The Bend Bulletin

DAILY EDITION

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1925

The third commandment—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. Exodus 20:7.

PIONEER MINING ACTIVITY

Broadcasting of information relative to the mountain of copper in the Baker country freshens in the minds of many of the pioneers of Central Oregon memories of a time a quarter of a century ago when the ring of miners' picks and the reverberations of exploding dynamite were sounds common in a part of the state not distant from the site of the present city of Bend.

This pioneer mining locality was Ashwood, in Jefferson county at present, 25 years ago a prosperous town of several hundred inhabitants, now a village of not more than 30 people. Its rolling hills deeply scarred by prospectors' trenches, shafts and tunnels from the mouth of Trout creek to the forests of the Blue mountains and from the Haystack district to the John Day river, the pioneer Ashwood country was truly one of Oregon's mining centers.

Mining activity in the Ashwood region of early Crook county was not confined to the exploration work of restless prospectors, seekers for pockets of virgin gold or hunters after rich veins of silver bearing ore. For instance, there was the "Oregon King" mine, on the east slope of Trout creek. Using the same type of machinery which was used in boring into the mineral mountains of mining centers such as Butte, Montana, operators of this mine tapped silver filled fissures and deposits of other valuable minerals hundreds of feet below the earth's surface. Work on a slightly smaller scale was carried on at the "Red Jacket," "The Morning Star," "The Monmouth" and other mines.

With hundreds of skilled laborers employed in the larger mines and a greater number of nomadic prospectors tapping virtually every outcropping of ore bearing rock, pioneer Ashwood grew rapidly. Transients were furnished accommodations by at least two hotels; a weekly newspaper, "The Ashwood Prospector," made its appearance; several stores came into existence to serve the community, and the thirsty element was catered to by some half dozen saloons.

Work of the prospectors and of the large mine operators was not in vain, for it was definitely proved that the Ashwood country is rich in mineral wealth. Nevertheless, when the Columbia Southern railroad halted at Shaniko, some 25 miles north of Ashwood, and the "Oregon King" closed down as the result of litigation over ownership, interest in mining in Central Oregon gradually decreased.

But the spirit of the pioneer prospector still lives in the breasts of the old timers of Ashwood, men who believe that some day not far in the future Oregon will come into its own as one of the great mineral producing states of the nation. The exploitation of the Baker mountain of copper may be the dawn of this day.

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DEPRAVITY

Blood flows around like water from voters shot and torn, and grisly tales of slaughter confront us every morn; some pilgrim sliced to ribbons and robbed of his doubloons; what think the stately gibbons, what say the proud baboons? "The human tribes and nations are out with knives and guns; don't say that we're relations of such bloodthirsty ones. We monkeys in the jungle, whom you have doubtless met, may sometimes botch and bungle the rules of etiquette. We have not all the graces that human people know, and on our misfit faces unseemly whiskers grow. But we have rigid morals, though awkward be our port; we don't indulge in quarrels or murder just for sport. We strive to live together as friendly neighbors should, and you may tell us whether this rule of life is good. But oh, these human beings, they're always up in arms! We hear their hullycheeings, excursions and alarms. They're shot and knifed and wounded for any old excuse; the gangsters' war cry's sounded, and death has broken loose. The hosts of killers sally from every dark retreat, there's murder in the alley, there's slaughter in the street. They say we are related to raging beasts like these; by savants it's been stated till it's become a wheeze. We patiently meander along our destined way; we stand a lot of slander before we seek a fray. But when the yarn is bruited that we are kin to men, denial must be tooted again and yet again. In highly moral fashion we always have behaved; we are not slaves to passion, and we are not depraved."

The Wall Flower

By MARION RUBINCAM

A RETURN

Chapter 101

"My darling children," Gloria wrote from Florence, "be as happy as you can, my blessing, or rather our blessing, is with you every minute. I am so glad it has turned out this way. It is the ideal thing for you both. Pan needs someone strong to lean her frail little strength upon, and George is always happiest when he has someone to take care of and worry about. Goodness knows I did my best to supply him with an adequate amount of worry for some years!

"As for my darling Frankie, he seems determined to join a wedding party somehow. Frankie is my conscience. I am always feeling so badly about him. What can all my friends think of the way I've deserted him? Are you sure, Pan, you don't mind taking him home with you? For if you do, I'll some straight back after him and bring him down here to join us.

"We're going to Athens by steamer. Fancy actually standing on the ground where Pericles stood, and Demosthenes and Alcibiades! Santley says I've become an enthusiastically gushing school girl—and indeed, Pan darling, I do feel young. I used to be centuries old! So being in love makes you grown up! Well, it has the opposite effect upon me. Who knows, when we are all together in New York, you might have to wear my orange velvets and black satins, while I adopt your pink tulle and flowered taffetas!

"Darling Pan, you deserve a lot from this life, and I feel you are going to have it all now. I'm glad to have waited—but you are 10 years younger, you know, it's coming to you early enough to give you years and years of happiness and contentment, but not too early for you not to appreciate it.

"What sentimental nonsense I write! Dear, we're to stop in London a few weeks after we return, until Santley can settle up his business. Then we'll sail home. If you'll honeymoon a little longer, I'll be there to take Frankie from you. If you insist on sailing home, either let me come for him, or put him in a boys' school—he'd like that."

She named several famous schools for little boys.

But Pan felt reluctant to let Frankie go. Indeed, she missed him on that brief honeymoon week.

"He's happy with me," she said. "And Gloria deserves her freedom."

"The eternal mother!" George laughed. "All right, we'll take him along. Odd little Pan! The more I see you the better I like you."

"You're going to go on that way," Pan informed him gravely. They had taken lunch in a basket and a poky old horse that belonged to the place, along with an old-fashioned carriage that Pan, for want of its real name, called a "gig." The stable people were a little shocked at the idea of anyone preferring this outfit to the car—for a car and a driver were always at the country home—at least, they thought, a real carriage and a smart horse should be driven.

But Pan had liked the mottled nag and the odd old wagon, so they drove, or rather ambled, along strange lanes and through byways, with tall hedges on each side, of blackthorn and may, and hawthorn and evergreen in a deliciously scented tangle, and they came, finally, to the downs, and climbed one of the large hills to its summit above the sea. And here they sat talking.

"You'll go on liking me more and more, because—" she paused to think of the reason. "Because I shall go on loving you more. Otherwise it wouldn't be a successful marriage."

"Wouldn't it?" asked George, flat on his back with a carriage cushion under his head, and his hands clasped behind his neck. "There's a lot of love now, dearest."

Pan thought a moment.

"Gloria says there's never any standing still," she said finally. "You go forward or back. If you went back, you'd love me less, and that would be a tragedy. To go forward you must love me more—besides, I'm a novelty to you and you to me now. But in 10 years—or 20—think how used to me you'll be.

"You'll know every thought and every word I'm likely to says unless I keep on growing up mentally, as I hope to do. But you'll know every look and mannerism and every tone of my voice, so well that—you might easily tire of them.

"We'll have all sorts of experiences and pleasures and tragedies together. Those things draw people closer, or drive them apart. I mean them to bring us even closer together—it doesn't happen that way with most couples, I'm afraid."

"Cynic," he chided gently.

She laughed. "I used to call you that, now you've turned the tables. I used to think you so much older—"

"Now—?"

"Now you're a mere child. You're getting near Frankie's age and need taking care of."

"The eternal mother again," George laughed, well pleased. And reached around vagely searching for her hand.

At the end of the week they returned to London. In four days they were to sail home.

Tomorrow—On the Way.

Dr. Herbert B. Mallett
Chiropractic Specialist
151 Minnesota Ave. Phone 428

PREVENT FOREST FIRES

Now is the most dangerous part of the season for forest fires. Be careful in the woods.

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Spanish War Veterans Heading for Coos Bay

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin)

MARSHFIELD, July 22.—Hundreds of Spanish American war veterans passed through Coos bay today en route to the annual encampment of Oregon division which opens at Port Orford tomorrow.

G. F. A. Walker, Portland, department commander, Wilber Henderson, past commander of Oregon American Legion, Mrs. Eva Hide of Hillsboro, presigent of the ladies' auxiliary, and Mrs. Alta June Copeland, Portland, treasurer, were among today's arrivals.

Military Order of the Serpent, a department fraternity, was represented by 40 snakes, including rattlers, bull snakes, Australian moccasins and half a dozen other varieties. Seneca Fouts of Portland, captain of Malabon lair drill team, and W. S. Rinehart, official snake charmer, escorted the reptiles to Port Orford after checking them at a local hotel during a stop over for breakfast.

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Incomes For Farmers Not Big, Returns Show

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin)

WASHINGTON, July 22.—The average income of farmers in the United States is only a few dollars more a year than the salary paid their hired men, it was announced at the department of agriculture today.

While farmers had a gross income of $12,136,000,000 during the year ended June 30, the highest since 1921, the average net income for each was only $876. The average wage of a farm hand for the same year was $569.

Blaze Near Diamond Lake Quenched by Heavy Rains

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin)

KLAMATH FALLS, July 22.—Shifting winds and a heavy downpour of rain prevented what threatened to be one of the most disastrous forest fires experienced in this district in years, according to a long distance telephone communication Tuesday night from the Umpqua ranger station headquarters.

The fire started in a thick timber belt 12 miles northwest of Diamond lake, and threatened to assume serious proportions.

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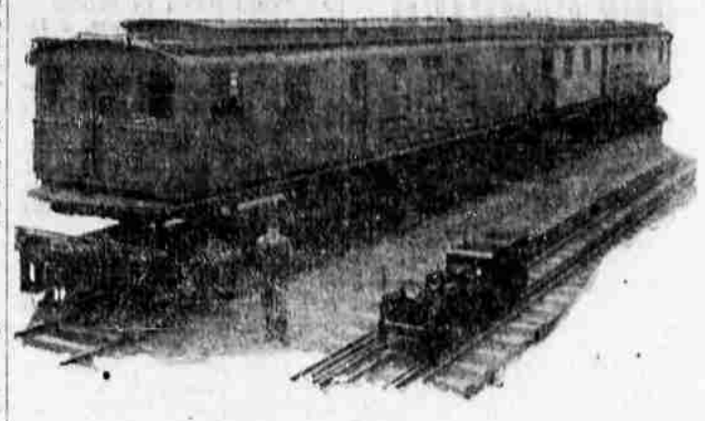
Vice President to Speak On Rules of U. S. Senate

DENVER, July 22.—Vice President and Mrs. Charles G. Dawes are scheduled to arrive here at 3 o'clock this afternoon on their way to Cheyenne, Wyo., to attend frontier day.

The vice president will speak here tonight on "Shall the Senate Change Its Rules?"



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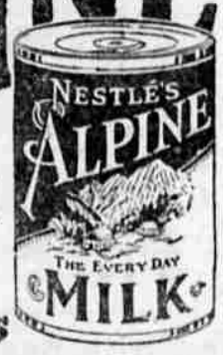

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