

GOOD OLD DAYS RECALLED; HARD KEEPING SCHEDULE

Transportation Problem Has Its Drawbacks—Humorous Side of Situation Recalled by One Who's 'Been There.'

By George D. Wilson
Once there was a railroad that after many vicissitudes established a right of way across New York state from the sea to the great lake at Buffalo. The road had iron and wooden rails. And the locomotives were the prey of every mechanical disease that can accompany an experiment. Some of the failures gave the train crews the full days for the 100 mile journey and the unfortunate passengers were, it is said, glad of the night stop after a 12 hour run between New York and Utica over the uneven roadbed.

Sixty years of this exclusive form of quick transportation followed, bringing marvelous changes and improvements and then came the automobile. How alluring it sounded. You were to be your own engineer, free to travel wherever roads might lead, unhampered by the limitations of steel rails. You could at least see the country unshaded by the confines of a "two by four" window in a stuffy railroad car, and so in the year 1901 you bought your first "horseless carriage." In those days the same body fitted the vehicle, for the absence of horse shafts and a whip socket were the only exterior evidences to the public of its claim to the motor car family.

Mysterious Make Up.
Finally, you mastered its mysterious internal makeup and when all the necessary changes and repairs had been made, and paid for, you decided on the car which should take you from New York to Buffalo along the pioneer railroad. Really, it didn't seem far. You remembered the state on the "Empire Express" between breakfast and dinner and so the old schedule of the "pioneer railroad" seemed about right in your mind's eye.

Came then a certain May morning—the morning of the start and after a more or less sleepless night, you arose and donned your up-to-date driver's suit, purchased for the occasion. This consisted of leather coat, cap and trousers and gaiter gloves, all of sufficient thickness for an Arctic exploration journey, and surmounting the whole with a pair of goggles of the size and appearance of a deep sea diver, you fared forth to the garage.
Your comrade in adventure awaited you and together you "cranked her up," loaded in your baggage and were away up Broadway, headed for Yonkers, in time to participate in several exciting brush-ups with the numerous early morning milk wagons in some of which you were victorious.

Much Time Lost.
Eight o'clock found you in Yonkers, 25 miles out, and you had figured in your schedule to arrive at 7, but how were you to know that the particular nail which punctured one of your tires was lying in wait for you on upper Broadway, and besides patching a tube and replacing eight "staybolts" which you know hold the tire on the rim the time, and in an hour at this isn't slow either is it?

What a world of difference between the fellows that build railroad and wagon roads. Some how, the railroads find all the level country and wagon roads go out of the way to find the steep hills, or so it seems, for about one in every two miles is accomplished on "low gear" and your "understudy" declares he has dislocated his arm trying water to that "ever thirsty motor."
Of all devices patterned with care to resist roadside repairs when broken, a chain, you think, is easily the winner. You add a link from your spare, and it's too long for the adjustment; subtract one and it's too short, and so finally, having carefully transferred all of the grease from the underside of the car to your person, mashed your fingers in an attempt to use the monkey wrench for a hammer, and argued with your companion until you are not on speaking terms, you hire a farmer to ignominiously tow you five miles to the "village blacksmith."

Peculiar Devices.
Watches are peculiar devices, when one counts the moments on one in waiting, they seem to refuse to move, but hide it in your pocket and attempt the repair of a motor car, and immediately it springs into life, minutes whiz by into hours, and today proves no exception to the rule. You are surprised that it's after 12 as you mount the seat for the fresh start and upon inquiry, find it's 55 miles to Albany, but you are determined. You guess you can make Utica if nothing happens by dark. Alas, that the Nemesis of prehistoric "Motor Carriages" should again overtake you, but it does, in the shape of ignition trouble, and that's the one thing you had dreaded for you confess to yourself it's unsolved mysteries when 10 miles from the capital city "she dies on your hands."

You crank in turns, that is, you experiment with every piece of electrical equipment while your partner in despair does the "heavy work."
The hours slip by. Farmers stop, each with the query, "Broke down?" You detect the unholy joy that dwells in the heart of each as he makes the inquiry, "Broke down?" Not much. Of course not. Merely adjusting, you assure each one.

Finally, and who could have guessed that the "vibrator screw" had worked loose, you discover the cause of all your woes—she starts. You collect the tools and parts that litter the road and are away. Albany is in sight, so is 6 o'clock. Rapid calculation shows you that it's still 275 miles by road to Buffalo. You begin to respect the prehistoric time table of 60 years ago and marvel at the modern one. The railroads do sure go some.

Formerly Great Sport.
At this rate of progress you can see three more long days of driving to reach your destination. As you reason you approach the long bridge over the Hudson leading into the city. For the first time during the trip your eyes leave the road and there floating majestically at the dock lies the New York night boat, steam up and soon to sail. How easy seems the return, you that dare. Your companion who has not spoken for some time, moves uneasily, hesitatingly he speaks, "I've just thought what a beautiful moonlight night this will be on the river and besides I have a very important engagement in New York tomorrow, old man." The ice is broken. Further explanation is unnecessary. With one accord you halt the "revived four" toward home, and turning through the nearest street, are soon at the boat landing.
After dinner, snatched upon the up-

NEW MODEL FRANKLIN LITTLE SIX "30" ON DISPLAY



Late arrival at Braly-Du Bois agency, D. S. Du Bois at wheel

per deck, you "frame up" the story that's to be told at home and admire the beautiful scenery that you didn't have the chance to even glance at coming up. Also you gamble that had you had a pair of rails, even if they were wooden ones, and no hills, you could have beaten that prehistoric schedule into Utica—easy.

Touring in the old days was great sport, but you "worked your passage." Looking back, however, you feel that some how you wouldn't have missed it, would you?

LITTLE CAR MAKES A GREAT CLIMB

Auto, With Three Men, Luggage Gains Top of Mount Diablo.

A truly remarkable demonstration of the fact that the low priced motor car of today can carry four passengers anywhere under the sun they may wish to go, was made last Saturday, when a Buick car that sells around the thousand dollar mark, climbed to the top of Mt. Diablo with three grown men and about seven hundred pounds of dunnage, the property of some thirty members of the Sierra club, who were camping over night at the top.

The car was driven by Earl DeVore of the Howard company, and carried Claude McGee, of the same company, and a newspaper man. It climbed the grade which represents an ascent of some four thousand feet in about three miles without the least mechanical difficulty and under its own power at all times.

The car with its three passengers, left Oakland Saturday noon, traveling by way of the tunnel road to Danville, Contra Costa county, where it picked up the baggage of the Sierra club members and obtained a special permit to enter the private roadway at the entrance of Pine Canyon leading to the mountain trails.

No sooner was the canyon reached than the difficulties of the hazardous undertaking presented themselves in the shape of dangerous inclines where wash-outs and sharp narrow twists occurred with a frequency that would dishearten a mountain burro. Throughout the entire climb, however, the car hunked manaculously to its grinding task and brought its load to the top of the mountain, and then wormed its way up the rocky formation at the peak and rubbed the radiator against the brick monument that marks the surveying point for California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona.

Up to the present time, only 10,000 automobile licenses have been issued in Missouri for the current year. According to estimates in the secretary of state's office, there should be many more.

POWER DELIVERY IS EXPLAINED BY EXPERT AUTOIST

Difference Between 4 Cylinder and 6 Cylinder Engine Considerable — Smoother Action Results, He Says.

"There still seem to be a good many people who do not understand why the six cylinder motor has so largely displaced the four cylinder and the salesmen are busy explaining the reason these days. In a single sentence, it is this: The six cylinder engine has a 'continuous torque' as the engineers call it—that is, delivers power continuously, instead of applying it at intervals and in jerks. One, two, and four cylinder engines cannot possibly have this advantage.

"All gasoline motors deliver power by explosions, like shooting a bullet out of a gun. The explosion drives the piston, which turns the shaft connecting the engine with the rear axle and so makes the wheels go. Unless something were interposed to break up the shocks, the car would seem to be propelled by a series of blows. Therefore, the fly wheel was introduced to maintain an even engine speed," said Angus Graham in an interview Thursday on the subject of six cylinder cars.

"Obviously, the milder the force of the explosions and the closer together they come, the smaller and lighter the fly wheel may be made. So automobile inventors have worked from the beginning in the direction of developing an engine in which the explosion should be as nearly as possible continuous and would not have to be so forceful.

Jerky Motion.
"In the one cylinder engine, power is applied only one quarter of the time. It is as if a man riding a bicycle and using only one foot, pushed down on the pedal and then waited until the pedal went all the way round and came up a second time before he pushed again. The effect is a jerky motion. You might expect that a four cylinder engine could apply power steadily; but as a matter of fact, it is necessary to release the power as the piston approaches the dead center at the end of each stroke. No push is exerted on the piston during the last fifth of the stroke, so there is still a jerk when the power is applied to the running gear," continued Mr. Graham, who handles Stevens-Duryea cars in Portland and Oregon.
"So the problem of a smooth running engine that should apply its power smoothly had reached this point when Mr. Duryea—who built one of the first successful American automobiles and has been a pioneer in motor car development ever since—worked out the six cylinder motor. In the 'six' the idle pauses of the fewer cylinder types of

engines are completely eliminated. The strokes not only meet, but they overlap each other. Before the first cylinder has stopped applying power the second begins and so on. In other words, each revolution of the engine is divided into three periods and during each of these periods two cylinders are working at the same time.

Big Saving Seen.
"One thing the adoption of the six cylinder engine accomplished was a considerably saving in dead load, for it made it possible to reduce the weight of the fly wheel one third. This not only counted just so much in the idea of building a car light and strong, but it made the engine much more quickly accelerated and more easily and promptly controlled. Nowadays most fine cars are built with six cylinder engines—including those whose makers laughed the hardest at Duryea's half a dozen years ago.
"The four cylinder car still has its uses, of course. But the 'six' will always be standard, probably, for curiosity's sake, no other combination of cylinders except some multiple of six produces the same smooth, quiet action."

PACIFIC TO BE FRONT DOOR OF CONTINENT

"The opening of the Panama canal is already the mainspring of the business development of the next few years in the west and the northwest, comments W. T. Powell, northwest manager of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber company, who recently returned to Portland from a trip to the company's branches throughout Pacific coast territory.
"It is looked forward to by businessmen with enthusiastic anticipation," says Mr. Powell. "In San Francisco open air meetings are held almost nightly, and lobbyists have been appointed to attend congress and solicit support of the bill for the free tollage of American ships through the canal, and the taxation of foreign vessels. Pacific coast merchants expect the west coast to be the front rather than back door of the continent.

"There exists a friendly rivalry between Portland, Seattle and Tacoma," further says Mr. Powell, "as to which city will make the best proposition to eastern capitalists for the building of the immense new docks. Portland and Tacoma claim fresh water anchorage and the dry docking of vessels, consequently, to remove barnacles would be unnecessary, as in the case of Seattle."
Mr. Powell reports business conditions good and the outlook for automobile business excellent. "Although," he comments, "there are more cars per capita in Los Angeles than in any other city in the country, the smaller car predominates."

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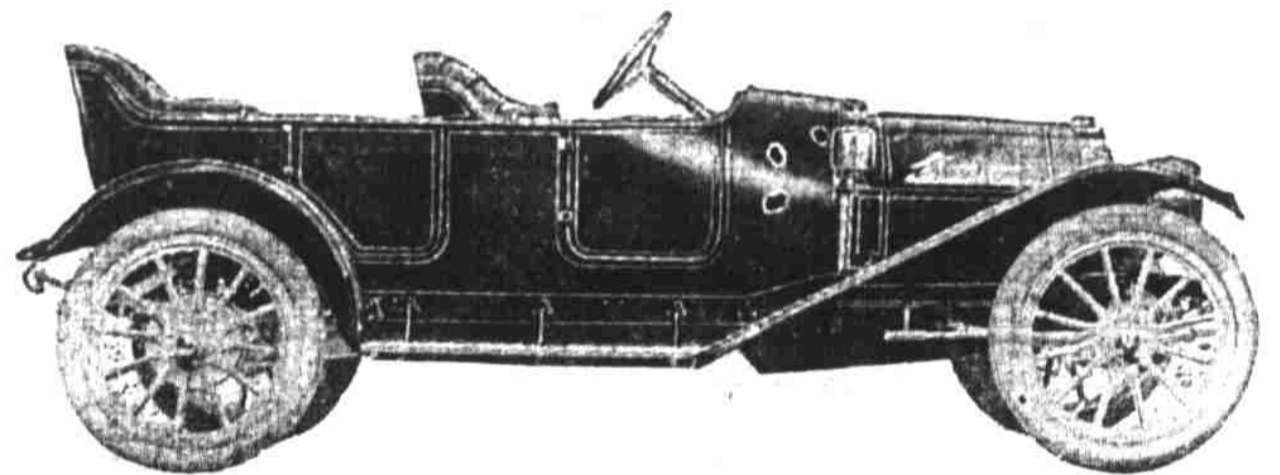
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