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THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1920.

NEWBERRY CRATER

When Professor Crosby came to Bend last summer to begin his study of the Benham falls reservoir site he entered Deschutes county by automobile from Jefferson county. When approaching Trail crossing over the Crooked river he was attracted by the tremendous chasm through which the river passes near that point and at once said that it should be designated a national monument. Now, in his report on the reservoir, which has just come to hand, he makes a like suggestion concerning the Newberry crater region.

The words of the report are as follows: "We feel that Newberry crater is comparable in scenic and geologic interest with Crater lake and recommend its designation as a national park or monument."

Residents of Central Oregon have long known of the great attractions to be found at the Newberry crater. Here are East and Paulina lakes, with their hot springs and medicinal baths; Paulina peak, from which the view extends on a clear day to Mount Adams on the north to Shasta on the south—glass buttes, lava tunnels and fields of sand and pumice that combine to make the whole a place of exceeding interest and beauty. Now, to have a man of Professor Crosby's ability and attainment confirm the local feeling and lend the weight of his authority to the suggestion that the region be made a national park is very satisfactory.

Newberry crater is, in its way, just as interesting as Crater lake. If we could persuade the proper authorities that it should be made a park it would bring tourists without number to Bend.

Fifteen Years Ago

(From the columns of The Bulletin, August 4, 1905).

A. B. Estabene purchased the A. C. Lucas residence property last week for a consideration of \$1100, and will move in this month.

The Deschutes Irrigation & Power Co. this week advanced wages of men employed on canal construction from \$2 to \$2.25 a day.

The Spokane Spokesman-Review has a picture of the Deschutes desert, and a comprehensive statement of the reclamation enterprise under way here, which will be useful in directing homeseekers this way.

Dr. Rosenberg, of Prineville, came over to Bend Wednesday to consult with Dr. Coe.

J. H. O'Neil will build a new house in the near future on one of his lots in the east part of town.

T. W. Triplett has sold his house and lot near the Baptist church, to C. D. Brown.

A. M. Drake returned last week from his Portland trip, well satisfied with what has been accomplished for opening the Deschutes country.

Notice of dissolution of partnership between R. B. Mutzig and C. P. Becker, is being published.

Spencer Popular in America.

Herbert Spencer, the great philosopher, was more popular in America during his life than in England. When Spencer visited the United States, in 1882, his fame and influence were so securely established that one admirer offered to pay all the expenses incurred by the philosopher on his trip, and heads of railways offered him the most luxurious traveling facilities, while other friends vied with one another to make the tour comfortable, interesting and instructing.

A Good Trencherman.

The phrase originated at the time when people ate their food off trenchers. These were usually clean white wood, probably maple, and were often hollow on both sides, so that meat could be served on one side and pudding on the other.



Summer Heat

Beneath the sun the victim cringes, and mutters, as he mops his face, "It's hotter than the seven hinges—such weather is a rank disgrace." He should in silence smile and suffer, recalling that the sizzling heat is quite a godsend to the duffer who's raising corn and prunes and wheat. The red hot sun that sears and blisters, and burns the whiskers from his dome, will bring the farmers and their sisters new clothes when comes the Harvest Home. So that the farmers raise their carrots, what matters it if folks in town are baking in their stuffy garrets, until both sides are crisp and brown? The heat is good for rye or barley, or Lima beans, or peas or straw, and when I see folks getting snarley, I think there ought to be a law. "It's hotter than the gates of Hades," remarks the thoughtless, loosed loon, regardless of the passing ladies, who are so shocked they almost swoon. He cares no hoot for distant grangers, or for the circumstance profound that heat is growing for their mangers the hay that makes the world go round. And still the sun rolls on and singses the whiskers from complaining man; "It's hotter than the seven hinges," he wails, and plies his palmleaf fan.

AMERICAN TOURISTS IN AWE AT DEVASTATION IN FRANCE

By Henry Wood.

(United Press Staff Correspondent)
PARIS, Aug. 5.—Here is the impression that the first American after-the-war tourists—especially the battle field tourists—is making on the French.

Jean Rogier, leading French writer, to learn just what effect the sight of the French battlefields and devastated regions might make on Americans seeing them for the first time, made a four-day trip with American tourists to Chalons, Saint Mihiel, Verdun, the Argonne, Champagne, Rheims and Soissons.

"During those four days," Rogier declared to the United Press, "I lived with them. I watched their gestures, I studied their attitudes. I lay in waiting for their looks and glances, I observed their words, and I think I read their hearts."

"These Americans, especially the older ones, were very gay, and their gayety, rather boyish, if not childish at times, first grated on me and then shocked me. I would have preferred to meet them grave and already prepared for the sorrowful proof to which they were to be subjected."

"But, suddenly, among the very first ruins, this gayety died and seemed to bury itself in the bones of the overthrown villages. They no longer laughed and no longer joked."

"The frightful image of the war began to appear. It was there before their eyes, and no longer were they able to turn their eyes away."

"They looked with frightened glances at the disemboweled houses, the demolished church towers, at the ruined churches, at the torn and twisted ironwork of former factories, at the riddled walls and all of the hideous skeletons of the war which passed along at the side of their automobiles like black skeletons."

"With extended arms the American tourists pointed out in the distance huge red spots that either stood out against the green verdure of hills, or that reddened the grass of the prairies."

"Burned—a village burned—Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Their lips never ceased to repeat this trembling lamentation in tones that intermixed their pity, their sorrow, their indignation and their anger."

"There are people whose sensibilities are suddenly aroused at moments, like the opening and shutting of doors, and there are others where the sensibilities remain like a silent and vigilant servant."

"With these Americans there was no exuberance of gesture, no fricas of words, no extravagance of expression. It was only on their faces and in their eyes that I could read their impressions and see the souls that reflected. Their silence translated their emotions and spoke more loudly than as though they had uttered the most vehement cries."

"As yet the thought of death had not been borne in to them. It only struck them as they stood before Belleau wood and Romagne, where 27,000 graves lie, dug in the shade of the trees."

"With slow steps, uncovered

heads and pious gestures they entered as one enters a temple. On each cross there was a name, the number of the regiment, but sometimes only one word:

"Unknown."

"One of my companions pointed

out in the middle of the cemetery a crown of pearls resting against a flagstaff from the top of which floated the Stars and Stripes. Worked into the crown with different colored beads was the inscription, which she translated from French into English:

"The city of Montrouge, marraime of the village of Torcy to the American soldiers who died for liberty, justice and right."

"That is sweet—very sweet," murmured the American tourists.

"One of them, a woman, continued: 'It is very sweet for us to feel that France has not forgot out boys who fought alongside her own.'

"Then one of the American women ran to a little wooden house, all white, in the center of young cypresses and flowers, where she exchanged a few words with young American girls, sitting on the veranda, shook their hands, and then returned to join her party."

"I don't know any of the girls," she said, "but they are the guardians of the cemetery—all volunteers—they live there all alone, and I felt that I wanted to thank them on behalf of all the women of the United States."

"These delicacies of the heart, these touching acts, these moving words I found often during the course of the pilgrimage as we stood before the accumulated ruins of villages, or before the nothingness of the ravaged country."

"But it was at Verdun that they really had their vision of the nightmare of war and of the dismay of the earth."

"Oh, we didn't know," they cried. "All that we had imagined was nothing compared with this. Back in the States no one knows; it's impossible to know. This torn ground; these burned fields, these stripped trees. Nothing lives. You feel death everywhere."

"But you also feel glory," declared an American officer, "because it was here that France saved the world. And everything lives, because Verdun is immortal."

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"At Rheims it was the consternation. The cathedral lifted its blackened skeleton above the ruins of the city. My American tourists looked at it all in amazement and stupor."

"The dirty hochees! The dirty hochees!" They cried these words, expressing their contempt, their anger and their hate.

"At Berry-au-Bac, in the center of whole devastated fields, above the immense crater, where two French battalions were buried alive and where this frightful sepulchre opened at our feet, there were tears in the eyes of everyone."

"I haven't the heart," cried one of the American women, "to walk on ground that is the grave of so many brave French. Come, let's go away. It is a sacrifice to remain here," and so together we entered again our automobiles and hurried away."

Put it in The Bulletin.

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