

SPEED 'EM UP STORY RETOLD

REVIEW OF LA GRANDE CLASSIC IN MOTORCYCLIST.

Coast Publication Also Prints Illustration of the Event.

The Pacific Motorcyclist, published at Los Angeles, prints a page or two of illustrations taken during the Speed 'Em Up meet and also covers the principal events as follows:

They called it the "Speed 'Em Up" and "Speed 'Em Up" they did. At sundown the fourth annual gasoline fandango of the La Grande Motor club came to a finale with the iron clad record of being the king-pin motorcycle speedfest ever held in the Northwest if not on the Pacific coast.

New track records were nailed up with clock work regularity, and the classic aggregation of whiz artists that ever were corraled for a Pacific benzine bike tournament "twisted the tails" of their eight-valve speed cannons to the king's taste.

Hail to the King.

This is an Otto Walker town by long odds. Otto has been here before and is no stranger. This year, the crowd who don't give a cahoot what machine wins, and that's the big end of the house, bawled themselves to the silence of the Sphinx for the Oakland kid. Of course there were other stars, and bright ones too, but Walker was the meteor of the "Speed 'Em Up," and he shone and traveled like one of those celestial bullets they named him after.

Hail Walker as the Farwest champion, for he took the blue ribbon number on the double header bill, over the century route, at a 70 per average. There were 11 in the pace that went after this choice pot of gold, and they spilled all the "soup" their dreadnaughts had in their barrels, but the flying torpedo from the Golden Gate rammed 'round that oval like Vesuvius on a rampage and the devil with 80 horse-power legs couldn't have tagged him.

Over the short distance route the idol of the crowd was there also, as the score sheet shows.

Having giving the king his crown, let us proceed with the other celebrities. Walker had a worthy foe in Dave Kinney, chief of the Indian war tribe, who scalped the Milwaukee Mercury once and then some more. Kinney was the crankshaft of the Indian speed battery and a mighty good and true running shaft he was.

The Conqueror of the King.

The Pasadena hiker was the short distance star of the "Speed 'Em Up" beyond quibble. Not only did he trim Walker, et. al., in competition, but—and it sure took the fans off their feet when he did it—he licked the great master in the time trials as well. Kinney tore off a lap—one and one-half miles—in 1:03 3-5, better than 82 per, while Walker's best circuit was clocked in 1:04 4-5, an 82 gait.

During this big speed coronation the proceeded to make another champion too. And this time the crown was planted right at home, on the dardevil dome of Tracy Hollister, our own track tornado. Tracy won his title and decoration in the 50-mile mill for the Northwest championship, in which he disposed of the Williams brothers in regular Kaiser-drive-on-Paris fashion.

In the history of the doings, Nelson Chambers is absolutely necessary to make things complete. For Nelson, from Boise, was a large part of the Indian success, with a pair of victories chalked up to his credit. And one of them represents a licking given to Hollister, which was not exactly popular, but all the same was perfectly fair, so the crowd showed

All Quitters,
Cowards and
Yellow Streak
Folk are Warned
Not to See

"THE QUITTER"

Sherry Theater

Sunday

and

Monday

LAME BACK

rheumatism, neuralgia, or kindred pains quickly relieved by

Meritol
ADAPTA
TRADE MARK

Should be kept in every home. Sold only by us, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

LEVY-VOGEL DRUG CO.

La Grande, Oregon

LANDS MAJOR BERTH AFTER THREE TRIALS; THEN BREAKS A LEG



FRANK GILHOOL

Just when the speedy lead-off man of the first-place Broadway contingent seemed on the road to his first success in three trials with major league society misfortune overtook him. Sliding to third base in a game at Washington, July 3, the midjet right fielder broke a small bone in his leg and according to Manager Donovan will probably be out of the line-up six weeks.

themselves good sports by giving Chambers the glad stuff when he came home in front of our own idol.

Harley-Davidson and Indian supported the meet handsomely with factory and local riders, and split the events practically fifty-fifty.

Be it known that this La Grande "Speed 'Em Up" wasn't an ordinary race meet, but in a class by itself. As the opening day of the big show drew near, the action commenced. Thursday night, 20th, a big banquet and boxing show was put on for the out-of-town riders. Six bouts were put on, and between the acts the riders were introduced. This was a big night all around.

Saturday morning, the local merchants rallied to the support of the meeting with a big parade, and spread themselves on decorated floats, dolled up cars and what not. It was the pageant of parades in the history of La Grande.

In the afternoon business was forgotten and neglected, stores were locked up tight and everybody went to the races.

Score first blood for Kinney, who made a runaway of the four and one-half mile free-for-all, and released the Indian war yell when he led Walker and Janke to the line. Janke had a poor break of luck and was out of the running after the first lap.

Having tasted speed the fans screamed for more and they got it right away. The ringmaster next put on the ten-mile Northwestern. Chambers had the pole at the getaway. He held it easily for five laps. Then Hollister, who had come up from fourth in the second round to second place in the fifth, began to give serious battle for the lead. Chambers still led in the sixth with Hollister closing up. Here was real action.

Upon its toes went the crowd, and full lung power was turned on. Now they are on the last lap. Hollister had some steam in reserve. He uncorked it and jumped right on Chambers' tail. Down the stretch they came. The fans went wild. They wanted the local pride to win, and he looked in a fair way to granting their heart's desire. Chambers was still in front and stepping on his red pony for the limit. But Hollister was lapping his rear wheel and drawing up. Now only a few yards to go. Would he make it? This was a battle royal. Over the line they go. Chambers wins! Hollister was five feet behind him and gaining fast, but Chambers won. And the Indian tribe exploded again, for they had made it two straight. And the crowd sat down limp as wet rags, to rebuild their shattered nerves.

Rose on an Excelsior was the third man home. Four others dropped out in the early stages.

When the five mile local was over that Indian scoreboard read three straight, and Chambers had made two of them, and incidentally licked Tracy Hollister twice, for which the local fans could hardly forgive him. And why shouldn't the red men be drunk with joy. Things were sure coming their way.

Kinney Sets Track Record. "Time trials next," bawled the megaphone man. Now for some real speed for the stars came to the bat again. When time was called Dave Kinney got the decision by one and one-fifth seconds over Walker. Four straight for Indian, but the redmen were earning their scalps, for the Harley-Davidson boys were rambling some.

They're off in the 50-mile Northwest championship. Indian lost the first man when Thompson of Boise pulled out in the second lap. Chambers and Hollister were at it again

tooth and nail. Next to come to the pits was Williams, but the Harley-Davidson crew sent him back in the fight again in short order. At the end of the first 10 laps, 15 miles, it was Chambers, Hollister, in a razzle-dazzle scrap.

Dustin Farnum came in with his Merkel in the eleventh round, and stayed quite awhile. Indian lost another man in the eleventh lap when Peterson came in for good. Engine trouble. Swartz was through in the twelfth round. Too much tire trouble. Campbell reduced the Harley-Davidson chances by one in the fourteenth circuit.

The jinx hit Indian in the nineteenth round, when their hero, Chambers, who had led from the start, spilled bad. His nose was broken and his machine battered up considerably. But he was game and the Indians worked like demons to get him back in the fight. He went back, but it was a hopeless chase, so much time had been lost.

Hollister made his first stop in the twenty-second round. Williams came in too in that lap so the Harley-Davidson pit crew were on the jump. In the meantime Harley-Davidson chances were still good for Williams of Boise went in front while Hollister was tied up. He had been climbing up from fourth and now was his chance to nail the money.

When Hollister got back he grabbed second place again in three laps of wild riding. The twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth and thirtieth laps were thrill makers of the first water. Williams and Hollister were fighting it out for blood. In the thirtieth Williams commenced to slow and Hollister got the lead. The crowd thundered for its favorite was in front and only four laps to go. The Williams boys now had a fight among themselves. "Red" Williams of La Grande had crept up third, and when Hollister shot in front and A. Williams commenced to slip, "Red" went after his namesake and got him. Then he had the nerve to chase Hollister, but that bird had too sure a grip on victory and crossed the line amid a multitude of yells.

Between the Acts.

And thus ended the first day. Now Harley-Davidsons yelled and yelled, their first chance of the day and they made the most of it. For they had won the premier event, and won it three times over.

Saturday night was a night long to be remembered in La Grande. The streets in the business section were roped off and high carnival reigned. Everybody danced themselves to a standstill and celebrated in all sorts of ways. Bands played, things and people were illuminated, and Joy reigned supreme.

About noon Sunday the town began to show signs of life after a strenuous day and night before. A special train came from Pendleton bringing additional hundreds to those already here. Motor car parties came by hundreds from all directions, some from 200-mile points.

Hollister opened the speed ball by winning the five-mile for local riders. Cheers from the crowd for their favorite. And joy in the Harley-Davidson camp, for things were opening auspiciously for a good day for the gray.

Kinney rang the bell for Indian with a first home in the 10-mile free-for-all and redmen screamed. Among those licked was Walker. Score, one to one. Excitement fever heat.

Walker took revenge in the five-mile free-for-all. This was a hum-dinger of a finish, in fact the very best of the whole tournament. Coming into the last turn Kinney looked like a sure winner. Walker was right on his tail.

Won at the Tape.

Kinney lost his headgear, and wavered slightly. Walker saw the opportunity and threw in the extra steam he had been holding. They came down the stretch side by side. The crowds hopped on their toes. Hats went up in the air. Also everything else throwable, including voices. Kinney came back fine after an instant's break, and gave Walker a rip-saw fight to the line, the Oakland boy getting the victory by six inches. Kinney got nearly as much glory as the winner for his game finish.

Now for the grand finale of the "Speed 'Em Up," the 100-mile Farwest championship. It was the last event and brought out 11 starters. Walker was the favorite, but the crowd knew Kinney was dangerous and not a few were with him. On the getaway Walker took the pole with the pack on his tail.

They sure did "speed'em up" in this number. At the halfway post Walker, who had led from the start, had averaged better than 80 and was rolling like a cyclone. In the very next lap Harley-Davidson hopes crumpled when Walker and Patterson jammed together. Patterson did some aeroplaning, but came down unhurt. His machine was hors de combat. They took Walker's eripple to the pits and gave it first aid in an endeavor to dope it for a comeback.

While Walker was on the sidelines Kinney, who had been trailing him, led the procession. But he wasn't going to have a runaway. Janke was right on his wheels and in a few laps of hard fighting crowded Kinney out of the lead.

Then the jinx hit Harley-Davidson again. In the sixtieth lap Janke ran out of gas while leading. Kinney to the front again. In the meantime Walker had got back in the fight, and

while his teammate was coaling up, he recaptured the lead from Kinney. By this time the crowd was in a frenzy over the kaleidoscopic shifts in the battle.

Only a few more laps to go. Kinney tried hard to regain the lead, but Walker had the stuff and used it to advantage. He came down the sixty-seventh lap to the checkered flag with a good safe lead. Kinney was a sure second and Campbell rolled in third. Chambers and Hollister, as usual, had a battle royal among themselves, and the former took fourth place from his rival.

Walker did the hundred in 85 minutes, 42 2-5 seconds, an average of 70 miles an hour.

An auto of a body design quite new in La Grande is the Chandler roadster. It is called the "Clover Leaf" style; the length of the body is scarcely longer than the usual roadster but it is supplied with two seats just the same. The entrance doors are in front of the first seat and access to the rear seat is attained by passing through the front seat. The machine shown in La Grande has the feminine endorsement of being "as cute as it can be." Mr. R. V. Rawlins was the driver of a Chandler roadster which went to Pendleton Tuesday afternoon and he was accompanied by George and Fred Currey and the latter's son Roy. They left La Grande about three in the afternoon and were three hours and a half going to Pendleton. This was not intended to be a rapid trip, but was fast enough for all ordinary purposes. The Rawlins party also visited Pilot Rock from Pendleton.

Dr. Hall and family and Chester Cunningham, a relative, left this week for a long tour through the state of Washington. They will go through the Snoqualmie pass and also make a side trip to Mt. Ranier. The Pacific Highway will be traversed and after visiting all important Puget Sound points the destination is Portland and the seaside. The return of course, will be over the Columbia highway. It is expected that about three weeks will be consumed in the entire trip.

Good Roads Not Expensive.

Washington, Aug. 3.—"Although it will be impractical for many years to come to improve more than a small per cent of the roads of the country with hard surfaces," said the United States Office of Public Roads today, "roads should not be neglected, and with a little care may in many cases be made adequate to the needs of the communities they serve." Many country roads, the Government experts said, may be greatly improved by judicious grading and systematic maintenance. "Frequently, especially in the South, the addition of sand or clay to the natural soil of the road is all that is necessary to make a road sufficiently good for all practical purposes. Thousands of miles of roads that meet the needs of many localities as well as would a more expensive type of construction have been built in the South at an average cost of \$750 a mile," the United States road service said. Earth roads should be at least 20 feet wide and preferably 24 to 30 feet; they should be crowned with a rise of one inch to the foot towards the center; they should have side ditches; through swampy land the road bed should be raised above the general level of the country to secure drainage. For grading and crowning the road, a drag made of the two halves in a vertical position and attaching chains and double-trees so that when drawn by horses it moves along the road at an angle of 45 degrees, the foremost end to the side of the road, so that the earth may be directed toward the center. The drag should be light enough to be lifted by one man. Dry, Red Cedar is the best material for the drag, though red elm and walnut are excellent. Soft maple, elm or willow are superior for this purpose to oak, hickory or ash. A platform may be placed on the drag for the driver. Dragging is simple and inexpensive, says the government bureau, and when used in conjunction with a road machine, helps much toward the construction of good road. Dragging often costs but 50 cents a mile. A mile of road can be dragged in a few hours. In constructing the sand clay road, a said road is first shaped and then covered with from four to six inches of clay. The sand and clay are thoroughly mixed with a tooth-barrow, first dry, then wet. On a clay road-bed, the same process is followed with sand, except that the clay should be well plowed up to insure a good mixture. The final mixing should be done in rainy weather. When the mixing has been completed, the road is brought to a crown of one inch to the foot with a split-log drag and covered with a thin layer of sand. After several rains, another layer of sand may be applied to the surface. The principal thing to be observed in the construction of the sand-clay road is an even mixture of the sand and the clay. "Joint" clays should not be used. The sand should be coarse and sharp if possible.

In the gravel road the first layer of gravel, or coarser size, is laid over a prepared road-bed of earth to a depth of about four inches at the center and three inches at the side. The second course is put on two inches at the center and about 1 1-2 at the sides.

Use our Want Ad column.

BERGER MEETS HIS DEFEAT

JOE BOND OF TACOMA PUTS LA GRANDE MAN OUT IN FIFTH

Berger Took the Count and Saved Further Pummeling

The Baker Democrat this morning gave the following account of a fight between Vic Berger of La Grande and Joe Bonds of Tacoma that took place in Baker last night:

Joe Bond, the Tacoma heavy-weight, made good his boasts to prove himself the master of Vic Berger, reported to have knocked out Bond here July 4, when the latter was alleged to have appeared under the name of Jock Root, for the Tacoma scrapper licked Berger to a finish and put him to sleep in the fifth round with a right swing to the jaw after battering Berger at will from the moment they entered the ring. Berger landed about one clean blow on Bond during the entire affair, while Bond hit Berger when and where he pleased. Once in the third and again the fifth, preceding the knockout, he floored Berger for the count of nine. Berger swung wildly at his opponent and clinched continually when in trouble.

Referee Ogden was kept busy separating the fighters, but as the third man in the ring, he gave satisfaction, and when he saw Berger's intention of clinching wherever possible, made them break clean and not giving them as much leeway as in the first rounds.

Tony Luna and Jack Pierce were in Berger's corner and Harry Boyd and Grover Fleming were Bond's seconds. Bond weighed about 175 and Berger 175, it was announced.

Berger did not show as well against Bond as he did against Root, and even in the Fourth of July battle it was Root's fight all the way until the finish, when Berger put him away.

The blow that put Berger out last night was the climax of a pummeling Bond had given his opponent way across the ring. Berger made no effort to get up until after the referee declared Bond the winner, after which he went to his corner. He was not really "out" so far as being unconscious, but further effort on his part would have been useless, as Bond was merely making a punching bag of him at the finish.

HOODOO TO AUTOS.

Third Car Goes Off Phillips Creek Grade Near Elgin.

The third smash-up on account of an auto going off the grade has happened on the road along Phillips creek, just west of Elgin. The Recorder recounts these accidents as follows:

July 21.—Unoccupied Ford belonging to Wallowa parties totally wrecked.

July 20.—Ford occupied by Mr. and Mrs. E. Harold, of Albion, Wash., leaves grade. Harold sustains severe injuries consisting of broken ribs and badly wrenched back. Mrs. Harold slightly injured. Auto badly damaged.

August 2.—Car carrying four members of Swank family, of Cheney, Wash., plunges over grade, painfully injuring mother. Two sons sustain injuries. Car badly damaged. Details below.

An automobile carrying L. M. Swank, his mother, and two younger brothers of Cheney, Wash., plunged off Phillips creek grade three miles west of Elgin, yesterday evening and dashed end over end down the mountain side, painfully injuring Mrs. Swank and result in injuries to other members of the party. S. W. Fanning, Jr., of Nez Perce, Idaho, who was a passenger in the car at the time, jumped and escaped injury.

As soon as Mr. Swank recovered his wits the injured mother was made as comfortable as possible, and in company with one of the brothers and Fanning, started for help. At the forks of the road the senior Swank and Fanning continued southward on the Summerville road, while young Swank turned west down Phillips creek and arrived soon afterward at the home of O. C. Maxwell. From the Maxwell home, which is only a mile from Elgin Dr. Whiting was notified by telephone and started as soon as possible thereafter for the scene, while Maxwell and the boy immediately returned in a hack and were soon on their way to town with the injured woman, the last of the distance being made in Dr. Whiting's auto. Mrs. Swank was taken to a comfortable room in the Hotel Sommer, where Dr. Whiting rendered necessary medical and surgical attention. The lady sustained a broken nose, a long and severe scalp wound and several minor cuts and scratches, but suffered no internal injuries. The senior Swank sustained a fractured rib and bruises, while Forrest, a younger brother, sustained minor injuries to his right hand and wrist. The three brothers remained at the scene of the accident during the night and were brought to town early this

WORKING CAPITAL

The Summer heat develops a certain laxness in the working capacity of the individual—it does not in the least affect the working capacity of money.

Dollars deposited in a Savings Account in the United States National Bank labor with the same diligence every hour of the day, day in and day out, every day of the year, earning interest at 4 per cent.

**The
United States
National
Bank** La Grande,
Oregon.

morning by Dr. Whiting and L. A. Stoop.

The injured lady is the wife of G. W. Swank, editor and publisher of the Cheney Free Press, of Cheney, Wash., and was en route with her sons to Twin Falls, Idaho, for a visit with relatives, the oldest son driving the car, which was a new Dodge.

Our Want Ads bring results.

MODART CORSETS
Front Laced



MODART

This Name Should Mean a
Great Deal To You

THE MODART Corset has attained a degree of popularity that tells very plainly the story of appreciative MODART wearers.

Its style—its graceful lines—the poise it gives its wearers—the comfort—the exquisite materials—all spell satisfaction to the purchaser.

All MODARTS are created by Jennings—generally accounted the foremost figure in the world of corset designing.

If you have never experienced the pride of exceptional poise, and comfort of easy freedom found in every model of this master designer, you must try on a MODART Corset in our fitting room.

Pauline Lederle
Sommer Hotel Bldg.