

Trip to the Fair by Auto

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Crider recently left Dallas by automobile for the exposition at San Francisco, and other California points, and of the trip Mr. Crider writes as follows:

San Jose, July 15th, 1915—I am going to try and kill several birds with one stone, so read this and pass it along. We arrived here safe and sound yesterday evening in time for lunch. Of course we had to take time for a bath beforehand. Now about our trip. The afternoon we left Dallas we drove to Junction City and stayed over night with John Kirks. On this afternoon drive I wished for the "Stearns-Knight," as a 20-mile gait was very slow over this level country. You know my gait in Rio is only 15 miles, with an occasional hit-up to 20. We had a good visit with the Kirks, and they would hardly let us go on in the morning. The next morning we started for nowhere, but landed at Cottage Grove and had Sunday dinner with Roy Riggs, a real Sunday dinner. The disagreeable part was, they said we must not go on but stay over night with them. This we thought we could not do, so about 2 o'clock we started on. Up to this time I was still wishing for the Stearns. At 6 o'clock we landed in Roseburg, but before we got there I had forgot wishing for a Stearns, and glad I was in a Reo. Visited with Joe Hubbard the evening. Again in the morning we started for nowhere, but landed in Ashland in the evening. The Stearns never entered by mind again until we reached Medford. Up to here I kept thinking Reo is good enough for me, but when we reached that 18 miles of pavement I wanted to turn my 30-mile gait into a 50, and you know the Reo is not built that way.

Ashland is sure a live place, and entitled to lots of credit. This was Monday evening. Had our supper and then enjoyed a band concert, consisting of 33 pieces until 10 o'clock. We saw a couple of signs reading this way to free camp ground for autos, so through curiosity we drove out and just think what we saw—a spink-span place filled with automobile campers, spring water flowing over rocks, pure as crystal, cement steps leading to springs, just as nice as Shasta springs; ladies' and gents' toilets, sufficient to accommodate at least 1000 people. They are building a large kitchen and putting in gas heaters for campers. Just now they are letting them build camp fires, but everything is spotless clean. I believe there are 250 electric lights on the ground, some of them hung up about 100 feet in the trees, which makes the whole park as light as day. And think of it, stay as long as you please; no charges for anything. So there we unrolled our bedding and slept in the machine, for the first and only time. If you ever drive south don't forget to make Ashland for the night, even if you are late.

In the park were machines from everywhere; some waiting for repairs, others resting, and say the yards back were told of the going both north and south. There were people who would not go back either direction for thousands of feet; some were worn out from walking both up and down grades; some had carried enough water to float a boat to keep their Pords going; some engines would not pull, other makes would not hold. We had already seen machines in all of these conditions. We waited for awhile to help one machine which had upset. When it started back brakes would not hold, so he ran it into a bank, rather than off the grade. The upset only broke the wind shield, fenders and a few minor things. It was able to run back, I think about a mile, to a blacksmith shop, where they said they would have it going in a few hours. One Ford in particular had five large passengers, and a full camp outfit. The machine weighed 1500, the passengers and outfit 1750, and they were all from Everett, Wash. They were one of the parties who said the walking was rough, and that they had carried enough water to float a battleship. They were on the road to Los Angeles to see an aunt, and would be coming on the next day. That was the last we saw of them.

Satisfied With Reo.

The next day brought us to the Williams Mountain hotel, or ranch, which is 15 miles this side of Dunsmuir. Here we got a good clean bed for 75 cents and meals extra good for 50 cents. (Kirk, Yocum and McCollan, this place beat the place at Ocean Park a city block and you all know how far that should be). Before we got there I had forgot there was a Stearns car, because there were bells ringing all over Reo. It was driven slowly, and not lose your nerve. Time fairly flew because I had to be in the same all the time. Anna and I never had a real quarrel during the day. If, when I could see off the bluff on my side I asked her, "how far down do side, I asked her, "how far down do you think that is?" I could not get her to answer me. There was no danger getting on the wrong road; the only thing was to keep on this one. We stopped at Shasta springs for about an hour. If coming south be sure and make the Williams hotel, for there we got everything and more than we could have expected. But don't try to make it if you have to drive after night. There was H. W. Jones along this road, and there were places where one has to come up on it and leave it again where it looks impossible to be made. The old road was surely better than where these places had to be made. We talked to the highway workers and everybody else at the Williams hotel and it was a toss up how to go: by Kennett, where the grade was not over 5 per cent, but where there were miles of it and where everybody said they were having trouble backing up, letting others pass, and where they told us it was next to impossible to make; or the other way by Baird, where the highway goes. But all said they would never take that road again, as the short turns made it too dangerous.

One of the engineers at the hotel said, "if I had a machine that could climb a 25 per cent long grade I could make it by Baird; if not go the other way. The Baird road is the

shortest, as one can see by the blue book. We left the hotel fresh in the morning with plenty of oil, gas, and a lunch. There was no trouble getting water. It is everywhere, right off Mt. Shasta. It was about three miles beyond where we left the Williams ranch to where the road forked to Kennett or Baird. Before we reached this place we met two machines and were told by all means to go the other way, as they would not go that way for any money; that they would ship back from Dunsmuir. So when we reached the turn we headed toward Baird. It was only a mile or so from here where we struck the 7 1/2 mile grade, but we kept going. My thoughts were all the time "some Reo." At 10 we turned on to a 6-mile team, the hind wheel in a little dry ravine and the front wheel down against a big oak. His brake had broken; and he had slid off the grade. There was no earthly show for us to pass. I backed down the mountain to where he would pass if he could get his wagon back on the grade. The driver unloaded about half his load, and I carried rock and built up under the wheels that were off (some hot, if anybody should ask you). He got the mules one at a time back of the wagon and hitched on, and I took the tongue and steered it back into the road. Then he got the team in front and drove down to load on what he had thrown off. While he was doing this Anna and I went down to the machine and ate our lunch. At a little after 12 he went by and we started on up the 7 1/2-mile grade 10-25 per cent (no dogs run out to bark from the time we turned on to the Baird road—the six mules and driver were all the live stock we saw until we got to Pit river ferry). We stopped on the railroad crossing and walked down to the ferry to get the man to bring it across for us. When he got there and found us in an automobile he was surprised, and said, "how did you ever get here? This is the first auto I have seen for a long time." He made the best landing he could for us and when I struck it with the front wheels I spun around in the sand. I could neither back or go ahead. This I tried two or three times, but when he and Anna got on to the back part of the machine I made it. But he said the worst was yet to come. The wind was blowing so he could hardly make any kind of a landing on the other side, but when he did make it there was nothing to it—Reo just went right ahead.

Encounter Tough Road.

There was still another mile and a half of this grade ahead of us. After we had gone up it we came to an old cabin with a watering trough alongside the road and we stopped to give Reo a fresh drink, because when water she had in her was hot. There we found a lonely man. I would judge about 40 years old. He was a smart man and we enjoyed our talk with him. He told us we would have one-half mile more of the grade, and then it was all over so far as grades were concerned, but when we had gone about two miles to keep straight on and that in about 15 miles we would come to Anderson, which was on the route map from Redding to Red Bluff, and that we would save at least ten miles by leaving Redding to our right. He said Redding was routed on H. W., just to make people go there. He had lived there for 25 years and knew what he was talking about. From his appearance I believed him. So straight ahead we went. After reaching the summit we had only gone about three miles when a cylinder began to cut out, but he had told us that about two miles from where we were then there was a family living in a shack, and we kept bumping along with this one cutting out until we got there. Sure enough we found a tree large enough to make shade for the auto. I went to work to change the plug and Anna talked to an old lady, who told her a very sorrowful tale, which Anna will tell you when we get back.

It was about five o'clock when we were ready to start, with Anderson about six or seven miles away over a road to follow by memory from what the man had told us, but we found it. This was the only house on the road, but from the way the road was traveled there were lots of roads that came into it. Before we reached Anderson it was a well traveled road even if it was not built on. Good supper time found us at Red Bluffs, where I was thinking to myself, "Reo is good enough for me, even if she don't go good at over 25 miles." At Red Bluffs we met Leonard Starr, and we spent the evening together. In the morning we took on gas and oil, and I tested the tires and found each still had 80 pounds of Dallas air in them. The next day's drive was from Red Bluffs to Dixon; and, say, it was a bad one. The sun was hot, and when we would ventilate with the wind shield the hot wind coming in would burn our faces so we had to keep it closed. We stopped at every roadhouse for lemonade; and at every roadhouse for lemonade, and I am with drinking lemonade like the lady with carrying water for the Ford. I drank enough to float a ship. We thought we would make Vacaville and see Ed. Crystal in the evening, but we had traveled where they were working on the H. W. so much all day, and it was bad going and we would have about 12 miles to make in the dark, so we decided to stay over at Dixon. So we left Dixon early to make Benicia for breakfast by Vacaville. We drove to the store, but no one was there, so we drove out to his house just to say hello, and then expected to make Benicia. We were getting close and was for the first time in a hurry. When we found Ed. Crystal our trouble began. Anna went inside the door and she never got back out of it until after 5 o'clock. Then we had to go and see Geo. C., and then Ed's store (he has a nice one). At about 9 o'clock we started for Benicia. This was hard going, hard work nearly all the distance.

And Then Ferry Trouble.

At eleven we pulled into Benicia just in time to see the ferry fifty feet away going across and we were informed it would be back at 11:40, when all hands would have dinner,

and that the first boat to take us across would be 1 o'clock. Now this was not much of a wait, but it makes a fellow a little sore to wait two hours when two minutes sooner would have been in time. We had dinner at Benicia and landed in front of the court house at Martinez at 1:30, turned left, then right, as the book says, about two miles when everything looked wrong to me, so I drove up to a roadhouse and tried to find where we were. I could not understand anybody, neither could they me; so I drove back to the court house, where I was directed to turn left, and asked an official to pilot me out of town for Walnut Creek. But the blame book said turn left, then right, when it should have said right, then left; which made quite a difference to me. The blue book is a farce, in fact a steal. You can get nowhere from it. By all means don't buy one; buy or get an old Oregon and California book, where you have maps and roads laid off to go by. Dey Armond, send them back and tell them to whistle for their money. We finally got right again, and then I wished for a Stearns a little, but say the old Reo got so she would clip it off up to 35 miles, and by doing so we got here in time for a bath and supper a little after the usual time.

Our trip has been one of pleasure all the way. Glad we came as we did, and when we see the fair will gladly turn old Reo for home, knowing if I do my part she will bring us safe and sound. The first day out Anna poisoned her face, but by applying a poison oak remedy it began to get better soon, and is now all peeled off as slick as an onion. At Dixon she got up with rheumatism in her arm, but is better now. I think by morning we will all be O. K. and ready for anything. If we enjoy the fair as well as we have our trip we will sure be satisfied.—Lee.

SUMMONS NO. 4674.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County.—Department No. 2.

G. N. Phillips and Rosa E. Phillips, his wife, and J. M. Phillips, Plaintiffs, vs. Newton Carr, Fred T. Stewart, and Frank M. Stewart, and Ada B. Stewart, his wife, heirs at law of Robert A. Stewart, Sr., deceased, also all other persons or parties unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in and to the real estate described in the complaint herein, defendants.

To Newton Carr, Fred T. Stewart, heirs at law of Robert A. Stewart, Sr., deceased, also all other persons or parties unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in and to the real estate described in the complaint herein, defendants.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the within entitled suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons which is the 16th day of July, 1915, and if you fail to answer, for want thereof the plaintiffs will apply to the court for a decree against you as demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

1: That the plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple of the following described premises, to-wit: Beginning at a point 40.00 chains South and South 45 degrees West 62.00 chains from the most northerly northwest corner of the Donation Land Claim of Elias Buell and wife, Claim No. 40 in Township 7 South, Range 6 West of the Will. Mer. in the County of Polk and State of Oregon; thence N. 45 degrees E. 27.50 chains; thence S. 12 degrees E. 32.50 chains; thence S. 45 degrees W. 27.50 chains; thence North 12 degrees W. 22.50 chains to the place of beginning and containing 61 7/8 acres of land, more or less.

Also the Northeast quarter (N. E. 1/4) of Section 5 in said Township and Range; containing 160 acres according to Government Survey.

Also Lot numbered Six (6) and the North one half of Lot numbered Five (5) of Section 9 in said Township and Range, containing 22.11 acres of land according to Government Survey and containing in all 244 acres, more or less.

2: That all adverse claims of the defendants may be determined by said decree, and that it be decreed and adjudged that said defendants and each of them have no estate or interest whatever in and to the said lands or any part thereof and that plaintiffs have a good and valid title thereto.

3: That the defendants be forever debarred, enjoined and estopped from claiming or asserting any claim, lien, interest or estate whatever in and to the said premises adverse to these plaintiffs and that plaintiffs may have such other and further relief as to the court shall seem meet and equitable in the premises.

This summons is served upon you by publication in the Polk County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, printed and published at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, by order of the Hon. John B. Teal, County Judge of Polk County, Oregon, made at chambers in the City of Dallas in said County and state on the 14th day of July, 1915.

W. O. SIMS,

J16-A27 Attorney for the Plaintiffs.

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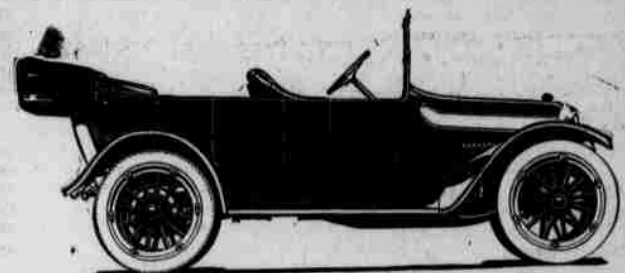
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