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TILLAMOOK—"THE LAND OF MANY WATERS"

As Seen by the Graphic Editor in a Hurried Auto Trip With
E. A. and W. A. King, of Portland.

On Monday of last week the editor of the Graphic received an invitation from E. A. King, of Portland, to join him and his son, W. A. King, in an auto trip to Tillamook county. The offer was too good to turn down, and accordingly at nine o'clock the following morning we were off in Mr. King's big Pierce-Arrow, thirty-eight horse-power car.

It had been many years since

duroy, the journey can be made with ease and pleasure with a machine. Some people complain of the toll gate charge at Dolph, covering a few miles of the last part of the road in Yamhill county, but our verdict was that we would gladly have paid extra toll for an improved road through the Indian agency.

At the county line at Dolph an arch over the road bids the traveler welcome to Tillamook



A Good Catch

the writer had set foot in the little city of Tillamook, the county seat of Tillamook county, and naturally the many changes were looked forward to with anticipation.

The first trip was made in November, 1880, with Jesse Edwards and three others by wagon, going in over the backbone of the Coast Range Mountains by way of the Yamhill and Trask river route. In the month of June of the following year a second trip was made over the same road. The wild grass of the Willamette Valley was then parched by the sun, and when the Tillamook country was reached and the green grass was seen growing on every hand, it looked mighty good to one who had been accustomed to the bluegrass section of the Mississippi valley, and the temptation to locate was strong, but those were the days when the Tillamookers asked you how things were "outside." And well they might ask such a question, for after having traveled over that high mountain road and down the Trask to Tillamook, one could easily realize that he was "inside."

During the winter season the winds in the mountains laid many trees across the road, deep snows fell, and for many days together Tillamookers were shut in without mail. They were in a little world of their own and others were on the "outside."

But back to the trip of last week. Barring the stretch of a few miles through the Indian agency where the road is somewhat "slow," on account of chuck holes and worn-out cor-

county. The road improves as the miles are covered and once the turn is made at Hebo toward the county seat, nothing more is to be desired in the way of a good auto road. The timber barons pay the taxes and the county court does the rest—in the way of providing most excellent macadam roads, made mostly of crushed rock.

It is said that 80 per cent of the taxes of the county is paid by timber owners who live outside the county. Just now they are kicking up a row about it and have a man employed to hang around the court house and watch the proceedings of the county court, with a view, no doubt, of making resistance in the courts against the powers that be.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we passed through the city of Tillamook and on past Bay City, Hobsonville and around the bay to Garibaldi, where the machine was left for a trip across the bay to Bayocean, where money has been spent with a lavish hand in making an attractive resort.

On this sand-spit, a little neck of land separating Tillamook Bay from the ocean, the writer and his little party were camped on that November day in 1880 when Garfield was elected President. None of the party had been in the state long enough to be able to vote, and we were camped at that dreary spot, where it rained all day, shooting ducks and geese, the bay being alive with wild water fowl. It looked then to be the jumping off place, sure enough. Now something like a half a million

dollars have been spent there in building up what the promoters hope to make a famous watering place. Besides a big hotel and seven miles of concrete paved streets and walks, a natatorium has recently been built at a cost of \$70,000 and still the work goes on. The one thing needful is an auto road around the south side of the bay to reach Bayocean, and this is being agitated.

Wednesday afternoon we resumed the auto journey, going up the Miami river road and down the Foley to its junction with the Nehalem, passing dairy ranches and on over well macadamized roads leading through the great forests of timber, for which the Nehalem country is famous.

Passing through the town of Nehalem, which has been on the map many years, we went on to Neah-Kah-Nie Inn, situated at the foot of Neah-Kah-Nie Mountain overlooking the sea, and presided over by Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Reed, formerly of Portland.



Work of Donkey Engine

You will usually see it written Necarney, but Mr. Reed adheres to the old Indian name, Neah-Kah-Nie, which he says has been verified by George H. Himes of the Oregon Historical Society as being correct. A beautiful place it is and Mr. and Mrs. Reed make it pleasant for their guests around the great open fire place at the Inn.

THE BEESWAX STORY.
This is the beach where the much discussed beeswax story originated, for here it is that a wax of some kind is found on the sands of the sea shore, be it mineral wax or wax made by honey bees. Mr. Reed has a large chunk of the wax which has some letters cut on one side and still a larger and better specimen is on display at the bank at Wheeler across on the south side of Nehalem Bay.

There is an Indian legend that in the long, long years ago a Spanish treasure ship was wrecked on this beach, after the crew had, for some reason,

deposited a great metal box filled with doubloons at some point above tide water, and that the ship was loaded with beeswax.

Sixteen years ago Thos. H. Rogers, of McMinnville, spent a lot of time in company with an old character, the "Hermit," at Neah-Kah-Nie, and gathered the material for a story, "Nehalem A Story Of The Pacific, A. D. 1700," which he wrote and published in a book of 182 pages. In his introductory he says: "It is a mystery of the past. Stranger and better tales have been told, perhaps, than I am going to tell of the rotting camphor-wood hulk, lying grim, silent and desolate on the bottom of the Pacific in the little cove between Necarney and false Tillamook head. Yet I am going to tell it—and in my own way. The world has marveled much over the wreck; but as yet no one knows from whence she came. No man had trod her decks, it decks there be, for these 200 years. She lies a hundred fath-

oms deep."

Mr. Rogers holds to the beeswax theory, while Mr. Reed is inclined to accept the findings of the Smithsonian Institute which pronounced it a mineral wax. He says he has found chunks of the wax far back from the beach under the roots of trees that he figures were 500 years old, and for the letters that are cut in chunks of the wax, sometimes found, he accounts for by saying they were probably made by some strollers on the beach who chanced to find them.

Let the facts be as they may, there is enough mystery and Indian tradition associated with the treasure ship and the beach wax to cause no end of speculation, and there has also been much searching made for the box of rich treasure. One man is said to have spent ten years in searching for it, so sure he was that marks and signs found on a big rock were put there to point the way to where the treasure was buried. But he searched in

vain—and went away sorrowful. On the return trip we touched at Wheeler, the new town on the P. R. & N. railroad where the Wheeler Lumber Co. has a mill of a capacity of 150,000 feet of lumber daily. A short stop was also made at Bay City and a side trip to Netarts Bay before returning to Tillamook for the night.

At noon the following day we were at Pacific City on Nestucca Bay in the southwest corner of the county, which was the last beach point touched before starting for home.

RESOURCES OF TILLAMOOK COUNTY.

Lumbering, dairying, fisheries both fresh and salt water, and the county is rich in all these.

Tillamook is one of the "cow counties" of the state, though not in the sense that the term has been used in the past with reference to the range country in

mean "many waters" and certainly no mistake was made in naming that section of Oregon, for wherever you go there is a mountain stream of pure water coursing its way down to the sea. These streams are alive with speckled beauties and this is the fisherman's paradise. The salmon industry is also a source of no small profit.

INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP.

At Pacific City Mrs. Abe Tichner, of Portland, assured us that Abe could snore louder and longer than any other man in the camp. Said the salt sea air seemed to pitch his snore on a higher key than he was accustomed to using at home, and she had tried firing tight rolls of feminine underwear at him without effect, for he snored on, perfectly oblivious to his surroundings. The writer desires to certify to the truthfulness of the statements made by Mrs. Tich-



Tillamook Cheese Makers

Eastern Oregon. It is a dairy country and it is said that in discussing the matter of the sale of a ranch the point at issue is, how many cows will it support, rather than how many acres it contains.

Tillamook cheese has a reputation for quality at home and abroad that is a mine of wealth, the product being handled on the co-operative plan, and the dairymen are the nabobs of the county. Grass, green and rich in milk producing qualities is king over there, and the added dollars the cow men would pile up if they had really good dairy cows, would surprise them. The fact is they have just plain every day Tillamook cows that look mighty common and scrubby to one who has been accustomed to seeing good specimens of the best breeds of the milk producers.

With the mention of the timber industry in the Northwest the mind naturally turns to Tillamook, the country of big trees. The estimated uncut marketable timber of the county is conservatively estimated at more than 20,000,000,000 board feet. It is claimed that the best quarter-section of standing timber in the world is only a few miles out from the city of Tillamook.

Several quarter-section timber claims have sold for \$50,000 each and it is said that \$10,000 and \$15,000 has been a very common price for a quarter section timber claim.

The word "Tillamook" is said

ner, for in the still hours of the night—that is when the hours were supposed to be still—that snore of Abe's was heard above the pounding of the waves on the seashore.

At the city of Tillamook we found C. J. Edwards, the electric light promoter, doing things, as he always does. New machinery with sufficient power to supply the whole county with electricity is being installed, and the people are rejoicing over the prospect of day service, which they have not had in the past. C. J. is evidently making friends over there for they all speak well of him.

At Wheeler we took on four little urchins, 7 to 10 years old, for a ride up to Mohler. One said it was his second auto ride and another his third. "Ah" one of them said, "an automobile is the thing to have." "Yes" said another, "it beats a wagon." On alighting at Mohler they were profuse with their thanks, and the kindness of Mr. King and that auto ride will be treasured by those little folks many years hence. How little it costs to make a child happy and get its good will.

While gliding along through the heavily timbered district of the Nehalem section an old farm horse that had been turned out to graze was sighted ahead. The horn was tooted and old faithful scurried on ahead, never turning to the right or the left.

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Bay City, on Tillamook Bay



Mouth of Nehalem Bay