

The McKenzie Pass Trip

BY L. A. McARTHUR.
(The Oregonian.)

Optimists in Bend will tell you that a Portland man once drove a car from Bend to his home in 15 hours' running time. The trip was made over the McKenzie pass, down the river to Eugene, and thence north through the broad valley.

Possibly the story is true. The road in places does not seem wholly to have recovered from the shock. It must have been a poor trip for a nervous man.

A few hundred thousand years ago, after the Cascade range had been completed, and before things were really started in Oregon, those who had a hand in the development work found they had a surplus of hot lava on hand. It had to be utilized. It was, therefore, scattered about Eastern and Central Oregon more or less promiscuously, a fact that may easily be proved by a visit. That part which was piled up about Belknap Crater close to the McKenzie pass still lies there, black and sinister, just as it was put there ages ago by. Across this lava field the 14-hour man sped, careening from one hummock to the next.

Hanging Valleys Exposed to View.
The run from Bend to Portland is too fine to be done in a marathon. The trip furnishes a panorama of scenery that epitomizes nearly all of Oregon's outdoors. First, there is the run to Sisters, through the gray sage and dotting junipers, and then the long pull up the hill and through the sand to Windy Point. Here the evil looking lava field bursts into view. After threading a way over them, close under the shadow of the Three Sisters, with Mount Washington just to the north, the hanging valleys of the headwaters of the McKenzie are reached. It is a dizzy trip down to McKenzie bridge.

Here is a forested country and so it remains almost to Eugene. From Eugene to Portland several routes are open, either by way of Corvallis and the west side of the valley, or through Albany and Salem, along the Pacific Highway. The whole trip forms an endless scenic picture.

There are a number of roads from Bend to Sisters, in fact, almost anyone in Bend can misdirect you. The best way is to go north along the river to Tumalo, which is the modern name for the old town of Laidlaw. At Tumalo the road eases off to the northwest and the riding is good to Sisters, all the way. Part of this area the state has assisted in irrigating.

He is fortunate who can be in Sisters on a clear afternoon in early September. The long glowing rays of the setting sun are doing their utmost to keep the Three Sisters in rosy glow, but the eastern slopes are already cold and gray and as the sunlight fades, bleakness spreads on the western rocks and snowfields. Viewed from the northeast, the picture is strangely beautiful. From this point the mountains present all parts of the picture at once, which is only possible when the observer looks at right angles to the path of the sun.

Forest Ranger Lives on Peak.
The storekeeper whom we met at Sisters had no false modesty about his home town. He was deeply pessimistic about the possibilities of finding a camping place any farther west that night. He was sure that Sisters was the ideal place to stop. However, we decided to take a chance.

At the western end of town the road forks, and the way to the right is the Willamette Valley and Cascade mountain military road over the Santiam pass to Albany. Here, too, is the way leading off to the north to Suttle Lake and the headwaters of the Metolius. The latter, like many other streams in Central Oregon, bursts full bodied from giant springs. In the case of the Metolius these rise from the north base of Black Butte, a symmetrical mountain north of Sisters. The top is occupied by a Forest Service lookout station. It is snowcapped until late in the season.

We kept our way to the left in the increasing darkness, and presently met a bowhiskered traveler whose speech and appearance suggested the Willamette valley. He, too, was refreshingly pessimistic. He had driven his car over the pass three times that summer with "mother." They were on their way to see their son, who ranched "down Silver Lake way." The son couldn't have been an intensified farmer. The old gentleman furnished the boy with green vegetables, and the tonneau was well filled with them.

It was nearly dark, and our friend advised us that water was to be found about three miles up the road, on a side road. He was quite sure we would miss the side road in the darkness. He was equally certain we would not be able to make the run through the sand unless we deflated our tires. Then we should have to blow them up again by hand before traveling the lava fields at the summit. These and many other dismal things he told us, but we minded him not. Brakes wheezed in the darkness and he stole away into the night.

Spring Not of Best.
We did not miss the microscopic sign at the side of the road, and we did not deflate. The side road led

through big trees, dark and overhanging, until suddenly we came on a camp fire, surrounded by dogs and boys, about equally plentiful. Huckleberry pickers on their way to the mountain patches, we learned from the grown-ups.

We resented an invitation to camp in the middle of the dogs and boys, and withdrew from the rude gaze of public scrutiny. The spring was at the foot of a ravine, and it much resembled a popular hog wallow. The path down to it was ankle deep in fine dust. Don't tarry at Four-Mile spring unless in dire necessity. Somebody ought to invoke the referendum against it.

We were awakened in the cold gray dawn by the dogs and boys trying to corral their horses in the middle of our camp. Again we started off toward the summit, still thinking of the simple little deflating process, but luck was with us, and we did not have to resort to heroic measures. Black crater rose high above us to the left, and to the right were countless trees, many growing in small pockets of earth on top of outcropping lava flows. The car wheezed along through the sand, and suddenly we rounded Windy Point.

Windy Point is inspiring, not because of what it is, but because of what it does. It permits the west-bound traveler to have unfolded before him Belknap Crater and the surrounding lava flows, rough and black and beyond description, a great, undulating sheet of something that seems to have had its very life burned out. It is probably four or five miles from Windy Point up across this easy slope to the summit of the crater, and this incinerated field supports little vegetation, only a few scrubby trees that live out a miserable existence in the crevices.

The lava is in every fantastic shape and the edge of the flow is as even as though it had been piled up with a steam shovel. These lava flows are frequent in the various parts of Central Oregon, and there are noted lava beds in the Modoc country in Northern California, under which there are extensive caves.

The McKenzie road traverses the more southern part of the Belknap fields, just south of the crater itself, and this part of the trip gives fine views along the Cascade range, showing Mount Jefferson, Three-Fingered Jack and Mount Washington to the north, the latter very close at hand, with a great spire projecting up into the air. To the south are the Three Sisters, among Oregon's most beautiful mountains. Beyond the Three Sisters are many more peaks, all snowcapped even in August and September.

The way over the lava fields must be negotiated with care, for it is sharp as a knife and gashes a tire sometimes beyond repair. Here and there are places that are not covered with lava, small and large areas of sand though why the hot material did not flow here as well as elsewhere is a puzzle. Nevertheless, these sandy floored depressions exist sometimes with a little pond therein, though generally the water evaporates in the late summer.

To the south a great valley opens up west of the Three Sisters, a sort of park at their west base near Oldsidan cliff. It is in this park that the Mazamas will probably camp this summer. It should prove a fine base for trips around the mountains. Southwest of the Three Sisters are two or three more high peaks, The Husband and The Wife, which appear to be good big mountains, though little heard of in Oregon.

For the run from the lava fields down the McKenzie bridge a good set of brakes is needed. The road is fearfully steep in places, and it was a wonder to us how some of the east bound travelers ever drove their cars up the slopes. In the worst places the Forest Service and the officials of Lane county have made great improvements in the road, both as to grade and alignment, and if the work is carried on for two or three years more, the going will be in such shape that it will be no trick to drive a car eastward. The new work is

certainly an improvement.

Car Passes Through Avenue.
The character of the forest changes rapidly as the traveler proceeds. From the fine big trees east of the mountains, growing in their park-like stands, with little underbrush, the traveler passes through the higher zones with scrubby lodge-pole pines, of little value even for firewood, and then on to the western slopes, where the heavier precipitation has resulted in great growths of fire with heavy underbrush.

Through these it is impossible to travel even on foot unless it be along a road or path. The trees grow close to the road in places, forming a cool lane through which it is a pleasure to drive on the hot days of early September. The little rills begin to unite into larger brooks and these in turn into streams, constantly augmented as they pour over the rocks and under the rotting logs towards the swift flowing McKenzie.

A little stream comes in from the south, milk white and very cold, fed from the glaciers of the North Sister. Soon another one is passed. A road comes in from the north from Belknap springs, and from the junction it is but a short distance to McKenzie bridge, the mecca of Oregon fishermen. "Gasoline for Sale," is a very welcome sign for automobilists.

Hot Baths are Welcomed.
A few miles up Horse Creek, coming in from the south, are Foley Springs, also welcome to the traveler who has been ten days in Eastern Oregon. At the springs fine hot baths are to be had in gigantic wooden tubs. These alone are worth the trip.

The trip from McKenzie bridge to Portland is getting better known each year, and it will not be described here. The road is good most of the way into Eugene, and is being put in better condition each season. From Eugene to Portland there are a variety of good routes.

An eastbound trip over McKenzie Pass is entirely feasible and in three or four miles more will be easy, when more road work has been done. The worst places have been ironed out, and more will be attended to in the near future. However, the writer does not recommend an eastbound trip if it is possible to get into Central Oregon any other way. It is better to come west over the McKenzie route, as the trip is certainly a great deal easier.

There seems to be no question but that the McKenzie Pass route is the most interesting of all the roads over the Cascade range in Oregon, with the exception of that by way of Crater Lake between Medford and Fort Klamath. The McKenzie trip provides a wide variety of scenery and a close view of some of Oregon's best mountain peaks and snow fields, to say nothing of the lava flows. Residents of Western Oregon who plan to go into Central Oregon next summer had better make up their minds to come back by way of McKenzie Pass and see some real scenery.

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PIONEER'S SON DIES.
Mrs. George Milligan, of Milligan, received a telegram from Los Angeles on Saturday announcing the sudden death of her cousin, Owen H. Churchill of that city. Mr. Churchill has been one of the leading capitalists of Los Angeles for a number of years. His parents crossed the plains to Oregon in an early day. His mother, Mrs. Willoughby Churchill, sickened and died at The Dalles, enroute to southern Oregon, and was the first white woman buried in the military burying ground at old Fort Dalles in 1851. Mr. Churchill was raised in Oregon and engaged in mining and stock raising. A brother, George Churchill, was the first sheriff of Crook county.

Your Own Little Town

From Portland Ad Club Searchlight.

If you meet a man who is down in the mouth, Who thinks that his town is all wrong, Just take him aside, or out for a ride, And hand him this quaint little song:

"There are fancier towns than our own little town; there are towns that are bigger than this, and the people who live in the tinier town all the city excitement miss. There are things you can see in the wealthier town that you can't in the town that is small, and yet—up and down there is no other town like our own little town after all. It may be the street through the heart of your town isn't long, isn't wide, isn't straight, but the neighbors you know in your own little town with a welcome your coming await. In the glittering streets of the glittering town, with its palace and pavements and wall, in the midst of the throng you will frequently long for your own little town after all. You measure a town, not by money, or miles its border extends; the best things you can have, wherever the town, are contentment, enjoyment and friends. If you'll live and work and trade in your town in spite of the fact that it's small, you'll find that the town is your own little town—is the best kind of a town after all."

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Clean up and paint up. See Edwards.—Adv.

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Christy Mathewson by Walt Mason

When Christy's dead a hundred years, the fans will still discuss his play, and sigh, while shedding briny tears, "There are no men like him today! He used the brains behind his brow, and gave the foe a grievous jar; the chroniclers have told us how he was for years and years a star. Great pitchers came and cut some grass, and died, and then forgotten were; he saw them come, and saw them pass, and still kicked up a mighty stir." The chroniclers will also tell how Christy, when a game was played, filled up the pipe he loved so well, to soothe his nerves, all tired and frayed. He smoked Tuxedo every time, the critic's smoke, the mild and rare, Tuxedo fragrant and sublime, the cool, sweet smoke beyond compare.



CHRISTY MATHEWSON
Pitcher—New York Giants

"Tuxedo gets to me in a natural, pleasant way. It's what I call good, honest, comfortable tobacco—the kind to stick to."

Christy Mathewson