

Many People Hear Prominent Speakers

On the Columbia County Road Bond Issue

ENTHUSIASTIC GOOD ROADS CAMPAIGN COMING TO A CLOSE IN COLUMBIA COUNTY

PEOPLE TURN OUT TO HEAR SPEAKERS

SAMUEL HILL, A. S. BENSON
AND OTHERS PREACH
PROSPERITY GOSPEL.

WASTE OF OLD METHODS SHOWN

\$375,000 SPENT IN COLUMBIA
COUNTY IN 10 YEARS, WITH
POOR RESULTS.

The good roads campaign this week has won many votes for the \$350,000 bond issue for a good roads system in Columbia County.

The principal speakers were Frank Terrace, W. P. Perrigo and H. M. Parry, farmers of King County, Wash., who told of the practical benefit they, as farmers, had received from road improvement in their county.

In addition to these there were Samuel Hill, who treated of the practical phase of the road question; Professor J. H. Collins, principal of the Rainier public schools; L. Griswold, who as the representative of State Highway Engineer Rowley explained the aim of the state highway commission, and R. A. Yount of Rainier, president of the Columbia County Good Roads Association, who covered the ground generally.

The road between Clatskanie and Maynet, over which the speakers traveled, furnished a text for many of the speakers upon which to expatiate on the advantages of good roads.

The following are some of the speeches that have been delivered at meetings already held:

Chairman W. A. Hill—We have met here this afternoon to talk over good roads, and we have some distinguished gentlemen with us that have travelled all over this country and all over the world; in fact every State in the Union and every country in the world; something the people of Clatskanie do not have the privilege of enjoying very often.

I will call on Mr. Robert Yount, of Rainier, President of the Good Roads Association of Columbia County, who will give us a few words of introduction. (Applause.)

Robert Yount—Ladies and gentlemen, this I consider one of the most important periods in the history of Columbia County. I feel that we are just now on the eve of deciding practically the fate of the County as a County; that is, whether we are going to open this country up or whether we are going to stay a backwoods district as we are commonly known to the outside world.

Now, the question has been hashed over and studied over, I suppose, from every angle that it is possible for us to find. It has been proven in other places that bonding is about the best means—however, it may have some imperfections—about the best means of getting the funds necessary to build roads; and there are reasons for that.

\$800,000 Spent in Ten Years.
First and foremost is the fact that you can get money enough together at one time to accomplish something worth while. Now, we have spent, according to the records at St. Helens, over \$800,000 in the last ten years upon the roads, such as we have today. That is quite a goodly sum of money. People that are acquainted with the facts in regard to building say that about one-third—I believe I am right in that; if I am not, correction may be made—about one-third of the funds spent in road building are spent in assembling and disassembling the men and material.

In other words, if you have \$3 to spend on roads it costs \$1 to get the material on the road and get started; and the remaining \$2 is spent in actual construction. Now then, it does not cost any more to assemble an amount of material sufficient to do \$1,000,000 worth of work than it does to get the same number of men and teams and material, and all that sort of thing, together for \$100,000 worth of work; so we save in that way.

Another thing, the law of the State

is such that we can only get so much money. Now, our County assessment this year is 9½ mills; that is all we can get—1 per cent I understand is the entire limit for any one year. Now, if we undertake to build roads by the regular assessment we will have this 1 per cent rate along every year and with that every year we will accomplish good roads finally, but with 2 per cent of the assessed valuation of the County we can get money enough together so that we may complete a good trunk line or two and have the use of them while we are paying for them.

Good Roads Prosperity's Foundation.
Now, there are a good many people who seem to think it is unnecessary work. There are some things bearing on that, that probably some of us have not taken into consideration. One of them is this: The State of Oregon—not alone the State of Oregon, but a great many other States throughout the country—are concentrating on good road building; they are turning their minds and their nerve to accomplish that end—the well-known foundation of prosperity.

The State of Oregon is just now on the eve of voting herself to assist in road building, and there is every evidence pointed to the fact that the state will assist such counties as assist themselves. Now, bring it right here to us, it is in this way: We are the only gap in the Columbia Highway from Hood River to the ocean.

Clatsop County on one side of us and Multnomah County on the other side of us is preparing this highway. Now, then, if the state goes ahead and levies an assessment and sets aside a certain fund for the purpose of hard surfacing and maintaining these roads; if we get in and build our road, like we are asked to do, we will get our share of it; if we don't do it, we will build our own roads complete and we will help the other fellow pay for his. Now, boys, that is what it is going to be, just as sure as you are alive.

Portland to Be Great City.
One-third of the population of the state lives in Portland and Portland's prosperity as a city depends upon the prosperity of the adjacent country. Every one knows that. They are fighting for themselves, fighting to make a great city there, and they are going to make it, and there is no use for us fellows to stay out here and throw chunks under the wheels of progress, because it won't do any good; we will stay here and get run over. These things are coming, just as sure as you live. If you pick up the papers and read the news and watch the general trend of sentiment, you will find that the State of Oregon, through the Legislature, will set aside funds for that purpose, that is, the hard surfacing of the state highways. Now, if we fill up the gap in this highway, lots of people will say "What does the Columbia Highway mean to us? It is just an automobile road."

God bless you, even if it is an automobile road it is a good road for anything else. But it isn't just an automobile road; it is a business road, over which you are going to haul your produce, a road that will do business of every nature, something to the laterals to you. You never in your life saw a railroad or a river opened for commerce that the main channel was not opened first; that is always the way, the only way.

Now, the Columbia Highway is known throughout the United States—probably throughout the world—as one of the greatest roads in the United States. Men that have traveled the world over say that we have everything here that any country has in the way of scenery, and more; men that have traveled the world over say that we have everything here in the way of climatic conditions, richness of soil and everything that goes to make a prosperous country, excepting roads.

That is the opinion of men who have spent a lifetime trying to find out and TWO—32115—O C Leiter—P L Co— learn these things. When they come to us and tell us these things—that we have all of these good things—that we can't reach out and get them—we can't reach out and get them—they have an ax to grind or that they are lying to us or trying to pull the wool over our eyes.

'Let Us Fill the Gap.'
Why should they? These men do not do these things; so, for heaven's sake, let us fill that gap.

I would be ashamed to look a Clatsop County or a Multnomah County man in the face if we sat here and allowed that gap to remain. We are the only ones with the say-so, whether or not that road shall be completed and known as the grand scenic highway, as a business road to open up the country—one of the grandest countries that lays out of doors.

Now, I ask you that in all confidence, I have no ax to grind, not even a hatchet. I don't suppose it will ever mean a great deal to me in dollars and cents, other than what I will get from the general prosperity of the country. I am in business as a plumber, and if the country grows and the men build homes and improve the country, I will probably get a little work to do, if I do a good job. But I would probably get that anyway. I would probably get all I could do anyway, but I want to live in a country where every man has the best of everything; where our children can grow up and be equal to any man's children. I want my boys and girls to feel that they are growing up here in Columbia County to go out in the world and do their share of the world's work. (Applause.)

Chairman W. A. Hill—Any one may feel at liberty to ask questions at any time. The gentlemen here will answer the questions if they can. If anybody wants to fire any questions at them, do so.

W. P. Perrigo Speaks.
We have with us a gentleman from King County, Washington, the county in which Seattle is situated, a gentleman who came in there 35 years ago and helped to build the trails there, and after building the trails they built the roads, and after awhile they built better roads, and now they have a brick highway that cost in the neighborhood of \$25,000 a mile. This gentleman is Mr. W. P. Perrigo, a granger from Washington, a man that has gone through the mill; one among the rest of you, a man after your own heart; you are at liberty to ask him any questions you wish. We will now hear from Mr. Perrigo, please.

W. P. Perrigo—Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: When I started from Seattle last night I thought I was starting for Oregon, and this morning I heard the familiar voice of Brother Hill. He woke us up on the car and took us up to a big hotel in Portland, and I didn't hear anything but German out of him or anybody else. The talk was German, the people were German and the victuals were German, and I said:

"My God? what has happened to me in the night? I have landed in Germany."

Then when I got down to this town Mr. Hill showed me a sign, "The Panama," and said, "You are in Panama."

Never Say Die Spirit Invoked.
But as I look at your faces this afternoon I realize that I am in the United States of America. I realize that I am in the grandest country under the sun; I realize that I am in a country that leads the world; I realize that my great-grandfathers, my great-grandfather fought to make this country. If they had realized that they were licked right along when it seemed so, we would not be here today, but they never found it out.

Our revolutionary fathers never knew they were whipped, and consequently they never were whipped. The good roads people of this Northwest never know they are whipped, and they never were whipped, and by the great gods, they never will be whipped.

You may storm at Sam Hill and his associates all you are a mind to, you might just as well storm at Mt. Rainier, when she clears off you will find her there just as beautiful as ever.

I don't think I can say anything to entertain you, I don't want to entertain anybody particularly. I am not an orator. I am a backwoodsman. I came first from a British Colony where I was born an American citizen, but coming here from the New England States, nearly 38 years ago, I landed in what is now called the City of Seattle. There was a little bark and sawdust and about 2500 people. That man Yessler whittled it out. He could not whittle it all with a saw mill so he used a big jack knife. It was called Yesslerville. Any of you who knew the old man can remember his pine boards and sharp knives, he never could do business without whittling, and he did good business.

Pioneering Told.
I went back into the woods across Lake Washington and took my wife with me. She knew nothing of this wild West. She knew nothing of the Indians and all those things. She was a nice little woman, if she was my wife. We went over a trail. There had just been a freshet and we had no bridges, nothing.

Ladies and gentlemen, that little woman was there ten years before she saw the outside. Why? It was such a task to get out, and we didn't have very good clothes, and so, gentlemen, she didn't get out for ten years. Now, that is a good while, isn't it? It requires a good deal of patience.

One of the first things we thought of was roads. Why? Because if we had anything to sell we could not get it out. If we bought anything we could

not get it in, had to lug it on our backs thirty miles or freight along the river. We would take a canoe with an ax in it. We had to cut our way through until the loggers could get in and clear it out. Pretty hard place to put a woman in, but we were happy. No American will be content with his lot when he can make it better. (Applause) and no American will be contented with his neighbor's lot if he can make it better. If he is, he is no man at all.

I never was in the State of Oregon before, but Oregon is the sister of Washington and Washington is a sister of Oregon, and I am the adopted son of Washington. Therefore Oregon is my aunt, and dear aunt, this is the first time we have met, and I say to my aunt, I like you.

Good People, but Bad Roads.
I like the looks of your people. I like the looks of your country, but there is one thing that I do despise and that is your infernal rotten roads. (Applause.)

It is a wonder this beautiful valley doesn't blush by the side of such a road as we came over.

Over the trail that my wife and I traveled in 1877 today there is a first-class Warrenite road. I have traveled over that road, 5½ miles, in eight minutes, and the automobile stage schedule is 10 minutes, and the automobile truckmen bring my stuff to me at my door at about 1 cent per 100 less than the railroad will bring it to the depot. We don't have any cartage to pay in the city because the automobile men go to the store and get the stuff and land it at my door. We don't even have to go there to order, for there is competition in this auto-truck business and each man is willing to do the best he can and each one of the dealers is trying to get the trade. The consequence is that we get our stuff cheaper if we just leave it to him. These are some of the advantages of good roads. Another advantage is the increased valuation of property. If some of you gentlemen, or a body of men here owned 20 sections of land, in a row, two sections together—ten miles long—we will say it is a country where you can build a road reasonably straight—whether you are real estate men or what you are, if you would dispose of that property—I'm sure you will bear me out that the first thing you would do would be to build a first-class road from one end of that to the other, if for no other purpose than to dispose of your property. Or, if you were going to cultivate it—to dispose of your stuff. There is no real estate man here that will dispose me there—it will pay you big—big investment. I think any man here will grant that that is a fact.

Benefits Enumerated.
Now, why not put a road through your county that will develop the valuation to the owner for his own use if he doesn't want to sell? It will double the valuation of every acre within five miles; it will give you a chance.

You can build more churches, more schools, institutions of learning, hospitals; whatever you want to build these roads will bring you. Our roads have brought us electric lights, they are bringing in manufacturing industries, everything follows good roads, and nothing follows where there are no roads. Go to the nations of the earth where they haven't good roads and what will you find? I don't need to tell you, you know yourself.

I am not saying what method you should take, you are the doctor. It is the people that are going to do this, or it won't be done. It is practically the whole people that is going to do this. I think I can see in your faces this, that you are not going to wait to be begged as the people in King County waited to be begged. You are not going through the fight in this country that King County went through. Every rotten politician in King County was opposed to the roads; every granger in King County was opposed to the making of good roads. Sam Hill settled up there, and the men backed Sam Hill. There was all the mud slinging that you can imagine. Mind you, that was not by all the people of King County, but those who had certain interests, those who worked to get the votes of the people for their own benefit—give me a man that is for his country first, last and all the time. That is the kind of a man we want to build roads, and the big majority of you are for your country. A man who lives for himself alone is not as good as a hog because a hog is good when he is dead. He is good for pork. (Applause.)

Plea Made for Patriotism.
Now I have come here because, as I have said, I am a common, plain, hard-working man, nothing more, nothing less. I have done what I could for this movement, and I will do what I can, as long as I live, I suppose. What I ask you people to do in this matter—I don't know very much about what you will do, I know what you need. I know that. What I would ask you people to do is to do first just what you think is best for yourselves and your families, to do that which is best for your country, to do that good American citizens ought to do, and when I say good American citizens, I mean every man, native or foreign, who loves the Star Spangled Banner. (Applause.)

Chairman W. A. Hill—Gentlemen, before Mr. Hill begins to speak I want to impress upon all of you here to

bring the ladies out tonight. Mr. Hill is going to show some pictures here this afternoon that cannot be seen anywhere else in the world; he is the only man who has such pictures, and he has shown them all over the world, and it will be worth your while to bring the ladies out. It is a clean performance from beginning to end, and we want every man to have his wife beside him tonight. "If you can't do that," a man here says, "bring somebody else's wife." The women should be the good roads enthusiasts; men get out some way or another, but woman is the stay-at-home. I think if you give the women a good fair chance she will vote for good roads.

Sam Hill Lauded.
I do not feel that I could say anything that would throw bouquets at Mr. Hill. I have known Mr. Hill for a year or two. He took us up last winter and showed us where he was building roads up at Maryhill, spending his own money demonstrating to the people of this state and the State of Washington how to build roads, and not asking anybody else for the money. Mr. Hill is using his own substance in this way. He feels that he is doing a good work and you will think as I do when you hear Mr. Hill speak. He had a special car and took us all up and down the coast and had automobiles meet us and took us over the roads on the side hill that he had built. We have Mr. Hill with us this afternoon and he is going to speak to you and show us these pictures. He will explain them as he produces them. (Applause.)

Samuel Hill—Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I think before I speak, if Mr. Middleton is ready, we will show the moving pictures of some of the good roads that have been referred to. I think that will give you an idea, perhaps, of how they look. You can understand then something of what these men know that talk about good roads. The pictures will show the convict work on the road at Lyle and will also show some of the roads at Maryhill, Washington, as they appeared during the time the Oregon Legislature paid us the compliment of coming up there to see them. I do not know in just what order the pictures come, as I have not seen the film. It was taken by the Pathe people, and they tell me that it has been seen by one-third of the people of the United States—over 30,000,000 people.

Convict Road Labor Shown.
You will see first the Washington convicts—humane treatment of the convicts while building the Pacific Highway—working near Carroll's Point on the Columbia River, the worst point between Seattle and Portland.

One hundred convicts there cut out 8000 cubic feet of rock and it is now the finest portion of the highway. Going forward you will see men working on the road. Today that is a smooth hard surface road in very fine shape. Here are the County Commissioners, of the county watching the men take out rock preparatory to blasting. This shows the progress of the work along the Columbia River. These convicts did just as much work, and I think a little more, than the free labor, but quite as effective; they earned per man, per day, \$3.95. You will see them here, with a front guard and rear guard, on their way to another part of the work—not a bad-looking bunch of boys, as you see. Here they are drilling by hand in solid rock. These convicts are trusted with dynamite and powder of all kinds. You could not distinguish in that camp between free labor and convict labor.

Maryhill Road is Model.
One of the views of the Columbia River from the Pacific Highway. At the time the work was stopped in Washington there were 500 men on the work there. Governor West has gone over east of the mountains in the effort to locate camps for the unemployed at that point. Here the men are returning to camp after a day's work. This is a view of the good roads of the Northwest, built at Maryhill. I built 10 miles of highway in the State of Washington to serve as a model for the United States. As a matter of fact, it turned out to be a model for the entire world. There are no roads anywhere in the world superior to this. Nor is there a paved street in Portland, or Seattle, or Los Angeles, in all the East, or in Europe, that will surpass this road on the Columbia River.

Train going by—this is the station from which we went in automobiles the whole length of the road.
These roads have been down three summers and are going into the third winter and thus far there is not a flaw or crack in the roads, although when the roads were only two days old they moved 21,000 bags of grain over them and the farmers saved \$54,000 hauling over the roads last year. The roads themselves cost \$125,000, and \$54,000 of wheat alone was saved in one season's haul. (Attention was called to other features of the film, but no particular point was made that could be intelligible without showing the pictures.)

Frank Terrace Introduced.
Now, ladies and gentlemen, before I show the real pictures, these are only just incidental. I want to introduce to you another one of my friends, Brother Frank Terrace, of White River Grange. Brother Perrigo you have just heard from, and Brother Terrace and Brother Parry are here also. These three men have done more, perhaps, than any three men in the State of Washington to further the cause of the highway improvement.

Brother Frank Terrace has contributed more in proportion to his means for highway improvement than any other single man in the United States. Mr. Parry, whom you will see and hear from this evening, is a man who raises strawberries at Richmond Beach and he sells these berries for a living, and sells other plants and fruits. He could not come down last week as we had planned to come, because he has a Berkshire sow, and he had to stay at home until she pigged. He is a practical man. All practical men do their own work in their own way. Mr. Terrace has been all over the world. He began life as a cabin boy and left his majesty's navy at 21 an able seaman. He represented the United States at the labor organization meeting in Brussels.

I want you to listen to what these men have to say because they have come from their homes into Oregon simply to bear to you what they believe to be a message. They have nothing to sell. They get no pay. Mr. Benson and I defer the expenses of the railroad tickets, and we hope you will give them something good to eat, and if you do that it is all we will ask of you in the matter.

Now I want to present to you my good farmer friend, Mr. Frank Terrace. (Applause.)

Brother Terrace—Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: This road question is an awful important question. It is the most important question before the American people today. There is nothing like it because you must know that everything we eat and drink and wear has to be hauled over these roads. Our men and women and children use these roads every day of their lives, either directly or indirectly, therefore you see that it is an important question, is this road question.

I remember how I became a road convert into this great cause. I paid a visit some few years ago to the old country. I went from this country and I rode on your beautiful trains and I crossed over your streams on your beautiful bridges. I went into Chicago and into Washington and saw your beautiful monuments in your parks, and your beautiful buildings. In New York I saw one of marble towering up 40 stories high, and when I got into Liverpool, and Manchester, and London, I looked at their trains and their bridges across their streams and their buildings, and I came to the conclusion that there was nothing in England that would come up to my adopted country. But when I got out on that beautiful North road, running from Edinburgh to London, 200 feet wide, with a beautiful trimmed hedge as far as your eyes could carry you, and in the month of June everybody was on that road, both rich and poor, turning that beautiful road into a pleasure park. It took my mind back to my own adopted country here in Washington, where my own family and my own neighbors were trudging through the mud for six months in the year, and it made me hang my head in shame. In the name of God, are we not big enough and able enough to have as good roads as any nation in the world?

Grangers Had Wrong Notion.
I came home with the determination that I was going to put in my time advocating for roads, either in season or out of season, which I have done. One day I noticed a little piece appeared in the paper that Samuel Hill, the great apostle of good roads, was going to deliver a lecture in Seattle and to the people of the United States about good roads, and I went down to hear what Mr. Hill had to say. I was well impressed and I came to the conclusion that Mr. Hill was sincere in what he was saying; that he meant what he was saying. I came home and I told my neighbors—I was then master of the White River Grange—as to what I had heard. They threw up their hands and said, "What? Him? He is a railroad man, what does he want of good roads? It is to his interest to have no roads at all."

Now, let me tell you a little tale right now that fits in good here. I have said it before and I hope I will say it again. There was an old lady in the old country and she was awful hard up, but she was very pious. There were two or three of the boys that knew this and one of them said, "Wouldn't it be a good idea if we would go and buy a five-cent loaf of bread and throw it in to the old lady and see what she would do?" The old lady was sitting in her little cottage with her back to the door. The door opened on the street, and there was not a light in the house. They went and threw this loaf into the middle of the floor. The old lady turned around, and saw the loaf. She ran and grasped it, and got down on her knees and thanked the Lord. One of the

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