

FAKE ERUPTION WINS APPLAUSE

VOLCANO STUNT AT LAVA BUTTE

Portland Junketers Have Novel Surprise When Explosives Transform Old Crater into a Second Mt. Lassen for Entertainment.

A feature of the excursion which seemed to attract more enthusiastic comment than any other—excepting always the banquet—was the "fake" volcanic eruption at Lava Butte. The Portland papers played this up at great length, and among the Admen who witnessed the artificial-natural cataclysm praise for the novel "stunt" was lavish.

Monday afternoon, on the return journey from Benham Falls via Spring River, all the autos were parked at the base of the butte, the presence of "know joles" supplying a logical excuse for the delay. Even then smoke was issuing from the butte and a deal of excited interest was worked up among the onlookers, while many surmises were indulged in concerning the possibility of the Central Oregon volcano springing into prominence as a second Mt. Lassen.

Then all at once it "sprang," when many hundreds of pounds of black powder, dynamite, red fire and bombs were set off. The story of the novel incident is well told by W. P. Strandborg in the Evening Telegram:

"To realize the magnitude of this impressive climax of the two days of entertainment, it should be explained that Lava Butte is a monster cone-shaped extinct crater rising abruptly 600 feet out of a vast field of bristling lava detritus—the work of infernal upheavals of the volcano in ages past. On the inside rim of the cone the Bend people had planted hundreds of pounds of explosives, masses of red fire and mortars for aerial bombs, and through hundreds of feet of the laval crevasses red fire had been strawn, and all connected with electric wires which were operated from the camp half a mile from the base, where the party halted for a short rest and more jinks. At a signal the whole works was touched off. The entire top of Lava Butte seemed to tremble, the riven lava boulders were hurled high in the air, the aerial bombs rattled like volleys of thunder, and streams of writhing fire ran through the ragged lava fields around the crater's base. The Portlanders were stunned

with amazement at the awe-inspiring spectacle. As a "stage" eruption, Mount Lassen in its most violent displays could scarcely have equaled it. T. H. Foley, S. E. Roberts, R. P. Gould and H. E. Allen were the "volcanists" in charge of the affair.

SUPERINTENDENT MYERS HERE. County School Superintendent Myers was in town yesterday in connection with the opening of the local schools. During the day he spoke to the pupils of the high and the grammar school, to the former on the value of an education and the latter on the formation of habits. In the past week Mr. Myers has traveled over a thousand miles about the county on school business. While here he made preliminary arrangements for the teacher's institute to be held in Bend on November 23.

China and glassware. Skuse Hardware Company.—Adv.

180 AT BANQUET

(Continued from page 1.)

tables, the maximum number to be accommodated in the big room. Besides the Portlanders and Emblemites, there were over 50 invited guests from Bend and the communities which co-operated in the entertainment of the Admen. Because it was impossible to ask everyone, this list was made up of those who directly had contributed to the entertainment, either with cars or financially.

The Emblem Club hall, which is 50 by 56, was the stage wherein the banquet was enacted. On the outside the building is sided with slabs, with the brown bark on them, and within its sides and ceiling were covered with blue and golden hunting, with Emblem Club devices as decorations. A novel lighting effect was managed by the Taboo, W. D. Cheney, who from his place at the speaker's table was able to regulate the many blue and yellow shaded electric bulbs. The floor is of maple, and about the sides of the room long tables extended, with 20 or more small round tables in the central space, at which most of the Portlanders were seated, while the Emblem members and Bend folks occupied the sides of the room.

At each place was an extremely handsome 70-page book containing the Emblem songs and yells, with its cover title printed in a flight of gold winged honey bees.

The banquet began at six, and ended before eleven. Originally it was understood here that the train would not leave until midnight, and the earlier hour necessitated a big cut in the end of the program, some of the best songs being omitted, several speakers pruning their remarks to the bone, and Mr. Cheney omitting his talk entirely. But even at that the speaking and the singing were notably excellent, some of the talks being gems of after-dinner oratory.

The Speakers. E. M. Lara was toastmaster, who, after some appropriate welcoming

words, introduced Charles F. Berg, president of the Ad Club. Mr. Berg's topic was "Why the Ad Club Came to Bend," and after his listeners had heard his enthusiastic praise for the town and its people their only wonder was that the Portlanders could possibly stay away at all!

R. W. Sawyer told "Why the Emblem Club Went to Portland."

Next came Chester A. Whitmore, general chairman of the excursion committee, who, with humor and hard good sense won a great applause for what he had to say concerning "The Drummer and the Cowboy."

The entire speech of William McMurray, general passenger agent of the Oregon-Washington railroad, is printed elsewhere in this paper. A more enthusiastic commendation of Bend and Central Oregon could not be asked for.

Dr. E. A. Pierce, who for long has been interested in Bend as a health resort, pointed out some of the many benefits to be derived by lowlanders who came here, enlivening his remarks with much wit.

C. C. Chapman, manager of the Portland Commercial Club, gave a rousing appeal for co-operation and the upbuilding of Oregon, and C. S. Hudson, always a capable speaker, handled his topic, "Bend, Yesterday and Tomorrow," with especial effect.

C. H. Mayer easily made the hit of the evening with a humorous address hinged on the subject, "The Women," which kept his listeners in a gale of laughter for fifteen minutes, and then, with a sudden change to pathos, left them with tears in their eyes.

C. H. Moore, commercial manager of the Pacific Telephone Company, took for his topic "Bendophobia, a Contagious Disease," and let his audience see that he was badly, or happily, smitten with the pleasant malady.

Due to the lack of time, G. P. Putnam's talk was compressed into a couple of minutes, as was the entertainment of Jimmy Dunn, who sang but one song, a Harry Lauder hit. John F. Carroll of the Telegram was also obliged to say but a word or two, and Mr. Cheney, as stated above, omitted his speech entirely. The latter, however, will be delivered, he promised when the Emblem Club goes to Portland again, probably in a couple of months, it being urgently invited to do so by the Ad Club officials.

A Portland Gift.

A pretty incident occurred midway in the evening. Chairman Whitmore of the Admen's committee, after first enstating President Berg in the chair and turning the proceedings for a few minutes into an Ad Club meeting, explained to the excursionists that all their bills were paid and that the committee had a surplus of \$100. This he proposed to turn over to the Emblem Club with the request that they accept it and purchase with it some suitable souvenir of the Ad Club excursion. With a roar of approval the Admen endorsed the motion, and President Berg laid before Taboo Cheney five \$20 gold pieces, for which grateful thanks were rendered.

The club steward, E. C. V. Walker, was assisted in waiting by five port-

ters furnished by the O.-W. company. The menu follows:

- Gibson Cocktail
- Relish, Celery, Ripe Olives, Sweet Pickles, Bouillon
- Central Oregon Beef Puree
- Ling Cod Targon Sauce
- Cold Turkey Ham Tongue
- Currant-Apple Jelly
- Saratoga Chips
- Sauterne
- Fruit Salad Cheese Straws Dessert
- Ice Cream a la Embleim
- Cake Walker's Special

Toasted Cheese Cigars

Among the local guests at the banquet were the following:

- F. A. Bigelow, Frank May, A. E. Edwards, D. V. Mackintosh, O. Laurgaard, G. E. Ross, Hugh O'Kane, Geo. Aitken, T. Aune, Anton Aune, B. A. Stover, Chas. Erskine, H. H. DeArmond, W. D. Barnes, Fred Wallace, O. M. Patterson, E. M. Thompson, W. L. O'Donnell, C. L. Mannheim, Claude L. Mannheim, L. D. West, F. A. Bennett, J. Inness, J. D. Davidson, Ralph Bartlett, J. E. Larson, O. A. Thorson, A. L. French, J. B. Minor, J. A. Eastes, Floyd Dement, G. W. Hoover, O. C. Henkle, J. Ryan, H. B. Ford, M. L. Merritt, W. W. Faulkner, J. B. Heyburn, Steve Steidl, Jack Stanley, J. H. Corbett, E. A. Smith, A. O. Walker, H. Latham, Ralph Poindexter, R. B. Minter, W. C. McCusiston, Joe Taggart, H. C. Ellis, J. T. Hardy, W. H. Staats, and C. W. Long.

EXCURSION SUCCESS

(Continued from page 1.)

the junket appearing in the Portland papers:

From the Oregon Journal: "At least 100 men in Portland no

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longer think of Portland as the "one city." After two days of royal hospitality they have divided affection with Bend. Members of the Ad Club excursion that left here Saturday night, returned this morning from the little city on the upper Deschutes praising their hosts of the Bend Emblem Club and the country around it.

"The Bend people, for the entertainment of their visitors, "blew off the top of a mountain," took them to the high places where they viewed the great expanse of forests and valleys, showed them the only state-financed irrigation project in the United States, had them stand on the rocks overhanging Benham falls that they might realize the power of the Deschutes, and then "arrested" them for breaking the speed limit, but in spite of these things the banquet given last night in the new log-built hall of the Emblem Club, was the feature and climax of the unique excursion."

From the Evening Telegram: "Worn to a complete frazzle by prodigious hospitality, the Ad Club returned from Bend this morning, trying to figure out just exactly what had hit 'em and where. Whatever it was, the boys admitted that a good job had been done. In fact several of the excursionists when they boarded the train for home last night asked the engineer how fast he could run. He told them and they asked him as a favor if he could double that so the Bend Emblem Club couldn't catch the Portlanders and kill them all over again."

"According to the unanimous sentiment of those who spent Sunday and Monday at, in and around the Crook county metropolis, Bend is made up of Bombs, Explosives, Nitroglycerine and Dynamite. There was a bombardment, eruption, detonation or some sort of a jolt for the Portlanders every time they turned around. . . . "What struck the Portland invaders most was the absolutely perfect and smoothly-running machine which the hosts had built up for entertaining its guests. The size of the visit-

ing delegation was such that it would tax any city in the state outside of Portland to handle the entertainment properly without going outside of its own dooryard, but Bend took the Ad Clubbers all over the surrounding country and wherever a stop was made, 10 or 20 miles from civilization, the same splendid arrangements for the different forms of hospitality were in evidence.

"No such wonderful team work has ever been encountered by the admen in the records of their many excursions to places large and small. The spirit of Bend is that its stalwart citizens will fight, bleed and die for it and they fight 24 hours in a day."

"They didn't try to talk business to their guests; they merely tried to give them a good time, and they did it wonderfully well. They let the city, its business, its industries, its opportunities speak for themselves."

From the Oregonian: "Having had their eye opened wider than ever before to the potential greatness of Central Oregon, 24 Portland business men, members of the Ad Club's Bend excursion, were tonight guests at a banquet given in the Emblem Club's big, new rustic banquet hall, for which the affair served as a dedication."

"The banquet was the climax of two days of rapid-fire entertainment, in which the Ad Club boys and the Benders came to know each other by their first names, and in which the visitors received a liberal education regarding this section and acquired an enlarged appreciation of the spirit that is expressing itself in making a feneed and fruitful country of a semi-arid wilderness."

A Lame Back—Kidney Trouble Causes It.

And it will give you even worse if not checked. Mrs. H. T. Strayge, Gainesville, Ga., was fairly down on her back with kidney trouble and inflamed bladder. She says: "I took Foley Kidney Pills and now my back is stronger than in years, and both kidney and bladder troubles are entirely gone." Patterson Drug Co.—Adv.

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