

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 greatest 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, NOVEMBER 14, 1924

TIMBER TAXES AGAIN

Chapman has devoted much of his Oregon Voter, issue of November 8, about the way Tillamook county are "soaking" (Mr. Chapman's name) the timber owners who have property within the county. The article is illustrated with little maps, purporting to be maps of school districts within the county, which have been supplied with titles such as "animal," "antenna-reptile," "angular hoopsnake," "steepladder," etc., derived from the shapes of the districts. The matter is up to Editor Chapman's usual breezy style and the article is as good as could be expected. Chapman narrates how the timber owners are actually being taxed to pay school taxes (horrible). How the Tillamook School District Boundary board cleverly, maliciously, and with intent and aforethought contrived to take into certain timber property which had escaped its just amount of tax. This was a dirty trick; that's all. The Voter article goes on to say that the timbermen are in a bad way; they can't move their timber to other location, and that they can't at the present rate of taxes, sell their timber for enough to pay them. "Like it will just have to stay and be taxed, doesn't it? The article also complains that the timbermen have no vote here because there are not enough of them registered in the county to make any impression on the ballot. We have never heard of any of them being asked to stay out of Tillamook county, and had always presumed they could live here if they wanted.

Mr. Chapman fails to mention, however, is that the farmers and permanent residents of this county are paying a higher proportion of tax than any timber owner here, and these farmers and permanent residents will be here next year, five or ten years from now, and their descendants will be here hundreds of years from now. The timbermen, when the timber is cut off, will be in a comparatively short time they will be gone to other regions, where they can howl some about the taxes and devise new means to make the farmer pay the taxes.

Chapman closes his sermon with a prayer that his friends will have a square deal.

FLAG DODGER STILL WITH US

During the parade of the National Guardsmen for the Armistice exercises Tuesday were a number of the peculiar species which are known as "flag dodgers," described as lumps of flesh in human form, somewhat motionless entirely uninspired when it comes to paying respect to our national colors. This kind of animal citizenship and protection under the laws and constitution of the United States but aside from that the particular interest in this species is its institutions or emblems.

So far as they know the national colors are nothing more than some kind of decoration handy to use in brightening up a store front or window during holidays, but for nothing else. A good course of education, physically applied, would probably do more than anything else to correct their ignorance.

Their most pronounced habit during parades is to stand gawking at the Stars and Stripes being carried past, holding a cigarette or cigar in their mouths and with their hats jammed down tight on their heads; hands in their pockets.

Thousands of men have died for that flag. Thousands more don't seem to think it is worth taking their hats off to.

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF TILLAMOOK COUNTY

(Continued from page 2) We ascertained that the few white there were in the district, upon learning that the Indians had brought the small pox with them, would not allow them to cross the river and so escaped. The Indians remedy for the disease was worse than the complaint, for they would enter their sweat houses and get almost boiled, then they would rush out and plunge into the river which quickly killed them off.

After dinner we got Jim to put us over in his canoe, and struck out of Tillamook head. This time we had no rain. Mr. Roode was a rather heavy man weighing about 225 lbs. and after climbing about half way over the "Head," I was called back and informed that Roode was fagged out. I found him lying on his back panting like a lizard. "What ails you?" Oh! I can't go any farther today, I am used up, these mountains are so steep they take all the wind out of men," he replied. I told him we could not stop here, as we would be unable to get water to drink, but a little further on we could find water. I had procured a small flask of brandy at Astoria in case of an emergency. I knew he was a lover of the "creethur," so I handed it to him. "Oh!" says he, "That is just what I want, you bring this on purpose for me?" I replied that it seemed so. He took a drink and said: "Let me with you fellows easy." But the other boys objected to this, for they knew he was about a twin to the Irishman who was a "verra" poor thinker out of a bottle for somehow his tongue would get into the nick," but he always managed to empty a three half pint at two pulls. So they said, "No, let Vaughn carry it, for maybe some of us will get in the same fix and want 'd'rop of the dear creethur' too, if you carry it, not a darned drop will we get. This was the first we knew that there was anything of the kind with us. I gave him another drink and we divided his pack amongst us, he said go on, we started again and finally made the summit of the mountain and there we camped for the night. Next

morning Roode felt much better and again took his pack, about 10 p. m. we reached the beach and the tide answering we made it around. We crossed Elk Creek and after traveling about three miles on the beach, we saw a large number of Indians. None of us had ever seen one before, it was about 80 feet long. They were engaged in trying out the oil. The blubber was about 12 to 14 inches thick, they had quite a novel way of getting the oil. They took their canoes and filled them with water, then heated rocks and put them in the canoes, thus making the water boil and cut up the blubber into the water, adding more red hot rocks and skimming off the oil for which purpose they used kettles. After the oil was cooled a little they would drink quantities of it and eat whale flesh. The Indians would get very fleshy during this period. I cannot explain why so many whales would wash ashore dead, about this time, but I have known as many as three to be ashore, at one time between here and Astoria. One very large fellow came in this bay and landed on the south side, opposite Garibaldi. Two merchants of Tillamook bought most of the oil from the Indians. We had a fine trip down the beach, had the good luck to get around every point, and reached the mouth of the Nehalem about sundown. Just before arriving we heard guns firing and it excited us not a little. Upon coming up we saw a number of Indians on the north side, but upon our appearance they "vamoused." "Halo Injun" we could not scare up one to ferry us over, so we had to build a fire and camp upon the sand all night. Next morning we had no trouble in getting one, for before we had rolled up our blankets "Mr. Injun was there" with two canoes. I learned that the "fraternity" had had a little target practice at each other over

some difference, using logs as breast-works, but not a redskin had got scratched. We had passed the night without any drinking water, so after crossing over to the south side we pulled up at the creek, where the fall before we caught the salmon, made ourselves a good cup of coffee and the Indians gave us some elk meat. After breakfast one of the party remarked: "Boys, I've found out why Vaughn gave us our choice of packs at starting, he got the large pack of bread, but it has been getting lighter all along, now he has nothing but his blankets to carry, we've the flour, sugar and coffee, but its all O. K."

We now made tracks for Sam Howard's (Kilchis point) which we reached about 3 p. m. the third day after leaving Dayton. Here we rested until morning. Mr. Roode decided to go up the Kilchis to locate a mill site. We traveled about two miles but failing to find a suitable spot returned and examined the lay of the land. He said he could easily bring the water from the Kilchis towards shore, and he selected the spot whereon is now the mill of H. Gists and decided to return to Yamhill and endeavor to get another man he knew of to join him, and he would then erect a mill, but on his return home, his friend had concluded to go to Southern Oregon, thereupon he gave up the project.

Henry Haines discovered that a Mr. Tapp had jumped his claim and built a house upon it (Tapp was from Clatsop). I found my claim all right and went to work on it planting potatoes. Henry Haines now took up the claim on Hoquarton prairie (known as the Harrison place. John Tripp took the claim adjoining now owned by Mr. Laselle, and Alfred Esterbrook took the place known as the Webb Miller farm. There were now eight claims taken in the county.

Eldredge Trask at this time told me he had got a letter from Captain

Means from San Francisco saying he would be in Astoria about April 1st, and would make a trip to Tillamook with his sloop with provisions for us, for at that time we were living on salmon and potatoes "straight." Haines, Tripp and Esterbrook concluded to stay here and work on their claims and I decided to engage in fishing during the coming season. I had to return to Portland and lay in my supplies to fish with, and, as there were no provisions to be bought here, the balance of our provision were left to these three men, except just about enough to last myself and Mr. Roode, who accompanied me back to Clatsop. We arrived in Astoria on the 14th, too late to catch the steamer for Portland. Here I met three men who had fished with Mr. Means in Tillamook and they informed me the Means' were coming to Tillamook in the spring. We arrived in Portland next day and bought six tons of salt, enough twine to make a seine, and 1000 pounds of hoop iron for my barrels, also a quantity of provisions and shipped them to Astoria, "care of Captain Mean," for Tillamook.

Next morning I started on foot for Dayton, here I met Mr. Thomas M. Cochrane, he wanted to accompany me back. His family were in Mich., and he wished to get home by the salt waters were he could get fish and clams and enjoy good health, which was more, he said, than he could have in Michigan. I arranged to meet him in Dayton about the 25th of the month. I had a little business

to transact in the way of disposing of horses and cattle and other business. I now bought a set of coopers tools of Frank Holdredge (some of these tools I now have) and shipped them to Tillamook together with my clothing etc., by the way of Astoria. I intended entering here, by way of Grand Round. I failed once to reach Tillamook by this route, yet I was not disheartened, and would try it again. I was ready to start on the date agreed upon and Mr. Cochrane met me at the same time. We had with us, one yoke of oxen, and four cows and calves. We were one and a half days in making Grand Round. We stopped at the house of Mr. Eaton that night. He told me he thought I would not miss the turning off place this time, for he had been into Tillamook the week before and had marked the tree with three notches in plain view. We continued our journey next morning and this time we found the tree all right and we were in high spirits, but next morning our high hopes were dashed to the ground for

our trail was lost in a deep hollow. We were in a rough deep canyon, with quite a creek running through it, and could not find where the trail left it. We camped here for the night and early next morning I set out to find the trail, Cochrane remaining with the cattle. I found plenty of trails, but they were elk trails, the country was full of them; I hunted until noon with no result, finally returning to camp. Our cattle were getting uneasy, so after dinner we drove the stock down the canyon about a quarter of a mile, here, we found plenty of "Elk brake," (a specie of fern) for our stock. Cochrane now started out to hunt the trail. The cattle soon satisfied themselves and lay down contented. All at once I heard a great smashing of brush and rattle of falling rocks. I looked in the direction and saw a large band of elk rushing down the mountain side towards me. Our cattle soon saw them and jumping up, began snorting with their heads and tails up, and away up the creek fairly soared the elk.

(Continued on page 6)

What To Buy
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Rib Boiling 5c
Pork Roasts 18c
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