

BEST FOOTBALL TEAM IS CHOSEN FROM CENT. ORE. HIGH SCHOOLS

Four Bend High Players Are Named on Mythical Eleven Picked by Coaches

ALL CENTRAL OREGON FOOTBALL TEAM, 1922

- Claypool, Bend, right end.
- Boyd, Bend, right tackle.
- Johnson, Redmond, right guard.
- Hicks, Bend, center.
- Hansen, Redmond, left guard.
- Freeman, Redmond, left tackle.
- Gates, Redmond, left end.
- Gillette, Redmond, quarter.
- Jacobs, Prineville, full.
- Norcott, Bend, left half.
- Falkenhagen, Madras, right half.
- Honorable mention: Ends.
- Luelling, Prineville, Bates.
- Redmond, Guards, Arnold.
- Prineville, Harryman, Bend.
- Center, Foren, Prineville.
- Backs, Coshov, Prineville; Barton, Redmond; Wright, Prineville.

With the assistance and advice of the coaches of the four teams which played through the season just ended, the selection of an All-Central Oregon football team from 49 or fewer men who played during the season is not so difficult a task as it would be in a larger conference, and all of the coaches who reported, as well as The Bulletin sports writer, picked independently of the others, seven of the eleven men selected to make up the team.

It is to be expected that Redmond's undefeated team should furnish a plurality of the men chosen on the mythical eleven, particularly since Redmond showed, in an inter-sectional contest, that her team is up to the standard of high school teams in Oregon. Redmond's strength was in her line, and so of the five Redmond men named, two are guards and one is a tackle. Johnson and Hansen were a pair of charging guards that any coach would be glad to have on his team. Their defensive work was principally done on the other team's side of the line of scrimmage, and they followed the ball unerringly.

Freeman played the same sort of game on defense, and proved his value to his team by making a big share of the yardage as fullback on offense. For these reasons, as well for his size, Freeman is entitled to a place at tackle.

The best defensive lineman in the conference, however, was Boyd of Bend. Although rather light for a tackle, Boyd stopped, or had a hand in stopping, every play that came his side of the center; he was unerring in open field tackling, and his cat-like speed was effectively used in moving opponents out of the way on offense.

Hicks of Bend must be given a place at center as the principal defensive strength of his team in the middle of the line, and for his cool and accurate passing. For his weight, Hicks is one of the strongest men physically in the conference, and muscle is a big factor in football.

Claypool of Bend and Gates of Redmond are not only the two best ends who played in Central Oregon this year from the standpoint of individual ability, but they would make a good combination. Both are dependable on defense; Gates excelled as a forward pass receiver, while Claypool has few equals anywhere at advancing the ball on a switch-back play. He made a large share of Bend's touchdowns in that manner. Both are sure tacklers.

Gillette of Redmond had no close competitor for the quarterback position. His field generalship is as good as any that has been exhibited in Central Oregon, but his work in running back punts, his open field running in general and his passing ability entitle him to a place on the team without doubt.

Jacobs and Norcott were the two best plunging backs in the conference, with Jacobs perhaps a trifle better than Norcott, and therefore Jacobs is placed at fullback; but Norcott was the hardest tackler seen in Central Oregon during the season just past, and would back up the line on defense.

A difficult problem presents itself in the choice of the remaining half-back. Had Barton of Redmond played through the season, he would have the position. Coshov of Prineville is, next to Jacobs and Norcott, the best line plunger. If the all star eleven were playing a game and winning, Coshov would be in the lineup; but if the team was unable to gain

consistently, and punting and an open game in general must be adopted. Falkenhagen of Madras would be sent in for his punting and passing ability. With Coshov playing, Norcott would do the punting. Claypool is chosen as captain.

Honorable mention is given to the men who would be chosen as substitutes: Foren of Prineville, who was Hjek's nearest competitor at center; Harryman of Bend and Arnold of Prineville, both strong defensive guards; Luelling of Prineville and Bates of Redmond as ends; Falkenhagen, Madras, halfback, and Wright, Prineville, quarter. The conference was weak in tackles; Coshov of Prineville and Van Matre of Redmond were probably the best, next to the men who were chosen.

Communications

PRaises WORK OF A. R. C. SECRETARY

To the Editor:

The throng that passes daily through the Bend office of the American Red Cross, seeking for help and advice, find always a friend in Mrs. Vernon A. Forbes, home secretary. In the throng are ex-service men, sick and unable to work, who need advice and help to get compensation or hospitalization, or vocational training; boys of the world war who are endeavoring to get a bonus adjustment; men who are sick and unable to support their families and need help from relatives whom they can reach only through the assistance of the Red Cross; men whose wives are sick and who have not the cash at hand to send them to the hospital or to a more suitable climate; wives whose husbands are sick and who have a family to support; men and women out of employment looking for suitable work; business men and women looking for suitable employes; childless parents looking for children to adopt; children without home or parents, who need home and counsel—all these and many more appeal to Mrs. Forbes for help or advice and no one is turned away without a friendly word and an effort to help him adjust himself to his proper sphere of life. Hearts that come heavy to the office go away with a feeling of gladness and a consciousness that after all they have a friend who has a real interest in their trials and sorrows and who will do the best she can to help them get a firm foothold on the up grade.

If the Bend citizens and others who have paid their membership, and the few who have given liberally to the Bend chapter of the Red Cross, could know a tithe of the joy this money brings to those for whom it is worthily spent, they would realize the profitable investment they have made, and do all in their power to influence their friends and neighbors to give liberally.

The American Red Cross is non-sectarian, administering alike to all who suffer and are in need of help. Bend is especially favored in having a live, active and conscientious secretary who is never too busy to give attention to the call of the needy and who is loved and honored by all whom she serves.

The general sentiment expressed by those who have had occasion to need help and have not sought in vain is well expressed in the following lines:

You Were a Friend
You were a friend to me—a friend when others
Grew cold and drew aside or ceased to care;
Your love was warm and tender as a mother's,
And all you had you sought with me to share.

You were a friend to me when I was lonely—
When all the world was dark and hope was gone;
When doubt and fear assailed, you were the only
Remaining friend to love and cheer me on.

You were a friend to me; you never altered.
Nor doubted my true word, nor ceased to lend
Your torch of faith when'er my own faith faltered—
You were a friend, indeed, you were a friend.

AN OBSERVER.

Good Reason.
Booth, the tragedian (father of Edwin Booth), had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like your acting, Mr. Booth, but to be frank with you, I can't quite get over your nose." "No wonder, madam," replied he. "The bridge is gone."

COUGHS AND COLDS IN WINTER
Indoor sedentary life in winter has a direct bearing on the prevalence of coughs and colds. Keep the bowels active and overcome constipation with Foley Cathartic Tablets. Cold's coughs, croup, throat, chest and bronchial trouble quickly relieved with Foley's Honey and Tar. Adv.

The CROSS-CUT
by Courtney Ryley Cooper
ILLUSTRATIONS by R.B. Van Nice

Again the chase and then the scream, louder than ever, accompanied by streaking red flame which spread across the top floor like wind-blown spray. Shadows weaved before the windows, while the flames seemed to reach out and enwrap every portion of the upper floor. The staggering figure of a man with the blaze all about him was visible; then a woman who rushed past him. Gropping as though blinded, the burning form of the man weaved a moment before the window, clawing in a futile attempt to open it, the flames, which seemed to leap from every portion of his body, striking him. Slowly, a torch-like, stricken thing, he sank out of sight, and as the pursuers outside rushed forward, the figure of a woman appeared on the old veranda, half naked, shrieking, carrying something tightly locked in her arms, and plunged down the steps into the snow.

Fairchild, circling far to one side, caught her, and with all his strength resisted her squirming efforts until Harry and Bardwell had come to his assistance. It was Crazy Laura, the contents of her arms now showing in the light of the flames as they licked every window of the upper portion of the house—five heavy, sheepskin-bound books of the ledger type, wrapped tight in a grasp that not even Harry could loosen.

"Don't take them from me!" the insane woman screamed. "He tried it, didn't he? And where's he now—up there burning! He hit me—and I threw the lamp at him! He wanted my books—he wanted to take them away from me—but I wouldn't let him. And you can't have them—hear me—let go of my arm—let go!"

She bit at them. She twisted and butted them with her gray head. She screamed and squirmed—at last to weaken. Slowly Harry, forced her arms aside and took from them the precious contents—whatever they might be. Grimly old Sheriff Mason wrapped her in his coat and led her to a horse, there to force her to mount and ride with him into town. The house—with Squint Rodaine—was gone.

Back in the office of Sheriff Bardwell the books were opened, and Fairchild uttered an exclamation.

"Harry! Didn't she talk about her books at the coroner's inquest? See if there's any entry along early in July—about the time of the inquest."

Bardwell turned the closely written pages. At last he stopped.

"Testified today at the inquest," he read. "I lied. Rody made me do it. I never saw anybody quarreling. Besides, I did it myself."

"What's she mean—did it herself?" the sheriff looked up. "Guess we'll have to go 'way back for that."

"First let's see how accurate the thing is," Fairchild interrupted. "See if there's an item under November 9 of this year."

The sheriff searched, then read: "I dug a grave tonight. It was not filled. The immortal thing left me. I knew it would. Rody had come and told me to dig a grave and put it in there. I did. We filled it with quicklime. Then we went upstairs and it was gone. I do not understand it. If Rody wanted me to kill him, why didn't he say so? I will kill if Rody will be good to me. I've killed before for him."

"Still referring to somebody she's killed," cut in Anita. "I wonder if it could be possible."

"I've just thought of the date!" Harry broke in excitedly. "It was along about June 7, 1892. I'm sure it was around there."

The old books were muffled over, one after the other. At last Bardwell leaned forward and pointed to a certain page.

"Here's an item under May 28. It says: 'Rody has been at the mine! He wants me to fix things so that the three men in the Blue Poppy mine will get caught in there by a cave-in.' The sheriff looked up. "This seems to read a little better than the other stuff. It's not so jagged. Don't guess she was as much off her nut then as she is now. Let's see. Where's the place? Oh, yes: 'If I'll help him, I can have half, and we'll live together again, and he'll be good to me and I can have the boy. I know what it's all about. He wants to get the mine without Sissie Larsen having anything to do with it. Sissie has cemented up the hole he drilled into the pay ore and hasn't told Fairchild about it, because he thinks Rody will go partnerships with him and help him buy in. But Rody won't do it. He wants that extra money for me. He told me so. Rody is good to me sometimes. But that's when he wants me to do something. If he'll keep his promise I'll fix the mine so they won't get out.'"

"The poor old soul," there was aching sympathy in Anita Richmond's voice. "I—I can't help it if she was willing to kill people. The poor old

thing was crazy."

"Yes, and she's 'g us bloody near crazy too. Maybe there's another entry."

"I'm coming to it. It's along in June. The date's blurred. Listen: I did what Rody wanted me to. I sneaked into the mine and planted dynamite in the timbers. I wanted to wait until the third man was there, but I couldn't. Fairchild had learned about the hole and wanted to know what Larsen had found. Finally Larsen pulled a gun and shot Fairchild. He fell, and I knew he was dead. Then Larsen bent over him, and when he did I hit him—on the head with a single-jack hammer. Then I set off the charge. Nobody ever will know how it happened unless they find the bullet or the gun. I don't care if they do. Rody wanted me to do it."

Fairchild started to speak, but the sheriff stopped him.

"Well, here's another item: 'I failed. I didn't kill either of them. They got out somehow and drove out of town tonight. Rody is mad at me. He won't come near me. And I'm so lonesome for him!'"

"The explanation!" Fairchild almost shouted it as he seized the book and read it again. "Sheriff, I've got to make a confession. My father always thought that he had killed a man. Not that he told me—but I could guess it easily enough, from other things that happened. When he came to, he found a single-jack hammer lying beside him, and Larsen's body across him. Couldn't he naturally believe that he had killed him while in a daze? He was afraid of Rodaine—that Rodaine would get up a lynching party and string him up. Harry here and Mrs. Howard helped him out of town. And this is the explanation!"

Bardwell smiled quizzically. "It looks like there's going to be a lot of explanations. What time was it when you were trapped in that mine, Harkins?"

"Along about the first of November."

The sheriff turned to the page. It was there—the story of Crazy Laura and her descent into the Blue Poppy mine, and again the charge of dynamite which wrecked the tunnel. With a little sigh, Bardwell closed the book and looked out at the dawn, forcing its way through the blinding snow.

"Yes, I guess we'll find a lot of things in this old book," came at last. "But I think right now that the best thing any of us can do is a little sleep."

Rest—rest for five wearied persons, but the rest of contentment and peace. And late in the afternoon, three of them were gathered in the old-fashioned parlor of Mother Howard's boarding house, waiting for the return of that dignitary from a sudden mission upon which Anita Richmond had sent her, involving a trip to the old Richmond mansion. Harry turned away from his place at the window.

"The district attorney 'ad a long talk with Barnham," he announced, "and 'e's figured out a wye for all the stockholders in the Silver Queen to get what's coming to them. As it is, they's about a 'unnerd thousand short some'eres."

Fairchild looked up.

"What's the scheme?"

"To call a meeting of the stockholders and transfer all that money over to a special fund to buy Blue Poppy stock. We'll 'ave to raise money anyway to work the mine like we ought to. And it'd cost something. You always 'ave to underwrite that sort of thing. I sort of like it, even if we'd 'ave to sell stock a little below par. It'd keep Ohadi from getting a bad name and all that."

"I think so, too," Anita Richmond laughed. "It suits me fine."

Fairchild looked down at her and smiled.

"I guess that's the answer," he said. "Of course that doesn't include the Rodaine stock. In other words, we give a lot of disappointed stockholders par value for about ninety cents on the dollar. But Farrell can look after all that. He's got to have something to keep him busy as attorney for the company."

A step on the veranda, and Mother Howard entered, a package under her arm, which she placed in Anita's lap. The girl looked up at the man who stood beside her.

"I promised," she said, "that I'd tell you about the Denver road."

He leaned close.

"That isn't all you promised—just before I left you this morning," came his whispered voice, and Harry, at the window, doubled in laughter.

"Why didn't you speak it all out?" he gurgled. "I 'eard every word."

Anita's eyes snapped.

"Well, I don't guess that's any worse than me standing behind the folding doors listening to you and Mother Howard gushing like a couple

of sick doves!"

"That 'olds me," announced Harry. "That 'olds me. I ain't got a word to say!"

Anita laughed.

"Persons who live in glass houses, you know. But about this explanation, I'm going to ask a hypothetical question. Suppose you and your family were in the clutches of persons who were always trying to get you into a position where you'd be more at their mercy. And suppose an old friend of the family wanted to make the family a present and called up from Denver for you to come on down and get it—not for yourself, but just to have around in case of need. Then suppose you went to Denver, got the valuable present and then, just as you were getting up speed to make the first grade on Lookout, you heard a shot behind you and looked around to see the sheriff coming. And if he caught you, it'd mean a lot of worry and the worst kind of gossip, and maybe you'd have to go to jail for breaking laws and everything like that? In a case of that kind, what'd you do?"

"Run to bent bloody 'ell!" blurted out Harry.

"And that's just what she did," added Fairchild. "I know because I saw her."

Anita was unwrapping the package. "And seeing that I did run," she added with a laugh, "and got away with it, who would like to share in what remains of one beautiful bottle of Manhattan cocktails?"

There was not one dissenting voice! [THE END]

Three Gifts for Men



Small and unimportant gifts are the kind that make Christmas merry. Here are three of them that men will appreciate. They are an astonished gentleman, with painted face, made of a ball of twine and wearing a stiff white collar and tie of paper, a pair of painted and initialed shoes—trees and a cretonne-covered ash tray, fitted with a glass bottom.

Gay Little Pin Trees



We can help start the new year right by giving Christmas gifts of little pin trees to our women and girl friends. Two corks and a florist's pin, sharpened at both ends, make the foundation for the pin tree illustrated. The large cork—of wood—is painted green and the smaller cork is gilded. They are joined by the long pin, and into the gilded cork many pins, with colored heads, are thrust to form a tree. A band of baby ribbon, tied about the larger cork, holds small safety pins.

Put it in The Bulletin.

TWO DAY SHOW RECOMMENDED

Encouragement of Better Flowers Now Object of Civic League, Stated

A two day flower show will be held in Bend next fall under the auspices of the Woman's Civic league, if the recommendation of the committee which had charge of the 1922 flower show is carried out. The committee also recommends, in its report just made public, that if satisfactory to the Commercial club, the cup given by that organization be awarded for the best display of not over 25 specimens, instead of for the greatest variety; and that steps be taken soon to provide finances for next year's show. Members of the committee are Mrs. W. P. Myers, Mrs. C. S. Hudson, Mrs. E. T. Gerrish and Mrs. C. J. Nicholson.

With a flower garden in almost every home in the city, the object of the flower show now becomes that of encouraging the growing of better quality of flowers, and cultivation of more artistic arrangement of exhibits, rather than of encouraging the growing of any kind of flowers, according to the report. Therefore, more than usual space was devoted to the tables containing exhibits competing for the Emblem club cup and for the prize for artistic arrangement of flowers of one color. This new feature was a popular one, the report states.

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