

Oregon Journal

MURCH H. BROMBERG, EDITOR

The automobile industry today is going through one of those periods of reconstruction that eventually come to a great business that has had a rapid and somewhat feverish growth. Twenty years ago the automobile struck the popular fancy. People flocked to purchase the new machine and began to forsake the horse and buggy. Gradually even those who had relied on trains for their transportation, both for short rides and for long, utilized the automobile for the purpose and found the exchange to their advantage.

The result was a tremendous and rapid expansion from the few companies that were pioneers in the industry until, almost before the country was aware of its presence, there was a young mechanical giant in the land to add to the enjoyment of life and to help solve vexing problems of national transportation.

In making this rapid growth, the automotive industry from the start excited the professional singers of swan songs newer and braver. "It can't last. People will soon have enough cars, and then where will the thousands of men now employed in the factories go to make their living?" was the croaking chorus. Now, according to all rules, such should have been the case. The fate of fads has always been oblivion. But there has been no cessation in the forward march. The ungainly, unshapely "fad" flowered into a magnificent industry, from a species of diversion and amusement, it became an economic necessity—business, political and social.

And the year just past was the greatest in its history. Not satisfied with bearing the burden of whipping the Hun, the automobile and truck took up their peace work and found their places in the economic life of the country, making a name for themselves and creating a demand for their services never before deemed possible. The people who had preached ruin were astounded. They even went so far as to recant their satirization preachings and began to admit they were all wrong. The industry was let alone except for a few of the more ardent irreconcilables raising their voices now and then.

Unimpeded, manufacturers went on to turn out as many cars as they possibly could. Orders were piling up. Every factory—and there were scores of them now—was far behind in orders; there was an unprecedented demand for gasoline driven cars and trucks. Getting material became a gamble. Dealers all over the country were frantically wiring for cars or were making visits to the factories in droves. The industry was riding on a mighty wave of prosperity. The good ship that had been launched at the beginning of the present century was riding with every sail set and colors flying.

Then came the period of depression, preceding what many thought would be a financial storm. A presidential election was approaching. Always easy to frighten, capital began to tremble and worry lest the country be on the verge of a great change in political policies. The situation affected the financial equilibrium of the country just as it always has done every presidential year for decades. The good ship of the automobile industry trembled slightly from shocks received from here and there and once more those "who had predicted all along that it couldn't last" got busy.

The faint hearted within the industry itself began to desert the ship. They could not stand the strain. Through all the period of prosperity enjoyed by them in previous years, they failed to make preparation for that "rainy day." Outsiders saw this weakness on the part of some and, ignoring the strength of others, began to preach the funeral sermon of the automobile industry. Automobile men became worried and some began to ask themselves if there could be anything in all this "satirization business." They began to ask each other if the clock had struck for the automobile industry. What was in the wind?

But at every crisis there are men who always appear to cheer the weary ones along.

"The gasoline scare is merely temporary," said one. "There will be gasoline for your children and your children's children."

"So long as automobile wear out, there will be automobiles manufactured."

"Let's get busy and develop the foreign field," said another.

"It may mean the weeding out of some of the weaker ones, but there will be a share for everyone who has built his business on the rocks of sound production and careful business methods," said another.

"The automobile business will be far better after the present crisis," said a great banker, and declared his belief in the essential character of the industry.

These were brightening patches of sky through the clouds of depression. All over the country finally swept the tendency on the part of banks to give aid to worthy automobile institutions. Today automobile and financial men are predicting an easier money market within a few weeks. The entrance of J. P. Morgan & Co. into the industry has done much to give weight to popular belief in the permanency of the business. Speaking of this recent acquisition, the Wall Street Journal says:

"It represents unquestionably the registration of belief in the permanence and future of the automobile industry by the most powerful banking group in America at a time when the average person is convincing himself that the clock has struck 12 for the automobile companies and that dark days of depression lie just ahead."

Vancouver's wanderings had been noted.

Mr. Himes went on to point out other features of the landscape, invisible to the mind not versed on the history of the northern part of Oregon, but one day to be written so that he who drives may read—history. Himes told of the god Speel and of his sub-gods, of their struggles with each other and with rival tribes of gods, and of the domestic troubles of poor Speel. The East has its legends, but they are rather short on gods back there. Somehow or other, the weavers of historical tales have left the mythological pattern out of the warp and woof of their fabric and the man in search of mental and physical curiosities must be content with what other men have done or have been reported to have done. But still the breath of Speel may be felt from Wind Mountain, and still Lone Rock cuts the current of the river, a massive boulder said to have been hurled from the Oregon side of the river, near Fort Rock, in the direction of Cape Horn on the Washington side.

The historical finger of Mr. Himes continued its roving and ever and anon a new sight would present itself, a

But with a cliche such as George H. Himes, curator of the Oregon Historical society, the "Man from Outside" has no desire to express about his belief that "while the West may be all right, still the East, 'y'know," is much better and all the rest of it. Mr. Himes is the peer of all guides and his eager wealth of narrative ever keeps pace with his roving finger, his eye sweeps the country with unceasing watchfulness, little escaping his attention, and nothing that he has once seen fails of being drawn to the notice of his companions, who, on the trip in question, were members of The Journal staff, comfortably bowling along the Columbia river highway in a Hudson Six, at 30 miles an hour where years before early settlers might have counted themselves lucky to have traveled 30 miles between dawn and dark.

EASTERNER IS SKEPTICAL

The eastern member of the party was skeptical. Mr. Himes had mentioned "invisible scenery" and the "Man from Outside" was full of such things, many of which were conjured up in the minds of imaginative citizens, anxious to satisfy tourists from other parts of the country that their own locality boasted a wealth of historical lore far superior to that to be encountered elsewhere in the travels of the eager seeker for the unknown.

So the Easterner had been behind the stage himself and now awaited a colorful unfolding of the drops and settings, and fully expected to be shown how the wheels were made to revolve in grinding out the gist of Columbia river legend.

"There," said Mr. Himes, with finger outstretched, downstream, below Crown Point, "is Point Vancouver. Lieutenant Broughton camped there and named the place after his command."

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BANKER JOINS RANKS OF AUTOMOTIVE BUSINESS



E. R. Morris, until recently assistant cashier in the Peninsula National bank here, who has become connected with the A. M. Beaver Motor company here.

greater feature of historical interest would be drawn to the attention of the party in the speeding Hudson car. One can go at a great rate of speed along the highway and see every point of interest, where a more leisurely pace must be observed "back home" if one would see where Washington stabled his horse, where Jefferson stopped for a glass of milk, or where Putnam, giving his horse the spur, had galloped down the side of a cliff and so forth the pursuing British troopers. New England has Plymouth Rock and the iron-bound shores of Maine, one can boast of Virginia's natural bridge, and the Palisades of the Hudson, but Oregon points to Rooster Rock, legend covered, to Beacon Rock with its new trail gridding its sides, to the palisades of the Columbia, over twice as high as those of the Hudson river, and can show landing and camping places as important to the development of the West as was the landing of the Pilgrims on their own new-revered monolith. Lofly falls in the Blue Ridge Land of the Sky would find hard competition in Multnomah, Wahkeena and Mist falls, the latter said to have been once the flowing blond tresses of the wife of the god Speel, and Mount Mitchell, the tallest peak of the Mississippi, would seem a foothill compared with Mount Hood or others of the Cascade brotherhood.

TALES MANY AND VARIED

The stump upon which Raleigh sat to inhale his first pungent puff of tobacco

the old church at Jamestown are still pointed to with pride by loyal Virginians and viewed with alarm by sundry tourists who have been convinced of the idea that there is no scenery, such as that around Oshkosh or Yuma. The first fish wheel that the old path used by Ross Cox, have their stories, and have not as well known as those blessed with a greater number of publicity men along the Atlantic, according to Mr. Himes the tales are many and varied.

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E. R. MORRIS JOINS MOTOR COMPANY

Former Assistant-Cashier With First National Bank Enters Automobile Field.

The ranks of local automobile row were augmented last week by E. R. Morris, one of the most popular of Portland's younger set of business men. Morris will be connected with the A. M. Beaver Motor company, distributors of Columbia and Malibohm cars.

Morris is a Portland man, having been in the mechanical department of the Southern Pacific here for five years; leaving the railroad company to enter the organization of the First National bank. He spent eight years in that institution in various capacities, and then went to Princeton