets of the Molokans had a dream. In this dream it was revealed to him that the whole world was going to be engulfed in a horrible war. The only country in the world that wouldn't be involved would be Turkey.

So the Molokans wanted to go back where they came from to live in peace. Well, the Turkish embassy staff and Commissioner Ahmet Enin Yalman thought this was very nice, but a little bit crazy. If there was a war they figured Turkey would be among the first countries to be involved and the United States would be the last. Why didn't the Molokans stay where they were in peaceful America?

So the Molokans came back to California, and here they have stayed. The Molokans' desire to return home is all gone. It was just a dream. They've found peace here.

New Fire Building Due for Madras

Madras, May 17 (Special) — At a joint meeting of the city council and volunteer fire department held Monday night, it was decided to erect a new fire station and convert the present City hall into suitable office quarters for the council and fire department. The space now occupied by the Selective Service board will remain the same.

The new building will be located south of the city hall. The exact cost is not now known, but it is hoped that all preliminary work can begin at once so that actual construction will be started soon.

SINGING SAW PRODUCES Gorton, Vt. (AP) — Though it's reputedly the oldest stationary sawmill in America, the singing saw at the Ricker Mills here annually turns out 150,000 feet of lumber.

"Shake Hands Mit Mine Latest Agvaintance, Herr Nips"



THE AMERICAN HOUSE By Virginia Chase

XXII Benjamin and Jay dashed down over the rocks of the gully. Right down over the front of the hill. We followed them, slipping, sliding, crawling through brambles. By the time we got to the foot they had turned the surrey and were ready to drive off. "Wait! Wait!" They pulled us aboard. We sat there on the back seat, Julia and I, clinging to the arms, while Nellie raced toward the village. The sky had a glow in it now. We were beginning to smell smoke. The ladder—the only one we had—was way up in the hay-mow. I remembered. "Maybe we oughter have told the rest," Jay said, breaking the silence. "They'll have seen it by this time," Benjamin answered. "I want to get the horses out."

We could see little flames now, not so red, high up, where the roof would be. Then the outline of the house itself, dimly, through the smoke and growing darkness. "It's that chimney where we set the stove to," Jay said. As we dashed into the yard, we heard a horse kicking. "That's Lady," Benjamin shouted. He got out and headed for the stable. "You girls go tell Miss Treworgy to spread the word," Jay told us as he started to unhitch Nellie.

Miss Treworgy was the village telephone operator. We rushed across the street and rattled at her door. She pecked out from behind a curtain and saw the blaze. We heard her at the switchboard. "Fire! Fire! The village's burning!"

We looked back. Major and General were coming out of the stable, slowly, stolidly, with a white flash that must be Noel at their heels. Benjamin followed, leading Lady, who reared and whinnied. Then Niobe, shambling, listless, unperturbed. We hurried on again, stopping wherever there was a light. "Fire! Fire!"

When we got back, men were running about with buckets and lanterns. Some children had gathered in the back yard near the tank. "They can't get at the tank," one of them told us. "The smoke's too thick up there."

The top of the roof was all ablaze. Smoke was pouring from the fourth floor windows. From the lower ones people were throwing out mattresses, bureau drawers, chairs, chamber crockery. A backboard rolled in, bearing my father and Boshy. "From the bucket brigade to the Mill brook," my father shouted, stripping off his coat. "Oters took up the cry. 'A bucket brigade!' 'Bring them buckets from the stable!' All of us fell in, stretching in a long, gapping line to the brook. 'Pass it on!' 'Pass it on!' 'Pass it on!' By the time buckets reached my father, standing at the foot of the ladder, they were almost empty. 'Faster! Steadier!' he shouted, as he passed them up to Benjamin.

People had already begun to arrive on foot from the hill. Some rushed inside and brought out whatever they could lay their hands on. Furniture. Silver. Linen. Dishes. Clothing. Blankets. An armful of funny papers. Others filled in the gaps of the bucket line. "Faster! Steadier!" The flames were hot and noisy. You had to raise your voice to be heard above them. Sparks were flying. "Children around front," my father shouted. "The chimney's swaying!"

We went reluctantly. The village was brightly lit. People were taking furniture out of their own houses. On almost every roof was a man with a bucket and a broom. Storekeepers were packing their wares. Mr. Sawyer had covered his steps with barrels and boxes. Mr. Orcutt was loading carcasses on a ligger. Through the window of Mr. Tapley's store you could see his clerks frantically filling hampers with clothing, shoes, bolts of material. Mr. Tapley himself was sitting on the steps of the Town hall, leisurely smoking a cigaret. "Quite a sight, eh, young ladies?" he said, seeing us. The front wall was still untouched, yet through the upper windows we could see the flames creeping closer. "Mama! Oh, Mama!" My mother, Sue, and Mrs. Gup-till were hurrying by, dusty and out of breath. "Where's your father?" "We'll show you. We were glad of a chance to get into the yard again. The bucket line had broken.

Decorations Day Flowers featuring PEONIES & GLADIOLI and other cut flowers. DON'T FAIL TO ORDER EARLY. PICKETT Flower Shop & Garden Phone 530 629 Quimby We telegraph flowers anywhere.

Even my father had given up hope. "It's too late," he was shouting. "It's going fast." Before we could reach him Jay had passed us. He was black with soot, and his eyes were running. "How did it start?" my mother asked him. "In that old chimney," he called over his shoulder. "Twas soaked with kerosene." "Oh," my mother said. She understood now. That chimney had an opening in Mr. Cutter's room. She remembered the shining copper plate. (To Be Continued)

Even my father had given up hope. "It's too late," he was shouting. "It's going fast." Before we could reach him Jay had passed us. He was black with soot, and his eyes were running. "How did it start?" my mother asked him. "In that old chimney," he called over his shoulder. "Twas soaked with kerosene." "Oh," my mother said. She understood now. That chimney had an opening in Mr. Cutter's room. She remembered the shining copper plate. (To Be Continued)

People had already begun to arrive on foot from the hill. Some rushed inside and brought out whatever they could lay their hands on. Furniture. Silver. Linen. Dishes. Clothing. Blankets. An armful of funny papers. Others filled in the gaps of the bucket line. "Faster! Steadier!" The flames were hot and noisy. You had to raise your voice to be heard above them. Sparks were flying. "Children around front," my father shouted. "The chimney's swaying!"

We went reluctantly. The village was brightly lit. People were taking furniture out of their own houses. On almost every roof was a man with a bucket and a broom. Storekeepers were packing their wares. Mr. Sawyer had covered his steps with barrels and boxes. Mr. Orcutt was loading carcasses on a ligger. Through the window of Mr. Tapley's store you could see his clerks frantically filling hampers with clothing, shoes, bolts of material. Mr. Tapley himself was sitting on the steps of the Town hall, leisurely smoking a cigaret. "Quite a sight, eh, young ladies?" he said, seeing us. The front wall was still untouched, yet through the upper windows we could see the flames creeping closer. "Mama! Oh, Mama!" My mother, Sue, and Mrs. Gup-till were hurrying by, dusty and out of breath. "Where's your father?" "We'll show you. We were glad of a chance to get into the yard again. The bucket line had broken.

The flames were hot and noisy. You had to raise your voice to be heard above them. Sparks were flying. "Children around front," my father shouted. "The chimney's swaying!"

We went reluctantly. The village was brightly lit. People were taking furniture out of their own houses. On almost every roof was a man with a bucket and a broom. Storekeepers were packing their wares. Mr. Sawyer had covered his steps with barrels and boxes. Mr. Orcutt was loading carcasses on a ligger. Through the window of Mr. Tapley's store you could see his clerks frantically filling hampers with clothing, shoes, bolts of material. Mr. Tapley himself was sitting on the steps of the Town hall, leisurely smoking a cigaret. "Quite a sight, eh, young ladies?" he said, seeing us. The front wall was still untouched, yet through the upper windows we could see the flames creeping closer. "Mama! Oh, Mama!" My mother, Sue, and Mrs. Gup-till were hurrying by, dusty and out of breath. "Where's your father?" "We'll show you. We were glad of a chance to get into the yard again. The bucket line had broken.

Meanest Thief Steals Teeth of Madras Man Madras, May 17 (Special) — About the "meanest thief" in these parts is the person or persons who now possess the complete set of dentures belonging to O. M. Gibson, mechanic at the Union garage. Gibson was having a little difficulty a few days ago and placed the plates carefully in his coat pocket which hung in the rest room at the garage. When he went to get the dentures they were gone. The party who took them is known, according to Gibson, but their identity will not be revealed providing they bring them back immediately. It will cost Gibson \$200 to replace the set, but it will cost the party who has them even more if they are not returned, Gibson says.

MRS. DURBIN DEAD Madras, May 17 (Special) — Word has been received here telling of the death of Mrs. Mathilde Durbin in Portland on May 3. Mrs. Durbin lived on the Durbin ranch on lower Antelope for a good many years. The ranch is now operated by Louie Morse.

John Young Wins College Honors John R. Young of Bend, junior at Oregon state college, was among 38 students at the college who were singled out for special recognition at the annual honors and awards convocation, held at 1 p.m. Wednesday in the Men's gymnasium on the Corvallis campus. John was among 31 pledges who were tapped for Phi Kappa Phi, national all-school scholastic honorary fraternity. He also received honorable mention for the A. E. Cummings' group of institution awards.

HIGH SPAN BEDECKED Madras, May 17 (Special) — George Griffin, superintendent of the F. J. Gilpin Construction company of Portland, is here with a crew of 18 men redecking the Willow Creek trestle west of Madras. It will take the men several weeks to complete the work. C. Dahlman, inspector for the Great Northern with headquarters at Wishram is also here.

BUDGET UNIT MEETS Madras, May 17 (Special) — Members of the City of Madras 1945-1946 budget committee met Tuesday night. Present were Fred Rodman, H. A. Dussault, Ivan Olsen, H. W. Turner, Louie Ebert and Joe Warren.

Bend's Yesterdays (From The Bulletin Files)

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (May 17, 1920)

Sale of further water rights to land holders by the Central Oregon Irrigation district is suspended pending the outcome of a suit brought by H. H. Dietrich.

Work is begun on the Bend-Elk lake road, a crew starting this morning at Big Springs with the intention of making 27 miles of roadway. N. G. Jacobson, supervisor of the Deschutes national forest, is in charge.

The Percy A. Stevens post of the American Legion begins an active drive to enroll an additional 100 members.

H. J. Overturn and Henry N. Fowler leave on a trip into Grant county.

Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Jacobson report the birth of a daughter on May 15.

Mrs. Clara Siever and Mrs. Olga Johnson, Bend, report the purchase of the Cascade hotel, corner of Wall street and Delaware avenue, from C. Patterson.

Jay H. Upton of Prineville, passes through Bend en route home after campaigning for state senator in Lake and Klamath counties.

Marriage of C. T. Dennis and Miss Hattie Davis, both of Bend, last Saturday night, is announced today. The wedding takes place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Davis, 1071 Federal street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lawrence and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Inabnit motor to Canyon creek to spend the day fishing.

John Young Wins College Honors John R. Young of Bend, junior at Oregon state college, was among 38 students at the college who were singled out for special recognition at the annual honors and awards convocation, held at 1 p.m. Wednesday in the Men's gymnasium on the Corvallis campus. John was among 31 pledges who were tapped for Phi Kappa Phi, national all-school scholastic honorary fraternity. He also received honorable mention for the A. E. Cummings' group of institution awards.

HIGH SPAN BEDECKED Madras, May 17 (Special) — George Griffin, superintendent of the F. J. Gilpin Construction company of Portland, is here with a crew of 18 men redecking the Willow Creek trestle west of Madras. It will take the men several weeks to complete the work. C. Dahlman, inspector for the Great Northern with headquarters at Wishram is also here.

BUDGET UNIT MEETS Madras, May 17 (Special) — Members of the City of Madras 1945-1946 budget committee met Tuesday night. Present were Fred Rodman, H. A. Dussault, Ivan Olsen, H. W. Turner, Louie Ebert and Joe Warren.

John Young Wins College Honors John R. Young of Bend, junior at Oregon state college, was among 38 students at the college who were singled out for special recognition at the annual honors and awards convocation, held at 1 p.m. Wednesday in the Men's gymnasium on the Corvallis campus. John was among 31 pledges who were tapped for Phi Kappa Phi, national all-school scholastic honorary fraternity. He also received honorable mention for the A. E. Cummings' group of institution awards.

HIGH SPAN BEDECKED Madras, May 17 (Special) — George Griffin, superintendent of the F. J. Gilpin Construction company of Portland, is here with a crew of 18 men redecking the Willow Creek trestle west of Madras. It will take the men several weeks to complete the work. C. Dahlman, inspector for the Great Northern with headquarters at Wishram is also here.

BUDGET UNIT MEETS Madras, May 17 (Special) — Members of the City of Madras 1945-1946 budget committee met Tuesday night. Present were Fred Rodman, H. A. Dussault, Ivan Olsen, H. W. Turner, Louie Ebert and Joe Warren.

Bend Furniture's May Special!

BEDROOM SUITE Limited Number



Made of Selected Eastern Hardwoods

4 Piece Walnut Suite

A fortunate purchase from a large Eastern manufacturer makes this value possible. It's quality throughout — it's a pre-war value! Full sized bed, bench, chest of drawers and vanity with five drawers and plate glass mirror. See it NOW!

A YEAR TO PAY

REGULAR \$142.95 MAY SPECIAL

\$119

You Save \$23.95

HEADQUARTERS for BABY NEEDS

Basinette CRIB

In soft-tone colors of pink, blue or ivory. 12.95

Crib Mattress Good grade mattresses, priced from 5.95

Panel Baby Cribs

Beautiful panel baby beds—easily adjustable in maple, ivory, blond or wheat finishes. Full size—usable up to 6 years of age.

Moisture-Proof Crib Mattress The most durable and comfortable of baby mattresses. Several colors. 12.50

Complete Stock Baby Carriages Fewer, rubber tired wheels, metal frames.

NEW FOR BEND!

5 Piece WARFIELD DINING SET

A beautiful walnut table and 4 matching chairs. Drop leaf, extension to seat either 8 or ten. Warfield furniture is being shown for the first time since the war.

9975

Warfield Table 59.95

Chairs to Match, ea. 9.95

BEND FURNITURE CO.

Phone 2/1 — Central Oregon's Home Furnishers — Easy Terms

John Young Wins College Honors John R. Young of Bend, junior at Oregon state college, was among 38 students at the college who were singled out for special recognition at the annual honors and awards convocation, held at 1 p.m. Wednesday in the Men's gymnasium on the Corvallis campus. John was among 31 pledges who were tapped for Phi Kappa Phi, national all-school scholastic honorary fraternity. He also received honorable mention for the A. E. Cummings' group of institution awards.

MRS. DURBIN DEAD Madras, May 17 (Special) — Word has been received here telling of the death of Mrs. Mathilde Durbin in Portland on May 3. Mrs. Durbin lived on the Durbin ranch on lower Antelope for a good many years. The ranch is now operated by Louie Morse.

John Young Wins College Honors John R. Young of Bend, junior at Oregon state college, was among 38 students at the college who were singled out for special recognition at the annual honors and awards convocation, held at 1 p.m. Wednesday in the Men's gymnasium on the Corvallis campus. John was among 31 pledges who were tapped for Phi Kappa Phi, national all-school scholastic honorary fraternity. He also received honorable mention for the A. E. Cummings' group of institution awards.

MRS. DURBIN DEAD Madras, May 17 (Special) — Word has been received here telling of the death of Mrs. Mathilde Durbin in Portland on May 3. Mrs. Durbin lived on the Durbin ranch on lower Antelope for a good many years. The ranch is now operated by Louie Morse.

HIGH SPAN BEDECKED Madras, May 17 (Special) — George Griffin, superintendent of the F. J. Gilpin Construction company of Portland, is here with a crew of 18 men redecking the Willow Creek trestle west of Madras. It will take the men several weeks to complete the work. C. Dahlman, inspector for the Great Northern with headquarters at Wishram is also here.

BUDGET UNIT MEETS Madras, May 17 (Special) — Members of the City of Madras 1945-1946 budget committee met Tuesday night. Present were Fred Rodman, H. A. Dussault, Ivan Olsen, H. W. Turner, Louie Ebert and Joe Warren.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

