

"WHY BEND WILL BE A BIG CITY."

W. D. Cheney of Seattle Describes Town's Possibilities.

By W. D. CHENEY.

(W. D. Cheney of Seattle, president of the Bend Park Company, was asked to write 2000 words telling why Bend will be a big city. As Mr. Cheney is one of the town's most enthusiastic boosters, acknowledged an authority as a developer and an author, and is much interested in Bend, there seemed no better qualified man from whom to request such an article. Here is a portion of the letter Mr. Cheney sent with his "copy": "Two thousand words! Tell why Bend will be a big city in two thousand words! Good gracious, man! I know that the Bible tells the story of creation in a page; but I am not a Hebrew, and the old fellow that wrote it had never seen Bend."—The Editor.)

"Did you ever drink water that was cold and too hard? The air of mountain resorts always makes me think of it. Did you ever drink water that was too warm and too soft? I always think of it when I am at sea level. There is a place where every breath is tonic. I have been there in winter; I have been there in spring; I have been there in the fall. It was always the same—something between a kick and a caress. Never tired and never nervous, "you wake every morning, see the gold upon the snow-peaks, become filled with courage, and bless God for your prolonged existence. You are stingingly alive. The valleys are but a stride to you; you cast your shoe over the hilltops; your ears and your heart sing; the world and your mind are too narrow for that flood of energy. One thing is undeniable—a man takes a certain delight in existence which can nowhere else be paralleled."

That's Bend. Every man who has been there will recognize the description. That energy alone would build a city. And when one considers Bend's 320 days of sunshine every year, its 2600 feet of altitude, its cool summer nights, its warm winter days, and the multitude of pleasure-channels into which the afore-said energy can be directed, then one begins to realize that here, some day, will be one of the most famous health and tourist resorts in the entire world.

Do you know that Bend will bear comparison with the most favored city in the world in the matter of scenery and recreation? Seattle is noted for its multitude of "side trips" and its many forms of outdoor pleasure. Leave out yachting, and Bend more than checks up with Seattle. Do you know that one can leave Bend every morning after breakfast and return every night for dinner for more than a month, visit every day a spot that for sport, novelty or beauty is not surpassed anywhere, and never the same spot twice?

These trips cannot be taken in this short article; but we can hint at a few of them. The ice cave, where Nature manufactures ice in summer faster than wagons can haul it away; the lava beds; trout on the Metollus; trout on the Crooked river, trout on the Deschutes, trout everywhere and all hungry for the artificial fly. Oh, friendly comrade of the rod, listen to one who loves your art, and spend your angling days at Bend. Oh, Bend, listen to one who loves you, and protect the trout from bait while it is yet time. Let Crook county pass a law at once, forever barring bait within her borders. The trip to Crane Prairie, where one could easily spend a week. The Opal Springs, where the warm pebbles are polished until the spring is an urn filled with all the glory of thousands of opals with their smouldering fires of color; Spring river, which leaps a full-fledged river from the earth; Lava Butte; the horse caves, those marvelous barns in which the wild animals have wintered for countless centuries; Sulphur Springs; Hot Lake; Paulina Mountains; Fall river, and that tiny stream between Big and Little Paulina that makes a sheer leap of 900 feet, so tremendous a fall that the stream becomes spray and never reaches the bottom; the Wind caves, those nostrils of Mother Earth that inhale and exhale the air like a living thing; the many other caves too numerous to mention; that canoe trip of 100 miles, with only one portage, from Crane Prairie to Benham Falls, nine miles above Bend, than which there is no more beautiful canoe voyage in the world, with trout at every dip of the paddle; and since we have mentioned them, Benham Falls, considered worthy of the front cover of Country Life in America the month of June, A. D. 1912; the Paulina lakes, Davis and Crescent lakes, Blue and Suttles lakes, Crater lake, one of the most wonderful and beautiful in the world—lakes, lakes, lakes innumerable, until the mind is lost among the names of them. From Had mountain (Culture) 47 lakes are visible to the naked eye, and 300 can be seen with an ordinary field glass! I stop for very weariness and because the linotype is calling.

Just think of all these, bathed in cool and constant sunshine, where mist and clouds never hide them from view, and where the invigorating air makes motoring and walking a delight! The cool summers of Seattle and Puget Sound, where the sun is always shining, are coming to be recognized by tourists and yachtsmen as the finest in the world. Yet the air is humid and lifeless; and an almost constant haze obscures the scenery. This summer climate lasts two months, July and August, and has made Puget Sound famous. Constant rains and cloudy days during the other ten months do not prevent the whole year from being delightful, because the winters are warm and the summers cool. More than all of her other resources, combined, it is this climate that has made Seattle what she is. This in spite of the fact that the average tourist never sees the mountains. Think, then, what would happen if a town were to be discovered having this climate, an altitude of 3600 feet, with sunshine all the year, and air so clear that the town might adopt as its slogan, "You can SEE our mountains!"

That's Bend. And nothing else is required to make Bend a beautiful and prosperous city, except the advertising that will make it known and the honesty and hospitality to make it popular. In this regard, no town has ever had such a force behind it. The railroads are featuring it as they never featured it before; the First National Bank, the Commercial Club and this paper are doing broader work for Bend than any town of its size ever experienced; the Northwest Development League, covering seven states, places it on a par with the great cities by making a resident of Bend its assistant secretary; a resident of Bend is one of the three commissioners appointed to travel with exhibit cars and attend all land shows; there is a fast-growing spirit of co-operation and enthusiasm such as no town ever had before; there are several stereopticon lectures on tour, which are spreading farther and farther over the country; the organization sending them out is rapidly growing and widening its sphere of influence, until it has representatives all over the United States, one in Alaska with a stereopticon and one in London, England; and in a city several hundred miles distant, unexpectedly, without preparation, there were recently brought together at table 19 people whose bread and butter depend upon the growth and prosperity of Bend.

Her climate and this work have been about the only developed assets Bend has had to date, when she has only had a railroad six months. Bend had 600 people before the railroad came. How many has she now? To multiply the number of school children by five is often considered a fairly accurate estimate of population. There were 284 pupils enrolled in the Bend public school the past session. And what a school it is for such a town! Its standing in the matter of general culture is high enough to admit its graduates directly into college; and yet it is the only grade school in the United States today that gives a course in practical and scientific agriculture, not in the hands of theorists, but in the hands of experts from the State College of Agriculture accompanied by all necessary laboratory apparatus; and to this course are admitted pupils between the ages of 5 and 90 years, for in the study of nature all of us are children, and, in spite of all our study, will be to the end. Certainly no place could be so fitting for the birth of such an idea. Bend is surrounded on three sides by 250,000 acres of land already irrigated and as much more is irrigable. On this land every agricultural product of the temperate zone can be grown, with the exception of the tenderest of fruits. He who smiles at this honest exception will bray if he opens his mouth. California does not pretend that she can grow bananas; but she can grow oranges. Eastern Washington does not pretend that she can grow oranges; but she can grow peaches. Bend does not claim that Central Oregon can grow peaches; but she can grow apples. Apples thrive; alfalfa grows two crops each season; clover grows to fabulous size, and the peculiar air cures without drying it, so that it is taken from the mow in mid-winter still succulent, and animals crush its juicy stems, with all the satisfaction of their summer grazing.

The foregoing gentle reference to a two-legged quadruped does not apply to the man with the hoe; but it applies to the man with the mail. The same cool summers and high altitude that make Bend so delightful to the tourist have often raised an honest question in the mind of the farmer regarding frost. The "un-American" laughs at the idea. Frost in other places leaves dampness in drying. They first melt, and then the dampness slowly dries in the sun. Here, if there is frost in the early morning, that Central Oregon sun that can safely be bet on at seven to one, licks it up at the first touch. It vanishes instantly, like dust, and is just as dry. As proof of this, ask any farmer what is his tenderest product. Ten to one he will answer, "The tomato plant." June 10 tomato plants in Bend were as high as the seat of a chair; and they were thriving healthy plants. In other words, on June 10 plant life was farther advanced in Bend than in the climate of western Washington, famed for its mildness. They were

cutting hay at Bend on May 28.

Another thing that must not be forgotten in this connection is the undeniable fact that all things require resistance to make them reach their highest degree of perfection. So it is that we find that the normal inhabitant of the tropics, with his mid-day siesta and his uncultivated fruits, is fat and indolent, while the inhabitant of the northern temperate zone—thin, nervous and active—often finds no time for his noon hour sandwich in his mad battle for existence. These are the men who build our cities. And so it is with the fruits. Those of warm and humid regions are less firm in texture and more flat to the taste than are the fruits that withstand more rigorous temperatures. Witness the fruits of western Washington and eastern Washington—one damp and warm, the other dry and warm. Any eastern man, while admitting the superiority of the fruits of these two regions in appearance and size, deplores the loss of those homely but luscious and juicy apples of his boyhood days, grown where they were lucky to get a crop of peaches one year in three. Give this man an apple grown on the high plateau of Colorado, where it is dry and cool, and he will exclaim, "That tastes like the apples back home and beats 'em to a frazzle for size and quality." That is the kind of apples that will be grown at Bend.

But the fallacy of the fruit farms is soon going to be exploded. Not acre for acre, but dollar for dollar, it can be proved that the same amount of money invested in growing other products of the soil will pay a larger return on the investment than fruit. Somebody is going to discover this. Somebody is going to publish it. The dollar is the unit of value; and there you are. Men like Professor C. L. Smith, who is paid by the railroads to make a study of farming and to preach it, will tell you that, while riding by train, they can tell when they are passing through a dairy country by the prosperity of the farmer as shown by his buildings. The greatest profit to be derived from the soil comes from farming. The Northwest Development League, with its slogan of "Hens, Hogs and Harmony," is already striking the keynote. These men again will apply the same principle of resistance to animals that we have applied to fruit; and they will prove to you that meat from the cattle of Eastern Oregon is not only firmer than beef from a climate warmer and more damp, but that it brings a higher price in the markets, and that an eastern chef who never saw a steer will unerringly select from among a dozen steaks the one cut from a Central Oregon animal. But this is not "The Farm Journal." It is "The Bend Bulletin." Let's go back to town.

This thriving city of health and pleasure, with its pure water and its mountains, we find is surrounded on three sides by 250,000 to 500,000 acres of the finest and most productive irrigated farms. Already we surely have enough to make a city of 75,000 to 50,000 people. But let us go out and see what there is on the fourth side of the town. On the western side of Bend, sloping gently upward to the mountains, is the largest body of standing pine in the world. At the rate of 15 carloads a day, it would require more than 130 years to exhaust this timber. There are 20 billion feet. And that you may understand how conservative an article you are reading, we will say that a railway investigation has put these figures at "five hundred carloads a day for fifty years." In any case, the Federal Government is now reserving vast areas in this same region for reforestation; and these projects are intended to perpetuate the supply of timber to feed the mills of Bend. Owners have publicly and positively announced that two mills will begin construction at Bend, one within eighteen months and the other probably within that time, each mill and its equipment to cost one million dollars, and each to employ a minimum of 500 men. And their plans include the provision of pond and track facilities for five such mills.

A cursory glance at the lumber towns of the Northwest will prove to you that such a mill town as we have advertised, without any other resources, becomes a town of not less than 25,000. But we already had a health and tourist city of 25,000 and a thriving farm town of 10,000 to 15,000. Have we not now a city of at least 50,000 to 75,000? We leave you to think about these figures while we take a motor car and go out to see what there is on the high plains beyond the irrigated lands.

We find ourselves, again to quote Professor Smith, in what will become "the largest wheat farm in the world." Please to remember that you are not reading a prejudiced account of this country; acknowledged and unacknowledged, you are reading a series of quotations from the greatest authorities in their special lines of effort and investigation. Thus we can also quote the Honorable T. B. Wilcox, the greatest exporter of wheat in the United States—"This region will produce thirty million dollars worth of wheat per annum." Alaska's twelve million dollars annually in gold has made the commerce of Seattle. Wheat also is cash. Not only does this wheat mean as much to Bend as the Alaskan gold means to Seattle, but one million acres would produce twenty-five million dollars worth of wheat. Are there one million acres? The writer recently asked this question of Mr. William Hanley, the most accurately posted man on the subject, whose knowledge comes from the practical

experience of actually farming in this identical region for many years. He replied: "When they have put one million acres of the wheat land under cultivation, they will just have begun to get started." This would tend to confirm the published statements of another man in a position to know that there are at least three million acres. This would mean seventy-five million dollars a year. Select your own figures. The smallest will satisfy us. And right here let us say that Mr. Hanley, the largest land owner in the United States, and whose land is right in this region, had not talked five minutes before he applied the same old principle of resistance to wheat, with the positive statement that the wheat grown here will be the finest wheat produced anywhere.

If only its inevitable proportion of this wheat were to be milled there or shipped through there, it would put several million dollars annually into the banks of this health and tourist city, already, before the wheat was discovered, surrounded by irrigated lands and vast forests of pine timber sufficient to make it a city of 50,000 to 75,000 people. With the wheat, can you imagine a city of less than 75,000 to 100,000? And if there were any way to stop at this town more than a town's ordinary proportion of this wheat, the result would be incalculable.

Many a city, without a single other asset, has been built by waterpower of ten to thirty thousand horsepower. From nine miles above Bend to one mile below, there is 250,000 horsepower that will be developed by the simplest and cheapest method. The water, used over and over again, will operate one plant after another for the whole ten miles—just as if you were to turn the fire hose on the porch of the Capitol at Washington and allow water to pour in cascades down the steps, with a water wheel on every step. There is a picture of Bend's waterpower on the front cover of Country Life in America for June 1, 1912.

Not only has Bend the waterpower; Bend has a monopoly of it; for below the town are irrigation projects now being installed, the perpetuity of which is guaranteed by the Federal Government; and these of necessity guarantee the perpetuity of Bend's power, while at the same time precluding all power for 25 miles below. From that point downward, the precipitous canyons will eternally prevent any city from being built directly on the stream; and while the power of the entire stream, estimated at three million horsepower, can be transmitted electrically to other towns; so can it be transmitted to Bend. No matter how much power, therefore, any other town may have, Bend will always remain just 250,000 horsepower its superior. Also, every added mile of transmission is an added expense; Bend has 250,000 that can always be directly applied; and therefore Bend is pre-eminently the Cheap Power City of the Northwest.

The town is so situated as to be the central shipping point for manufacturers to Vancouver, B. C., Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Spokane, Butte, Salt Lake City, Denver and in fact to the whole United States west of the Mississippi Valley. Draw the lines on a map. You will be surprised. No manufactured article the success of which is measured by the number of cities in which it can be marketed, can afford to be manufactured anywhere except at Bend. If it is, a competitor at Bend will undersell it. Even at this early stage of development, Bend's power is already so cheap that they are planning to run their immense sawmills with it. It will be cheaper than coal; and the time is not far distant when people of Bend will find that they cannot afford to burn either wood or coal. The inhabitant of Bend will sleep soundly in the clear, cool nights; breathe deeply a bracing air, unpolled by smoke; relax and labor with a rest unknown in any other climate; press a button, and light his house; press a button, and heat his furnace; press a button and the Deschutes will do the rest. The day will come when Bend will be known throughout the world as "The Electric City."

Such power alone would build a city of one hundred thousand. Yet it is merely an added resource to a health and tourist city, which will remain so because there will be no smoke and dirt, a beautiful farm town set in a mountain valley of irrigated land, a lumber town of exhaustless forests; and its due proportion of these resources will make a city so immense that we are going to stop at one hundred thousand and allow your imagination and the years to name the figures.

This power of attraction, this attraction of power, are there, and will be there forever. But how much of this timber, how much of this wheat, will be milled at Bend? That is the question. How much of the money they represent will be exchanged at Bend? We have already built a great city, even if only its chance proportion of business is transacted there; but let us see what will be its actual proportion of this commerce.

The mountains make Eastern Oregon look like an immense letter Y. At the exact center of the Y, where its three branches join, is Bend. All of the upper, or v-shaped half, of the Y slopes downward to Bend; all the lower half, the stem of the Y, slants downward from Bend. All of this wheat land, all of this timber land, are in the upper or v-shaped part of the Y; and all of it slopes downward toward Bend. Start a car anywhere in this immense wheat country, anywhere in these vast forests—east,

southeast, south, southwest, or west—and it will roll into Bend on a down grade. Commerce doesn't climb up hill when it can roll down. Every product of this immense area, greater than the entire area of England, is going to be poured in upon Bend. There the timber will find the mill ponds and the mills. There both the wheat and the timber are going to find the cheapest power. At Bend this wheat will be sold to the miller; at Bend it will be made into flour; at Bend this timber will be made into lumber; at Bend, the second largest wool market in the world, the wool will be made into yarn; at Bend a multitude of things will be manufactured cheaper than they can be made anywhere else in the world. All of this flour, all of this wheat, all of this lumber that does not go east to supply the middle states, all of these manufactures that are not perishable—and most manufactures are not perishable—all of these will seek the cheapest transportation. They will seek the sea. When they have been manufactured at Bend, they will be loaded into another car, that car will be given a kick and it will roll down hill, down hill down the stem of the Y, down hill down the Columbia, down hill all the way to the sea. Resistlessly, naturally, all the products of this immense territory will roll together at a common center, which is Bend, will stop there, and then as resistlessly and naturally will roll on to the markets of the world. Railroads spend millions upon millions to produce a combination like this; and they never produce it; for only Nature can do such things; and she has never done it for any town but Bend.

All of the products of this great and rich region now for the first time being opened to commerce, will find their nearest market at Bend, their cheapest manufacture at Bend, their cheapest transportation to, through and from Bend; and inevitably, just as certainly as the sun will rise tomorrow morning, Bend will become one of the great cities of the coast, second only in size to Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles. In other words, Bend will become the largest inland city west of the Mississippi Valley.

Brick Plant is Important Institution

One of the most important industries that Bend has, and one of the most valuable in the upbuilding of a city, is its brickyard. The proximity of a practically inexhaustible amount of excellent brick clay, and the operation of a first class brick manufacturing plant, places the town in an enviable position as regards the supply of this important building product. The Bend Brick & Lumber Company's yard lies about two miles west of town, with a good road intervening. About 30 men are employed at present by the company, with a monthly payroll of approximately \$2000. The daily output is 20,000 brick. Up to the middle of June 700,000 brick had been turned out. The

great majority of these have been used by local builders, and many thousand more have been engaged to be used in new buildings, either under way or planned. Several carloads have been shipped to neighboring towns to the north, and while the field for the Bend product has been little touched in this direction as yet, compared with what may be expected in the future, the establishment of a far-reaching market not only to Central Oregon but also to other railroad points. In addition many wagon loads are taken by purchasers to points in the vicinity, some brick going in this way 100 miles.

The company is composed of W. E. Scott, A. H. Horn and R. C. Colver, each one third owner. The mechanical equipment of the plant cost about \$7500, and is in every way up to date and capable of turning out a first class product, in large enough quantities to meet the requirements of the field for some years to come. The plant's equipment includes soft mud press, disintegrator and re-reaming machine, a 33-horsepower steam engine which supplies power. An important item of the equipment is a well, which was sunk to a depth of 310 feet, and furnishes an inexhaustible supply of excellent water. Another asset the yard has is a natural storehouse of fine sand, pronounced by experts to be the best possible for brick making. The sand was found in a great cave on the J. F. Pierce place, southeast of town.

Building Stone Is Abundant

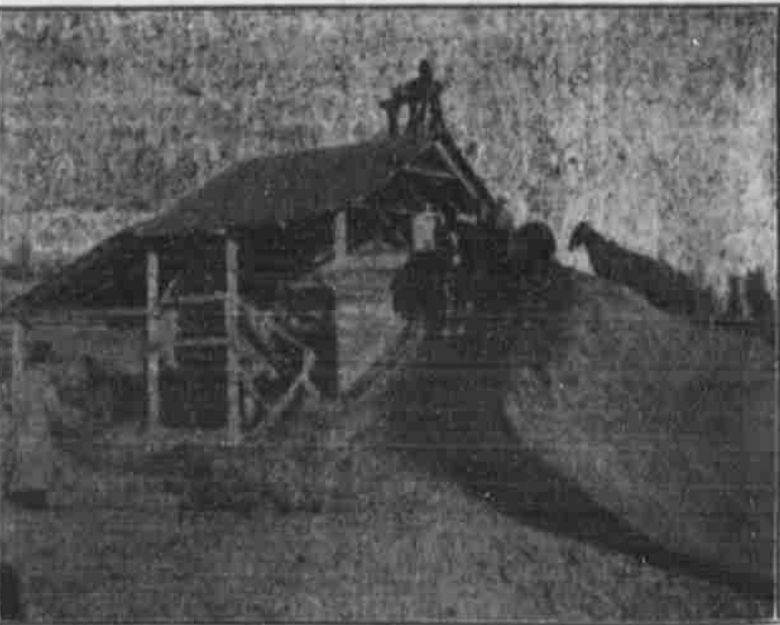
Just west of the river and north of the sawmill of The Bend Company, the Bend Stone Company is engaged in quarrying pink, brown and black stone for the construction of buildings here and in other towns. From this quarry, which is located on the land of The Bend Company, was taken the stone for the Bend and the front of the Bean and Marley-Redmond depots, the Boyd building, Simpson buildings here and of the Irvin building in Redmond.

The quarry is only about a mile from the center of town, with an easy grade for hauling. There is a solid front or ledge of the rock 25 feet long, and the quantity is unlimited. The stone is being taken out by W. A. Heaver and sons Ray and Troy and W. A. Bates, who have leased it from the owners. They already have quarried ready to deliver some 500 perch.

Makes Handsome Buildings. This stone is a durable and cheap material and makes a handsome building. Mr. Heaver says it is absolutely fireproof and absorbs but little water. It does not hold frost as has been erroneously believed by some people, he declares.

The stone is being used not only here but elsewhere. It will doubtless become a big item of export from Bend. The quarrying company has recently been asked to quote prices on 50 carloads to be shipped to Portland.

THE BEND BRICK PLANT.



Brick Making Machinery.



First Kiln of Bend-Made Brick Burned.