

SPANISH MISSIONS
ALLURE TOURISTS

Dennis H. Stovall Visits California Curios.

OLD ESTATES ARE GONE

Imprint of Spaniard Will Ever Remain in Beauty and Adornment, Declares Writer.

(The following interesting article in regard to motoring in southern California, among the missions of that locality, is supplied by Dennis H. Stovall, formerly of Corvallis, who is now making an automobile tour of that section.)

To make the trip over the coast highway, or the El Camino Real, between San Francisco and San Diego without visiting a number of the old Spanish missions, is to miss the most interesting feature that southern California has to offer. Particularly is this true for those who like a taste of the old-time color, romance and glory of a day and a time that is past and gone. For the El Camino Real, as followed by the present-day highway, covers much of the old grandees. Along this trail, covering a distance of more than 700 miles, between San Diego and Sonoma, were located the missions and chapels of the Franciscan fathers. Some of these missions are directly on the main highway, and are easily visited, even by motorists who want to get through with little delay. Others are farther back, hidden away in the hills, standing on barren slopes, neglected and forgotten.

It is really these neglected ones—such as the ruins of San Juan Capistrano, San Miguel and La Soledad—that bring to the visitor a true realization of the long time that has elapsed since the landing of the Spanish settlers, and the attempt of the Franciscans to found a "New Spain" in southern California. San Diego, one of the first of the missions to be built, had its beginning in 1769, closely followed by Carmel, in 1770. San Antonio de Padua was established in 1771. San Juan Capistrano in 1775, San Gabriel in 1771. San Francisco de Asis in 1774.

Old Mission Is Viewed. A detour which our party was obliged to take between King City and San Miguel, south of Salinas, brought us directly past the crumbling old mission of Santa Ynez, at Bolinas. This is really a later mission, as it was not built till 1804. Even at that, it has 118 years and its long branches and tendrils ramble and climb over a wide, wide area. From this old grapevine were taken the cuttings for acres and acres of other grape vines and vineyards of early California. It was planted in 1788, nearly 125 years ago—and it looks as if it might live 1900 years yet without getting doty. The old adobe, in which Ramona was born, used now as a Spanish eating house, where everything is served red hot, and even hotter, is another thing to see and to visit at old San Gabriel.

It is impossible for the tourist to see all, or even half of the missions along the way of the El Camino Real, unless he has a year or two at his disposal. But nobody should pass by seeing at least a few of them. Only by doing this can the visitor catch the real spirit, color and romance of old California. He gets a taste of this, true enough, in the names. For California—and especially the southern part of the state—goes strong on the Spanish lingo. The town that can't boast an "El," a "San," a "Juan," or a "Santa," as a poetic prefix is a poor place indeed. In other sections of the west, where the hardy Americans left their imprint, we find "Whiskey creek," "Sawyer creek," "Lightning Gulch," and "Eight-Dollar mountain." But down here we have "El Solano," "San Fernando," "Arroyo Seco" and "El Capitlan" or "Sierra Madre."

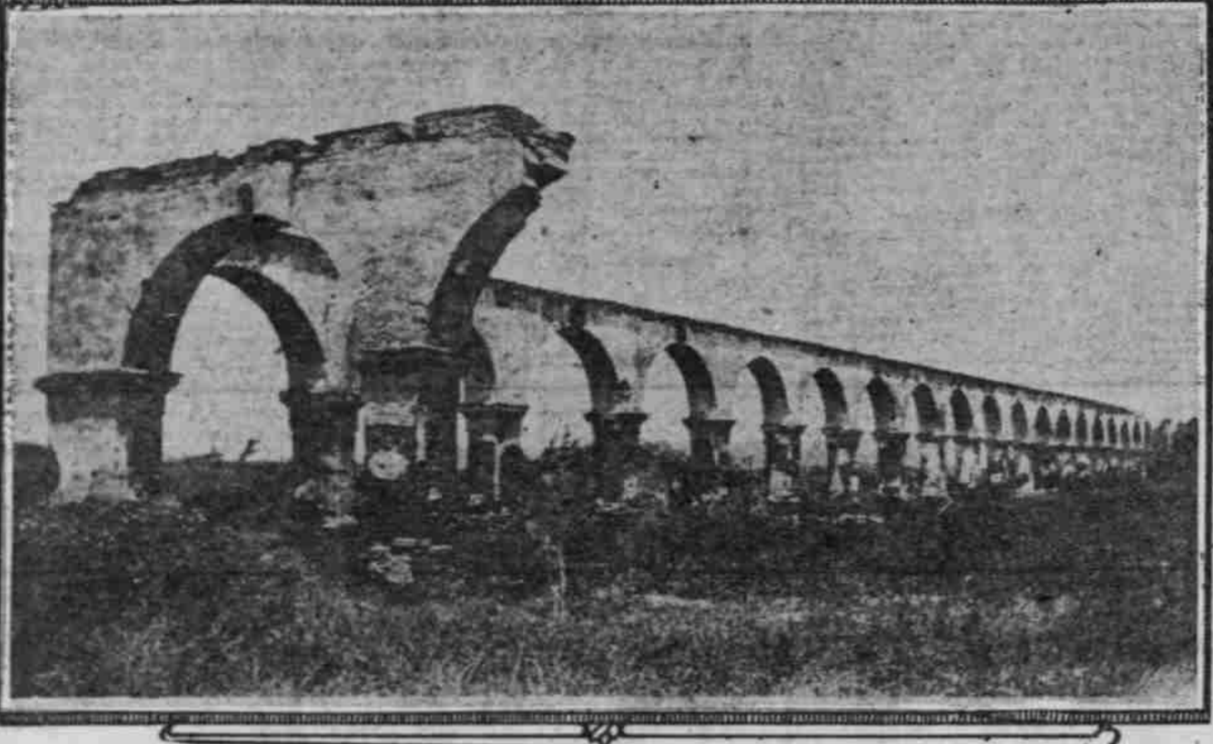
Somehow, these dreamy Spanish names fit in better with the sunshine, the yuccas and the palms. As they built their missions, so did the Spanish pioneers build their homesteads. No many of them remain, to remind the present-day traveler of the days of the land grants. For those vast estates, some of them as large as the present-day counties, were broken up long ago. But the imprint of the Spaniard will ever remain in California in the way of beauty and adornment. This applies both to the landscape and to names applied. It was the Franciscans who planted the first palms and the first pepper trees, who set out the original eucalyptus avenue and windbreaks, and dotted the hills with clumps of live oak and sycamore. Southern California might have been a barren region, indeed, but for the foresight and industry of the Spanish settlers, away back in the days of long ago. While the revolution was being fought and history was being written in big letters by the eastern colonies, the Franciscans, on the other edge of the continent, were moving peacefully and in happy contentment up and down the El Camino Real, establishing missions and laying out their estates, enjoying a dream of a "New Spain" in this sun-kissed clime of California. Little did they know—and possibly less did they care—of what was going on in New England.

Mission Play Seen. At the old mission of San Gabriel, in the lovely San Gabriel valley, we had the pleasure of seeing the Mission play, as put on by Frederick Warde and a selected company of 100 players. This outdoor play is something more than an average "show" put on to catch the tourists. It is a panoramic story that depicts in epic form the story of the white man's Christianity and civilization on the western shores of the American continent. No attempt will be made here to describe the play, other than to state that with such an actor as Frederick Warde as the main character, and in such a setting as that offered by old San Gabriel, it cannot be otherwise than colorful, beautiful and gripping. The heroic struggles and sacrifices of the Spanish pioneers are strikingly portrayed, the old-time conditions are shown in all their glory, when southern California was the happiest land in all the world. Then follows the closing picture of the missions in ruins, of the blasting of hopes and dreams, and the conquest of the argonauts.

The play is enlivened and colored by the introduction of Indian war dances, Spanish dances and choruses. A striking feature of this story is the true picture it gives of the elevation of the native Indian, of that older time, under Franciscan tutelage. It is a historical fact that the Indian rose almost to the stature of white men. This is something that the later American settlers could not understand. It was only by the efficient help of the natives that the Franciscans were able to build the missions, construct the aqueducts and accomplish such wonderful results in the tilling of the land.

"Mother Grapevine" Interesting. At San Gabriel one may see more than the Mission play. For here is found the "mother grapevine," the very oldest grapevine of southern California. It is as big at the base as the trunk of a big tree, and its long branches and tendrils ramble and climb over a wide, wide area. From this old grapevine were taken the cuttings for acres and acres of other grape vines and vineyards of early California. It was planted in 1788, nearly 125 years ago—and it looks as if it might live 1900 years yet without getting doty. The old adobe, in which Ramona was born, used now as a Spanish eating house, where everything is served red hot, and even hotter, is another thing to see and to visit at old San Gabriel.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSIONS ARE ATTRACTION TO MOTORISTS.



Above—San Juan Ventura mission, one of most attractive of present-day California missions. Below—Ruins of San Juan Capistrano mission, one of the earliest of the edifices erected by the Franciscans.

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John Smith and His Car
by Frederick Russell

Copyright, 1921, Thompson Feature Service. No. 19—The Car Catches Fire. Quite some time ago I caught Smith in the act of flirting with danger. One of the men at the club had been telling of the trouble he had had with an insurance company because of a mistake in reading the motor number of the car. Hearing of this Smith had decided to give his numbers a second reading, but foolishly did the work in a dark corner of the garage. Some means of lighting was necessary in order to read the number.

Smith chose the wrong means. I know, for I was right beside him when he struck a match. He knew he had done a very unwise thing, but tried to justify his act by telling me that he had seen several mechanics take even greater chances with gasoline.

"Any fool can take chances," I had said, "but it takes a wise man to do the wise thing at all times. Just because gasoline is less volatile than it used to be is no reason to take greater chances with it. And by the way, I wonder if you realize that you're taking chances in running a car without a fire extinguisher?" That was all we had said on the subject at the time.

Time passed. And then one morning while Smith and I were starting our cars I heard a sharp popping noise and looked over to where Smith's car stood. I saw a cloud of smoke pouring through the core of the radiator, a moment later I saw Smith jump out of the car and raise the hood. He knew something was wrong, but wasn't quite certain what it was. The owner of the garage, however, had also heard the backfire—and he knew what the trouble was. So did I when I saw him rush for a fire extinguisher which hung on the wall.

Five minutes later the fire was out; and Smith, the garage owner and I were looking at a rather parched motor. Turning around I noticed that the doors of the garage were open and that already five cars had been driven out to the street by a washer and another

Type 61 Achieves
Greatest Success
in Cadillac History

IT was almost inevitable that Type 61 should bear out its reputation as the greatest Cadillac by establishing a remarkable sales record:

That much was apparent immediately following its introduction, when Type 61 enjoyed a reception such as is seldom accorded an automobile.

But in the last few months this initial enthusiasm for the new Cadillac quickened to a demand that was little short of phenomenal.

Seemingly the entire public had become intensely aware of Type 61 superiority, and sales attained

a volume which promised to surpass all previous Cadillac records. As month followed month, and the unprecedented demand for Type 61 increased, that promise became a fact and a certainty. Now with the figures compiled, it is possible to announce that Cadillac in 1922 has achieved the greatest success in all its history.

We believe that this unparalleled advance in Cadillac business, and the continuing vogue of Type 61 among buyers of high grade cars, can mean but one thing:

It signifies that the public considers Type 61 the greatest motor car value in the world.

Table listing Cadillac models and prices: Touring Car \$3150, Phaeton \$1800, Roadster \$1000, Two Pass. Coupe \$3875, Victoria 3875, Five Pass. Coupe \$3925, Sedan 4100, Suburban \$4850, Limousine 4580, Imperial Lim. 4800.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Covey Motor Car Co. Washington and 21st Streets Broadway 6244

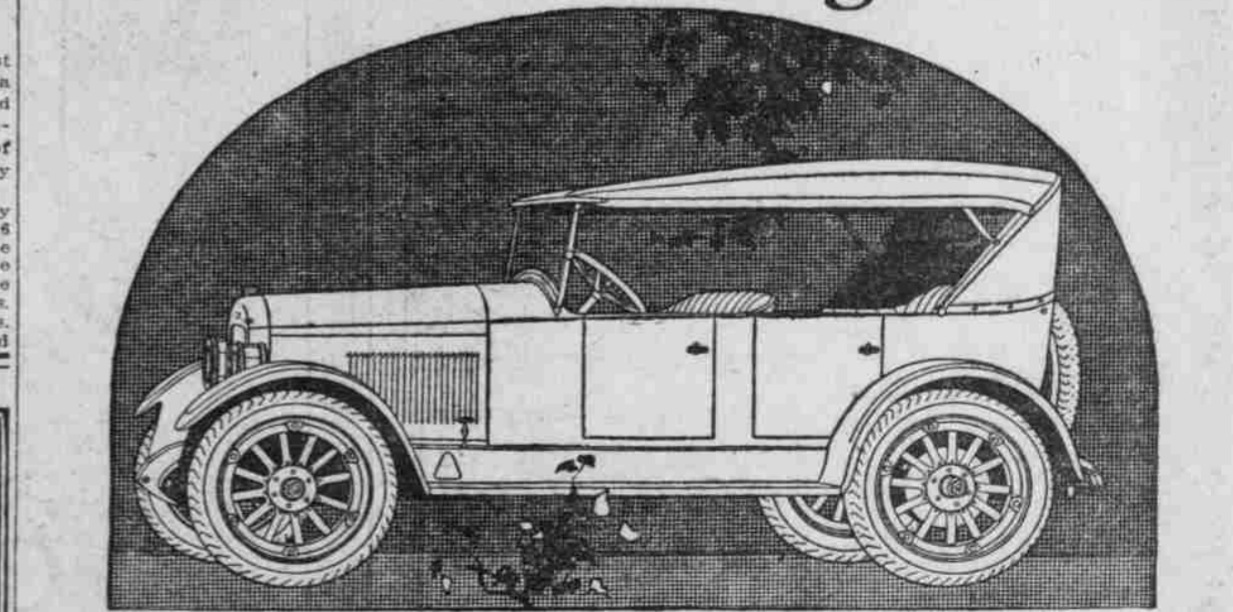
CADILLAC Standard of the World. Image of a Cadillac car.

garage. Trying to tell people how to put out a fire without an extinguisher is about as useful as telling a motorist how to remove a tire without a jack. As the garage man said, "There are always other ways of doing things, but why take the detours?"

AUTO HORN SCARES LIONS

African Motorist Finds "Honk" More Effective Than Rifle. NAIROBI, Kenya Colony, East Africa, Aug. 12.—The foot of a single motor horn has been found sufficient in Africa to quiet stampeded oxen and cause a trio of flesh-hunting lions to slink away into the bushes.

It Is Not a Light Six



Six Cylinder—50 Horsepower—\$995

The Jewett is a sturdy, powerful, six-cylinder motor car. Ready for the road the touring model weighs over 2800 pounds. This means that to measure the new standard of value it has set in American motordom you must compare it with cars costing from \$200 to \$500 more. It has the strength essential to sturdiness in its frame, motor, clutch, transmission, drive shaft and in its special Timken axles.

COOK & GILL CO., Inc. Jewett. A Thrifty Six Built by Paige. Phone Broadway 7751.

NUMEROUS CITIES ALONG ROUTE LEAVE THEIR CARD ON CAR OF E. H. FULLER. On a pleasure jaunt in a Nash Six, E. H. Fuller of Detroit and his three sons, Roy, Charles and Edson, were in Portland last week, having been on the road for five weeks. Their itinerary took them through Chicago, Omaha and Denver to Colorado Springs and thence over the Santa Fe trail to the Pacific coast cities.