

GOOD ROAD WORK IS NATION WIDE

Touring Club of America is Tremendous Power Behind Movement.

OREGON INTERESTS LEAD

Highway Improvement Association is First on Coast to Identify Interests With National Organization for Roads.

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Oregon Makes First Move.

By unanimous vote at a meeting of the Oregon Association for Highway Improvement Monday night, the state organization identified itself with the National organization.

It is pointed out that every farmer, every property owner, every real estate dealer, every automobilist, every manufacturer, every merchant and every professional man in the state should become an integral part of the working force that has just been inaugurated in Oregon to bring about a comprehensive and economical system of road construction.

Dues Only Nominal.

In order to make the association popular with all classes, dues have been made nominal, being \$2.50 a year for active membership in the state organization and \$1 a year for active membership in the county organization.

Assurances have been received of strong support from many quarters. Commercial organizations and development leagues throughout the state are taking interest in the Oregon Association for Highway Improvement.

It is gratifying to the members of the state association that assistance will be given by the American Association for Highway Improvement.

"We shall be very glad to send you a representative of this association to aid in the work of organization, but we are unable to state just now how many we can have some one available. I will take this phase of the matter up right away and go carefully over our plans for the season and then write you just what we can do in this respect."

State Meeting Suggested.

"Our whole idea is to get results and to make every dollar of our resources reach as far as possible in obtaining these results. I would suggest that you determine upon a suitable time for holding a state convention in the interest of highway improvement and that a local convention be held under the auspices of the American Association for Highway Improvement, so as to give it a National importance and to secure the co-operation of all the Pacific Coast States as well as some of those farther east.

Many prominent citizens throughout the United States are connected with the American Association for Highway Improvement. Among its officers and directors are: L. W. Page, director of the United States Office of Public Roads, who is president of the association; Leo McClung, treasurer of the United States; secretary, J. E. Pennypacker, Jr., of Washington, D. C., chairman of the board of directors; Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern; James McVee, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; James S. Harlan, of the Interstate Commerce Commission; H. F. Younk, of the Central Frisco lines; A. G. Spaulding, of the San Diego Highway Commission; W. W. Finley, president of the Southern Railway and Alfred Noble, ex-president of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

Morgans to Tour New England.

W. L. Morgan, merchant and contractor, is not only a good roads advocate and motorist, but is also a "See America First" enthusiast. Having made trips by automobile over the Pacific Coast country, Mr. Morgan has elected to spend this summer in touring New England and other sections of the Atlantic Coast by auto. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan have left for Washington, D. C., to visit their two daughters, who are attending a private school near the Capital. A new seven-passenger Stevens-Duryea car was shipped to Mr. Morgan last week by the Grant Motor Car Company, and will be used by Mr. Morgan and family in touring the Eastern states. Notes will be taken of the points of interest visited and special information on the good roads movement in the New England states will be secured by Mr. Morgan. The party expects to remain in the East all summer.

AUTOMOBILE TRIP FROM PORTLAND TO CRATER LAKE IS WELL-PAID FEAT

Frank C. Riggs Tells of Remarkable Trip Through September's Rain and Mountain Snows and Views of Scenic Grandeur Earned as Reward—900 Miles Made Without Serious Mishap.



STARTING FOR HOME.



BY ROAD TO CRATER LAKE. IN COW CREEK CANYON.

BY FRANK C. RIGGS. A trip from Portland to Crater Lake is an experience not soon to be forgotten, and is replete with beautiful and interesting scenery of that wonderful Oregon country.

Starting from Portland late in September, we made the trip through the Willamette Valley via Eugene, Grants Pass and Medford. The better way to make the trip probably is to start from The Dalles and return through the Willamette Valley.

Our party consisted of Miss Helen Harrah, of Detroit, Mich.; Misses Mabel and Stella Riggs, E. J. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Riggs, of Portland, all safely housed in a forester's 1911 Packard Thirty touring car. Leaving Portland at 9 on a beautiful Fall Sunday morning, we were saluted by a glorious view of Hood before Oregon City was reached.

Just enough rain had fallen to put the roads in fine condition, with no dust of any consequence. Leaving Oregon City, we passed many Indian outfits returning to the Warm Springs Reservation from hopping in the Valley. A few minutes were spent at Salem, his Enckard photograph between Portland and Albany, in which he competes successfully with Southern Pacific trains.

A lay start was made from Eugene at 9:30 o'clock and soon a fine view of the Three Sisters was had. Passing Cottage Grove, we climbed out of the Willamette Valley gradually, and into the Cascade Mountains in a beautiful wooded spot a stop was made for lunch. The girls' notes here say mother and father were stung. We were and stung right, having forgotten our youthful knowledge of the habits of the yellowjacket. During a two hours' stop at the home of Frank H. Waite on the hillside overlooking the Southwestern Valley we were entertained by Mrs. Waite, after which a short run brought us to the end of our second day, Roseburg, with 81 miles to our credit.

From Roseburg the highway leads deeper into the mountains, climbing up past Myrtle Creek to Canyonville in the famous Cow Creek Canyon, which, while beautiful and a good stiff climb for eight miles, was not so formidable as we had been led to suppose. Into Glendale we went although the direct road to Grants Pass does not pass through that village. Leaving Glendale we took the short cut over the mountains which includes many steep pitches, such narrow road and many sharp turns. At the top of the range a very sharp swing around the nose of the mountain brings the beautiful Rogue River Valley in sight spread out before us for miles. The road takes a sudden drop and winds down a rocky ledge requiring most careful driving. This brings us to the main road at Wolf Creek and so on into Grants Pass on the Rogue River which we now skirt to Table Rock, that interesting and peculiar landmark. Table Rock is a natural fortress and stories are told of its utilization for the purpose during Indian days. Mt. Pitt or Mt. McLoughlin, tipped with snow, overlooks the entire landscape.

Passing through what is called the "desert" with its various and meandering roads, all of which seem to lead to Central Point, Medford was reached at 8:30 o'clock. The next three days were spent around among the orchards of Medford and Ashland. There are many natural fortresses and stories are told of its utilization for the purpose during Indian days. Mt. Pitt or Mt. McLoughlin, tipped with snow, overlooks the entire landscape. The beautiful and productive orchards of this district are a story in themselves. Saturday morning we were to start from Medford for Crater Lake, so Friday night we covered the sides of our car with strips of eight-ounce duck to protect it from the brush which grows close to the road and scratches a car badly unless so protected. A five-gallon can of gasoline was strapped on the running board for emergencies and we were ready.

Mr. Hood does from Portland. Other peaks in fantastic shapes provide views that are worth a hard trip to see, even if Crater Lake was not to be included. The conditions were ideal for our early-morning sight of the world's wonder. It is impossible to grasp its immensity. We are told that the lake is about six by seven miles in extent, that the shores, which rise abruptly, are from 1000 to 2000 feet above the water's edge, that Wizard Island is two and a half miles from the lodge and 865 feet above the water. These facts are hard to swallow.

The lake has no apparent outlet, and the Government soundings show a depth of over 1900 feet over a line more than four miles across. It is alive with steelhead trout. Years ago Mr. Steel, who now heads the company operating the hotel properties, carried the original stock up the mountain trail from the Rogue River. The Government now permits each person to catch five in one day.

There is but one trail to the water's edge, starting where the wagon road reaches the rim of the crater. This we did not descend, it being covered with snow, which caused it to be very unsafe for novices. We went, instead, to the east of Crater Lake, where the hotel properties, carried the original stock up the mountain trail from the Rogue River. The Government now permits each person to catch five in one day.

Resuming our trip, after passing the lower camp, we went into the Annie Creek Canyon. The rock strata here is very peculiar and unlike any we had seen before. At Fort Klamath we inquired for a few gallons. This and the very little in our tank we decided would get us to Klamath Falls, some 40 miles south, where we could replenish, although we had not intended going there.

Making the run in a little less than two hours, we filled our tank and strapped 25 gallons on the running board. Reaching Fort Klamath again at 8:15, we were welcomed at the hotel by smiling friends and a hot supper; that is, what was left from a big dinner earlier in the evening partaken of by a crowd of real cowboys.

When morning dawned it began to rain and was soon coming down in good earnest. Here was a dilemma—400 miles from home—40 miles back to the nearest railroad station and 350 miles ahead to the next one. A nasty mountain road back of us was made almost impassable by the rain and fallen trees after the storm. We had little knowledge of the country ahead, no definite assurance that there was gasoline to be had and had no telephone connection to find out what was to be done.

We continued on with our added party, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson and Miss Alice Taylor, all of Portland, in their Packard "six," which was in a pretty rough country for a town car.

We were not quite as lively as usual. When it did not rain it sleeted and when it did sleet it snowed, making the road worse every moment. We were interrupted by two trees, which had fallen across the road, and the strong men of our party removed them and later we drove around a larger one. We forded several streams and reached Sand Creek, swollen with the downpour and decorated with a signboard warning, "Beware! Quicksand." On closer inspection we concluded the ford was reasonably safe and plunged in. The big car made a dash through it and the other followed with no trouble whatsoever, the occupants of each enjoying the sight of the other sailing through.

We stopped at Crescent for lunch and to warm ourselves. Soon after luncheon we ran into a herd of 3000 sheep guarded by the herder and sheep dog named They ran all around, in front and behind and on both sides of the car, and appeared to be a sea of dirty woolly backs. Wet and cold and hungry we rolled



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into Bend at 5 o'clock, and the Pilot Knob Hotel, with its cheery wood fire, did look good to us after 112 miles of mud and rain. The next morning we inspected the Big Dam, which is remarkable for combining a big irrigation project, a fine power plant and a gold mine, which yields considerable of the yellow metal.

We traveled along with Smith Rock and Gray Butte rivaling the famous view in the "Garden of the Gods" on the landscape and an occasional view of the Three Sisters. Lunch was had at Madras, now the end of the railroad up the Deschutes Canyon, but then an interior town dependent on stages and freight teams for access and supplies. Passing through Antelope we were delayed by long strings of freight teams, coupled two and three together and drawn by six and eight horses, often driven by a single jerk line.

Shankto was our resting place that night. It is a typical border town at the end of one of the few branch railroads entering the interior. The next morning we left Shankto, intending to reach The Dalles and take the train from there home, as there is no direct road over the Cascade Mountains into Portland.

Here we found ourselves in a real desert, sagebrush everywhere as far as the eye can see. Now the sun was shining and we raised our voices merrily, when our last five-gallon can of 70c gasoline fell off the running board in our tank, we hurried to catch up to the little car which had gone ahead. After catching up with them we were later separated and reached our destination over different roads.

We were cautioned to avoid the Deschutes Canyon, but in doing so got into worse going and off the road. Here we had our only tire trouble just on the rim of the canyon. From there we lost our way, found bad roads and some nasty sand canyons and finally dropped down into the little town of Biggs on the Columbia River. After avoiding tree stumps and huge stones in the road for the last three days, here we had in our way wheel part on a rock hidden in the sand going down the hill into Biggs, but no damage was done.

From Biggs the women took the train to Portland. Mr. Biggs drove the "50" into The Dalles and found the other car already there. Our mileage tank was out in our trip registered on our speedometer was 875.6 miles.

The committee of the Aero Club of America in charge of the aviation meeting at Belmont Park, L. I., definitely decided to hold the meet on May 21, 28, 29 and 30, which will include Sunday and Memorial day.

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