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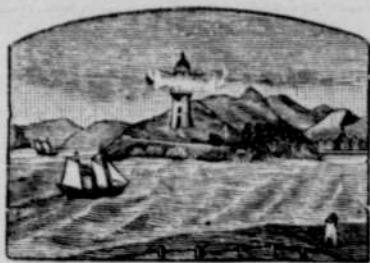
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Tillamook



Headlight.

Vol. VIII, No. 35. TILLAMOOK, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1896. \$1.50 Per Year

LOOKOUT LANDING

INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE.

The following is taken from B. S. Clark's correspondence in the Ocean Wave:

Cape Lookout is situated about mid-way between Woods and Netarts bay, and extends two and one half miles in a southerly direction into the ocean. The south side of the cape is a perpendicular cliff of basalt rock rising majestically out of the ocean to a height of from eight to thirteen hundred feet. During my sojourn there, I was royally entertained by Mr. E. B. Chamberlain, who, by the way, is a true type of the western pioneer. Mr. Chamberlain and his two sons have work in course of construction, which, when completed will be of vast importance to this part of Tillamook county. The work referred to is the building and operating what is known as a trapeze chute, a device for loading and unloading ships from deep water in the ocean, and will be constructed as follows: Large wire cables will be anchored to the rock at a point near the middle of the cape and about 75 feet above the high tide, where a wharf will be built for receiving and discharging goods. The cables will extend from the fastenings in the cape in a southerly direction about twelve hundred feet where they will be fastened with massive anchors. These will be stayed with braces well anchored. A ship wishing to load or unload comes under the chute and makes fast to the cables, on which a car will be run from the wharf, or landing to the ship, said car to be operated and run by a stationary engine on the wharf.

There are several of these trapeze chutes, in operation along the coast and the one in course of construction at this place from what I can learn will have the advantage over others on this coast in the depth of water and good anchorage where ships will not be in danger of rocks, shoals or breakers, as the government survey shows four fathoms of water at a distance of 300 feet from shore on a line of said chute, and at 500 feet five fathoms of water with sandy bottom. Trapeze chutes similar to the one to be built by the Chamberlains are doing service at the following named places: One at Walcher's landing in Sonoma county, California; one at Stewart's point; one at Fisherman's bay; one at Philip's landing—all in Mendocino county, California. In order for Messrs. Chamberlain to get their material on the point on the cape where they intend to build their wharf and anchor their cables to the cliff, it is necessary to construct a wagon road of which about one half mile is already completed; and men are at work on the wagon road every day when the weather will permit. There remains a little over a mile of road yet to be completed, which will be finished as soon as possible, when the work of putting in the chute will begin. There is undoubtedly a good location for a saw mill in that section, as there is a large scope of good timber which could be shipped from there. A large mill has been offered to Mr. Chamberlain at a very low price, but he and his sons have all they can attend to. Parties wishing to engage in the saw mill business would do well to investigate the matter.

Miss Lula Hunt, postmistress, informs us that she in conjunction with the mail carrying contractor, P. H. Messner, is endeavoring to secure a through daily mail here to begin next April. Of course, we have a daily mail now but it is practically two days in getting here. It is thought with the improvements on the road that the trip can be made from North Yamhill after the 10 o'clock train arrives, reaching this place at 8 o'clock in the evening, allowing business men about an hour for answering letters before the mail is closed going out again. This would bring our Oregonians here the same day they are published, 24 hours ahead of the time they come now, and would give us an advantage of 18 hours on California mail. It will be possible under this arrangement to mail a letter to Portland and 48 hours later receive an answer. The new schedule will put a lot of extra work upon the shoulders of the postmistress and her assistant causing them to work fully half the night making up the mails, besides they will have to keep the post office open all day as usual. As this is an important distributing point, and as a great many people are accommodated by the mail facilities for Tillamook, we think no reasonable expense should stand in the way of giving us a first class service, even if the govern-

ment pays the Misses Hunt for staying up all night. No doubt the people here will unite in signing a petition for a considerable greater allowance for clerk hire in the office if the duties are too arduous after the proposed change.

Regarding Poetry.

By request we publish the following, but people must not think that we will publish everything of the kind sent in. Some people have the best intentions in the world and really think they are writing poetry, when really they are not writing rhyme, to say nothing of meter, sentiment or elegance of expression. There is more poetry in the buzz of a buck saw properly manipulated than in much of the stuff sent us. No doubt Mr. Blank devoted much time to his production, and meant well, but our advice to him is to turn his efforts in a more practical direction. We publish the article, not because of any merit—it has none,—but to show our readers what sickening stuff is offered us, and perchance to show some of our well meaning warblers that there is more rhythm in the sand produced by the wood chopper's axe than in flighty doggerel, and there is more bread and butter in it:

TILLAMOOK CITY.

Everybody's coming to town.

Those left we all do pity,
For we'll have a jolly time
At Tillamook's new model city.

If you get there before I do

Tell 'em I'm a coming too
To see the things so wondrous true
At Tillamook's new model city.

This tale I tell is no less true

Though in a silly ditty,
They give free lands all timbered too
At Tillamook's new model city.

Our boys are bright and well-to-do,
Our girls are smart and pretty,
They cannot help it nor could you
If you lived in Tillamook city.

Then come join our ear-est band,
All who are wise and witty,
Here's our heart and here our hand
To build the model city.

BLANKETY BLANK.

We trust our inspired friend will not take this to heart, but will profit and hereafter devote himself to something more practical. We take considerable liberty in the matter and do not wish to disappoint aspiring genius, however the sooner such air castles are smashed into smithereens, the better it is for the silly builders.

Horse Notes

The following interesting notes regarding horsemen are clipped from the Rural Spirit of Portland:

The draft horse is the best for the farmer for several reasons. He works more satisfactorily and at less expense and worry; he sells more readily and at better prices than any other; it costs less to raise and break him and get him ready for market, because of docility; he will pay for his keep after two years old, and is fully broken when matured.

The judges at Ingleside have decided that J. Cochran will not henceforth be allowed to race any more horses over the course. This is due to the inconsistent running of Montalvo.

The proposition to hold a running meeting over the famous four-cornered track at Terre Haute has stirred up quite a rumpus among the horsemen there, and it is rumored that courts will be asked to grant an injunction in case the attempt is made, as the trotting association oppose it.

Our city is gradually increasing in size, says the Ocean Wave, and it is only a matter of a short time till we will have to incorporate; as in this way we can work harmoniously and to one another's interest. Our principal need is a school house; the present one is small and has to be used for all kinds of gatherings. If we had a two story building, say 28 by 40 feet and well furnished with desks black-boards, charts, etc., it would be much more comfortable for the scholars and it would be an attraction to the city. When people come to town to reside they expect to have good schools and if we don't wake up we won't be "in it."

Mr. E. West was in town recently when it was snowing here, but on his return to his place on Netarts bay found it had been raining there. This is not unusual, however the snow that falls here is the next thing to rain. It has all melted practically as fast as it fell here this winter.

Ripans Tabules: a family remedy.

\$50.00

Expended in circulars envelopes, printing and postage will reach 2500 people probably.

But This is Different

5.

Invested in these columns will lay that same matter before the same 2500 people.

RATHER FISHY

BROTHER GUILD IS AT IT AGAIN.

The following is taken from the Sheridan Sun, an eminently truthful paper:

Last Saturday the rain fell in torrents at this place. Wall Street soon became a small lake and the miniature waves lapped the doorsill of our office. While gazing in a dreamy way over the surface of the lake, the hazel eye of the editor suddenly observed a large fish which jumped up at least two feet in the air, slapping the water viciously with its tail. Four exchange editors who were hard at work, immediately threw down their papers and rushed to the door. By this time the fish were jumping all over the street. The editor rushed off for a spoon hook and a throw line, and returning made a hurried cast. The result was a nine pound steel head salmon, which lay flapping upon the office floor. Captain Raleigh tried his luck next and pulled 11 pounder; next W. H. Caine hauled in a 7 pound fish; Henry Graves captured a big catfish weighing 13 pounds; Andy Bewley hauled in a carp weighing 6 pounds and 5 ounces; While Mayor Coleman angled for and got a mountain trout weighing 3 pounds and 2 ounces. Then the crowd increased; the sidewalks on either side of the submerged street were packed with excited fishermen and spectators, and the rise and fall of cane poles looked like a company of Fallstaff's recruits trying to go through the manual of arms. The atmosphere was filled with exclamation points! For nearly an hour the fishing went on with varying luck. When at length the fish ceased to bite, 76 salmon 25 carp, 296 trout and 936 suckers and chubs were counted. Then someone shouted that the fish were making for the river by the route they had come via the Faulconer ditch. Crowds in gum-boots followed. Clubs, brick-bats pitch-forks, in fact almost every kind of weapon came in play, and several dozens more fish were slain before they reached the river. It was an exciting time. Never in the history of the town has there been such a phenomenon as the one witnessed Saturday. Everybody had a chunk of fish for dinner and the odor of sizzling salmon permeated the air everywhere. Think of it! Salmon swimming in our streets! Ponder on it! Salmon caught from our office front door! Marvelous, you say? Aye, one of the wonders of the century! Yet it can be substantiated. Did not some of our most truthful citizens participate in the catching? Yea, verily. The whole town will back us up in the statement!

The organization fever has reached the loggers. Out in Washington the leading loggers on the sound met the other day and formed an organization which it is expected will be influential in securing better prices for their logs, and at the same time regulate the output. The Puget Sound Timberman's Association, as it is termed, will endeavor also to regulate scaling, grading, prices, etc., and adjust differences between mill men and loggers. The curious anomaly has been presented on the Sound of logs becoming scarce and prices at the same time getting lower. The new organization, which is probably the first of its kind in the country, appears to start out with a strong support. It is likely that the loggers of the Gray's Harbor country will also be brought into the organization.—West Coast Lumberman.

Those who write articles for publication in this paper should write plainly enough that it can be read. We don't mind mistakes in grammar or spelling so much as small, closely written and indistinct. The type hasn't time to decipher closely and poorly written work, and as all poor work has to be copied by the editor before it can be used, please bear in mind that the editor is more likely to keep in good humor and save your production from the waste basket if you write large, open, clear manuscript. Our type can readily and easily correct bad spelling, but naturally doesn't like to put in double time on an article because it is carelessly written.

A. C. Southmayd came into Ocean Park one day last week with a load of goods consisting principally of coal oil, coffee, etc. He reports the roads good on the mountains, but dangerous in some places.—Ocean Wave.

Mr. Henry Rogers and wife of Fairview had the misfortune to lose their 7-months-old baby last Friday. It was buried Saturday at Johnson cemetery.