

The Courier is the Official State paper for Oregon for the Farmers Society of Equity, and has the largest circulation from Portland to Salem.

OREGON CITY COURIER

If you want to buy, sell or trade, try a small ad in the Courier—the best advertising medium in Clackamas County—and you will get the desired results.

31st YEAR

OREGON CITY, ORE., THURSDAY, OCT. 9, 1913.

No. 20

A TRIP THROUGH THE NAVAJO LAND

THE AMERICAN INDIAN AS SEEN AT CLOSE RANGE

THE NAVAJO DOES NOT CHANGE

Lives as he Lived in the Days Before the Spaniard

(Note—This letter was written and mailed before the visit to the cliff ruins, but was sidetracked somewhere in the mails and was over three weeks in finding its way out. It therefore has its wrong place in the series.)
Chin Lee, Arizona, Sept. 20, 1913.
Theodore Roosevelt was up in this country last month, and while the Associated Press gave him a lot of Outlook advertising, and will pass me up entirely, I'll bet I beat him an Arizona section on the finish.
Roosevelt had with him his two sons, a nephew, and every newspaper man who could dig up the price, or form a trip party.
I had with me (on the finish) a Navajo Indian who couldn't speak a word of English and who would not even grunt for companionship, only when he wanted a man.
Roosevelt went to the snake dance and I went to the cliff ruins. I simply make this connection for advertising purposes, but I guess he gets the best end of it.
One of the places I had down on this trip was the Mogul pueblo and the weird and ancient snake dance. I had long supposed this ancient rite was held in September of each year, but what was my disappointment to find August was the date. I had confused the rites with the Chalcio festivities of the Zunis.
So I got an outfit at Gallup and made a trip of four days through the wildest and strangest country that ever laid out under the sun, and when I had finished this little mission station (with a Chinese name) I felt pretty well satisfied that I was thirty days ahead of hundreds of thousands of Americans who call themselves tourists, and who think they have "seen America."
But before I tell you about the cliff dwellers, (my hobby) and that ride up the canyon on an Indian pony (my back aches yet.) I want to write of some of the interesting little things that too many never see, because of the discomforts of the trip, and of the old scout for I knew he could make every mile interesting to me if he would. The night before he asked me to tell him just what I wanted for an outfit and chuck. And there was where I got next. I told him I could stand anything any white man could get to get what he wanted and that was good enough, but I could eat bacon and frito beans weak in and out and a blanket was good enough for a rain, snow or sand storm.
And then he limbered.
For hours he reeled off stuff and pointed out old wild day historic spots.
For instance, about the first interesting spot he showed me was a mound of dirt with yellow looking pieces of soft stone all over it. He explained how a tourist with whom he had last year, but when the cross bar broke near this mound, and it took a half hour to make one from a cedar scrub, this fellow came back with his shoes covered with the ore (it was raining) and damning the Navajo country for its monopoly and the soil because it had daubed his patent leathers.
This mound, Indians have come to for hundreds of years. They take this ore or clay, mix it with sheep tallow and paint their faces, not to make themselves look fierce and to scare New Yorkers, but simply as a protection against the fearful rays and heat of the Arizona sun, which in midsummer will blister crack open and peel off the skin of even an Indian. The squaws use it especially, and more especially when they have a long ride in the saddle.
On the point of a mesa I saw a pile of rocks, and while we stopped for lunch I climbed it for inspection, for I saw it was one of the few curious formations that the volcano did not make.
Two piles of stone, built up pyramid shape. That was all, so far as I saw, but Dan told me they had stood there since before the white man, and that they were ancient Indian water signs; that near was an arroya where water could be found for digging in the quick sand; a spring or Indian well.
A most interesting natural formation is Kit Carson's monument near the opening of the Bonanza Canyon. And by the way, Kit Carson has a bunch of monuments scattered over the southwest. At Taus he is really buried. There he died, there his bones have crumbled and there is his real monument; pretty much chipped off and carried away by the vandals and relic hunters. At Santa Fe, capital of New Mexico, is another monument of Kit, the first Mason in the southwest, and out here in the Arizona desert I find another. And I am told there are about a dozen more scattered

PHYSICIANS ARE SO VERY WILLING NOT TRYING TO DICTATE, TRYING TO HELP

WANT TO ASSIST THE JUDGE

Amusing Position Taken by One of the Society's Members

There was a letter in the Enterprise the other day, regarding the county health officer appointment, written by Dr. W. C. Schutze, that was certainly amusing, worse, laughable.
One of the laughable paragraphs reads:
"The Clackamas County Medical Society emphatically disclaims any intention to dictate to or coerce the county judge. They are anxious and willing to aid him in making a proper selection."
This is a whole of a county, bigger than some states, and the people of this county lead the state in independence of thought and action.
What these people want is a health officer who can get away with the job, and they don't care a tinker's darn whether he is a "pill pusher" or a "rub doctor."
Dr. Van Brakle can get away with the job, if he is given half a chance, and the Courier knows the people want him to have that chance; the Courier knows that he will make the best county official we ever had, and we know that he is the quality of a man who will make the medical crowd go some before he kicks out.
Van Brakle has been in the city only about two years, but his untiring work for a cleaner city and better health conditions have given him a warm place in the hearts of the people. He has built up a splendid practice here and has made many warm friends who are going to stand with him and help him play the cards the physicians dealt him—by oversight or short shift.
All this business seems petty to the fellows on the side lines. What the people want is a health officer who will see that the health laws are fully enforced, and they don't care whether he graduated from a drug factory or a rubber factory. It is not his duty to doctor them.
Under the circumstances Judge Anderson did just what he should have done. State Health Officer Calvin S. White simply added to his blunders when he called upon him, and he took a cue in the play 33333 and took a cue in a game that was not his to play.
What the doctors should do now is to let the matter drop, Health conditions are too vital to play politics with. Van Brakle is entirely capable of himself, makes him forget everything in the world but the man at bat, and he's a boy again.
If I didn't have a hobby I'd cultivate one and I'd stay with it until it was a husky growth. The only danger to guard against is not to allow it to run away with you.
A MATTER OF FORM
Senseless, Useless, Card of Thanks for Help in Distress
A farmer driving along with a load and gets stuck in the mud, a neighbor hitches on and helps him out.
Why doesn't the farmer publish a card of thanks?
An automobile goes dead and the first car that passes helps him out with repairs.
And the owner never publishes a thing about that wonderful canyon where some sort of men lived, died and passed away before Spain and Mr. C. Columbus ever got uneasy.
M. J. Brown.

FOUR PROPOSALS FOR GOOD WATER

AND OUT OF THESE SHOULD COME SPEEDY RELIEF

BULL RUN OR THE CLACKAMAS

Are the Two Most Favorably Discussed Figures Will Soon Be Ready

Oregon City is going to have pure water—this much seems to be pretty thoroughly determined upon.
But from just what source seems to be very much up in the air at present.
Doubtless there will be four propositions put up to the people in some form—Bull Run, the south fork of the Clackamas, the Englebrecht wells, and the Canby gravels.
The first two propositions are the main topics of discussion in the city, and there are many strong supporters of both. Which will be accepted is a matter of speculation.
Last week the proposition of city going to the south fork of the Clackamas and having a direct service from this mountain headwater, took active and aggressive form. Many prominent business men favored the project from the start, and contributions ranging from \$10 to \$100 were quickly pledged to raise a fund of \$1,000 for the preliminary work. The proposition is for the city to acquire this water source, which is out in the mountains about 25 miles from the city, is unquestionably all that Bull Run is in purity, and is unlimited in its volume.
The P. R. L. & P. Co. has tendered the permit to receive the services of their engineer, H. A. Rands, for thirty days, and will pay one half of his salary. Mr. Rands will start on the survey at once, and it is thought that in thirty days he will have completed his work, and will be able to give to the people a very careful estimate of the entire cost of the undertaking. It is variously estimated that the work will cost from \$150,000 to \$200,000, but these estimates are little less than guesses and will be until Mr. Rands completes his work and submits his report. Then it will be down to brass tacks.
Then it is proposed to place the proposition to a vote of the people through the initiative, and let them pass it.
The Pure Water Association behind it emphatically states that this move is not in any manner a knock against the Bull Run proposition, but is simply a proposition to be put up to the people with it and left to them to decide.
They argue that the city must have pure water, and that the right way to get it is to do as Portland has done; to build for the future and to be possibly certain of an inexhaustible supply for all time to come.
While there is absolutely no question but that the Bull Run supply is as pure water as can be had anywhere on earth, yet they claim it would be hazardous to spend large sums of money to pipe pure Bull Run water to the city, the possibility of being cut off at the end of ten years with nothing to show for the expense but a dead pipe line.
The men composing the association are Dr. L. A. Morris, president; E. P. Rands, secretary; M. D. Latourette, treasurer; W. A. Dimick, press agent. The executive committee is the above officers, Don Meldrum and B. T. Mc Bain.
The Bull Run proposition is one that has been worked on many weeks, and in the course of a few days the facts and figures, the cost of the pipe line and the cost of the water will be made public.
The only fact definitely known is that this city can have the water, that the Portland officials have made this certain.
It is estimated that this undertaking will cost about \$50,000, but until the committee gives out the official report these figures are pure guess work.
Supporters of the Bull Run system contend that the fear of the service being cut off at the end of ten years are utterly groundless; that Portland has enough water at command to supply a city as big as New York and that Portland is only too glad to sell a part of its surplus.
It is argued that this system will save the city at least \$150,000, and will be all and more than would be the water from the Clackamas, and would give Oregon City advertising equal to Portland—for Bull Run water is famous.
The proposition of the Englebrecht wells, just north of the city, would cost, it is estimated, about \$29,000. This water would of course have to be pumped, as would also the Bull Run supply. Many ho hold that these wells are as good water as can be obtained anywhere, while many claim, and the stand is supported by State Officer White, that no well in the Willamette Valley would be safe from pollution.
The fourth proposition is the Canby gravels source. This is a franchise proposition and would not cost the city a cent. That the water is pure there is little doubt, and it was one of the sources recommended by Engineer Diek. The arguments against this is that the supply would not be equal to the growth of the city.
West Linn, across the river, is very much interested in the water proposition. That city has repeatedly failed to find water. Several wells have been drilled without sufficient supply, and that city is in the same position as Oregon City.
It is reported that Portland will only give Oregon City the Bull Run supply, and will not permit the city to sell or supply any other city. This would leave the west side in a bad

THE GLADSTONE WAY

Along Many Lines it has Oregon City

Left at the Quarter Pole

Our little neighbor, Gladstone, has a minimum rate of 50c for electric lighting in the summer months, while our city with several times its population lays down one dollar for the same service from the same company.
The reason is that Gladstone fights. The people there won't stand the gaff. It took them two years to win, but they won, and now they lay down one dollar where we lay two, and they laugh at us as Easy Marks.
The street improvement work costs Gladstone just about one third what it costs this city, for the reason the city owns its own gravel beds, its own road making machinery and they get the work at actual cost.
Oregon City lets its work to contractors, and pays them a big profit over Gladstone's cost.
And by the way that little city, Gladstone, has pointed a moral for many a valley town. The council and the city fight the common enemy, and fight hard, but they pull together and work together among themselves. They are progressive and have a beautiful faith in the future of Gladstone, yet at the same time they work carefully, do things moderately and build as they grow.
And this kind of an administration wins—and the fast growing city shows how well it wins.
And Oregon City might do well to follow Gladstone along many lines with profit.
Two Local Propositions
On the ballot November 4 will be two city propositions for the corporation to pass on, one for the city to purchase 4 and a half acres of the Englebrecht property, just north of the city, for public purposes, and the other that hereafter city bonds shall be in denominations not greater than \$50.
Both amendments were submitted to the council by Councilman Toose. The Englebrecht property, it is thought, would be a good investment for the city, that it would always afford a future water source in case of emergency, and that the property could be used for several purposes to the city's advantage.
The purpose of the small denominations of city bonds is to put them within reach of the people, rather than to have them purchased by eastern concerns and the interest go out of the state. This is a good amendment, and there will be absolutely no doubt as to its being carried.

JURY ACQUITS WM. MUMPOWER

AFTER SEVERAL HOURS DELIBERATION IS TURNED FREE

INDICTED FOR SHOOTING BOY

Defense was that he Shot to Puncture Tire and Not to Wound

William Mumpower of Stone, was acquitted by the jury in Judge Campbell's court at Midnight Tuesday, and he is a free man.
In July last Mumpower, acting as a deputy sheriff, shot and wounded Earl McNaughton, who was motor-cycling along the river. McNaughton had shot and killed a farmer's dog. The farmer appealed to the deputy to arrest the boy. Mumpower followed in his auto and overtook the boys, and while under arrest McNaughton jumped on his motor and attempted to escape. Mumpower fired two or three shots at him, two taking effect. Judge Campbell charged the jury that an officer was accountable for the results of his acts, and that his intent must be judged by the results of his acts; that an officer had a right to use the degree of force necessary to make an arrest, and no more.
The jury evidently looked at the matter in the light of the defense, that the officer did not shoot to kill or wound, but that he was shooting to puncture the motor tire and scare the boy to stop.
Gordon E. Hayes and George C. Brownell were attorneys for the defendant, while Lily Stipp appeared as prosecuting attorney.
TIME TO END SCRAP
Oregon City has Had Two Years of It, Now Let's Quit a Spell
What the outcome of the scrap between the city council and the water commissioners on the public elevator will be, we don't know.
But we do know there should not have been the fight.
We know Oregon City has had a ring staged and a mill going of some kind continuously for two years.
It doesn't pay. Other cities get along without these constant wrangles and other cities get along faster than Oregon City.
Continue these fights and they become almost feuds, and when the sores get real deep and smarting, then they won't heal.
Factions line up with the boss smarters, and then let anything come up, no matter how much needed and the other side will line up and try to kill it, for no other reason than that a rival faction was for it.
This city is getting in bad. No matter what comes up, a scrap is sure to result. The elevator matter, city council proceedings, the water works question—almost any and everything proposed, starts something.
For the city's good these fights should be stopped. There is a way to get around the elevator matter; there is a way for the council and the commissioners to get together, and there is a way for the different clans to quit throwing the hook in and all get in the game for a bigger city.
If the boys of these men had as much trouble with their playmates, the fathers would spank them, and make them shake hands with each other.
If there was less scrap and a little more patriotism in our office holders this city would go ahead faster.
The people voted for the elevator almost a year ago, it was carried by a big majority. They should have it. Cut out the fighting and it would go ahead smoothly, for none of the obstacles are serious.
And remember, the people will stand a heap before they move, but once aroused, they do things.
Let's call it a draw, shake hands and saw wood.
Bust a Bank, Kill a Town
Sum folks don't think newspapers amount to much. But if they took a noshun any newspaper cut bust a bank in a month of they set out to. If the newspapers uv Newark shut both quils, this town would drop out uv site in less'n a year. That's what newspapers amount to in a town, but sometimes folks don't all think so.—Jedekiah in Newark Union Gazette.

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Be a Boy Once in a While

There is something in patriotism that does a man good, and the man or woman who hasn't experienced that intoxication of seeing a favorite horse stick his nose under the wire first, his boy cross the tape first in a foot race or the home team win out in the ninth in a ball game—the man who has never had those goose-pimples of satisfaction run up his spine, has lost a lot of sensations that are his by right.
I like to see a man get a little batty once in a while. I like to see him yell his head off at a ball game, throw his hat on the ground and stamp on it, if he feels that way. It brings him out of himself, makes him forget everything in the world but the man at bat, and he's a boy again.
If I didn't have a hobby I'd cultivate one and I'd stay with it until it was a husky growth. The only danger to guard against is not to allow it to run away with you.

Why Farmers Forbid Hunting

Farmers all over the county are bitterly complaining that after they pay for their licenses they have no place to hunt.
The farmers say they are posting their farms for protection to stock, that the hunters can't see nothing ahead of the gun but the China pheasant, and that they are liable to kill farm stock as birds.
A farmer was in the office this week and stated that a valuable calf had been killed, and on being opened several birds were found.
Under these conditions you cannot blame the farmers for posting their farms.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Tell the Courier Readers and Help us Make it a Hammer
The Courier has doubled its circulation in the last year and a half, and one of the reasons for its popularity was because of the many interesting letters, on a variety of subjects, written by its subscribers.
Now that the farm work is about done and the busy season dies, we want our subscribers to get in the game again.
We want letters and opinions on any subject. These different views make us all think and they make the columns of a newspaper interesting.
As we have said many times before, it doesn't matter whether or not you spell every word correctly or get in the proper punctuation marks. It is the ideas we want—we will fix the rest.
If you have a pet hobby, a new idea let us see what the other fellows think of it.
The long winter evenings are coming, and we want to make a Courier that will keep you awake nights.
Help us do it.

A Punctuation Mark in Texas

Houston and Galveston are rival cities, and the newspapers never miss a chance to throw the harpoon. Recently a Houston family moved to Galveston, and the Chronicle stated that the little girl got on her knees and said "Good bye God, we're going to Galveston."
The editor of the Galveston paper said that he hadn't an idea but that the child had said that alright, but that he failed to punctuate it right. He said it should be punctuated like this: "Good! By God! We're going to Galveston!"

Made in Oregon

Out of a box of apples in the Hub grocery the other day a man picked out three which weighed 2 and three-fourths pounds. And it is pleasing to note that the farmers of this county are getting the Hood River habit, and giving the fruit more attention and the quality and size of apples are much improving.
The time is short to register for the November elections.

THINK THIS OVER

And the More you Consider it, the More you Will Favor It
On the ballot at the election November 4 will be a proposition for the voters of this county to vote on the matter of having a county library in connection with the Carnegie library in this city—the matter of enlarging the present library so that every town may have a branch library if it desires, or may have as good library service as the people in this city.
The proposition is an assessment of three cents on one hundred dollars. The average assessment in the county is less than \$1,500, and the average cost would be 45 cents per property owner.
The county court wants an expression of the people on this matter before it takes action, and the matter will be put to a vote.
In the judgement of the Courier this is a means of education at so low a cost that the voters of this county cannot afford to turn it down.
It will give to every farm home the best encyclopedia, the latest standard works, the best fiction, children's books—just what the farming community just what Oregon City has in its Carnegie library.
It is just what every farm needs and what every farm home owes to the children. Every school district can have its delivery station and send to the library here for what it wants. Every town can have a branch public library.
This matter is one the voters of this county want to thoroughly think over. It is too good a proposition to let pass. It gives the farms all the library advantages of the city and at a cost so low that any farm can afford it. Multnomah, Hood River, Wasco and Clatsop have taken up this same proposition and have branch libraries, and the farmers would not be without the service.
This matter does not in any way affect Oregon City. The same tax for the Carnegie library will be collected. It is simply offering the people of the country the use of the library here at a cost just sufficient to cover the expense.
Look it over, think it over, and then see if you can afford to turn it down at a tax of three cents on a hundred dollars.

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The time is short to register for the November elections.

THINK THIS OVER

And the More you Consider it, the More you Will Favor It
On the ballot at the election November 4 will be a proposition for the voters of this county to vote on the matter of having a county library in connection with the Carnegie library in this city—the matter of enlarging the present library so that every town may have a branch library if it desires, or may have as good library service as the people in this city.
The proposition is an assessment of three cents on one hundred dollars. The average assessment in the county is less than \$1,500, and the average cost would be 45 cents per property owner.
The county court wants an expression of the people on this matter before it takes action, and the matter will be put to a vote.
In the judgement of the Courier this is a means of education at so low a cost that the voters of this county cannot afford to turn it down.
It will give to every farm home the best encyclopedia, the latest standard works, the best fiction, children's books—just what the farming community just what Oregon City has in its Carnegie library.
It is just what every farm needs and what every farm home owes to the children. Every school district can have its delivery station and send to the library here for what it wants. Every town can have a branch public library.
This matter is one the voters of this county want to thoroughly think over. It is too good a proposition to let pass. It gives the farms all the library advantages of the city and at a cost so low that any farm can afford it. Multnomah, Hood River, Wasco and Clatsop have taken up this same proposition and have branch libraries, and the farmers would not be without the service.
This matter does not in any way affect Oregon City. The same tax for the Carnegie library will be collected. It is simply offering the people of the country the use of the library here at a cost just sufficient to cover the expense.
Look it over, think it over, and then see if you can afford to turn it down at a tax of three cents on a hundred dollars.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Tell the Courier Readers and Help us Make it a Hammer
The Courier has doubled its circulation in the last year and a half, and one of the reasons for its popularity was because of the many interesting letters, on a variety of subjects, written by its subscribers.
Now that the farm work is about done and the busy season dies, we want our subscribers to get in the game again.
We want letters and opinions on any subject. These different views make us all think and they make the columns of a newspaper interesting.
As we have said many times before, it doesn't matter whether or not you spell every word correctly or get in the proper punctuation marks. It is the ideas we want—we will fix the rest.
If you have a pet hobby, a new idea let us see what the other fellows think of it.
The long winter evenings are coming, and we want to make a Courier that will keep you awake nights.
Help us do it.

A Punctuation Mark in Texas

Houston and Galveston are rival cities, and the newspapers never miss a chance to throw the harpoon. Recently a Houston family moved to Galveston, and the Chronicle stated that the little girl got on her knees and said "Good bye God, we're going to Galveston."
The editor of the Galveston paper said that he hadn't an idea but that the child had said that alright, but that he failed to punctuate it right. He said it should be punctuated like this: "Good! By God! We're going to Galveston!"

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Be a Boy Once in a While

There is something in patriotism that does a man good, and the man or woman who hasn't experienced that intoxication of seeing a favorite horse stick his nose under the wire first, his boy cross the tape first in a foot race or the home team win out in the ninth in a ball game—the man who has never had those goose-pimples of satisfaction run up his spine, has lost a lot of sensations that are his by right.
I like to see a man get a little batty once in a while. I like to see him yell his head off at a ball game, throw his hat on the ground and stamp on it, if he feels that way. It brings him out of himself, makes him forget everything in the world but the man at bat, and he's a boy again.
If I didn't have a hobby I'd cultivate one and I'd stay with it until it was a husky growth. The only danger to guard against is not to allow it to run away with you.

Why Farmers Forbid Hunting

Farmers all over the county are bitterly complaining that after they pay for their licenses they have no place to hunt.
The farmers say they are posting their farms for protection to stock, that the hunters can't see nothing ahead of the gun but the China pheasant, and that they are liable to kill farm stock as birds.
A farmer was in the office this week and stated that a valuable calf had been killed, and on being opened several birds were found.
Under these conditions you cannot blame the farmers for posting their farms.

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