

With \$12,000,000 in Factories and \$100,000 monthly Pay Roll with plenty of Power to sell, Oregon City can double its Population in Five Years.

# OREGON CITY COURIER

The Courier is AGAINST injustice—against the privileged classes, and FOR the Weak Citizen, and the Common People.

29th YEAR. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 6 1912. No. 44

## GET THE FACTORIES

### THE OTHER THINGS WILL FOLLOW WHERE THEY TURN.

### GO AFTER THE EASTERN MEN

And Tell Them of the Cheap Power This City Has.

When you stop to think of it, don't you know that the Commercial club of this city is a power—a means through which almost anything is possible of accomplishment?

Just think of over two hundred and fifty men all going up against the line together. Something is bound to come of it.

The speakers at the Commercial club's meeting last week all made the same rosey predictions for the future of this city, and they backed up their talk.

Oregon City is today the greatest manufacturing city in Oregon, and that it can be made twice what it is now in this line is plain to the man who digs into the possibilities.

We have a great water power at our doors that will be power as long as it snows in the mountains and as long as water runs down hill. And in this country, where coal is too high priced for fuel, such power is almost priceless.

The electric company has lots of power to sell, every mill has it to spare and to sell, and there is no limit to the factories this city may have, if these 250 men will all go after it.

There is just one weak spot in so big a bunch of men—the weak spot of great strength—indifference—of thinking that the work of the organization is the other fellow's to do and through this indifference to have neglected.

Senator Dimick told us that we could have the banks of the Willamette lined with factories if we would go after them, and he said this city might have four times its present population.

There is a very true old saying that a factory may be started in the heart of the forest, and that workmen will make a path to it.

The matter of the growth of our city is of minor importance. Get the factories and the people and the homes will come.

This paper isn't posing as the director of the Commercial club, nor presuming to tell them where they are heading in wrong, but we do believe in this great body of men would go after the manufacturers—a little harder, and the publicity and a little easier, we would accomplish for more for the city, and boom it faster than through any other means we have.

All eyes are on the Pacific coast these days. The big canal is doing for this country what money could not do, and thousands of capitalists are driving their stakes out here in the Sunset

## ONLY FOUR MONTHS AND TRAINS WILL BE RUNNING TO MOLALLA

### EVERYBODY SHOULD BOOST.

People Should Have a Say As to Its Location

Lay two streaks of steel across the country, any old country, garden spot or desert, and people will go to it, and stay with it.

First the little grocery store, then a doctor, another store, a lawyer, a postoffice, a newspaper—and you're off.

And these streaks of steel started something. Business follows, just as naturally as a duck finds a slough.

And now comes the pleasing news that four months of steady work and the Clackamas Southern will be in full operation from Oregon City to Molalla, and Superintendent Swift says if the weather is settled, work will commence in two weeks.

And when trains are running regularly between here and Molalla, what will be the result?

Here's our guess:

You will see great quantities of cord wood, lumber and farm products coming to this city; you will see settlers buying and locating along their road; you will see property changing hands and land cleared up; you will see mills start up, stores opened, and you will see Oregon City and this part of Clackamas county boom as it hasn't boomed since Dr. McLaughlin's days.

Saturday night the directors met and planned to resume work this month and every blue-blood in Oregon City, every member of the Commercial club, every farmer and every business man should get right in behind this work and render every possible assistance, that you may be able to ride in the varnished cars, out to Molalla for a Fourth of July celebration.

Ten and a half miles of grading is completed today; tools and equipment are bought and paid for; bridges are built, everything is in splendid shape and the company doesn't owe a dollar.

A large part of the bond issue is subscribed for, but none has been delivered, for the reason that interest will have to be met, and the directors wisely decide not to issue any until the greater part, or all, are placed.

Be a booster for the new railroad, get the habit and stay by it like a dude to a cigarette.

The road is a booster for you, and will do you more good than a dozen public buildings. Go back at it, and do all you can to hurry its completion.

Dr. J. W. Norris has been seriously ill with bronchitis for several days, but is now a little improved.

## ONLY ONE STREET. LONG IS DOWNED.

### COUNCIL REFUSED TO CONFIRM POPULAR MAN

### WAS A VERY FOOLISH ACTION.

### Now Commences the Expensive Legal Actions

Mayor Dimick offered an olive branch to the city council Tuesday night, when after they had refused to confirm Charles E. Burns as chief of police, he then named W. A. Long, one of the city's most popular men, but the council would not confirm.

A short time ago certain persons, including a council member and the Courier editor was present, when Mayor Dimick, and asked him if he would not go entirely outside the men in dispute and name a candidate both sides could agree on.

Mayor Dimick said he would do so if the council would confirm him, but the council refused to do that. He said at this time he would appoint W. A. Long, if the council wanted to cut out the fight and do business.

And you see what the council did to Mr. Long and you can draw your own conclusions.

The mayor told the council they acted like children, and when such appointments as W. A. Long's are turned down, the people will very soon see the mayor's right and that the position of the council is more kid play and spite work than business.

It is a cinch that clean, capable men will positively refuse an appointment which will humiliate.

The city has loudly demanded a compromise, a get-together.

Now, whose fault is it?

What have you council members to say?

Now here are results we have told you would follow:

A large sum applied for an injunction against the payment of double chief of police salary, on the grounds that the city's funds are being dissipated.

Chief of Police Burns has brought suit against the city for his salary as police, which the council refuses to pay him.

These are but the beginning of expensive litigations and the people will begin to think that we have a bunch of foolish kids trying to start something they are not familiar with.

## BEFORE COLUMBUS

### MEN WHO NEVER SAW THE WHITE MAN'S FACE.

### THE UNKNOWN CLIFFDwellERS

### A Visit to the Ruins of This Once Great Desert City.

Last summer this paper started a series of southwest travel letters and the first three of the series were descriptions of the Cliff Dwellers' ruins of the Puycio chis in New Mexico. Those letters were written just before the editor came to Oregon, he having just returned from his fourth trip to the odd spots of the southwest.

And among the letters and odds and ends in an old grip I find the following letter, written just two years ago, from Barranca, N. M., but which was never printed. It was my first trip to the ruined homes of a forgotten people one under circumstances not at all conducive to poetic descriptions. Here it is:

It was with the keenest and bit-terest disappointment of my life that I turned back from the Cliff Dwellers' ruins and bought a ticket for the east.

To me there is nothing in the wonderland of the southwest that has so great a fascination as the abandoned homes of this people we know not of—this people of the far dim days of the past—our ancestors who lived in caves, lived much like beasts, wore only the skins of animals, lived thousands of years for all we know, came from where we do not know, and departed when we do not know. But I am ahead of my story and have given a disappointment without a reason for it.

I saved the Cliff Dwellers and the community houses for the finish of my trip, well knowing that I would find little to interest me after I had seen these ruins—ruins older than the hills.

And I saved them to long. I saw them, some of them, but under circumstances that cannot do half justice.

I suppose I should have informed myself that what little winter New Mexico has comes the latter part of February and the first of March, and that what I had done so, I would have went first to these ruins and then to old Mexico. But I didn't take the pains, and I lost out.

But I saw the cliff ruins, despite the deep snow and the howling mountain blizzards. I saw them and climbed up into them, inspected parlors, bed-room and conservatory, sat there on the floor in the dust of ages, sat cross-legged, as some cliff-dwellers had sat in the same place hundreds, perhaps thousands of years ago—sat there and looked across the gorge from the doorway of this pre-historic home, and into my eyes came a picture.

And into my ears came the call of the drier below—and that picture of Forgotten Past faded before I could catch the colors.

Did you ever try to get sentimental in a blizzard? Try it. Did you ever try for poetry when the thermometer was about ten below and a freezing driver rattling. Don't try it—nothing to it.

What of the Cliff Dwellers? You tell. We Americans know little of them and the more I learn the less I know.

Through Arizona and New Mexico there are hundreds of ruins. We know people, human beings, once lived in them, and that is about all we do know. Anybody can tell you who they were, where they came from and where they went to, but no one will tell you anything that has even a speaking distance connect on with what the other fellow explained, so I read what little I can find about them, hear a whole lot of what everybody can tell—and then guess.

I realized what the suffering and danger might mean to visit these ruins in the face of a blizzard and deep snow, but I could not come home without seeing at least something of these homes of an extinct people. So we wrapped the ears in Navajo blankets and our feet on foot-warmers.

And I saw some of the homes of this vanished people—some of the caves monuments of the people who populated this Rio Grande valley and whose history has gone from off the face of the earth.

Under favorable conditions a man could write his head off with these surroundings. Sitting in the homes of these mysterious people, in the crumbling ruins of what were once the only human habitations of this great country of ours, sitting in the dust of ages and thinking of the First Americans who lived, loved and labored here—these wouldn't this pencil run to it if it were only spring time, if the frost would let up on my great toe, and if the driver would stop wrecking my trains of thought by his yelling that we must start back to town.

Three hours only in this greatest of all great museums.

Three hours only from the centuries before a white man's foot ever touched American soil to the days of Joe Cannon, 1910.

I can't utter a story. It is all so great, so awesome, so mysterious. My pencil is so small.

But it was fortunate we did not stay longer. As it was we were unable to return to our starting place, and I was never able to get back to the station where I had left my grip, and it was weeks after that I received it, sent to me at Salamanca, N. Y.

I had planned miles and miles

## CLACKAMAS SOUTHERN SHOULD HAVE A WORLD OF FRIENDS

### THAT POSTOFFICE MATTER.

Clackamas Southern Should Have A World of Friends

Don't know what you may think of it, but here's a matter we seem to be sleeping on, and one which it seems we should come alive to and take a stick in.

The probabilities are that we will have \$75,000 of the government's money put into a postoffice building here—in fact the matter seems to be pretty well cinched and is as certain as anything in politics.

And now what are we going to do with it?

That's the question.

Because the government, through Senator Bourne, sees fit to give us this ball of fodder, we shouldn't accept it as if it didn't cost us anything, as if we were to mosh ahead anyway, and then let a few fellows plant the federal building any old place they might pick out.

Let us suppose the patrons of this office had to go down into their jeans and dig up this \$75,000.

Do you suppose we would pay for it and then go home and forget it until a committee picked out a lot that suited them, and built something?

Not on your breakfast food.

If the taxpayers paid for the new postoffice building they would be on the job every hour, and its location wouldn't be decided upon until a majority decided it.

And do you know that Oregon City is going in for a one-street city with altogether too much vim—with more enthusiasm than sanity.

At the big booster meeting the other night, speaker after speaker made the prediction that this city was but in its infancy, that it was bound to reach five times its present size, and that with terminal rates we would have the greatest manufacturing city on the Pacific coast.

Senator Dimick told us that, given terminal rates the banks of the Willamette would be lined with factories as the electric people had plenty of power to sell to it, and the mills have plenty to sell to it. They would generate it into electricity.

And if dreams come true, what would a postoffice building look like on the river front.

If they come true, what would the hotels and the where the where the government would consent to have it.

Main street isn't all there is to Oregon City—it is less than a quarter of it—and why don't we recognize that the real city is on the heights and the where the people live and own homes—and the logical place for a postoffice, a library or any public building.

Talking with a prominent official of Salem a few weeks ago, he asked if anyone lived on the bluffs, and when told that three or four thousand people lived there, he simply stared in astonishment.

We don't want a postoffice that will have to be torn down because it will be in the way in a few years, and we want to recognize that Main street isn't so big a tail that it can wag the whole city.

This handsome and expensive building will be of the people, and not for Main street exclusively, and the people have just as much right to decide its location as they have to decide any matter that interests them.

And if he people want a say, let them demand it, let them ask for a public hearing and the referendum vote as to the location of this public building.

You have a say in this matter—politics should not be the whole thing.

Do you want it?—If so, let us hear from you.

## CHUNKS OF WISDOM.

### The Great Oregonian Hands This Paper a Few Nice Ones.

This paper has all kinds of respect for the honest opinions of those whose opinions differ from its ways of seeing things, and it never yet has in any manner ridiculed anyone who saw things from a different viewpoint.

But when we become great in circulation, and when we have an office home as big as the court house, we presume that then we too will swell up and dispute anyone's right to see other than as we see.

Because the editor of this paper told the farmers last week that their taxes couldn't be more a burden under single tax than they are now, the great Oregonian said this was the only paper in Oregon that had the audacity to think different than the owner of that paper, and then it went on with a lot of nasty, lying insinuations that this paper was controlled by the Peis fund—tried to advocate single tax, of course it did not make a direct charge—just a cowardly insinuation.

If the Oregonian's editor would accept a little real good advice from a country sheet it would be to go sit on a sack.

This paper is not its echo, and if it has the distinction of being the only paper in Oregon that is for the single tax amendment, it rivals the distinction of the Oregonian, that it is the only sheet in Oregon that has nerve enough to champion the political machines, big bad business, and the standard administration.

And here is one of the arguments (?) the Oregonian handed out for wisdom, when it referred to the Courier's audacity in its position on the single tax.

If single tax shall confiscate all lands and turn them over to the state, and if the state shall go bankrupt, the way out is to have a grand free distribution all over again.

And reading this bunch of "ifs" makes us think of the sabbat storm and that the loss of King Solomon and Daniel Webster is not being noted to any great extent in Oregon.

## NOTICE OF COMMITTEE MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the democratic county central committee will be held at the Willamette hall, Oregon City, Saturday, March 16, for the purpose of electing officers and transacting such other business as may come before it.

G. F. Johnson, Secy.

## LIBRARY WILL BE IN CITY PARK.

Wednesday night the city council ordered framed an ordinance which will place the \$12,500 library in the city park on Seventh street. Several sites were considered, but Chairman Mendenhall of the committee, said the park site was the one most easily agreed upon. The new building will be rushed.

## THE HITCHING PROBLEM UP ONCE MORE.

The Live Wires got together at their weekly meeting Tuesday and talked over several matters, that are of public and private interest, and among them was that old old subject, the matter of public hitching posts.

M. J. Lee of Canby said that his town had taken hold of the hitching matter, and they had to keep the trade from going out of town, but he said the merchants there each provided his own freed for the farmers' teams.

Mr. Sullivan thought that it would be a better plan to provide large barns or sheds, rather than outside hitching posts, but M. J. Lazzelle did not at all agree with him, stating that he knew much trade went to other places for no other reason than that we did not have places for the farmers rigs. He thought that posts could be arranged on Tenth street, between Water and Main.

Mr. Heese said that this matter was one that had been repeatedly before the Commercial club, but that it was a very difficult one to settle for the reason that this city was so differently situated than other towns, we having no waste land near the business part of the city. He said that where hitching room would be convenient for the farmers, the residents would not permit them, and were it would be unobjectionable to the citizens would be where the farmers would not want them.

A. A. Price thought that something should be figured out in the way of public hitching posts, and although quite a hard proposition it could be accomplished.

L. Adams thought that Fifth street might be secured for this purpose, from Main to the river, he said the farmers were loud in their demand for this convenience and that considerable trade went to Portland because we do not provide hitching room.

A. L. Beatty of the Oregon City Commission Co. said his firm was going after this matter on their

## VOTERS WILL BACK UP ON THIS POLITICAL GAME.

It is said in political circles that there is a quiet little gumshoe game on with the republicans, to defeat J. E. Jack for assessor, and the announcements of J. F. Nelson of Mulino and E. P. Carter of Gladstone, are part of the game.

But the Courier believes Assessor Jack will be a hard man to down, not because he is a democrat, but because he is a capable man, and party doesn't cut so big a gash as it once did.

Mr. Jack is one of the most capable men in these our towns. He is always on the job, doesn't turn the work over to deputies, but earns his money. He is fair-minded, qualified, knows his work and does his duty as he sees it.

An assessor will always make enemies and he should be endorsed for the enemies he makes. With property owners asking for lower assessments and the county court asking they be kept up, a man must simply play the cards as he thinks right, and this Mr. Jack has done, and will do.

Changing assessors is bad business, if you get a man who is square, and we don't believe there will be any change.

## SOCIALISTS WILL MEET APRIL 7

A Socialist meeting is called to meet in Knapp's hall, Oregon City Sunday, April 7 at 10 a. m. This will be a meeting of Clackamas county locals, all card members, also all registered Socialists are requested to be present, for at this time we will decide whether it is advisable to put out a county ticket for the coming elections.

W. W. MYRES, County Secy.

## FISH! FISH!

### FRESH DAILY

### Salmon, Halibut


### Etc.

CRABS, cooked on the premises; OYSTERS, direct from the shell; CHICKEN, to order; No Cold Storage Stock in fish or fowl. Headquarters for OLYMPIA OYSTERS, the BEST on the Coast.

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