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WALTER AND THE COMBAT FORCES

In making his effort to stay in congress Walter Pierce faced a contender for the nomination in his own party in May and now is touring the district in the campaign in competition with his Republican opponent. In other words, when election day comes around he will have fought it out with two other men.

In his speeches in Central Oregon last week Walter went to some pains to defend himself from the charge that he should be retired because of his age—81. He told of the other octogenarians who are seeking re-election and of his own capacity to do a day's work in spite of his advanced age.

Ponder the facts presented in these two paragraphs for a moment and then remember that the Republican, Lowell Stockman, in his campaign, is making no reference to Walter's age. Stockman's fight is a clean one based on his own personality. He has not raised the issue of Walter's age. This age matter was made much of by Walter's fellow Democrat who battled for the nomination with him in May and it is the doubt raised in the public mind at that time that Walter now seeks to dispel.

Lowell Stockman, we repeat, is not responsible for this age issue but what does Walter try to do to him? In as slick and sly a little dig as we have seen for some time he tries to create prejudice against Stockman.

"Were I forty years young," said Walter, "you would not have a chance to vote for me for congress for I would seek service in the combat forces. How I do admire young Phil La Follette, Governor of Wisconsin, and son of a governor. He gave up his fine law practice and is in the combat forces. That is the type of devotion which will save America."

You get it, of course. Walter would like it if there were no one contesting the election with him and he takes this devious way of saying that Stockman, in particular, should not be in the race.

Well, it so happens that back in 1898 the United States was at war. At that time Walter Pierce was 37 "years young"—a better fighting age than Stockman's 41. And just how eager was Walter then to seek service, how eager to save America?

The question, we agree, is not one that should be raised. Walter brings it up, however, against his Republican opponent who has said nothing about Walter's age and that being so Walter's own record, when he had a chance to make one, must be taken into account.

RED CROSS KITS

Another appeal is being made these days to the generosity of the people of Deschutes county—this time to supply the funds needed by the local Red Cross chapter to provide kits for soldiers. These kits contain numerous articles that the enlisted man finds useful and the fact of the gift, showing him that he is remembered as something more than a cog in a machine, stimulates morale.

Several hundred dollars have been contributed for these kits. Some \$150 more is needed and needed at once. Run, don't walk, to the nearest check book and make your contribution to the fund. Checks or cash may be mailed to Mrs. Eugene Ackley, care of the Red Cross, sent to the Red Cross office or left with the Bulletin to be turned over to Mrs. Ackley.

Do it now.

An army public relations officer has sent out a memorandum suggesting abbreviations for certain army titles. "This is in no way mandatory," he says and it is a great relief to read the statement. We have done our best to keep out of the paper the things the army wants kept out but if the day comes when the army gets to tell us that we must print this or that we go out of the newspaper and into the revolution business. That goes for the navy, the marines and everybody else.

Vocational Work Being Offered

Redmond, Oct. 21—Announcement has been made that vocational classes are being held in the high school. The classes started Oct. 15.

There will be no age limit this year, said Boyden F. Beck, Smith-Hughes instructor. The farm shop course in repair of farm machinery and blacksmithing will be offered.

Courses are being planned to help increase the production of poultry, milk, eggs, pork, beef and vegetables.

Bulletin Want Ads Bring Results

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The Next One to Face



SERIAL STORY PLAY BY PLAY

BY PAUL DAVID PRESTON

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The Story: The Miller family is having its troubles on the day of the football game between the Lincoln Field cadet pilots and A. and M. college. Pop Miller, the cadets' coach, has been given a \$5000 bribe by a gambler to keep the cadets from winning. Blythe, his daughter, senses that her father is angry and worried. She's worried herself because Duane Hogan, the star back whom she hopelessly loves, seems to have fallen for Nancy Hale, a soldier's young widow who lives at the field with her small son, Scooter. And toward the end of a scoreless game Duane has his troubles, too. For Scooter runs out on the field as Duane is in the clear and heading for a touchdown.

GENEROUS GESTURE CHAPTER IX

Duane Hogan had side-stepped the last Aggie tackler at about his own 40-yard marker. And that first diagonal run had placed him well over toward the Lincoln sideline.

This was lucky for the stands, the Lincoln rooters, the newsreel and the press men. Hogan was about to break the 0 to 0 deadlock in a sensational 92-yard run! Hogan, the All-American, playing against his own alma mater, playing today for a higher loyalty, that to the flying field where he was a cadet in training. It was drama in the making as everybody well knew. And the climax of it came when the two babies entered.

Scooter Hale, age 2 years, wore a diminutive Lincoln football uniform. Technically he made a twelfth "man" on the field (as some sports writer later wisecracked). Actually he was no more than a toddler, of course, but in this impulsive play he was engineered by his puppy, Link. It was Duane Hogan who had brought Scooter the puppy. It was Duane Hogan whom both babies loved. It was Duane Hogan whom both ran out to greet now.

Glancing back warily at pursuing tacklers, Duane didn't see the little ones.

"Duane, Duane, look OUT!" Blythe Miller shrieked that. And her warning carried, too, because the 60,000 other spectators were momentarily spellbound. Nevertheless her warning came too late. Duane turned, saw the babies. In the same instant the puppy leaped. "Yap-yap!" it shrilled in ecstasy. Furry paws struck Duane. The string leash entangled him.

Duane's momentum could have carried through, but then—"Scooter!"

He himself yelled that. To avoid hitting the little boy, he threw himself aside, stumbled, fell. Jerked

by the leash, Scooter sprawled too, unhurt. Only Link kept his balance, but just for joviability he rolled on his ears and came up barking and playing. Next moment four desperate Aggie men piled on Duane.

The hullabaloo that followed lasted 10 minutes. Rooters on both sides of the stadium were wild. And so, for that matter, were players, substitutes, coaches, assistants and water boys. Plainly, Hogan of Lincoln Field had been headed for a touchdown. But the football rules were clear; Hogan's friendship with the two babies was, for once, just his hard luck. The ball was Lincoln's on the 38-yard line.

Cooler man in all the 10 minutes of excitement was Duane Hogan himself. He just stood on the field holding Link and Scooter cupped in one arm, while everybody else gestured and shouted. Blythe saw Nancy Hale, crying, run out toward Duane, then Blythe herself was busy helping dress a minor injury on Norman Dana's leg. She didn't even notice the newsreel men grinding in their record of everything. She had trouble keeping back her own sob for what had happened to Duane.

The referee was clearing the field when people there heard Duane calling. "There's still a minute left, Dana. I'd sure like another chance."

Norman was standing a gain now, and readjusting his helmet. He answered loudly, cockily, "I wanta try it myself."

The sideline group was quiet again, but the murmurs and the glances spoke volumes. So Norman Dana, conceited quarterback, was taking it out of Duane! Duane ought to have a chance if anybody did. He had earned the right, he had the power; maybe, if luck left even a little contrite, he could have slipped once more through the fighting Aggies. But of course now with the spotlight focused so strongly, with the cameramen and news writers eager to dramatize the next few plays, handsome Dana would call his own signal. Even the Aggies knew his reputation for conceit.

"It's just like him!" Blythe murmured bitterly. "He can't resist sharing the prominence that belongs to Duane!"

Electric silence gripped the 60,000 tense spectators then, while the Lincolns huddled. The lined-up men sprang to position; Aggie opponents crouched. Sure enough, Norman Dana was back in an old favorite formation—a T which would give him a chance for a wide sweep around left end. Norman was fast. Duane stood now as second interference man; that and that alone. Next moment Norman's voice was rattling. "Okay, 27—37—hike—hike—HIKE!"

On the third hike the ball flew back to him. He was smiling big, in that happy handsome way of his. Blythe gritted her teeth.

The four backfield men swung left, as was expected. Norman was stooped over hugging the ball. His knees could be seen churning. The interference was leading out. And to spike the obvious play, the Aggie men were rushing across in a body. That's the moment when Duane's heels dug in.

Duane halted and turned with all the skill of a ranch pony cutting out wild steers. In a split second he had left the interference and was going back! He half-turned once more. The ball was there, by appointment! It had come from Norman Dana at low altitude, knee height in fact, and screened perfectly from enemy eyes.

Duane bowed over an astonished Aggie end, only man who saw the quick maneuver. A simple stiff-arm did it. Seconds later Duane was streaking for victory while in the stadium new pandemonium reigned.

It was on the following afternoon, Sunday, that the Lincoln team went downtown for a theater

showing of the Aggie game news-reels. Norma Dana took Blythe. In spite of the 7 to 0 victory Blythe felt spiritless, sad.

"They were quiet while the usual play-by-play sequences were being shown, and then when the big moment was re-enacted for them, Blythe just had to be generous."

"Norman," said she, "that was not only a very shrewd bit of quarterbacking, that last play; but it was exceedingly generous of you, as well. I mean—it was? I think—maybe understand what you—how you really reasoned. Better than most people would."

He patted her hand. "Kid, little kid," said he, tenderly. "I know what you mean. Yump. People say I'm conceited. Guess I am. Thought I might as well take advantage of it. Not much of an asset otherwise, conceit isn't."

It was a rare moment and Blythe knew it. A man doesn't often bare his soul. She squeezed his hand in return.

And then there was a news reel flash of Duane Hogan holding baby Scooter with puppy Link just after Duane had been tripped. This time, Nancy Hale was shown crying and Duane's other arm was around her, comforting her as best he could.

"Cinderella girl with Lincoln hero," the newsreel commentator said. Then hinted further, "Is romance budding on a football field?"

"They'd make a swell match," Norman murmured, smuggling Blythe with his shoulder there in the theater dark. "Nancy certainly is beautiful."

Blythe swallowed hard. She didn't want to cry again. Not here.

(To Be Continued)

MORE ABOUT The Capitol

(Continued From Page One)

the conflict. If the 18-19 group could not buckle down to work, employers say that the 16-17-year olds will be even more irresponsible.

There should be some readjustment of wages, say the employers. In the work the past summer the youths were paid the same wage as the older, experienced men. The older men, those above draft age, performed twice the amount of work done by the boys and the knowledge that they were paid the same rate as the youngsters

caused dissatisfaction. The employers explain that they were paying the boys too much; that they should not be given the same pay as the older men, for they did not or would not do the same amount of work. The wage-hour law governs the pay in seasonal occupations, however, and therefore all engaged in a particular industry receive identical wage. Paying 18-year old lads \$6.50 a day is, contend the bosses, foolish, as too much money is not good for them. Unless there is some sort of adjustment the 15 and 16-year olds will be drawing the same high wage next year. Suggestion is made that boys be paid 10 or 20 cents less per hour in 1943, but if they work the full season a bonus be given that will equal the regular rate. This suggestion is prompted by the habit of the boys quitting after a few days and they have accumulated a few dollars.

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SHAVE, DANNY, THE BATHROOM IS ALL YOURS! NOT NOW, THANKS, HENRY! I'M GIVING MY FACE A THREE-DAY REST! MARY, COULD YOU HAVE MY UNIFORM PRESSED? I ONLY BROUGHT ONE WITH ME! WHY, CERTAINLY, DANNY! BUT, WHAT'LL YOU WEAR? I'LL BORROW A PAIR OF HENRY'S OVERALLS AND GRUB AROUND THE GARDEN! MARY, WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO CARRY OUT THE GARBAGE?

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