MOTORISTS STRANDED IN SNOW ON MOUNT HOOD ARE RESCUED BY GIRL

Because Carl Aschoff Has Sweetheart at Sandy He Is Willing to Ride There Through Wild Night and Take Word of Plight to Only Point Where Telephone Line Is Available.

Where Snow Was Above Running Boards

BY CHESTER A. MOORES.

THANK heaven Carl Aschoff has a sweetheart at Sandy! Otherwise the rugged mountaineer of Marmot might not have been willing to ride horseback through nine miles of rain and mud from Marmot to Sandy last Monday night to relay a message into Portland that a frozen party of five and a Jeffery automobile were snowbound at the base of Mount Hood.

There was no way to send the distress signal to Portland except a la Aschoff. On account of severe storms all the telephone lines running to Portland, even by the most circuitous route, were out. L. F. Pridemore, king of Government Camp, whither the five motorists had wandered, tried to get Portland over the Pacific States line from Zig Zag and he tried over the Government lines via Sandy, via Marmot, via Wamic, via Oak Grove and via Tygh Valley. There was no way to reach Portland by telephone and there were the five motorists knee-deep in snow and 38 miles from home.

Fair Lassie Saves Day.

The local line to Marmot was open and this offered just one chance. If Carl Aschoff was willing to face the weather of a terrible Winter night he could telegraph our message from Sandy. As ordinary mortal would not have performed this service, but this particular individual chanced to be in love with a pretty miss at Sandy and he would have been willing even to take a second "message to Garcia" if Garcia had happend to live at Sandy. Such was the good luck of the five stranded motorists and they showed their appreciation by yelling "Hurrah for Smithie," Smithie being the name by which the Sandy lass is known throughout the neighboring country.

It all happened because Frank C. Riggs, Packard, Jeffery and Detroit Electric distributor in this territory; H. E. Dove, factory representative for the Jeffery; Lewis H. Reese and W. W. Hargis, of the Frank C. Riggs Company, and the writer, had left Portland at 4:25 last Monday morning determined to break all records by driving a 1916 four-cylinder seven-passenger Jeffery car through the snow to Government Camp.

Every minute of the time that the spunky little Jeffery splashed through the corrupted roads to Marmot and on to Rhododendron rain fell as if the clouds were crying their eyes out. In this state of weather it wasn't particularly encouraging to learn from Roy Hansen, the genial forest ranger in charge of Zig Zag station at the entrance to the Cascade National Forest, that there was 24 inches of snow on the ground at Government Camp. And the fact that "Dad" Miller, chief postmaster at Rowe, had to hop out of his bed at 5:17 o'clock, showed that the entire territory had gone to sleep for the Winter. "What's the use of getting up?" he asked. "Nobody ever comes around these dark days."

Lots Not Obstacle.

Between Rhododendron (Rowe) and Tall Gate we saw our first snow, but that far it was still such a novelty that it actually looked inviting. This side of Twin Bridges we had to cut through two trees that had fallen across the road. Here the snow was five or six inches deep and as the plucky Jeffery was aimed squarely at the long and steep Laurel Hill that commences just the other side of Twin Bridges, the pure white covering was deeper and deeper.

Time and time again we held our breaths for fear the car would not surmount the steep incline. But it buckled into the slush and went ahead without a whimper. As the flight grew harder and harder the Jeffery, its radiator-cap and engine hood bandaged with official Wells-Fargo seals, evolved into a veritable snowplow. One of the worst spills was on Mosquito Creek Hill. There the road was planked and, after plowing through a foot and a half and two feet of snow, it was a difficult matter to get traction.

Before reaching this strategic point, on what is known as the upper S turn of Laurel Hill, to be exact, we were met by L. F. Pridemore, who had learned that the trip was being attempted. The snow was so deep that even a native like Mr. Pridemore, who has lived in that mountainous section for 12 years, had to resort to skis in order to get over the surface.

"Judging from the way cars act in the Summer time, I didn't think you fellows would get this side of Twin Bridges," said Mr. Pridemore. "No car has ever before attempted to get up here after the snow has come, and none has ever been here this late in the year."

Snow Gets Deeper.

But the Jeffery didn't lose nerve at these remarks. The snow became deeper and heavier. The day before there had been 20 inches of snow, but the rain had packed it into a more composite mass. There wasn't room for the front axle to pass over the surface of the snow without scraping, and so the little Jeffery crowded the snow ahead until it was piled up some times to the radiator top. Then it was a case of all hands to the shovels, and we worked like Turks until the excess height was tossed aside. We didn't shovel a path for the Jeffery as paths have been shoveled in times past for other cars on mountain trips. Mr. Riggs, who was driving, felt a pang of hunger and he couldn't wait for that method. At his order we simply carted the snow away from the front of the car and stepped aside to let her fire another barrel at the stubborn snow-bank.

And if you think it's such a lot of fun to work on a shovel brigade in a driving rain, just take a little pre-breakfast stroll out to Laurel Hill some morning and scatter a few tons of half snow and half water. The snow was up to our knees and above, and the water stood to our ankles at the bottom of the heap. It isn't exactly like playing crockonole in a dry attic.

As the machine catapulted, the slush flew out upon us on either side. At the next juncture the snow might be solid, so solid in fact that it had to be cut up before it could be lifted, and then it might take two men to muscle each piece.

Snow Deeper Than in Years.

Mr. Pridemore said that the snow was deeper than he had ever seen it at that time of year and that it was much heavier than usual. Nearly always, he said, the first snow of six or seven inches goes in a day or so, but this year the snow and slush has remained on the ground. It is not this nice, fluffy snow, but, rather, that heavy kind that a man hates to get hit in the ear with — the kind that splashes all over the side of a fellow's head and runs down his neck.

When a schoolboy, did you ever leave a snowball standing in water over night in order to half kill a playmate in the morning. There was just about that much ice in some of the snow below Government Camp last week, and it is there yet, for all we care now.

Well, anyhow, the little Jeffery threw its wheels over 10 miles of snow, and for the last four miles of that distance it literally plowed through two feet of mighty heavy going. Probably no car ever bucked a solid snow trench like this little rig under the fingers of Frank C. Riggs. Surely none ever stayed with the game so gamely.

When the car would come to a stop the snow would be packed as high as the top of the radiator sometimes and the surface would be solid enough to hold up a full-sized man. The crust was cracked also for more than a foot ahead of the front wheels of the car. The whole thing was uncanny. And to think that during those five hours of line plunging for those four miles the Jeffery had neither a sip of water for its radiator nor a drop of oil for its motor, whereas most cars in the Summer have to stop every little distance to take on fresh water. And so the fight went on until the car was at the edge of the clearing in sight of Hotel de Government Camp itself.

Gear Jumps at Last Assault.

Then a strange thing happened. But 'twas stranger that it hadn't happened before. While an assault was being made against a tall wall of snow on a steep upgrade, the pinion gear in the rear-end assembly jumped the trolley and the jig was up for the day at least. Some of pessimistic disposition may about that the Jeffery failed in its record attempt because its rear end surrendered at the final stand. But the wise head will give the car all the more credit for that very reason. The snap of that gear, which, so far as type, material and workmanship is on a par with the gears in the rear ends of the most expensive automobiles, shows how severely the car was punished and what a wonderful work the power plant did.

But as we left the car at the end of the trail that leads off to "Tom, Dick and Harry Mountain" we wondered how in the world we would ever get another car to bring a new rear end to the hurt Jeffery. The nearest neighbor was ten miles distant and a continual line of snow bridged the void. Of course, we went with Mr. Pridemore to his hotel and there feasted upon huckleberry pie and a few other choice mountain dishes that have made the Pridemore resort famous for many a Summer.

Later after Mr. Pridemore had opened his wardrobe of dry clothes to the throng, the telephone calls were put in for Portland and the resultant riddle was finally solved through the graces of Mr. Aschoff, who lives at Marmot but whose heart remains at Sandy.

Skiing Party Started.

Next morning while A. C. Stepp and Joseph Snodgrass were charging toward us from Portland with the Riggs service car we were introduced to skis and snowshoes and all but climbed Mount Hood, so fervent was our enthusiasm.

That afternoon Mr. Riggs and Mr. Reese set forth to meet the Packard "30," while the others went below to get the Jeffery ready for the replacement hoping that it might yet be brought on past the hotel. But seven inches of snow had fallen during the night and the Packard could get only within three miles of the stranded car. That night at 9 o'clock the quartet of workers pulled tired and benumbed legs into camp with their sad story. Mr. Stepp was so fatigued by the ordeal that he could only crawl on his hands and knees over the last several blocks of the path.

The following day more bad luck was in store, for a leading citizen of Zig Zag failed to show up with horses to haul the new rear end up to the Jeffery. But the champion ski manipulators of the party, Messrs. Riggs and Reese, wer' not to be outdone. They spanked the service car through the path of the Jeffery nearly the full distance of the gap and later that night, Wednesday, the new rear end, weighing 300 pounds, was hauled the rest of the way by five-man power and substituted for the old one.

Path Cut Through Snow.

The official start was scheduled for next morning, but lo and behold, during the night the rain had put the ignition system of the service car on the "frits" and there was no way to budge it. Finally a path was cut through the deep snow beside it and the Jeffery started back down with the same crew that had manned it on the way out.

The trip home Thursday afternoon in four hours was remarkable. Adolph Aschoff told us that in all the years since 1882 rain had never fallen as it did the day and night before our trip home. The roads all of the way down the mountainside and on through the flats were a sea of water and slush. Just this side of the bridge that spans the Sandy River to connect the Bull Run and Cherryville roads the water was as deep as the snow had been on the mountainside. When Mr. Riggs turned the car loose in this muss the water shot forth into the air well above the radiator and roared back over the hood and the fenders into the lake again. Just as snow had stood on Laurel Hill, here the water stood above the running-boards. The Jeffery four was no longer a snowplow. It became a submarine and was christened the "J-4."

When the Jeffery reached Portland Thursday night with snow from Mount Hood it not only carried home a record that outdoes all of the feature mountain trips staged in years gone by but it enjoyed the unique distinction of being the first and the last automobile to reach Government Camp during 1915.

Last April E. J. Clark, of the Frank C. Riggs Company, guided a Jeffery six to Government Camp and back to Portland the same day in remarkably fast time. This record was easily won and was merely a pink tea affair alongside of the experience of last week. But, speaking from the standpoint of one who was present on both occasions, the latter, though more disagreeable in some ways, was more remarkable, more creditable to the car and much more memorable.

FEDERAL MAGNATE ON TOUR

John Ganzel Crossing Continent on Way to Honolulu.

John Ganzel, manager of the Brooklyn Federal baseball team, is piloting a Hudson from Rochester, N. Y., to Honolulu, via Seattle, with his family and mechanician.

"Our trip has been a pleasant one," said Mr. Ganzel, in talking of automobiles, which is his hobby while off the diamond. "Our Hudson has batted a thousand all along the line, though we have struck some very tough going in spots."

Mr. Ganzel is accompanied by Mrs. Ganzel, their daughter, June, Miss Elizabeth Bruce, and the mechanician, H. H. Travis. They left Rochester Wednesday, October 25, and expect to arrive at Seattle, where they embark with the car for Honolulu, November 25.

ALL PARTS PROSPER

Studebaker Official Finds Business Brisk Everywhere.

ORDER LISTS ARE LONG

Assistant Sales Manager Willman Finds Newspaper Advertising Is Greatest Factor in Revival of Trade in Country.

George L. Willman, assistant sales and advertising manager for the Studebaker Corporation, has returned from visiting the larger distributing agencies for the Studebaker in the Middle West and Southwest. Mr. Willman took advantage of every opportunity for sizing up the business situation of the different territories and comparing in his investigations what he could hear and see.

"Nothing," says Mr. Willman, in a letter addressed to the trade all over the country, "could have been more pleasing apparently, to the agencies I visited than the telegraphic messages that were sent from the Detroit factories to Studebaker representatives that September had proved to be the greatest month for the production of cars in the history of Studebaker. And nothing, I know, could have been more pleasing to me, than the orders for Studebakers that were shown me at different points I visited.

Dealers Are Optimistic.

"Dealers who have gone above their contracts already told me that with the assurance the Studebaker factory could promptly take care of additional orders within a reasonable time, they would now book orders which require little more than signatures.

"This condition with the automobile business, and prevailing as it seemingly does with other lines, can indicate that these United States of America are riding on the crest of a wave of unprecedented prosperity. Insofar as I can recall, it is the first time in the history of this country that every part of it has been prosperous at the same time. I have been all through the corn belt, and this year's crop will be the most valuable the country has ever produced. The frost which came, per schedule, was so light that its effect was helpful, more than anything else.

Advertising Greatest Factor.

"The cotton crop may not come up to its usual size, but the price is right for the planter, which is more consoling than an overproduction. It is simply a case of every one of 48 states congratulating one another on bright skies and sunshine and 'business is good, thank you,' all around.

"Advertising has been the most potent factor in pulling business through the slough of despond," continued Mr. Willman.

"When one stops to think it over, can they recall any time when the newspapers carried more advertising than was the case during the period of depression?"

Going further into a discussion of the subject of advertising, Mr. Willman said: "In direct sales, newspaper advertising is the best medium. Of course, we use the big National magazines, but we do that to introduce our product to gain for it the confidence of the Nation as a whole. But for immediate, direct sales in a given community, we go direct to the newspapers. When we spend a certain amount in a magazine advertising campaign we see no immediate results in actual sales, but if we spend a like amount with the daily newspapers, our sales leap. The newspaper brings home an article to the reader, it makes a direct specific, intimate appeal. The magazine advertisement makes its impression, but sales are usually the result of the perusal of a newspaper advertisement."

CARE INCREASES TIRE LIFE

Salesmanager Advises Owners Not to Travel in Car Tracks.

"It is remarkable how the number of motorists who want to know how to take the best care of their tires is increasing," says C. H. Williams, Portland branch manager of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. "It is especially gratifying to note the growing army of motorists who actually do care for their tires, who follow instructions, watch tire performance, maintain proper pressures, attend to small injuries in time, and thus greatly reduce their cost per mile of service. The campaigns of education conducted by tire companies along this line have borne fruit, and motorists are better satisfied and their relations with the man who sells them their tires are much more pleasant.

"Just now Goodyear is carrying the same kind of a campaign to truck owners, showing how tire care makes tire mileage and reduces tire cost. Our service department has issued a series of nine bulletins on truck tire conservation. These point out avoidable sources of tire trouble and show how remarkable tire mileage is often obtained. The bulletins are illustrated, and show the before and after situation vividly and graphically.

'Car tracks, for instance, quickly demolish tires. When a truck is run in the track just a narrow edge of a tire rests on the rail and carries the whole load. The answer is easy. In the case of dual tires the wearing effect is more pronounced, because the narrow part of a tire bearing on the rail carries weight intended to be distributed over two tires.

British India's 1914 imports were valued at $508,000,000.

It's Here---

the new BRISCOE *38-Four* *at* $750

Just arrived, and you ought to see it! It's hard to stay away from superlatives in talking about this model, and even superlatives wouldn't do it justice.

An improvement over last season's tip-top model, and less in price! "How do they do it?" Briscoe efficiency and progress and small overhead margin are the answer. Anyway, the value and the quality are there, and the price is right and reasonable.

Five Passenger Touring, 38 Horsepower, with the smoothest-running and softest-humming 4-cylinder motor you've ever heard; 114-inch wheelbase, graceful lines, roomy tonneau, deep cushioned seats, demountable rims, cantilever springs in the rear—a handsome, comfortable, powerful car in every respect.

BRISCOE

38-FOUR

Whether you're a prospective buyer or present owner of a car, you ought to look over this new Briscoe. If you're "in the market," place your order and insure early delivery. If you act now, you'll be among the first; if you delay a day or so, you're liable to be about the two-hundred-and-first. That's just how good the new Briscoe is! Remember—$750, F. O. B. Factory.

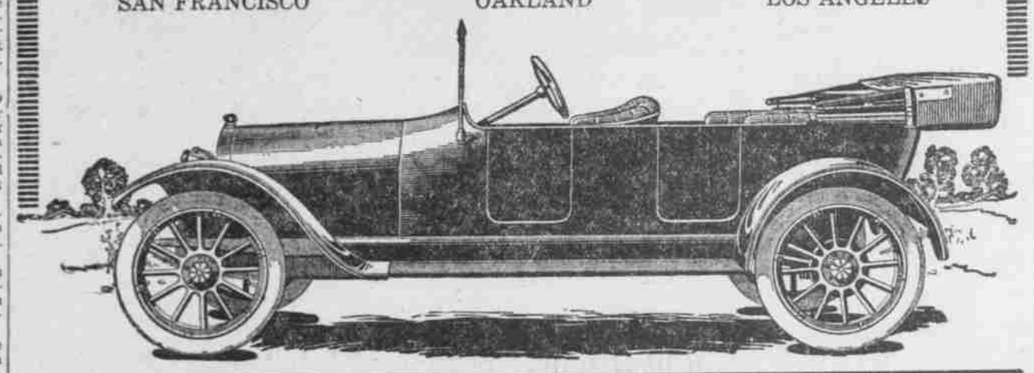
Any time you wish a demonstration, we'll be at your service.

THE PACIFIC KISSELKAR BRANCH

Pacific Coast Distributors for BRISCOE.

58-60 TWENTY-THIRD STREET, Phone Main 6214, PORTLAND, OR.

SAN FRANCISCO OAKLAND LOS ANGELES



BRANCHES BEING BUILT

STUDEBAKER IS PREPARING FOR INCREASED BUSINESS.

At Kansas City, About $100,000 Is Being Expended on New Home—Other Projects Under Way.

The Studebaker Corporation has three new buildings under way, for taking care of the increased business of the territory of these branches, with plans in preparation for two other branch houses, one of which is to be at Portland. It is the purpose to provide Studebaker patrons in New York City, Kansas City, and ultimately other of the larger cities, the same highly efficient service system that has been developed by Studebaker in Detroit. To do this it will be necessary to equip the various service stations with a complete line of parts, adequate to meet any possible requirements.

At Kansas City approximately $100,000 is being expended on a new home for Studebaker that will be completed, according to contract, about the first of the new year. This will not only be a model in buildings intended for automobile trade purposes, but it will have a place with the best constructed business houses of the city. The location is on Grand avenue, near the new Union depot, running back to a frontage on Twenty-first street. The type of construction is reinforced concrete, entirely fireproof. A full basement extends under the building which is 50x120 feet.

Due to the hilliness of Kansas City there will be but a five-story elevation on Grand avenue, the first floor being occupied by showrooms and offices for both the wholesale and retail branches. The second floor will be for stock and repair parts, of which the largest equipment in the West will be carried. The remaining stories will be devoted to storage and other branch purposes.

The Twenty-first-street frontage is six stories with basement, the latter being devoted to repair shop, receiving and shipping. This street level has a railway siding which will be extended into the building, so that loading and unloading can be done directly at the elevators. In every way the building will be complete for its intended purposes. The Kansas City branch is one of the most important in the Studebaker chain, and its steady, natural increase of business has made imperative securing new and enlarged quarters for its handling.

The other new branch houses are to be erected at Dallas, Tex., and Portland, Or., which long ago outgrew present accommodations, but the expansion of Studebaker business in the past year, forced the matter to an immediate issue.

Studebaker is this year building 75,000 automobiles, the distribution being effected through the different branches.

WOMAN WINS ECONOMY DRIVE

Miss Eva Cunningham in Maxwell Goes 567 Miles on 17 Gallons.

To the amazement of the veteran road drivers who took part in the recent Maxwell efficiency run from Buffalo to their homes in New England and the other North Atlantic states, the first place winner turned out to be the only woman pilot in the tour.

Miss Eva Cunningham, daughter of F. J. Cunningham, Maxwell dealer at Haverhill, Mass., drove from Buffalo to Haverhill, 567 miles, on exactly 17 gallons of gasoline—an average of 33.37 miles to the gallon. Her car was a new Maxwell roadster.

There is no disputing Miss Cunningham's record. Her drive was watched by several witnesses, and the details are given in her own affidavit.

State Aid for Road to Be Asked.

PENDLETON, Or., Nov. 20.—(Special.)—The state will be asked by the Pendleton Commercial Association and the Umatilla County delegates in the Legislature to appropriate from the highway fund $7500 for the purpose of constructing a hard-surface road from the city limits to the Eastern Oregon State Hospital. The city, in turn, will be asked to pave the road from Walter's Mill to the city limits. The road is the main highway.

NEW 6-CYLINDER SAXONS DUE

First Shipment of 1916 Model Will Arrive Monday.

Some of the 1916 model six-cylinder Saxon cars will arrive in Portland Monday, this being the first shipment of the new model to be brought here. The cars, according to W. B. Doan, manager of the Saxon Motor Company here, will be only slightly different from this year's model, some small details being perfected in the new car. Among the changes is a two-unit electric starting and lighting system.

Referring to a recent trip made by Billy Nipper, ex-auto racer, in a Saxon car from Rochester to New York City and back, a distance of 847 miles, Mr. Doan expressed the belief yesterday that the driver would have been unable to have made the trip if it had not been for the ease which his car could be handled. The trip was made in 35 hours 18 minutes, almost constant driving. Mr. Doan said he himself had made a drive on one occasion of 383 miles in 17 hours and 25 minutes in a machine and when he reached his destination he had to be lifted from the car.

CREDIT IS GIVEN TO TIRES

Movie Star Completes Trip of 5231 Miles to New York.

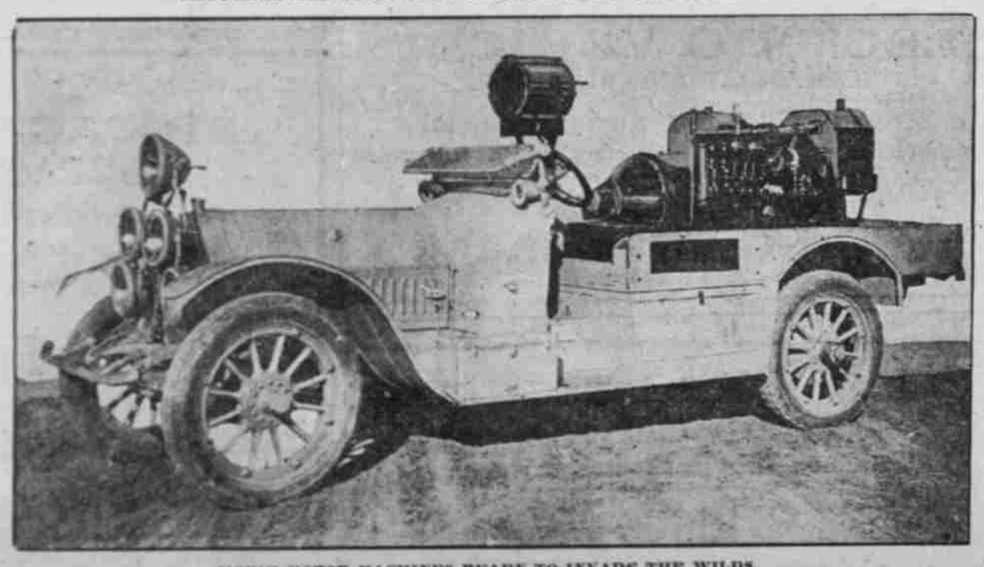
Miss Anita King, the famous movie picture star, who recently drove her big six-cylinder Kissel-Kar from Los Angeles to San Francisco and thence to New York, attributes great credit for the complete success of her trip to the use of Firestone tires.

Miss King traveled a total of 5231 miles alone and unaccompanied, and encountered some of the most difficult roads in the country. Her only tire trouble consisted of one blowout and four punctures. One of the tires still contained Los Angeles air when she arrived at the City Hall in New York City.

This constitutes an enviable tire record, especially since on 27 out of the 35 days that she was on the road Miss King encountered rain or snow. She struggled over roads well-nigh impassable and on many occasions was forced to drive her car at the rate of two miles an hour.

It will never do to talk about the "new" West. Dr. Charles D. Walcott says that near Helena, Mont., are found the oldest animal remains now known, and also the oldest authentic vegetable remains. Some years ago he discovered the remains of crablike animals, suggesting in form fresh-water crabs found the world over.

MITCHELL CAR IS USED IN NIGHT MOTION PHOTOGRAPHY.



MOVIE MOTOR MACHINES READY TO INVADE THE WILDS.

BRYAN WANTS PEACE

He believes in avoiding friction and unnecessary trouble.

He thinks man should steer clear of the misery of the world so far as is in his control.

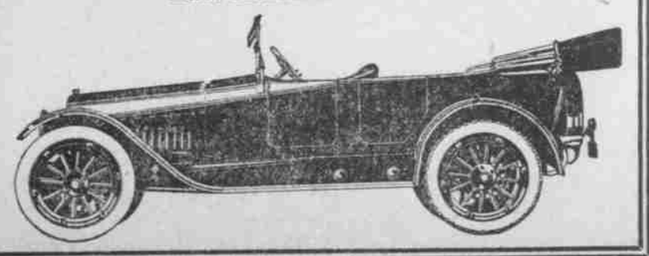
He thinks man should attain for himself and those he cares for as much of the world's comforts as is possible for him to secure.

No doubt, if he were asked, he would give these as his principal reasons for his purchase of a

Mitchell

6 of 16--

SEE THIS CAR. DO IT NOW.

Mitchell-Lewis & Staver Co.

East Morrison and First.