

Tillamook Headlight

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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, FEBRUARY 29, 1924

FIRST GREAT AMERICAN

Last Friday was the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. Many Americans consider Washington the greatest man the United States has ever produced as an outstanding patriot. Probably that is so of his time; but it is believed by many patriotic Americans that Abraham Lincoln is entitled to distinction of being the greatest American not only of his time, but all other times in the history of the country. Both men came when a crisis in the life of the republic entered its very life. Both filled the stations as leaders to the credit and honor of the American people, the fact that at the close of his term of office as president, Lincoln was foully assassinated by a church fanatic, has made his memory dearer to the masses than that of Washington. Each filled his appointed place in American history, and the memory of each is held in sacred remembrance, as men who were especially loved at the time by what is believed to have been something akin to divine selection. Perhaps this cannot be proved to some people, but history is replete with instances of men who come upon the stage of action time to materially assist in averting national disaster and ruin. It is well for us to think that both Washington and Lincoln were divinely inspired, as to believe these great men were chosen by God, the creator of the universe, is not careless of the destiny of the races and worlds which he has created. To think otherwise is to describe all things to accident and to invite chaos, and mental and spiritual oblivion. There is a time when all that is spiritual and good in man is needed. A time when human greed is rampant; a time when a pleasure-loving and dissipated world is inviting the very best of humanity to a throne on the

temple of Baal. Not only has this spirit of greed and carelessness crept into our national life, but that hydra head of the serpent of religious intolerance and bigotry that has deluged the world in blood, is again rearing its head, and seeking to undo the work of Washington and Lincoln in this republic. Using the words of the patriot Washington: "Let none but Americans be placed on Guard!"

The death of ex-Governor Theodore Thurston Geer adds another pioneer to the list of those who have again taken the trail to a new and untried country, but of whose existence, few have doubts.

Governor Geer was a man of kindly impulses, and left the plow on his farm in the Waldo Hills, to become Governor. He was a strong partisan, and was prominent in republican conventions of twenty years ago, and his services were always in demand during campaign times, when his keen, biting wit and pointed illustrations were relished by his partisans, and objected to by his opponents. Theodore Geer was educated in Willamette University, and was a great friend of the old pioneers among whom he grew to manhood. He will be missed by many friends who knew him as a jolly, whole-souled Oregonian. He was the tenth governor of Oregon.

The rebelion being carried on by the Huerta faction in Mexico, it is said, is backed by the Catholic church, which is not now allowed to mix up church and state, as in the former days. The present president is one who believes in keeping church and state separate, and Mexico has prospered during his incumbency. One of this country's cardinal principles is that church and state must be kept separate, as the history of the world is full of chapters where the dominant church also ruled the country, and bloodshed and cruelty, superstition and ignorance followed in its train. This country guarantees all citizens the right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, and that is enough. Not even a Protestant church should be allowed to monopolize the government, and allow ecclesiastics to rule. The people should rule this government, and allow ecclesiastics to rule. Church rules have been tried in Mexico, and found wanting. The sympathy of all who believe in real democracy will be found backing the rule of Obregon and his government.

Over in Egypt, the Egyptian government and the excavators, an Englishman and an American, are disputing about division of the gold recently found in Tutankamen's tomb. The Egyptians are willing to have the grave of one of the distinguished ancestral kings ripped open and rifled, but naturally, they want the lion's share of the gold found. The other parties also want the big end of the divide. It should be an intensely consoling thought to the wealthy potentates when they come to die, and be buried with gold gew-

gaws that could be turned into money by future civilized barbarians, that they in turn, may be dragged from their tombs by the cupidity and greed of succeeding generations. The whole thing savors of the ghoul that watches in the graveyard. It is a contemplation in which the fetid breath of a waiting human hyena, makes even death sepulchral impossible in the face of godless greed.

A DYING MAN THAT FLED

A citizen rushed into a local drug store Friday night, in some excitement. The chair warmers perked up their ears, including a deputy sheriff and a newspaper man.

"There's a man just breathing his last down on the parking near the restaurant, opposite the mill, and I think he's about all in!" shouted the citizen. "Better send for a physician!" The druggist sent for a doctor pronto. In the meantime the first citizen, (the one who had discovered the dying man) followed by the deputy sheriff and the newspaper man, and sundry other citizens, afoot and on horseback, (paregorically speaking) armed with staves, arquebusses, spears and ammonia, the latter hastily grabbed by the veteran druggist, rushed in riotous disorder looking for the body and—perhaps for the murdered man's assailant—who could tell? The whole thing sniffed of mystery and foul play. Several small boys who had first discovered the dead or dying or murdered man, brought up the "career," as Mrs. Partington would put it.

The mob arrived in disorder, like a bunch of Jack Falstaff's recruits from a foray on a hedge that previously had contained other folk's linen.

The first citizen gazed anxiously at the place on the parking where the dying man had lain, when he was called to view the prospective corpse by two small boys. The green grass was there; the telephone post that marked the spot was still erect, but the corpse had either fled, or been taken hence. Up rolled the doctor in his tonneau, but there was nothing but explanations present.

The doctor said a few things, and drove away. The deputy sheriff disappeared up a dark looking alley. The crowd dispersed and sought the coal stove in the drug store and speculated as to the disappearance of the dying man. It was agreed that it was not possible that the poor man had gone straight up. If not, where?

A few minutes later the deputy sheriff came out of the alley and struck a trail leading to the big saw-mill. Some girls who were passing had seen a man making crooked tracks toward the lumber pile, and the sleuth followed the dim trail. He enlisted the aid of the night watch and a lantern, and the trail grew fresher. Finally, a pair of shoes protruded from the lumber. Like the ostrich which sticks its head in the sand, and foolishly imagines that it is hid, the fugitive from prohibition justice, had forgotten to cover his feet. "Come out of that," said the deputy, quite loud enough for the man to hear. Instead of obeying, however,

the corpse made a wild lunge forward, and fell through a hole in the floor to another level about six feet below, and lay there. That period of lassitude was his undoing. A moment later the deputy had him, and led forth his wobbly form—all covered with dots and dashes of sawdust and splinters—and guided him toward the house.

Had the knight of the buize can, collected his mind soon enough after his fall, he might have threaded his way through the mill from the lower floor, and like Leander, swam the Hellespont, to the woods beyond the slough, and twisted a garland of evergreen for his perspiring brow, like many another hero of fiction; but again his imitation of the delusion of the ostrich proved his second and final undoing.

The rather portly citizen who heard the famous death-rattle in the throat of the dying man, will hereafter not concern himself with expiring men on the parking. He'll let 'em expire, and then notify the coroner.

THE PLUG HAT AND THE DIAMOND HITCH

Years ago, when T. B. Handley was an attorney and politician in Tillamook—when the local press spat ridicule, venom and personalities at each other over politics; when elections were red-hot with interest; when automobiles were a rarity, and there was considerable more charity for one's fellow man than now; when the old stage coach was looked for as anxiously every night as was a drink of one's favorite beverage in the early morning at the local thirst dispensary; when a stranger was given the "twice over" by almost the entire population, and there was speculation as to whether he was an escaped convict, a Pinkerton detective, a life-insurance man, bunko artist or a prospective homesteader to be located for a consideration; when a dollar was harder to get, and lasted longer;—he concluded (this is a long sentence; connect it up with T. B. Handley), that he wanted a new silk hat, and sent out to his old friend Muesdorfer of Portland, and ordered a good one. All old timers remember Muesdorfer, the hat man of Portland. Tom waited patiently for the hat. Pretty soon the whole town knew that Tom had ordered the hat. People were on the tip-toe of excitement to see how T. B. would look in the new tie. But fate, that jinx of life, had other plans than the safe delivery of that hat. In those times, everything came by mail; many a woman received a brand new hat from Seers & Sawbuck that looked as though it might have contacted a cyclone or accidentally been run through a threshing machine after it left the store in a well packed pasteboard box. Much of the mail in the winter time had to be packed on horses, and the diamond hitch was used to secure the pack on the animal, and in this last statement is the essence of the story.

The hat started blithely on its journey to Tillamook, carefully wrapped in a stiff straw board receptacle. It made the trip to North Yamhill

gaily. But at that place it began to meet with adventures and bad treatment. The packer on the other side of the mountain had been relayed the information that Tom's hat was on its way. The story is that the packer was a nephew of the man for whom the hat was intended. When he had put all of the sacks on the horse, there yet remained the hat. To the other man who was assisting the packer said:

"Here's where I pack uncle Tom's hat carefully—like —!"

And he did do that very thing. He placed the box on top of the pack, and then threw the deadly diamond hitch squarely across the hat; and putting his foot against the belly of the groaning horse, proceeded to make the sack safe for the Tillamook democracy. The rope cut cruelly into uncle Tom's hat, pastebord and all and later, when the postmaster with an ill concealed grin, handed the coveted tile to Handley, the latter was heard to say things that would have made a Sunday school convention blush with shame.

But Tom never wore that hat; and several tough guys unloaded their carefully oiled six-shooters and sighed deeply. They had made boasts that they would shoot Tom's new hat as full of holes as is a well ordered salt cellar. They wouldn't have to do it now.

That's the story of the first plug hat that never came safely to Tillamook, as related by an old timer; and it's a true story of the times when every man who started for the valley with a team and wagon, kissed his wife several times good bye, and took a small load of fence rails along to use when he got stuck from ten to one hundred times in the mud between here and the "great outside," which was a trip the average citizen took with many misgivings, but for which there was no time schedule.

While falling timber for the Coats logging company east of town last week, Phillip Booth was struck in his right eye by a splinter from a wedge, which badly damaged that optic. He was taken to a Portland hospital Wednesday last, where he will receive special treatment.

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