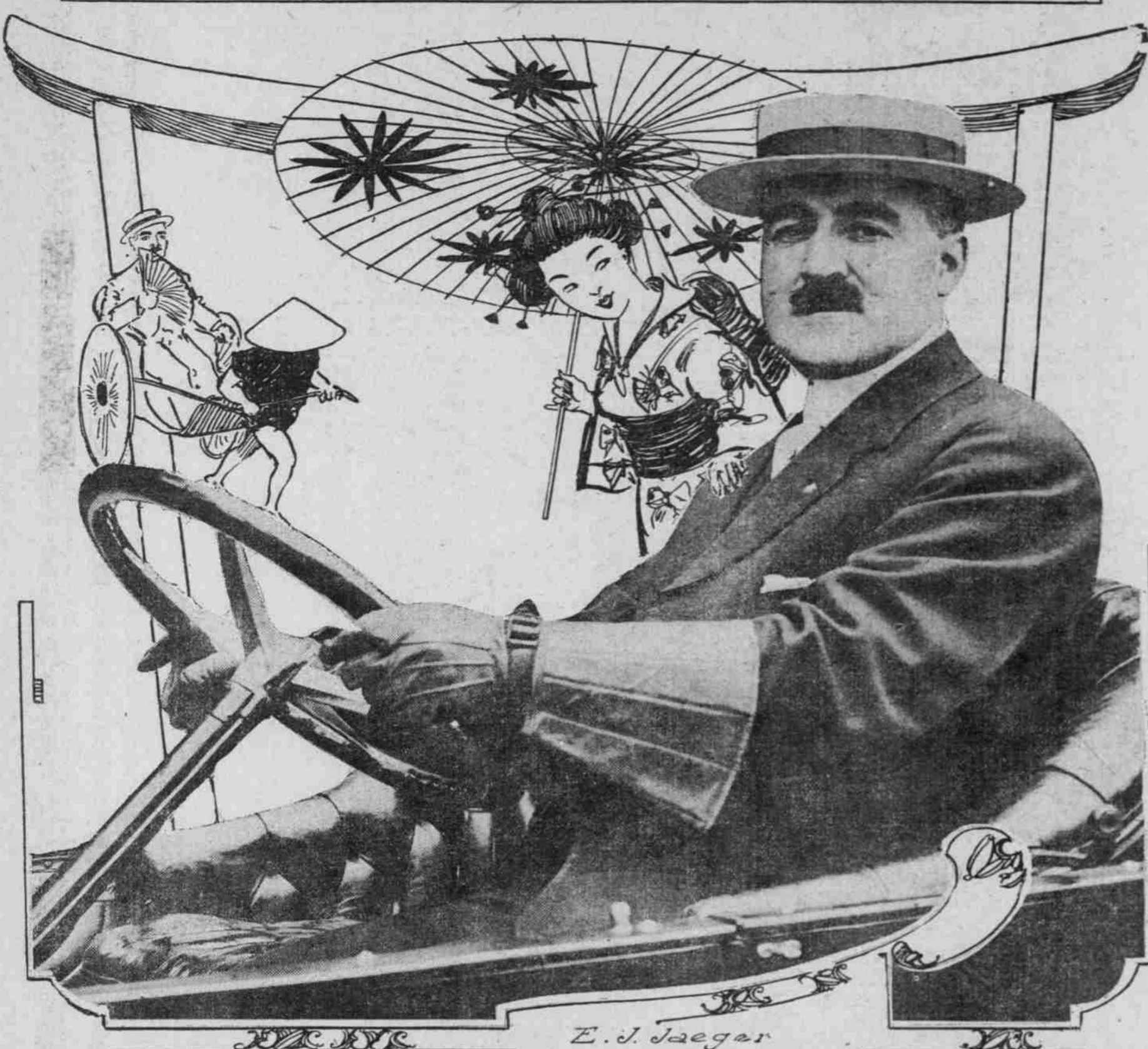


# Prominent Who Portlanders Motor



E. J. Jaeger

WHEN the automobile was in what now might be called the ancient history stage E. J. Jaeger, member of the pioneer jewelry firm of Jaeger Bros., bought his first car, one of the first two-cylinder tourist autos that ever graced the streets of Portland. Since then he has owned two Studebakers and now he pins his faith to a Reo.

Mr. Jaeger served his constituency in the State Legislature twice and was until recently president of the Portland Retail Merchants' Association. For a full century he has been engaged in the jewelry business in Portland. Almost every Sunday the year around Mr. Jaeger and his family use their car for a trip here, there and everywhere. Last Summer they made

a three weeks' record 400-mile round trip up the McKenzie River and they have explored various other remote sections of Oregon. In the near future he will commence running back and forth between Portland and his newly-erected beach home at Gearhart and in the latter part of August Mr. Jaeger and his family expect to drive to California in their Reo. Although Mr. Jaeger is happiest

when touring overland in an automobile he is not opposed to other modes of travel. Two years ago, when the Shriners held their convention in Honolulu, Mr. Jaeger accompanied his fellows on a tour of the Orient and the islands of the Pacific. Many of the pictures he took on this trip were published at that time, together with interesting descriptive articles on the life in the East.

## WONDERS OF AUTO TRIP AROUND MOUNT HOOD TOLD

(Continued from Page 5.)  
Jumbia River with most of it shut from view. The present grade around Mitchell's Point is a corking climb of 25 or 30 per cent, and all motorists should hail the announcement that the new 5 per cent grade through the wonderful windowed tunnel will be open for autos very soon. The six miles from Mitchell's Point into Hood River are pleasant driving.

At 40 minutes past 8 o'clock, while the people of Hood River were just about stirring around to get breakfast, we flew through the main street, stopping only long enough to learn from a garage man the which and why of the road to The Dalles. This superb landscape was visible for several miles of upgrade that did not end until we reached Grand View farm, which is located five miles out of Hood River at an elevation of 1500 feet.

Not long after we left this vision of the green Hood River Valley in the background the verdure of the hills commenced to fade away gradually into the typical bleakness of the great Central Oregon country. Lava rock on the hills was an evidence of this transition. Still, however, we could see the Columbia River. The road all the way from Hood River to The Dalles is fine, and no tourist should fear it, providing his motor will pull up grades that run as high as 20 per cent and has brakes that will hold the car on the down-grade. This stretch of the Columbia Highway is smoother than the same highway from Portland east, though, of course, the grades are older and narrower. The word boulevard best describes this road.

**Shriners in Charge of City.**  
Our expedition at Hood River had registered 69.1 miles and at The Dalles it showed 92.4 miles. We arrived in The Dalles several minutes before the clocks struck 10. A band of Shriners had captured the city on their way to Portland, and the onslaught was easy pickings, for few of the citizens were about so early. We scratched our heads seriously as we realized that we had driven all the way from Portland that morning. As we drove into a garage to load up with gasoline and verify the fact that our car had indeed made Hood ahead of us, we ran across Gro Holdman, who sells Firestone tires in Portland. "Judie" had driven his Buick up from Portland over the highway the day before and was about to return over the same route.

Here a good joke on The Dalles. Just after we had consulted ourselves on the fine quality of the road from The Dalles to Hood River, we asked the garage man how the road was to Dufur and Tygh Valley. They replied that it was only fair, but on further questioning they assured us that it was much better than the road from Hood River. They said the road from Hood River to The Dalles wasn't thought of in that country. All of which goes to prove the character of Central Oregon roads, which were evidently born good and just grew up like Topsy. If you go through The Dalles soon, inquire whether or not Second street, the natural avenue of exit, is still being worked on. We found that it was and were compelled to go out Jackson street to the bluff overlooking the Celilo Canal location. Before the canal is reached the Dufur road branches off to the right and all at once the traveler gets a great

whiff of sagebrush. At this point the writer was prompted to doff his coat, and after we had traveled for hours through the desert-like country, he suffered for his carelessness. Ever hear of a fellow getting his entire back sunburned through his shirt? Well, that's what happened to me last Sunday, and every jolt and lunge that the car took through those 20 miles back of Mount Hood recalled and re-enacted the thrashings of bygone school days. In addition to the hypnotism of this desolate country between The Dalles and Tygh Valley a surprising feature was a 20,000-acre orchard of apples irrigated under the direction of the Dufur Orchard Company. And the snow-capped mountains were still in view.

**Roads Declared Wonderful.**  
I venture that the average Western Oregonian will be as much impressed and interested by this Central Oregon country as by anything else seen on the wonderful loop. The roads up there are "roller coaster" creations with great rolling wheat fields banking either side of the road. A man can take a hill in this country without fearing a jarring jolt at the bottom. As you enter the mysterious Tygh Valley you can almost believe that you are in Arizona. We entered the Valley over a long and steep down grade that would probably frighten the ordinary traveler. While Mr. Wagner was jumping out every few minutes to take a picture along this road, "Heinie" blew his horn, contraption full blast and the situation was such that it took nearly two seconds for one echo to reach us from the other side of the great, bald canyon. The road is narrow in this country and was into the man who allows one of his wheels to get even a whisper over the ridge. And every member of the Oregonian crew will never forget how nearly we came viewing a catastrophe of just this sort.

As Heinie was letting the big Pack-

ard drop slowly down the long grade we saw a band of gypsies stalled on the same road at a point some quarter of a mile across a gap in the canyon. The men in the party were waving their arms at us almost frantically, and we guessed at once that something was up. As we swung around the next curve we discovered that eight wagonloads of gypsies were trying to pass a Federal truck that was loaded to the guards with furniture en route from The Dalles to Tygh Valley. The entire outfit had been held up for an hour and a half on the curve while the gypsies were changing four wheels on their wagons. We drew up behind the truck at the curve and jumped out to do what we could to help solve the riddle. There wasn't much room to pass at best, but in this instance great gobs of furniture bulged out at the side of the auto truck and there wasn't much room on the canyon side of the road. At one time while we were there the hind wheels of one of the gypsy wagons, while trying to pass the truck, was within an inch of the ridge and we looked any moment for a big crash.

**Roads Continue to Be Fine.**  
Finally the four horses were unhitched and the wheels of the wagon jacked up and thrown in a few inches. Then all men present literally put their shoulders to the wheels and the wagon was half carried, half pushed around the brink. At last the slight gypsy wagons had slid past somehow or other and had also managed to pass a horse and buggy that was waiting higher on the hillside. The gypsy band had a small circus outfit that they had driven all the way from California en route to Pennington. They had the ticket wagon, queen gypsy and all. During the tensest part of the mixup at the curve the queen gypsy, who was driving the second wagon, yelled across at the

woman who had been riding with her husband in the truck. "Want your fortune told, lady?" she asked. "I should say not. I think we have fortune enough right here," came the reply. And all of us were too serious to smile at the retort. After leaving the town of Tygh Valley a little farther on we were treated to some views of sagebrush country which we interpreted as "grand canyon stuff." The road continued to be fine all of the 15 miles from Tygh Valley to Wapinitia, which we reached at a minute past 1 o'clock. At that time we had traveled 146.6 miles after eating a hasty breakfast at Portland, and I was hungrier than Joe Knowles ever pretended to be. But the road was so good and we were making such good time that Heinie held firmly to his previous announcement that we would reach the heart of the mountains before stopping for lunch. I almost despised Heinie for "them cruel orders," but I hadn't had any share in putting up the lunch and the darned old automobile wasn't mine, so I didn't have much to say about my innermost feelings.

**Government Camp Soon Reached.**  
Several "years" after passing Wapinitia, at eight minutes before two, to be exact, we did stop along Bear Creek for lunch, and such a lunch other motorists never enjoyed. It wouldn't be quite fair to announce everything that we enjoyed during this repast except to confess that there was an endless supply of a half dozen different kinds of sandwiches, all sorts of salad, a couple of bottles of coffee and another course that seemed appropriate after a trip over the Columbia Highway. We stopped here for considerably more than an hour and were driving in and out around the pine trees for an hour and a half before we came to Frog Lake, a wonderful sight that none of us had heard of before. This lake

**BIG COLE EIGHT DASHES THROUGH PORTLAND EN ROUTE TO SAN FRANCISCO.**

*Roll-over Car*

**H. N. ROTHWEILER AND PARTY OF SEATTLE IN THEIR CAR AND G. M. MENZIES, SALES MANAGER OF NORTHWEST AUTO COMPANY AT LEFT.**

"I call this rig the first real automobile that I have ever driven," remarked H. N. Rothweiler, the Seattle driver of the Cole Eight in front of the Northwest Auto Company last week, after having driven the car overland from Seattle en route to San Francisco. "The roads south of Kelso, Wash., were made mighty bad by the recent rains, but they were 'duck soup' for this big wagon."

With Mr. Rothweiler on his trip to California are Mrs. Rothweiler and two children, his mother-in-law and Mrs. C. M. Frazier, all of Seattle. They left Portland over the regular Pacific Highway, and will proceed over that course all the way to San Francisco.

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