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THE HORSESHOE BAR BRAND

When the saga of the Oregon rangelands is written and tales told around plateau campfires become part of the recorded story of the old west, there will be a considerable chapter devoted to Bill Brown, venerable figure of the mid-state country whose death was recorded in the news on Saturday. And it is safe to say a goodly part of that chapter will deal not with the Bill Brown of the great open ranges, but with the Bill Brown whose wise sayings and unusual actions made him a legendary figure even before his rangeland empire, once 136,000 acres, started to shrink.

Bill Brown was a great stockman in his day, as old timers who remember the 10,000 horses that ranged over the plateau from Buck creek to the Wagon tire mountain waterhole will attest, but this fact will be forgotten when range riders of a new generation gather around to swap yarns handed down by fathers and grandfathers.

And one of the yarns that is bound to become part of the Bill Brown saga is the manner the school teacher-horseman, who built a fine home for a bride and never married, guarded his rangeland empire coat of arms, his prized Horseshoe Bar brand, implanted on stock that ranged over four counties.

Bill Brown, the rancher who wrote checks for \$10,000 on pieces of newspaper or on the labels of tin cans, never sold his brand. Not even representatives of warring powers, buying horses from 1914 to 1918, could take the Brown brand from the midstate ranges, with the promise that the animals would never get back to Oregon. The venerable rancher once owned \$1,000,000 worth of horses, but none of these ever left the Buck creek ranges with the Bill Brown brand intact. Invariably, the Horseshoe Bar brand was "cancelled," as hot irons were drawn across the horseshoe and its bar.

Old timers say that Bill Brown never sold a horse to a neighbor, although horses were in demand in those days when homesteaders engaged in their rush for lands and filed on vast "high desert" holdings which for long years had been a part of the Brown empire. However, homesteaders were free to borrow horses, free to go out on the ranges and select teams that could be used in turning over plateau soil, but with the understanding that these horses should remain a part of the Horseshoe Bar holdings.

By adhering to this policy, the pioneer of Buck creek knew that any horse that bore the Horseshoe Bar brand was part of the Bill Brown layout, and that any rancher claiming ownership of a Horseshoe Bar horse could be suspected of thievery.

Regardless of the care taken by Bill Brown to protect his property, he died penniless, but in a home established through his benevolence when the Horseshoe Bar brand was still the master brand of the Central Oregon ranges.

FOOTBALL AND RESEARCH

In an article that appeared recently in the Memphis (Tenn.) Commercial Appeal and the Knoxville News-Sentinel a member of the latter's staff cleverly contrasted the interest taken by the public in the state university's football team and in the unpublicized and unacclaimed research work carried on at the university by a group of scientists trying to discover new uses for and new values in cottonseed. In a two-page account of the research activities he used football terms in describing the achievements of the scientists. The modest laboratory is pictured and described as "just behind U-T's huge football stadium." A new machine is shown by means of which there was achieved "an accomplishment as great in the scientific world as a Rose Bowl invitation in the sports world."

Disproportionate value has long been given to sports as against most other forms of human activity and achievement representing greater effort and larger social importance. No one gets nine rabs and a tiger for splitting the atom or measuring the speed of the cosmic ray. Football at Tennessee, on the other hand, is something that interests large segments of the population. Few care about the victories of the laboratory and that was why the writer brought football into his story. He hoped to attract a larger share of public attention. We hope that he did so.

Who will attract the public's attention in Oregon to the state's problem of the utilization of woods and sawmill waste? It is a problem as important to Oregon as the utilization of cottonseed to the south. Indeed, it may be more important. Is it possible to get a research program under way? Can we develop interest with a football undertone? Whatever it takes let's go ahead.

Others Say

THE REAL BLITZKRIEG COMING

(Salem Capital Journal)
American army and navy observers abroad state that Hitler's real blitzkrieg will come in March or April and that the continuous bombing of London and other British cities is merely for practice and to demoralize British morale. So far, it is stated, but one of the five German aerial divisions has been utilized in the attacks on Britain. There are four other air corps each with 1,000 bombers and the needed pursuit planes. They will be used in a surprise smash by air—not by sea, as that has been tried unsuccessfully.

The main attack, predict the observers, will be preceded by a swarm of 3,000 bombers in relays to disrupt production, transport and communication systems, to demoralize defense forces. Following the bombers will come thousands of air transports carrying 40 men each, parachute troops carrying automatic rifles, machine guns and small artillery, to seize utilities, transportation and production services, as they did in Norway, while the British defense forces are occupied in combating the bombers and flames. There will follow a few days of hand-to-hand fighting with German forces constantly augmented, and perhaps a sea attack also at

Police Bit Confused

By Excited Help Call

Boston (U)—When an excited person telephoned police that "a man has taken the gas pipe," an ambulance and a squad of cars were sent to the scene. By two-way radio, the desk sergeant received the following report: "The fellow took the gas pipe, all right, but it's a theft, not a suicide, and the gas is leaking. Get a repair crew here in a hurry!"

ST. LOUIS KNITTERS BUSY
St. Louis (U)—Under the direction of the American Red Cross, St. Louis women have knitted more than five tons of woolen yarns into garments for shipment to the British Isles.

though the English shore has been almost unbreachable, the waters mined, and the British navy on hand, as a diversion to scatter the defense forces. It is a pleasant prospect but there is a slip between the cup of expectancy and the lip of realization as Mussolini has found out in Africa. Meanwhile the British who are probably well informed of nazi intentions will not be found unprepared and will be devoting their energies to a blitzkrieg on German air and naval bases from Norway to Spain from which the invasion must be launched.

Getting Interested in the Classified Section



SERIAL STORY

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

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Yesterday, Suzanne believes that Paul still loves her, begs Martha to quit seeing him. The foursome, with Bill and Martha, was just to give Paul a chance to be with Bill's wife. Martha angrily denies any hint of an affair with Paul and Suzanne agrees Martha is innocent. As she leaves, however, she threatens to tell Bill if Martha goes on seeing Paul.

IF BILL KNEW CHAPTER VII

For a long moment, after Suzanne's last words left her lips, they didn't quite sink in. The small girl with the red hair, huddled on the sofa, didn't quite understand the enormity of what she had heard until Suzanne was reaching for the doorknob. "Wait a minute, Suzanne!" She ran to her. "What do you mean, someone might tell Bill? Oh, you couldn't—you wouldn't dare—go to him with a lie like that!" "Lie? I wouldn't lie. There's no need. It's true that Paul's in love with you, and that you've been seeing him every night, even after I refused to come along and play chaperone."

Martha's mouth was dry, a little pulse hammered in her throat. But I didn't mean anything—it was innocent—and Bill trusts Paul—You can't do this! You can't come into our lives and—" "I didn't say I would," Suzanne told her evenly. "I merely said that it wouldn't be very nice if someone did."

Then, as if Martha's shock and misery had gotten through to her, she leaned impulsively over her. "Look, darling, I know you. And I know Paul. He's held himself in leash, he's suffered but he hasn't made love to you. The only thing I'm asking is that you look the facts in the face. Quit seeing him."

Once more her voice vibrated with passion. "Give me a chance to get him back!" When the door closed behind Suzanne, she left Bill behind. The world of simple friendship, of trusting and uncomplicated companionship which had sprung up between Martha and Paul, since that day she told him, "I'm going to marry Bill. But can't we be friends?" was wrecked forever.

Never again could she be so casually cool with him. Never again could she laugh and talk and dance with him and remain blind to the truth she had not seen before—that he loved her. Loved her enough to torture himself endlessly by seeing her with Bill, by visiting in the apartment where she lived as Bill's wife.

Unwilling pity shook her. Poor Paul. He had had a raw deal from her, right from the start. But her heart said it wasn't her fault that Bill Marshall's blue eyes had stirred depths in her she herself had never dreamed were there. It wasn't her fault that the camaraderie, the serene content she had accepted as love with Paul, had turned out not to be love at all. Not after she tasted the heady wine, the magic ecstasy of the touch of Bill's hand, the sound of his voice, the feel of his lips on hers. Could it be that for Paul there was magic and wonder only with her? Oh, he shouldn't have gone on clinging to the ghost of some-

thing that was read! He should have turned to Suzanne.

But Martha knew, actingly, that love isn't like that. All the counsels of common sense, all the old teachings she had been taught at home of love, honor and duty, had directed that—even though Bill's blue eyes had awakened something to singing life inside her, that first time—still she had no right to go on seeing him. Had no right to let him kiss her while Paul's ring was on her finger.

Practical considerations would have directed that Paul, with money of his own and a fine position, was the better man to marry. He could have bought her so much that she and Bill had gone without. There would have been no small apartment, but a big house. No job to wake up to each morning. No dilapidated Pep, but a good car, a new car.

And yet, she hadn't even given those things a single thought. Her whole heart was Bill's—simply, forever and beyond denial.

Once she had heard somewhere that it didn't matter whether or not you were wildly in love with the person you married at the time you married him. "After 10 years," someone had said, "you love him anyway. The things you two have gone through together cement you closer than any fleeting passion."

Perhaps it was true. But she had never thought of standing at an altar with Paul, saying those solemn vows, merely because she had promised.

Was that why Paul couldn't turn to Suzanne? Because the thing called love held him as unrelentingly in its grip as it had held her?

She didn't sleep that night. She patted the bed beside her, when at last she got in, and Butch leaped up. Huddled close to his warm body, she lay thinking and thinking. She mustn't see Paul alone any more. That much was clear. Suzanne had accomplished what she had set out to do!

"Give me a chance to get him back," she had cried. "Oh, Bill," Martha wept stormily. "Bill, why did they ever draft you? You never should have gone away from me. Never."

The next morning in the office, it was as if everything had changed. The sunny room was bleak, the shadows cast by the Venetian blinds seemed like bars. The office was a cage. She ought to leave it. Never see Paul again, not even here. But now she needed her job. When Paul came in, she couldn't help the little tautness that she lived as Bill's wife.

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LOSES BIG HOUSE BID

Redding, Cal. (U)—Jack Clark's of going to one of California's penitentiaries instead of back to the reform school were scratched by his father. He had served one term in a reform school. So, when he was arrested on a theft charge he insisted he was 22 and therefore eligible for the "big house." But his father shattered his hopes by establishing he was only 17.

went over her. She couldn't help looking at him in a way she had never looked at him before.

As always, there was a pipe in his mouth. As always, he bid her a cheerful good morning. She answered almost inaudibly, and bent her head low over the typewriter as he went into the private office. Through the long morning, she couldn't seem to stop looking at him. With that awful fascination, that suddenly clear and penetrating gaze. As if she had never seen him before, exactly as he was.

He had discarded his coat. In shirtsleeves, he worked at the board in his office, the door open. His shoulders were broad, his tanned, bony face absorbed. Once he picked up his slide rule, drew it out of its worn case, slipped the little transparent panel carefully down an inch or two, and frowned as he made a calculation.

She began to wonder, as he worked on, oblivious, how Paul could have stood these months in the office with her after she married Bill. He had always been just the same—casual, normal, businesslike. How could he have such control of himself that, although Suzanne said his eyes gave her away, when they were together, here in the office they never did?

Or did they? She swung around in her chair, her eyes on the back of the thin file clerk. What was it the girl had said, several weeks ago? Something about Mr. Elliott keeping Mrs. Marshall from getting too lonely.

Yes, there had been suspicions, gossip, here too, just as there had been in the apartment house. She alone had not suspected.

Her head ached dully, by lunch time. Her fingers had been slow and faltering on the typewriter keys all morning. Lunch did not revive her. There still echoed in her mind the sound of Suzanne's voice. The sickening realization that those awful things she had said were true settled more and more heavily in Martha's heart.

"I'll never again act natural with Paul," she thought. "I won't be able to be gay and offhand and the way I've always been."

There was more to it than that, too. "I'll have to stop seeing him. I can't tell him why straight out. Yet I mustn't let him come to the apartment any more. How can I make him understand that our friendship is over?" (To Be Continued)

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Catton's Washington Column

Washington—Interior Secretary Ickes, to whom no set-up is ever quite perfect, is making another stab at getting the forest service away from the department of agriculture.

Ickes has been trying it for years, and it led to some coolness between himself and Henry Wallace in the past. Ickes argued that trees are a national resource which he ought to conserve. Wallace held that they're a crop which he ought to cultivate. Wallace is cultivating Latin Americans now, so Ickes it at again.

As one of the New Deal's oldest under-cover rows, this has brought out a new flock of rumors. Latest of these says Ickes told Roosevelt he'd resign if he didn't get forest service. According to one version he was told he could have it; by another, it was denied him and he will be out shortly. You can believe either... or neither.

GERMAN PAPERS PLEASE COPY

You can figure how extensively the army is going to mechanize itself by the fact that the Goodrich people are now filling a war department order for 12,500 sets of treads for tractor-type combat vehicles. Allowing one replacement set for each original, that would mean a minimum of 6,250 cars.

Note that the average German panzer division contains around 250 mechanized units. Germany is supposed to have had 10 to 12 such divisions when the blitzkrieg broke last spring. If the U. S. army set 'em up the same way, it would ultimately have 25.

RECEPTION FOR PARTY

Hush-hush stories reaching the capital before New Year's day intimated there would be a monster peace demonstration in Washington the day the new congress opened—and that it would be held under communist direction. According to these reports, the party arranged to have thousands of people show up in Washington in a spontaneous mass outpouring to be discouraged.

Alfalfa

Alfalfa, Jan. 13 (Special)—Home Economics club will meet with Mrs. O. M. Benson Wednesday.

Miss Jean Johnson returned to St. Helens hall in Portland after a week's vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnson. Her brother, Elmer, has returned to O. S. C. at Corvallis.

C. H. Hardy is building a new sheet metal machinery shed. Ethan Allen has completed a chicken house and Monteith Griffin is constructing a hay barn.

Mrs. E. Webber has resumed her teaching at Alfalfa school after a visit in Portland.

Joe Beyner of Monument was a recent visitor at the Roy Spurgeon home. He has signed up with the CCC.

against war. The party's hand, of course, was not supposed to appear anywhere.

Funny part about it is that the G-men got the story ahead of anybody else. They therefore prepared to keep an eye on things, even if there was nothing much they could do about it.

WHO GETS THE SMELTER

If you know a nice spot for that new tin smelter which is to be built in the United States to smelt Bolivian ore, don't bother to write the defense commission. It can't begin to handle all the nice spots that have already been suggested. One congressman sent in a five-page letter listing possibilities in his district. The harried official who got the letter sent back a 10-page listing of places other congressmen had previously submitted.

Smelter is expected to be set up somewhere along the coast, where there are port facilities safe from air or surface raiders coming in out of the Atlantic.

Long-awaited reorganization of the labor board is being delayed by a disagreement between the two men who were to do the reorganizing, Board Members Mills and Leiserson. Inside reports say that Mills so far hasn't accepted Leiserson's idea that the board has had too many lawyers and to much lawyer's viewpoint. Some of the people most anxious to see a shake-up are beginning to be discouraged.

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO (From The Bulletin, Jan. 13, 1926.)

Narrow escape from death by five men working on the perpendicular wall of the Crooked river gorge, where the new highway span is to cross the canyon, became known here today when it was related how a mass of rock, enough to kill a score of men, broke from the top of the canyon. Working on the foot when the avalanche of rock hurtled over were M. E. Van Sickle, LeVerne and Earl Taylor and Jack Miller, all of Bend, and a fifth man from Redmond.

Music from half a dozen states was taken out of the air on the banks of the Tumalo reservoir last night and sent across the key of the mile long pond for the hundreds of skaters, who danced and darted about on the frozen surface of the water. The radio broadcast was amplified by equipment provided by Lloyd Douthitt.

ALABAMA MINES BAUNITE. Montgomery, Ala. (U)—A new concern has been organized to mine bauxite, ore from which aluminum is extracted, in southeastern Alabama.

SEE IT!

"WORLD IN FLAMES" CAPITOL

Wed.—Thurs.—Fri.—Sat.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE Famed Kansas Editor SAYS:

"If I had a million dollars I would put 'World in Flames' in every theatre in the United States. The picture is thrilling, magnificent."

SEE IT!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Good Old Terra Firma

