

ROAD TO BE OPEN VIA M'KENZIE PASS

C. M. Menzies and Party Travel Pass Road in Cole 8 on Way to Crater Lake.

LAVA ROCK HARD ON TIRES

But Aside From Six Miles on West Approach to Summit, With Six Steep Hills, the Going Is Found to Be Pretty Good.

The McKenzie Pass route into Central Oregon is now wide open to automobile travel. Over this scenic mountain road a week ago went C. M. Menzies, manager of the Northwest Auto Company, in a Cole Eight, looking for trout, a good vacation, pleasant camping and a first-hand view of Crater Lake, all of which he obtained in excellent measure.

The view of Crater Lake was marred by the smoke from many forest fires in the mountains. Smoke has settled in the bowl of the lake, like gas in the trenches, blotting out from above the view of the water.

But the trip was a great one and Mr. Menzies wonders that more motorists in this vacation period do not follow the same trail.

When it comes to giving road and trip information, Mr. Menzies is beyond reproach. But when he speaks of his skill as a fisherman, the line must be drawn somewhere. No fisherman can be trusted in this respect. "Witness the mighty stories told by the late Lawrence Therkelson, of the Braly Auto Company, and George Chambers, of the Oregon State Motor Association, on none of which they were able to make good, on a recent trip with the writer of this chronicle. "Trust no fisherman completely," is a safe maxim.

Sad Tale of a Chipmunk.

Thus when Menzies, without a smile to lighten the tale, says solemnly that in Horse Tail Creek at Foley Springs in one late afternoon he had killed 30 fine, fat trout from the deep, all of which he cleaned and put aside for breakfast, it is too much.

But when he adds that a mink, a chipmunk, or something found the trout in their hiding place and got away with them before the breakfast, it's time to raise the issue both gently and firmly. Have a heart, manager!

The Menzies party left Portland two weeks ago yesterday. In the Cole Eight were Mr. and Mrs. Menzies, their son Donald, and their guests, J. H. Mackenzie, of the May Hardware Company, and Mrs. Mackenzie. They were also accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Herman J. Blaessing, Lenore Blaessing and Herman J. Blaessing, Jr., in a Reo Six.

They drove the first day to Eugene and the second day to McKenzie Bridge, 56 miles from Eugene on this side of the Pass. There they turned aside to camp a couple of days at Foley Springs. Here enter the fish. Menzies, who says he hadn't whipped a trout stream in 12 years, admits that he fished rings around Mr. Mackenzie and the two Blaessings.

Following which he is unkind enough to attribute the loss of the 30 fish he alleges he hooked and caught, to a "wild animal" mink, chipmunk or coon. By all means, but the coons from the freedom of Foley Springs!

After two fine days at Foley, all hands packed up for the run over the Pass to Bend. But from the start there was a case of climb, climb, climb. But except for about six miles near the summit, Mr. Menzies thinks the road is really in fine condition.

These six miles, he hastens to add, are anything but boulevards. Particularly six steep hills, one of which, each in its steepest pitch having grades roughly estimated at 20 to 30 per cent.

The Cole Eight had five passengers and towed a trailer with camping outfit, weighing about 1000 pounds. This made a very heavy load for the car, and the pulling underfoot was very hard besides, being rock, lava and deep sand, but on low gear the Cole walked right to the summit.

The last two and a half miles before the summit Mr. Menzies describes as being the worst. Here the road leads over lava beds, and is very rough, especially the going is very bad, for torrents have poured down them in the rainy season, carrying away the dirt and leaving a bed of lava, with many sharp projections that are hard on tires. It requires careful driving, but not excessive driving, and any careful motorists can make it, says Mr. Menzies.

East End Near-Boulevard.

From the summit of the pass to Bend, 48 miles, the road was good nearly all the way. There are no steep grades, as on the west approach, and the descent is not a great one, as the road leads to the Crater Lake plateau, which itself is 4000 to 6000 feet high. In fact, the motorist who desires to drive through the pass, Mr. Menzies adds, will find it is going much easier from the Central Oregon side.

From Sisters, 55.5 miles from Bend and about 15 miles from the summit, the road into Bend is almost a boulevard, according to the travelers. The Government has been doing much permanent highway construction work on the east side of the McKenzie Pass route, and when it has built five or six more miles of road the whole route will be in first-class condition.

Bend was only a preliminary objective of the party. After a night there they drove 85 miles into the mountains to Odell Lake, the headwaters of the Deschutes River, a beautiful body of water seven miles long and four miles wide. They all describe it with enthusiasm as a campers' paradise.

For four days they camped by the lake, fishing and rowing and exploring in the timber. Besides rowboats there are two launches on the lake, so time never drags. The lake is at an elevation of 6000 feet, and three blankets were none too warm in the crisp chill of the mountain nights.

Cheers for Ashland.

Not far from Odell Lake is Crescent Lake, a similar body of water of about the same size. The roads in this section are surprisingly good, and the party drove over to have a look at Crescent Lake.

After thoroughly enjoying their four days at Odell, they set out one cool morning for the 60-mile drive to the Crater. Except for lots of dust, the going was very good and a drive of a few hours brought them to the "Notch" and the Government road to the Crater Lake Lodge. They remained there the next day and tried their luck at fishing in Crater Lake, with good success.

The Government is making fast progress in building the road around the rim of the crater. Only a few more miles remain to be constructed to complete the work.

From Crater Lake the party drove to Klamath Falls, thence to Klamath

OVER M'KENZIE PASS IN A COLE EIGHT, WITH TRAILER FOR CAMPING.



Hot Springs, four miles over the California line, and then to Ashland, the trip from the Crater taking two days. From Ashland, of course, they followed the custom of all good Oregonians and took a sight-seeing drive down to Hornbrook, Cal. Never mind further details.

Ashland has a free camping ground for automobile tourists that is making the name of that town blessed among motorcar owners the country over. This camping ground, which covers several acres in a wooded canyon near town, is equipped with all the comforts of home. There are springs and fountains of fine drinking water, electric lights, and, finest of all, gas plates at numerous places over the grounds, where the camper can drop a quarter in a slot and have all the gas required for a day's cooking.

Fast Run From Roseburg.

The roads from Ashland to Portland, Mr. Menzies says, are in splendid condition, except for a few miles through Pass Creek Canyon, where it is still rough. But road crews are at work in the canyon and elsewhere in Southern Oregon, eliminating all bad stretches. In another year there will be no such thing as a bad piece of road on the Pacific Highway in Oregon.

From Ashland to Roseburg the party called it a day's travel. Leaving Roseburg Tuesday morning, Mr. Menzies stepped on the Cole and Mr. Blaessing stepped on the Reo, whereupon they made the 223 miles between 9 A. M. and 8:30 P. M., with an hour and a half out for lunch, a running time of just 10 hours, which is averaging nearly 23 miles an hour. The Cole made this distance, towing the 1000-pound trailer, on 21 gallons of gasoline.

The odometers of the two cars registered 1299 miles for the 11 days of the trip. Not an adjustment or repair had to be made to either car on the trip, or after they were back in Portland. An hour on the washrack for a good scrubdown and both cars were in shape to repeat the tour.

FACTORY MAN IS VISITOR

H. A. RAINBOW HERE REPRESENTING SANDOW TRUCK.

Good Dealer Sought for Oregon Territory to Handle Truck Well Known in the East.

H. A. Rainbow, factory representative for the Sandow truck, is in Portland to look over this territory with a view to obtaining good representation here for the Sandow.

The Sandow is a truck very well known in the East, though it has not been introduced on the Pacific Coast. Some of the biggest commercial companies have large fleets of Sandows and show their estimation of the truck by putting in large orders. It is made in Chicago.

The truck is made in 1-ton, 1½-ton, 2-ton, 3½-ton and 5-ton sizes. The Sandow factory has been fortunate in placing large orders for material and fuel, so that it is able to insure delivery in volume.

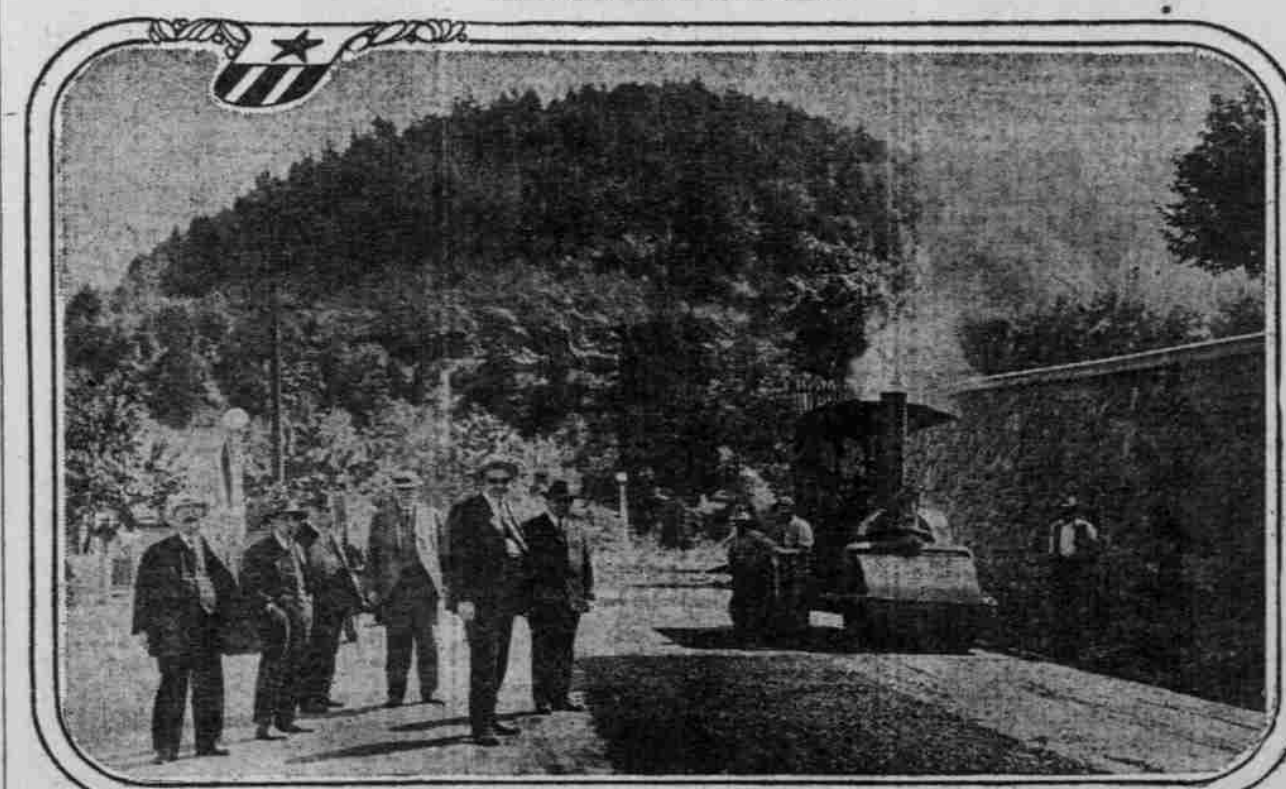
Five special features of the Sandow truck are its power increase, removable motor, the engine being so handily arranged that the whole motor can be removed and replaced by another one in an hour and a half; safety starter motor suspension and rear-spring suspension.

Mr. Rainbow is making his headquarters while in Portland at the Corneliuss Hotel.

To Hold Screws.

It frequently happens that a screw is so located that a lock nut, cotter pin or the usual devices cannot be used to hold it. By cutting a short length of iron wire, bending it a little and then after the screw has been sunk under the surface, drive the wire in so that it bus the slot the screw will be firmly held in place.

HERE'S GOOD LUCK! CITY REPAIR CREW BEGINS PAVING OF WORN-OUT PORTION OF SCENIC TERWILLIGER BOULEVARD.



MAYOR BAKER AND CITY COMMISSIONERS FORMALLY OPENING WORK LAST WEEK THAT PROBABLY WILL BE COMPLETED IN 60 DAYS.

CITY DOES PAVING

Northern Part of Terwilliger Boulevard Being Surfaced.

OLD MACADAM IS WORN OUT

City Paving Plant and Repair Crew Put to Work to Complete Hard-Surfacing of Much-Used Scenic Boulevard.

Work of hard-surfacing about a mile and a quarter of Terwilliger boulevard to complete the pavement over the entire length of the roadway began last week. The work is being done by the city pavement repair crew and will probably be completed in less than 60 days.

The part of this pleasure boulevard now being hard-surfaced was not paved when the remainder of the work was completed, but it was believed then that the old macadam would be serviceable for a long time.

Heavy travel on the boulevard has worn the smooth surface of the macadam into a section of the road into a succession of ruts and holes.

The city asked for bids for the work and after receiving the bids City Commissioner Barbur offered to do the work at a smaller total cost to the city. His plan was adopted. It is believed that the saving effected through the city's doing its own work will more than pay for the entire cost of the municipal paving plant, as well as for additional expenditures found necessary after the plant was placed in operation.

Mr. S. Dulin, who is in charge of the paving plant, is personally directing the work on the boulevard. If the paving crew is permitted to remain continuously on the job, it is probable the work could be completed within 30 days.

Other important work in various parts of the city may necessitate the removal of the crew several times, however, and the job will probably be prolonged for 45 days.

In the meantime that part of Terwilliger boulevard from the head of Sixth street to Hamilton avenue is closed to traffic. Signs deter cars to

Skull and Cross Bones Warn Drivers to Slow Down.

New Idea in Road Signs on Drain-Elk City Route Proves Mighty Effective.

EUGENE, Or., July 6.—(Special.)—Skulls and cross-bones painted on signboards on the Pacific Highway in Douglas County between Drain and Elk City take all desire for speed out of the traveler, according to R. S. Shelby, recently appointed supervisor of the Siuslaw National Forest, who has just returned from a visit to the domain over which he has jurisdiction.

Mr. Shelby made the trip from Eugene to Scottsburg in his motor car. He did not see anything particularly startling until he struck the road from Drain to Elk City. There he met a new kind of signboard.

He was traveling at about 12 miles an hour, when directly ahead, over the road, there appeared a sign on which was painted a large skull and cross-bones.

Shelby reduced his speed to five miles and came to a sharp curve in the road with an immense boulder on one side and a ravine that went down 500 feet on the other. By the time he reached the curve he could read, on the other end of the board, the words "Drive Slow."

He says there are three such signs on the road between Drain and Elk City and three curves that are virtually as dangerous as the one that first impressed him with the value of the gruesome warning.

VICK IS ALLOTING FORDSONS

Salem Ford Dealer Is State Distributor for Tractor.

George F. Vick, of Salem, who has been made state distributor of the Fordson tractor for the entire State of Oregon, was in Portland Saturday making arrangements for allotting territory.

Mr. Vick has closed contracts for 1000 Fordsons. The first shipment of 21 tractors is due in Salem in about 10 days. They will come after the next 30 days at the rate of about a carload every other day. Mr. Vick intends to place dealers in each county of the state.

E. A. Mitchell, well known in Portland, is distributing 1000 Fordson tractors in Washington.

Flush and refill rear housings. Pack all grease cups. Clean out muffler and remove rust from rims.

AUTO JAZZING NOT JUST THING N. B. C.

E. H. McCarty Tries Good Old Yankee Way of Tooling Car in Vancouver.

PROVINCIALS ARE AGHAST

Portlander Dodges Five Cars in First Block, Seven in Second, but When Nine and Streetcar Appear He Calls It a Day.

Any citizen who hankers after knowledge of how to do the "jazz" in an automobile is respectfully recommended by E. H. McCarty, manager of the Northwest branch of the Studebaker Corporation of America, to drive to Vancouver, B. C.

If he does not put himself out of action at once by a head-on collision, says Mr. McCarty, he will have the time of his life and will give placid Vancouverians the same for the first half hour or so as he heaves around the corner. Mr. McCarty pleasantly took the wheel of a proffered car and started down the street.

The reason, of course, as all folks who have been there will recognize, is that in Vancouver it is good form in traffic cop circles to drive on the left-hand side, not the right-hand side of the street.

Mr. McCarty Tests Fate.

Mr. McCarty visited the Vancouver branch of the Studebaker Corporation a couple of weeks ago. Being a good, law-abiding citizen of Portland, B. C., who never thinks of disobeying the traffic laws if there is the slightest chance of a cop's being around the corner, Mr. McCarty pleasantly took the wheel of a proffered car and started down the street.

Well, he started. He got that far, anyhow. In the first block he dodged five cars all coming towards him, and set out in high dudgeon to find the police station and complain against the unclublike attitude of Vancouverites toward visiting motorists.

In the second block he encountered seven cars, all of which he just dodged by dint of motor acrobatics. The drivers of all these cars peered sternly at Mr. McCarty as he wavered past them and seemed, on the whole, to be highly and preciously indignant with him.

In the third block nine cars approaching from the left and a streetcar on the same side of the street caused Mr. McCarty to cease his progress in despair. He slowed down his car and was on the point of leaping out and seeking for the woods to find a safe place when it suddenly occurred to him that he had heard somewhere that up in Canada you reverse the known laws of locomotion as practiced in the United States, take your popular life in your hands and keep to the left, young man, keep to the left.

Mystery of Jazz Solved.

After that, of course Mr. McCarty, except for brief lapses of memory, kept to the left. By the time he left Vancouver he had mastered the art completely and rather liked it. Just as one always secretly likes a thing that he feels deep down in him is all wrong, Mr. McCarty knew he would be arrested very quickly if he drove on the left-hand side of the street. So it gave him a feeling of exhilaration to feel how he was wittingly the police of Portland, and particularly Frank Ervin and the other motorcycle cops thereof.

He also learned that left-hand driving is not practiced in Canada as a whole, but only in British Columbia, and that the boys in Vancouver, Ottawa or Winnipeg or Saskatchewan have every bit as difficult a first few hours of it in British Columbia as the American has.

Only in British Columbia province is the British and continental custom of driving on the left observed. The other provinces of Canada all keep to the American custom of right-hand driving.

Foreign Cars Popular.

This is one reason, explains Mr. McCarty, why foreign automobiles have been so much in vogue in British Columbia, and particularly in Vancouver.

These foreign cars all have the right-hand drive, which is made to order for Vancouver traffic laws.

Now that foreign cars are no longer obtainable, owing to the war, and American cars with left-hand drive are the only ones to be had, a strong sentiment has grown in Vancouver and Victoria to eliminate left-hand driving in favor of the American keep-to-the-right plan. The automobile club, among other organizations, says Mr. McCarty, have taken up the matter.

It would have been too, said Mr. McCarty, "but for the opposition of the streetcar company. The company made a vigorous fight against the innovation and won when it proved that a change from left to right-hand driving would actually cost it some \$100,000 in changing its switches and the like. So they still keep to the left, though a great many motorists are strongly in favor of a change."

Vancouver is a beautiful city. The people are hospitable. The only fault that the most carping American could find with the city is in keeping to the left arrangement, which nearly drives him to his grave when he first comes to town.

Incidentally Vancouver is proving a fine market for the new Studebaker cars, the light six being particularly in demand there.

SPIRIT LAKE ROAD NOW OPEN

Two Routes by Auto to Summer Resort Near Mount St. Helens.

KELSO, Wash., July 6.—(Special.)—The highway from Castle Rock to Spirit Lake has been put in good shape in the past few weeks. The motorist who wants a day's outing, or the camper desiring a week or so in the woods, can find no more delightful place to go than Spirit Lake, which lies at the foot of Mt. St. Helens. Fishing in the lake at present is remarkably good.

The tourist going to the lake resort may travel by the old road over Green Mountain, which has been repaired, or can cross the Tootle at Coal Bank rapids and make the trip on the north side of the river on the new highway just opened. Either road may be traveled without difficulty. Round trips to Spirit Lake are frequently made from Kelso in a day, and a few hours of fishing enjoyed.

FRANKLIN MAN HERE TO FISH

San Francisco Dealer Guest of J. C. Braly on Trout Hunt.

They still have a few trout, more or less than the California streams, but John F. McLean, Franklin distributor for Northern California, hankers for the Oregon brand of trout fishing. Mr. McLean arrived in Portland last week from San Francisco and promptly hunted up his old friend, J. C. Braly, of the Braly Auto Company. Franklin distributor in Oregon. Mr. Braly took Mr. McLean with him Wednesday and

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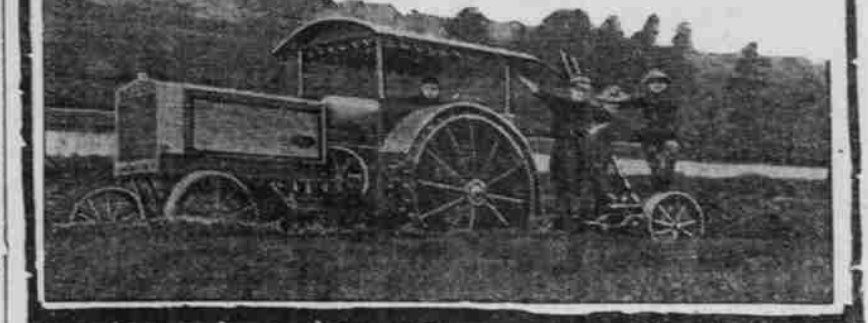
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Boy Scouts Plowing With a Heider Tractor, East Moreland Addition, Portland, Oregon.



set out for his ranch in the mountains. Lean does not return with a kit full of Yamhill County, where he has the trout so well trained that they will bite a hook out of his hand. It will not be Mr. Braly's fault if Mr. Mc-

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