

DRIVE CHRYSLER CARS MANY MILES

Voluntary expression from Chrysler owners everywhere, born of their enthusiasm for the results secured from their cars, reveal that this newest great motor car organization has consistently engineered, designed and produced cars containing durability and long life with exceptionally low maintenance and operating costs.

Though the original Chrysler cars are today only four years old, company records show that many of them have already exceeded 100,000 miles. J. W. Frazer, Chrysler sales manager, points out that a consistent 25,000 miles or more annually has been necessary to turn up this mileage.

Ernest C. McCallon, of Portland, Ore., is believed to have driven a Chrysler further than any other person, even including factory test pilots. Several months ago his '76' sedan had already covered 157,000 miles. His total road bill for that distance, including four valve grindings, was less than \$20 for each 10,000 miles.

Jack C. Wheeler, of Oklahoma City, is running Mr. McCallon a good second. His '76' sport roadster, at 123,000 miles was delivering "from 17 to 23 miles per gallon of gasoline," he writes. "I can still operate it with the same results as the first year I ran it. I figure that the car, allowing for everything, has not cost more than 3c a mile to operate."

"In my estimation there is no car that will surpass the Chrysler," says L. P. Mickelthorn, of Richmond, Va. "I own a '76' sedan and have received better service from it than from any other car I have owned. It has been driven 119,533 miles up to now and has cost me in repairs only \$96—very little in return for the service received from it."

From Terre Haute, Ind., E. A. Bolin reports that his '76' roadster, "purchased four years ago, has 99,309 miles on it. The motor has never been down. I have had four other makes of cars and consider the Chrysler by far the best automobile I have ever owned."

To which C. O. Smith, of Dubuque, Iowa, contributes that "on Dec. 3, 1924, I purchased a '76' royal coupe. On Dec. 5, 1925, at which time I had driven the car 31,924 miles, I had new piston rings installed. What little carbon had accumulated was removed and the valves ground slightly. Then I continued to drive the car up to 91,900 miles, reaching this Dec. 13, 1927. At that distance I had no parts replaced with the exception of the rings already mentioned. I was so well pleased with its easy operation that when I traded for a '27' four passenger coupe I did so without even starting the engine or seeing it started, which shows the confidence I have in Chrysler automobiles."

DURANT STAGES BIG DRIVEAWAY

At one of the most interesting and enthusiastic dealer meetings ever held at the Pacific Coast Durant factory, members of the Durant sales organization around the bay district assembled Friday to attend a gigantic driveaway day program. From early morning to late at night Durant dealers, accompanied by members of their organizations, arrived at the plant and at the conclusion of the ceremonies drove away three, five, ten, and as high as twenty, Durant Star Fours and Durant Silver Anniversary Sixes.

As the victors arrived they were taken on a tour of the factory buildings to witness the various stages of manufacture and assembly of Durant motor cars, following which the dealers were guests at a luncheon given by factory officials.

There were models of every description delivered to the dealers, and the plant's total output, a car every three minutes, or nearly 200 Durant automobiles were lined-up prior to the departure of the visitors. As the completed cars left the assembly line, they were thoroughly inspected, tested and "tuned-up" by an added force of factory experts, and after being designated for destination, were placed in allotted places, to form one of the most imposing arrays of motor cars ever seen at the Oakland factory.

Included in the day's delivery were coupes, sedans, touring cars, roadsters. Some models with de luxe trimmings of wire wheels, sporty color combinations and other striking accoutrements, presenting a rare sight for the followers of things automotive.

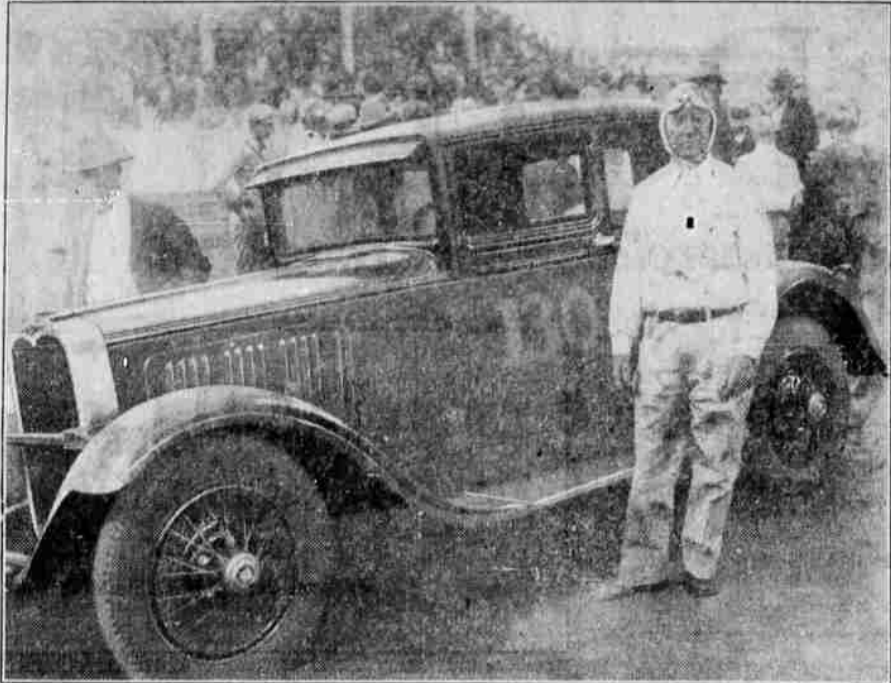
As the dealers and their assistants were preparing to leave, George E. Morris, sales manager of the Durant in the west, said: "This is probably one of the largest driveaways I have witnessed in my entire career of over twenty years in the motor car industry, and needless to say I have been present at a good number."

"Such enthusiasm displayed by this dealer gathering certainly speaks for the public reception of Durant motor cars in the territory. Moreover, it emphasizes one of the chief reasons for the tremendous sales strides of our automobiles, not only in this territory but in other sections of the United States as well."

It is strange that a motorist will ask a garage man a hundred questions as to the make, quality and brand of an oil before he will permit a drop of it to be put in his car, but will refrain from asking his bootlegger a single question for fear of injuring his feelings.

Tags wanted at the Mail Tribune office. Must be clear.

Victory Six Again Victorious



CARS built for racing had no appeal for Sam Jewell, of Duncan, Okla. He took a Dodge Brothers standard equipped Victory Six coupe and won the Oklahoma-Texas sweepstakes. Jewell captured the 20-mile feature race and an eight-mile preliminary contest, and finished second in a six-mile race at the Duncan Speedway, a half-mile dirt course.

The Sky Trail of Oregon

Motoring over the Pacific highways through northern California and Oregon, and delighted with the beauty of that route, I am thrilled through and through with the amazing wonder of the short cut back by the skyways, and ready to commend a vacation in the air to all who will listen, especially if taken with mail pilots.

With some excitement, I tucked away in my purse a small ticket which declared my right to a place as passenger aboard the mail plane leaving Portland at seven the following morning for San Francisco and Oakland. The thrill of the adventure had begun.

Having called the office of the Pacific Air Transport company in Portland, to ascertain weather conditions in prospect, the kind of plane, the name of the pilot, I was asked to "wait a moment." In a brief minute came the answer, clear and concise: "Good weather all of the way through is predicted; a Travelair to Medford, Mr. Cunningham is the pilot. A change of plane and pilot will be made at Medford." If I wished the person would be pleased to remain at the office in order to give me my ticket. I promised to be right down—swallowing a little!

A great remedy for last moment timidity is to pay your fare and possess your ticket. The purchase of an air-ways ticket is accompanied by bright enthusiasm and hearty good wishes for a wonderful trip—and is not just a matter of a rubber stamp or so, with a blase pocketing of your money. It is a simple method for everyday folks to indulge themselves in the emotions of Columbus.

So, at six the next morning, thru the streets and over the bridges of Portland, with starlight lasting into dawn, we motored to the airport at Vancouver, Wash. "Hello!" I said to the occupied young man in the office at the hangar. "Is your passenger this morning?" "All right—I'll be with you in a jiffy." He brought out a very long, bifurcated garment, with familiar Lindbergh collar, and placed its long length on the floor. I stepped into the middle of it, knicker, coat, sweater, everything—enveloped by the capacious garment, which was made snug at angles and wrists and zipped to the chin. A soft wool helmet was adjusted to a snug fit. Monstrous goggles were mounted on my forehead, ready to be slipped into place when needed. This, we felt, was going to be a genuine flight!

The Travelair was wheeled out and the motor tuned up. The pilot took his place, and I climbed into the small open cockpit in front of him and directly back of the engine—with all its busy little things going smartly up and down. I hoped they would keep on going smartly up and down, with nary a stop, for on that ability of theirs depended our staying in the sky and traveling on our way.

Mail sacks were jammed in beside me, my Gladstone lay across my legs, my hat took rough chances in the crevices. I was securely strapped in, and then a folded parachute was placed on top of the mail at my side with the remark: "You will have to put that on at Medford for the flight over the Siskiyou!"

My first trip by air a few months ago had been taken in a Boeing transcontinental plane, a brief half hour from Concord, Calif., to Sacramento, sitting comfortably in a cozy cabin, with no more breeze than we wished and wearing street clothes suited to a warm day in Sacramento. This open cockpit experience, bottled up and strapped in, was going to be something very different, of a primitive pioneer sort, but an experience which I had hoped to have before all passenger flights should become de luxe and commonplace.

The blocks were rolled away from before the wheels and the motor whirred madly. With a wave to friends, off we rushed along the runway, and rising easily in a short space we mounted into the sky, becoming that sleek in the sunny distance we ourselves so often watched from the stolid ground. The sun rose at the same time, and we were joyous at the thought of taking "the wings of the morning" and flying to "the uttermost parts" of the earth.

We sensed the mightier forces of the universe, the perfect law of stability, the tremendous movement of the spheres through space, and man's right to his place in the sun and among the stars.

Watching for Medford—there it was just around the corner of some hills—down we swooped upon the race-track, now being made into a landing field. Banking sharply, straightening out, dropping softly down upon the ground, there was a playful bounce, or two, a hop, and a skip, and our Travelair rolled sedately to a stop in front of the hangar. Friends awaited us, and they had their thrill in watching us approach from one far horizon and later vanish over another.

Mr. Rutledge for pilot, a tiny plane, but the same passenger and the same mail sacks. The parachute was fastened to my back, the straps made secure by three pair of willing hands, and I was instructed how to pull the ring if needs must. A box lunch was handed to me, and I was shown tucked into the little cockpit, close to the busy Wright whirling motor with its funny little things going smartly up and down just before my eyes.

I was not strapped in this time. No longer had we "roots to our feet." No longer did Old Earth claim us in the grip of gravitation (provided the motor kept going). From seven until about nine-thirty we sped along the skyways over Oregon, reveling in the most gorgeous adventure of a lifetime earlier filled with varied adventures, from pioneering in the woods of Washington to gypsy-journing through the Balkans close to the heels of the Great War, and sight-seeing just off-stage from the battlefield of the Greeks and Turks in Asia Minor.

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in the sky. With another mad whirl of the motor, off we shot once more, and with a wave of the hand to our friends and the dog, climbed high, heading straight for the snowy Siskiyou and grand old Shasta.

The flight past this grand old mountain was one of superb grandeur—deeply covered with snow as it was far down its slopes. We flew close, and marveled every minute. Nine thousand feet high we spun along at 120 miles an hour! The Siskiyou extended as far as one could see in snowy ridges. The railroad twisted its crooked, laborious way far below. The auto highway was clearly defined in its white carving and sharp turning through the mountains.

After days of driving over those twisting and sometimes frosty curves, the straight path through the sky seemed in contrast a blessed relief, and sane and beautiful as a mode of travel, and so swift!

Farther south the blossomy orchards rested like soft, fluffy powder puffs upon the earth. We were tossed about somewhat, and took long slides downward at times, when I found myself reaching for the parachute ring just to be sure I had its location memorized! But we did no loops nor somersaults, and the marvel was that the plane under the clever guidance of the pilot held so stable and even on her level amidst all of the buffeting. The waves of the ocean looked like blue rolling hills, and the hills seemed undulating waves of the sea—an impressive sight.

We ate our lunch sky-high. The sandwich released from its wrapping began to dry up with the first bite. One lip fluttered and cheeks shook, the rush of wind was so great, and eating was a funny business. We tossed the apple core overboard. It is against the rules to throw anything overboard from a cabin plane, but there were no signs about—they would have blown away themselves—and I had to toss something overboard, so it was the apple core.

My scarf whipped off in a jiffy—the quickest disappearance of anything that could be imagined. I had held it across my mouth for comfort in breathing when over the snowy ranges, and later above California it was loosely knotted about my neck. Off it went, and the only sense I had of its going was that it was gone. I turned in an endeavor to see it sailing thru the blue—and my pilot handed it back to me! He had reached out swiftly and snatched a corner as it whipped past him. He was quick, that pilot chap.

A few trips later he landed safely by parachute, the motor having stopped for lack of gas after a battle with the glass, and like a flash he was over the side and on his way to earth. With a passenger along the pilot does not jump until he has pried his fellow traveler loose and seen him on his way—it is the air code.

When we drew nearer Mt. Diablo I hoped we might fly above my home as the planes to and from the east do, but we swung off at Carquinez Bridge and headed

toward the Golden Gate for San Francisco. It was with a little feeling of excitement when I saw we were really going out over the bay and I found myself hoping that there was gasoline enough to finish our trip nicely.

We flew directly over Acraz Island and I looked at the prison buildings and grounds. Poor fellows, they have "roots to their feet" certainly and all their wings are clipped! Soldiers ran to get the mail when we dropped down upon Crissy Field. Ten minutes longer for me they said. Another expert takeoff, flying

straight into the Golden Gate. Then swiveling about we sailed along over the ferriboots and other bay craft, past Goat Island, evading some fog banks, and finally found ourselves landing in style at the splendid Oakland Airport.

Tired a little, leaving from the cramped quarters, having flown from seven in the morning until one o'clock in the afternoon—five hours and forty-five minutes actual flying time my certificate reads—I was loosed from my burden of the parachute and helped out of the cockpit, ears ringing from the motor noise, and wobbly

on my feet, but thrilled to the marrow with the gorgeous adventure in the air!

I would have missed it for the world, and am happy to have done it pioneer fashion while flying is still so wonderful and essential an experience for almost anyone. My warmest tribute to the air mail pilots: they are fine, skilled and remarkable men, all of them! (Christian Science Monitor.)

TREDSPOIT—Unit of Smith River road is now under construction.

A RISING TORRENT OF DURANT SALES

DURANT sales are sweeping the land. DURANT factories are making new shipment records every week. These Pacific Coast sales gains are typical of conditions and huge sales gains everywhere:

- California sales in May gained 97% over May 1927 and Durant was FIRST, or tied for first, in 63 California cities and towns.
- Oregon sales in May brought Durant to THIRD position.
- Washington sales in May GAINED 92% over May 1927.
- Utah sales in May placed Durant SECOND in registrations.

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