

Tillamook Headlight

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Both Telephones

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MORALS IN HIGH PLACES

Much comment is passed back and forth between the metropolitan dweller and the small-town resident concerning the morals of their respective towns.

The story drifts in from a near by city of a prominent Tillamook merchant, who has been described as of a portly, pompous mien, gray of hair but young in spirit.

As the party progressed, so the story goes on, it seems that our friend, the merchant from the cheese country, bethought himself of the esthetic dances of Grecian days.

But a cloud appeared on the horizon. Some unappreciative person had informed the police of the festivities and a raid was staged.

A few days ago a young girl of this county became the mother of an illegitimate child. She was uncertain as to who the father was but named ELEVEN possibilities.

These are the flesh pots fed. Indifferent or trusting parents, without a thought of the unassuming dangers surrounding their girls, allow them to be tempted by finery.

The Headlight has been accused of knocking because it told the truth. If it is necessary to knock when publishing conditions as they actually exist, so be it.

Goats milk contains twice the butter fat content of cow's milk. Why not encourage goat dairying on the waste land of this county?

this county by Swiss-Americans, who have had experience with such herds in the old country, and who declare that the conditions here for their growth and cheap maintenance are unexcelled.

TILLAMOOK ROAD NOW OPEN

The gap in the road between the Tillamook cheese factory and the Trask bridge, was closed last Friday, and travel is open in that direction.

Hood River—Next year's school budget provides for reduction in school taxes about 25 per cent from this year.

Roseburg—Oregon growers ship more than 3,000,000 pounds of new prune crop.

Last forest section of Mount Hood Loop highway to be graded next spring.

Astoria gets new candy-making plant—to build modern factory.

Trout Creek water turned into Molalla water mains.

Portland—\$200,000 Shrine hospital proposed for next year.

Corvallis—New drug store to open on College hill.

Valuable minerals found in rock on Newport-Toledo highway.

Lebanon—Albany paving plans pushed.

Albany—Linn county is pioneer in production of high grade cattle.

Marshfield—Work starts on new trout hatchery for Tenmile district.

Lebanon—Crown-Willamette Paper Co. finished getting in drive of 1000 cords of wood.

Halfway—\$105,000 contract let for graveling 13 miles of Powder river road.

Grants Pass—Highway being built to Josephine Caves, cost \$125,000.

Dallas—After a long period of inactivity the logging and lumber industry in Polk county is enjoying greatest experience in history of industry in that region.

Roseburg—Modern concrete building to be erected.

Bend reduces wages of city employees from \$5 to \$4.

Boardman has a new Swiss cheese factory.

Coburg forming 10,000 acre drain age district.

Eugene—Southern Pacific monthly payroll for 277 men is \$38,000.

Springfield—Loud Mfg. Co. will make ready-made dwellings.

Grading and graveling road two miles north of Albany under way.

Oregon to get \$248,000 of \$7,000,000 loan to help state farmers.

Corn show in progress at Coquille this week.

Broom factory now operating at Nyssa.

Marshfield—Prospects bright for lumber industry in Coos Bay district.

Reedsport lumber mills resume operation.

Bert Skeels and family have gone to Corvallis where the former has a position in a store of that city.

The Catholic ladies held a bazaar in a store room opposite the Todd hotel on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, which was well patronized.

At Pacific City, it is reported that several houses were damaged by falling trees during the late storm and flood.

It is also stated by auto drivers that the highway was badly broken up between Willamina and Hebo, much of it having been washed into ditches and adjacent fields.

Garrett Ward returned from Portland this week, where he went to have an operation on his tonsils.

Frank Epplet, son of Janitor Epplett at the court house, is recovering from an attack of diphtheria, and hopes to be out again as soon as the quarantine is lifted.

Freak of Acoustics.

In the whispering gallery of St. Paul's cathedral in London the faintest sound is faithfully conveyed from one side of the dome to the other, but can not be heard at any intermediate point.

Accounting for the Blue.

Mrs. Bacon—They do say that a single grain of indigo will color a ton of water.

Mr. Bacon—Do you suppose that it why the milk is so blue this morning?

Vim, Vigor, Vitality and Red Blood FOLLOW THIS ADVICE

Los Angeles, Cal.—"I will gladly tell of the relief Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gave me. I was sick with troubles of stomach, liver, etc., and La Grippe with all its attending ailments.

When all else failed Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery did the good work. I also took Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for biliousness, with grand success. I write with gratitude to tell others of the relief that is in store for them. Do not delay but hasten to get the above mentioned remedies if suffering from similar indisposition."

Sam'l Kalesky, 978 Euclid Ave. Obtain this "Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's in tablets or liquid at your nearest drug store and you'll quickly find that it builds you up, beside correcting your distress.

Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice. Send 10c for trial pkg. tablets.

RIDE HAD THRILLS

New Zealander Probably Broke Many Speed Records.

Fortunate to Live to Write of Mad Journey Across Precipice, and a Night of Terror.

A thrilling adventure in the timberlands of New Zealand is related by Mr. David Blake, who met with it as a result of a quarrel with a man named Smertz. Do you know the great divide on Mount Siberia? asks Mr. Blake in the Wide World Magazine. I had the contract for cutting out and sending down the timber from the upper slopes. Across the gulch, taut as a bow-string, a steel cable stretched for eight hundred feet. The kauri logs, slung to an underhung trolley running on huge sheaves, were sent over the wire to the other side.

Rod McKenzie, Duncan and Smertz worked in my gang. It was the end of the day in late autumn. The last log—a monster twenty feet long by thirty in girth—hung ready for launching. I was on the point of giving the signal, when, fancying I noticed a slackness in one of the slings, I mounted the log.

This was Smertz's moment for deferred vengeance. As quick as lightning he swung his ax and sprang the hook of the guide rope from the socket. On the instant the huge log gathered headway down the taut wire. Some one screamed, "Jump, Dave, jump!" But there was no time.

All this happened in a flash. I threw myself face down upon the log and gripped the sling chains with a grip of death. Bushes, ground and tree stumps flew backward beneath me in a mad blur of speed. The racing sheaves, in their iron block casing, screamed and shrielled. Fire flashed from them. Fire ran along the wire. Showers of sparks flew out upon the wind.

Suddenly there was a jar, the grind and shriek of metal on metal. I screamed and closed my eyes. There was a jerk that wrenched my arms in their sockets, and the mad rush stopped.

The strained wire above sprang, bent again and hummed like a twanged bowstring. The log, hanging beneath, leaped up and down, up and down. I was jolted from my hold and, for a horrible minute, with one hand clutched in the chains, hung over the abyss. Slowly, painfully, I dragged myself up again. My nerves were in rags, my limbs shook, and my teeth chattered. I took off my belt and, reeling it through a chain link, shifted position; then I rebuckled the strong leather round my waist.

This is what had happened. The pin in the lower block had worked loose. The wire had jumped the groove in the sheave wheel, becoming jammed between it and the iron casing, and the log had braked itself by its own weight.

A stiff wind had blown during the afternoon, and with night it hardened into a gale from the southeast. It roared, swooping through the defile. Rain and wind-driven hail hissed across the darkness in fierce gusts. Flannel shirt and trousers, which represented all my clothing, were little protection against the fierce cold. I could not move to ease my position. Ice formed on the chains and on the wood; my clothing froze hard and stiff.

The night was as dark as the mouth of a pit. A single big star broke at intervals through the wrack of flying sand. I watched it idly as I lay in a sort of trance.

I awoke in a warm bed. It was Dick, my close companion, that had come out along the wire in the morning after the storm. He had brought with him a sort of chair of strong rope running on a pulley; but how he had managed on that swaying, slippery log to get me, helpless and unconscious, into the chair I do not know.

Smertz? The boss got him away from the boys, locked him inside his office and stood guard over him until the police came. Otherwise they would have killed him.

Famed Memorial Trees.

On the beautiful capitol grounds in Sacramento, Cal., there is a group of trees set out because of their historical interest, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington. There is a red maple from Antietam, Md.; a white elm from near McKinley's tomb, Canton, O.; a white ash from Vicksburg, Miss., and many others from equally distinctive points. These trees are studied with surpassing interest by visitors from many states and foreign lands. Could anything be more befitting to the memory of a fallen soldier than to plant a walnut tree grown from a nut produced at such historical points as these?

Keeping Up Appearance.

"Is the rivalry between Mrs. Gadsper and Mrs. Jibway as to which can have the finer car still going on?" "No, it was suddenly interrupted." "What happened?" "Bankruptcy proceedings. It looks as if they would have to start all over again."

Wouldn't Depend on the Girls.

"I think you could make a lot of money out of this play." "That so?" "Yes. The writer has worked out a good plot, and it wouldn't take more than a few songs and a dozen chorus girls to put it over."

BUDGET FOR TILLAMOOK COUNTY, OREGON, FOR THE YEAR OF 1922

Showing estimated expenses of the sev'r 1921, together with the estimated revenue, posed to be raised in dollars and cents for Seral offices and accounts; also amounts pro- required by Chapter 118 Laws of Oregon fo tate, County, Road and other purposes, as from other sources than direct taxation.

Table with columns: ASSESSORS OFFICE, SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT, TREASURER'S OFFICE, SHERIFF'S OFFICE, CLERK'S OFFICE, COUNTY COURT, SURVEYOR'S OFFICE, COURT HOUSE AND JAIL, ROADS AND BRIDGES. Rows list various departments and their 1918, 1919, 1920, and 1922 budget estimates.

Table titled 'Amounts necessary to be raised for various funds for 1922'. Lists funds like State Tax, Common School Fund, High School Tuition Fund, etc., with their respective amounts.

Notice is hereby given that the foregoing estimate will come on for hearing at a session of the County Court to be held in the County Court room in Tillamook, Tillamook, County on Thursday the 29th day of December, 1921, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time and place any taxpayer, subject to the above tax levy, when made, may be heard in favor of or against any such proposed tax levy. By order of the Budget Committee. Dated this 5th day of December, 1921.