

PERMANENCY IN IMPROVING OF STREETS ASKED

Property Owners Voice Desires Before Council

PAVING IS FAVORED

Rock Cut to Be Made Opening Broadway, With Connecting Link to Mill—Highway Routing Change Protested

Property holders of Bend are strongly in favor of street improvements, but when any more surfacing is done they want it of a permanent character. This was the sentiment almost unanimously expressed by taxpayers who attended the meeting of the city council Friday night to pass upon a tentative program of street work, with estimates of expense presented by Engineer Robert B. Gould. Because of the attitude taken by property owners, no action was taken in regard to the grading and graveling of eight streets included in the program. Broadway, however, will be improved, the council ordering estimates on rock work between Colorado and Delaware looking forward to an early call for bids.

This action was taken following the reading of a letter from H. K. Brooks, general manager of the Brooks-Seaton Lumber Co., who offered to construct a street and one cement walk from the mill gates through thirty acres on condition that the city would improve Broadway from the point at which it joins the new street. The action forecasts vacation of the south end of Broadway. Improvement will be financed from the general fund.

Grading and graveling costs per 50 foot lot for other streets considered were given by City Engineer Gould as \$140 for St. Helens Place, \$109 for West Third, \$225 for Bond, \$256.50 for Colorado, \$195 for Delaware, \$192 for Jefferson Place, \$184 for Delaware, and \$205 for Wall.

Permanency Demanded

"We want permanent improvements," was the declaration of L. A. W. Nixon, property holder on Broadway and Delaware.

"The cost is excessive for temporary improvements; I would consider it extravagance," said Harvey De Armond, owner of lots in Deschutes addition.

Frank Inabitt, representing the residents of West Third, asked for grading and cement walks, with no further work until a concrete or asphalt pavement could be put in.

"Let's have permanent improvements or let the streets alone," urged H. G. Farris of St. Helens Place.

William Searcy, also of St. Helens Place, was for permanent hard surfacing, but until that could be done favored a first class graveling job, contending that this would later on serve as a foundation for the more lasting type of surfacing.

Paving Is Forecast

H. J. Overturf, owner of property on Colorado, Delaware, Georgia and St. Helens, praised the council for its work, suggesting that the enlarged district plan might be used to advantage in solving improvement problems, and advised that the winter be devoted to deciding on a comprehensive paving program to be started in the spring.

Fred J. Brady of Portland, representing the Warren Brothers Company, spoke briefly before the council, promising to submit real bids on 15, 18 or 20 year paving whenever the city decides on a program of development. He refused to discuss paving requirements in Bend, declaring that as he was the only paving representative attending the meeting, this would be taking an unfair advantage of other companies. He advised that no work of the kind be started before next spring.

Later Brady stated that his company would be willing to bid on 14,000 to 18,000 yards of paving.

Highway Signs Protested

Protests from S. W. Hubble, service station proprietor on Bond and Irving, that the changing of The Dalles-California highway signs to Wall street and Franklin, after they had been placed on Oregon, was a discrimination against himself and other Bend street property owners, were seconded by Councilman Gilbert, also a property owner on Bond. As the result of lengthy discussion, the council authorized the city engineer to write the state highway commission giving the council's recommendation that the highway routing be changed back, or that both routes be officially recognized. Both Hubble and Gilbert charge

Pioneers and Pioneer Life In Bend and Central Oregon

F. M. Redfield, pioneer merchant of Albany, father of C. M. Redfield, project engineer for the Deschutes County Municipal Improvement district, who visited in Bend recently, has a fund of stories of the early days of Oregon, but none is more thrilling than the one given below, which he was induced to tell during his stay in Bend. Mr. Redfield is 89 years old, but his account of his experiences of 58 years ago is as clear and vivid as if he were recounting the occurrences of yesterday.

In more than half a century since his entrance into Oregon, F. M. Redfield, of Albany has come to know the roads and trails of the state as most men know their back yards. With one exception he had probably traversed every one of them either on foot or horseback. The one was the old military road through Willamette pass, and this he became acquainted with for the first time in September 1—this time by auto. After a winter spent in Vermont, he had returned to Albany, and with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John French, and their children, he made the trip to Crescent lake to meet his son, C. M. Redfield. In the presence of a Bulletin man, he contrasted the difference in his present mode of travel from that of 59 years ago, and on his arrival in Bend after a day spent at the lake he was induced to tell the story of how he, with three companions, had crossed the state, pursued by Indians, starving, and twice narrowly escaping death from thirst.

"It was on June 5, 1864, when I set out from the quartz mines at Reese river, Nevada, with David Andrews, James Daugherty, and E. C. Clark, for the Jordan Creek mines in Idaho," Redfield recalled. "We had a yoke of three year old steers, a light wagon, and three months' food."

"We crossed the Humboldt river, going north, where Winnemucca now is. A cradle of rushes swung from a cable carried our provisions across, and we and the oxen swam the stream. We made our first night's stop that evening at Paradise Valley. While we were there, a party came back from Union where they had gone to bury the bodies of five men who had been killed by Snake Indians."

It was from this party that the miners received their first warning of danger from the warring redskins, but they decided to push on, and started the next morning. Hardly had they got under way when they met a man on horseback, who shouted, "The Indians are coming," as he passed. They continued the march, however, found the fugitive's camp and plenty of moccasin tracks, but no Indians until an aged brave who made signs to show that he was deaf and dumb, came down from the hills. Redfield showed him their guns, believing him to be scouting for a war party, and after partaking of the white men's hospitality, the old Indian departed.

That same night a party of gamblers made camp with the Nevada men. The gamblers said that the Jordan Creek mines had petered out, and also reported that the Indians were very bad.

"The next night we met Captain Berry and a detachment of 70 cavalrymen sent out by Governor Gibbs to put down the Snake uprising," Redfield went on. "The troops had with them 12 Warmapping Indians as scouts, and these had killed five Snakes and had decided to hold a scalp dance. We had the opportunity of witnessing it."

"The scouts bent willows like bows, and sewed the scalps on them with sinews. They carried these willows on poles, and danced round and round, shouting until nearly daybreak."

"The next morning we could see Steen's mountain. We followed Captain Berry's detachment for the next 40 miles, fearing Indian attacks, and made camp at what were later named Alford lakes. We had had no water all day, but that night we had plenty, and also an abundance of ducks and duck eggs. We stayed at the lakes for two weeks, and prospected Steen's mountain, but failed to get a color."

Provisions were not plentiful elsewhere, Redfield remembered, describing the actions of a number of squaws who were driven in on July 3 by troopers. The Indian women were so hungry that they caught

that some person or persons who would benefit from the Wall street routing had brought influence to bear to effect the change, Hubble even declaring "somebody used a 'drag,' or money passed," to switch the routing within a few days after highway signs had been posted.

"We're going to put up a scrap on Wall street hogging the whole show," Gilbert said.

Councilman Leverett reported \$41 in registration fees at the city camp ground for the last two weeks.

To enable the Civic league to pay \$10 a month more rent, the council voted to meet half of this expense, the Commercial club taking care of the other half.

crickets as they trudged along, and devoured the insects raw.

"On July 5, we told Captain Berry that we had decided to hit for the Yreka-Canyon City road," Redfield remembered. "The captain told us that we would be murdered before night, but we started, going around Malheur and Harney lakes, and reaching Silver Creek in nine days. Every night we would make camp, and then an hour after dark would strike camp and move a mile or so as a precaution against Indian attacks. At Silver Creek we found fresh moccasin tracks, and moved our camp to higher ground. When we struck camp again, we crossed a spur of the Blue mountains and hit the Canyon City road near a stream which since has come to be known as Buck creek."

"We thought we were out of danger, and it was then that the attack came. I remember Andrews was mending his pants when we heard a yell and Indians rode in shooting arrows and stampeding our cattle. We took up the hillside, keeping out of shooting distance of a fringe of willows where we were convinced more Indians were in ambush."

It was at this juncture that Daugherty expressed his desire to kill Redfield's dog, a collie, declaring that the animal had failed to give warning of the presence of the Indians, and did not deserve to live. Redfield saved the dog's life, and in so doing made possible the saving of the lives of all four members of the party a few days later.

Silently the four men and the dog stole back to their wagon, each taking a pair of blankets and a little food before beating a hasty retreat. Bullets whistled past them, but the snipers on the hillside were equipped with the old fashioned muzzle loaders and fast shooting was one thing that the fugitives did not have to fear. The four finally eluded the war party by hiding in tall rye grass.

"We walked all night without water," Redfield said, "and the next morning thought that we might find Captain Drake's post on Crooked river and get him to send out a detachment to punish the Indians. We climbed a hill and could see no trace of Crooked river, but we did see a green ridge in the distance that looked as if there might be water near. A half day's march brought us to the place and shortly after we located Indian springs. Here three of us drank while the fourth kept a lookout from the ridge above for Indians. Then the lookout was relieved and had his chance at the spring."

"From this point we could see the Three Sisters. On Andrews' advice we struck west, hoping to hit the Oregon-California stage road, and began our tramp across what appeared on the maps of that day as the Great Oregon desert. The next morning before we started out, Daugherty climbed a juniper tree and saw plains in the distance. We reached them by noon. By this time, Clark was so exhausted that he was unable to carry his blankets any farther."

By this time all were suffering terribly from thirst, and Redfield decided that the time had come to sacrifice the dog to save the lives of himself and his companions. He bled the animal from a vein in the left side of the neck, securing two cupfuls of blood, one of which he drank himself, giving the other to Daugherty. Two more cupfuls were taken from a vein on the opposite side, supplying the other members of the party, and resulting in the death of the dog. The animal made no resistance whatever when his owner severed the veins. Redfield distinctly remembered. The travelers' tongues were so swollen that they were unable to eat the dog's meat, but Redfield carried strips of it in his pockets and chewed them raw at intervals during the next two days.

"We kept a westerly course and traveled all night," Redfield said. "In the morning, tough, wiry grass about camp was covered with dew. We sucked the moisture from the grass, cutting our mouths badly, and really getting very little water. At 10 o'clock we decided to take over the hill. Three of us reached the summit and sank down exhausted before we noticed that Clark was not with us. We drew lots, and it fell to me to get back after him. I found him under a manzanita bush, and it was only by threatening to kill him that I was able to induce him to move from the spot."

"From the hill we went down on the desert again. By this time our sufferings were excruciating. I would frequently see water, and often a cavalryman would appear before me, carrying a canteen which I knew to be full of water. But both were phantoms."

"That night we got into thick brush. We were suffering so severely that we were unable to sleep, and

early the next day we resumed the march. We walked until after noon, then Daugherty took the lead. All at once he started swinging his hat, and in an instant I joined him. There below us was Paulina lake, with the first real water in it we had seen since leaving Indian springs three days before.

"We reached the edge of the lake, and each of us took a small drink, then curled up in his blankets and went to sleep. At intervals during the night I would dream of water, wake up thirsty, take a drink of that delicious water, and doze off again. The others were doing it too."

"The next day we searched for the outlet of the lake, and found it, but it was not in the direction we wished to go. On the day following we left the lake."

It was on the same day that the travelers left the lake that they struck Crane prairie, according to Redfield. The distance, and the weakened condition of the men makes it seem more probable that it was Paulina prairie, especially as Redfield says that his only reason for calling it Crane prairie was because of the presence of a number of large white cranes. It was after crossing the Deschutes on a raft that Andrews shot a grouse. It was the first food that the travelers had had in five days.

"And by the way," interjected the old pioneer as he told of his experiences, "the next time you read of someone going on a hunger strike, don't waste any sympathy on him. You don't suffer from lack of food if you have plenty of water. It was thirst that caused our sufferings."

"The next day we shot a shipmunk. It was our entire ration for that day. We scorching off the hair and ate all the rest of the animal. Another shipmunk came our way on the day following, and we ate him. By this time Andrews was so weak that he was unable to carry his gun and blankets farther. He left them, resting the barrel of his gun against a sapling. Thirty-five years later a Canadian and a man named Taylor found the gun just where he had left it, but the tree had encased the barrel.

"Next morning I took the lead. I was the only one who still carried his gun and blankets. It was on the tenth day since leaving the Indian country that we sighted a deer, and I gave Daugherty, the best shot in the party, my gun. He missed. Later in the day he missed another deer. Green blackberries were our only food that day. I remember that hornets stung Clark badly, and he cried like a baby."

The party laid in an abundant supply of meat the next day when Redfield killed a two year old steer at the mouth of the south fork of the McKenzie. Just after he had shot the animal, a man named Carter, who operated a ferry on the McKenzie, called to him. Carter was the first white man the members of the party had seen in 29 days.

Redfield recalled that he and his companions were so famished that they did not wait to cook any of the meat, but ate the steer's liver raw.

From the south fork of the McKenzie their march to Eugene was only about 60 miles, and in comparison with the earlier part of the journey it was fairly easy, although there were still many difficulties to be surmounted.

Redfield resided in Albany until 1872, opening the first grocery store in that city. In 1876 he was sub-agent on the Nez Perce reservation in Idaho during the Nez Perce war, and in 1877 he returned to Albany, where he has lived ever since with the exception of last winter, spent in his native state of Vermont.

Redfield crossed the plains in 1862, going from Chicago to San Francisco.

Register Stolen From Auto Camp, But Articles of Value Untouched; \$25 Reward Offered by Leverett

Why anyone should value the register kept at the city camp ground sufficiently to pick the lock of the box in which it is kept, is a question which C. J. Leverett, of the public property committee of the city council, has been seeking to answer since the register disappeared Saturday night.

In his effort to solve the mystery, Leverett is personally offering a \$25 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the thief, and return of the register.

B. B. Beard, caretaker at the auto camp, is certain that the box was locked as usual Saturday night, and he and Leverett are the only ones carrying keys. An unexplained feature of the theft is the fact that although a number of articles which ordinarily would be considered of much more value than the register were in the box, nothing was disturbed.

The register contains the only record of the names of the hundreds of tourists who annually enjoy Bend's hospitality.

CHURCH FUND TOTALS \$18,000

As a result of the success of the campaign last week in which the committee headed by Rev. J. C. Austin and Pastor F. H. Beard has raised a fund of \$18,000 for building the new Baptist church, construction will start within two weeks. It was announced Saturday. The campaign ended with Sunday's church services, at which the total was raised to \$20,000.

A feature of the new building, which will cost \$30,000, will be ample rest rooms, which on account of the central location of the church, will make the edifice an asset to the city as a meeting place for visitors from out of town, the building committee feels.

Appreciation for the cooperation of the public in the campaign is expressed by the trustees and deacons of the church. All gifts are gratefully received, but no general canvass of the city for funds is to be made, they announce.

THE SISTERS.

Against the western sky at eve
Clearly defined against the blue
The Mountain Sisters stand and
watch with heavy heads
All crowned with snow,
The many hills and plains below
In Central Oregon.

Many the years they stood and
watched
With loving and protecting eye
The land they loved, like mothers
true
The land whose worth they only
knew
In Central Oregon.

Like sentinels they guarded well
The secret of so many years,
Till manhood's wisdom, wit, and toil,
Wrested its treasures from the
soil—
In Central Oregon.

Long have they stood—
Long will they stand,
The mothers of so rich a land
Will live until the stars are old.
When they are gone
Their memory lives
To be in songs and stories told.

Here's to the Sisters—
Drink the toast
No country can such mountains
boast.
We drink to them in Oregon wine,
The water pure from Oregon springs.
We drink to you,
Sincere and true,
Our praise is ever thine.
—S. H. M.

DUCKS PLENTIFUL BUT WILD, REPORT

Ducks are plentiful but wild at Crane Prairie, the numerous hunters who spent Sunday there report. All returned with good bags of game. Among those who hunted at Crane Prairie were A. J. Goggans and A. E. Edwards, C. J. Keefer and A. E. Stevens, and Claude Metz, Cliff Parrott and R. N. Buchwalter.

Rice-Throwing East Indian Custom. The rice custom came to us from India, and is very old. Rice is the "staff of life" in that and in many other countries, and to throw rice over a newly wedded couple was one way of telling them that the throxer wished them prosperity.

Revelation Brought by Age. The longer we live and the more we think the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and of friends.—Doctor Johnson.

CROUPY COUGHS "My baby strangled so bad," writes Mrs. C. Jackson, Dunbar, Neb., "she could not sleep. Foley's Honey and Tar stopped the croupy cough. Print this so mothers may know what good Foley's Honey and Tar can do their babies." Croupy cough chills the mother heart with terror. Foley's Honey and Tar gives quick relief. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Ore., Sept. 1, 1922. Notice is hereby given that Thad W. Hudson, of Bend, Oregon, who, on Oct. 25, 1917, made homestead entry No. 019338, for 8 1/2 NE 1/4, N 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 21, Township 18 South, Range 12 East, Willamette meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, United States Commissioner, at Bend, Oregon, on the 26th day of October, 1922. Claimant names as witnesses: Robert E. Goff, Claude A. Johnson, Francis H. St. Clair, and George Schafer, all of Bend, Ore. J. W. DONNELLY, Register. 23-34p

NOTICE TO CREDITORS In the matter of the estate of Carrie B. Bergstrom, deceased. Notice is hereby given that on August 29, 1922, the undersigned was duly appointed administrator of the estate of Carrie B. Bergstrom, deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of said Carrie B. Bergstrom are hereby requested to present them, duly verified, with proper vouchers to said administrator at the office of H. C. Ellis, First National Bank building, Bend, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to wit, within six months from the 31st day of August, 1923. WILLIAM B. BERGSTROM, Administrator of the estate of Carrie B. Bergstrom. 27-31c

Have You Tried Bulletin Classified Advertising?

WANTED—Ford truck in good repair, stake body preferred, in exchange for four building lots in Corvallis. Address: Westfield, Box 63. 28-31

Those Who Have Will Tell You IT GETS RESULTS