

ENTHUSIASTIC GOOD ROADS CAMPAIGN IS COMING TO A CLOSE

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boys poked his head through the door and he said, "Betty, do you mean to say that the Lord sent you the loaf?" "Yes, my dear boy, the Lord sent it if the devil did fetch it." (Applause.)

I want you just remember this little story. I told my neighbors, what difference did it make to them if Mr. Hill was a railroad man or if he was the devil himself, as long as we got the roads through his influence. (Applause.)

Agitation Gets Road.
Through agitating and talking we got the County officials persuaded that they would furnish the material for a mile and a half of road which was to be built along the river going to Seattle, and Mr. Hill was to furnish the man that would supervise the construction of that road, as he thought at that time there was not a man in the whole State of Washington that was able to construct a road of that type.

The result was we got started, and it was a costly piece of road. It was built at a cost of \$20,000 a mile, and when you spoke to our farmers in our valley of roads costing \$20,000 a mile they throw up their hands in horror. Why wouldn't they? They lived in the valley that was made by floods and freshets, just the same as that land is lying out on the banks of the Columbia river. In bad weather you know there was no bottom to it. In the winter time the soil was 100 feet deep, no finer land ever on earth than it was. But when good prices prevailed in the markets in the winter time we could not haul our crops out. Therefore we had no money to construct roads.

They were in an impoverished condition. They were not business men enough to know that if they had roads to market the produce that was rotting on the ground, that they would have money to build roads and school houses and all the necessities of life, that they need.

The result was the road was built and just after that road was built we had one of the greatest floods that we ever had in our country. Nine feet of water stood over the top of that road, and you can depend upon it that for nine days and nights I never slept.

Road Nine Days Submerged Still Good.
The neighbors would say, "Mr. Terrace, your \$20,000 road has gone down the river." You can depend on it that if it had gone down the river I would have had to leave the country, and Brother Hill—well, they would have hanged him if he had gone there.

But the result was, when the water fell the road was none the worse for being under water for nine days. The farmers are now going down our valley and going into Seattle with produce in the winter time, and instead of the steam flying off the horses and the tongue flying from side to side, when the horses come to that beautiful piece of a mile and a half of road they climb up on the top of it and the driver puts the lines down and takes his pipe out of his pocket and lights it, and the horses go along wagging their tails and snorting. (Applause.)

But how about when the horses would come to the other end and had to haul off of that beautiful road into the mud and slush. The horses would step from side to side the same as you farmers have seen your own horses do when they didn't want to take a swampy place.

God bless my life, the horses had more sense than the men. Well, sir, as you know, a good piece of road is like a good restaurant, it always does its own advertising. That mile and one-half of road advertised its own work and the farmers were so well pleased with that mile and a half of road that they built three miles on to the end of it, and then they built three more miles onto the end of it, and they built three miles on to the end of it again. They never asked the price. They wanted the best that money could buy, and the result was when it got up into the White River Valley where I live, the road forked and we were about equally divided. About half of the farmers were on one side and half on the other side and there was only money enough for one road, and we fought among ourselves for two years as to who would get that road.

Produce Marketed Easily.
Now, Mr. Chairman, let us get down and see what benefits have been derived from the road. If we have no benefits from a road we better not build any roads. Now, one year I raised seventy tons of cabbage. I had to haul that cabbage into Seattle to the sauerkraut factory, thirteen miles each way, twenty-six miles I had to travel. I had large horses ranging from 1700 to 1800 each and you farmers know that means big horses, and 2500 pounds was the best I could do. You know cabbage comes on in the fall when the roads are in bad shape, bad condition; and I would get home at night—starting, say, at 6 o'clock in the morning and getting home at 6 at night—tired man and tired team.

Bigger Loads—Lighter Teams.
Allowing myself \$5.00 a day for my team and myself, which was little

enough, it therefore made it that it took \$5.00 to land that 2500 pounds of cabbage into the market. Now, with our improved roads, we have just as even a road as any city in the land has got in their streets, and I can start out from home now and put 5,000 pounds on, double what I put on before, and I only have a 1400 pound team against 1700 and 1800 before. I leave home at 8 o'clock in the morning and I can trot along over those roads with 5,000 pounds and return home without turning a hair of the team, it is a pleasure to drive over it. You are farmers and business men enough to see what that saved me in 70 ton of cabbage.

I am a dairyman also, and before we had these improved roads we would pay the railroad company 1 cent a gallon to take our milk in to the city of Seattle and that meant to fetch the milk cans back and leave them at the station. Now we have three lines of automobile trucks running into our valley, running on schedule time just the same as your railroads are running out here. These automobile trucks now take the milk right from our farms and fetch the empty cans back and they charge us 3/4 of a cent a gallon against 1 cent a gallon that the railroad charged and we had to hitch up every morning and drive our teams on an average of two miles from the farms to the railroads to take the milk and fetch the empty cans back; we spent two or three hours time which we are now saving and we were paying 3/4 cent a gallon more for hauling the milk. That alone, gentlemen, with 325,000 people in the city of Seattle to be fed with milk, that alone, would pay the cost of that road every year. (Applause.)

It has been my experience that it is not the man that pays the heavy taxes that kicks the most against building these modern roads. I well remember in our own county that we met before the county commissioners when they were trying to raise \$40,000 to put a certain road through. There was a man there that was sort of used to kicking and knocking for all that was in him. He had been kicking and knocking all morning, and when we adjourned at noon the county commissioner said to his clerk:

"Just you go and find out what this fellow pays for taxes and see what his proportion will be of that \$40,000."

We met again at 2 o'clock and he started everlasting knocking and kicking like he had been knocking all morning, and the county commissioner says to him, "Collins, you have been objecting all morning and now you are at it again, do you know how much your proportion will be of that \$40,000?"

He had to admit that he didn't know, and the County Commissioner says, "I know, it is just 35 cents." (Applause.)

Knockers Pay Little Taxes.
Mr. Chairman, you can depend on it, I don't know anybody in this county, but I think if you will inquire into the standing of the men in this county that do the greatest knocking, it is the men that are paying very little taxes.

You have a good deal of standing timber in this county, you have railroads, you have sawmills, and I think the same rule will apply in this county that applies in the county and the state that I come from—of every four dollars that goes into the building of these modern roads, the railroads and the men that hold the timber and the sawmills and public works, they pay three dollars where the farmers pay one; and you will find that it is not these men who are paying the bills that are howling about paying these taxes, because they are all business men, and they know very well that by the spending of that money returns will come back in a direct way; and the farmers that are going to get the most benefit are the men that are doing the kicking; that has been my experience. But, as I told you before, you only need to start, and when you get started it will take care of itself. We didn't go into this thing gradually, as I told you. We built a mile and a half of road and we have gradually increased until we have beautiful roads running the length and breadth of the county, east, west, north and south, and we haven't stopped at that. They are so well pleased with our roads and know that it is a good business proposition, and they have bonded themselves again for three million dollars, which we have to spend, and \$1,750,000 additional out of the general road and bridge fund, that makes very nearly five million dollars to spend now, notwithstanding the roads we have already. We did not go into this without knowing what we were doing; we know it is a good business investment and we know we will get returns and you will be the same way when once you get started.

Roads First Step to Progress.
I want to tell you men and women of Oregon here, probably you don't know what you have got here. You have got three states here, Washington on the north and California on the south, with Oregon in the center—three of the finest states, a strip of the finest land that ever laid out of doors. If you had a wall built so high that you could keep everybody out, and allow nothing to get in, we

would enjoy more luxuries than any people on the face of God's green earth. We never get failures; we may get a little more some years than from others, but we never have failures. We have our immense fisheries here, our immense forests, our wheat fields, our fruit, our copper and our gold; in fact, we have everything that man needs. Now, here, you men and women, don't you see the great strides they are making to the north, also the great strides they are making in California in this road building, putting the finishing touch on these great states that God Almighty has given us. Why don't you put the finishing touch on by building roads through your country? And after you have built roads, telephones, electric lights and heating will follow. We have just granted a franchise for our county to lay pipe to our farms for power on our farms and in our houses. This would have been impossible without the roads. You have immense waterfalls in your states, the same as we have. Why not utilize them and get the benefit, for God Almighty put it there so you could get it—at your very door.

Now, we think it is a great undertaking. It does look like a great undertaking, but after you once get started, your only trouble will be that you may run wild on the building of good roads. That is our trouble today. We have hard work to hold them back; everybody wants the best that money can buy in roads, and we have got to be careful that we don't run wild on the building of roads, and that will be the history of your state, once you get started. You must not be discouraged, because after you do get started it is no trouble; it will take care of itself, but it is a hard matter to get started. I have just rode over one of your beautiful roads here (applause), and it very nearly shook me to death. They told me it was only eight miles long, but I thought it was forty-four. (Applause.)

Samuel Hill—Ladies and Gentlemen:
It is now a quarter past three and I will not make any lengthy talk this afternoon, but I wish to show you some pictures. I want you to see Brother Parry just for a moment so you can see the kind of men up there in Washington. I would like to ask him to step up here and let you look at him. He will speak to you some time this evening.

I only know four ways of getting good roads. The first is by having the roads given to you, as in the case of Mr. S. Benson, who gave the money for the shell rock road (\$10,000); second, by direct taxation, levying taxes and spending the money to build roads; third method is by deferred payment, deferred taxation in the way of issuance of bonds, and fourth by utilizing convict labor, that product which our civilization makes, for which you and I each in turn are responsible—no great enterprise succeeds that does not utilize all of the by-products and our civilization makes a by-product called convicts, for which you and I are in part responsible; and so, 15 years ago I conceived the idea of utilizing that convict labor on the roads. At first it was laughed at; we persisted year after year, and two years ago when Brother Terrace and I were at New York at the annual meeting of our great Road Builders' Association, we were particularly pleased to have that entire body adopt that policy for all of the United States. Here in your own State of Oregon, Governor West is doing great work with the convicts.

Work of Convicts on Roads.
When I first proposed that in Washington, they said to me, "Mr. Hill, do you propose to turn out all of the convicts in the State?" I said, "No, I propose to do this, to offer all these men you have kept in prison six months of the year of out-door freedom—we built the first convict road in the history of the State, and now it has been adopted as a National policy throughout all of the United States. In Philadelphia I called together over four thousand delegates to the American Road Builders' convention, and one of the main speakers when that convention was called to order was the Chairman of the Committee on Roads of our National Congress at Washington. They were all very much afraid of him. I went over to Washington and sent my card in to him and he came out and I asked him to come to Philadelphia and talk to that convention. He said they would not let him talk. "Who won't let you talk? You will talk if I am there to keep order, won't you? And I shall be there and keep order." I told him to talk just as long as he pleased, and he came there and made the usual talk about living in Missouri—33,000 people in the district and could only afford mud roads, and so on, and did not care to build automobile roads for the idle rich. We were in the great opera house in Philadelphia and the Mayor introduced me and before I made my talk I showed the pictures, and then I stepped down in the audience and I answered the talk of the previous speaker in such a way as to gain the confidence and

command the respect, and he came over and said, "Mr. Hill, I don't understand this thing at all; you are all right, you are trying to do the best for the people." I said, "Yes, everybody."

He said, "Hereafter, Mr. Hill, all you have to do is to send me word, for I am sure the people will get what they want in the road way."

The next day the door opened and three men came in. "How can I serve you, gentlemen?" "I am President of the Automobile Association," said one, "This is the Vice-President, and this is the Treasurer." "Gentlemen, be seated. What do you want to talk to me about?"

"We want to know if the time has not come to get all of the road associations in the United States into one body." "What can we bring? Why, we represent one hundred thousand members, who pay eight dollars a year; eight hundred thousand dollars." "We have no money and no membership like that, our total organization is only 1,000 and you have 100,000; our money is only a handful and you have eight hundred thousand dollars; why do you come to see me; why do you come from New York to Philadelphia to see me?" He said, "Mr. Hill, we come to see you because you have got the American people with you, because they listen when you talk; you go to congress and a man comes out and listens; and we cool our heels outside the door and nobody listens to us." "Don't you know why? Isn't it very patent why? Isn't it because you are working for yourselves, isn't it because the people always know down in their own hearts whether you are working for them or yourselves? I could not join your organization, my work does not lie in that line. My work lies in trying to help those women out there on the Western Coast. I see them standing in the door and looking out over a sea of mud, or of alkali dust in the summer, in their loneliness and isolation. My God! and perhaps insanity at the end, so way out; my work lies there. I could not join your association. I would not feel at home when I go back to my own people."

Pretty soon the door opened again and in came a man. He said, "Mr. Hill?" "Yes, sir, but I do not know you." "My name is Pat Crowe, of Omaha." "Pat Crowe, the man who kidnapped the Cadaby boy?" "Yes, sir." "Why do you come to see me?" "I want to see the one man in America who knows how to handle the convict question, the one man who has done something for those unfortunates of whom I am one; putting them out in the open air. I have your picture in my pocket, Mr. Hill; do you know that throughout the United States every three years the penitentiaries empty, and where ever you go throughout the United States, always, in every audience that you speak to, wherever you are, you will find in your work men who have heard you talk in the penitentiary." Was not that a contrast? One door opens and the president of a great organization, and again the door opens and in comes a convict. So I say, the real work is not for one body of men or for one special class, but for all, for everybody. That is your work here, every man in this room. You can just make up your minds that the men I brought here to talk to you are sincere; they bear the earmarks of sincerity. I believe they are honest and tell the truth; they have no ax to grind, nothing to sell, they did not come here for some special pull, some inside affair of some kind; they just came here to tell about this question as they have found it to be.

I didn't mean to talk at all, but just to show the pictures. I have in my collection pictures that I have taken of the roads and the scenery in Europe, France, Germany, Italy, and I will show some of them to you along with pictures of our own country and our own locality. (One of the slides shown by Mr. Hill showed the land grants that had been set aside for the purpose of promoting the building of roads, and in this connection Mr. Hill stated that he did not wonder the people of Oregon sometimes felt they had been imposed upon.) You have now in Oregon a body of men willing to go ahead and build these roads honestly, men I know who know how to build roads, and who are honest and upright. (Interspersed between the pictures Mr. Hill explained methods of building, the advantages of good roads, etc. The pictures themselves carried the greatest argument, and plainly demonstrated that with improved highways the scenes of the Columbia would attract the tourists of the world, many of whom, coming to see, would be impelled to invest and become citizens.)

O. B. Bennett, Chairman: Ladies and gentlemen, we believe in starting off on time. It is now 8 o'clock and these gentlemen have come here for the purpose of giving you the benefit of their experience and their knowledge in the matter of building roads; building good roads; they have had experience and that is what they will tell you. We have Mr. Hill, and Mr. Griswold who is the Assistant State

Highway Engineer, and the three gentlemen that we had on the bills, are with you tonight. I have selected those from the audience whom I considered the most handsome to come up in front. It may be that I have overlooked some one that you might wish to hear from to start this meeting off. (Calls from the audience for Benson.) Mr. Benson will please come forward; he needs no introduction to the people of Clatskanie. (Applause.)

A. S. Benson: I think this is taking an unfair advantage of me to ask me to make a talk when I don't know how to do it. I don't think Columbia County could do anything that will do it so much good as to put this road through. I have studied the matter quite a little and I do not think there is any doubt about it. That is all I will attempt to say, gentlemen. I thank you very much. (Applause.)

Chairman Bennett: Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Parry, from King's County, Washington, a man who has had experience in good roads, a member of the grange at that place. (Applause.)

Henry A. Parry: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I am not accustomed to standing before an audience and making a talk. I can talk with people right at home, right around our own fireside, and in meetings of clubs and good roads, etc. I am quite at home with them, but when I am amongst strangers I am a little bit shy; but this good roads question has gone very close to my heart. Beleg born and raised very close to the old Roman road, built before the birth of Christ—I have always enjoyed that road; there were other roads leading to it that were in bad shape, but the moment you got on that road there was a thrill, both through the people riding in the vehicle, and through the horses you were driving.

Difficulties in Early Days.
I want to say something about the good roads in King County, Washington. I live about thirteen miles north of Seattle and make it a point of raising strawberries for the Seattle market, and in former days I used to have to get up at 1 o'clock in the morning and start as near as I could to that hour so as to be down on Western avenue at 6 o'clock with the strawberries, as undoubtedly many of you here have grown them and know they are very tender, and if you chafe them or bruise them, they shrink down in the box and get bruised and discolored and don't fetch as big a price. Now I can sleep until 4 o'clock and start from home at half-past four and be on Western avenue at 6 o'clock. Why? Because we have roads. I had the pleasure, or displeasure, rather, I might say, of driving from a neighboring town here to this city this morning, or this noon, and I just point to that road and wonder how in the world you farmers can stand it.

Have you ever thought how much it takes out of you and how much it takes out of your team and your vehicle and your harness and the produce or whatever you have to market? I don't see how you ladies can manage to ship eggs to town if all of the roads are similar to that and they tell me some of the roads are even worse than that. I pity you if you have to drive many miles over them.

But the question is this, are you sufficiently interested in improving the roads and building good roads under the present conditions? You have an election coming on, I understand pretty soon, in regard to bonding your county for roads. I might say that in King County, that I came from, we bonded the county for three million dollars in addition to what good roads we had before. Brother Terrace here told you about that this afternoon and will probably refer to it again this evening, and the benefit of that mile and a half of road to the farmers of the valley and the whole of King County.

Good Roads Help Property.
Now as to the benefits derived, two miles east of me there was a large tract of land that had been logged off some years before. Thirteen years ago I could have bought any of that land for \$15, \$20 or \$25 an acre, but six or seven years ago an interurban line went through and the land raised, and raised, and raised all of the while, and four years ago we surveyed the North Trunk Highway through there also, and the lands again went up, up, up, until today—you may be surprised at the price that I tell you they are asking and getting for that land, simply because of the easy means of transportation in and out of the city; you cannot touch an acre for less than \$650 up to \$1,000 an acre in the rough. That is what good roads does.

There is a part of my farm there—last spring, in March, sometime, I happened to be out in the field doing something or other and here came some gentlemen and a couple of ladies with them and they were looking all around, looking at the road and the land, and at last they called me up to the fence and asked me what land was worth, and so on, around there. I quoted them different prices according to the improved conditions

of the land and the location and how far it was from the good roads, and so on. Well, they said, "We would like to get a little home." One of them was an Alaska man and he said, "What will you take for the corner in here, say two acres?" I told him I didn't know as I cared to sell it. "Well, I would like to get a home here very much, to live in. I like these roads; they are so nice you can go in and out of the city whenever you like. Set a price."

I did. I said "\$1200 an acre," and he took me up. If I had a bad road there my land would not have been worth more than any other, but the facilities were better to go in and out to the city, and it would be just the same with you folk around here. Wherever you have good roads you will see good houses go up and you will see improvements go up and you land will go up in value. The taxes, you say, are going up. You improve the land and make good roads, and the improvements of the land will more than bring in the taxes and others will come in all of the while, and reduce your own taxes.

Don't Forget Social Side.
I hope you will consider this matter seriously and just think what benefit a road from your town or to your town from different places will be to you and to your children. I would like to go into the social side of it, but I think these other gentlemen will probably talk upon that point. I thank you. (Applause.)

Chairman Bennett: I am somewhat discouraged in introducing these speakers, as the remarks of Mr. Parry leaves me in a very embarrassing position. When there are any strangers come to town and they happen to come to me and want to know where they can take a nice drive on a good road I always say, "Go to Mayer, it is the only good road we have." How I will not vouch for what these other speakers are going to say, I just simply leave it to them. I want to introduce Mr. Perrigo, also from King County, Washington.

W. P. Perrigo: Gentlemen, I will not say that I am pleased to see so many ladies here, as my Brother Parry has said. I will state that I am very sorry to see so few, and I will state further, and the ladies will bear me out after this is over, that the ladies who are not here tonight will be mighty sorry tomorrow when they hear your opinion of Mr. Hill's pictures; mighty sorry indeed, that they were not here. We have a splendid audience, that is all right, but it is too bad those ladies should be home, too bad they could not have known of these pictures that have cost so much money and so much of one man's time, one man who is giving his life to the people, not only in Washington and Oregon, but in the United States and the world.

From Logger to Rancher.
Now I am what you would call a logger—the fellows have noticed that I am a little lame today and I told Sam and these fellows that it was rheumatism in the knee, but I will have to tell you the facts. Did you ever have skid roads in this country? In Washington we had skid roads, the skids were about eight feet apart and we walked on the skids and we would get lame, and they always knew us when we came into Seattle, they knew that we were loggers the minute we entered the city and they treated us accordingly you may be sure. Now from a logger I got to be a rancher—I went into the wilds of Washington, the heavers were plentiful—did you ever eat beaver-tail boys? It's great stuff, makes me hungry when I think about it, the fall is something like a fish—that is what makes me so large, that kind of stuff that we ate, but I am still growing. I am quite young yet and I expect to live until I grow older if I don't die, and if I do die I am coming back on a broom stick to see you all.

I sometimes feel serious about this good roads proposition. There was nothing more than a trail East of Lake Washington when I came to this country and I took the first horse in there and I took the first buggy across Lake Washington, made the first wagon track that was ever made there, and so on. I took goods across from Lake Washington and paid from \$3.00 to \$5.00 a ton according to the season—now they have a railroad and everything they want down in that valley and they tell me, and I believe it is true, that 100 tons of milk a day goes down from Redmond Valley in which I live. It is the beauty of the West, but it wasn't worth anything to us until Sam Hill—I kind of hate to talk about Sam, I'm kind of afraid I'll stuff him so he won't be worth anything—but Mr. Hill came to Seattle and he talked to us as he talked to you this afternoon and we have good roads that cost \$20,000 to \$30,000 or \$40,000 a mile, and the automobile trucks are running through there and bringing our freight cheaper than the train; they take it from the store and land it at our door. What better could you want? We can haul on that road just whatever a wagon can hold up. We didn't know but what we had good roads until Sam Hill came

VOTE FOR BONDS!! 300 X YES