

ROADS FOUND GOOD TO KLAMATH FALLS

Pathfinding Tour for Elks Is Made in Franklin.

WELCOME FOR VISITORS

Visiting Elks Will Get Great Reception There This Week During Convention.

(Continued From First Page.)

can navigate Mosier hill without qualms needn't worry about any other hills on the trip. It has stiffer grades and is harder to travel by far than such hills as that down the Tygh valley grade, or even up the Deschutes canyon at Mecca, on the Warm Springs route to Bend.

At the Dalles, mileage 58, which includes a detour over good road into Hood River, motorists should fill their tanks. It's 27 cents there.

"If you want scenery—real scenery, and a trip you'll never forget, go to Bend through the Warm Springs reservation via Wapinitia," urged George McClure, Franklin dealer at the Dalles. "But I wouldn't advise any inexperienced driver to take it. Some of those hills—! Route them around by Maupin, Shaniko and Antelope, which is 29 to 25 miles longer but fine road all the way."

Mr. McClure summed it up. By taking the Warm Springs route you get some of the grandest scenery in central Oregon, but city drivers should stay off it. Yet at that, with good brakes and a level head at the wheel, there is no cause to fear this road.

Tygh Valley Hill Ahead.
So from The Dalles the Franklin headed up the grade from that town, on to Dufur through the wheat country, where the farmers are harvesting dollars in every bushel; through a rolling country of beautiful vistas, treeless except for the green clumps of poplars that dot the land where the ranch houses are. And thence, over good dirt road all the way, to where the great chain of Tygh valley suddenly appears before you, 25 miles out.

Tygh valley hill! In the old days this hill was a terror. Charley Frazier had often driven over it, and he told weird stories of passengers with him who wanted to jump out, or sat there, blanched and shivering, as the car plunged down around the turn. But there is now a good road with an intermediate grade down—or up—this five-mile hill. A little narrow, but with plenty of turnouts. You can still get a thrill by looking over the side and imagining, safe as a boulevard.

Up through the far end of Tygh valley, where one road goes to Maupin and the other to Wapinitia, the Franklin party, resolved to see the scenery of the Warm Springs reservation, turned right at mileage 126.8. Travelers turn to the left and continue a road should from which point there is an elegant road to Madras, where the Warm Springs road rejoins it.

These central Oregon roads are of dirt, but such dirt! Firm and hard, which you can travel from 25 to 40 miles an hour. They don't stand truck or rain, but in dry weather they are magnificent for cars.

Turning to the right, the Franklin was soon at Wapinitia, where the road from Government Camp, across the mountains comes in. All along here a fine view of Mount Hood, though the real mountain scenery comes further south.

Short Cut for the Experts.
Expert drivers who know the road can cut 50 miles off the trip to Bend by driving to Government Camp, and thence 35 miles over the mountains to Wapinitia. But expert drivers only. Hard going through the timber, the road twisting around the trees, and with many bad hills.

From Wapinitia the Warm Springs road is pretty fair. It is 14 miles to the Indian mission at Simnasho. It twists through some outlying hills from the Cascades, but mostly is on the high plateau. For miles it is right at the edge of the timber line that comes down from the Cascade mountains, and there stops, like a file of soldiers at command.

It's uncanny how these trees come just to a certain line on the plain and no further. On one side forest. On the other, not a tree. Finally a spur of forest crosses the road, and then it runs for some distance through the stalwart pines.

A drive of the most varied interest. From the high plateau as the car emerged from the woods beyond Simnasho, 161 miles from Portland, a magnificent sight of the Cascade range, close alongside, with Mount Jefferson now in full and rugged view. Farther on, two of the Three Sisters, and behind the broadside of Mount Hood. The smoke of forest fires was about over here. The mountain stood out clear and splendid.

All the way through central Oregon, this view of the Cascade range. At Bend it is truly magnificent. Totally unlike any view of it from the west side. It stands to the east of a vast green wall of forested hills, running straight as a fence across the state from north to south.

The snow peaks of the range are all on the eastern side. From almost any open point on the plateau, this wall of mountains is in full view as far as one can see north and south, and along it, like captains in dress parade, the interlarding snow peaks.

At one time six or seven of these snow peaks will be visible in all their rugged bulk. Hood, Jefferson, Washington, the Three Sisters, Broken Top, many others. Now only one looms up each hour as the car rushes south.

Through Cleft in the Rocks.
On from Simnasho sped the Franklin. Six miles along, at mileage 167 from Portland, Therkelson. At the wheel uttered a kind of gasp, and shouted: "Look at that!"

We looked. Ahead was a vast gap, a view of mesas and buttes surrounding a canyon, at the lower end two cliffs coming together with a narrow opening between them. Down into this canyon wound the road, visible far ahead as it disappeared through the cleft. It was the entrance to the Warm Springs canyon.

Good brakes and intermediate gear were needed over that hill, though to a mountain driver the road was very good. On into the cleft went the car, through it, and into a still more craggy canyon, with water-washed cliffs. The road came to the Warm Springs river, a large stream, crossed a bridge, and went up a hill on the other side. This hill was about a mile long and the worst encountered on the trip, not so much from its steepness as because of sand that made pulling hard. For the first time on the trip the Franklin had to go into low through this sand—even Mosier hill it had climbed on intermediate.

From here to the Warm Springs agency, eight miles, at mileage 180.5, is

a continuous vista of wild country—canyons and mesas and cliffs, with the road alternately climbing short hills or dipping into draws or following valleys that need only water to make them fertile.

Here is the place to see the Indians at their best. Picturesque figures, these stalwart bucks, alive with bright red neckerchiefs and horseback. They sit their horses like Remington's plainmen.

At the agency, a sharp turn to the left, along Agency creek, and three miles on the road emerges on the swift Deschutes. Ahead is a bridge and just across it Mecca on the railroad, 184 miles by speedometer from Portland.

Up Out of Deschutes Gorge.
Now comes the real scenic treat of this scenic Warm Springs drive, the climb out of the canyon of the Deschutes. Up, up goes the road, narrow, curving on an intermediate grade up the battlemented sides of the deep gorge. Up, with the rock wall on one side and over the edges of the curves on the other—space, just space. All the space in the world, with the silver Deschutes, growing smaller as you climb, at the bottom of it.

How high? Well, high enough. It seems like a thousand feet, but that's more guessing. Right up to the top. Narrow road, with infrequent turnouts where you hope the other fellow will take the outside if you meet him, but otherwise good. But when you reach the top, you're at the top. Ahead of you the level plain, level as far as you

SOME OF THE ELKS WHO'LL WELCOME THEIR OTHER OREGON BROTHERS TO KLAMATH FALLS THIS WEEK.



Left to right, those in the picture are—L. G. Van Bellen, trustee of Klamath Falls lodge; C. B. Krisler, member of convention executive committee; E. B. Hall, chairman convention committee, and C. H. Underwood, exalted ruler of Klamath Falls lodge. It is violating no confidence to remark that Klamath Falls, one of Oregon's liveliest and most bustling cities, is preparing a great welcome for visiting Elks. No Elk who can possibly get away should miss this trip, for one glimpse of the beautiful Klamath Falls country would be worth the whole tour, even if there were no convention besides.

can see, covered with wheat fields. A few hundred feet away you wouldn't know there was a gorge within miles. These central Oregon streams are decidedly unexpected.

Over this level plain, on which the roads follow the section lines and intersect, east and west, north and south, at every mile, the Franklin sped the 11 miles to Madras station, where the main The Dalles-California highway is joined again, and on another mile to the town of Madras. In the hotel a fine dinner with a juicy steak, cost only 50 cents.

The main road by Maupin, Shaniko and Antelope escapes the canyons of the Warm Springs, likewise its scenery, being on the level plateau. The road is fine and any driver can go as fast as he likes. No speed cops. Though 29 to 25 miles longer, this route is faster than the Warm Springs.

From here through Metolius, Culver, Terrebonne and Redmond, the road to Bend is 185 miles long. In beautiful condition nearly all the way. You can zip along these plains at almost any desired speed. It is an interesting 2½-hour drive through the wheat country. Bend was reached at 9 o'clock, but it would have been easy to make it at 6 o'clock for stops for meals, photographs and such, aggregating three hours.

No Water to Boil Away.
All the way to Bend, and all around the four-day loop, the Franklin air-cooled engine performed like a clock. Never a stop for water—and that means something in a dry country and a hot one—and the car rolling along as easily on the country roads as on pavement. One reason the Franklin was selected to make this pathfinding run was because of its fine road qualities and ability to make time on any old kind of going.

Bend is a live town that is growing so fast it has a housing problem on its hands. In the Pilot Butte inn it was one of the best hotels in this or any other state. In fact, the Pilot Butte inn at Bend and the White Pelican at Klamath Falls are known far and wide to travelers of experience as two of the very best hotels in the United States.

At Bend we were warmly greeted by

E. P. (Pat) Mahaffey, manager of the Central Oregon bank there, formerly of Portland, organizer and exalted ruler of Bend's new lodge of Elks.

Pat was enthusiastic over their plans for going on mass to the Klamath Falls convention. Fifty cars will leave Bend for Klamath Falls Tuesday with 125 Bend Elks and 75 more from The Dalles under Charlie Galloway, who will assist Monday night in an installation of Elks by the Bend lodge. They're taking along their own "big top" tent, 60x40 feet, and their own cook, who's said to be a wonder, and will stop over night at Odell lake on route to Klamath. If any Portland Elks get up there in time to join the party Tuesday morning, Pat avers the fatted calf will be slain for them.

Next day, on to Klamath Falls. Though only 162 miles, roads are not so good in this section and it's a solid day's drive, about a nine to ten-hour trip for ordinary driving. From Bend the road strikes into the pine forests and weaves through them for miles. Very good going, over a black "clunder" surface, taken from a mountain of the stuff, for the first 15 miles. Then for 19 or 20 miles through soft sandy soil pretty badly rutted. The road could not be classed as bad, however, and very good time can be made over it. The first settlement in 34 miles is La Pine, a few houses in the woods, mileage 29.8 from Portland.

Between here and Crescent, 20 miles further, is much lodgepole pine, but some good-sized timber. Near Crescent

This town is all a-hustle. The whole business section is in process of being rebuilt with modern business structures. Everywhere the excavations for new blocks. Business is rushing. And no mere boom is this. Klamath Falls, just beginning to tap the enormous resources of timber, cattle, sheep and a fertile agricultural country behind it, with the new Strahorn railroad to help in the development, is coming into its legitimate own. Here is a great field for business development that Portland should not neglect.

Klamath Falls' Hospitality.
E. B. Hall of the famous White Pelican hotel of Klamath Falls, and chairman of the executive committee for the Elks' convention, took us in hand and showed us some Klamath Falls hospitality. His committee is making big preparations for the reception of visiting Elks.

They have a fine auto camp near a bathhouse with hot water from a hot mineral spring. They are preparing to care for all the Elks who can drive down with their families from Portland and other towns. They have entertainments planned galore and a big barbecue over at the Harriman lodge. You'll have a good time at Klamath Falls.

"Wear your outing clothes," urged Mr. Hall, for Elks coming by automobile. "This applies to both men and women. Your outing togs and a business suit will be just the right thing. Everything will be informal. You will need your outing togs at Pelican Bay lodge for the barbecue. Come for an outing and do not be burdened with a lot of baggage."

"If you come to camp along the road, do not bring too much camp equipment. You can always get food at the different towns. Bring plenty of bedding and some kind of canvas for protection against wind or a possible shower."

It was with genuine regret that the pathfinding party had to leave Klamath Falls at 6 the third morning on the return trip via Crater lake. The road from Klamath Falls to Crater lake is by far the better entrance. Some chalk dust between Klamath Falls and Fort Klamath, but not a great deal, and from there to Crater lake fine road all the way.

At the park entrance, 50 miles from Klamath Falls, we registered, paid the \$2.50 fee and met Superintendent Alex Sparrow, who said travel this year to the park is 30 per cent greater than ever before. Up to that day 1908 autos and 6956 persons had entered the park. The rim road around the crater is just open and this drive will be a treat for the motorist with a day to spare at the lake.

Bad Road Around Prospect.
By all means take in Crater Lake on the return trip from Klamath Falls, by whatever route you go. It is a sight you will never forget. There are camp grounds in the park at Alfred L. Parkhurst, manager of Crater Lake lodge, right on the rim of the lake, 7200 feet elevation, is prepared to take care of a good many guests and to feed all who come. Meals at the lodge are only \$1 and the rates per day with board are \$4 and \$4.50.

Mr. Parkhurst advises all motorists to be sure to stock up with gas either at Klamath Falls and Fort Klamath or at Prospect, on the Medford side of the park, as all gas at the Crater has to be trucked in. Only a small supply, 50 cents per gallon, is kept for the convenience of cars with empty tanks.

The road from the park to Medford is in poor condition for a good part of 40 miles out of the park, being especially disagreeable for 21 miles around Prospect. Chalk dust in this section. Really the worst road of the entire 900-mile loop. Thence into Medford for the most part good.

The Franklin party, after a brief stop at Crater lake, drove on to Medford, taking five hours for the 80 miles. Then to Grants Pass and Roseburg that same night via Pacific highway.

The Pacific highway, just now, despite all construction work is in very good condition. Better, over most of it, than it ever has been.

Cow Creek canyon is well torn up for some 10 or 12 miles, but any driver with care can navigate it. And half of Pacific Creek canyon, on the Cottage Grove end, is now a beautiful gravel road, over which 30 miles an hour is mere play.

The Franklin took the dangerous steep old road over Wolf creek hill, but this is not necessary, though the new highway grade is not open to travel. But cars can take a good road out of Glendale, built by that town, and escape the worst hill driving.

Between Roseburg and Portland there are some detours, but in the main fine road. Don't worry about the highway. You can make it easily.

No Need for the Spare.
The pathfinding party reached Portland at 7 o'clock Sunday night, right up to schedule. Not even the slightest adjustment had been necessary to the car over the whole trip. When we started Charlie Frazier had noted with some apprehension that the tread on one of the rear tires, which had gone

8000 miles, showed here and there a little breaker strip.

"We'll never have to touch the spare," said Therkelson with magnificent confidence. And though a spare was taken for precaution, it could have been left at home. After virtually 900 miles of all kinds of going, this Good-year cord tire and its mate on the other rear wheel looked just about the same at the return as when we started. A log of the trip appears in another column.

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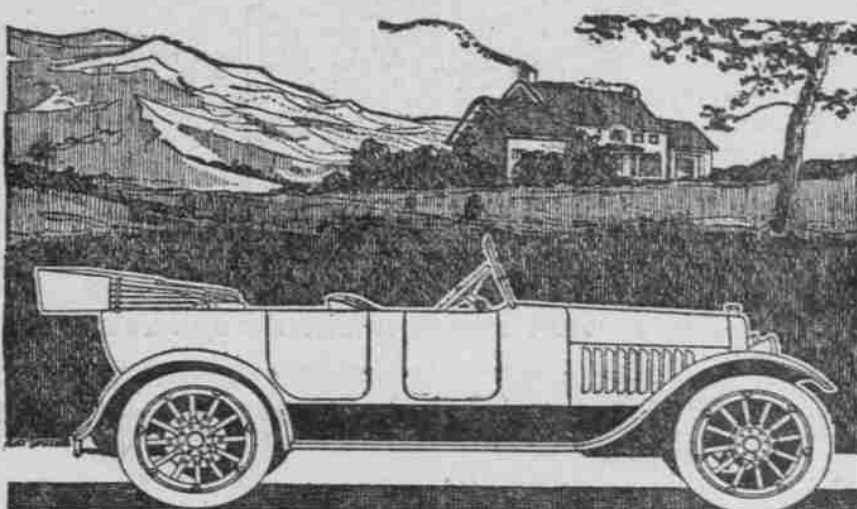
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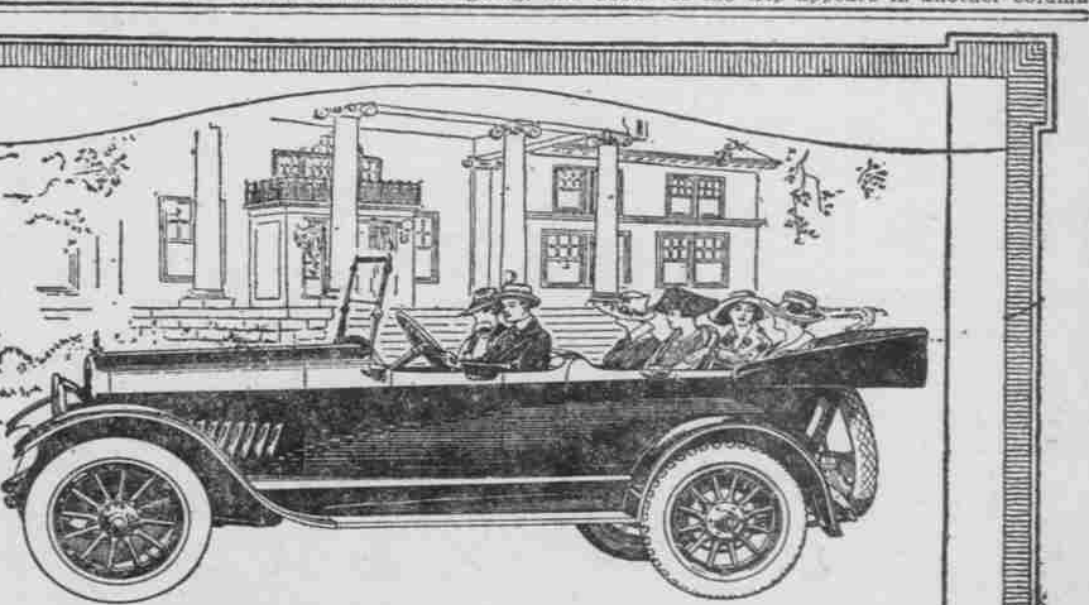
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