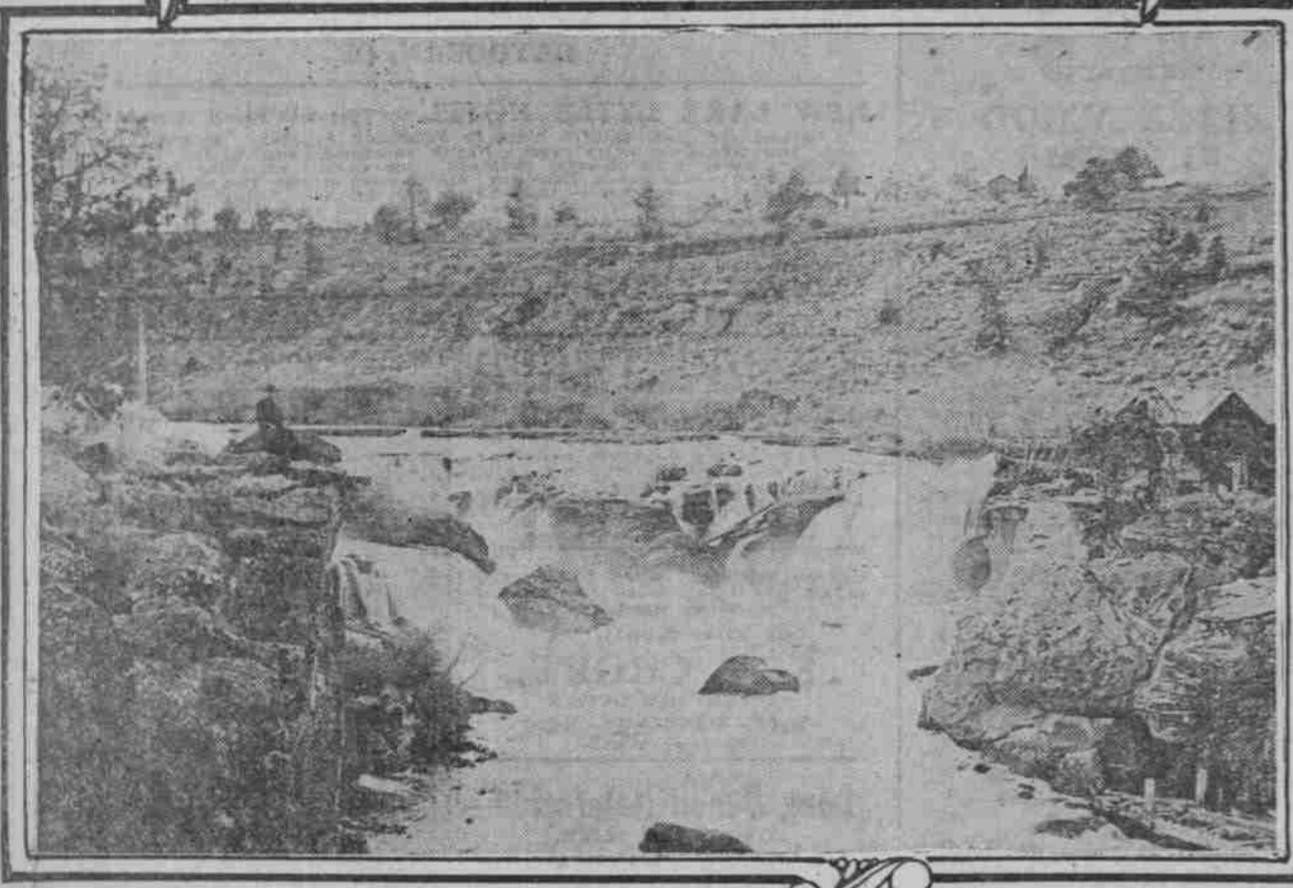


REDMOND, LIVE AND PROSPEROUS OREGON CITY, NOW SPORTING METROPOLITAN AIRS

Town Planted Amid Fertile Fields Is Making Steady and Substantial Growth—Conditions in District Generally Favorable to Agriculture, Which Makes for General Welfare.



Central Oregon, Fertile on Ditch, Redmond, Oregon, Now Sporting Metropolitan Airs



Cline Falls in the Deschutes River

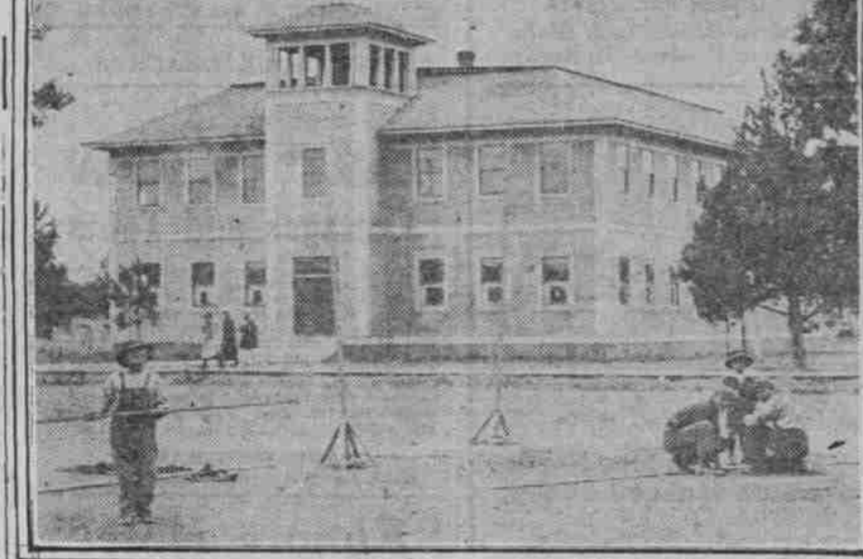
BY ADDISON BENNETT. THERE are mighty few cities in the northwest experiencing more property or attaining metropolitan airs more rapidly than the little city of Redmond. The young city is making steady and substantial growth and the newly-acquired citizens are of a fine class. And the same is true of the suburbs and environs.

The townsite of Redmond is level land and for quite a distance in every direction it is the same. It is a natural clover section and the clover and alfalfa cover the ground right up to the sidewalks of the city. Redmond is not on the Deschutes river, as many suppose. In fact, after getting out of the canyon near the confluence of the Deschutes and Metolius rivers, there are no towns on the Deschutes except Bend and Tumalo. The Deschutes is about three miles west of Redmond and a good road from Redmond west to the town of Sisters crosses the river there at Cline's falls, a fine power site. This same road runs from Sisters over the McKenzie pass to the Willamette valley. This road puts Redmond in close touch with the Sisters country.

Many improvements have lately been made in Redmond. One of the most important is the establishment of permanent county fair grounds just south of the city. The last legislature appropriated \$3000 toward the 1921 fair and the citizens of the county have made these improvements. Consequently there is a fine race track, a large grandstand and a fine exhibition building, also stables and sheds for race horses and stock exhibits. It will be one of the finest equipped fair grounds in the state when the fair this fall is held.

Another improvement that makes the hearts of Redmondites glad is the great high school building which is nearly completed and will be ready for occupancy this fall. This will be one of the largest, handsomest and best-equipped structures for school purposes in any of the small cities in Oregon, better than those in most places three or four times as large as Redmond. The town has always had fine schools. Last season so many high school pupils came from sections too far away to make the daily trip to school and back, even with a "ride" or a regular auto, that the town could not accommodate them. So the citizens went down into their pockets, dug up \$10,000 and erected a dormitory with kitchenette attachments, equipped it for the use of women and every room was occupied, so that additions now will be required.

Farms are well tilled. Redmond is surrounded by well-tilled farms. You will find the best in the county in that vicinity and the most prosperous. The principal crops are potatoes, clover and alfalfa. Very little less is occasioned by late spring or early fall frosts in that neighborhood. It is practically impossible from frost there, and probably no other seed will be hereafter used in that section of Oregon. But there is a great shortage of seed, the demand being away ahead of the supply. The price last year was 75 cents a pound.



School Building at Redmond, Or.

As to hogs, the Durocs seem to take the lead and they are of good breeding. A flour mill was erected at Redmond last season and it paid a profit to the stockholders the first year of its operation. A pencil-wood plant, which is patterned after that at Bend, These plants use the juniper trees, getting them for nothing by pulling them over and taking the wood they want. A good deal of stovewood is left for the land owner and by removing that, burning the brush and roots and filling the shallow places where the trees stood, the land is ready for the plow. This makes it easy for the newcomer to get his farm ready for a crop.

To show what industry will do on a small tract of land I will tell of a small tract, 25 acres, about five miles southwest of Redmond. It is not a choice piece of land, being somewhat broken or hilly. It belongs to a man named Ernest Frank. He and his wife have lived on it for about six years. He was a sailor formerly, sailing the seven seas before the mast. He quit that and took up, on lease or rental, a small garden tract near Portland, but I imagine he did not prosper overmuch. Anyhow, in 1915 he went up to Redmond and bought the present homestead. It was all in junipers, but he soon cleared it and put up a small house and barn. He seeded a part of the patches. Apparently the seeds were all put in starchy, weed onions, carrots and lettuce. He has about ready the day I was there to pull out every third one for the market. A little later he will thin the agate and leave those ripening for the fall trade about six inches apart.

Beans poles also grow. You could never guess how the poles his lima beans! He plants one sunflower seed in each hill and when it is a foot or so high he sticks in a

bean. As the sunflower grows he trims off all of the leaves save three at the top and above them is the disc of a great sunflower, and the beans crawl up the stalk. The day I was there these stalks were about five feet high and the beans were circled around them for about three feet from the ground. Mr. Frank found that he lost a good profit by an occasional insect but late spring frost. So he bought 12 garden or orchard heaters and placed them about 20 feet apart with the more tender of the varieties. These stoves are merely a circular can holding about five gallons, with a pipe some six feet long running up from the center. They burn crude oil, and the heat and dense smoke raise the temperature about 14 degrees a distance of some 60 feet from each, but the temperature is moderated for about 600 feet.

I saw a patch, pretty small, from which he sold \$350 worth of onions last year. He has been selling peas, radishes and lettuce for some time this season, and will have carrots, beans and onions very soon. Mr. Frank says his sales this year will amount to fully \$3500, and he is out nothing for labor, merely the upkeep of the house and feed for the horse. However, owing to the fact that he had to ship in his crude oil from the barrel the excessive freight rate ran it up to \$14 a barrel. Another reason he expects there will be tanks for storing it at Redmond and then it will cost less than \$2 a barrel. He used seven barrels this year, at an outlay of \$98, and the stoves cost \$2.50 each. They will last many years.

Others can do likewise. The reader may say this is an extreme case. Granted, because there are not many Emil Franks. He and his wife have worked as but few people work, and now they are about to come into their reward. And any man who comes here and works hard, faithfully and intelligently on his own land can do as well as he has done. This is a wonderful potato country, the Powell butte section probably taking the lead. While that section is in Crook county, its marketing is chiefly done in Redmond, the logical trading center. The potatoes grown hereabouts are now so well known and appreciated in Portland, Seattle and San Francisco markets that they command the highest price and sell the most readily. But the grower does not slow to see that as well as the Redmond potatoes have been in insistent demand, so a trade has grown up in raising certified seed, and this year a good many carloads of this seed will be

shipped from here. The shipments were heavy last year and the lowest price received, f. o. b. Redmond, was \$2.10 a bushel. The generally accepted spruds were bringing \$1.20. As a business point Redmond stands very high, on the whole, as a mercantile establishment of Lynch & Roberts as one of the finest in the state outside of the big job business. Not a general or country store. Their stock is principally dry goods, groceries, clothing and notions. Miss Myrtle Butler, who has been with the firm since it sprang into prominence, has charge of the dry goods and women's hats and apparel.

Women Well Dressed.

It is due to Miss Butler, that is, largely due, that the women of this section are so well dressed and millined, for the Lynch & Roberts store, at the head of the fashions at all times. In all departments this firm excels and does a large business. Drawing trade from all of the other towns within 100 miles. It takes much produce in trade. Its average sales for June and July were 30 cases, or 900 dozen, per day, and the price paid was 43 cents. That

will give an idea of its immense business. There are two good banks in Redmond, the First National bank, the oldest. It has a capital of \$25,000, surplus and undivided profits very high, on the whole, as a mercantile establishment of Lynch & Roberts and L. S. Roberts cashier. The Redmond National bank has a capital of \$100,000, surplus and undivided profits \$5000. The president is C. H. Miller and N. A. Burdick is cashier. Both banks are on their own banking houses and both are well equipped.

About as soon as Mr. Redmond, the founder of the town, had decided to locate the town, a newspaper was started, called the Redmond Spokesman. It has always been smoothly managed, although it has been owned and managed by various men who knew a good deal about the business. It was also buried out once. It has had its ups and downs, but is now sailing smoothly on pleasant waters and has secured a new owner, Douglas Mullarky, some three or four years ago. He is getting out a fine paper, called the Big Job business. The Redmond people are proud of the Spokesman and its editor and owner, and both are well equipped.

Excursions of Portland Ad Club See Majestic Object, Center of Indian Tradition—Tourist Magnet.

MYSTIC SPELL STILL RESTS ON WATERS OF CRATER LAKE

BY BEN HUR LAMPMAN. VERY great while ago, so long, indeed, that the oldest firs of the Cascades have forgotten, the Indians of southern Oregon believed that Crater lake was created by evil spirits of malignity and madness. Time has softened the terror of that tribal tradition, and has all but obliterated it along with its savage beliefs.

So the excursionists of the Portland Ad club found it, when, on their tour of southern and central Oregon, with Crater lake as their main objective, they motored up to the rim of that titanic old crater, and gazed down the abysses of the smoking, drinking cup of the immortals. On land or sea, or in the sky, for that matter, there is no other lake of the blue of the ancient lake of that long-stilled volcano. When the artist paints it he does not catch the full majesty of that imperial blue, the reason that he cannot. He feels, doubtless, his inadequacy, his debt of homage to nature, and he tries to make up for the experience is by no means unique, that it stirs him as it did the poet, the explorer, the fisherman, Beaumont, when that worthy medic set his feet firmly on the lava rim and looked for the first time at the zenith of the old volcano.

"I am, sir," said the doctor, "a rough old fellow who has seen something of life. It was my belief that I had done with sentiment. Yet when I looked down at that water the tears came into my eyes, and I would not try to stop them. The tears that came into my eyes, and I was glad to feel them for I couldn't express in words the emotion that the firs of the tribesmen to become modernized, reduced to prosaic standards, and the Indians of survival. Time was, the Indians of the Pacific coast that dwelt in the lake considered it their own peculiar province, a sort of sacred, inviolable, and holy ground. Do they still hold of fight those ancient waters and tremulous pallid, together with the odd and the even, the pale and the faded in the cold ashes of Mount Mazama? If you were to put this question to the Indians of the Pacific coast, he would tell you that, after all, it is an interesting, if not a surprising, fact that the Indians would speak from the page of strange experience.

Red-Faced Man 'Knows.'

Mr. Y. V. H. of Grants Pass and Medford, the precise mileage allowed by law. Mr. English passed two plodders, a dumpy, fat, bearded, tubby, red-faced man with a squint, a tubby, a slight, dark woman, whose tongue she stuck out, and a young fellow, who said never a word of greeting or parting. "Have a ride?" he hailed them, with enthusiasm. "Where are you going?" "Nowhere in particular," answered the man, "I am just looking for a place and somewhere else tomorrow. We live in Oakland, but whenever we feel we want a breath of fresh air we strike out on her and we walk and ride, and walk and ride. We been out more than a month now." "You are a Central Pacific man, aren't you?" asked the man, "I am, and a fellow passenger left the car, that this singular tourist, with his squint eye rolling solemnly, vouchsafed such a remark. He said he had a great deal of interest to those that cherish and inscribe the traditions of old times. He said he had a million years ago. Someone spoke of Crater lake, and the red-faced man roused from his reverie, and he called attention toward the alighting passenger. "Say," he volunteered, "I knew the man that that lake was named after. This was amazing beyond words. He was pressed for particulars. Did he say 'Central Pacific'?" "You bet!" he asserted. "Old man Crater. I knew him well. I knew the whole family of 'em."

Co-operation Is Advanced.

"It was my first visit to Crater lake," said Mr. English, "and I am convinced that the possibilities of this hotel development for the good of the state. After seeing its beauties and advantages, and realizing the enormous prestige of its encouragement and support by the national park service, the forestry department and the Southern Pacific railway, I am convinced that the possibilities of this hotel and tourist travel development, to make Crater lake one of the most popular resorts in America are within the grasp of the near future. It is a momentous task, and should be taken advantage of at the earliest possible moment. A trade has grown up in raising certified seed, and this year a good many carloads of this seed will be

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NINE-MILE FLUME IN WHITE SALMON DISTRICT TO MAKE AVAILABLE 600,000,000 FEET OF FIR

Six Miles Already Constructed and Part Skirts Cliffs Along Columbia—Logs Will Be Carried From Willard to Hood, Wash.—First Function Will Be to Fill Natural Basin of Several Acres Adjacent to Plant.



Method of Building Is Shown Here.

The flume in its long, meandering line. The water from the Little White Salmon is raised 20 feet by a dam at the upper end to fill the first unit of the flume. More than 1,500,000 feet of lumber will be used in building the flume. The boxes and brackets are made and the braces and other timbers cut at the mill at Willard to make a minimum of sawing and fitting for the flume construction crew. A gate in the flume box at the point of each day's operations lets the water through and catches the material sent down from the mill.

High Flume Under Construction Near White Salmon.

A NINE-MILE FLUME, which will carry logs from Willard to Hood, Wash., is now being constructed by the Drano Flume & Lumber company in the White Salmon region and will make available for manufacture 600,000,000 feet of fir. Six miles of the flume have been constructed and the part now skirting the cliffs along the Columbia is visible to motorists as they drive across the river. The fall of nearly a quarter of a mile in 2000 feet, the level of the Columbia is divided through out

to be converted into lumber for rail and water shipment. During the first stages of construction of low flume, the crew sometimes completed 1000 feet a day, but when the work reached the precipitous walls along the river, the force dwindled to a few skilled climbers. The base of the flume, a stout timber, serves the purpose of a sill and is blocked up at either end to give a level surface. From this riser the operations let the water by cross timbers and a system of perfect bracing. A short length at the top forms the cap holding the main bed of stringers, the bracket and the V-shaped flume box. W. D. Arnold is in charge of the mill at Willard and F. E. Arnold is engineering the flume's construction.

Party Tours New Road

MERCHANTS OF SOUTH BEND MOTOR TO NASELLE. Valley Opened by Ocean Beach Highway Is Visited by First Commercial Delegation.

SOUTH BEND, Wash., Aug. 20.—(Special.)—The first delegation of business men from any place to visit the Naselle valley was made up of 40 South Bend merchants and their families. The plan gathered at the Commercial club at 1:30 A. Tuesday and an early start made. The new Ocean Beach highway was in fine shape, except for a spot between Nemah and the Naselle river, where, to the surprise of Supervisor Johnson, the road was not yet plowed. Mr. Johnson said it passable by using brush and poles.

Death Watch Is No More

BUTTE, Mont., Aug. 20.—No death watch will be provided for Steve Byrne and Theodore Chronopolis, who are awaiting execution of the death penalty on the morning of August 26. Sheriff Larry Dugan that the customary watch be provided has been refused by the county commissioners, it is said. In eliminating the death watch, a precedent of long standing has been broken. As a result of the absence of a death watch, both the condemned men created an ordinary prisoner, except that they occupy separate cells in an isolated part of the jail.

POULTRY HONOR LUNN

Corvallis Expert New President of National Association. OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, Aug. 20.—(Special.)—A. G. Lunn, professor of poultry husbandry at the college, has been elected president of the National Association of Poultry Instructors and Investigators, now in session at the New Jersey Agricultural college, at Rutgers, N. J. Lunn has been a member of the association since 1912. An invitation to attend the annual meeting had been extended, but declined in order to honor a noted poultry specialist at the New Jersey station who is planning to retire. The place of meeting is selected by the board of directors, of which Professor Lunn becomes an ex-officio member. Johnstown and Groversville, N. Y., are said to supply more than one-half of the gloves and mittens worn in the United States.

CORIS

Lift Off with Fingers



No More Gas in Stomach and Bowels

If you wish to be permanently relieved of gas in the stomach and bowels, take Balmann's Gas-Tablets. They are prepared distinctly and especially for stomach gas, particularly for all the bad effects coming from gas pressure. Empty, gone and gnawing feeling at the pit of your stomach, tense, disagreeable and sleepy feeling, nervous feeling with heart palpitation, will vanish, and you will once more be able to make a sleep, break so often prevented by gas pressing against your liver and stomach. Your limbs, arms and fingers won't feel cold and go to sleep, because Balmann's Gas-Tablets prevent gas interfering with the circulation; instead, they allow the blood to flow after dinner will soon be replaced by a desire for some form of entertainment. You'll be able to make a sleep, break reduce by inches because gas will not form after using Balmann's Gas-Tablets. Get the Genuine in the Yellow Package from any reliable Drugist or the Owl Drug Co., J. Balmann, Chemist, 72 Second St., San Francisco.—Adv.