

AUTOMOTIVE NEWS

1940 Motorlog: Two Santiams



Tiny lakes abound in the area crossed by the two Santiam roads. Here vacationists pilot a crude raft on a tiny lake near the summit of the Cascades.

The following article, presented in co-operation with the Oregon State Motor association, is one of a series designed to promote travel in the Pacific northwest. Today's article has been condensed from a motorlog appearing in the Sunday Oregonian May 19.

BY JALMAR JOHNSON
Assistant City Editor, The Oregonian

THIS IS a road report on the North Santiam and the South Santiam highways—newest links between the Willamette valley and central Oregon—with an excursion or two off the main road and the main subject for a dash of human interest.

It looked like rain when the motorloggers left Portland two weeks ago, and it still looked like rain when we turned east at Salem to follow the North Santiam river into and over the Cascade mountains to central Oregon. But the rain held off as we moved swiftly over hard-surfaced highway through Aumsville, Sublimity, Stayton, where we first glimpsed the North Santiam river, and on through Mill City and Gates.

Just east of Gates the oiled highway ended and we started up through the foothills over a road which in places was good and in others quite rough, narrow and crooked.

The speedometer mileage recorder read 946.4 miles when the first rough road was encountered and it stood at 963 when the rough road ended at Detroit. It had taken the better part of an hour to cover the stretch, but the rugged scenery more than made up for the caution required of the driver. The highway skirts the river, which tumbles majestically through a deep canyon, the sides of which are heavily timbered. A railroad hangs perilously on the river bank.

Some day, probably in the near future, the Gates-Detroit part of the highway will be as good as the rest of the broad, well-engineered route to the other side of the mountains. Improvement of the stretch hinges on a projected dam some six miles below Detroit.

The dam, which will be a part of the Willamette valley project for flood control and other purposes, has been authorized, but no money has been appropriated for it. When they get the money the United States army engineers will build it.

Meanwhile the highway must be relocated at a higher elevation, as the dam will flood the present route. The engineers will furnish enough money to build a road equally as good as the present one, and other agencies, the federal bureau of public roads for one, will contribute more money to construct a good, modern highway while they are at it.

The dam at first will be a low one for flood control purposes. Later it may be raised so that it can be used for power generation, and when that time comes the town of Detroit will be submerged. However, the highway will be placed high enough at the beginning so that possible heightening of the dam will not require relocation again. Surveys have been completed for the new route and some construction may be undertaken this year.

At Detroit the motorloggers made a side trip of 12 miles to M. D. Bruckman's Breitenbush hot springs resort. Mr. Bruckman was getting ready for opening of the hotel on May 28, and the more than 100 hot springs on the place were gurgling busily. The store is already open as are the cabins. The Breitenbush road was rough in spots, due to winter wear and tear, but will receive a going over before the busy season.

From Detroit to Suttle lake, past the junction with the South Santiam highway and through the 4817-foot high Santiam pass, is 43 miles and can be covered in about as many minutes over a road which is partly oiled and elsewhere well graded and smooth. At Suttle lake we put up for the night at J. E. Bentschler's brand new knotty-pine lodge, which replaced the old lodge destroyed by fire last August.

Next morning we found the rain that had held off all day

before had turned to an unseasonal snow during the night and four inches of wet snow covered the ground. A projected boat ride on the lake was out of the question, but a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Green's Circle-M dude ranch on the Metolius river was only a matter of a few minutes over a good road.

Back to the Santiam highway and on east through Sisters—no snow there—and on to Redmond and Prineville, lumbering and agricultural cities much benefited by the new Santiam roads. Then to Bend for the rest of the day and that night at the Pilot Butte inn.

The South Santiam highway was the route the next day for an uneventful but scenically beautiful 200-mile drive from Bend to Portland. The snow-capped Three Sisters, Mount Washington, Three-Fingered Jack and Jefferson started the scenic parade.

The South Santiam, which branches off the North Santiam 12 miles west of Suttle lake, is completely graded, the last stretch being finished last year. It was still dust-free as a result of recent rains and only in a few spots where winter slides were being removed was a let-up of the throttle necessary.

Three miles west of the junction a road turns south to Clear lake and on to the McKenzie highway.

Deep canyons, tall timber, rushing streams are attractions on the South Santiam road in the upper stretches, but soon one finds oneself in the fertile Willamette valley with prosperous farms and busy cities such as Foster, Sweet Home and Lebanon dotting the level landscape. At Albany the highway joins the Pacific highway.

The state highway department in co-operation with federal agencies has been improving the South Santiam highway since the early 1920s. At first not a great deal of money was appropriated but the last few years \$200,000 to \$300,000 a year has been spent on it. With grading finished, surfacing and oiling will be pushed.

Friday night the week was topped off with the ninth grade dance. The gym was decorated by June Jarmin and her committee. Festivities opened with the grand march led by student body president, Bob Davis and yell leader, Shirley Angent. Music was supplied by Whipple's orchestra.

The week's festivities particularly belong to the 9-A class whose pleasures are mixed with regrets at the thought of leaving good old junior high school.

A PAIR OF CHAMPIONS



Wilbur Shaw, America's number one racing driver, is shown at the left receiving a Studebaker Champion coupe from Geo. D. Keller, vice president in charge of sales for Studebaker. Wilbur will make this Champion his official car until race day at Indianapolis, when he hopes to win the Champion sedan that will pace the race and be given to the winner.

Streams of Human Misery Flowing Before Blitzkrieg In Belgium, North France

Paris, May 18.—(AP)—Fleeing crowds of (three words censored) refugees from Belgium and northeastern France are streaming toward the interior while the French army meets the trip-hammer blows of the invading German shock forces.

I have just returned to Paris from a week's stay along the sector of the front where the fighting is now heaviest.

For more than 70 miles I bicycled along roads packed with slowly plodding peasants and automobiles and convoys moving in the opposite direction.

Terrific Fighting
I started back to Paris 24 hours ago from Cambrai after being bombed for more than an hour (four words censored). At least 30 old men, women and children were killed.

The fighting in this first of really modern battles has been terrific, like nothing before in history.

A French officer who fought in the last war told me "There can be no comparison between this battle and the worst ones of the last war. Two hours of this is worse than two days of the battle for Verdun."

(Verdun was the greatest center of resistance to the German invasion during the world war and both the French and Germans suffered tremendous losses).

Losses are reported (two words censored) heavy.

Attacked By Plane
As P. J. Philip of the New York Times and I were setting out early yesterday morning for Paris on bicycles, the only available means of transportation, a German plane dove bombed behind us.

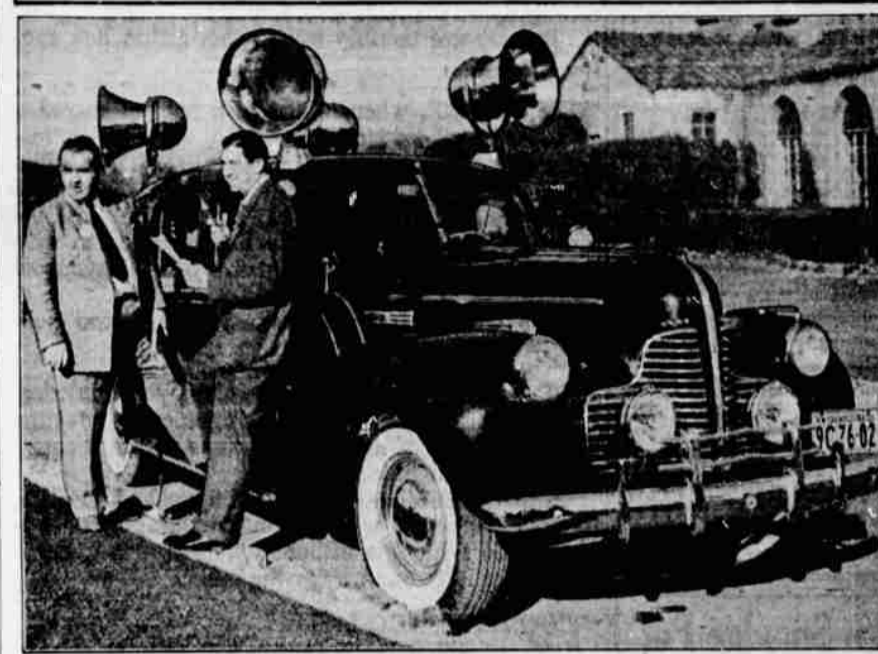
It loosed five bombs on railroad tracks. We were within 40 yards. We threw ourselves flat against a wall amidst a shower of bricks and glass and then raced to a shelter to avoid the plane's spraying machine gun bullets as it returned.

I pedaled back toward the hotel.

Bomb Rips Wheel
Again the planes attacked. The bombs fell a block away. They were bigger bombs this time. The force of the explosion knocked me off my bicycle, ripping the back wheel to pieces.

Again the plane returned to machine gun attack. Again I ducked to the cover of a wall. A French major who slept in the hotel room next to mine the night before was among those killed.

Buick Limited Is Official Golf "Tourneycar"



CARRYING THE most advanced type of sound and printing equipment, this 1940 Buick Series 90 Limited sedan is the official "tourneycar" at the championship golf tournaments of the winter circuit extending from Florida to California and back again. It is used to make official announcements and to produce the official starting times and scores of players participating in the tournaments. Edward Darrell of Golf Magazine, left, and Fred Corcoran, P. G. A. tournament manager, constitute the crew of the tourneycar in which they will cover all events of the winter golf circuit, involving a 20,000 mile tour. This photograph was taken at the San Francisco Match Play Championship event.

ing a small baby in her arms, crooning to it.

Hotel Destroyed
An old man hobbled around trying to stop the flow of blood spurting from the stump of his arm.

A baby huddled in the corner of the station kept wailing "Mama, mama."

Bombs destroyed the hotel which for a week had been my headquarters between trips to the front.

Everything I had, including a typewriter and a steel trench helmet issued by the American embassy, was lost.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Key Sister to Wed
Oklahoma City, May 18.—(AP)—A June wedding will end the constant companionship of Oklahoma's famous Key sisters, the first quadruplets known to have reached maturity. Mona will be married June 18 to Robert W. Fowler, accountant for an oil company.

There's One you can't pass by!

They're rolling out fast... and your Buick dealer keeps them rolling by making swell deals!



ENTICING are the offerings he flings your eye from behind the plate glass along Automobile Row—how in the world can a poor mortal pick the best of the bunch?

You can't try them all, it's plain. But there's one thing you can do that makes a lot of sense.

Just give yourself a yardstick to start with.

Take the car that all the talk's about. Give yourself something to go on by trying a Buick first.

Of course, it may be tough on the next fellow once you've sampled Buick's swift and thrifty Dynaflex straight-eight—no other engine made is balanced after assembly to slick-as-watchwork smoothness.

And stout, soft coil springs all around, especially when combined

with ride-steady torque-tube drive, may spoil you entirely for any other kind of ride.

Again, there are things like recoil-mounted Knee-Action, pressure-sealed cooling systems, Two-Way Direction Signals with automatic cut-off and so on that you simply can't find elsewhere.

But it isn't only Buick's six-dozen new features that make this the car you can't pass by—it's also the price.

That puts a really great car within your reach. It buys not only a lot of exclusives and extras, but gives you more of the basic things, such

as power and size and deep-rooted sturdiness—a longer car and the sturdiest frame at the money.

Current prices start at \$895* for the business coupe, delivered at Flint, Mich.—transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), and optional equipment and accessories extra.

That adds up to delivered prices that will open your eyes wide—so why not ask your Buick dealer for the whole story and a free demonstration?

*Prices subject to change without notice.

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JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS LEAGUE WEEK IS ENDED BY DANCE

By Norma Lee McGlothlin
Junior high's annual Girls' League week, May 13-17, got off to a good start Monday with a group of girls making nosegays and boutonnières for the faculty.

On Monday and Tuesday, courtesy days, the girls were required to carry the boys' books to and from classes and show them other courtesies that the boys should show the girls.

Monday afternoon a Girls' league meeting was called by President Helen Young to explain activities of the week.

Tuesday afternoon a fire drill was held with the feminine

fire squad doing a very fine job.

Wednesday a luncheon was held for the council members and officers of Girls' league and the Boys' league officers as guests.

Thursday afternoon a tea and style show were given for the mothers. After the style show Miss Delle M. Whisenand, dean of girls, presented the following girls with Girls' league pins for their services during the year: president, Betty Frey, vice president, Thomasine Swoape; secretary, Clara Daniels; treasurer, Natalie Parker, and the following committee chairmen, Nine Tuttle, Shirley Weisenburger, Pat Balantyne, and Mary Lou Lyman.

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