

COMMENT

Editorial Page of the Tillamook Headlight

FEATURES

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OUR EDITORIAL POLICY

- 1. To advocate, aid and support any measures that will bring the most good to the most people
2. To encourage industries to establish in Tillamook county.
3. To urge the improvement of a port for Tillamook City.
4. To insist on an American standard of labor.
5. To be politically independent, but to support the candidates for public office who will bring the most good to the people of Tillamook county and of the State of Oregon.

FRIDAY JANUARY 25, 1924

JUDGE OVRULES DEMURRER

The county won a trick in the game Hillsboro last week, when Judge W. Bagley overruled the demurrer to the injunction brought by the timber interests to stop payment by county of warrants issued to M. Nease, for a partial re-cruise of county timber tracts. The amount involved is \$10,000.

J. Kinney, the man who caused the injunction to be filed, it is said, is a timber owner in this county. The records show, and just as he represents in the matter is a mystery, which will later come out. He is a hired man of some kind, like some other very much interested individuals, who affect a disinterested attitude in the county's welfare, but who seem zealously devoted to the timber interests nevertheless.

The effect of the ruling by Judge Bagley is to put the next legal move to the timber interests. The people are wondering just what Kinney's interests are in the matter, and who is Kinney? At the labor session of circuit court he was present and was represented by attorneys. No one here up to date has vouched for Kinney as a timber owner in the county, and for that reason alone, there is wonderment as to his interest in the case, when he apparently has no timber at stake. There is also a growing suspicion that Kinney is a stool-pigeon, and a man who is taking orders from some one who for reasons best known to himself is hiding behind the dow of their would-be champion.

A big airship manned by United States officers and men is scheduled to start to discover a new continent somewhere up near the North pole early this year. It is believed that a great continent really exists north of the northern shores of Alaska, and the United States has built a big airship to seek it. Stefansen, the Arctic explorer, believes that such a country exists, and it was originally peopled over a five hundred years ago by a Norwegian colony, who mysteriously disappeared from Greenland. Eskimo traditions, and scientific deduction give rise to the belief that a new continent lies somewhere beyond the Arctic circle, and that volcanoes and geysers give it a temperate zone. The big airship Shenandoah will either discover it, or pile up somewhere in the Arctic ocean. If the quest should prove successful, and a new country is discovered where life can be sustained as in the United States and other temperate zones, flying to the new land may not only become possible, but popular. How about taking up a homestead up in the Arctic?

Now comes the state income tax, perking up its head, and wagging its tail. The newcomer is a money eater, and you would better grab your form, and get ready to fill it out, as the report say that failure to make out your tax questionnaire will not be taken as an excuse. So, in addition to

guerilla tactics. Why not come out in the open and lay their cards on the table like good American citizens, and place their case honestly before the county court, instead of hiring hired gunmen, pussyfoots and key-hole sleuths?

The fact that the county court is standing by the taxpayers in seeking to get an honest re-cruise of the timber of the county should enlist every honest taxpayer in their cause. The Headlight believes in the INTEGRITY of the county court. It believes that the court is on the side of the taxpayer, and that it is trying to work for the best interests of the county. The timber interests have initiated the fight. It has been done in a cowardly, sneaking manner, and the matter, the Headlight proposes in accordance with its convictions in to stand by the court and county interests, rather than those of men whose official residence may be traced to luxurious offices in the Flatiron building or other apartments in New York city, or other eastern cities, leaving the dirty tactics of evading legitimate taxation in the hands of tools, who for a consideration do the swamping and spittoon work for their bosses.

Not only is there an effort to discredit the county court, but there is also a vile plot to make it appear that Tillamook county is bankrupt, which is locally known to be a lie of the vilest sort. Taxpayer, citizen, get your eyes open, and resent this contemptible scheme to discredit your officers, and to put your county in the bankrupt column!

The Headlight is casting no aspersions on honest timbermen who say they are not concerned in this dirty scheme to blackmail the county. Several of them have placed themselves on record as not being in any way concerned in the present scheme to discredit the county court, or to evade their just responsibilities as taxpayers.

With these men the Headlight has no quarrel. Neither should the people have. These men have civic pride, they pay their taxes without cavil, and are willing to pay on an honest cruise. They realize that they are a part of the county, and do not do business through a board of directors in New York city. Such men are entitled to respect and the confidence of the people, but those other fellows—

They do not care whether Tillamook is painted black, green or blue. They want to escape JUST TAXATION, and they don't give a tinker's dam how they do it. Hence, they set their yapping pack of swampers on the trail of the county court, and burn Greek fire, and raise a big smoke screen—anything to fog and bedcloud the issue, and get the taxpayers SUSPICIOUS. The better class of business men of the county do not believe the silly drivels of the hired press agent, or the slyly malicious whisperings of the keyhole and pussyfoot sleuth, who intimates the worst but is careful not to make any DIRECT charges.

The Headlight is in the fight to stay. It stands for the integrity of the county, and resents the lying statements about its financial bankruptcy. It will attempt to UNMASK some of the real conspirators, and show them up for what they are. In its work it will ask the support of all honest citizens.

Questionnaires are being sent out to the district foresters in the states of Washington, and Oregon and Idaho by the government to ascertain statistics concerning the production of lumber. In 1921 Washington led in the production of lumber, and Oregon was second and Louisiana third. Forestry officials incline to the opinion that Washington will maintain its lead, with Oregon a close second, but that this state will show a big increase in production is also certain. The survey is made every two years, and several months will elapse after the questionnaires are in, before the result of the survey will be known.

Since coming out for Coolidge for President, Mr. Ford has again made application to the government to buy Mussel Shoals. This time he should be successful.

your federal income tax, get ready for the knock on the door, when the state income tax steps up on the porch.

About 8,000 school teachers of the state will have to plunk up state tax this year. Many persons who are exempt from the federal tax income law, so it will be in order for most everybody who has money or property to take an inventory, and become acquainted with the demands of the new law. While it had a hard time getting into the ring, it doubtless is here to stay, provided some body doesn't find a flaw in it's make up.

The work of helping the starving children of devastated Germany, is a commendable one. The war is over, and with it should vanish hatred and unfriendly feeling. The efforts of the French to extract the last "ounce of flesh," and to bleed a country to death, is not the act of a civilized nation. In war the United States was against Germany, but now the two nations are at peace, and continued hate gets no nation or individual anywhere. The children of Germany were not to blame for what the war lords did, and it is an act of humanity to help to keep them from starving. It was humane to succor devastated Japan, what about a country whose blood is so largely infused in the population of the United States?

The dispatches tell us that California is praying for rain. We Oregonians might give them a few showers and never miss them, but for some inscrutable reason best known to himself, Jupiter Pluvius is partial to Oregon. Maybe Jupe has heard how in the past Californians used to tell a story on the Webfeet that it rained thirteen months out of each year, up here, and that ever since, the rain god has been trying to make the lie good for California. But of course he has failed. Most of the Californians like to come up here each summer to get a good drink of water, and they have also taken a great liking to our beach resorts. And they know a good thing when they see it.

Figuring on the number of out of the state automobiles that came to Oregon last year, Sam Kozar, secretary of state, believes that the number of visiting automobiles to Oregon this year will run from 750,000 to 1,000,000. Automobiles entering the state are presumed to register when they come in, but Mr. Kozar states that last year not more than half of the persons driving such vehicles obtained visitors permits. In addition to the number of state visitors to the Tillamook coast during the summer months, it is believed that fully half of the out of the state visitors will also come to our beaches. A short route from Portland to the Tillamook beaches has become a necessity; and when the Roosevelt highway is finished, we just will have to have it. Better get it going, while the sledding is good.

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RIDE TO THE COAST IS FULL OF WONDER

An all day trip by train from Portland to Tillamook, is not without its compensations to the traveller who uses his eyes. Starting in at Manning's mill on the eastern slope of the coast range mountains, the train begins its climb to the summit. The road winds through well tilled farms until quite an elevation is gained, when the farms fall behind, and one sees the occasional and scattered homes of those who have hewn modest abodes out of the timber. These hill dwellers have stock, and nearly all have a small herd of dairy cows the milk from which is shipped eastward from the

little stations that occur a intervals along the road. This fact was gleaned by the presence of the milk cans that rest upon the platforms of the stations. This fact was further accentuated by a view of herds of cows in the pastures, or on the near by mountain ranges. As the train gets higher up toward the summit, the crowd of mill men and loggers who are always in evidence, going or coming, drop off a some mill or logging camp, and vacant seats become more numerous.

At the station in East Portland, a very stout woman got on the train, and in addition to her other belongings, with which her arms were encumbered, she carried a canary bird, which later indulged in fragmentary twitterings, and several times essayed to sing. In its efforts it was aided by the stout woman, who puckered her lips and whistled little bars of encouragement. When birdie finally got to singing the fat woman seemed greatly delighted, and looked around at the other passengers with apparent pride, which without being uttered meant: "I told you so!" The passengers were entertained by the canary until a logging camp was reached, when the fat woman and the would be songster from the Hartz mountains, got off the train, and that part of the entertainment ceased.

Next on the program was when a couple of young men began to talk about the various logging camps in which they had worked, and to find fault with the two inches of snow that lay on the ground. They were from California, and berated themselves soundly for leaving the sunny climate of middle California for the "frigid" atmosphere of Oregon. Each predicted that after a month's work they would be on their way back to the redwoods. When finally they got off the train two acclimated Oregonian loggers who sat near them in the smoker, expressed their opinions about the Californians quite freely. One of them had known one of the Californians in former years.

"That bird," said the Oregonian, "never sticks longer than a month anywhere. When he gets in a new camp, he usually begins to find fault with the food, and growls and kicks from the time he arrives until he quits. Why, that fellow," said the Oregonian, "wouldn't stay in Leavenworth more than two weeks on a two years sentence."

Lunch was taken at the summit, where fifteen minutes is allowed by the railroad company to appease the hunger of passengers who do not provide a lunch for the trip. Here, the east-bound passenger train from Til-

lammook passes on its way to Portland. As the train gains the summit and starts down toward the sea, the timber becomes in evidence, and is a pleasing contrast to the barren sections on the eastern side of the mountains. All the streams then begin their pilgrimage to the sea, and the headwaters of the Salmonberry, a beautiful mountain stream appears, and that stream is followed all the way down the west slope to tidewater. Its silvery sheen accompanies the train down the mountains. Gradually it grows in size, and dashes its foam crested current against huge rocks, over fallen trees, through small log jams, always emerging to continue its rush toward the sea.

"Always hurried to be buried, In the bitter, moon mad sea." Along the route, falling over steep declivities, sometimes two hundred feet in height, dash tiny rivulets, from upland springs, to join the Salmonberry in its wild journey to the ocean. And they are numerous at this time of year, when the melting snow, following the line of the least resistance, and obeying the law of gravitation, leaps to the canyon. And they are not without scenic charm. They have within them the poetry of motion, which is always attractive to the eye of the lover of nature.

Thus it is, that the fellow who finds time hanging heavily on a long trip, misses the poetry of the occasion, and curls up in his seat and sleeps, or stays awake and finds fault with the engineer or the company for not making greater speed. But to the person who loves to see the kaleidoscopic changes that flash anew, the trip is interesting. It is also suggestive of many things, and one can pass the time very pleasantly, if one will, in musings; and the thoughts that come into one's mind, are like the broadcastings of the radio. For man himself is a receiver of thoughts, and once the mind is attuned to the right vibrations, he can choose his own program without interference by anyone.

Returning to the Salmonberry. It is a pleasing panorama, and the engineers who chose it as a route for the first railroad that ever came to Tillamook, chose well. It is a scenic route, but the circulars of the railroad company barely and rarely mention it as such. It needs more exploitation, as a scenic route. Few railroad routes in Oregon outshine the trip down the beautiful Salmonberry to the sea. The hills constitute an interesting background. Forest fires have scarred many of the titans of the forest, and denuded them of life, but they fill in the perspective and have their place, and also open

vistas to view that otherwise would not be seen. Mingled with the ghostly appearing trees, are newer growths that give one a view of white and green, and upon the ground there lie strewn the charred remains of the trees that fell bravely in the holocaust of tree disaster.

Taking a practical view of the millions of feet of fallen timber on the ground, comes the thought of its practical utility as a fuel resource for the poor of the big cities. But most of it will not be removed from its resting place. The labor of collecting it, and the cost of transportation, preclude any further consideration of its utility. In time to come, it may be used for wood by the settler who comes into the mountain section for a home. But even that will be after all logging operations have ceased. The land might make a home for a man with a small dairy herd. One thing the settler would be assured of, is fine spring water, fit for the consumption of a god. And health giving properties inhabit the

heights, but—it takes income to buy bacon. A homely conclusion, but a practical one, nevertheless.

Down on the lower reaches, many new logging camps and mills are encountered. And they are increasing rapidly, and as the timber along the railroad is used up, little logging roads will extend back into the vast untouched and unexploited sections of the Coast range slope. Barely have the immense stretches of timber on the coast side of the mountains been touched; and hereby is a tale that the future will unfold in the lumber industry.

As the hours flit by, the train (Continued on page 6)

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