

THE BEND BULLETIN

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1910.

With Acting-Governor Bower man on duty there is hope for a square deal in irrigation matters.

"There is but a single vice, inertia, and but one virtue, enthusiasm," says Rostand in one of his plays. Assuredly, then, progenitors of new townships are more virtuous than vicious.

There were 178 business failures in the United States last week, 213 in the corresponding week last year, 265 for the same week in 1908, 265 in 1907 and 216 in 1906. So business is pretty solid, even if a lot of stock and bond speculators are distressed.

While people of the East have been sweltering and dying in tropic heat the past week, we of Central Oregon have been glad to get under blankets every night. But there is unusual weather, both East and West, this season.

The cold-blooded murder of Walter and Herbert Newell by a sheep herder, Ike Harrold, near Lakeview last week, is perhaps the most atrocious crime ever perpetrated in this section of the state. That Harrold ever reached the Lakeview jail alive speaks well for the discipline of the Newell's friends and neighbors.

The "Assembly" promotion bureau is trying to get Judge Benson to run for Governor, on the pretext that his brother is too sick to be a candidate for any office. But Judge Benson is too slick a politician to be caught by "assembly" chaff. He is in politics to win and he can see plainly enough that "assembly" candidates will not win in Oregon. Therefore he shies.

The number of people who spent any considerable time in the Deschutes country forty-odd years ago is very small and for this reason special interest and value attaches to the account of Edwin W. Follett, which appears elsewhere in this paper. It is to be hoped that other old-timers will add their recollection to the written history of the region, for only by having it written can it be preserved.

German Socialists have given prominence to the amount of the Kaiser's wages. An accredited member of the Monarch's Union, he receives \$22.50 a minute for his kaiserial labors, beside enjoying a royal income of his own. What a shudder of offended patriotic pride must flicker up the tax-paying backbones of all true-hearted nephews of Uncle Sam when they realize that our own President's salary amounts to the insignificant pittance of but a trifle over 14 cents a minute. Politically, we operate an open shop. The disadvantages in comparative wage-scale are too apparent to require comment. Another argument, this, for universal unionism.

In another column appears a letter from a citizen of the Powell Butte district who styles The Bulletin "a hot air machine for a little quarter-section centering in Bend." We are indebted to our correspondent for his frankness (and for his check!) We would remind him, and others, that today The Bulletin is publishing more news of the surrounding country—more news letters—than any other paper in Central Oregon. And we further would remind him (as we have in an appreciative letter) that we particularly desire to get any and all news of all the Deschutes Valley. We have asked him, then, to favor us with the news of his locality. And to him as to others, we repeat, send us the news, and we'll print it.

Quick and hair-triggerous,
Joyous and vigorous,
Home from the niggerous
African shore,
Bringing a zoo with him,
Zebras and gnu with him,
What shall we do with him—
Our Theodore?

—ARTHUR GOTTERMAN, in Collier's.
Indeed, what shall we do with him—and he with us? He has naturalized through niggerous Africa, hobnobbed with royalty, mentally spanked the governmental policemen of half-a-dozen nations, lectured upon topics unending and talked an infinitum. And now he is back with us. From end to end of the continent newspaper men draw a breath of relief and high resolve, grasping more firmly their pens—and wait. Politicians draw a slightly different kind of breath—and wait. Likewise the voters—all wait. What next, oh Theodore?

OLD TIME TRAPPING DAYS.

Pioneer Describes Adventures on Deschutes Forty Years Ago.

In 1868 I was in Latranie, Oregon, and saw a soldier who had just returned from service with the United States troops in the Deschutes country. He thought the Indians had nearly all been driven to the reservation. He said it was a great game and trapping country, which was what I was looking for. I saw A. Z. Young, who wanted to make the trip. We each had a saddle and packhorse. This was in August. We left next day for The Dalles, where we expected to get our outfit.

We couldn't find the rifles we wanted at The Dalles, so took the trail down the Columbia to Portland, where we bought two Winchester rifles and 2,000 cartridges, and some No. 4 steel traps, and started up the Willamette valley for Springfield. There we loaded all the horses with flour and other necessary articles and went up the McKenzie river, crossing the range to Trout creek, near Sisters, without special incident and from there going to the Deschutes in one day's travel. When the horses were unpacked here they started back on the trail. I followed them to Squaw creek, captured them and got back to camp after twenty-four hours hard work without food or rest.

We packed up and moved over to Crooked river and up to where Mr. Prime's covered wagon stood on the prairie. He said he wanted to locate on a ranch in that region but he had some fears about the river overflowing. There were no houses on Crooked river then. A few had gone up on the Ochoco and here were two or three on McKay creek. We trapped along Crooked river a few days without much success. My partner, Mr. Young, thought he could do better in the Grand Rond valley and started back.

About this time James and John Simms came over the mountains from the Willamette Valley on the same business, so we went into partnership.

We trapped along Crooked river for some time and then, near Smith rock, took the Klamath road for the Deschutes. This road was made by freighters taking supplies from The Dalles to Fort Klamath. We followed the route until it came to the river, about 30 miles, and there built our cabin a little below where the river makes a sharp bend to the west. There was a little island just below the cabin, (Evidently at the old Sisemore place just above Bend).

In crossing the "desert" we saw great numbers of deer. Everywhere beaver and otter seemed to be plentiful. We set traps down the river eight or ten miles, and on some small islands in the river. We caught several beaver and otter there, and all along the river. During the hunting season we killed 150 deer, tanned the skins and dried all the hams we could. The weather was very mild most of the winter. The horses were fat in the spring.

There was no settlers on the Deschutes above Warm Springs reservation, and even beyond the Deschutes divide to Fort Klamath. We saw no one until June, 1869, when Mr. Hindman took a claim at Camp Polk, on Squaw Creek.

About the first of April, 1869, we started on a trapping expedition up the river, following the road around Lava Butte and coming to the river again at the meadows. We worked up to where the Fort Klamath and Eugene road crosses the river and then returned, reaching camp in June and counting the expedition a success.

The boys thought we had better go over to Springfield and get our supplies. We went by way of Warm Springs, where we stopped for awhile, then over to the Willamette and then down to Portland. We worked some in the harvest fields west of the McKenzie backberrying and had a general good time until September, when we returned to the Deschutes. My partners had a wagon and we took it over the road by way of Crescent Lake and trapped and hunted down the river. We got over the mountains to Little River in about a week. Deer were going in great droves to the lower country. We caught several beaver and killed all the deer we could take care of.

This was in November and the weather was very fine.

In going around Lava Butte we stopped and climbed to the top and went down into the crater, where two pine trees were growing. We never saw the ice cave.

That winter we stayed at the cabin on the Deschutes, trapping and tanning skins. The next spring, 1870, John Simms concluded to quit trapping, and go over to Springfield. That left James Simms and me to make the last hunt up the river alone. We left the cabin about the middle of September and were about six days getting up to Crave Prairie. Our camp was where the river left the prairie. The first morning after setting our traps we found 16 large beavers caught. We had all we could attend to for three weeks.

It began to look stormy on the Cascades, and beaver were getting scarce and deer were going down the country, so we thought it best to go, too. We packed up and moved down to the forks of the river, two or three miles. The packs were bulky and heavy and we decided to try boating. We spent two days building a good boat and loaded it with camp traps and bulky articles. We packed all the horses and Simms was to go ahead with them and watch for bad places in the river. The first day we got along fine. The next morning, after about an hour's run, as I came around a big bend and the boat was moving with great speed, I saw Simms waving his hat about 200 yards below and I knew there was danger ahead.

There was no chance to land. Soon as I was within hearing distance he shouted to me to steer the boat in and throw him the rope. I managed to get the craft into a little cove, threw the rope and jumped out on the rocks myself. We had hard work to keep the boat from going over the falls, now known as Benham Falls. We turned the boat bottom-side up on the west bank just above the falls, loaded everything on the horses and in two days were home, with some 200 beaver and 41 otter pelts. In all we took on the Deschutes 700 beaver, 500 deer, four timber wolves and some foxes, fishers and martins.

We stayed at the cabin till spring and then I started for home. My parents were old and there was no one but me to look after them. Both lived to be 80 years old. It was a great disappointment to me to have to leave the mild Deschutes Valley and come back to the long cold winters of Michigan.

The three winters spent on the Deschutes were mild, the deepest snow being eight inches and it lasted only a week. None of us were sick a moment. The river was very steady and filled with splendid trout. Game of all kinds was plentiful. We all greatly enjoyed the time spent on the Deschutes.

Joel Long of McKay Creek took our furs and skins down to The Dalles and stored them in French Bros' warehouse, where they were destroyed by fire in 1871. Our loss was \$525. About 1000 pounds of venison hams were spoiled by the fires. It took a good deal of venison for our dogs in January and February.

EDWIN W. FOLLETT,
Olivet, Michigan.

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