

THE BEND BULLETIN

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A Positive Selling Job

After sporadic selling attempts over the years the dairying industry is at last engaged in what has the appearance of a prolonged, sustained effort in this direction. Not only that it is a constructive, intelligent effort as well.

It is high time, for competitive synthetic products are making an increasingly strong bid for the market. Butter substitutes are, of course, an old story. Ice cream substitutes, made from vegetable oils, are more recent. They, too, have been building up a rather impressive sales record.

In each case, it is to be noted, sales appeal is keyed on the relatively favorable price of the substitute.

Formerly the dairy answer took the form of road blocks erected in the way of competitor sales—the ban on artificial coloring of margarine for instance.

Now it stresses the strong points that milk products have exclusively — superior food values and greater palatability.

In a way this emphasis has been forced. Legislation took down the artificial coloring road block and the dairying industry found it necessary to replace inaction with action and to undertake a positive, continuing selling job.

To date this is being done best in the case of milk itself. If it can be done with the same vigor and shrewdness for the great outlets for surplus milk fats—butter and ice cream—dairying may look into the future with greater assurance.

A New Recreation Route

Surfaced from the city limits of Bend west a distance of 10.3 miles, the newly-improved Skyline road opens for recreationists another route into the Cascade foothills.

It is a route that tourists seeking out-of-the-way places and scenic areas should be advised to follow. It is a road that Bend residents on evening drives, when shadows are long, will find refreshing.

The surfaced route skirts Overturn butte, passes under the Brooks-Scanlon track, then leads into the uplands, through great spreads of greenleaf manzanita, new growths of pine, and into the jackpines of upper Tumalo creek. Occasionally, to the north a short distance, there is a glimpse of the Tumalo creek gorge where it approaches Shevlin park.

Cascade peaks appear startlingly near, on the western skyline, then disappear as the motorist enters the valley of upper Tumalo creek. This valley is broad and "U" shaped because through its gorge ages ago moved a big glacier, born in the snows of the Broken Top country.

There are some marks of man in the area. To the right are the remnants of the Anderson mill, and farther along there are traces of the Skyliners' ill-fated jump of earlier days. That was a jump created as an earth-fill, on the steep slope of Swede ride. After a few years, the earth-fill parted from the hill.

For old timers, there will be memories in that area—memories of ski meets in which flying snowmen sailed out over the jackpines, to land on the white apron below.

An oil-mat surface has been applied on the road the entire distance to the Skyliner lodge, now under the management of the Oregon State Grange as a summer camp site.

Eventually, it is surmised, the road will be surfaced into Tumalo falls, three miles upstream from the lodge. But at present that road is a bit rutted. The new municipal water main is being placed in a deep trench along sections of the road just below Tumalo falls. Until that work is completed, it will be best that the evening drivers halt at the Skyliner lodge, end of the pavement. The Tumalo falls road crosses Tumalo creek over a Forest Service bridge.

Surfacing of the Skyliner road, a county, state, federal project completed in August, definitely opens a new recreation area to Central Oregonians. It is an area that should have year-around possibilities.

The Skyliners may find new interest in the area they undertook to develop as a ski center years ago when the road was rugged.

"Mean Temperatures"

A 53-year-old weather record was reported broken as August, 1954, faded into history.

The event didn't rate a top head, or a banner on the sports page. Fact is, the new half century record didn't even find a spot on page one of our favorite newspaper.

But, we are assured by the local weatherman, the thrill of seeing a new record go into the books equals that of hearing about a big-league batter slugging out a hit to set a new half-century mark.

The all time August weather record set for Bend was in the mean temperature department. The mean temperature for the past month was 56.6 degrees. The half-century mean is 63.3. Therefore Bend's temperature for the past month was 6.7 degrees below the long-time average.

All of which means that Bend's temperature this past month was the coldest ever recorded in Bend. This will hardly be news to persons who have been listening to the hum of oil furnaces in the past month, or have watched their woodpiles dwindle under the August chill.

How does the weatherman arrive at his "average" temperature? Here is how it is done:

At the end of a month, the maximum and minimum temperatures are totaled. For the past month, each sum was divided by 31, the number of days in the month. It was found that the average maximum was 73.6 degrees and that the average minimum was 39.6 degrees. These were then added and divided by two.

The result was a mean temperature of 56.6 degrees for each of the 31 days. That average is just one degree above the normal for September, the first official month of fall.

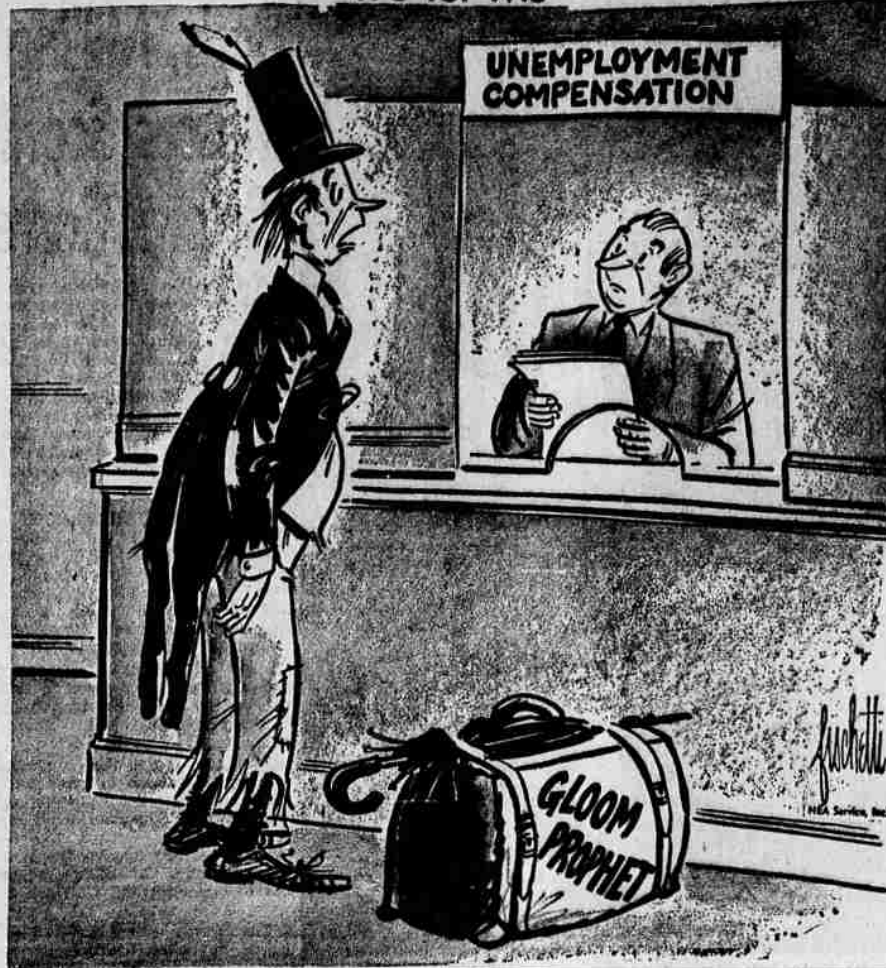
The 63.3 degree all time low average record set at the Bend station may thrill the local weatherman, but it sort of gives us a chill.

Furthermore, we don't like the weatherman's reference to "mean temperatures."

Quotable Quotes

She (N. Y. socialite Ann Woodward) wouldn't take it (portrait by surrealist artist Salvador Dali) even if she had to pay for it. She would throw it in the river. —Lawyer Theodore Miller defends Mrs. Woodward in lawsuit.

"It's for Me"



Ila S. Grant's

Sage Brushings

On the first day of September, I'm always so sad I can hardly stand it. Autumn doesn't make its official entry this year until the fourth Thursday of the month, but so far as I'm concerned, summer's over. It's time for school days, cool days, fuel days.

Of course every cloud has its silver lining, to use a cliché, and things are never so bad that they couldn't be worse. Summer's over. So what? So is camping season.

Sooner or later, everyone gets bitten by the camping bug. So did we.

We took along an assortment of camping equipment when we went to southern Oregon, determined to have a real outdoor vacation. It's great fun to leave behind all the comforts of modern civilization, and rough it in the wilds. Sure is.

Confident that we would be most comfortable in the Black Maria (it makes twin beds!) we passed up auto courts with gay abandon. All the way from Crater Lake to Ashland, we noticed attractive camping spots on the banks of rippling streams. We reached the Shakespearean theater just in time for the opening trumpet in "Henry VI," and we relaxed happily, with not a care in the world.

After the play and late evening refreshments, we headed northward, looking for one of those inviting little camping spots. We drove for what seemed like forever, and the "No Vacancy" and "Sorry" signs on the motels blinked sleepily as we passed. Finally, after driving 40 miles,

we reached an attractive roadside camp and drove in to settle down for what was left of the night. We started to unload the car, then noticed a sign which read, "no overnight camping." We loaded the car again, and wearily hit the road.

Nine miles farther on, we found another state park, and the same "no camping" sign. A few miles farther, we saw an abandoned construction camp, and drove in. There was no running water. There were no camp stoves. There was not even a "no camping" sign. The Young Man set up his cot, unrolled his sleeping bag, and bedded down. His parents spent a somewhat sleepless night, trying to figure out what we did wrong when we converted the car seats into twin beds. The people in the signboards, smiling and bragging about their "twinbed" car, always look so rested and happy. I think they stay at hotels.

Well, night must end, and end it did. When the early-morning tourists started whizzing by us on the highway, we broke camp and headed back to one of those cute roadside camps, for breakfast. After we ate, our discomfort diminished. We had bought butter, milk and eggs at a grocery store, and found we were anxious to get ice for the small portable ice box we had borrowed.

Back in Medford, we drove right up to one of those ice automats, almost by magic. The Chief inserted 15 cents in the coin slot, and to his surprise, out popped an ice pick. Disguising his disappointment as best he could, he



Redmond Hospital

Special to The Bulletin
REDMOND—Roy Henry, Redmond; Sandra Jean Snow, 3, and Mrs. Margaret Williams, both Madras, were admitted to Central Oregon district hospital Monday. Admitted Tuesday: Mark Armstrong, route 1, Redmond; Mrs. W. H. McDaniel, Powell Butte; and Mrs. Robert Jones, Bend. Three persons were given outpatient care and dismissed. Discharged: Paul Emahiser, Bend; Mrs. Ronald Bozarth, Terrence; Arthur Gates, route 1, Redmond; and Mrs. Omar Winshut, Warm Springs.

found another coin slot, inserted a quarter, and obtained a big chunk of ice. In almost no time at all, we were on our way again, with our breakfast staples cooling cozily in the ice box. That night we stayed at an auto court.

Fair Awards For Garments Given

REDMOND — Prize-winning ladies', childrens' or infants' garments were entered for display in the women's building by Mrs. Vern Peck, Mrs. Fred Jorgensen, Mrs. Al Urie, Mrs. Glen Mickel, Sue Smith, Ruth Miller, all Redmond; Mrs. Merle Jackson, Prineville; Lyce Dickson, Fanny Michel and Shirley Michel, Powell Butte; Mrs. Mary Holden, Tumalo; Mrs. G. R. Plumb, Mrs. H.V. Doxsee, Mrs. Ray Williams, Margaret Merritt, Mrs. Roy I. McKenzie, all Bend; and Mrs. Lyman Falk, Alfalfa, who were awarded blue ribbons.

In the same divisions red awards went to Mrs. Jorgensen, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Falk, and to Mrs. R. C. Bigelow, Redmond, and Mrs. Neil Davis, and Janet Moss, Bend.

INDUSTRIAL GROWTH

PROVIDENCE, R. I. — The 87 companies at Harborside Industrial Park, where there already are some 4,000 workers, will have a new neighbor this fall with the completion of a new 24,000-square foot industrial building. The General Fittings Co. will take over half the space of the building, the first of a new series of units planned for the industrial park, established in 1949.

The Bend Bulletin Classified Ads Bring Results.

HOT RAIN

FISHKILL, N. Y. — Fire broke out among stage properties at the Cecilwood Theater here during final rehearsal of a coming attraction—"Rain."

Patronize the Episcopal "Thrift Shop"

OPEN Thursdays and Fridays 1 to 5 P.M.
Many good buys in Men's Clothing, Bargains in Children's Clothing and household items.

OK Slashed Prices!

LABOR DAY SALE!

Guaranteed FULL CAP

Buy first tire at regular No-trade-in price of \$8.95—Get second tire for only

Famous New O.K. TIRE

Buy first tire at regular No-trade-in price of \$14.95—Get second tire for only

444

6.00x16 6.70x15 6.50x16 6.70x15

8 Months Road Hazard Guarantee

666

6.00x16 6.70x15 6.50x16 6.70x15

12 Months Road Hazard Guarantee

New Auto Float

Same quality as original equipment on America's finest motor cars

Buy first tire at regular No-trade-in price of \$22.65—Get second tire for only

New Auto Float WHITE WALLS

Same quality as original equipment on America's finest motor cars

Buy first tire at regular No-trade-in price of \$27.75—Get second tire for only

777

6.00x16 \$22.65 \$ 7.77
6.70x15 23.80 8.88
7.10x15 26.40 9.99
6.50x16 27.95 10.99
7.60x15 28.85 11.99
8.00x15 31.70 12.99

18 Months Road Hazard Guarantee

888

6.00x16 \$27.75 \$ 8.88
6.70x15 29.20 9.99
7.10x15 32.35 10.99
6.50x16 34.20 11.99
7.60x15 35.35 12.99
8.00x15 38.80 13.99

18 Months Road Hazard Guarantee

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