

# The Bend Bulletin

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1922

## ON THE BALLOT THIS YEAR (The Dalles Chronicle)

The campaign will be hot this fall in preparation for the election of a governor, and the issue involved may overshadow what is far more important, the measures, referred and initiated, that will appear on the ballot.

The governor will only be in office four years if you don't like him, but the laws will be on the books all the time and some of them will cost you a lot of coin if you do not carefully consider the import of each one.

There are nine constitutional amendments and measures to be placed on the ballot for the November election. Two of these are being referred from the legislative, the other seven are proposed by initiative petition.

The referendum items are unimportant so far as we, in Eastern Oregon, are concerned. They are enabling acts permitting in the first instance a tax levy in Linn county to pay outstanding warrants for which no funds are available, and secondly, to permit Linn and Benton counties to issue bonds to raise funds for payment of delinquent warrants.

Proposed by initiative are five constitutional amendments and two bills. The proposed amendments include our old Oregon boggy, the single tax, a salmon fishing and propagation amendment, the 1925 exposition tax amendment for Portland, an income tax amendment and the interest rate amendment.

Two bills would provide for compulsory education in public schools and for a state income tax, if they are passed.

It is hardly necessary to comment on the single tax matter. An attempt to put it through in Oregon hots up at every general election. It is a freakish, wholly visionary and unsound theory of land taxation, confiscatory in character, which provides in the main that the rental value of the land shall be taken each year in taxes to maintain the government.

The salmon fishing and propagation amendment, if enacted, would be an attack on an Oregon institution and one of its most profitable lines of business. In short, it would render unlawful the taking of salmon with traps, seines or fish wheels. This would leave only gill netting possible. What would happen to the canneries under such a condition?

The section in regard to propagation provides that 50 per cent of the spawn propagated in the state hatcheries shall be planted in the stream from which it is taken, not less than 20 miles from the mouth, except where there is a dam or falls at a less distance, when the spawn shall be planted as near as practical to the falls.

Thus fish propagated at Bonneville from spawn taken in Eagle creek would have to be transported up in the mountains back of Wautum lake. The products of hatcheries on the tributaries of the Willamette would have to be transported to and dumped into the river at Oregon City, below the falls.

The measure is designed as a slap at the salmon packers of the state, and Carl D. Shoemaker, master fish warden of Oregon, in the voters' pamphlet, declares that proponents of the petition offered to be "bought off" for \$10,000.

The 1925 exposition tax for Portland should be passed so far as the up-state is concerned. Portland wants the 1925 exposition and is willing to stand the expense. A state enabling act is necessary to permit the vote being taken. It will cost us nothing, although Portland wants to raise \$3,000,000.

The income tax amendment gives the intelligent voter a problem. It has the laudatory purpose of providing relief to the over-taxed property owner by raising 50 per cent of the expense for the state through an assessment on incomes. In general, its form follows closely that of the federal income tax law. The affirmative argument in the pamphlet contains the following amendment:

"It is a legitimate, fair means of raising necessary taxes without unjustly penalizing any class of citizens, or having a tendency to drive from Oregon the capital so much needed for the state's development."

The interest rate amendment is another freak that should be turned down. It fixes the legal rate at 6 per cent, or 7 per cent under contract. Such an arbitrary plan of price fixing in the matter of selling money would have only the effect of stifling every line of business, taking tremendous

amounts of capital out of the state. The compulsory education bill receives more space in the pamphlet than any of the others that are up for voting. It provides, with certain exceptions, that all children between the ages of 8 and 16 years shall be sent to public schools. The proponents submit one affirmative argument. The opponents present seven, practically every religious denomination being represented there.

The proponents say no religious issue is involved, but there is, for practically the only schools that would be affected by such legislation would be those maintained by the various churches, Catholic and Protestant. The Oregon statute books have no place for such legislation, and it should be roundly and soundly turned down.

The income tax bill is distinct from the proposed income tax amendment. It was initiated by the Oregon State Grange and provides for a graduated tax which the proponents profess is to be increased according to the ability of the taxable person or corporation to pay. The bill is lengthy and somewhat complicated.

## HALL'S RECOUNT (Medford Mail Tribune)

It was the late Harvey Scott of the Portland Oregonian, we believe, who declared Oregon the "fool of the family." It is regrettable that the greatest newspaper editor Oregon ever had, could not be here today to clear the political atmosphere with the thunder of his wrath.

For of all the fool political performances this state has ever witnessed, the opera bouffe staged around Charles Hall of Marshfield as the bright, particular star, is incomparably the worst.

What an unspeakable farce! Disregarding the serious charges of injecting religious and racial prejudices into the politics of a state, where such considerations have no place, merely on the basis of ordinary fair-play and good sportsmanship, the Hall forces have earned the disgust and contempt of every fair minded man and woman in the state.

Hall was beaten fairly and squarely in the primary. Every other defeated candidate took his medicine like a man, and in the ordinary course of events congratulated the winner. Hall sulked in his tent. He not only sulked, but he proceeded to bring charges of corruption and crookedness against the Olcott forces, and gathering the shekels from the hard pressed citizens of the Invisible Empire, demanded a recount "to protect the sanctity of the ballot."

Sanctity is good. The recount not only failed to substantiate a single charge brought by Hall, but revealed the startling fact that in a Multnomah precinct, before a board whose chairman supported Hall, 34 votes for Olcott had been thrown out, and Hall was given a majority he did not have.

And then, what does our champion of the sacred ballot box do? He drops the recount entirely, the recount he had demanded, and which was financed with other people's money, and falls back upon some irrelevant and absurd nonsense about the people of Oregon demanding a protestant governor, paving the way for him to enter the lists as an independent, with two protestant candidates opposing him.

Drops the recount! Just ponder ever that. Drops the recount when that recount produces evidence and justifies the suspicion that if there was any crookedness in the primary, it was crookedness that injured his successful opponent and injured himself.

We frankly admit we have no vocabulary to fit a situation like that. In fact, the entire despicable business is simply beyond the range of sanity or common sense. It could be laughed out of court. If it were not essentially so serious. Serious because if public opinion in this state were not so quiescent, so dispirited, so indifferent to political impositions, such a spectacle could never have gotten beyond the first act.

Hall will probably run and will probably get several thousand votes. Once more we express regret that the "greatest Roman of them all" and one of the greatest friends Oregon ever had, could not be here to see it.

## UGHT TO WORK TOGETHER

In the past few weeks the people of the state have had the interesting opportunity of watching a committee from Eastern Oregon traveling through the western section seeking support for the Union Pacific railroad plans, and a representative of the western communities appearing in the east-of-the-mountain towns asking that the Southern Pacific be aided in its contest for the Central. Each side of the mountains has its own railroad hopes and plans and each wants the support of the other. Each makes an effort to prove to the other that its own plan, conceived chiefly in its own interest, is also best for the other—and neither succeeds.

It is an entertaining affair, Messrs. Doolittle and McCulloch on the one hand and Mr. Miller on the other,

each trying to persuade the communities they visit that their interest is different from what the communities have already determined it is. Under such circumstances it is hardly to be expected that either will get anywhere.

It is unfortunate, however, that neither is getting anywhere. Possibly the interests of each are so completely opposed that they cannot agree on a common plan. On the other hand, it may be that in conference and discussion some scheme may be worked out that will be advantageous to both, and this is so much to be desired that an effort should be made to bring it about. If the two sides of the state go into the railroad campaign, each seeking a different end, one is bound to be disappointed in the result. If they can work to a common end, they will share the result—whatever it may be—and they will be more likely to assure success.

## KILLING MEN FOR DEER

Along with yesterday's reports of the first deer killed by local hunters have come the stories of the first hunters killed and wounded by their companions. It seems to be the inevitable accompaniment of the deer season—this killing of human beings; every fall there are warnings issued and care urged, and every fall hunters are mistaken for deer and shot.

Fortunately, on this side of the mountains this sort of thing rarely happens, presumably because of the more open nature of the country which is hunted over. In this we find another cause for congratulation that our timber is open and that there is little or no underbrush. At the same time local hunters should continue to exercise as much care as though they were in the thickets of the western slope. It is better that no game be killed than to kill a man.

Of course, there is absolutely no excuse for man-killing. The law forbids killing any other deer than a buck with horns; the hunter that is sure that he is firing at a buck with horns knows he is not firing at a man. Although there is no excuse, no hunter ever suffers any legal penalty for his act in killing another. We do not remember ever hearing that one was even indicted. Some punishment should be inflicted, however, and we again suggest that the denial of a hunter's license to such an offender either permanently or for a term of years would go a long way toward making men more careful.

Again the thanks of the community are due for an attractive and successful flower show. Begun by the Ladies' Library club, the show has been carried on by the Civic league in a manner equal to the best traditions of the past. There is a lot of work connected with the show; all that the public sees is over in a few hours. What is seen, however, shows what can be done here by those who care for flowers, and the more there is done the more attractive our town is made. By creating an interest in flower growing and by giving such an exhibition as that of yesterday, the Civic league is living up to the implications of its name.

We are glad to hear that the Commercial club is going after the Pennsylvania railroad to get Bend put on the map. At the same time we feel that in justice to the road we should report that friends have assured us that both Star and Disston do exist. They are on a decrepit line running east from Cottage Grove and may be discovered in the Oregon map in 1922 atlases.

We read in the Portland Telegram that from one to two million acres of land in Oregon "are capable of irrigation." Land that is "capable of irrigation" is very capable, indeed.

Our agricultural college is continually producing new wonders. In a recent bulletin from the college we read that a lecture bore fruit.

## Egotistical German.

In a volume of biography published recently is an amusing anecdote concerning a well-known German spa or health resort, whose fame was chiefly due to a certain Herr Dr. Schott. One Sunday at the English church the parson began his peroration with the words, "But, my friends, we must not forget the Great Physician." Imagine his surprise and the delight of the congregation when the flattered Schott rose from his seat, advanced to the center of the aisle, and bowed solemnly in acknowledgment of the compliment.

## Varnishing Airplanes.

It is extended that one feature of the airplane industry is more dangerous to workers than the actual work of fitting the finished machines. The indoor varnishing of the linen wings in order to make them waterproof and airproof involves the use of pot ions which are often fatal to life under certain conditions. The only safe place in which to do the varnishing appears to be out of doors.

## Pioneers and Pioneer Life In Bend and Central Oregon

(Two weeks ago the story of a brief visit to Central Oregon in 1868, told by George Barnes, was reprinted in this department from the Prineville News, in which it appeared in 1887. The account ended with Barnes' return to the Willamette valley, after his party had lost their entire stock of provisions to the Indians. The story is resumed in this issue, with an account of the settlement made that summer, and of how the pioneers passed the following winter. Humorous as well as pathetic incidents were frequent in this community, as may be seen from Barnes' recollections. The M. V. & C. M. road company, mentioned by Barnes, will be discussed in a later article.)

That summer James McKay brought out a band of cattle, and E. Barnes, E. Johnson and W. H. Marks each had a small band of sheep. These were the first stock brought here, and I have a painful recollection that the sheep had the doubtful honor of having the first case of scab in the settlement, though at that time we did not know what it was. We thought it was the mange, the same disease that the hogs have in the Willamette valley, and we lost all our wool and nearly all our sheep before we learned what ailed them. Greasing the mealy things with a bacon rind did not cure them, and some of us retired from the business in disgust.

Why, the scab is a native of this section. I have seen the coyotes perfectly naked with it; the rim rocks had it; the sage brush had it; it was in the grass, in the rocks, in the air, and our sheep caught it and caught it bad.

During the winter of 1868 the Viking cabin was occupied by M. B. Fry, later of Albany, whose chief ambition was to get up a race between a thoroughbred greyhound he brought out with him, and one of the fleet-footed mule bucks that were then so numerous on our valleys and plains. But before he succeeded in this desire, he made the grand mistake of turning his slim waisted, long legged racer loose after a mangy coyote that looked fully as hungry as his dog.

There was an exciting race for a quarter of a mile, and the greyhound overtook the coyote, who then and there proceeded to give it the worst whipping a high bred town dog ever got. Then there was another quarter race back to where Fry stood in open astonishment, they greyhound in the lead but the coyote a good second, and every few jumps he would nip a piece out of the fleeing dog's hams. That race ruined the dog for a hunter, for from that day on Fry could not induce it to chase a jackrabbit, and the howl of a coyote drove it under the bed. After that it pined away and died.

That winter was a busy one for all of us; making rails, boards, hewing house logs and, surprising as it may seem, I was inveigled into accepting the position of pitman in a whip-saw mill, where we sawed lumber for the floors of our cabins, at the rate of 50 feet a day, working 16 hours.

Sundays we washed and patched our clothes, and right here I want to say that along toward spring our wardrobes got to be very threadbare; we thought we had come with clothes enough for a year, but three months' ranting around over the rimrock and through the juniper trees after the mule deer had left us barefooted and naked. There were no stores that we could possibly reach where we could obtain a new supply, and toward spring we were the nakedest lot of white men in Oregon.

The makeshifts we used to hide our skins from the biting wind—we didn't care a cent for the public gaze—was but another illustration that "necessity is the mother of invention." Newt Bostwick capped the climax in the footwear line by solving a pair of moccasins with a piece of bacon rind. We all wore moccasins, and before spring buckskin breeches and shirts.

Once a week the settlers on the lower Ochoce would meet, first at one cabin and then another, turn about, and have a debate. Even at that early date the W. V. & C. M. road company's claim to the lands in this section was questioned, for we often had the company and its "road" as the subject of debate.

Many were the eloquent denunciations of their staking out old Indian trails and calling them "wagon roads," but little did we dream that these same old Indian trails would become, by the venality of two of Oregon's governors, a "military wagon road," or that the improvements on with some of the settlers were working so hard that winter would be taken from them and be given to this company, or perhaps our speeches might have rung with even more bitter denunciation than they did.

The fore part of the winter the young people had several "bussing

bees" and dances. Along toward spring we let up on them; in fact, we got skittish of the girls. Not that we were naturally diffident or shy, but because our trousers were mostly conspicuous by what was absent than by what remained.

James McDowell was an odd genius; he went by the name of "Governor of Canada," derived by having been at one time the laziest man in that part of the forks of the Santiam known as "Canada." It was told of "Bill," the governor's oldest boy, that he was married on the strength of his being a son of the governor of Canada; the girl had never heard of the forks or seen the "governor." If he could get enough to eat and plenty of tobacco, he did not care if he was ragged or dirty. He was always happy, and during our ragged period the governor was in his element. He shaved once a week with a butcher knife, and stood ready to back his "mar" against any horse in the country for 15 buck hides.

Jim and A. H. Marks, Uncle Buford's boys, were horn hunters, and this country was to them all that could be desired. Deer were plentiful everywhere; not little runty white tails like they have in the Willamette valley, but big mule deer, animals as large as elk.

Elk and bear could be found in the mountains, wild sheep on the high, rocky buttes, big gray wolves once in a while, and coyotes everywhere.

And above all was the conscious feeling that one might find an Indian; just enough of this latter feeling to give a zest to a hunt away from the settlement.

One evening, night caught Jim and A. H. several miles from home, and the darker it got the greater their anxiety to get home. Finally it became so dark that Jim could not see his way or feel over a rim rock. He stumbled over one and after dropping some six or eight feet, he caught on a narrow ledge that projected from the wall two feet, just far enough for him to maintain a precarious footing.

He soon ascertained that it was impossible for him to climb back from where he had fallen, and it was too dark to see how far it was to the bottom, and how to climb down, his imagination conjecturing that it was hundreds of feet down and the wall perfectly smooth; that he would hold on to the narrow ledge until his strength was gone, and then fall down and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

He felt that he was doomed. He would hang there until starvation would loosen his hold, or perhaps an Indian would find his perch there, like a rat in a trap, and from a ledge above take mean advantages of him. Then he would think of hope, and how they would miss and hunt for him and never find him.

Amid such gloomy thoughts he passed the night, and the first streak of light showed him that the ledge upon which he stood was within two feet of the bottom.

Charles Brotherhood was the son of a rich banker in New York; he had enlisted in the army during the war, and after its close had drifted here, why, I could never imagine. He wouldn't work, and could not if he had wanted to, but he could and did raise a quarrel with Captain White, and the way these two worthies laid for one another; how they quarreled; how Captain White to avoid meeting Charles would go across the mountains instead of traveling through the valley; how Charlie would lie about the captain and bluster about what he would do if he could only lay hands on him; gave evidence that even in frontier places where the settlers were mutually dependent upon one another for safety, they could be fools.

I have almost forgotten a Mr.

Smith who settled here the next spring. He should not be forgotten, for his wife that summer gave birth to the first child born in the new settlement. Though that child should be to this country what Virginia Dare is to America, I have forgotten whether it was a boy or a girl.

## Fifteen Years Ago

(From the columns of The Bend Bulletin of August 23, 1907)

Adam Kozman, a farmer living on the Prineville road, is using only a small amount of water for irrigation, as compared with some others, and is getting splendid results.

Allen Wilcox is renting the C. M. Redfield ranch east of Bend.

W. P. Downing passed through Tumalo Tuesday with some pigs he had purchased of G. B. Palliam.

The city council last Wednesday evening granted a new liquor license to A. B. Estebenet. The old license was cancelled in all respects and he was required to take out a new one and pay the full license fee.

Mrs. Charles D. Brown and Mrs. Elmer Niswonger left Bend Tuesday, Mrs. Brown going to the old home at Antelope for a visit, and Mrs. Niswonger and son returning to the south.

Mrs. F. O. Minor is spending the week in Bend from their homestead south of town.

The first issue of the Silver Lake Leader reached The Bulletin's exchange table last week. There are now two papers published in Silver Lake.

## Did You Ever Stop To Think?

That prejudice against your city is like a bad case of indigestion; it spreads poison throughout the system, warps the judgment, sours the disposition and destroys that kind of action which builds and produces.

That if you are in business to make money, make it by advertising.

That your prosperity depends upon the prosperity of your community.

That if your citizens start out with grit, determination and the will to succeed, the sky will be the limit in what your city can do.

That jumping at conclusions is not good exercise. Think it over first.

That the significance of your city's possibilities of development and growth is becoming more apparent every day.

That you should use every opportunity to present to the world the attractive features of your city.

That business is improving and that now is the time for all progressive business men to pull the throttle and go "full steam ahead."

That the progressive business man advertises. He uses the advertising columns of his newspapers because they are the medium that goes into every home and is read by all the family.

That the success of a business is not judged by the output, but by the receipts in comparison with the investment and the expense of operation.

E. R. WAITE,

Secretary Shawnee, Oklahoma, Board of Commerce.

## Division of Labor.

In the upper Amazon there is an interesting tribe, which, in its division of work, is reminiscent of the guilds of the Middle Ages. One portion makes clothing and nothing else; another one is purely agricultural; another devotes its time and labor to the construction of weapons, and so on. Their pottery, however, is the most notable of their productions. Some of these jars are extremely large but very thin, although strong and durable. Some of the smaller vessels are almost as thin as paper.

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