

How Bend Looks to Investors from Seattle

Sound City Observer Writes Enthusiastically Concerning Present Day Attractions and Future Possibilities of Town.

Mr. W. D. Cheney, writer of the following article, is one of the many men in Seattle who have unlimited faith in Bend and who have banked heavily on its growth. As president of the Bend Park Company he has very extensive realty holdings here.

The Seattle business man, from the windows of his office, looks out upon a whole city of office buildings, hotels, railway stations, apartment houses, libraries, theatres and cathedrals. Not one of them was there eight years ago. Where that hotel stands was a hill that was higher than the building. Where those numberless locomotives, looking like toys, are shooting hither and thither over that labyrinth of tracks, winding in and out among factories and warehouses, covering an area greater than the whole map of Bend, eight years ago there was 18 feet of water at high tide.

In his office, high above this fascinating moving picture, the Seattle business man has heard more than one of his associates unfold a project so audacious and so tremendous that it staggered the imagination. He has seen that man proposed; and in spite of natural obstacles that seemed insurmountable, in spite of added obstacles thrown in his path by doubt, incapacity, envy, greed and malice, he has seen that man go steadily on to production of his dream in brick and steel and stone and concrete. He has seen immense hills melt down like magic. He has seen them thrown into the sea. He has seen sky-scraping buildings rise in their place. And he has learned to understand the hard-headed practicality of a much-misunderstood book which says, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to this mountain, 'Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea,' and it shall be done."

It has been done. The Seattle business man has seen it done. And he has learned that the biggest fool in the world is the pessimist who doubts the future; that the most dangerous sinner is the man who goes about attacking the work or the reputation of his neighbor; and that the wisest of all men are the patient and inspiring optimists who, in the mustard seed of the present, see the plant of the future, the beauty of the flowers and its profitable thousands of seeds.

By Way of Shaniko.
So, when a man returned to Seattle from Bend 30 months ago and told of what he had seen, Seattle business men wasted no time in doubting. They started that night. Next day they went as far into Central Oregon as trains would carry them, and the following day drove 30 miles beyond the end of the nearest railroad, arriving in the evening at a little hamlet of 600 people, nestled in a wooded valley, beside a river, and overlooked by snow-capped mountains.

After a good dinner in the back of a clean store and a night's rest in a clean and comfortable bed above the cigar counter, the Seattle men, accustomed to sleeping until 8 o'clock in their sea-level home, awoke at 6, and were surprised to find that they did not wish to remain abed. The air was vitalizing, and as clear as crystal.

Wandering out while waiting for breakfast, they were surprised by the beauty of the scenery; they were surprised at the ideal setting of the town; and after breakfast, they were astounded to find the people cultured and refined, their homes comparable in external beauty to those of any city and containing all the modern comforts and conveniences. They found themselves, not in a frontier town, but in a miniature city, with a University Club of 35 charter members.

Sunshine Proves Warming.
At half-past 10 they again took the automobile to investigate the surroundings; and they were surprised to find that evergreens, which had been a most vital necessity on their arrival the previous evening, were now exceedingly uncomfortable

even when riding at full speed. They learned that an altitude of 2600 feet does not prevent the winter sun from being very warm, when the air is so clear that mountains 100 miles away can be seen by moonlight. Whatever else they were about to discover, they knew that they had found a health and tourist resort that would some day be famous.

The night before, in so small a town so far from transportation, the electric-lighted streets and homes told of cheap power; but the Seattle men now examined the Deschutes river. They found a large dam already built in the heart of the town; but they also found that Bend had at least 50,000 horsepower, much of it obtainable without transmission, and none of it to be transmitted more than nine miles. If transmission power were to be considered, Bend is the only town on the greatest power stream in the West, a stream capable of producing from 600,000 to 900,000 horsepower.

North, south and east these men rode for miles over irrigation ditches, beginning right in the town and continuing farther than they rode. It was winter; but they visited many productive farms, and talked with prosperous farmers.

Timber is Viewed.
They visited forests so immense that the largest mill in the world, running night and day for 100 years, would not exhaust the supply. Probably by the time the present timber was consumed, modern methods of replanting would have grown a new forest on the site of the first cutting.

They saw dormant wheat lands so vast that it took their breath away when they reduced their future output to dollars. The annual returns ran into so many millions that they never dared to use the figures; and they were grateful a few months ago when so great an authority as Prof. Thomas Shaw estimated it at one hundred million dollars.

All of these things were grouped right around the town, a plain sight to the naked eye from the top of Pilot Butte.

Ninety miles away, they knew that great gangs of men, on both sides of the river, were blasting, shoveling, laying ties, spiking rails, cutting tunnel after tunnel through solid rock, building two of the great bridges of the world and many smaller bridges. Two of the greatest railway systems of the world, Hill and Harriman, were spending twenty-three million dollars in a race up the river valley toward Bend.

As Seen From Pilot Butte.

Standing there on the top of Pilot Butte, the Seattle men compared a map in their hands with Nature's gigantic map spread at their feet and clearly visible over its length and breadth of a hundred miles. Central Oregon was exactly like a great funnel. Mountains to the west, mountains to the north and east, there was only the narrowest of valleys leading upward from the Columbia, 150 miles to the north. If this valley, up this narrow neck of the funnel, two trunk railroads were building on an easy and even grade. For 100 miles from the Columbia, there was not and never could be any town on the Deschutes River or on either of the two railroads. There was not room for one. The gorge was too narrow and too deep. Even in the last 50 miles, there could never be a town on the river; and where, a few miles back from the river, there was room for a town on the railroad, it had no other resource than dry farming, or at most irrigated farming. At such points good towns were possible, at one of them, Redmond, absolutely certain; but no city could ever be built in the neck of Central Oregon's funnel.

Then the funnel suddenly widened into a hopper containing level plains nearly two hundred miles square—the future wheat lands of Oregon—all of them, from whatever direction, grading gently downward like a hopper toward the neck of the funnel. Through the neck of this funnel all the wheat of the future must feed. Over these plains all railroads from the east, south, and southeast, must build; and to the vortex of this funnel they all must come to reach the west, north, and northwest, running down grade through the neck of the funnel all the way to the Columbia.

Bend at Mouth of Funnel.

And exactly at the upper entrance to this neck of the funnel, exactly at this vortex, in the bottom of the hopper of this funnel, apparently crowding each other in the endeavor to get into the neck and so to Portland and the cheap transportation of the sea, were grouped all of Central Oregon's other resources, her irrigation, her timber, and her waterpower. All these were concentrated exactly in the vortex of the funnel; and there, in the midst of them, was Bend.

Any single one of these resources would make a town of 10,000 to 30,000 people. But with all of them thus concentrated upon one point, with topography compelling the convergence of all railroads of the future, from the north, south, east and southeast, upon the same point, and with that same point the most logical terminus of all railroads from the west, these Seattle men realized that they were standing

upon the site of a great city. With the further knowledge that two great railroads were hurrying up the neck of the funnel from the north, they realized that they were not merely pioneers waiting patiently for an inevitable city in the distant years; they were present at the actual and immediate birth of a great city!

They hurried home and invested \$250,000 in land surrounding a little village of 600 people away in the heart of Oregon, 90 miles from a railroad.

Outcome is Certain.

From that day to this, they have continued to invest until they have now put nearly a quarter of a million dollars into Bend; and they will go on investing in Bend until the cows come home. When a Seattle man finds a town of 600 that he knows is going to become a city of 100,000, he will never put any of his money in any other place. And the Seattle business man does not care "how long." It is never very long in the Northwest. He only cares "how sure;" and he is prepared to work hard and wait patiently for a result he knows to be certain.

From that day to this, there have been unending rumors of mills and factories; one, two, or three will be built next year; and the hopes of many have risen and fallen with the flaring and fading of these rumors. Seattle has only smiled. The mills must come; because the timber is at Bend; because it all feeds down grade to Bend; because the ponds for the logs can only be formed at Bend; because mills cannot wisely be isolated when they can be built in a city; and because the owners of the timber are owners of Bend property. When will these mills be built? Seattle doesn't know; and Seattle doesn't care. Rome was not built in a day. Successful men are patient. The mills must come; that is the point.

Rumors Will Become Realities.

There have been rumors of the extension of both railroads southward and one of them southeast. There have been rumors of first one and then another railroad from the west, and even a third one from the north has been mentioned, while there has been persistent talk of two more from the east. It is reported that 1,500 men are now working on one of the latter east of Bend. Seattle is hardly interested by the news. The railroads must come; and they must come to the vortex of the funnel.

After they became interested in Bend, these Seattle business men were often warned by examples of towns on the plains which railroads avoided by detours and left to die of inanition. They were only amused by such talk. Such towns are killed because the railroad is their only resource. This town is the greatest resource of the railroads. Because Bend is the vortex through which all the commerce of Central Oregon must go. Because all the resources of an Empire greater than any Eastern state are concentrated at Bend. And whatever the railroads may do elsewhere in Central Oregon, they must come to Bend.

"Roads Must Come to Bend."

Even in Bend itself these men were told that the Harriman road would stop at the dry farm town of Madras, 15 miles away, and that the Hill road would stop at the irrigated farm town of Redmond, 20 miles away; and their informants sadly hoped that they were right when they told them, "The roads must come to Bend."

Just eight months later, sixteen Seattle people went into Bend in a private car as guests of the Harriman road; and on the same day James J. Hill went into Bend in a special train over his own rails. Just as sure, and just as prompt in proportion to its magnitude, will be Bend's future.

The good lands of Washington have all been taken up and are high in price, excepting only the logged-off lands that cannot compete with sugarbush. This is true of every region in the country except one place—Central Oregon. There the great tide of immigration must henceforth concentrate. When the Panama Canal moves Castle Garden from New York to the Pacific Coast, the great influx of European labor will crowd in the neck of the Central Oregon funnel, spread out from Bend over the plains, and pour back through Bend and the funnel the untold wealth resulting from their labor. As J. Pierpont Morgan's father told him of America, "The man who is a bear on the future of this country will go broke."

"A History of A-fool-honest."

Municipal history in the Northwest is the history of establishment. The conservative estimator has always lived to be laughed at; and the dreams of the wildest dreamer have fallen far short of the truth. This is a careful statement of fact; and not improbably it understates the ultimate result; but let us see what Bend is certain to become.

Search the West from Detroit to the Coast; you can find no inland town, large or small, with the resources of Bend. Spokane is the best comparison; but even Spokane

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Some Contrasts Between Bend and Seattle Worth Careful Consideration.

(From The Bulletin of Dec. 4, 1912)

The visitor to Seattle who gets into the right hands and learns something of the remarkable story of the development of that city assuredly has a rare treat. If that visitor happens to be a Bend man, with an eye to comparisons, Seattle's history is all the more interesting, for it contains a great big object lesson for Bend. A man who will study what Seattle has done, and with what its progress has been made, will return to Bend more than ever a Bend enthusiast and a believer in the great future that awaits this community.

Recently the writer was in Seattle. Four days were devoted to inspection of the city, and many hours to ascertaining how Seattle had grown and why it had grown. Of course, the information gathered was but a fraction of what is there, and of what is worth thinking about. But it was enough.

Here are some of the facts. They are random incidents but they tell the story in outline:

In 1870 Seattle had a population of 1100. That was 42 years ago. Today Seattle has more than 250,000 people.

Population Jumps.

In 1880 the population was 3500. In 1889 the figure was close to 40,000. In that year Seattle's first rail-

road came, the Northern Pacific. With that one railroad, and with the Great Northern, in 1893, the population doubled in ten years, and in 1900 was 80,000. The census of 1910 showed 237,000 inhabitants.

So, then, without a railroad, and at a time when the population of the east was 3000 miles further distant than it is today—so far as transportation was concerned—Seattle grew to be a city of nearly 40,000 people. With two railroads that population was doubled in a decade.

In 1908 a third road came, the Union Pacific, and in 1911 a fourth, the Milwaukee. But the wonderful population strides were accomplished with one railroad, and at a time when the Northwest, in comparison to conditions of today, was practically isolated from the Eastern population centers.

In 1913 Bend has two railroads, coming from the same direction. By 1916 there is every reason to believe that Bend will have two railroads from three directions, and probably one from a fourth, the west. That means, practically, seven railroad outlets and inlets.

Is it any wonder that a Bend man should sit up and take notice when the significance of this comes home to him?

Yes, Seattle has a harbor. Also the great Alaska trade has done, and is

doing, wonders for its economic development.

Advantage in Lands.
But, again, investigation produces another crop—a sort of second cutting—of Bend smiles. For there is an agricultural land worth mentioning within a reasonable radius of Seattle. It is a candid fact, that will be proved in the next ten years, that the wheat territory of Central Oregon will be of as much value to Bend as the Alaskan trade has been to Seattle.

As regards the agricultural lands of the Puget Sound country, one characteristic fact is worth mentioning. It is this: The farmer who buys unimproved land (thereabouts) pays not less than \$25 an acre. The land he bought is covered with huge stumps. The approximate average cost of clearing the lands is about \$100 an acre. That is a cash expenditure. It means money paid out at the very start. What do unimproved lands cost in Central Oregon? Well, there are thousands of acres that may be had for the taking. Other thousands of acres may be secured for \$5 an acre and up possibly to \$50, at the highest, while it is doubtful if any appreciable amount of the best improved and profitably producing lands are held for more than \$30—land all in crops. And in buying the Central Oregon raw lands there is not \$100 an acre cost for stump pulling and dynamiting. Practically speaking, the acres are ready for cultivation. The comparison is worth considering, isn't it?

Power Close at Hand.
The power that develops Seattle's electricity is brought on an average of 40 miles from the city. At a recent election the city appropriated

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WHAT TWENTY FIVE YEARS CAN MEAN.



Looking East on Cherry Street in Seattle—A Winter View in 1888, and As It Appears Today.