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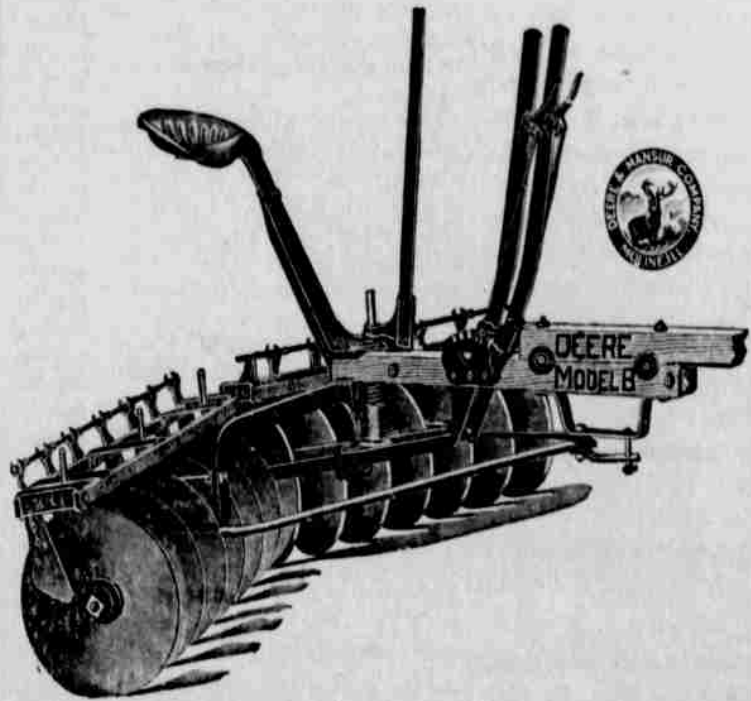
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and a number of Farm Trucks

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Winegar & Lorence, Monmouth, Oregon

Tale of a Joy Ride In Nineteen Spasms

Continued from last week

We are among the latter so when the boat reaches the north shore we descend the gang plank and prepare for change of means of travel number six. There are only three automobiles this time but they are larger and there is plenty of room. I was in the center car which is crowded and the car behind contains the women of the party and has lots of room. But the men seemed bashful and not inclined to seek feminine society until one drummer, after repeated invitation that was little short of command by the driver, left us and went to the rear car.

A companion drummer explained that he preferred the society of men on that trip as when the auto got stuck or run off the track the men were expected to help, and in cars where females predominated the men might expect to do prodigies in the way of muscular exertion.

Thus we traveled until we reached Five Mile creek. This ordinarily is low enough so horses and wagon are not needed. But recently they are needed and the need is supplied by two half breeds who drive a team of three cayuses. They ferry the fore wheels of the cars across Five Mile and then with the cayuses on a run they hurry on to Ten Mile creek and do ferry service there. These half breeds are local characters known to all who ever traveled the coast.

One of them, Logan, is alleged to have recovered half a dozen bodies from the wreck of the Czarina as they were washed up on the shore. His meeting with

the first body was to him a gruesome experience. He came across the sand and wave worn body in the early dawn of the morning and when he realized what it was his hair fairly stood on end and he was tempted to turn and run for there is nothing so dreadful to an Indian as a human corpse. But the gulls were picking at the eyes of the floater and conquering his superstition the Indian dragged the body upon the beach and covered it with drift plank. Afterward he found several other bodies. Logan does not like to tell of this experience and if asked how many bodies he found will shrug his shoulders and mumble "Three or four!" Logan sat in our car on the five mile journey between creeks while his fat brother Jim held in the galloping cayuses.

The last lap of the ride was very pleasant. The sun was approaching the meridian, the tide was out and the auto spun along briskly towards the Siuslaw.

Once more on a plank runway over the sand and we reached the banks of the Siuslaw and were ready for our seventh change.

But the steamer Lena which was to have done duty on the next lap was not ready. She had been left to her own devices while the stages were absent and the result was that when the tide ran out she was left high and nearly dry. She laid, resting on one side and with the train soon about to depart from Cushman the prospect for an additional day on the trip began to loom up ahead of us.

The engineer started the engine of the boat and her engine began to churn in the sand and water. The boat straightened up but did not move. After a short test with the engine and a few

efforts to rock the boat into deep water, the crew rolled cigarettes all around, lighted them and were ready to get to work in earnest. All the while old Father Time kept up his steady licks, the tide kept lowering and the train was as far off as ever.

Captain Polhemus, who is scheduled to direct the spending of a few hundred thousand of government money at this point, was present and volunteered some advice and assistance. But the boat refused to be rocked or pried from its moorings and all the while old Father Time kept grinding away.

A smaller and nameless launch appeared in sight and attached herself to the beached Lena by means of a line. Another line was attached to the stern of the boat and passed to the shore and on this we played at tug of war. But although the propeller of the Lena churned and bubbled in the mud the boat seemed more firmly anchored. The seat pulled out of our towing launch and still Father Time kept grinding away the seconds, minutes and hours. Finally they got a pole at the bow of the launch and pushed, a pry beneath her bow and pried, a hurry up squad who rushed from one side of the boat to the other and rocked, the propeller was put in motion and slowly the boat worked out into deeper water.

Then the captain of the Lena found that her engines were filled with sand and the boat could not go anywhere until the sand was cleaned out.

So the smaller launch was commissioned to get the passengers to the train. But only the railroad passengers were allowed as the boat was small and there could be no stops along the way

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