

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

"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.

## Farmers Show Wisdom

Wish to Learn Who Owns Their Water

During the Klamath irrigation district election this fall one side—the majority—adopted a slogan. It was: "We own the water—let's keep it."

The thought back of that slogan was a sincere belief that the power company, with the connivance of the reclamation service had stolen water belonging to the project. Water users were told, and many believed, that the power company should be made to pay a great share of the heavy cost of water to the farmer—and more. The farmers were told the power company should be made to pay the construction costs of the project.

It is understood the farmers' advisory committee has told the district board to spend \$10,000 if necessary to determine the facts. That is, to abrogate the power contract, if possible.

R. E. Bradbury, president of the board, recently made a trip to Salem as a preliminary move. What he learned there has not been made public, but it is to be hoped he received encouragement. He and the other members of the board will be small potatoes, indeed, and unworthy of further support from their constituents, if they allow this important matter to lapse.

## First Prize Winner.

10 Year Old Boy Writes Good Roads Essay

Out our way we have a nice little gravel pit from which we like to sell gravel to build streets. Once we made concrete blocks to build houses out of sand and gravel from our pit. One time the school board almost built a schoolhouse out of concrete blocks made from sand and gravel out of our pit.

That is the only time we have liked concrete. Since we have liked asphalt. Gravel and asphalt makes nice wavy streets, full of holes. If they make concrete streets they would not use so much gravel. We have no crushed rock to sell. But we have a nice little pit out our way from which we like to sell gravel to build streets. For good roads week, which is coming soon we "urge" more asphalt streets.

"If the thirty pieces of silver which Judas got for betraying Christ had been placed at four per cent interest, assuming their value to be half a dollar each, the Judas Foundation today would claim a mass of gold equal to 345,000 globes the size of this earth," says the Dearborn Independent. Apparently interest has its limitations.

Although there are three million more persons in the city than in the country there are two million more children under ten years of age in the country than in the city. Farmers do their stuff.

## Nine Times Out of Ten



## Heart & Home Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I read your column daily which gives advice to old and young, so I am coming to you with my troubles. To begin with, I am 16 years old. The trouble is with my stepfather. I cannot live under the same roof as he. It makes it very unpleasant for my wonderful mother when he and I start our daily quarrels. My stepfather tells me I am good for nothing, tells me I am crazy and things much worse. I simply go to my bedroom and cry because I cannot stand it. These quarrels begin as soon as I step inside the door. He has also told me to leave home, which I have threatened to do if this keeps up. I am not of age, so tell me of some way I can create more happiness with my stepfather. I hate to have mother and my stepfather quarrel because of me. I hope to find some comfort in your answer. ENY.

You really are too young to leave home and battle your way alone, regardless of how difficult it is for you to live there. I would suggest, Eny, that you practice a little forbearance with your stepfather for your mother's sake. No doubt you, in your youthful ire, retort to his remarks and further inflame him. Practice hearing in silence whatever he has to say to you, no matter how it hurts. When you are older, and better able to stand alone, you can leave such surroundings.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am the mother of three children—boys—and they are considered very beautiful. I've been told many times to enter them for a prize. I am poor and cannot afford to dress them very elaborately or the way I would like to dress them. We have a lot of expense on house and their daddy does not make very much money, unfortunately. Which means I and the little ones have to do without a lot of things we would like to have. Is it too late in the season now for a baby show? I

am kept quite busy at home as my youngest is only seven months old. I do not get much time to go out about those things. His one day time from morning till night with me. Where in how can a baby be entered? Would I have to fuss an awful lot over the clothes problem or is health and looks considered more important? Is this an unusual letter? P. V. K.

Most of the "perfect baby" shows are held in the summer-time, at fairs, etc. Announcement of forthcoming contests usually is made in the newspapers. Most babies are over-dressed, and it is foolish for mothers to pay so much attention to this matter. Cleanliness is the most important thing. And in baby shows no attention is paid to clothing; the infants are judged solely by their physique.

BETTY: Since the young man is only an acquaintance it would not be proper for you to accept an expensive gift from him. He should know that a card is enough, but if he sends a small remembrance, send him a letter of thanks, but do not feel obligated to give him something in return.

## Dinner Stories

An old Scotch lady had the habit of driving to church. Her coachman, when he considered the sermon nearly at an end, would slip out quietly to have the carriage ready. One Sunday John, after hanging about the door, grew impatient. Creeping down the aisle toward his mistress, he whispered: "Is he no near done yet?"

"Dunc!" returned the old lady in high indignation, for her patience had long been exhausted, "he's dunc half an hour since, but he'll no stop!"

A clergyman who was also a wit, once preached rather a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting."

After his congregation had listened for about an hour, some bo-

gan to get weary and went out. Others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister.

Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said:

"That's right, gentlemen: as fast as you are weighed pass out."

And the others waited until the sermon was ended.

The professor had asked time and again for the students to put more personal touch in their themes, so one of the papers which he received ended thus:

"Well, professor, how are the wife and kiddies; and, by the way, before I forget it, could you lend me five dollars?"

An adjustable miter gauge has been invented to insure that rafter timbers for roofs of any pitch are cut at the correct angle.

## Klamath Adventures

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### EPISODE XIII Dry Year Troubles

It is related as an interesting fact that the Van Brimmers, when they cut about a mile through a hill of lower Klamath lakes from the Klamath valley, in cutting their canal, with head in White lake, unearthing was believed to have been a very ancient burial.

These pioneers were not interested in what a god would have gloated over. J. Frank Adams did, he preserve one specimen—the ankle bone of a horse killed, and dug out twenty feet below the surface. Water was what the early ditch builders wanted, not bones.

Was a time on the Klamath, some thousands of years since, when the three-toed horse galloped over the plains of central Oregon and the great Klamath country. While Adams does not profess to believe that his petrified bone belonged to a triple-toed grammivorous quadruped, he would like to see geologists uncover the burial ground that only made the teamsters with their slip scrapers cuss when they ran into it.

What kept the pioneer ditch builders guessing was a bone dry year they encountered. An unusually light rainfall in the winter of '87-'88 lowered the water level of White lake and left the Adams and Van Brimmer's main canal high and dry.

The ditch builders had believed there would be sufficient seepage through the ancient mass of tules lying between Lower Klamath and White lakes to provide water.

Adams had a level which showed him that the water in the Lower Klamath was much higher at times when water was being withdrawn from White lake. He checked against this data with the more practical method of measuring the fall of both lakes, and was sure of himself.

Removal of the tule mass between the two lakes presented a problem. The Van Brimmers were very much disgusted and ready to quit. Suits were threatened because of the lack of water.

Adams had incorporated "The Little Klamath Ditch company" for \$9,000, there being 4500 shares at \$2.00 each, in an effort to raise construction funds, but there was little cash entered the treasury. It was a close corporation, anyhow, Mrs. Adams being the treasurer, for instance, and the other farmers couldn't see the

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## Some Pages from American History

By VICTOR MORGAN

### THE UNKNOWN SEA

Christopher Columbus, who set out from Spain to find a new water route to India, had had his share of adventure.

The story goes that when he was a young man he shipped with some Genoese who got into a fight with a vessel of Louis XI of France. Both ships caught fire and the crew jumped into the sea. Columbus managed to keep afloat until he could hit a passing boat that carried him to Lisbon. That is said to have been his how-do-you-do to Portugal.

But he had the greatest of determination; a determination which more than made up for any lack of scientific knowledge.

The passage over the then unknown Atlantic ocean was pleasant. There were no storms. A little ship trouble caused him to put in at the Canary Islands for a few days to effect a repair.

There is an unproven story that the Portuguese, having grown envious now that Spain had actually fitted out an expedition, sent a fleet to waylay the ships and force their surrender; and that Columbus, seeing the ships in the distance, made haste to be upon his way.

The very balminess of the weather made the seamen uneasy. They were

certain now that plots were afoot and that some gorgon or sea monster would destroy them. They had plots of their own. They planned to leave Columbus overboard, seize the ship, turn about and make for home as fast as their sails would carry them.

The strain was almost at the breaking point. A broken mainmast floated past. The seamen were seized with panic. "The wreck of a ship that has gone before," said they, in consternation.

"Proof that we are near land where there are human beings like ourselves," maintained Columbus. Two sticks fastened together unmistakably by human hands were seen on a wave crest. Hope revived. Columbus promised a silk waistcoat to the man who should see land first.

Two birds believed to live close in shore flew by. A meteor flashed. Fear stalked that they could never find the way home again they were sure.

A false scream of "Land! Land!" A flicker of light.

A half incredulous cry of "Land!" A shout. A great hurrah! Land!

(Tomorrow, Land)