

**Tillamook Headlight**  
 A Weekly Paper Published Every Thursday by the  
 Headlight Publishing Company, Inc.  
 Tillamook, Oregon  
 Leslie Harrison Managing Editor  
 Both Telephones

Entered as second-class matter in the postoffice at Tillamook, Oregon.

**Subscription Rates**  
 One year .....\$3.00  
 Six months ..... 1.50  
 Three months ..... .50  
 Payable in advance

**SWEETEST THING ON EARTH**  
 What is the sweetest thing in all this world? No doubt if the question were submitted to all the people, there would be an astonishing number of answers, according to the temperament, education, environment and mind of the individual.

A beautiful woman, as good as she is beautiful, but no, that would not answer the question, for the reason that everyone would not assent, because persons disagree as to what constitutes a beautiful woman. Well, what about a painter's masterpiece? Again there comes an objection, for people would differ about the subject chosen; enchanting lands, a peaceful, beautiful mountains, waterfalls, noble rivers,—all sweet enough to captivate the eye, but lacking quality.

What about a beautiful poem? All right, but few people are so constituted as to be able to judge and appreciate poetry, hence that would not appeal to a majority. In this case we want a popular decision. Thus, we might go on mentioning divers things, animate and inanimate, but what is the use? Let us leave this matter to the women of the world, shutting out the men. We believe the answer would be: "A sleeping little baby." Yes, we might include the papa of the baby, and we fancy, if he be the right kind of a papa, he might be heard saying: "Yes, that's the correct answer:—'A sleeping little baby.'"

**A YEAR OF POSSIBILITIES.**  
 It is believed by many people, that by the early spring, every large sawmill in this county will be in operation. Lumber is in good demand, and all along the coast there is an optimistic outlook. As most of the timber of Oregon lies on the western slope of the Coast range, the operation of the big mills will spell prosperity to the coast section.

Somehow, 1922 has been selected for some time past, as the year when some of the old time lumber activity was to manifest. Men are talking it, and men of affairs. Other things bid fair to become stabilized, so that a return to old time conditions are not only possible but probable.

Tillamook county will be in line to receive the new business im-

pulse. We have large tracts of timber, and there are railroad prospects for this section that look extremely good at this time. In the wake of railroad development, come other developments that tend to build up the country. Beach exploitation is scheduled for the coming year, and our dairy industry is in splendid shape, so considering all these things collectively, it is a pretty safe thing to prophesy prosperity of the real sort for this county in 1922.

**THIRTY YEARS AGO**

(From Headlight of Dec. 31, 1891)  
 The mail failed to arrive Tuesday night. A mantle of snow covered the earth Wednesday morning. While our people have been worrying over the probable fate of the Str. Augusta, she has been snug in her harbor at Astoria. Many of our merchants had Christmas goods aboard her, and when Christmas came and went and still no boat from Portland it capped the climax of aggravation for these unlucky ones.

There was a terrific wind storm in the mountains Monday night. Much timber was uprooted and many trees are across the road between here and North Yamhill. The mail is accumulating on the other side of the mountain, nothing but a few letters coming through. The last census report shows that no other county in Oregon has had a greater increase of population during the last ten years than Tillamook, with the exception of Multnomah. The chicken pox has been prevailing in this section for the past few weeks.

**GOT WHAT WAS COMING**

The Tillamook Headlight in expressing its honest convictions concerning that city's actual condition, and which facts should have been made public anyway, has ruffled the besmirched feathers of a few of the fowls until their crow is made one of aggression. Like all disgruntled individuals whose shady acts are brought under the searchlight they are ferriest the paper that exposes them and resort to the boycott as a means of extermination. 'Tis a silly act and will make friends for the Headlight and an increased subscription list. They'd better take their medicine and reform.—Sheridan Sun

**ENCHANTING DISTANCE:** Posterity will call these "the good old days" because posterity won't know all that we know.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

**POWERFUL REMEDY:** Professor can be cured by suggestion. The Cure thinks that many illnesses can be cured by suggestion. The mere suggestion of the doctor's fee often has the desired effect.—Punch (London)

**THE THRIFTY SCOT.** Bix—I wonder why a Scotchman always says "has" for "have?"  
 Dix: "Possibly it's on account of his thrift—he saves a 'v' every time he does it."—Boston Transcript

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Messersmith of this city, Dec. 27th, 1921, a son.

**RING OUT WILD BELLS**

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light,  
 The year is dying in the night;  
 Ring out, wild bells and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
 Ring, happy bells across the snow  
 The year is going, let him go;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more;  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor;  
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of four disease  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace  
 —Alfred Lord Tennyson.

**DO "CONGRESS" SEEDS PAY?**

Communication  
 To the Editor:  
 The Congress and the Government have often been criticised for the policy of distributing vegetable seeds free.

Upon investigation I find the actual cost to the Government is \$360,000 and the Department of Agriculture estimates the products grown from this distribution of seed at \$140,000 per year.

Whether the policy is wise or not I have been allotted for distribution of vegetable seeds (five kinds in a package) and a few flower seeds. In that the Government is spending good money for these seeds I do not want to see them wasted and therefore do not want to distribute them indiscriminately, but I shall be glad to send them to any one in Oregon desiring them for use.

If you will kindly let the people in your community know that I will be very grateful to you. These requests should be received by December 1st and the seeds will be mailed out shortly after January 1st.

Most sincerely yours,  
 Robert N. Stanfield.

**A WEIRD EXPERIENCE**

H. W. Liberty who was in Tillamook the latter part of the week on business, returned Saturday to Portland. Mr. Liberty has had a weird experience. Two of his brothers have been killed during a period of two years past in automobile accidents, and recently a third brother was so severely injured in a similar accident that little hopes are entertained of his recovery. Such an experience falls to the lot of few men, and it is doubted if it has had a parallel in this or any other country.

J. D. Edinger and wife were Portland passengers last Friday.

**COUNTY OFFICIAL PROTESTS HURT OF SCORING COURT**

Regarding certain articles that have been published recently on the alleged waste in spending public money, County Judge Homer Mason stated Tuesday that many people apparently make no attempt to look into the matter personally to satisfy themselves of conditions. "They do not seem to understand that the county is a far bigger corporation than any other they are concerned with. They seem to think it should be able to run itself, and refuse to take into consideration the fact that a matter of \$500,000 to \$600,000 must be spent each year to keep this county going. This is quite an item and should the court be hampered by inefficient help a great deal of this money would be wasted," said Judge Mason.

Regarding salaries paid county officials, Judge Mason stated that "During the war the salaries of some of the county officials was as low as \$75 or \$90 per month, while any kind of a fellow that could pack water without spilling it could get \$5 a day without any trouble." "I was impressed some time ago, while visiting a lumber camp, that the superintendent of the camp was a man who was paid a large salary but apparently did very little work. The object of having him there was, that at certain times he was very badly needed and at such times he was worth all the money he was paid. This is simply an illustration."

**NETARTS OYSTER BEDS USED TO BE WORKED—NOT NOW**

Netarts bay is noted as the home of the original small oyster of the northwest, and according to the Indians and early white settlers, these delicious bivalves were used as an article of trade and barter by the owners of schooners on the bay at one time, several ship loads having been taken to San Francisco in the late Sixties, where they brought a good price.

For a time, in latter years, the record books of the county show where many claims were taken by those who sought to culture the shell fish for their market value. But there came a time when a severe cold spell froze the oyster beds and when the weather moderated they were detached in chunks and washed away, and then the once plentiful little oyster became scarce and their culture largely ceased. A few of the claims are still operated, but are no longer the commercial attraction they once were.

It is said, whether true or not, that from this natural habitat of the species, Indians conveyed and planted oysters in both Shoalwater and Yaquina bays. Both of the latter places still long and ship these highly edible and popular oysters to the various Washington and Oregon markets.

**WEEKLY INDUSTRIAL REVIEW**

Corvallis school census shows growth of 2000.

Hillsboro cigar factory making six brands displacing foreign cigars.

Farm bureau to publish weekly paper at Oregon City—"The Call."

Portland—Machinery and equipment for new clothing factory installed.

**Bunk, Brine and Ballast**

The fellow in the hotel lobby udded so a remark of his companion. He applied a match to his brier pipe, and answered: "Yes, two-thirds of the people have the disease called 'hot-foot.' No sooner does a man get settled in a new place than he announces to his family that 'here's where we stink our pegs. Nice place; fine bunch of people; business survey looks good;—here's where we stay. No more rainbow chasing; no more freight bills; no more van bills; no more donations to the railways.'"

"And they mean it for the time, but the lure of the place just over the mountains, finally eats up the glamor of the new place, and then they begin to see the new found home in another, but different light. Where formerly the picture showed in gaudy colors, they began to detect that it was just a common, cheap chromo, sans the touch of the master's brush. And some of the people who seemed so 'fine,' later developed course qualities that were not at first apparent. And then—"

The speaker stopped, lighted another match—"well, you know the whole story, so what's the use of burning up words." "Alas, too true," said the good listener, glad that the well-known particulars were not to be rehearsed. "I'm a 'hot-footer' myself—never mind the trimmings. What about Alaska? Do you know, I believe that's a mighty good place to go to now. Just got a letter from a friend of mine—"

"All aboard for Portland! Auto stage." "See you again, some time!" "Bye, bye!" "So long, brother Hot-foot!"

Senator Stanfield is destined to be popular with some people. Just now the senator is working overtime in Washington. With his clerk and stenographers, he is said to spend his afternoon hours tying up packages of garden seeds to send to his far away constituents—"Where rolls the Oregon"—and he is anxious to get the packages out here for early sowing. If his constituents could see the busy senator in some of his old sheep clothes, earnestly sweating over the seed bins of the agricultural department, in his effort to get the free seeds to his people, there are sympathetic people who would read with tear-dimmed eyes, and have to wipe their specks. Sweat begrimed, tired, yet happy in the consciousness of having done a good deed, we can, in fancy, see the erstwhile sheepman glowing with proud satisfaction.

The senator is not stuck up, nor is he hard to approach. All one has to do is to walk up to him. While some Eastern Oregon politicians seem to be sore at the senator for not appointing them to positions of honor and profit, fellows like Wess. Caviness, "father of irrigation," are thankfully taking their pre-Christmas appointments, without even so much as a wry face, and several of his former sheepheaders, will no longer show up at "lambing time," because of the senator's handouts.

The following poem was written by Mr. Buckstrap on the decay of deer hunting with hounds and is entitled:

**THE LAST OF THE HOUNDS**  
 "No more is heard the baying hounds,  
 His voice is hushed and still;  
 When he used to come a-baying  
 A down the rocky hill.  
 He sulks about the kitchen door,  
 And housewives mutter: 'darn,  
 Give him a kick, that makes him sick  
 Or, chase him to the barn.  
 'Twas when 'Sunder' was some dog;  
 Time was, when 'Sunder' was some dog;  
 Time was, when he, but now, with occupation gone,  
 He chases but the flea."  
 L'ENVOI  
 Alas, the mellow bay is hushed,  
 No more the hounds sweet lay,  
 No more the hunter takes his 'horns',  
 When hounds have ceased to bay.

**EXPERT ADVICE.** "The lungs are best expanded by deep breathing says one of our most brilliant medical men. This is much better than using a glove-stretcher for the purpose.—Punch (London.)"

**FORCE OF HABIT.** "Why was Dr. Kuttler so severely reprimanded by the club librarian?" "They caught him absent-mindedly removing the appendix from the book he was reading.—The American Legion Weekly."

Dave Hadley of the Netarts camp ground, was in town yesterday, and took out a load of supplies. Considerable improvement is being made over at Netarts, including new buildings and repairs, and it is planned to have the camp in first-class condition, states Dave Hadley, for the coming season.

F. F. View who spent a couple of days the latter part of the week here on business, returned to home in Portland Tuesday.

**It is Unnecessary to Emphaize why the correct filling of a prescription is so vital. It may be a life or death matter as you well know. In this store the emphasis is placed on the relief from all anxiety and complete satisfaction which you enjoy when you bring your prescription where experience, skill and care are combined to give you exactly what the doctor intended you to have. Many new things are being discovered about drugs and their action all the time, making necessary constant study in addition to the foundation education. Besides this hard earned knowledge and skill the utmost care is exercised in every detail. Only pure drugs and chemicals of standard strength and efficiency are used and "Safety-First" is the one consideration when prescriptions are being filled. If you would enjoy perfect confidence in your next prescription bring it here.**

**LAMAR'S DRUG STORE**  
 TILLAMOOK, OREGON