

An Independent Republican Newspaper Conducted in the Interests of All Klamath County Without Guile, Subsidy or Perfidy

The Honeymoon Is Over!



Klamath Adventures

Compiled by R. W. HARWOOD (Copyright by Klamath Publishing Company) (All Rights Reserved) EPISODE IV. Afraid of Water

When William Steele, a tall, spare individual, arrived the great Klamath country from Ireland, via Wisconsin, Reno, Nevada, farmers already on the ground took and moved into the foothills. Steele brought some with him, ideas that the farmers believed would prove ruination.

Steele had, of course, stopped over for a time in Reno. As a young fellow he worked in the copper mines. Also, like many other young fellows, he came West by ox team. When he arrived at Reno it was still known as Truckee Meadows; in fact it wasn't anything. There was no railroad when Steele arrived in '64.

The ranch and stock business enticed Steele. In twenty years of hard work he had become prosperous. He ranged cattle on Pyramid Lake in partnership with Dick Fuson. Along about '83 he got the idea that the range was becoming over-crowded, and he set out to look for more.

The Klamath country looked good to him. But he did not approve of the methods then followed by the stockmen. They made little or no winter provision for feeding range cattle. Some tall hay was cut, enough for stock about the ranches. Steele predicted dire disaster would overtake the Klamath stockmen during a hard winter. He believed that alfalfa should be grown during the summer months. Alfalfa required water.

Steele's plans met with opposition from the outset. In '74 a number of citizens had incorporated the Linkville Ditch company, and dug a small ditch heading in Link river about two miles above the town. This ditch had a capacity of forty miners inches. The water it carried was used to grow vegetables on town lots. Steele took over this ditch.

He gave each member of the old company a certificate of one miner's inch of water, amounting in all to forty inches, for the privilege of enlarging the old ditch. Then he set about the work of enlarging and extending the baby project—Klamath's first. It was here opposition manifested, and in several instances condemnation proceedings were used to get through property of irate ranchers.

Steele began the work in '84. The winter was a very mild one, and only half a day's work was lost because of snow. The ditch was extended for fifteen miles into the Klamath valley. Farmers who believed they were sure to be ruined by water moved out of the valley into the foothills. The work cost Steele close to \$20,000, a fortune in those days.

The Steele ditch wound south-easterly along the foot hills for eight miles to a point where it divided into two branches, the main branch running southward for seven miles along a natural divide between Klamath and Lost rivers, controlling some of the best lands in Klamath valley. The east branch continued toward Olene for a short distance. It put about 4,000 acres under water and commanded about 16,000 acres.

The first extended irrigation system was not the only monument Steele left behind him for posterity to enjoy after his death in '88.

He had three daughters. One, Fannie, became the wife of J. Frank Adams, a dashing rancher and cowboy. Another, Minnie E., was married to G. W. Wilson, and later became the wife of Frank Ward. The third, Sophie S., was wooed and won by J. T. Henley, a mining man from Cortes, Nevada.

Steele could not reconcile himself to the lack of shade trees in the Klamath country. He was the

pioneer of the movement to plant trees that the Rotarians of Klamath Falls chamber of commerce are extending at date.

He had been in touch with a nurseryman named C. H. Reno. Conners had trees in Calif., and told Steele to get cuttings there when he wanted them. Steele sent his son-in-law, who was a native about the idea, also.

It is recalled by Mr. Ward that Wilson left the ranch in an "Oregon back," light spring wagons used by pioneers to roam at will in rough country were known. He got as far as the of J. Frank Adams, and the rowed a breaking cart, with to complete the trip.

After several days he came home with four sacks of about finger size. These had two buds each. One rubbed off and the other stuck to the south of the the Wilson-Steele ranch. Draw is now located on the son ranch, which was known as the Kilgus ranch.

The cuttings were bright green and he mistook them for weeds and had them pulled. It was out of that "seed" that plantings came for of fine, beautiful Scotch or English poplars. Wilson lapped up to the bridge—now arboreal to his memory. J. Frank planted out a timber them, and other splendid shade trees in son nursery.

Steele, indomitable Irishman that he was, and a real figure of the west, to have ruined the country, with his money and the remaining years of his life behind the stamp of government made for the increased good of the community. He cost more than he took. He had money and trees from the country with him, and both here.

His ditch later, in '88, was incorporated under the name Klamath Falls Irrigation Company. Henry Ankeny had cured a one-third interest, the reclamation service, the territory this canal occupied a strategic position. It was practically impossible for the government to tap the Upper Klamath lake without dealing with Ankeny-Henley people, who then in control. Litigation actually commenced before company agreed to accept \$100,000 in 1906 for the ditch Steele.

Pressure was brought on farmers as well as the government to effect this deal. There are farmers today who wish the government had actually been kept out.

(Continued tomorrow) With government encouragement Paragony soon will be adding the list of countries having broadcasting stations.

Its inventors have patented umbrellas with an electric light in the handle.

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."—Abraham Lincoln.

Our Champion

Klamath Is Dear to Governor's Heart

Governor Pierce is always ready to come to the rescue of Klamath, and promptly. It took him months to decide to fire Warden Dalrymple. It took him months to advise a grand jury investigation of the anti-Japanese riots at Newport. But it only takes him a few days to get interested in Klamath's troubles—bless his jolly old heart for that.

Purely as political medicine it might be well for Governor Pierce to have a thorough investigation of Klamath's internal affairs. He might lose a few votes by so doing, but he would regain many times over. Those lost he would be better off without.

When the brutal facts are heralded statewide that Klamath county excels in the moonshine industry that alone should entice Governor Pierce.

There is much more than the alleged slugging and inhuman treatment of a city prisoner to interest him.

When lawbreaking comes to such a pass that good citizens throw up their hands in despair, and decency is a mere future hope—well the governor might take a hand.

It is believed that were it possible to place the facts of vice conditions and official rapacity before a grand jury that Klamath Falls would have a house cleaning overnight.

Unfortunately it is felt that a very modern word may have to be written after the above. That is, Blah!

Klamath Falls depends on Mayor Goddard and his crew to handle its affairs making for civic righteousness.

Older Versus Younger

Age Old Problems Confront Indians

Always are younger folk held in check by the old folk.

Maybe it is a safe bet that the old men of the Beatty district Indians awakened many times beside the ashes of a dead campfire in the cold gray dawn of the morning after—heads bursting and eyes bleary—capable only of staggering to the creek in an instinctive search for water into which to plunge their heads.

These old men are now concerned with the morals of the flapper Indians.

That is life.

To the old Indians it might be said that all humans who have survived the riotous days of youth arrive at the same stage of discretion.

There may be ample reason for genuine concern among the older Indians as to where the young folks are to land—but there always is.

Indians or whites, it makes no difference. Experience has taught the futility of youthful madness. Experience offers precept and example out of its store of lore. But youth will accept no substitutes.

Heart & Home Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

HE DOESN'T APPRECIATE HER MARTYRDOM

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Twelve years ago my husband got into trouble with a young girl. For the sake of my four children I stayed with him, trusting that he would be as good in the future as he was before that. But my life has been miserable ever since. I left my home and all my friends for him, which I have been sorry for ever since for he never appreciated any how. Seems as though he would like to be loose and claim everything and me nothing. I know one woman he is fond of for I have seen things with my own eyes. Now Mrs. Thompson, I always have been a respectable woman, considered a good house-keeper and manager. I don't get out any. I would like to go to church but when I speak of clothes he says I don't need any better clothes for church than for every day. Then I try to reason with him but he has such a temper that I can do nothing but worry and that is killing me for I am a nervous wreck. If you can please advise me. WORRIED WIFE.

You have stood enough from your husband. Insist that he provide you with enough money to buy the clothing you need. Let him show his temper. He evidently has learned that by being temperamental he can get the best of you. Anything is better than being worried to death, so have it out with him. I take it your children are along in years now, and if your husband shows no inclination to mend his ways, then do not hesitate to leave him and seek a divorce. You have already done your duty by your children, in staying with him those twelve years. Now do something to insure your own future happiness.

BROWN EYES: I don't blame you for not wanting to go home oftener, considering the reception they gave you, and the way they squabbled over your new dress. However, they still are your parents, and even if mistaken in their

attitude, you still have a duty toward them. Go home whenever you can, if only for a short time, and be tolerant. Just love them for what they are, and keep a stiff upper lip.

GRANDFATHER'S ADVICE:—You want the paper to give me a whole page for my department and raise my salary. That's nice of you. Your care for loneliness is to forget self. This may be more effective with young people than with old. It has always seemed to me that the least selfish person is a very young child, and that we get more selfish as we advance in years.

Children's Fictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. In the picture. Word 4. A form of insanity. Word 5. To pay respects to. Running Down. Word 1. The part of the body in which food is digested. Word 2. A belief. Word 3. The imaginary line which divides the earth into northern and southern hemispheres. YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED.



Dinner Stories

William Lyon Phelps relates that when he was a boy he used to set type on a religious journal which became noted for its typographical errors and misplaced paragraphs. One day in the column "Ministers and Churches," there appeared in the proof "Lillian Russell will wear tights this winter." How it got there no one knew. The editor, in disgust, crossed out the line and wrote "such is life!" on the margin. When the paper appeared it contained among the news of the clergy the item about Miss Russell, followed by the editorial comment, "such is life!"

A bachelor had been persuaded by the ladies' aid of a church to speak at an entertainment provided they would furnish him with subject matter. In a spirit of mischief he had been as subject, "Woman; without her, man would be a savage."

On the night of the entertainment he arose and said: "My subject, which I consider a very fine one, is nevertheless not of my own choosing, but has been furnished me by the ladies, and is: 'Woman, without her man, would be a savage!'"

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B. H. STEVENSON, Secretary, Klamath News Publishing Company. Attest: Walter West, notary public in and for Klamath county, Oregon. My commission expires February 2, 1929.