

# The Redmond Spokesman

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## Dedication of Big Union Warehouse Is a Pleasant Event

The dedication of the Redmond Union warehouse in this city last Friday afternoon and evening drew large crowds of people from all of the surrounding towns of the country. At noon a big free dinner was served on the upper floor of the warehouse. It was strictly a potato feed, and the bill of fare consisted of potato soup, potato cake, potato salads and potato chips. It is estimated that about 650 people were fed at noontime and in the evening.

After dinner the Redmond Concert band played a number of selections, and then L. E. Smith, president of the warehouse company, made the object of the meeting in his chosen remarks. Mrs. Greeta Wood followed in a monologue which was interesting and much appreciated by the audience of nearly 1000 that had gathered to attend the ceremonies. Pres. Smith then introduced Hon. J. N. Williamson of Seville, who made the following address on the subject of "The Pioneer and the Tenderfoot":

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: Most of you must realize the difficulty involved in any attempt of mine to express my real thoughts and feelings on such an occasion. To be here, on this ground, in the midst of a promising city, directly in sight of the very spot where more than a third of a century ago I drove the pegs for my first real home, to assist in dedicating a structure that speaks so clearly of change from the immediate past and portends much for the future, flashes before my mind such a panoramic view of one short human existence that it is with unusual difficulty, I assure you, that I undertake to find words to convey to you the smallest fractional part of my feelings.

Nothing, I assure you, save the thought that I might, by so doing, in some small way render assistance to the exercises, could have induced me to undertake it.

Passing all this, for the propriety forbid that I should detain you long, I think we have now come to an understanding of each other that things have come to such a pass in this section of the country that the differences and relationships of the pioneer and the tenderfoot may be safely analyzed without discouragement to the one, or affront to the other.

I do not know of anyone who is in a better position to give the thoughts and reflections of the pioneer upon

all these things which are being done in this Central Oregon country than the pioneer himself. With this in view I shall briefly relate a very few of my own experiences of late years, in the hope that I may thereby give you a better understanding of the pioneers' side of the case by illustration than by analysis.

In the first place, let me ask a question. What is the difference between a pioneer and a tenderfoot? There could be nothing easier. The pioneer is the first man on the ground, consequently he knows. The tenderfoot is the man who comes along later and therefore don't know. The pioneer is the man who says our soil won't produce anything. The tenderfoot goes ahead and raises everything. The pioneer is the man who stands around and says all these things can't be done. The tenderfoot goes ahead and does them.

Being an early settler myself, these definitions put me at once on the defensive and call upon me to explain why I look at many things and do a number of things differently than I did in former years. My explanation can best be made, as before stated, by giving a few of my own experiences.

I saw a tenderfoot over at Powell Butte four or five years ago plowing up one of my old wood trails, over which, long years ago, I hauled my winter's wood. I stopped, stood up in my buggy, hailed him and asked him what he was doing. "Oh, just plowing a little," he replied. I asked him what he proposed to raise. He said he thought he would try a few oats. I grew a little facetious and told him I was sorry to see my old road plowed up. As I resumed my seat in the buggy and drove on I thought to myself: What a shame it is for that man to be spoiling a pretty fair quality of grass in any such manner.

How do you suppose I felt, my friends, when, two years afterward I passed that same way and found the same man threshing 35 bushels to the acre wheat from that identical piece of ground?

To being not a little dull of comprehension I have always admitted, still, after I get up from being knocked down once, I generally know enough to keep away from the direction from whence I received that particular blow. Since seeing that tenderfoot thresh 35 bushels to the acre wheat, from one of my old wood trails I have used more care in growing facetious with any more of

my tenderfooted neighbors.

What's the matter with these tenderfeet, anyway?

I went up to Bend last fall and found they had a town up there—a real, live town, railroad and all, and right on the identical ground where, back in the seventies I had a calf pasture fenced with logs and brush, in which I separated and weaned my calves each fall. I do not think those people up there knew of my loss, at least, none of them referred to it. I fell into the hands of a talkative kind of fellow who took me around and showed me some things. Took me down to what he called the power plant and chattered away about some thousands or so of power units, acre feet flow, initial velocity, and a lot of such stuff, most of which I did not hear, for there was that good old river which in years gone by had nothing to bother or disturb it save to quench the thirst of my calves, as it hurried and hurried good naturedly along on its way to the sea. There was that good old river tearing itself into shreds, lashing itself into a perfect fury of rage all because it had just been dammed by a tenderfoot. My friend circled and came back on his own track for I was not responsive in conversation that afternoon, for I missed those calves. I saw them nowhere lazily loitering along the banks of that crystal river as they did back in those faraway seventies.

And that poor old river, so furious at this first interference. I wondered how few more summers it would be until it should be loaded down until it would fairly groan out the balance of its existence—groan out its existence under the load of the white man's burden.

I think I stood up well under the chattering of my friend that afternoon, considering the circumstances; circumstances about which he knew nothing, until finally I took a hand in the conversation myself and said to him:

"Hold on, my friend; listen to me. I am running over with acre feet; I am chock full of power units and my velocity is something terrific. Let's get out of here. I believe I am seeing things."

He next took me to a cold storage establishment. I think he thought I needed cooling off a little. I saw them making ice for the first time in my life, and, after I had gotten out of town and on my way home and

Continued on Page 3

## Greetings of the Season



WE EXTEND TO OUR CUSTOMERS THE GREETINGS OF THE SEASON AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR LIBERAL PATRONAGE. WE SINCERELY TRUST THAT THE PAST YEAR HAS BEEN AS PLEASANT AND PROSPEROUS TO YOU AS IT HAS BEEN TO US, AND WE HOPE THE NEW YEAR WILL BRING ADDED PROSPERITY TO ALL.

## Redmond Bank of Commerce

U. S. DEPOSITORY

Capital Fully Paid.....\$25,000.00  
Surplus and Profits..... 3,000.00

## ARE "FORNINST" THE CAREY ACT

SUFFERINGS OF PIONEER SETTLERS VIVIDLY TOLD BY ONE OF THEM

Irrigation Congress Listens, and Money Is Sought to Investigate Various Work on Foot at Present

The Irrigation Congress that met in Portland last week took a hard slap at the Carey Act, and drastic laws were advocated. It was claimed the Carey Act measures were inadequate, too deceptive and expensive.

J. W. Brewer of this city, and J. N. B. Gerking of Laidlaw, were there to lead the fight against the Columbia Southern, all the properties of which are in the hands of the state. They sought legislation that will give the state power to guarantee the bonds of worthy irrigation projects. Now irrigation securities have no market whatever. With the state back of them value would be sustained. Benefit to the state would be through development obtained. Depreciation of value has entirely quieted the Columbia Southern project, which Mr. Brewer declared contains the best land in the state.

Speaker after speaker told how their irrigation projects, undertaken under the provisions of the Carey Act, either have failed entirely or have been carried out successfully only at an expense far greater than the original estimates.

Particularly pitiful and dramatic was the recital by J. N. B. Gerking of Laidlaw, of the difficulties and

sufferings that have been experienced by the settlers on the Columbia Southern project in this county, which was started about 10 years ago under Carey Act provisions. W. A. Laidlaw, the original promoter, was forced to abandon the enterprise which undoubtedly was undertaken in good faith, and since then numerous private corporations and individuals have attempted to finance it. O. Laurgaard, an engineer who was employed last year to investigate the future possibilities of the Columbia Southern tract, said the land cannot be irrigated for less than \$38 an acre. He urged state aid in carrying the enterprise to completion.

Act Is Declared Failure  
Mr. Gerking's straight forward talk, however, was the most interesting that came before the congress. His earnestness and sincerity as he told of the almost utter hopelessness of the Columbia Southern settlers appealed to everyone. The room was packed.

"The Carey act has been a failure in our country," said Mr. Gerking. "It appears to us that it is operated largely in the interests of the promoters and the people looking for a big rakeoff."

"The promoters have sent advertisements over the country showing how the state is back of these projects, when, in fact, the state isn't back of them at all. People are induced to come to the state under false pretenses. They go on the land not knowing what conditions they will have to meet there."

State Is Blamed  
"I confess that when I myself went onto my homestead I did not know the difference between the Carey Act and the desert land law. But I have found out since."

He charged that the state has shirked its responsibility if it is back of the Columbia Southern project.

"I am not a lawyer," he continued, "and can't tell whether the state is duty bound to back it or not. I certainly believe, though, that the state is morally obliged to give its aid to those people who have gone onto this project, when they were given reason to believe, and justly so that the state would aid them."

"My idea is that the state should get back of the minor propositions. It isn't quite clear to me what the benefit would be of backing these

Continued on Page 2

## POULTRY SHOW IS IN SESSION

The first annual poultry exhibition of the Redmond Poultry Association began yesterday in the Muma building on the corner of 6th and F streets. Many pens of fine birds are on exhibition, among them a pen of pedigreed Buff Rocks from Earl Snell of Condon. Other exhibitors from a distance have also sent in exhibits.

Many people so far have attended the show, but the largest attendance is expected tomorrow and Saturday. The awarding of premiums will undoubtedly be made today or tomorrow.

## REDMOND POSTOFFICE SHOWS DECIDED GAIN

GOES FROM \$786.10 IN 1909 TO \$3,643.49 DURING THE YEAR OF 1912

Through the courtesy of Postmaster Moore The Spokesman is enabled to publish the receipts of the Redmond postoffice for the years 1909, 1910, 1911 and 1912.

The total business of the year 1909 was \$786.10.  
For 1910, \$2,075.59.  
For 1911, 3,014.19.  
For 1912, \$3,643.49.

Mr. Moore states that every month in 1912 showed an increase over the corresponding month in 1911. The postmaster expects, now that the parcel post law is in operation, that the business of the office for 1913 will go way over that of 1912.

## Alfred Munz

The Reliable

## Hardware Man

Who carries the Largest Stock of Hardware, Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Buggies, Harness, Paints, Oils, etc. of any store in Central Oregon. Everything from a pegging awl to a complete threshing outfit.

The Store That Has the Goods and Makes the PRICES RIGHT