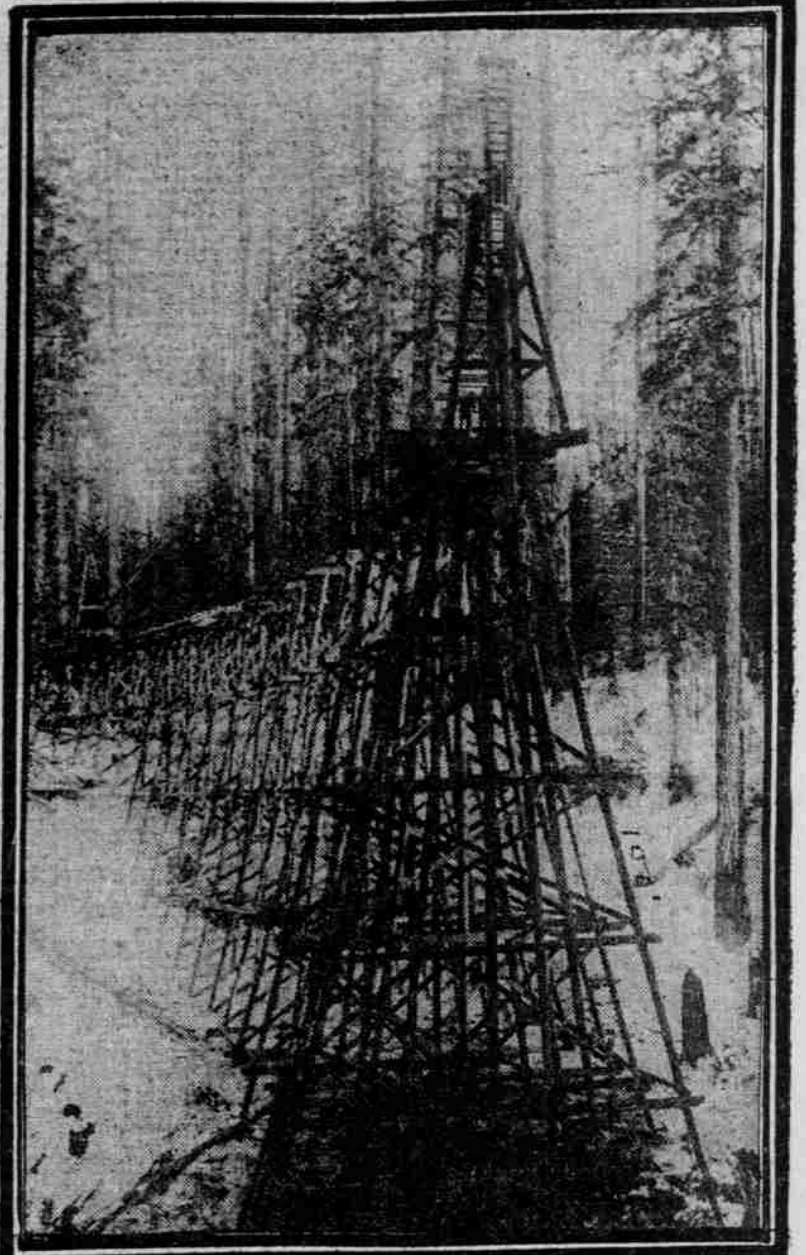


THE LINE OF THE TILLAMOOK RAILROAD

By Rail, Stage and Foot From Hillsboro to Tillamook Bay Over the Grade of the Pacific Railway & Navigation Road



AT THE BACK DOOR OF JOHN SWEENEY'S CABIN.



STEED CREEK BRIDGE. ONE-PIECE SUPPORTS ARE 100 FT. LONG, EACH A SINGLE TREE WITH THE TOP CUT OFF.



JOHN McNAMER AND HIS STAGE.



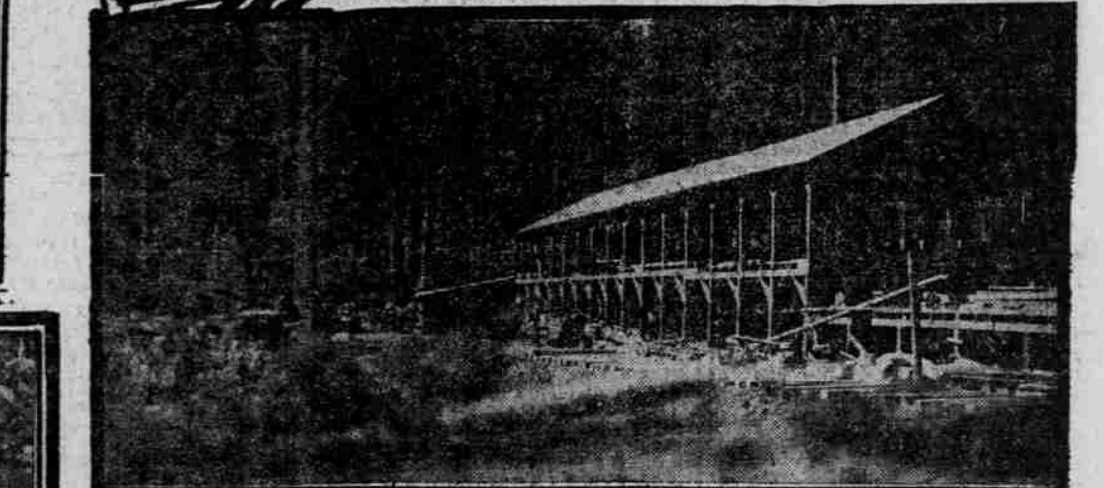
JAG AND HIS FRIENDS READY FOR A JOURNEY.



LEE, THE LUMBER CAMP COOK.



ARRIVAL OF DINNER GUESTS AT THE LUMBER CAMP.



LUMBER MILL IN THE WOODS.



CONDUCTOR McLACHLAN AT BUXTON.

conscious wit and warmth that becom to his face. As the Railroad Lady remarked, "It wasn't what he said, but the intangible Irish way in which he said it."

In the doorway stood "Bugs" asking with eloquent eyes for his supper. The little black curly-haired dog had deserted his rightful owner somewhere on the coast and joined the railroad camps. He goes from one to another, as the spirit moves him. But when he happened on Camp 2 he instantly fell in love with the cook and seems to have no thought of moving on. All day long he tags the steps of the engineers, critically inspecting their work, seats or naps in the sunshine, chases chipmunks or tries to catch the little fishes in the stream. The one thing that mars his paradise is the presence of three other pets—a pair of chipmunks and a mouse, all at home in one box back of the cook tent.

Supper done, a big bonfire was made and all gathered within range of its pleasant warmth. The Salmonberry, as it flowed over stones and logs in its bed, was singing a low lullaby to the ferns and flowers that were going to sleep on its mossy banks. The dancing blaze of the wood fire touched with its glow the densely timbered hills, and here and there a star peeped down through the treetops. In honor of the women folk the boys had added a touch of domesticity to the scene by spreading a Ladies' Home Journal on the chopping block for a table cover, and soon the stage driver and three others were sitting on the woodpile playing whist. The rest watched the game or sat about the fire exchanging chat and stories. Sometimes the players paused until more sticks were thrown on the fire for better light. The "Kid" was telling the troubles of Skeeters and Red in fixing up the tent. The boys regarded it as a disaster, for whoever heard of logs in the tent along without a mirror? But Irish, who is ever inclined to look on the bright side of things, exclaimed: "Now 'Brass Collar Tent' for the ladies. The one that lark! There are enough pieces to go round and now everybody in camp can have a looking glass."

Slim spent a busy evening pouring tales of bears and cougars into the ears of one of the visitors who was fresh from the East. When the fire burned low and yawns got mixed up with the jokes and stories there was a scattering for the sleeping tent. Skeeters and Red had indeed done



BACK YARD OF CAMP 2.

their work well. The most particular housewife could hardly have made a tent more comfortable. The fresh bedding had a woody smell about it that was far more attractive than scented perfume, there was a green cover on the table and not a speck of dust was to be found anywhere. The Tenderfoot looked around for something that would suggest a brass collar. Finally

specimens, for waiting on the track stood a second engine—one belonging to the Pacific Engineering Company—waiting, with steam up, to take the visitors another seven miles into the mountains. But before the party was aboard Lee came running with a string of fish he had held in reserve to be taken to the suppering place to tempt the by no means frail appetites of his friends. As long as the engine was in sight the Chairman's beaming smile was focussed on it.

Every curve of the way on into the mountains brought into view new beauty and interest of scene. Here and there, in valleys and on slopes beside the track, were isolated farms rich in crops and cattle. No one, however, saw these places in their wonderful settings could fall to understand in some degree what the coming of the railroad means to dwellers in these out-of-the-way spots. This stretch of the road includes the highest bridge with one piece supports to be found anywhere in the world. The track is laid over a framework of splendid fir, each over 100 feet long. For more than a century they had been growing in the solitude, and when the railroad builders came these kind trees were up their clean, beautiful lives without a murmur to aid in connecting this lonely region with the outside world, knowing that they were fulfilling a grand destiny. If, when they felt their comrades sighed over their sorrow to the winds, the bridge builders heard not. Every forest monarch in the trail blessed for the railroad was doomed, and also those along the way whose solid timbers were needed.

There were few among the inhabitants of that quiet land who did not hail the coming of the railroad with delight. When, a year ago last Fourth of July, there was an excursion over a 10-mile stretch that was finished, there were people in their prime who traveled by rail for the first time in their lives.

At the thirty-four mile post are the headquarters and big camp of the Sweeney Construction Company, which is building the middle section of the road—a stretch of 45 miles through the most difficult part of the country. That camp, with its great company of men and horses and mules going out in gangs to different points along the grade, seemed to be a little world that had settled in the great woods. The engine stopped near a shack that was labeled "Pay Station," and that was the end of travel by rail on the east side of the Coast Range.

But waiting with a splendid team of horses that were so intelligent that they seemed almost to be human, was John McNamer, the oldest stage driver in Oregon, and one of the most interesting men to be found even in this land where individuality of character and experience is not at all rare. He is a product of Forest Grove, but a long time ago he spent some years staving in California in the Shasta country. There he did not hold the reins over the horses, but was employed by Wells Fargo to sit beside the driver with a rifle in his hands and pistols tucked all around him ready for instant action. Hidden in his vest pocket is a handsome gold watch that has been seen only by those who by reason of friendship hold the sacred right to know the honors that fall to a brave life. It bears the inscription, "Presented to John McNamer by the Wells Fargo Company for bravery in defending its treasure."

Seeing the genial man with his serene face and kindly eyes, one can hardly realize that he was a Shasta desperado highwayman were exceeding wary. Staging now in Oregon is a tame thing to this man of adventure, but a journey through the great forests that "cover the mountains like the shadow of God" can never lose its charm for one who is so truly at home in the heart of the woods and hills.

Travelers who have McNamer for a guardian know that they can leave all fears behind. That stage ride was unalloyed pleasure. Before long the road trailed along that merry, rollicking stream, the Salmonberry. Here and there were gangs, large and small, working on the grade, and a pack team was always one of those faithful railroad aids, a mule, to pull the dump car. Hundreds of chipmunks dug up beside the trees, and some scampers up and down the trees, fearlessly played in the road almost under the feet of the horses.

The lengthening shadows were heralding the end of day when Engineers' Camp No. 2 came into view. It was the headquarters of Walter Inch and his little band of young engineers who are preparing that part of the right of way for the construction workers, and on whom falls the double duty of assisting both the engineers and the contractors. On one side of the camp is the stream, and on the other steeply covered with great trees rise far as the eye can reach. The tents were staked down wherever there was a space wide enough between the huge fallen logs. It is a rarely beautiful spot.

The head engineer gave cordial welcome to the stage driver and his charges, also to the books and magazines we had brought to the camps. These last had journeyed thither in response to a pathetic note from the Irishman who is serving time as camp cook. The said effective missive sent the headquarters read: "Don't forget the books. We are reading the 'Old Testament' again." The stage driver had hardly fed and watered his horses before the young engineers began to come in from work. While the ceremony of washing up was going on back of the cook tent, a fine stretch of grade on the slope. Just across the stream was discovered and admired by the visitors.

The call to supper was rung on the iron triangle that hung beside the door and soon engineers and their guests were gathered about the long table. It was a wonderful place, that cook tent, for interior decoration. Everyone in camp had lent a hand in fixing up the walls and the collection of pictures and other ornaments was unique. Beautifully decorated and copies of masterpieces hung in one grand medley with the cooking utensils. But the spirit of hospitality was just as charming and the supper just as good as if the walls had been hung with Persian prayer rugs and the dishes had been of gold and silver instead of iron and tin. The cook hovered about guests and family urging them to "Try a bit of this," or "Have a little of that," with the un-

BY ANNA MINOT DOCKING.
OREGON robins must have heard us talking about that trip to Tillamook over the trail blazed by the engineers of the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company. The Tenderfoot of our party was somewhat excited over the fact that we were to be the first women folk to travel the whole length of that trail. If I were a rail-roader I would say the right-of-way.

A fat responsible robin, the father of a large family, tried to wake us up before the stars had all put out their lights. Without waiting to smooth down his red vest or swallow a single bug he flew down to the fir bough that hung lowest over the sleeping porch. His musical note seemed to have little effect on closed eyelids, so he halled his mate, who was down in the garden looking for breakfast supplies. She flew up beside him and flitting her head from one side and then on the other called, "You had better get up. You will miss your connections if you don't hurry!"

Messing connections when special engines are to meet travelers at different points in the forests of the Coast Range means a great deal. Before the neighbors were awake there were starting on a wonderful journey filled with rare experiences such as the millionaire magnate who speeds over finished railroads in his special car, never dreamed of. All the frills and flourishes that usually accompany feminine travel to the seashore were left behind. The few absolutely necessary articles were wrapped in a strip of canvas which was rolled up and bound round with a leather strap.

The eastern terminus of the P. R. & N. is at Hillsboro and from there a train runs regularly to Buxton, a distance of 17 miles, carrying passengers and freight, as well as supplies for the front. It was here Hillsboro people who first interested President E. E. Lytle in the possibilities of a road from there to Tillamook. C. K. Henry, who was at that time a resident of the town, was chief among the promoters of the great steel highway that will soon connect the Coast country—covered several layers deep with numerous tracks and resources with the unlimited demand of the world this side of the Coast Range mountains. They laid the gigantic undertaking before the board of directors of the Columbia Southern Railroad and turning it over to Harriman. It was an opportune moment.

Knowing the hand the little town had played in this enterprise, made us look with more than passing interest on Hillsboro as we boarded the train there. During this first stage of the journey the party was under the special care of Conductor Dan McLachlan, who was for some time Portland's chief of police, and Engineer Pollette. Both of these men were inherited by the P. R. & N. from the Columbia Southern. Indeed the same is true of most of the workers on this new road from the head men down to the laboring gangs. When it became known that Mr. Lytle would build this road mile after mile of applications came in from the men who had worked for him on the other. One of the most interesting among them was signed by every man in a gang of Japanese who wanted to be taken on in a body.

Where the open stretch of road ended at Buxton a special engine stood waiting for the Railroad Lady and her party, and then began a trip past all imagination over the wonderful scenic railway of Oregon. Buxton almost fell a victim to the forest fires that had been raging around the cluster of homes and business places, and the villagers were still weary from the fierce fighting that had saved their dwellings. The church on the hillside was caught by the blaze and lay a desolate heap of ruins.

Into the blackened and scorched forest, where the timber was still smoking, the engine sped. It had just come fresh from the shops and was making its maiden trip, engineer and firemen proudly showed its beauty and power. Multitudes know the pleasure of sitting in a luxurious car and looking out of a window on the scenery along a finished road. That is commonplace compared with the pleasure of sitting up beside the engineer and ringing the bell and blowing the whistle in the dense woods through which a railroad is being made that cannot for some months be opened to the public. Watching the man who with skilled hand commands the throbbing engine and with keen eyes searches the track ahead for boulders or trees that may have fallen, gives a glimpse of transportation activity that touches one with admiration for the bravery of the men on the front of a train.

A 10-mile run brought the town of Timber into view. Although but a little bunch of shanties beside the track in the mountains, it is yet known to fame on account of a decoy duck factory located there. Some 25 years ago a Harvard professor turned his face Northwestward in search of health, and set up the few household gods he was able to transport into the mountains at Timber. After a few years when not a few sportsmen were penetrating these wilds he began to carve wooden decoy ducks for them. By and by the little shop where he whittled out these wares became a factory to meet the demands of city firms that carry hunting equipment. This place was sold out about a year ago by its founder for a goodly sum.

Just beyond Timber the engine carried the visitors down a sidetrack to a lumber mill where they were invited to take the midday meal. Great were the preparations that had been made at the cook tent for their coming. The railroad's timber cruiser and right-of-way man had angled in a clear mountain stream for trout and pulled out a basketful of shiny beauties. Lee, the Chinese cook, had in days gone by been cook for the Railroad Lady, and later had presided for eight honorable years over the culinary affairs in the home of the president of the P. R. & N. Company. This catering in the forest for old friends was one of the great occasions of his life and the dinner he served was a masterpiece. It had been years since he had seen the Railroad Lady and his welcoming smile was so broad and deep that it made his face a patch of beaming, vibrating wrinkles. Her handshakes and hearty greeting put the crowning touch on one of the proudest moments of his career.

There was no tarrying about the long table in the cook tent for after-dinner-

road. In a waking moment when not even a star could be seen through the open flaps of the tent there came a hesitating question from the Tenderfoot: "Are cougars dangerous?" The low cheering laugh that greeted it cut a way through the thick darkness and was heard by the stage horses in the stable tent near by and by the trees that were talking together in hushed voices, but the rest of the camp slept soundly on.

(Concluded Next Sunday.)