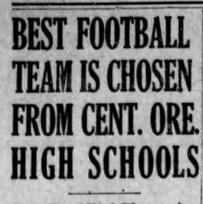
PAGE .



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, fuil.

Norcott, Bend, left half.

Falkenhagen, Madras, right half. + Honorable mention: Ends. + Bates, + Luelling, Prineville: Redmond. Guards, Arnold, + Harryman, Bend. + Prineville: Center, Foren, Prineville. + Backs, Coshow, Prineville; Bar- + ville. .......

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 seven of the eleven men selected to make up the team.

It is to be expected that Redmond's Redmond showed, in an intersecwere a pair of charging guards that, hold on the up grade.

they followed the ball unerringly. for his size, Freeman is entitled to to give liberally. a place at tackle.

like speed was effectively used in whom she serves. moving opponents out of the way on The general sentiment expressed of this year."

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 Coshow 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 Hick'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, Four Bend High Players Are Prineville, quarter. The conference was weak in tackles; Coshow of Prineville and Van Matre of Redmond were probably the best, next

to the men who were chosen.

## Communications

PRAISES WORK OF A. B. 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 vocationi training; boys of the world war who are endeavoring to get a bonus adjust ton, Redmond; Wright, Prine- + ment; men who are sick and unable to support their families and need help from relatives whom they can

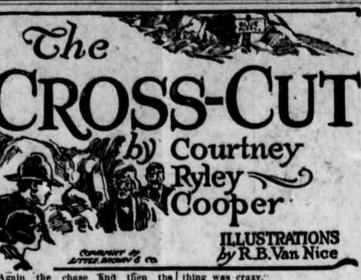
reach only through the assistance of the Red Cross; men whose wives are sick and who have not the cash at hand to send them to the hospital or to a more suitable climate; wives whose husbands are sick and who have a family to support; men and season is not so difficult a task as it women out of employment looking would be in a larger conference, and for suitable work; business men and all of the coaches who reported, as women looking for suitable emwell as The Bulletin sports writer. ployes; childless parents looking for picked independently of the others, 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 adundefeated team should furnish a vice and no one is turned away withplurality of the men chosen on the out a friendly word and an effort to mythical eleven, particularly since help him adjust himself to his proper sphere of life. Hearts that come tional contest, that her team is up to heavy to the office go away with a the standard of high school teams in feeling of gladness and a conscious-Oregon. Redmond's strength was in ness that after all they have a friend her line, and so of the five Redmond who has a real interest in their trials men named, two are guards and one and sorrows and who will do the best is a tackle. Johnson and Hansen she can to help them get a firm foot-

any coach would be glad to have on . If the Bend citizens and others his team. Their defensive work was who have paid their membership, and principally done on the other team's the few who have given liberally to side of the line of scrimmage, and the Bend chapter of the Red Cross, could know a tithe of the joy this Freeman played the same sort of money brings to those for whom it is

game on defense, and proved his worthily spent, they would realize value to his team by making a big the profitable investment they have share of the yardage as fullback on made, and do all in their power to offense. For these reasons, as well influence their friends and neighbors

The American Red Cross is non The best defensive lineman in the sectarian, administering alike to all conference, however, was Boyd of who suffer and are in need of help. Bend. Although rather light for a Bend is especially favored in having tackle, Boyd stopped, or had a hand a live, active and conscientious secrein stopping, every play that came his tary who is never too busy to give side of the center; he was unerring a tention to the call of the needy and in open field tackling, and his cats who is loved and honored by all thing is," Fairchild interrupted. "See



chase and then the thing was crazy.

scream, louder than ever, accompa-nied by streaking red flame which

spread across the top floor like wind-

to reach out and enwrap every por-

tion of the upper floor. The stagger-ing figure of a man with the blaze all

about him was visible; then a woman

who rushed past him. Groping 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, enwrapping him. Slowly, a torch-like,

stricken thing, he sank out of sight, and as the pursuers outside rushed

forward, the figure of a woman ap peared on the old veranda, half naked

shricking, carrying something tightly locked in her arms, and plunged down

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

"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

precious contents-whatever they might be. Grimly old Sheriff Mason

wrapped her in his coat and led her

I never saw anybody quarreling.

"What's she mean-did it herself?"

"First let's see how accurate the

the sheriff looked up. "Guess we'll have to go 'way back for that."

if there's an item under November f

pages. At last he stopped.

esides, I did it myself."

me-let go of my arm-let go!"

the steps into the snow.

Harry could loosen.

him.

weaken.

"Yes, and she's 'ad us bloody near crazy too. Maybe there's another entry." blow spray. Shadows weaved before the windows, while the flames seemed

"I'm coming to it. It's along in sume. The date's blurred. Listen: I did what Rondy 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 and Larsen were fussing. Fnirchild had learned about the hole and wanted to know what Larsen had found. Finally Larsen pulled a gun and shot Fairchlid. He fell, and 1 knew he was dead. He Then Larsen bent over him, and when he did I hit him-on the head with a single-jack hammer. Then I set of the charge. Nobody ever will know how it happened unless they find the bullet or the gun. I don't care if they do, Roady wanted me to do it.

Fairchild started to speak, but the sheriff stopped him. "Wait, here's mother item: "I failed. I didn't kill either of

them. They got out someway and drove out of town tonight. Roady is them. mad at me. He won't come near me. And I'm so lonesome for him?"" "The explanation?" Fairchild al-most shouted it as he seized the book

and read it again. "Sheriff, I've got to make a confession. My father al-ways 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 hammen 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 Rodainethat Rodaine would get up a lynch-ing party and string him up. Horry here and Mrs. Howard helped him out of town. And this is the explana-

Bardwell smiled quizzically.

it when you were trapped in that mine, Harkins?"

It

was there-the story of Crazy Laura and her descent into the Blue Poppy mine, and again the charge of dyna mite which wrecked the tunnel. With a little sigh, Bardwell closed the book and looked out at the dawn, forcing its

"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

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

of sick doves !" "That 'olds me. I ain't got a word to ave !'

### Anita laughed.

"Persons who live in glass houses, you know. But about this explanation. I'm going to ask a hypothetical ques tion. 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

you do?" "Run to beat 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 cocktalls?"

There was not one dissenting voice! [THE END]



Small and unimportant gifts are the kind that make Christmas merry. Here are three of them that men will appreclate. They are an astonished gentleman, with painted face, made of a bail of twine and wearing a stiff white collar and the of paper, a pair of paint-ed and initialed shoe-trees and a cre-tonne-covered ash tray, fitted with a glass bottom.



# "That 'olds me." annonheed Harry, TWO DAY SHOW RECOMMENDED

#### Encouragement of Better Flowers Now Object of **Civic League**, Stated

A two day flower show will be held in Bond 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 put. 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 specijall mens, instead of for the greatest vafor breaking laws and everything like that? In a case of that kind, what'd 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.

Winter Gatherings Spread Disease Sneezing and coughing at indoor stherings spread disease. The first symptoms of, or long standing coughs, colds, croup, throat, chest and bronchial trouble are quickly relieved with Foley's Honey\_and Tar. Contains no oplates-ingredi-ents printed on the wrapper. Adv.

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to a horse, there to force her to mount and ride with him into town. The house "Along about the first of Novemwith Squint Rodaine-was gone Back in the office of Sheriff Bard-The sheriff turned to the page. well the books were opened, and Fair-child uttered an exclamation. "Harry! Didn't she talk about he whs at the coroner's inquest? Se If there's any entry along early in July-about the time of the inquest."

Bardwell turned the closely written way through the blinding snow. "'Testified today at the inquest.' he read. 'I lied. Roady made me do

thing any\_of us can find is a little sleep

away from me-but I wouldn't let And you can't have them-hear She bit at them. She twisted and butted them with her gray head. Sho screamed and squirmed-at last to weaken. Slowly Harry, forced her tion ! arms aside and took from them the

"It looks like there's going to be ot of explanations. What time was

offense

Hicks of Bend must be given a place at center as the principal de-fensive strength of his team in the ing lines: middle of the line, and for his cool and accurate passing. For his You were a friend to me-a friend 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 in dividual ability, but they would make a good combination. Both are You were a friend to me when I was dependable on defense; Gates excelled as a forward pass receiver, while Claypool has few equals any where at advancing the ball on a switch-back play. He made a large share of Bend's touchdowns in that | Remaining friend to love and cheer 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 abil ity 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 triffe better than Norcott, and therefore Jacobs is placed at fullback; but Nor cott 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 halfback. played through the season, he would have the position. Coshow of Prineville is, next to Jacobs and Norcott,

by those who have had occasion to need help and have not sought in vain is well expressed in the follow-

You Were 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.

louely-

When all the world was dark and hope was gone;

doubt and fear assailed, you were the only

me on.

You were a friend to me; you never altered. Nor doubted my true word, not ceased to lend

torch of faith whene'er my own faith faltered-

You were a friend, indeed, you were a friend.

AN OBSERVER.

#### Good Reason.

Booth, the trageding (father of Ed. win 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."

Had Barton of Redmond COUGHS AND COLDS IN WINTER Indoor sedentary life in winter has a direct bearing on the preva-lence of coughs and colds. Keep the ville is, next to Jacobs and Norcott, the best line plunger. If the all star eleven were playing a game and win-ning, Coshow would be in the lineup; but if the team was unable to gain

The sheriff searched, then read: "I dug a grave tonight. It was not filled. The immortal thing left me. I knew it would. Roady 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 Roady wanted me to kill him, why dich't he say so? I will kill if Roady 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, 1802. I'm sure it was around there."

The old books were mulled 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: 'Roady has been at me again! 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 wo'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 comented up the hole he drilled into the pay or

and hasn't told Fairchild about it, be-cause he thinks Roady will go partner-ships with him and help him buy in. But Roady won't do it. He wants

that extra money for me. He told me so. Roady 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 ach ing sympathy in Anits Richmond's voice. "I-I can't help it if she was stilling to kill people. The poor old

n which Anita Rich 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 wys for all the stock'olders in the Silver Queen to get what's coming to them. As it is, they's about a 'unnerd thousand short

Fairchild looked up. What's the scheme?"

"To call a meeting of the stockolders 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 get-ting 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 stock-holders 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 at-torney 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."

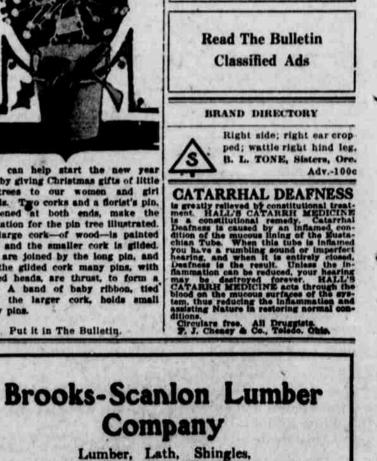
He leaned close. "That isn't all you promised—just before I left you this morning." came his whispered voice, and Harry, at the window, doubled in laughter.

"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 Covard gashing like a couple-



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