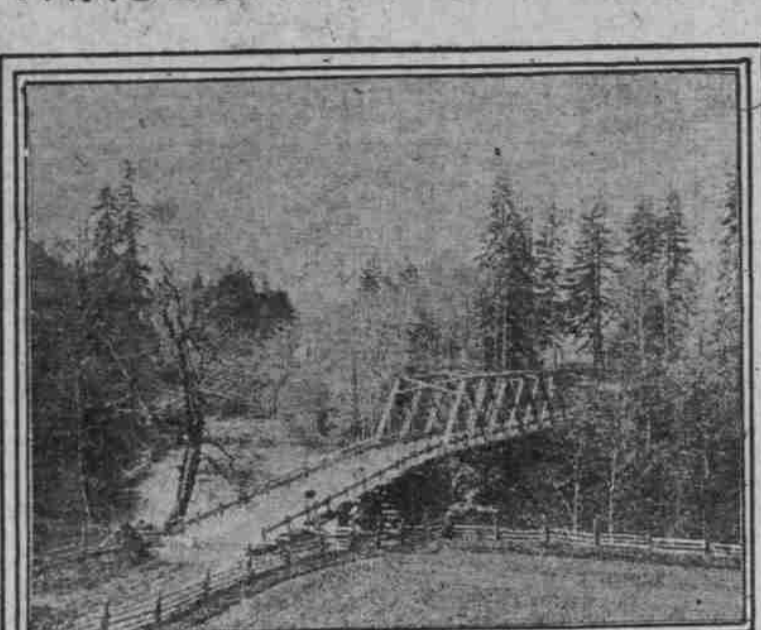


# TILLAMOOK CAMPAIGN FOR GOOD ROADS

## GENERAL AWAKENING OVER THE CONSTRUCTION OF FIRST CLASS HIGHWAYS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTY



BUILDING A NEW ROAD IN THE SOUTHERN PORTION OF TILLAMOOK COUNTY



THERE ARE MANY PRETTIER SPOTS ALONG THE ROADS OF TILLAMOOK



W. W. GARDNER, WHO AS COUNTY JUDGE, CREATED THE GOOD ROADS SPIRIT IN TILLAMOOK COUNTY

BY L. A. FERNSTROM.

IF THERE is one thing about all else outside of her natural resources upon which Tillamook County prides herself it is her excellent highways. It seems that this county, so long neglected and isolated from the rest of the world, has expended unusual efforts in the direction of good roads, and today she has a system of highways that, in point of construction, are second to none in the State of Oregon. As a rancher naively expressed it to me the other day: "Tillamook has some roads that will make anyone sit up and take notice, and then again, she has some roads that will make a person stand up to his table for his meals for a whole week."

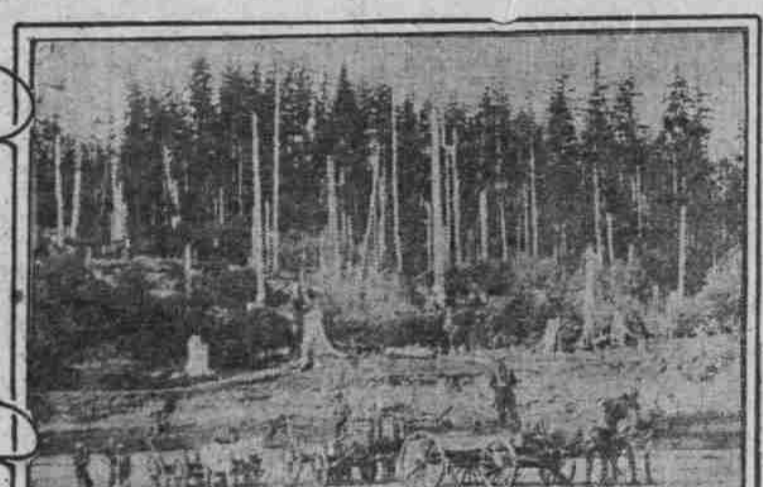
John H. Albert, chairman of the ways and means committee of the Oregon State Good Roads Association, remarked after taking a trip over the roads of Tillamook County: "We came here to teach you how to build roads, but I declare that it is Tillamook County that has given us a lesson in the art of good road-making."

But Tillamook is not content with the record made, for she realizes that contentment and progress are inimical to each other. Hence she has adopted the slogan: "Better Roads for Tillamook."

The theory upon which Tillamook is basing her future policy is that roads, good roads, are a valuable asset instead of an annual expense to the taxpayers. Governing her actions accordingly, she will, hereafter, when she builds roads, build them in such a manner as to make them permanent. Looking toward this end the county has just installed some of the latest road-building machinery, notable among them a large rock-crusher and the latest improved gasoline road roller. The crusher is an Aurora No. 1, mounted, revolving screen and 24-foot elevator; it is now in operation continuously. The road roller is a seven-ton roller, and cost the county \$275. This fortified, Tillamook expects to build a few of the possibilities in good roadmaking.



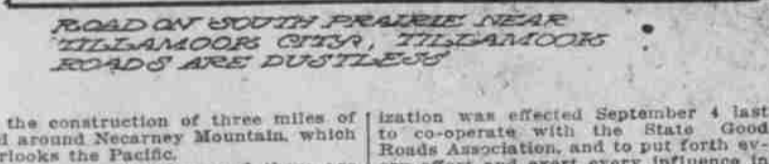
RECONSTRUCTING AN OLD ROAD



GRAVING GRAVEL FROM THE RIVER BOTTOM



SHORT STRETCH OF THE NEHELEM ROAD NEAR BAY CITY



ROAD ON SOUTH PRAIRIE NEAR TILLAMOOK CITY, TILLAMOOK COUNTY, ARE DUSTIER

The history of the good roads movement in Tillamook County dates back to 1888. At that time County Judge W. W. Gardner inaugurated a good roads campaign and gave impetus to the strong sentiment existing in the county at present. By holding mass meetings and organizing good roads clubs in various localities he succeeded in arousing public interest in good roads; then there followed an era of road construction with precedent in these parts. The present administration, which succeeded Mr. Connor in 1902, is leaving no stone unturned in the furtherance of his policy and from all appearances it is a case of "no more bad roads."

The present statement County Judge H. F. Goodspeed, the present incumbent, said: "I will give every assistance towards the movement that I can. The County Court is willing to pay for good roads all the people will spend." This statement is typical of the prevailing sentiment throughout Tillamook County.

Tillamook County expends the largest amount of money per capita on roads that is expended by any county in the State. This year she has available \$20,000 for roadbuilding purposes. Estimating that there are 300 miles of highway in the county she has \$70 to expend for every mile of road.

The roadbuilding problem in Tillamook presents small engineering difficulties, if indeed difficulties they can be called at all. The roads here most part border the banks of the principal waterways, and an abundance of roadbuilding material in the form of gravel is available. The main trunk road of the county, the Lincoln County line, at Hobo, 21 miles from Tillamook, is joined by what is known as the Sheridan road. Thence it extends to Tillamook City on through to Nehalem in the northern end of the county, and in a short time an extension will be completed as far as Seaside. This permanent road of this thoroughfare is the end to which Tillamook County is now concentrating all her energies. When completed, the road will be 100 miles in length, with practically no hills, and with such a variety of scenery as will make the most blasé gaze in wonderment.

**The Main Thoroughfare.**

The main trunk road of the county finds its beginning at Slab Creek, in the extreme south end, on the Lincoln County line. At Hobo, 21 miles from Tillamook, it is joined by what is known as the Sheridan road. Thence it extends to Tillamook City on through to Nehalem in the northern end of the county, and in a short time an extension will be completed as far as Seaside. This permanent road of this thoroughfare is the end to which Tillamook County is now concentrating all her energies. When completed, the road will be 100 miles in length, with practically no hills, and with such a variety of scenery as will make the most blasé gaze in wonderment.

**All Paving Together.**

Fred C. Skemp, an old settler in Tillamook County, in a recent communication to the County Court, advanced the suggestion that by making a cutoff on the west side of the road, the building of some six miles of new road, it would be possible to drive from Tillamook to a point on the West side line of the Southern Pacific and reach Portland eight hours after starting from Tillamook. The court is now investigating the proposition.

The people of Tillamook are well aware that in the past many mistakes have been made and they are determined to profit by their experiences. They believe that by the employment of more scientific methods in building their roads than have heretofore been in vogue, the highways can be vastly improved and made absolutely second to none. To this end an organization was effected September 4 last to co-operate with the State Good Roads Association, and to put forth every effort and exert every influence in all matters pertaining to good roads.

The fame of this Tillamook organization has been spread broadcast. It was the first of the series of good roads conventions which the state organization decided to hold in every county in Oregon after the good roads conference in Portland August 11 last. This fact caused Tillamook to be especially thrown in the glare of the limelight at the time.

Among the principal figures in the good roads movement in the state are John H. Scott and J. H. Albert. The first mentioned was formerly County Judge of Marion County, and is now president of the State Good Roads Association. Mr. Albert, who is president of the Capital National Bank of Salem, is chairman of the ways and means committee of the state association, and a more ardent good roads enthusiast never breathed unless, perhaps, it were Mr. Scott.

**State-Wide Movement.**

It was for the purpose of forging the front with her sister states, of securing the enactment of practical road legislation, and of otherwise furthering the cause of good roads throughout Oregon, that the state organization was formed. To do this in a systematic way, local organizations, branches of the main one, are being launched over the state, and a united movement thus secured. It was as well to sweep back the waves of the ocean with a broom as to arrest a movement so arrayed.

Some of the measures proposed by the association are: The creation of a state highway commission, the securing of a county engineer for each county; the employment of convict labor on roads, the raising of a special state tax to go into a roadbuilding fund and the building of a road across the state, from its southern to its northern boundary. This road it is proposed to connect with similar ones now being built by the states of California and Washington. Finally, the association will endeavor, by systematic organization and the creation of a strong public sentiment, to catch the ear of Congress, and secure government assistance in the making of the roads of the country.

**Will Avoid One Mistake.**

In the building of her roads, Tillamook is not making the mistake a fellow once made at Albany. A number of men were sitting around the festive board in the old Franklin House, quaffing the health of King Bacchus. That was in the good old days before the temperance reform struck that town. One of the number finally got to feeling good, and perhaps a little frisky, and he jumped up saying: "I can lick any man in this crowd." No one replied, and he continued: "I can lick any man in Albany." Again there was no response, and he announced: "I can lick any man in the State of Oregon." At this a double-bested cattleman, just down on the Prineville stage from Eastern Oregon, arose and knocked him down, asking what he thought of that. To which the first man replied: "It would have been all right if I hadn't tried to cover too many miles territory."

Tillamook is endeavoring not to make this mistake. Therefore she is centering her present efforts on the Sheridan road, already referred to. To make this

road a model of excellence is her aim. When this is accomplished, automobilists may start from Portland at 5 P. M. Saturday, visit Tillamook over Sunday, and return to Portland in time for business the day following.

It is a fever among automobilists in

Portland to come to Tillamook; they feel that it is the place for them to spend their outing. The county is rich in beauty and resources. It has five of the finest beaches on the coast, magnificent soil that is rich in productivity and capable of supporting a dense population, diversified

industries, and fir, cedar and spruce which stand without peer in the whole world. The completion of the Sheridan road will tear down the bars which have in the past deterred outsiders from enjoying these things and a channel of trade will be thrown open, through which thousands of dollars will flow into the county annually.

The automobile is, perhaps, the greatest of all factors in the good roads movement. In fact, it has been aptly termed the advance agent of good roads. There are some who maintain a hostile attitude toward the automobile, but it matters not; it is bound to come. This is an automobile age. Judge Scott recently stated that, in his opinion, the time is not far distant when the largest share of traffic will be done by the automobile. And events seem to warrant the assertion. The side wheels of the auto are road preservers instead of road destroyers.

Does it pay to build good roads? Some will ask. Yes, it does pay, and it pays big.

Does the rancher realize how many blacksmiths and wheelwrights' bills for broken-down rolling stock, wracked and wrenched to pieces, are due wholly and solely to the bad roads he has to travel over? It is a fact that the bills he is now paying amount annually to more than his taxes for a class of good-

roads. The question of good roads is being fairly and squarely placed before the American people. It has become a live issue. They realize that it is one of the most important problems before them at this time, and they are preparing to leave to posterity a magnificent monument in the form of splendid, enduring highways. The movement has gained such impetus that it is irresistible. It cannot fail.

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## DOES CIVILIZATION INCREASE HAPPINESS

Wherein Do the People of One Generation Get More Out of Life Than Came to Their Ancestors?

BY D. MILLER.

WE OFTEN hear it remarked that people of the present day enjoy life much more fully than did those of a half century ago, because of discoveries and the many wonderful improvements since then which we of today enjoy, that people of earlier times were deprived of. Therefore, the question may arise, Has civilization made the world happier? In other words, is there in the world today less worry and trouble and more of real happiness as a result of civilization? Do our court records, and especially those of the divorce courts, tend to prove this as being true? I am rather inclined to believe that they do not, and that the question must be answered in the negative. And if so, then what has been gained in the way of happiness by advancement of the race toward a higher state of development? Nothing.

I will state in the beginning, for the purpose of relieving the mind of the reader, that I do not wish to be understood as attempting to convey the idea that the world has not been benefited by civilization. For it has been greatly benefited and uplifted in both thought and usefulness. A young man may be helped by the advantages of a good education, but is he happier than when, in childhood, he played and romped about the house with his toys and playthings? I believe that those who lived hundreds of years ago enjoyed life, and perhaps were just as happy as are the people who live in this, the 20th century, with all its advanced ideas and modern improvements, which were altogether unknown to past generations. This may seem at variance with facts when applied to certain periods of human history. But the idea is not without foundation. Man seeks pleasure and amusement along lines peculiar to the time in which he lives with the same degree of satisfaction as that which comes to those who may live in a much later period, having improved methods and more of the conveniences of life. We

greater wealth and power. The man who has accumulated millions of dollars is just as grasping as ever, and I believe even more so, because his desire and cravings for more seem to have grown proportionately with the growth of his wealth, and that the amount which he now considers necessary to fully satisfy his worldly ambitions is just as far from his eager grasp as when first he started out in the acquisition of wealth. Consequently, he is no happier nor nearer being satisfied than when in possession of his first thousand dollars.

So after this considering these facts, and noting the unrelenting interest and rapidly with which the great commercial bodies of the world are so eagerly pressing forward in the race for wealth and position, does it seem so strange that difficulties and trouble should occasionally come up between capital and labor, and even war between nations, resulting from efforts to extend in worldly possessions? And what is it likely to result in? Is there a person anywhere to be found, possessing the depth and broadness of mind of one endowed with the gift of prophetic vision that can give any idea or true conception of what is in store for the people of the next century? But whatever shall be the inheritance of succeeding generations, it is not likely that the world will be made happier thereby, as man will have changed in his views and methods in accordance with developments and in conformity with conditions of the times without his having gained the secret of happiness, greater than that which is possible for the people of the present day.

**Useless Noise and Insanity.**

Professor Rubner, of the University of Berlin, has just invented a registering apparatus which enables him to calculate the number of noise waves striking upon the ear in any given period.

The new apparatus proves beyond question that the prolonged bombardment of the less existent, though we are frequently unconscious of it—to which the acoustic nerve is subjected in large cities or in large establishments, has the effect ultimately of paralyzing its efficiency and consequently of creating a breach in the intellectual center which may be the beginning of cerebral dissolution.

Rubner points out the moral of his investigations by showing that insanity is rare among the inhabitants of modern sized country towns. It is, he says, greatest in cities and great solitudes. On the principle of the identity of countries, according to Hegel,

continuous existence in a tomblake silence would have as had an effect upon the brain as the noise of a vast city.

From a Car Window.

T. A. Daily in Catholic Standard and Times

Ah! yes, I been away today;  
You no could guess how far away;  
I know you laugh, but I should say  
How much delight I had for be  
Was lotta while em Italy  
You catch me when I was at sea  
Was you for tal you more, my grand?  
You jasta no could understand.

No, you'sta use, my grand? Eh? Wal,  
Eet cos not moon dat I tal  
Eet bottom side of sky I see  
An' now here an' I back again!  
Eh? How I get to Italy  
You boys and girls, watch me  
Here as these dat you would see.  
Eet catch me while da train go by:  
You jasta use, my grand?

A white house, a beet of land  
Where piles of rips corn as stand,  
An' ees barthen weath leaves so green  
Ees shine do ees, I should say  
Eet how you call—da "pumpkaken."  
Here on wan side by fence where twine  
Da pumpkaken ees, I should say  
Eet ees da man dat keep da place.  
You see how brown best hars an' face,  
How brown weath sun da hat he wear  
On top hees curla blacka hair,  
How brown weath sun da hat he wear  
Ees blacka pants, hees blacka shirt?  
An' dat must be hees wife dat stoop  
For feeds cheokens sun eep.  
You ever see more bright red,  
Dan handkercheef dat's on her head?  
Oh, look da sky, I ask you too,  
You evva see so granda blue,  
You evva see sooch sun dat red?  
So, like shiny brass, but I see  
Eet bottom side of sky I see  
Eet gold eesides against da heest!  
Lotta here ees com' along  
You boys and girls, watch me  
Da dey have galtra from da reef.  
Oh, happy, happy girls and boys!  
Eet catch me mark, so moocha noise  
You would hear da sweet song  
Eet catch me mark, so moocha noise  
But even so, when all so sweet  
You can no longer see an' hear  
Was eesides, I no see, my grand?  
An' all see American again,  
You steel can feel da song dey sing,  
So like bella levva being,  
Dat move around outside your breast.  
An' jasta weel no let your rest!

**The Terrors of English.**

If an S and an I and an O and a U,  
With an X at the end spell Su,  
And an E and a T, and an S spell I,  
Then it's a speller to do!

If it's also an E and an I and a G  
And a H and E spell side,  
There's nothing much left for a speller  
But to catch it a speller to do!

But so com' along, my grand?  
You jasta no could understand!

—Success Magazine.