

## VOCAL STUNTS WIN APPLAUSE

### ALSO AROUSES LOCAL COMPETITION

Songs and Yells of Seattle Visitors  
Make Decided Hit, and Creates  
an Alleged Poetical "Come-  
back"—Some Extracts.

One of the most appreciated features of the Bend Park Company excursion was the songs and yells of the visitors. In addition to the following samples, selected more for brevity than special excellence, there were a dozen parodies:

**My Dawg.**  
Ev'ry time I come to town  
The boys keep kickin' my dawg aroun  
Makes no difference if he is a houn  
They gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun.

Every time I turn aroun'  
Somebody's knockin' my dog-gone town.  
Makes no difference if it is new foun'.  
They gotta quit knockin' my dog-gone town.

**Flies.**  
There are flies on the steak;  
There are flies in the cake;  
To the flies there is no end;  
There are flies in the tea;  
There are flies on me;  
But there are no flies on Bend!

**For The Lord's Sake, Bend.**  
Bend!  
For the Lord's sake,  
Bend!  
If you don't bend, you may break;  
If you do bend, you can't break.  
Bend!  
For the Lord's sake,  
Bend!

Some local scribe, evidently impressed by the poetical productions of the visitors, and desirous of showing that Bend is able to hold her own in this field, as in others, perpetrated the following rhyme, entitled: "To the Seattle Excursionists."

We're glad you came, Seattle,  
An' we want you here again,  
For now you've gone an' left us  
It don't seem quite the same.

We miss the gol durned racket  
The smiles and snappy go.  
An' compared, we think a circus  
Is a blame poor buncombe show.

The special train was bully  
While the diner made us grn.  
The songs were sure some skookum  
An' the laughin' left us thin.

For once, it seems, we're all agreed,  
Since we heard the Bazoo groans,  
That a coyote howl is mild compared  
With its mellifluous tones.

We're proud you seem to like us,  
An' we're glad, good friends, to say  
That we're almighty certain  
We'd like YOU better every day.

## Good Music, Good Eats

Special Sunday Dinner 12 to 2 P. M.  
**NEW TAGGART HOTEL!**

There are several reasons why you should take your Sunday dinner at Taggart's. To begin with, you may not know what good dinners Taggart's has in store for those who may "get the habit" and bring the family every Sunday, thus making the day one of rest—the good housewife will appreciate this.

Then you will hear the tunes sung at the Bend-Seattle banquet last Monday night, which you'll need to learn if you're going to be a Bend Booster. These tunes will set music to words which will go down in the history of the building of a great city.

Part of the music will be rendered on a very fine Flay-er Piano. R. L. McFarland of Portland, a red hot Bend Booster, has this piano, the famous Steinway, and several others for sale or will consider trade on Bend real estate. For further information regarding sale of the pianos, see E. M. THOMPSON.

### ANOTHER POWER PROJECT.

R. B. Gould and a party of nine men left here yesterday for Crescent to begin preliminary survey work on a power project near there. Back of the project is a number of capitalists of Heppner, Ore., chief among which is Dr. N. A. Winnard. Mr. Gould will be gone for about ten days, and the rest of the party will probably be there longer. Tom Murphy went along as foreman of the crew.

### BEND GREET'S

(Continued from Page One).

portation, were absent.

W. L. Powers told something of the work and the results of the demonstration farms, and H. C. Oliver neatly dodged a call for a speech with a clever word or two.

F. B. Poor, general manager of the Bend Park Company, told of Seattle's growth, of his faith in Bend, and of the wonderful possibilities here, urging that Bend people study and fully realize just what remarkable assets the town possesses.

D. E. Hunter talked on lumbering and General Manager J. P. Keyes of the Bend Company outlined the possibilities of the inexhaustible water supply of the Deschutes. D. M. Moessohn, publisher of the Portland Chamber of Commerce Bulletin, related his enthusiastic first impressions of Bend, and called special attention to the value of the handsome local building stone.

Hudson Talks Farming.  
C. S. Hudson, cashier of the First National Bank, spoke convincingly of his ever-increasing faith in the country and explained why the farmers' work was the foundation of community prosperity. His particular theme was the splendid future in store for the hog and dairy industry. In discussing which he told of the transition that was coming to the country where up to now "horse-

back farming" had been the exclusive order of the day. His advice was that buckaroo farmers swap their ponies for hogs, and their chaps for a book of scientific farming; their spurs were to be retained to scratch hog backs, because nothing makes a hog happier than to have its back scratched.

Then came W. D. Cheney, president of the Bend Park Company and host of the evening, more than 100 Bend people being his guests in addition to the excursionists and visitors from other towns. He told of his enthusiasm—though there was little need of that, as his work for the last 18 months already had spoken for him. He explained that he had abandoned leisure and a comfortable income and in its place shouldered hard work for Bend. His talk was short. It was simply a "confession of faith." It won the audience. Among other things Mr. Cheney told of his four visits to Bend. The first trip, by stage, cost him \$15; the second, by auto, \$35; the third, by special car, \$600; the fourth, by special train, \$2,400. "And the next time I may have to walk!", he wound up.

### Bazoo Band Makes Hit.

"The Bazoo Band" then gave a side-splitting performance. This was a "musical" organization led by Bandmaster Cheney, which rendered, or, perhaps better, "rended" an elaborate production, which was partly a solo by Mr. Cheney and partly an operatic production by the trained musicians of the Bend Park Company. The performance was the funniest ever seen in Bend, and evoked howling applause.

"We feel quite proud, you may depend. That we should be the ones to rend The first Grand Opera performed in Bend."

was the vocal finale, followed by a blistering burst of bazoo music.

E. M. Lara, president of the Bend Commercial Club, closed the program with a clever speech that won a big bunch of applause. He finished by telling the visitors, who were to return to Seattle, while Bend people went to bed comfortably here, the story of the old German and his dog.

"Ach, Schneider," said the German to his dog, "How I wish I was you. When you die, you are dead, and that's all there is to it. But me, when I die, I gotta go to Hell yet."

Flashlight photographs of the banquet were taken by C. G. Seward.

It was nearly midnight when the special train pulled out of the depot.

### The Party's Personnel.

The following people came to Bend on the excursion:

W. D. Cheney, Frank B. Poor, Mrs. A. C. Rhodes, Miss Vera A. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Swift, O. E. Williams, Mr. Boyd, Mrs. H. R. Pomroy, J. M. McMurray, D. J. Davison, J. P. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Wood, C. E. Hays, Mr. Herkenrath, Will T. Curtis, E. F. Batten, E. J. Cronin, J. C. Brown, P. Ruhle,

F. Ruhe, J. J. Cavender, E. Lopus, John Lopus, Mr. Johnson, Marie Beezer, R. L. McFarland, Miss Hazel Davenport, M. M. Winningham, Cecil Winningham, Chas. S. Woods, Mr. Frerich, F. McKenzie, P. Denninger, M. A. Hamer, Mr. Ellington, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Christensen, H. A. Horton, H. W. Young, T. L. Croder, J. W. Hans, J. Branchew, Mr. Wayborn, Lambuth Peterson, D. M. Moessohn, C. W. Foster, L. Cochran, J. Bernth, F. E. Hoagland, J. A. Copes, R. Haines, A. Mesher, Miss Maghnia, Mrs. Hastings, Mrs. Wanda Michael, Mrs. Chas. Ross, Mrs. T. F. Maloney, Miss Foadick, Mrs. H. F. Scott, Mrs. E. Dobbins, Allan Door, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Lev, Mr. and Mrs. A. Skurderna, C. Haines.

### Others Participate.

A pleasant feature of the excursion and the banquet was that men from other towns were guests. From Metolius five representatives came as guests of Mr. Cheney. They were Hewitt Davenport, manager of the townsite company there, E. T. Pearson, editor of the Central Oregonian, W. B. Smith, Denton G. Burdick and Otto Pierce.

While he did not stay over for the banquet, Editor W. T. Johnson of the Terrebonne Oregonian was also a guest on the excursion train, and the recipient of special consideration. Some weeks ago, when a Crook county paper took a fling at Bend, saying some things not quite pleasant Mr. Johnson's paper made an able reply, characterizing the attack as a sour grape product. Mr. Johnson was presented by Mr. Cheney with a pleasant souvenir in the shape of a handsomely framed hand decorated copy of the following song, which was sung on the train and at the banquet.

side by side with Mr. Johnson's editorial stand'n' up for Bend: (Tune: "Oh, You Beautiful Doll") Here's to you, Terrebonne, You true blue, new Terrebonne! Bend will walk a mile to meet you, Bend will stop a train to greet you, Oh, you rare Terrebonne, You fair and square Terrebonne! Ever fair and frank, you put us in your debt. We've come to thank you, and we'll not forget. Bend, Bend, Bend, Bend, drinks to you, Terrebonne!

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