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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.

WELCOME EDITORS

For several weeks, people of Tillamook have been looking forward with interest and pleasure to these two big days that are at hand, when we may welcome the editors of the state of Oregon to our community and its surroundings. We, the citizens, expect to derive a great amount of pleasure and intellectual breadth from our associations, short though they may be, with the boosters and builders of public opinion who will be in our city during these two days. Not long ago, when transportation and other means of communication were so remote from any large degree of perfection it was the newspapers that kept up united spirit that has meant so much to our entire county. Tillamook, in those days, was more isolated than the average community, and perhaps that increases the appreciation on that we feel towards the newspaper workers represented by the hundreds of men and women that are with us now in their seventeenth annual convention. And in this modern age the newspapers are still the most dependable sources of information and education obtainable.

We are offering the best we have for your entertainment, for we want you to be happy and feel that we appreciate your efforts that have meant so much to the entire state. We feel that Tillamook has more to offer in the way of things to look at and all around pleasant surroundings than the majority of cities our size, and we are surely glad to have the opportunity to welcome all of you. We were not expecting to show you so much smoke but that is only an added attraction.

POLITICS ARE DISCUSSED

By Sheldon Sackett
(Editor's Note: Mr. Sackett, a former Sheridan boy, discusses the democratic convention and the nomination of John W. Davis from the viewpoint of an eye-witness.)

Politics vie this summer with base ball as the great American sport. "Babe" Ruth in New York temporarily doffed his hat and home runs to the team of Davis and Bryan vs. the Coolidge-Dawes battery.

It was the writers privilege to gain at first hand an estimate of the leaders in the two parties which will play the dominant part in the coming election. One week ago, President Coolidge was heard at Washington, D. C., while for two days through a combination of good fortune, and friendship, the so-called historic Democratic convention of 1924 was visited.

To have listened in succession to Joseph Daniels of war-time fame, to Governor Cox of Ohio, who held the banner under which the party suffered such disastrous defeat in 1920, then to see the convention go wild over the appearance and speech of the redoubtable "Al" only to give a comparatively mild applause to the candidate of their choice—all these are sensations which in part tell the bent of the political wind. Likewise the Coolidge address of the Fourth, less spectacular but a more accurate expression of party belief, was an added criterion of the temperature of the political pot.

It has been widely heralded thru-out the press that seats to the Democratic festivities could be procured

only by some stalwart son who has eluded the injunction of William J., made a fortune in Wall Street and sliced off a liberal share of said wealth for the support of the Madison Square hostilities. Imagine the writer's surprise to obtain through the famous, even notorious Tammany hall, free convention tickets for all the sessions one cared to attend. Tammany declares she never forgets a friend especially if the friend talks nicely about Mr. Smith and agrees that Boss Murphy created a wonderful organization.

The meetings of Tuesday, the day before the nomination came, were the tired weary but grimly determined type. The band would play, California would continue to wave her pretty flags and set forth weak hurrahs at the mention of McAdoo. But thinking men, if such here were, after two weeks of battle, acknowledged the impossibility of giving either of the two outstanding candidates the banner. Again and again the test had been made only to fall way short of the necessary two-thirds. The fight had been so bitter that even the Californian's pronouncement which stirred the air of the convention in the wee small hours of a sultry Wednesday morning, failed to unite the party which adjourned at 4 a. m. for another day of turmoil.

It was the writer's good fortune to happen back to the hall Wednesday afternoon. The belief was prevalent that the nomination was still afar off. One never knows, however, the temperament of 1096 dog-tired, bored, almost down-hearted stalwarts.

The balloting began. The governor of Alabama whose classic "twenty-four votes for Underwood" had become a convention slogan, started with his favorite horse on the 103rd ballot. Will Rogers who ranked as high-point man of the convention humorists, declares that Alabama's answer to roll will speedily become the national anthem. The swing for Davis started with the early states in the list and grew in intensity as the votes were cast. It is a truly great moment to see a convention, deadlocked for the longest period of any such American gathering—one would be safe in saying for the longest period in the history of the world for a Caesar—move like the mind of a child. West Virginia was making a heroic effort to place her favorite son on the highest pinnacle the party could offer. Here and there a state would cast a split vote, then gather in consultation and change its entire strength to John W. Davis. Glass supporters were hanging on. A proud southern woman with the pleasant drawl, was doing her best to convince the leader of a state delegation that Davis was incapable and Glass the truly great candidate. Every time a Davis vote was announced the West Virginia bunch let loose with a broadside of applause. Mr. Walsh, who in most people's opinion, earned every compliment the convention paid him, looked over his iron gray mustache, which threaten to obstruct his view, and sees a storm ahead.

Davis increased steadily with the call of states. When the end of the roll was reached and delegates by rapid calculation found that the West Virginian had more than majority—the first time for any convention candidate to reach such a place, one could see a tidal wave sweep over the floor. A dozen leaders were on their chairs waving the state standards and clamoring for recognition. Alabama with the stentorian voice of her leader, broke the Underwood cordon and cast her votes for Davis. Oregon was crying for recognition. Walsh was cool and dictatorial. It was proof positive of ability, this time, to hold the convention. One by one the states went to Davis. The crowd began to yell, the end was in sight, one woman who had pledged herself to vote for McAdoo all summer changed her vote and the end was at hand.

Someone who perhaps had an arrangement with the chairman, moved that the vote be taken by acclamation. The chairman never put the motion. The applause and repeated "ayes" which followed the move made unmistakable the sentiment of the delegates. West Virginia had shown her faith in her lawyer-candidate by large signs bearing the caption "Davis, the next president of the United States." Together with large pictures of the standard bearer. These were thrust out and the triumphal march was on. Rome had triumphed! Political conventions have story parades. Especially is this true when the convention has made its decision. Here comes an old lady, no doubt the defined three score and ten, tripping some light fantastic of earlier days. Here was a fat broker, who packed the state's standard with all the energy of a kid at the circus. The band played "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag" and around and around the hall went the delegations. Hats went into the air; there was a good amount of yelling but the gall-

eries—Al Smithites to be core—took it all in the Spartan fashion and failed to go wild at the thought that the convention had performed its mission. So sudden had come the turn and so widespread was the feeling that "that's done" throughout the delegates, that the demonstration lacked the spontaneity or size which have characterized such moments in the past. Obviously everybody was glad the time of departure was finally in sight; the feeling for the candidate was less pronounced.

The high light of the convention history this week, nevertheless was not the nomination of John W. Davis. The real stir was when Alfred E. Smith addressed the convention for fifteen minutes Wednesday noon. "Al's" popularity is a matter to conjure with. The writer heard President Wilson on the latter's fateful trip to the west. Then the president was in the zenith of his power, the war was over but the demonstration scarcely exceeded the prolonged roar when the governor appeared Wednesday—Sheridan Sun.

MORE ABOUT HAIRY APES

Paul Bunyan and the Swede First to Fall Out Over Name of Bunyan Peak

As was stated in last week's Headlight the hairy apes in the vicinity of Kelso, Washington, are descended from the time of Paul Bunyan and his sojourn with the Swede and the blue ox. Although newspapers claim that these animals live in the vicinity of Mt. St. Helens, it is a well know fact that they are more abundantly inhabitant in the foothills of Mt. Rainier, but since the controversy over that mountain's name has temporarily been dropped the reporters do not like to mention the mountain because they do not know which name to give it without getting into trouble.

Back in the old days when Paul and the Swede were digging the Columbia river, the ox got mad at the treatment he was getting. Paul and the Swede were piling the dirt on a spot where Mt. Hood now stands. They had just spent the previous summer keeping the snow shoveled out of Hood's canal, an echo of Puget Sound. The sound had to be kept clear so it would carry to Eastern Oregon where the sound had to be heard where the sheepmen used it to herd their sheep. They had piled this snow in the Rainier national park. They called it that because Paul said it was rainer there than any place he had ever seen. While they were working here, burning the asbestos handles from their shovels from working so fast, old chief Radio Light's favorite daughter climbed up on the pile of snow they had thrown up and started to comb her hair. The Swede saw her and exclaimed, "Look Paul, she's got 't' comb 'er' hair on our pile of snow." Every day thereafter she came up there to comb her hair, and one day when it was rainer than usual the Swede, who had fallen cavernously in love with her, and Paul Bunyan had a heated argument over the name of this knoll that the maiden liked to mount to comb her hair, on this day that was rainer than the others. Of course the two men didn't get along very well after this argument over the mound that has since grown to such physical as well as anti-neighborly preponderance.

Well, what made the blue ox so mad up there on the Columbia river job was that Paul and the Swede got to wrangling among themselves and wouldn't get together and build a boat to haul the dirt in, for the fog was so thick that he had to swim with the load to the top of the pile that is now fully grown and indisputably called Mt. Hood. All he had for a carrier was a toy automobile belonging to Mr. Hood's oldest boy. So the ox sneaked away one dark night about noon and at 1 p. m. the next morning got back to the place where the Swede's sweetheart had let the pile of snow grow so rapidly that it was too high to mount to comb her hair. That day was rainer than any previous. The relatives of the maiden had been working with oxy-acetylene torches to melt down the snow because they knew their two friends were falling out over the name of the mountain. Just as the ox got there the mercury dropped to a very low mark and all the hair was frozen off his neck and when the Indians melted down the snow where the hair had dropped off the ox's neck some of them, not wise to what had happened, drank the water from this melted snow, and ever since, their descendants have been a tribe of Indians that look like hairy apes. They never come out to civilization because they are ashamed of themselves for letting the pile of snow grow to such stupendous proportions, and causing so much dissention. This has probably accounted for their great stature which is reported to exceed seven feet. They stay up there in the woods where wood alcohol, automobiles, taxies, elections and moving pictures do

not hamper their progress. They are also waiting for the two factions to kill themselves off over the title controversy then they will come out and proclaim the title, as it should rightfully be designated, "Bupyan Peak."

THE ADOPTION OF THE DOLLAR AND-CENT SYSTEM BY THE BRITISH EMPIRE

The main reasons for giving the preference to the dollar-and-cent system (over the existing English coinage, or a pound subdivided into a thousand "mils") may be summed up as follows: Its adaptability for every-day transactions, and its greater simplicity for the keeping of accounts. If we are to aim at one uniform empire currency, that object is more likely to be attained through the dollar than through pound and mil. In not many years from now the number of people using the dollar will be much larger than the number of those using any other coin. This will make the dollar the predominant standard. The adoption of the dollar by the British empire "would bring us into line with the great English-speaking communities of North America, and strengthen ties between Anglo-Saxon nationalities.—Exchange.

THRIFT IN PUBLIC EDUCATION

The recent session of the National Education association at Washington, D. C., emphasized the importance of thrift, teaching economy in school administration and introduction of universal savings systems.

Arthur H. Chamberlain, chairman of the National Committee on Thrift Education, advocates courses of study on these lines in the school systems of our country.

General introduction of school savings deposit systems, with millions of small depositors drawing interest, are to be introduced in the common schools and colleges.

Progressive banking houses are taking up this matter on practical lines to counteract the tendency of children learning to spend money before they have acquired earning ability.

The morality and stability of character, to say nothing about individual honesty and saving habits, of the child can be conserved by such systems for the welfare and prosperity of the individual, the family and our country.

COAST CUTTER BEAR WINS FIGHT WITH ICE PACK

The Coast Guard cutter Bear, grand old craft of the icy wastes where ships are ships, has whipped Old Boreas to a frazzle again.

Battered by ice, her timbers strained, two blades of her propeller gone and her rudder wrenched loose, the Bear came under the roadstead here Thursday and dropped anchor.

She made port through the heaviest ice seen in these waters for a quarter of a century.

It was down to the northeast of St. Lawrence island that the ice pack from the northern sound, hurried on its way by a sudden shift of wind from Siberia, caught the Bear against the shore fields.

Day after day she fought her way, slipping stealthily through an opening now about in a sea-going lagoon, always battling the clutching arms of the "old man of the north." Then the ice seized her and carried her helplessly through Behring Strait.

The ice broke near the entrance to Kotzebue Sound and the Bear slipped through, fought her way to the westward close to Cape Espenberg and so along the northern shore of Cape Prince of Wales, where she found clear water and showed her heels to the ice pack.

One would think the old boat would take a rest after that experience. But the Bear isn't that kind of boat. A few repairs and then she'll steam away into the Arctic.

There are Eskimos starving up there by "the circle" and they depend on the Bear and her food supplies. The Bear is going "as usual."—Item from Nome, Alaska.

SMOKER GETS 30 DAYS IN JAIL

A sentence of 30 days in jail for smoking in a closed area of a national forest was passed by Federal Judge Bean to Thomas Carey, truck driver in construction work in Lane county. Carey pleaded guilty to the charge of smoking where no smoking signs had been placed.

That the severity of the penalty was due to the importance of the observation of that particular law was the explanation of Judge Bean in passing sentence. It is the first since the forest service has established the closed areas on account of extreme fire danger. The court ruled in Carey's case that July 7, the date of the arrest, should be called the first day of imprisonment.

Four others were arrested at the

time and posted \$25 bail. Their cases will come up at a later date. They were C. D. Hince, R. G. Casey, Guy Williams and F. Barker.

SPARKS

Great fires from little matches grow.

People who live in wooden houses shouldn't throw cigarettes by the roadside.

Did you ever wonder,—if some folks are as careless at home as they are in the woods?

Every time you throw a cigarette out of the car, say to yourself, "Here goes another forest fire"—and don't do it.

The fine art of being a safe camper consists in being dead sure that EVERY spark is out.

What the trees sang:—"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, If the loggers don't get us, the cigarettes must."

FOREST FIRE. A very large and disastrous result from a very little carelessness.

SPARK: A compound essence of fire fury, compressed into the smallest possible space. Usually found in cigarette stubs, matches, and neglected camp fires.

The man who puts out the last spark generally acquires the reputation of being a good woodsman.

Before leaving your camp ground, take an inventory to see that you haven't left anything,—sparks of fire, for instance,—or camp rubbish.

GARIBALDI COUPLE MARRIED

Sam Roley and Dorothy Cummings were married at the court house on July 22 by E. W. Stanley, Justice of the Peace. The couple are from Garibaldi where they will make their future home.

The Dalles—Libby cannery employing on average of 400 women and men. Hood River—Interstate bridge us-



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ing piling 100 feet in length. 1,500,000 trout fingerlings planted in streams of western Oregon during first week of July. Hood River—Saint Mark's to build

new parish. Coos Bay—Plant for manufacture of fir veneer lath will soon commence operations.

THE AMERICAN DECORATING CO. OF PORTLAND

Official Decorators for the Elks during the Convention will be in the city next week. They will have full charge of decorating the city. Also wish to contract the work for all merchants as they are fully equipped to handle the work cheaper and better as all the displays will harmonize better. They furnish all materials, put up displays and tear them down. Have a large force of experienced decorators and materials to do the work.

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