

by IVAN M. WOOLLEY, M.D.

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to Government Camp..."*

OFF TO Mt. HOOD





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AN AUTO BIOGRAPHY OF THE OLD ROAD

IVAN M. WOOLLEY

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Mt. Hood (1916) looking north from Tom, Dick and Harry. Government Camp in foreground. The Zig Zag and Sandy River Canyons can be seen to the left.

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IVAN M. WOOLLEY

"How's the road?" That was the question that was most frequently asked of us who drove the motor stages over the old road to Mount Hood. It was a question that had to be answered differently to different people. If it were asked by an "oldtimer" who knew the road well, the answer was a simple "good" or "bad." If the questioner was a stranger, one had to find out what he considered a "bad" road to be. If he were a person used to mud and dust, corduroy and plank, bumps, sand and rocks, with trees here and there that nudged in close to the ruts, it was easy to give him an idea of the conditions that prevailed for the particular day. If he were not used to such things, it was far wiser to change the subject, else you might lose a passenger before ever getting started.

The road improved a little each year, in places, particularly near Portland, but always it was a daily challenge until the State Highway Commission finally took over the old toll road and built a modern highway all the way to Government Camp, four miles below the timberline, and on around the south side of the mountain to eastern Oregon. To those of us who spent long hours fighting plank and mud, sliding continuously into the chuck holes and lifting out of them by a fast shifting of gears, only to repeat the process in another fifty feet or so, and grinding up hill after hill in low and second gear, it would not have seemed possible that some day people would drive the fifty-five miles from Portland to Government Camp in an hour and a half and never shift gear all the way. It took us an hour and a half in those days to drive just from Rhododendron to Government Camp, and the distance then was only nine miles instead of the eleven miles it is today.

The "old road" had its beginning as an Indian trail that crossed the Cascade Mountains on the southern slopes of Mt. Hood. It was narrow, steep, and in places, dangerous to

travel. The early emigrant wagon trains enroute from the Missouri River to the Willamette Valley of Oregon, encountered a bottleneck when they reached The Dalles, which was on the south bank of the Columbia River at the eastern portal of the formidable gorge that had been cut through the Cascade Mountains by this mighty river. There was no way to pass through the Gorge except by raft-like bateaux manned by oarsmen with long sweeps. The many rapids made this a hazardous passage and the scarcity of the craft caused long delays which were excessively costly to the hundred or more people usually stranded there. Food was scarce for man and beast and illness took a heavy toll.

When Samuel K. Barlow arrived at The Dalles in 1845, he studied the situation from several angles. The fees charged by the boatmen were high and this expense added to the cost of food and stock feed during the long time he would need to wait for his turn, would be a serious drain on his funds.

He learned that there were two Indian trails that crossed the foothills of the Cascade Range, one north of Mount Hood (Lolo Pass) and one south. Against all advice he determined to attempt the south trail. Consequently, on September 24 of that year he set forth with his seven wagons and nineteen people to attempt the crossing.

Shortly after Barlow's departure, Joel Palmer arrived at The Dalles and, learning of the Barlow plan, decided to join him. With twenty-three wagons he left from The Dalles October 1st, and the two groups joined forces along the White River. Palmer and Barlow acted as scouts and blazed the way for the crews who scratched out a track wide enough for the wagons. On the east slopes the going was not too bad since it was dry and the timber more sparse. Much of the clearing of brush and trees here was accomplished by burning. But at best, progress was slow and the season was growing late. Fearful that they might become snowbound, they decided to cache the wagons and heavy gear and press on over the summit into the valley.

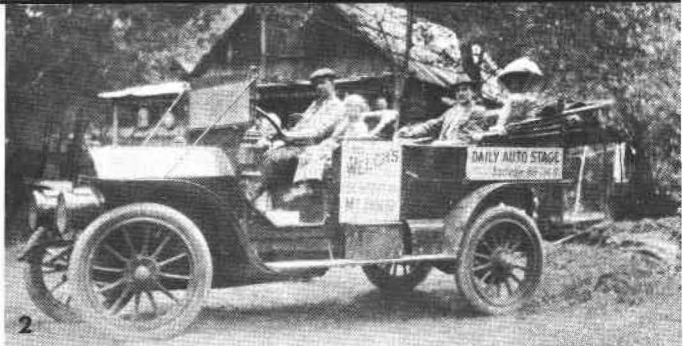
Even thus relatively unencumbered they had difficulty. There were many treacherous swamps along the summit which caused delay and cost much physical energy in order to save

their goods and their stock. Grass was scarce and some of the horses were poisoned by browsing on laurel (rhododendron). Cautious experimentation proving that the meat of the horses was not poisonous for human beings, and it was quickly added to their commissary. The food supply became so seriously depleted that it was evident it would not last until they could reach a supply source.

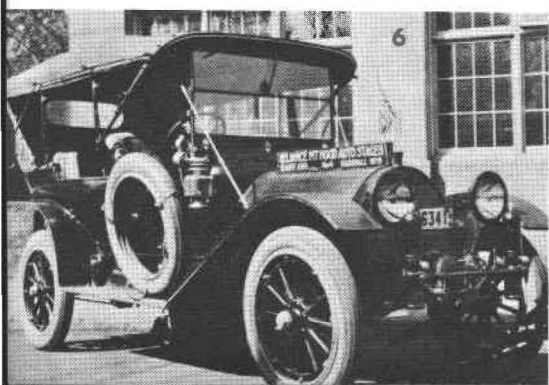
Barlow's eldest son and two companions set out ahead to obtain help. Reaching the Sandy River they were unable to find a crossing. Young Barlow cut a pole and vaulted from rock to rock until he reached the opposite side. He continued on alone and was successful in organizing help in time to avert serious consequences. The party eventually arrived safe at Oregon City in the Willamette Valley. The territorial legislature was in session at Oregon City in December of that year and Barlow petitioned for a charter to open a road across the Cascades. The charter was granted December 16, 1845, and as soon as the snow had melted, a party of forty men set out to recover the wagons that had been left behind and to clear the rest of the way. The construction of course was crude and skimpy, but Barlow operated it as a toll road for two years after it was opened.

Originally, the road was ninety miles in length, beginning near Wapinitia on the east slope of the Cascades, and ending a few miles south of the present town of Sandy, where it joined the old Foster Road. Barlow later deeded his rights to the government and the road was operated under lease for the next two or three years. The lease operators did nothing to improve or repair it and it deteriorated badly as a result.

In 1862, the Mt. Hood Wagon Road Company, capitalized at \$25,000, took the road, but their operation failed. They were followed in May, 1864 by the Cascade Road and Bridge Company, Inc. This company laid some corduroy across the swamps, built some bridges and made other improvements. In 1862, the road was deeded to the Mt. Hood and Barlow Road Company, which was organized by Richard Gerder, Stephen Davis Coalman, H. E. Cross, J. T. Apperson, and F. O. McCown. This group shortened the road so that its western terminus was at Alder Creek, and they made



1. Removing chains. Note the painted license number, driving chain and sprocket. Routledge. 1905 Thomas Flyer.
2. George Routledge's 1907 Stoddard-Dayton stage car.
3. Reliance No. 3 at Welches. Billy Welch is the man standing at the right.
4. Reliance Mt. Hood number two on Main Street, Sandy, 1913. Author on Left. Bert Higley wearing Derby. Pierce Arrow "4-44" 1907 Model. Note plank street chains on four wheels.
5. J. L. S. (Jack) Sneed at the wheel of Reliance No. 3 (1907 Pierce Arrow "6-66") at Government Camp, Mt. Hood in background.
6. Reliance No. 4. (1910 Pierce Arrow 6-48). Note the air springs and the detachable rim for the spare tire. The original gas headlights have been replaced by electric headlights. The tires are 37 x 4½ Silvertown Cords.
7. John B. Kelly and Dr. C. B. Brown enroute to Mt. Hood (1904).





8. This section of planked road between Sandy and Firwood was considered to be in good condition.
9. Cherryville Hotel and store at the bottom of Cherryville Hill.
10. Aldercreek bridge.
11. Clearance hazards near Alder Creek.
12. The Original Arrah Wannah Hotel. Later destroyed by fire and rebuilt.
13. Forest Service Lookout Cabin summit of Mt. Hood. Lige Coalman on snowfield at left.
14. "Lige" Coalman at Government Camp. Few people ever saw "Lige" dressed thus (1916).

some further improvements, but at its best it was still a rugged, formidable passage, particularly on the west side of the mountain.

In 1852, one emigrant who kept a diary described the Laurel Hill road as "something terrible. It is worn down into the soil from five to six feet, leaving steep banks on both sides, and so narrow that it is almost impossible to walk alongside of the cattle for any distance without leaning against the oxen. The emigrants cut down a small tree about ten inches in diameter and about forty feet long, and the more limbs it has on it . . . the better. This tree they fasten to the rear axle with chains or ropes, top-end foremost. This makes an excellent brake for the wagon. . . ."¹ Hazardous as the road was, it was travelled by hundreds of our courageous pioneer settlers and it has been considered by many to have contributed more to the future state and wealth of the Willamette Valley than any other single achievement before the railroads came.

In 1912, E. Henry Wemme, Oregon's first motorist and a devotee of our scenic resources, purchased the road outright for \$5,400. By this time, the west end was at Tollgate, one mile above Rhododendron. Wemme made many improvements before his death. He bequeathed the road to his attorney, Mr. George W. Joseph, who held it in trust until it was finally accepted by the State Highway Commission and the federal government as a gift. With this transfer the road was soon modernized into a "high gear" automobile highway which was completed about 1920.

Now we read in the daily press that the Highway Commission has almost completed a new road around Laurel Hill, with easier grades and fewer curves (1958). An announcement such as this is bound to stir up memories of the "old road," of the people that it served, and the communities to which it gave life. It meant many things to many people, a lifeline to some, pleasure and adventure to others; to me, an education, not only by providing the financial assistance towards acquiring a profession but also, of equal value, by

1. E. W. Conyers 1852 diary, *Transactions of Oregon Pioneer Association*, 1905, pp. 504-505.

giving me valuable insight into human nature and public relations. It also taught the satisfaction that comes from serving others and made for me many friends that have been loyal and kind throughout these intervening years.

In 1913, I made my first trip to Welches and Rhododendron with Bert Higley in his 1909 Peerless. That day was pure adventure and I can still see some of the situations that met us along the road. Later, when Jack Snead purchased a 1907 Pierce Arrow and turned it over to me to be operated as "Reliance Mt. Hood Stage No. 1," I was in the seventh heaven. This car was classified as a "4-48" which meant that it had four cylinders and was rated forty-eight horsepower.

The earliest public transportation over the road was a four-horse vehicle. A party could arrange with some livery stables in Portland, for a rig and a driver to take them to Mt. Hood, which usually meant some place in the foothills such as Welches, Tawney's or Rhododendron, but might, of course, be to Government Camp. Hunter's Livery Stable on East 34th Street (now Avenue) between Yamhill and Taylor streets, was one establishment that supplied such service. Their rigs would leave early in the morning and arrive at Sandy for the night, a distance of twenty-six miles. The next night would find them at Welches, Maulding or Rowe. Arrival at Government Camp was on the third day.

Later a regular four-horse, three-seat mail stage service operated out of Boring. Passengers taking that route would arrive from Portland on the electric railroad to be met at Boring by the horsedrawn rig which would take them the rest of the way. This line continued for several years after the first automobile stages began to operate and until it was displaced by motor driven mail delivery. John B. Kelly,² a pioneer Portland automobile dealer and agent for the White Steamer car is credited with having driven the first automobile to Government Camp in 1903. He received a certificate from the tollgate keeper confirming the feat. He repeated the trip the following year and was accompanied by another motorist, each driving a White Steamer.

The earliest automobile stage line was established by George Routledge in 1906 when he began to operate a Thomas

2. See Supplement, p. 107.

Flyer of 1905 vintage to Welches and adjacent resorts. His Portland terminal was the Routledge Brothers Seed Store on Second Street. He later gave up the Thomas Flyer for a 1907 Stoddard Dayton, which he drove until he became interested in the building of the Arrah Wannah Hotel.

Among the other early operators who followed Routledge was a Mr. Robb. During my first season I came upon him between Kelso and Sandy attempting to extinguish a fire that had almost completely burned out his Pope Hartford by the time we arrived. Since there was only a small portion of back seat upholstery yet unburned we decided that it would be foolish to empty my extinguisher to quench it. A passenger who had a rifle with him shot the gas tank full of holes to prevent an explosion and, with chain and a tow rope, we dragged the remains of the machine into the ditch to clear the road. Mr. Robb did not replace the car.

In 1912, Bert Higley, a former partner in the Sunnyside Garage on E. 34th Street and Taylor, acquired a Peerless which he operated under the name of "Higley's Peerless Mt. Hood Stage" for two seasons.

The McCrosky Garage on Hawthorne Avenue for a time had a Pope Hartford and a Stearns on the road. Selden Murray tried out a White Steamer but gave up because of boiler trouble. A Mr. Mowery put in part of one season with a Model T Ford but was unable to carry on because of constant transmission failure. For the most part these were one-car operations and since breakdowns were frequent the service was irregular and usually undependable.

In 1913, J. L. S. Snead, who operated the Reliance Garage at East 35th and Hawthorne, casually asked me where I thought a car might be put to work at a profit and, not as casually, I suggested the Mt. Hood road. A few days later he informed me that he had purchased a used Pierce Arrow which he would turn over to me to operate as a stage to Government Camp and way points. I was to retain a sufficient sum from the fares collected to provide a fair salary and then bank the rest. When I had deposited an amount equal to half the purchase price of the car (after expenses were deducted) we were to go fifty-fifty. Thus was born the "Re-

liance Mt. Hood Stages."

The car was of 1907 vintage, with a seven passenger body and right-hand drive. The gear shift lever was under the wheel, just where it is on most cars today. Although it had seen many miles of service it proved to be a reliable mechanism after we learned its idiosyncrasies and its needs. This required a prolonged period of trial and error but it always got home under its own power, except for assistance one day at the top of Cherryville Hill when the jack shaft snapped during a shift into high gear. This was during our second season and Snead was behind me driving No. 3. He relieved me of all of my passengers but one. With his assistance we got rolling. We ran all of the rest of the way home in high gear, which was the only one with which I could operate. It was rough in spots, particularly at the bottom of the hills, but it was mid-summer, the chuck holes were dry, and no planks were floating. That was the only time that I ever made it up Firwood Hill in high gear. Billy Doyle was my lone passenger and he rode it out like a cowboy. We felt very fortunate to arrive without breaking our necks or springs.

On my first trip the clutch began to slip and I was in considerable anxiety lest it burn out completely. This was a cone clutch with a leather facing, such as was standard on most cars in that day. There was no housing to protect the clutch from mud, dust or grease except for a "dust pan" that was bolted to the frame beneath the engine, ostensibly to keep dust and mud from splashing up onto the engine. It was not a very efficient device and it was usually weighted down by a muddy mixture of dust and oil. Several times that day I stopped to throw road dust onto the leather facing of the clutch and this had kept us going until we arrived at Welches.

I hoped to insert a few strips of tin beneath the clutch facing to increase the friction tension but could not do so because the leather was held in place by a hundred or more small, hardwood pegs. I finally resorted to driving several horseshoe nails between the facing and the cone. It got me safely home but it was sort of rough on the passengers each time we started up. With that amount of backing, the clutch

engaged with a bang, and we were off. During the rest of the season we experimented with springs beneath the facings, cork inserts and several other devices to eliminate clutch grabbing or slipping, but we found that we could get along satisfactorily if the clutch was disengaged and held out at each long stop and at night. We carried a short block, cut from a 2x4, that fitted between the dash and the depressed clutch pedal; this did the job nicely. We also treated the clutch leather liberally with neatsfoot oil each night.

In the middle of the first summer Snead bought a second car, also a 1907 Pierce Arrow, and hired Fred Heintz as driver. This became Reliance No. 2. By this time we had a signboard that extended from the radiator cap to the dash along the middle of the hood. This carried the name "Reliance Mt. Hood Stages" and the number of the car.

Baggage and freight were tied on a carrier in the back and along the running boards. Eight passengers were considered to be a load, two sitting up front with the driver, three on the jump seats, and three in the back seat. In an emergency we could increase the number to twelve by putting the top down and seating three people on the folded top with their legs straddling those in the back seat. One more sat on the floor of the front compartment with his feet on the running board. During forest fires we frequently had to employ such loading.

We soon learned that there was a tendency for the transmission cases on these cars to work loose and shift position along the frame. This interfered with proper gear shifting and sometimes made it impossible to operate at all until the gear box was put into exact position and tightened down again. We also learned that the bolts holding the front wheel spokes to the hub had a tendency to loosen. If neglected they would cause the hub flange to crack and release the bearing lubricant which in turn would result in burned out wheel bearings. Such things as these made necessary a sort of check chart of things to do after each run. Body bolts, spring shackles, tie bars and brakes were other chassis parts that needed constant attention. There were no four wheel brakes in those days. Our brakes were a set of internal expanding shoes operated

by a hand lever called the emergency brake, and a set of contracting external bands actuated by the foot pedal. These were lined with bronze shoes acting upon a single steel drum on each rear wheel.

Eventually we adopted a fabric lining material which gave more effective control. One soon learned the value of "down shifting" into a lower gear as a means of slowing speed and controlling the car on steep down grades. Each car was originally equipped with a sprag that could be released to prevent rolling backward down a hill. These consisted of stout steel rods with curved, pointed tips and a flat collar, two inches from the tip. They were hinged at their forward end to the under-surface of the frame on each side near its mid point. The free ends were held up against the frame by steel cables that were carried into the driver's compartment and hooked to a device on the front of the driver's seat located in such position as to permit sudden release. Upon release of the cable the sprags dropped to the road surface and dug in like props. They could only be freed again by moving the car forward. We soon removed these as they rattled unpleasantly and we found no real need for them.

Snead acquired a third car which he thoroughly overhauled and made ready for the second season. This was a Pierce Arrow 6-66 (six cylinders and sixty-six horsepower), also of 1907 vintage. This became Reliance No. 3 and was driven by Jack himself. Fred Heintz did not return for the second season and Dale (Shorty) Simons took his place. Shorty had made a brief excursion into the stage line business the year before, driving his 1907 six cylinder Ford. This was one of Henry Ford's early ventures with a six cylinder motor and it proved to be a powerful, fast car. Its weakness was in the transmission which was of the planetary type depending upon friction bands which would not stand up under the grind of the rough and muddy roads. Another complication that Henry Ford could not foresee when he designed this model concerned the steering wheel. Because Simons was quite short of stature he found it necessary to pull hard upon the wheel in order to apply sufficient pressure on the low gear or the reverse pedals when he was in a tight spot. Upon several

occasions the rim of the wheel pulled loose from its screws and Shorty was forced to drive home steering with the spider. The rim was then shifted a bit and the screws were set into new segments of the wood.

Eventually he took the clutch and four-speed sliding gear transmission from an old Pope Hartford car which he installed in place of the planetary system of the Ford. The new assembly was almost two feet long so that when it was installed behind the already long, six cylinder engine, the clutch and brake pedals were slightly aft of amidships. This necessitated shifting the body and the steering column towards the rear. An extension was built onto the back end of the frame to accommodate the extra length. It also required lengthening of the hood which made the hood exactly half the length of the car. He removed the original radiator which hung so low that the starting crank projected through the lower portion. This he replaced with one from a Stevens Duryea. The final result ran well but it looked something like a motorized dachshund. He never operated it on the stage line after this alteration. Simons also owned a Schacht two cylinder high wheeled runabout. The motor was in the rear and the crank protruded behind, like a wagging dog tail.

Many makes of cars were used by the various drivers who pioneered the auto stage lines. Among these were a Thomas Flyer, Pope Hartfords, Stoddard Dayton, Peerless, White Steamers, Stearns, Stevens Duryea, Model T Fords, a Garford, and Wintons. The Popes, the Thomas, and Stearns were chain-driven and there was considerable trouble with the drive chains and jackshafts; the Steamers had trouble with the boilers; the Stoddards and the Peerless had frequent universal joint failures. In rough going it was not unusual for the Wintons and the Garfords to snap a front wheel spindle causing the front of the car to plow into the roadway. In the time I drove the road, the Reliance Pierce Arrows and Anderson Brothers' Stevens Duryea (a 1910 model) gave the most consistent performances.

Because of mechanical failures the early service was not always reliable, but Snead made it a point to make good on any promise or commitment that we made, even though we

might operate at a considerable loss for the trip. I recall that in 1916 I had taken Mr. W. F. Woodward, the president of the then prominent Clark-Woodard Drug Co., and his family to Government Camp. I had sold them return tickets for a certain day. A heavy rain storm set in four days before the return date and it continued to rain so steadily that the road became almost impassable and all but emergency travel came to a halt. In order to keep the schedule with the Woodwards I started out the morning before the appointed day and arrived at Tawney's by nightfall. I had no trouble making it on to Government Camp by noon of the following day.

Mr. Woodward was a very devout man, and on this occasion quite vocal. As I pulled up to the hotel porch he rushed out shouting "I knew that you would come, Brother Ivan, I knew that you would come. They said that no one would try to get through but I knew that you would come." I am not so sure that he remained too happy about it during the return trip. There were events that suggested a later day might have been more comfortable. The daughter insisted upon riding up front with me, despite my repeated advice that she would stay much warmer and drier in the back seat. She stuck it out even after she saw her mistake. The fly wheel, which was about four inches wide, and unshielded, acted as a centrifugal pump each time we slid into a mudhole. The floor boards, designed to be easily removable, had wide cracks between them which permitted a copious spray of mud and water to fly into the driver's compartment. All went well until we entered the wooded stretch below Brightwood. Here the road wound in and out between large fir trees for about a mile. It was distinctly a one-track road and was so deeply rutted that the driver could let loose of the steering wheel and the car would steer itself like a locomotive on a track. On that day this section was almost one continuous mud puddle and continuous was our mud bath. After leaving this stretch Miss Woodward and I paid little heed to the lesser baths that sprayed us every mile or so to Sandy. The mud-bespattered Woodward family arrived home safe late that evening. I spent the rest of the night cleaning the car, inside and out.

When the people learned that they could depend upon our

service the passenger loads began to increase and there were times when we had to hire extra cars and drivers. Our two principal standbys were Tom Cowing who drove for the Multnomah County Sheriff's office and Hal Rossman who operated a car-for-hire and also drove extra for the sheriff's office. Rossman was a student working his way through dental college. Both drove Wintons which were about 1913 models. During one weekend we had five extra cars on the road in addition to our own three.

It is a bit difficult now to describe in words just what the old road was like. Between Portland and Gresham, one had his choice of several routes, all of them hard surfaced. Our line usually drove out Division Street to 82nd and then south to the Powell Valley Road. It was always smooth sailing to Gresham and beyond as far as the Clackamas County line. Between Gresham and Sandy there were several routes from which to choose; some times we took the Bluff Road so that the passengers could get the "view" up the Sandy River Canyon to Mt. Hood, but if it was not view weather we usually went via Kelso. On either route one could tell exactly where the county line was, as the character of the road changed abruptly at that spot. At times we were on hard gravel surface, sometimes hard clay, and here and there on stretches of plank road. The town of Sandy had one main street. It was planked solidly from sidewalk to sidewalk. On this street were the various business establishments of the town: Hoffman's Meat Market, Meinig's General Store, the hotel, the restaurant operated by Caspar Junker, a drugstore, and several saloons.

Sandy was a comfort stop where the passengers liked to stretch their legs. It gave the driver a chance to tinker up anything that showed need of adjustment. If the roads were bad, here was where we put on tire chains, if we had not already been forced to do so. If chains were needed, nothing else would do, and you put them on all four wheels. If you were wise, you carried a set of at least five, just in case one should be lost. Chains on the rear wheels only, resulted in much loss of time because the rear wheels followed the front ones and the front ones, without chains, kept sliding off the road into the ditch.

At the beginning of our third season a new driver appeared among our competitors. He had previously driven a stage in Montana and considered himself to be a man of great experience. He also fancied himself to be an artist. A week or so before the season started he visited the resorts getting acquainted. During these visits he made paintings of local scenes which he presented to the resort proprietors. I do not know of any of these works of art having been preserved. He overlooked no opportunity to belittle me or my talents as a driver and always referred to me as "The Tenderfoot." Things went well until the first wet day came. I had arrived first in Sandy and was putting on the chains when he breezed in. Noting that I had a chain laid out for each wheel he explained to his passengers, in a voice clearly audible to my patrons: "The Tenderfoot must be expecting pretty rough weather ahead from all the ballast that he is loading on." Hastily putting chains on his rear wheels only, he got on the road a good ten minutes before we did. I offered to wager my passengers that we would beat him to Welches by thirty minutes to an hour.

Almost two miles out of Sandy we encountered him in the ditch. The road here was not rutted or deep with mud but was just sufficiently wet to make the clay as slippery as grease. His front wheels had promptly slid into the ditch and the rear ones had followed. Each time he attempted to back onto the roadway and to go forward the process would be repeated. It was a most frustrating experience! He flagged us down and asked for the loan of one of our lead chains, arguing that a chain on one front wheel would serve as well as one on each. I'm forced to admit that there was little charity in my heart when I explained: "I'm very sorry old chap, but I'm a tenderfoot and I'm afraid I can't spare one." My conscience did a few flip-flops as I drove along because I still had one extra chain in the tool box. While on the subject of chains it is interesting to note that there has been no improvement in these devices up to the present time.

Rainy weather produced other problems besides traction. The cars had ponderous fabric tops that could be folded back in good weather. It required two men to put them into place

when needed for shelter. Side curtains of fabric with celluloid windows were then buttoned around the sides to prevent rain and mud splashing in. The biggest task was to keep the windshield clear enough to see through. Frequent stops were made to permit the driver to crawl out and clean the glass. Various preparations were tried out as a coating to encourage a rapid runoff of water but with poor success. Our most effective weapon was a plug of chewing tobacco which we rubbed across the shield. The resulting juice gave a more lasting effect than the fancy solutions. Sometimes a sack of Bull Durham tobacco was used in the same way.

After a year or so someone came out with a wiper that hung over the top of the windshield, which could be operated by a lever on the inside; this was the best device until the automatic swipes were invented.

After leaving Sandy, the three miles to Firwoodeen farm were usually fairly good but with a bit of plank here and there. There was one mud hole at the Firwoodeen farm that could get bad if it rained too long. Beyond this point one went down a short but fairly steep hill. This caused no particular trouble as it was always well planked. For the next few miles we were strictly on our own. The road was unplanked and not gravelled but mostly we could get through without too much trouble if we had chains. In the summer time it was terrifically dusty but I recall three cars that were marooned in that stretch by mud for several days after a mid-July rain storm.

There was a long stretch of plank that began near the Alt and the Fischer farms and continued on beyond Koennecke's place on Beaver Creek. We were careful not to drive on the plank roads during the dry weather. There was always a dirt road alongside and this was used whenever possible in order to save the planks for times when they were needed. We were greatly irked to see private cars hitting the planks in dry weather when the dirt road alongside was satisfactorily smooth. Little did they know or care how much those planks would mean come the next rainy day.

On one trip I had a well known actor and his wife as passengers. We were running on the dirt when the lady sud-

denly asked her husband: "Taylor dear, why do they make their sidewalks so wide this far out of town?" A few miles further on, as we were approaching the bluff viewpoint, we passed through an area that had been burned over by a forest fire many years before. Beyond the blackened, burned out trees, Mt. Hood was in full view. The actor, making a wide sweeping gesture, queried: "Young man, what was the object in burning all this timber?" We always applied the rule that a foolish question rated a foolish answer, so I told him that it was done to permit the passengers to get the view.

On another trip, one of the passengers had been avidly holding forth on the waste of public money and the stupidity of public officials. We came to a section of road that was to be repaired, with piles of new planks here and there wherever they were to be used. Our friend called attention to these by inquiring: "Driver, what is all of that new lumber to be used for?" Since its purpose and its need were so obvious I applied the aforementioned rule: "They are going to build comfort stations for the tourists." That set him off again until we hit a chuck hole hard enough to jolt him into the top, and a new subject.

While the plank roads were a great boon they were not without fault and at times presented dangerous booby traps for the unwary. After many miles of water-filled chuck holes and mud you were thrilled to see a smooth section of plank down the hill ahead of you, into the draw, and up again on the other side. The planks at the very bottom were particularly smooth so you could shoot down and zoom up the far side without shifting gears. Watch out brother, better take it easy! Those planks at the bottom may be smooth because they are loose and floating. If such is the case they will pile up in front of you and who knows what will happen? Maybe one will smash through your radiator or your windshield. I remember one that went straight up in the air in front of a Pope Hartford and came down endways. It missed the tonneau but ripped through the rear fender, jammed into the drive chain, which in turn caused the jack shaft to break. Sometimes they would spin a bit and then up-end enough to rip out the drive shaft or differential case. It didn't pay to

become too eager on the old road.

Seven miles out of Sandy was Cherryville Hill, a long sharp pitch down. This was the one spot that most people feared and talked about. We were more frequently asked, "How is Cherryville Hill?" than about any other one section. To me there were many worse spots on the road. I encountered much more grief on Cedar Creek Hill than at Cherryville. At Cherryville the hill was long and steep but it was always planked. It is true that the plank would break up badly during heavy use, but I saw few people in trouble on it. Cedar Creek Hill was scarcely steep at all and the road was wider here than on most of the hills but there was no plank. It looked so simple that few suspected it to be difficult, and it wasn't except when it rained; it then became so slippery that the cars without chains would spin, turn sideways and then stall. The next one along would try to get by and would in turn bog down. One Sunday afternoon I had to extricate five cars on this hill before I could get by with my load.

Everyone knew that Cherryville Hill was a mean one so they respected it and took no chances. At the bottom was the Cherryville store and hotel, then you climbed up for a short distance to the post office. Here was dirt road again with dust in summer and mud in rainy weather. Plowing through this stretch one sodden morning, with one lone passenger, my front wheels slid gently into the left ditch. I backed out and started forward again with the same result. The mud was so deep that I hesitated to get out into it. I crawled out onto the right running board and twisted the steering wheel; the right front wheel responded normally so I figured that the left front lead chain had been lost. Perhaps if I backed far enough I could get a new track and carry on until the next planked section where I could put on a spare. As I backed away I noticed that the rut made by my left front wheel was almost a foot wide. That told the story: the tie rod that connects the two front wheels together so they respond equally to the steering wheel had loosened and dropped off. There was only one thing to do, a most unhappy choice. If you think it's very thrilling to lie flat on your back

in a mudhole long enough to re-engage a tie rod ball joint, shouting directions to a non-mechanical helper who doesn't quite savvy why you want him to turn the steering wheel, while mud oozes into your ears and down your neck, just try it some time. A few seasons later my brother Kenneth dropped a tie bar, but it happened just as he lifted out of a chuck hole onto the Beaver Creek bridge near Koennecke's place. He had a nice dry plank to lie on while he hooked up again.

Just beyond Cherryville Post Office was Whiskey Creek (now Wemme) Hill. We never knew just how it got its name, but we had several explanations for those who insisted upon knowing: "Oh they named it after it got dammed up with empty whiskey bottles. You see this is about a 'one bottle' drive out of Sandy with a team and wagon." Or "There used to be a whiskey still up there a ways," or anything else that sounded as if it would satisfy the questioner. This hill was a smart pitch down with a curve at the bottom that straightened out onto a high bridge over the creek. The grade was wide enough for both a plank and a dirt road but the hill was steep and was boxed in by a high side bank, so that in heavy weather it became a stream that washed the dirt into ridges and potholes. The sharp curve at the bottom obscured the view of what might be coming.

On the return trip one day I thought I heard mountain bells as I approached the bottom curve. This was a warning that a team was coming down the hill. I stopped and hastily backed from the road into a little wide spot near the end of the bridge. Around the curve, with a jangle of bells, appeared a span of mules coming at a dead trot. Behind them were two more spans hitched to a mountain bed wagon that was loaded with baled hay piled two bales above the sides of the wagon box. The rear wheels were chained to keep them from turning so as to act as a brake. On top of the load, sitting on the reins, which were probably tied to a hay bale, was Dee Wright a government packer. His hat, filled with rocks, was clamped between his knees and he was pelting them at the leaders to keep the team strung out so that the wheelers could stay clear of the whiffletrees. The whole outfit rocked and rolled

past me onto the bridge and down "little Whiskey Creek Hill" beyond without a pause. It would have been quite a pile of hay and stuff if we'd have met on the grade. We would probably have need of the services of Dr. Botkin whose summer home, "Apple Blossom," was at the top of the hill.

After crossing the bridge the road descended again to a level sandy flat, which, according to Indian legend, had once been a lake. It was usually about here that passengers would remark that they had expected to go "up" to Mt. Hood but so far we appeared to have gone down hill. There was plenty of "up" to come later. The brake ferns grew very high on this little flat, making the road look as if it were running through a cut. On one trip we were challenged at this spot by a young bull who stood in the middle of the road with his head down, glaring at us. His horns were only an inch or so long but he showed no fear of the approaching car and refused to give way. As I sounded my horn he charged straight at us. Fearing that he would damage the radiator I tried to meet him with a front wheel. The impact threw him into the air and he landed sprawling among the brakes. We could trace the course of his retreat by the wildly agitating ferns as he made for the river.

At this point we were down to the Sandy River level and could catch occasional glimpses of it through the trees and brush. The road through the Alder Creek area was winding and quite beautiful. There were many high arching vine maples here about and they were covered with long hanging moss. We usually referred to this stretch as "Little Florida."

It was usually in this section that we would encounter the Kelly family on their annual trek to Government Camp.³ Dr. Richmond Kelly, one of the pioneer Oregon physicians, owned a summer home at Mt. Hood and each year his family would set out with a light wagon drawn by a team of horses to spend the summer at Government Camp. The doctor remained at home to attend his practice, so Mrs. Kelly drove the horses and the four children rode on the duffel or walked beside the rig, especially on the upgrades. One year the family cow was brought along, which must have slowed the pace considerably. They were a very happy crew and we looked

3. See Esther Kelly Watson's story in Supplement, p. 91.

forward to greeting them enroute.

Beyond Alder Creek there was a mile or two of open road before we encountered a stretch of heavy timber. Here the road wound through a dense forest. As has been previously mentioned it consisted of a single track which was deeply rutted. In the dry weather it was not too difficult to pull out of the ruts to permit another vehicle to pass, but if the road was muddy it took a bit of doing. We once met a Chalmers "Master Six" in the middle of this stretch. These cars were not particularly endowed with power, and the driver could not pull it out of the track into a convenient widened area that would have let us pass. We had just passed a similar turnout and I decided to back up and clear the way. After going about fifteen feet in reverse the car bogged down like a wet log. The "dust pan" had acted as a scoop shovel and had filled the clutch and fly wheel with mud and water. Raising the floor boards I found everything packed with mud. The only choice was to "get out and get under." I cut off the bolts that held the pan with a cold chisel, then worked it out from under the car and dragged it into the brush beside the road. We eventually sluiced out enough of the mud to get clutch friction and pulled out. I never stopped to pick up the pan. When the weather was dry the dust in this stretch was terrific. Because of the ruts no one could go much faster than five or ten miles per hour. This made it virtually impossible to run away from one's own dust which sucked up from behind and settled over everyone in the car.

Near the bridge that crosses the Salmon River, close to its junction with the Sandy, was a camp site used each fall by the Indians. They would come over from the Warm Springs Reservation to pick huckleberries around Government Camp. After the berry harvest they came down to the Salmon River to catch and smoke salmon for the winter. This was always an interesting sight for the passengers who frequently tried to take pictures. The Indians always refused to comply even though money was offered, because they believed that an enemy could kill them by tearing up the picture. One passenger resolved to take a "snapshot" on the return trip. The car top was down and he had his camera properly set. He

had asked me to drive slowly and as we passed he leaned out over the side of the car, but before he could get his eye focused on the finder a young buck slapped the camera out of his hand. He retrieved it from the dust with little damage but no picture.

Brightwood was a very pleasantly situated hamlet about one-half mile beyond the Salmon River Bridge. There was only one store and a house or two. It was a beautiful spot with the river close by and big fir trees for a background. At this point we encountered our first real upgrade which was called McIntyre's Hill.⁴ It was rather rough and rocky but never caused any real difficulty. It got its name from the McIntyre family who ran the Brightwood store. Beyond McIntyre's Hill the road flattened out and the surface became somewhat sandy. After miles of ruts, chuck holes and plank it was quite a relief to look ahead and see inviting stretches of smooth sandy road winding through the jack pines, but here again lay pitfalls for the uninitiated. The sand covered many treacherous holes and rocks that would pitch the car so violently that springs were frequently snapped. We called this stretch "Broken Spring Alley." Broken springs were a very common mishap on the old road; usually it was a front spring and it had to be attended to before one moved on. The classical repair was to jack up the frame high enough to level up. A block of wood was then placed between the frame and the spring where it crossed the axle and this was wired firmly in place by generous use of baling wire (or unraveled barbed wire cut from a fence if nothing else was available). Baling wire was a very valuable part of our emergency repair kit and we tried always to have some along. It was also necessary to wire from the front of the frame to the axle with sufficient strands to keep the axle from shifting backwards, otherwise steering would become erratic. The same precaution was necessary to stabilize a broken rear spring, else the axle would shift backwards causing the brake rods to tighten and thus set the brake.

Whenever a main leaf was broken, the fender would drop down against the tire, creating an automatic brake. Even-

4. Now usually called Brightwood Hill.

tually we had springs made especially for our cars by the Laher Spring Company⁵ and I do not recall ever breaking one of these. Later we installed Westinghouse Air Springs, large pneumatic shock absorbers which could be adjusted by increasing or decreasing the air pressure in the cylinders. It took a bit of trouble to balance the four of them but it did make it more comfortable for the passengers. Today, forty years later, the automobile manufacturers are proclaiming air springs to be "the newest and greatest contribution to motoring comfort."

With springs designed for heavy loads it was a rough ride when we had to run light. At the height of the season we sometimes made two up-trips a day, which usually meant one return trip empty. Rather than bleed the air out of the "shocks" and then have to rebalance them before loading again, it was my custom to leave them unchanged and "take it" when I had to. On certain stretches when the top was down I could set the hand throttle and stand up with one hand on the steering wheel, one on the windshield and, with my knees slightly bent to take up the shock, let her roll.

Having negotiated "Broken Spring Alley" successfully, we arrived at Wemme Post Office which was a combined store and post office operated by a Mr. and Mrs. Peterson. Here we turned to the right from the main road and drove approximately a mile through a grove of beautiful virgin timber to the Arrah Wannah Hotel.

Mr. George Routledge had acquired 150 acres of beautiful timber land on the Salmon River about a mile downstream from Welches. For a time the property was used as a camp ground by some girls' organization. About 1912, in partnership with Mr. Clinton Kern he started construction of a rustic hotel building which they named Arrah Wannah. Although it was a beautiful building in a magnificent setting and became quite popular, it was not a financial success. It was taken over in 1915 by Mr. J. L. Bowman. Shortly thereafter a disastrous fire burned it to the ground, but Mr. Bowman rebuilt it and eventually sold it to the Oregon State Baptist Convention, who use it as a camp and retreat.

5. Still in active business in Portland.

There are still many beautiful summer homes in this area. Many of them were built before the hotel was constructed.

When the hotel was first opened, Mr. Kern employed young Jack Greenwood as a waiter and general handy man. Jack found the place to his liking and persuaded Hannah Krowell, whom he knew in Portland, to come here to work also. The following year they were married and two years later they leased Faubion's "La Casa Monte" to run as a resort. They succeeded in getting the post office changed from Rowe to Faubion. The venture did not work out well and they moved down to Wemme where Jack started a garage and a filling station. A year or so later Greenwood⁶ acquired a truck and began to operate a freight line to and from Portland. He also built a home across the road from the garage. The freight line prospered and is in operation today under the management of new owners who purchased it after Greenwood's death.

Welches

Approximately one-half mile above Wemme, at the old Welches School, those enroute to Welches and Tawney's turned sharply to the right. This road was a straight, narrow lane for almost a mile, planked in some places and rutty and dusty in others. At the end of this line there was a sharp left turn as the road angled downward a hundred yards or so across the face of the hill to reach the floor of the little valley in which the resort nestled.

It was worth a pause at the top of the hill to take in the beauty of the surroundings. On the right, across the Salmon River, which could not be seen from this part of the road, Huckleberry Mountain rose to a height of 3,800 feet. To the left Hunchback Mountain seemed to present an almost sheer vertical wall, rising behind the stretch of lush green pasture known as Welches Bottom in early days and as "Billy's calf pasture" in my time. It is more widely recognized now as the Mt. Hood Golf Course.

6. In the course of his career Jack was several times elected to the State Legislature as a representative from his district. Mrs. Greenwood now makes her home in Portland.

It took little imagination to picture the scene in the early 1900s when people used to arrive by wagon to camp for the summer. Tents were pitched in the virgin timber near the river. The horses were turned into the pasture across the road, and at times the corral was full of wild horses that had been brought in from Eastern Oregon, later to be driven on into the Willamette Valley to be sold. People were not in so much of a hurry in those days!

The resort gradually developed on this site which had been homesteaded by Billy Welch and his father in 1882, each proving up on 160 acres. They gradually added to their holdings until they owned almost 1,000 acres. This all eventually came to Billy when his father died in 1898.

In 1905 Clinton Kern and a Mr. Wren leased the property and opened a hotel resort which they operated until 1909. Welch retained the use of the ranch. Billy's first wife, Mamie Kopper Welch, died in 1902. In 1911 he married Jennie Faubion and together they ran the resort until 1917, at which time they closed the hotel, remodelled part of it for a home and built nine cottages which were rented to tourists and summer visitors.

Welches hotel was a two-storied building providing guest rooms and a dining hall. Built near to it was the store, store-room and blacksmith shop. There was a pool table in a room back of the store and a dance hall on the floor above. Although the family name was Welch, the resort was known as "Welches Resort" and "Welches Post Office."⁷ A rustic fountain had been built in front and the road swung around this so as to approach close to the buildings. All in all it was a picturesque setting. There were many summer homes scattered through the woods and along the Salmon River and all of these together made for a fair population during the summer season.

There were many things to draw the people, the lure of the mountains and streams, the hiking trails, horseback trips, berry picking expeditions and the bonfires around

7. Welches Post Office has now been in operation fifty years. There have been only two postmasters, Billy and Jennie Welch. See Jennie Welch's letter in Supplement, p. 89.

which they gathered at night to sing and renew old acquaintances. As is to be expected the young folks kept things pretty lively.

It was not considered to be an official season until someone could steal one of Mrs. Welch's red tablecloths and a bed sheet. These would be carried stealthily across the big pasture and laboriously up the steep side of Hunchback Mountain to a rocky cliff more than half way to the top. The face of this cliff was a vertical rock wall and after a precarious climb, the prankster would peg the tablecloth, centered upon the white sheet background to the rock. Usually subsequent attempts would be made by others to raise it to a higher level. I can assure you that I was not a little surprised to find a similar display upon the cliff wall when I visited the golf course in September, 1955. Mrs. Welch assured me that it was not one of her cloths this time. Another tradition had to do with appropriating freshly baked pies from the cooler of the Welch kitchen.

One very warm afternoon while I waited to load at Welches, a car travelling in reverse, came into view slowly backing down the hill. Trailing the car was what, at that distance, appeared to be a bear walking on its hind feet. There was a rope around its neck and this was held by someone in the car. Upon arrival in front of the hotel the captors announced that they had lassoed a bear and towed it to camp. The bear was one James Clock, wearing a long bearskin coat. His captors were Irving Lupton (now a prominent Portland physician), David Welch and Hal Rasch,⁸ who later was manager of the Multnomah Athletic Club.

The copiously perspiring "bear" was required to show the tricks that he had been taught and was then unceremoniously dumped into the fountain to cool off. Bears were not an uncommon sight in that area and were not infrequently seen in Billy's calf pasture. An elderly Mrs. Pierce, who lived on the north bank of the Sandy River, became quite famous for killing one in her garden with a hoe.

One evening a wild-eyed chap who had been hiking the trails to attend the dance at Welches, burst into the store with the news that he had seen a bear or a wildcat crouching

8. In the original publication, the inclusion of Dr. Harry Blair's name was an error, for which the author apologizes.

near the trail. Several of the stouter braves armed themselves and accompanied him back along the trail. Sure enough at the spot, two eyes gleamed out of the darkness. They disappeared after the first fusilade and investigation by flashlight revealed an old phosphorescent stump that had been well peppered with shot.

The Saturday night dance drew people from far and near. Billy Welch played the fiddle and there was usually a volunteer at the piano. Billy's was a rotund figure and his head set so closely to his shoulders that there seemed scarcely any room to tuck the fiddle, but I'll never forget how he played. He had smiling eyes and ruddy cheeks and as he played his eyes would flash, almost keeping time with his fiddle arm and his tapping foot as he called the Paul Jones and kept the dancers swirling. I had few opportunities to attend these functions, but when I did they were certainly highlights.

In 1928, Mr. Ralph Waale leased the Welch pasture with an option to buy. They constructed a nine-hole golf course and operated it until 1939, when they relinquished it to the Welches. The Welches continued its operation until October 30, 1942, when Billy Welch died. Jennie Welch continued the management until she sold the property to Mr. Leo Huevel. It was then acquired by a man named Lich, who in turn sold it to Mr. Eugene Bowman, the present owner. Jennie Welch now maintains her home across the road from the entrance to the golf clubhouse (1958). The road no longer winds down the hill but comes straight in through a graded cut. Beyond Welches the road continued for a mile, winding through the trees along the Salmon River until it terminated at Tawney's.

Tawney's Mountain Home was a very popular family hotel resort. The site, consisting of approximately 100 acres, was a portion of the old Walkley homestead that had been purchased from the Walkley family by Mr. and Mrs. John Maulding. The purchase included the original house which was converted into a hotel. The building was in a small clearing just back from the banks of the river. Beyond the clearing was a virgin forest of large fir and cedar trees,

interspersed here and there with vine maple.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Tawney leased the property from the Mauldings in 1909 and took over the operation of the resort. Tawney had for years worked in Portland as a conductor on the old Vancouver interurban car line that ran out Union Avenue to the Vancouver Ferry on the south bank of the Columbia River. He later was on the Irvington line. The Irvington district contained the homes of many of Portland's well-to-do families and Tawney was very popular with his patrons, many of whom immediately began to support his new venture. In 1910, the Tawneys bought the property and set about to improve it. Their efforts met a drastic setback when the inn was completely destroyed by fire in 1913, but they immediately set to work to rebuild it. The first unit contained the large dining room and kitchen with bedrooms on the floor above. A large tent was set up in the yard to serve as a sort of lobby or living room. Tent houses with board floors were erected on the grounds and the following year the south section containing the lobby and more bedrooms was erected. A large porch was built across the entire front of both wings.

Although F. H. had much to do with attracting people for their original visit, it was Mrs. Tawney who put on the clincher that brought them back each year. Assisted by her daughter-in-law Emily, Mrs. Tawney set a family-style table featuring chicken, roasts, steaks, home-made breads, pies and biscuits that brought people out from Portland just for a dinner. As soon as a platter got low it was whisked away and a heaping new one set in its place. Many families used to spend the entire summer at Welches and Tawney's at family rates of about \$10.00 per week (including meals) for adults and less for children.

It was easy to identify new guests upon arrival at Tawney's as they always entered the hotel by the front door into the lobby, whereas the "regulars" invariably drove into the side yard and went directly into the kitchen to greet Mrs. Tawney first, then through the dining room into the lobby. I have often wondered how she managed to prepare all of the food she served despite almost constant presence of

visitors in her kitchen. Every child knew where the cookie jar was and never did one find it to be empty. There were only two private homes in the Tawney area during my days on the road, one belonging to Mr. A. H. Averill and the other to Mr. J. J. Ross.

The Tawneys' only son, Clyde, was killed in an automobile accident on McIntyre Hill in 1931. About 1945, they closed hotel operations but continued to make their home in part of the inn. Following the death of Mr. Tawney in July, 1947, the place was closed completely and Mrs. Tawney moved to Portland where she now resides with her daughter, Mrs. Ben Rossiter (1958).

It was not unusual in those days for guests coming to any of the resorts to register not only their names, but also the make of the automobile they rode in. Quite frequently they recorded the time consumed on the trip together with reports on the condition of the road. Each one considered his particular car to be the best on the road and many proud boasts were recorded. I have recently had the opportunity to review the old registers of Welches and Tawney's. According to these records about three and one-half hours was the average time for the forty-five miles during the summer. They appeared also to vie with one another in their penmanship. The old registers show some striking signatures and, on the whole, they are much more legible than the average ones today.

After making the stop at Tawney's we had to back-track two miles through Welches to the main road. Shortly after leaving the schoolhouse, at the intersection, we passed the Murphy place on our left. Ruth Murphy Fahey still lives near the site of the old home, which was destroyed by fire many years ago. The Catholic church that stands nearby was built on land donated by her mother. Approximately between Murphy's and Rhododendron was located the Zig Zag Forest Ranger Station. Roy Henson was the ranger in charge. He lived in a comfortable house on the left of the road. A large barn and storage house was directly opposite. All telephones in this entire section were connected to the switchboard here, which made the station

the nerve center of the community for many miles in all directions.

As an accommodation to us and those who depended upon our service, Mr. Henson acted as our flagman. On the return trip to Portland we did not go into Welches, Tawney's or Arrah Wannah unless we had scheduled passengers to pick up. We always kept a sharp eye on the mail box at Zig Zag. If a green flag was displayed there it meant that we were wanted in Tawney's, a red flag was for Welches, a white one for Arrah Wannah, and a small American flag indicated that the ranger wanted to see us. It proved to be a very workable system and saved much time and mileage for us.

I recall one exception. That day a red flag was up so I turned from the main road and ground through the dusty mile into Welches. There were times when Billy would be a bit forgetful. I pulled up in front of the store but there was no one in attendance. He wasn't in the hotel. I heard someone pounding in the blacksmith shop and there I found Billy shoeing a horse.

"I caught your flag at Zig Zag, Billy; what's doing?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, as he dropped the hoof, removed his hat and rubbed his head.

"There was a Mrs. —; now what was her name? Well, anyway, she wants you to be sure to save the front seat for her—on what day was it?" That was all he could recall of the matter, so I climbed back into the rig and crawled back out to the main road. I have often wondered if "Mrs. what-was-her-name" got the seat. At least, I recall no complaint so assume that she did.

The matter of booking certain seats for certain people had a very definite part in pleasing the patrons. There were some who would not go if they could not have their choice of seat. Strangely enough some preferred the jump seats. Mostly it was the front seat or on one side or the other of the back seat. Also they were very definitely partial to certain drivers; there were some who would ride only in my car and others who would stay over another day if necessary to ride with Snead or Shorty Simons. Those who liked

you, figured you were the safest and most skillful on the road. Others believed that you were a reckless roughneck.

There were two ladies at Rhododendron who had ridden out with another driver but had decided that they would not return with him. Apparently they had discussed the matter rather freely during the several days of their stop-over and finally decided to ride back with me. By way of the "grapevine" I learned that I had been chosen because they thought me to be quite young and therefore amenable to stern direction. They had decided to ride in the front seat and see to it that I drove the way they wanted me to. We had had several days of bad weather so there was considerable mud in places.

It so happened that day that there were no other passengers returning so we had the car to ourselves. Having been forewarned I had decided to be the "captain of the ship," so when we reached the first mud hole I ignored the direction to "swing to the right side" and plowed directly through the middle. This technique was followed all the way to Sandy. I am sure that the good ladies were utterly amazed that they did arrive there safely. During the stopover period they apparently decided that I was capable of carrying on by myself because they climbed into the back seat and ceased issuing orders for the rest of the trip.

I chose the Bluff Road that day as it was in better condition than the route through Kelso. Several miles out of Sandy, as we neared the bottom of a hill I heard a clear, bell-like sound that came from the right rear. I set my brakes only to discover that the braking facilities were greatly impaired. When the car coasted to a stop the ladies inquired as to why we were stopping—they had apparently interpreted the gong sound as being normal operation. I told them that I just wanted to check up and see that everything was in good order. They were not in the least disturbed or curious.

Upon inspection I found the right rear wheel had become loose on the axle and had worked out until only the threads were engaged in the hub. Another half-inch would have dropped the axle to the road and we might have had a bad

spill. The "gong" sound was caused by the keys that had escaped from their slots in the axle and had struck the steel brake drum on their way out. Fortunately the roadway was hard at this point so I had little difficulty in finding the keys a few yards back. The axle nut had remained in the hub cap. It was a simple matter to reinsert the keys and return the wheel and retaining nut to position. A section of wire from a nearby barbed wire fence served as a cotter key and we were on our way. My lady companions showed their perfect confidence by remaining in the car and asking no questions.

We were particularly fortunate in that the Reliance Stage Line during its entire existence had only one accident in which a person was injured. It was my misfortune to be at the wheel that day. When eastbound on the Bluff Road, we had a sharp right-hand curve a short distance after crossing the Clackamas County line. It was on an upgrade with a high bank on the right. There had been several near-accidents at this spot and I had made it a practice to keep my wheels hugging the bank so as to leave as much room as possible for an approaching car. On this particular morning we were heavily loaded with eight passengers, baggage, freight and a fifty-five gallon drum of gasoline on the rear rack. When I swung my wheels into the shallow ditch next to the bank one of my passengers commented about my apparent respect for potential trouble. Just then a lad about ten years of age flashed into view. He was riding a bicycle, down grade, and he, also, was close to the bank side. It was impossible to stop quickly enough to avoid striking him and at the time of impact I instinctively swung my front wheels to the left, since that was the direction in which the boy toppled. I felt a sickening crunch as the wheels bumped over some object but succeeded in stopping the car in less than its length. The quick stop was possible only because I was on an upgrade and running slowly, and also because the brakes had been relined the day before. We found the lad completely under the car with his head lying less than a foot in front of the left rear wheel. He was unconscious but was not bleeding externally. I found no evidence of broken

bones. The bicycle was completely smashed. We had had the good fortune to have straddled the boy with the front wheels.

Laying him in the back seat, we headed back to Gresham. The passengers were hanging on as best they could. By the time we reached Gresham the boy was regaining consciousness but couldn't tell us his name or where he lived. At the drugstore in the center of town I tried to contact a physician only to find that all three local practitioners were out on house calls.

I called Dr. Frank Wood in Portland who agreed to meet me at the Good Samaritan Hospital. Another call to Snead informed him of my situation. Leaving the passengers and their luggage at the curb I lined out for Portland. Halfway into town I passed Jack on his way out to pick up the load. Upon arrival at the hospital the boy was carefully examined by Dr. Wood and also by Doctors Thomas Kirby and Fredrick Ziegler, who were at the hospital when I arrived. The only evidence of injury was a skinned-up chest and nothing more.

Later that day another physician showed up with an order from the parents of the child authorizing him to take over. It developed that the doctor was a Portland resident who was having a tire repaired in Gresham when we came in with the boy. After interviewing the stranded passengers he drove to the scene of the collision and from there made further inquiries, eventually locating the boy's parents whom he persuaded to employ his services. I called upon the boy at the hospital from time to time and left word for his doctor that when he was ready to be discharged I would take him to his home. Ten days passed, the boy spending his days out in the hospital grounds; he was quite homesick and was badly in need of a haircut.

I called upon the doctor and asked how much longer he planned to keep the boy hospitalized. He explained that one could not be too careful about ruling out possible internal injuries. He thought that a few more days of observation wouldn't add much expense. I explained that I was not concerned with the expense since I was covered by insurance and that I was merely offering the boy trans-

portation to his home. The doctor's face brightened noticeably. He explained that he had intended to charge me only half fee because I was a medical student but since it was an insurance case he would present a bill for full fee. His hopes were severely dampened when it was explained to him that the victim, together with my eight passenger witnesses, had signed statements that I was hugging the right side of the road and met with the collision only because the boy was on the wrong side for him. It had also been recorded that I had stopped the car in less than its length, else the rear wheel would have crushed the skull. All of these statements had been verified by the sheriff of Clackamas County. It seemed less than doubtful that the insurance company would accept any liability in the matter. The boy was among the outbound passengers awaiting me the next morning. Some twenty-five years later he identified himself to me in a store. He stated that he had never suffered any ill effects from the misadventure.

We seem to have detoured from the main road. We will return to Zig Zag and continue from there. Just beyond the ranger station was La Casa Monte. This was the home of the Faubion family. It was a log type house, in a very attractive setting. Close by was the summer home of Billy Winters of Portland. A short distance above Faubion's the road crossed the Zig Zag River. Just beyond the bridge was Rhododendron Inn. This was a very popular resort hotel from the time it was built until it was destroyed by fire in 1945.

It was originally owned by Henry S. Rowe, who had purchased the 160-acre homestead from Henry Hammond⁹ for \$1,200. Rowe had formerly been Mayor of the City of Portland (June 4, 1900-January, 1902). The rustic design and construction of the inn was carried out by Lee Holden, who had served as Chief of the Fire Department under

9. Walter Creighton, who has lived near Rhododendron for over sixty-five years, told me that Mr. Hammond "spelled his first name in a different way than other people did." Could this have been the origin of the name "Henery Creek," and "Henery Lane" that one encounters at Rhododendron?

Mayor Rowe. When the hotel was completed in 1910, Holden took over as operator, having resigned his position with the fire department. He was a very popular man with a wide circle of friends and he attracted considerable patronage from these sources. Apparently the problems of running a resort were somewhat different from those of a fire department, and the close of the first season brought about a change in management. A post office was established here and it was officially designated Rowe, Oregon.

In 1912, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Franzetti purchased the property and took over. The Franzettis had had experience in resort operation in Europe before coming to this country, and they built a very successful business. They followed the European type of cuisine and operation, which was a bit more formal than other resorts along the road but it attracted a large patronage of prominent Portlanders. Shortly after taking over, the Franzettis built an outdoor swimming pool and a dance hall. They developed very pleasing hiking trails through the woods and along the creeks and these were very popular with the patrons. They also constructed an annex to the original inn. With the tent houses that were scattered through the woods, Rhododendron could accommodate about 100 overnight guests. On at least one occasion (1914), the Mazama Club camped one night at Rhododendron on their way to Government Camp for their annual climb. The guests of the inn were highly entertained by the songs and skits that took place around the campfire. There were 110 climbers in the party and we employed four or five extra cars to help us transport them.

A few minutes after my arrival at the inn one day, a woman guest rushed into the lobby and breathlessly announced: "Girls, there are some Indians coming!" A typical Indian family pulled up in front of the inn. A squaw was driving a span of range ponies hitched to a hack. A young buck was sprawled on top of the load of duffel and several small children were disposed here and there on the load. Several other squaws and older children were mounted on ponies trailing along behind the rig. Half a dozen dogs

trotted alongside or under the wagon.

When the hack stopped the man jumped down to be greeted by: "How much-um sell-um huckleberry?" from one of the ladies.

"I get seventy-five cents a gallon for mine. I don't know what others may be charging," was the reply to the abashed inquirer. Then turning to me, he said: "Hello, Ivan, can I get an *Oregonian* in the hotel?"

After purchasing the paper he climbed back onto the rig and they drove on to Salmon River to join the other Indians who were gathered there to catch and smoke salmon.

The Indian's name I have forgotten, but he was a very prosperous cattleman. He had gone to Chemawa and later to Carlisle Indian School. I, too, had been quite surprised at his education when we first met. After becoming better acquainted I asked him one day why, with his education and his means, he had gone back to the blanket type of living. His reply was informative.

"Had I elected to live as you do, where would I find a wife with the training and education to live with me? And if I found her, who would be our friends and associates? We with education are too few to live happily outside of our traditional surroundings." His education was not wasted. He did well in his business tradings, and was respected by his fellow tribesmen.

Another Indian whom we frequently saw was an old squaw whose name was Annie. Usually she was accompanied by other squaws, all mounted on range ponies. One day she was passing Rhododendron when her eye caught sight of a rustic chair, covered with a fawn's hide, that was on the front veranda of the hotel. She swung her pony around, dismounted and stalked through the inn until she encountered Mr. Franzetti. Motioning to him to follow she led him to the porch and pointing to the fawn hide on the chair she excoriated him in jargon, and then: "Bad man, bad man, kill baby! Bad man, kill little baby!" She mounted her pony and rode off in high disdain.

I encountered Annie and her party one day on my way to Salmon River meadows. As I approached, the ponies

shied quickly out of the road, giving me clear passage. On my return I overtook them again and, since I was coming from behind, the horses took less note of my approach. Annie, with great dignity, held her course in the middle of the narrow road and ignored me completely. I was reluctant to sound the horn or to race the motor for fear that the horses might take fright and hurt someone. After a quarter of a mile or so we entered a small meadow clearing and I swung around them. Annie looked neither to the right or left but she gave a satisfied snort—she had put me in my place.

Emil Franzetti met a tragic death in 1917, when his car struck a soft spot in the stretch of sandy road near the ranger's station and turned over. Mrs. Franzetti carried on alone until she sold the inn and twenty acres of the grounds to Mr. and Mrs. William Cash. The remainder of her holdings were subdivided and sold as lots. The hotel was completely destroyed by fire in 1945 or 1946. A previous fire in 1932 destroyed the annex but the main building was spared at that time. The inn has not been rebuilt but a pleasant little hamlet has grown up in its place. It still carries the name of Rhododendron.

One mile above Rhododendron we came to the Toll Gate. A pole fence had been built across the road and a log gate was installed next to the gate keeper's house. A signboard listed the tolls something as follows:

Autos.....	\$2.50
Wagons.....	2.00
Horses.....	.50c
Cows.....	.25c
Sheepses.....	.2c

The gate was tended by Mrs. Carlon,¹⁰ the wife of the roadkeeper. She was usually at the gate by the time we pulled up because she could hear the bark of the exhaust long before we arrived. Because we were operating a stage line we paid only fifty cents for the car and driver and ten cents per passenger. During the period that I drove, the

10. Among the previous gate keepers were Steve Mitchell, George Moroney, and a family named Gourdeau.

road was owned by Mr. Wemme; after his death it was managed by his trustee, Mr. George Joseph, as has previously been related. Even at that relatively late date it was still a rugged, narrow, steep primitive stretch that received attention only when and where it had become virtually impassable. For about a mile beyond the toll gate the road was winding and sandy. The grade was very deceptive. Drivers on this stretch for the first time usually became worried because their cars seemed to lack power and to heat up. The steady rise plus the loose sand took its toll although the road looked almost level.

During one serious forest fire the Forest Service engaged as many cars as they could find around Sandy to carry men and supplies to the burn. In this group were five or six Model T Fords which depended upon thermo-syphon cooling systems. Their drivers were men who did not know this road very well. They had made it to Toll Gate without too much trouble, but within the next mile or two the cars, with radiators boiling over, had all died out for lack of power. We were frantically flagged down by each driver asking for help, but all we could do was to explain that they were on an upgrade, pulling through sand and that they would have to wait for their radiators and motors to cool down before they could proceed. Some of them returned to the ranger's station. The others had a long rugged day, carrying water or sitting to wait for the engines to cool down again.

Above Toll Gate the road was winding and narrow. In some places the trees were so close together that we would rub our right front fenders against a tree in order to insure clearance of another tree on the left side of the road. There were a good number of battered tree trunks along the old road, and quite a few battered fenders also.

At Laurel Hill the grade became steeper and rockier. There were long stretches of low gear work and most cars would be boiling long before the sharp grades were reached. Cars of this vintage were not provided with heat indicators. We relied upon a "motormeter," which was essentially a thermometer fitted into a radiator cap. The driver could determine the temperature of the cooling system by observ-

ing the height of a red column of mercury which could be seen from the front seat. I used to take great pride in pulling into Government Camp without a steaming radiator, a condition not common. The real secret of my success, however, was a bucket that was kept hidden under one of the Twin Bridges. I would pause on the bridge long enough to drain the radiator and refill it with cold water before proceeding.

At Twin Bridges, so named because there were two bridges only a short distance apart, the real climb began. The ruts were deep where the road was shaded, and on the steeper pitches, the cars literally banged and hopped from boulder to boulder where the dirt had been sluiced away from the rocks by the water that cascaded through these cuts after the snow melted and the heavy rains came. It took rugged power and rugged cars to make some of those grades with a full load of passengers, baggage and freight.

I recall one day when a valve of one cylinder cocked just as we reached Cold Spring. This so reduced the power that we could not make the next grade. The passengers were asked to unload and walk, but even with the reduced weight we couldn't make it. The freight was unloaded and we tried again. It gives you a very helpless, frustrated feeling to be in low gear with the throttle down to the floor board, pushing on the steering wheel with all of your might, and still find that you can't make it. With the old "T" head engines one could unscrew the valve head and expose any valve desired. I located the faulty cylinder and found that the exhaust valve was cocked just enough to prevent it from seating properly. By turning the motor with the crank, the valve was brought to its highest position. Placing the butt end of a cold chisel over the high side I struck it sharply with a hammer. I realized the hazard of perhaps breaking the valve or cocking it worse, but since we were stuck anyway, the gamble seemed worthwhile. It was one of my luckier days, the valve seated well enough to finish the trip.

The present road swings back and forth across the old Laurel grade in wide easy loops and at one point it

approaches close enough to Yocum Falls so that they can be seen from the car. The old road pursued a more direct route and if one were interested in seeing the falls he had to hike approximately one mile through woods and rhododendron bushes. After reaching the top of the hill, the road made a quick downward dip into Mosquito Creek. There was no bridge here but the ford was not difficult and no one had much trouble climbing up out of the shallow ravine. Beyond Mosquito Creek was a swamp which at times could provide some tough going.¹¹ It was advisable to keep moving when in this area because the mosquitos were big, numerous, and hungry. As described by the oldtimers, "a good many of them will weigh a pound, and they sit on the trees and bark as you go by." There was never any difficulty finding enough of them to weigh a pound but they would immediately abandon the "trees and bark" to swarm upon the exposed skin of anyone who happened by. The road beyond the swamp twisted through an old forest burn containing thousands of bleached, burned-out tree trunks and snags. Here the grades were more gradual and in a mile or so one arrived in Government Camp.

It was rarely possible to drive a car to Government Camp before July 1, and many seasons it was as late as July 15 before the snow melted from the drifts that blocked passage below the camp. There were several seasons when we found it necessary to shovel through drifts in order to get to the hotel by July 4th. All resort activities ceased on Labor Day and by October Government Camp was completely snowed in. This is quite a contrast to the present time when the greatest activity takes place during the winter months.

For several years when Fox and Pridemore were operating the Government Camp hotel, they offered a trophy cup to the first car to reach the camp after January 1st. Aside from the publicity obtained from the moving pictures that were made and the newspaper stories, the hotel men hoped for a more practical reward. If the first car could get through, why couldn't others follow and thus open the road for their summer patrons?

11. See John B. Kelly's account in Supplement, pp. 105-107.

Like "the best laid plans of mice and men," this plan, too, went awry. C. E. Francis, who had the Ford agency even in that day, engaged Ray Conway to see to it that the Ford would win the cup, and win they did for the first three years. Conway kept close watch on the road conditions and long before others figured the time to be right he called out his crew and went to work. Some drifts were shovelled, but others were crossed by cleated sections of track. In one instance they even built a temporary bridge across the Zig Zag River to get around a washout. Although they made it to Government Camp ahead of all the rest, the road wasn't exactly open for general travel. The trophy was withdrawn the winter that so little snow fell that access could be obtained on January 1 by shovelling a few very small drifts. It was never offered again.

The repeated victory by Ford was not palatable to competing organizations and many schemes were tried to cash in on the publicity. The boldest plan was carried out in 1916 by the Paige Motor Car Company, whose directors conceived the idea of having the first car to ascend a snow-capped mountain. Under the personal direction of the president of the company, the car, a Paige "Fairfield 6-46" arrived at Government Camp after a two-day trip from Portland. A crew of ten men set themselves to the task of forcing it up the mountain.

With cleated tracks and much pushing and prying the car was eventually on the big snowfield. For several days at a time the entire operation was halted by blizzards; when the crew could again work they had to chop the car from the ice and then resume the journey. Eventually they reached a point approximately one-half mile below Triangle Moraine and there abandoned attempts to go higher. News-reel cameras were carried up and much publicity was obtained by "The first car to climb a snow-capped mountain."¹²

Government Camp

We were frequently asked how Government Camp received its name. There is some variation in the several explanations that have been offered, but the one most

12. *Morning Oregonian* (Portland), July 9, 1916, Sec. 4, pp. 10-11.

universally accepted is based upon the journey of the first United States Regiment of Mounted Riflemen who crossed the plains into the Oregon country in 1849. Following arrival at The Dalles most of the troops and equipment were transported down river to Vancouver by boat.

A part of the command was left at The Dalles, presumably to follow when more boats were available. It is reported that the plan was changed and the troops were ordered to proceed to Oregon City by way of the Barlow trail. The animals were in poor condition and most of them perished before reaching the south side of the range. As a consequence of this loss approximately forty-five army wagons were abandoned before starting down Laurel Hill. Some wagon parts were discovered near the present site of Government Camp and it is thought by many that this was the basis for the name.

The first settlers in the area that we now know as Government Camp were Oliver C. Yocum, Will Steele and Francis Little. Yocum and Steele were very good friends and they filed claims that were side by side. Since the law required residence upon the property while the claimant was "proving up," they built one cabin that straddled the line and thus lived together while fulfilling the requirement.

Yocum plotted part of his claim as a town which he called Government Camp. He later petitioned for a post office but met some opposition from the Post Office Department, who objected to a two-word name. Yocum obligingly changed the name to Pompeii and was granted a post office under that name. The new name, although reminiscent of the town in Italy situated at the foot of a volcano, was ignored by all of the settlers in the area and the name Government Camp has survived.

About the year 1900 Yocum brought in a portable saw-mill and cut timbers with which to build a hotel. This was a tall, narrow, three-story structure with a steep roof to shed the deep snow. Using this as a base he began to guide parties to the summit of Mt. Hood. He was almost indefatigable and is credited with making two round-trip ascents in one day, guiding climbers on each trip. In 1908

he retired as a guide at the age of sixty-nine, when he sold his hotel and land to Elijah Coalman. The latter was the son of Stephen Davis Coalman, one of the group who formed the Cascade Road & Bridge Company and also the later Mt. Hood and Barlow Road Company. "Lige" became the most widely known and beloved man of the entire region. Even today people talk with warm affection and sincere admiration of "Lige Coalman, the man of the mountain." He spent most of his early youth riding the Barlow Road with his father and later working on its upkeep. In August, 1897, at the age of fifteen, he made his first climb of the mountain with Yocum. His performance was such that he made five more ascents that year as an assistant guide. In 1905, during the Lewis and Clark Exposition, there was an increased number of people who desired to climb Mt. Hood and it was at that time that Lige first conducted his own climbing party. By the time Yocum retired (1908) Coalman was widely known as an expert guide and skilled mountain man.

After acquiring the Yocum homestead in 1910 he began the construction of a three-story hotel next door to the Yocum building. A portable sawmill was set up adjacent to the site and all of the timbers were sawed there. The building was completed in 1912 and two years later it was sold, together with forty acres of the land, to Dell Fox and L. F. Pridemore.

Lige then joined the forestry service and became the first man to live on the summit of a snow-capped mountain. A tent was erected on the summit and securely anchored against the storms. Here Lige began to function as a fire lookout. The idea proved to be a practical one so a cabin was erected in 1915. The materials were assembled at Government Camp and taken by pack train to the foot of Triangle Moraine. Dee Wright, widely known as a government packer, directed this part of the project. From the moraine to the summit everything was carried on the back of climbers, mostly Coalman. He was assisted in the construction of the cabin by George Ledford, also well known at that time in mountain affairs.

Once the cabin was built, it served as a valuable link in the Forest Service fire protection system. In addition, it was a real haven to the cold, fatigued climbers, particularly those ill with mountain fever. Of the people who partook of the hot tea and coffee from Lige's larder few stopped to realize that everything, so freely offered, had been carried up from Government Camp by Coalman himself, even the kerosene that was used to warm them and to brew their drink. When carrying supplies he frequently overtook climbing parties and accompanied them to the top. Invariably when someone played out from fatigue, Lige would take anything that they might be burdened with, add it to his own load, and then boost and haul the tired climber to the top. Many are the stories of his prowess. Much has been written concerning his feats of rescue and mountaineering.

On one occasion we were waiting for a climbing party which was to return to Portland that day. Through the glasses we saw them descend the ropes to the hogback behind Crater Rock. When they did not reappear in a reasonable time we became concerned and called Lige on the ranger's phone. He checked the area and reported that the party was grouped in a huddle at the foot of the hogback and that he would go down to investigate. About this time we saw a lone figure rapidly making his way down the big snowfield. In due course of time the horseboy arrived with the news that the guide had been badly cut and that he had come on ahead to get a horse to help bring him in.

Hans Fuhrer was one of two brothers who had been raised in Switzerland and had guided on the Matterhorn. This was his second year as a guide on Mt. Hood. He had proved himself to be a skilled man on the slopes and was very popular with the people with whom he worked. On this particular day he had a rather large group of climbers but they had all made the summit without difficulty.

On the return trip when the party prepared to descend the hogback, Hans had the climbers form a single line; they then seated themselves in the snow, and each person extended his feet forward on either side of the one in front,

like the shafts of a buggy. The person in front grasped the ankles of the one behind, thus forming a flexible, toboggan-like chain. As was his custom, Hans took the front end of the line so that he could guide the sliders by digging his heels into the snow, first on one side and then on the other. In some manner one heel dug deeply enough to become fouled with the telephone cable that was buried a few inches in the snow at this point. Hans was flipped over and the following line of sliders, now out of control, piled upon him. His unguarded ice axe penetrated his abdomen just above the groin. The horseboy did not know the details; he knew only that Hans was seriously injured and that help was needed.

Approximately forty-five minutes after Lige had been reached by phone the party made its appearance on the big snow field. The horses were on their way up and I moved my car as far up the Camp Blossom trail as I could go, a matter of less than a quarter of a mile. Lige had improvised a truss bandage from torn shirts and had fixed it tightly in place. Two pack sacks were then tied together and Hans was placed upon them with his legs hooked through the straps of the leading one. Lige then picked up the victim's legs, as if they were the shafts of a sleigh, and trotted down the snowfield, using the packsacks as a sled. At the end of the snowfield the patient was transferred to a horse and eventually to the automobile. I asked Lige what the injury was, but his reply was a laconic: "He's cut pretty bad." I still didn't know that it was a penetrating wound and decided that I had better check it. One look at the dressing convinced me that I should leave it alone. There was no evidence of active bleeding and I knew that I could never duplicate the bandage Lige had applied, much less improve upon it.

Hans' wife, Mary, had gathered up the necessary traveling articles and we set out for the hospital in Portland with Hans in the front seat for easier riding. Since there was no bleeding I thought that speed was less important than ease and so took great care to slide in and out of the chuck holes with the least possible jarring. The news spread

via the ranger's phone line and everybody along the line was on the lookout. All seemed to expect a fast trip, so when we failed to show up at Rhododendron in less than record time there was some conjecture that we must have gone off the road at one of the curves. Osmond Royal,¹³ who was at Rhododendron that day, set out in his Lozier to investigate. Of course we met at a most inconvenient place and there was some delay until he could back his car to a spot where he could clear the road.

As we approached Sandy Hans said, "It feels like something slipped." I stopped and checked the bandage again but saw nothing out of the way. At Sandy I phoned to the doctor in Portland, told him as much as I knew and was advised to get to St. Vincent's Hospital as quickly as possible. The roads were better from Sandy on in and I made better time. At Gresham the pavement began and I really let her go. I was driving the 6-66, the top was down and with the cutout open we were really moving. Jack LaMonte, a deputy sheriff, lived just west of Gresham, and hearing me roar by jumped upon his motorcycle, a four-cylinder Henderson, and gave chase. He failed to overtake me until I slowed down to make the double turn on Division near Eighty-second Street, where he waved me over.

"How fast do you think you were going, fellow?" he queried.

"I don't know," was my reply. "Just doing all I could."

"I'll say you were. I couldn't catch you. What's the big hurry?"

I explained that I was trying to get the man to St. Vincent Hospital.

"He don't look very sick to me," said Jack.

"Well, you're not a doctor and neither am I, but I've had orders to get him to the hospital as fast as I can, and I'm doing my best."

"Swing on behind," LaMonte sang out, "and report to the sheriff's office in the morning." With that he mounted his cycle, turned on his siren and led me all the way across town to the hospital.

13. Osmond Royal operated a Lozier as a stage car between Hood River and Cloud Cap Inn for several years.

Dr. Frank Wood was awaiting our arrival. Because I was a medical student he asked me to scrub up and assist with the repair. As the bandages were removed we were astonished with the effective manner in which the wound had been dressed. There was a clean cut all the way through the abdominal wall. The intestine had been successfully prevented from protruding by the bandage and there was no active bleeding.

When one considers the pressures that must have developed during the various maneuvers the patient was forced to execute, without the slightest yielding of the support, one cannot but admire the calm judgment and native skill of Lige Coalman.

When I reported to the sheriff's office the following day I was told that they had investigated the case and that there was no charge against me. Several days later, while out-bound with a load of passengers, I was breezing along with cutout open and heard a siren. I pulled to the side of the road and turned to see Jack LaMonte approaching my side of the car. Knowing that he had me cold, I waited for the blast.

"Hey, Barney! Have you got a match?"

I supplied the match and waited again for the bad news. LaMonte lit his cigarette, mounted his machine and rode off with a big grin.

During the ensuing years I have encountered him upon the streets of Portland from time to time and his greeting has always been "Hi, Barney!" Those were the days when Barney Oldfield was the greatest of road racers. Hans made an uneventful recovery without developing a single degree of fever. He returned to guide the following year. After leaving Mt. Hood, he and his brother Heine became guides at Jasper National Park.

The ease and speed with which Coalman negotiated the difficult phases of mountaineering was amazing. He called me from the summit one day and asked if I would wait for him. Forty-five minutes later he was at Government Camp with a report he wanted me to mail in Portland. He made even faster time the day Dee Wright was found injured

down by Mosquito Creek. Dee had stopped to adjust a pack on one of the mules, when "Dynamite," one of the string, whirled and kicked him in the chest. There had been a long and bitter feud between Dynamite and Dee and the mule overlooked no chances to get even.

Wright was brought into Government Camp by passers-by. He insisted that Lige be called. Lige was on the summit but made it to Government Camp in twenty-five minutes. Some bed springs and a mattress were placed crossways over the back of a car driven by A. W. Bell from Sandy. Dee was securely lashed to the improvised litter and arrived safe in Oregon City.

After serving as a lookout for the forest service, Lige returned to guiding about 1924, working for J. V. Rafferty, who had purchased the hotel and the surrounding land. When he finally left the Mt. Hood area in 1928 Lige was credited with having made 586 ascents.

I next encountered him at Spirit Lake, Washington, where he was employed as a caretaker and instructor at the Spirit Lake Camp of the Y. M. C. A. Here he also made history in feats of mountaineering. A man of strong religious convictions he spent some time in study of theology at Columbia University in New York City. About a year ago I was told that he was connected in some way with a Y. M. C. A. summer camp out of Oakland, California. Recently I was informed that he is now retired on pension by the Oakland Y. M. C. A.

Those who knew Lige Coalman knew a man.

Fox and Pridemore eventually sold the Government Camp Hotel to D. C. Latourette of Oregon City. Latourette had previously acquired the other property of the old Yocum homestead. Latourette in turn sold it to J. V. Rafferty. Both the hotel and the old Yocum building, known as the Annex, were burned completely to the ground in October, 1933. During the time I drove the old road Government Camp consisted of the hotel and annex (the original Yocum building), Yocum's cabin and the summer homes of Dr. Richmond Kelly, the Meldrum family, and Judge Caufield of Oregon City. Excepting for the Yocum cabin, all of these buildings

were on the south side of the road, facing the mountain.

There were several men who became well identified as guides on the south side of Mt. Hood. John Meyers worked for Fox and Pridemore for a year or so after Coalman entered the Forest Service. He was followed by Hans Fuhrer, who was joined a year later by his brother Heine. T. Raymond Conway became quite widely known as the result of his avocation of mountaineering. Conway, who for the past many years has been the manager of the Oregon State Motor Association,¹⁴ then owned a tire repair business in Portland, but he spent as much time as possible on the slopes of Mt. Hood. As his proficiency as a mountaineer became known he soon was organizing climbing parties to guide. For many years he kept himself in readiness to respond to any calls for assistance when persons were injured or lost on the mountain and he took part in many rescues.

I have a personal recollection of climbing with him on one occasion. I drove the party from Portland (my second trip for that day) and since I had no passengers to take back until this group returned, I decided to climb with them. We hiked to Camp Blossom and slept for almost five hours. We were breakfasted and ready to climb at daybreak.

One member of the party was a middle-aged, rather stout woman whose son was a fire lookout at a station across the Columbia River. Ray held the party to a slow pace and the lady made it to Crater Rock in fair shape. When we reached the last steep climb "up the ropes" she gave out and began to weep. Ray had assured her that she would get to the top and proceeded to make good his promise. With Ray in front pulling and with me behind boosting we hoisted her along to the summit. As a reward for her efforts, Lige Coalman engineered a telephone hookup through the Forest Service lines so that she could talk with her son to prove that she was really on the summit. After the descent I drove the climbers back to Portland. They slept while I fought the road. After that trip I could answer my passengers' queries, "Have you ever climbed the mountain?" with the statement, "Oh, sure I have." I never added that I didn't leave anything up there that I had to go back after.

14. Since this manuscript was written Mr. Conway has retired.

Beyond Government Camp

Seldom did we go beyond Government Camp. The toll road continued around the south side of the mountain to Wapinitia on the east slope. This section was used by east-west travelers, mostly sheepherders and cattlemen going to and from Eastern Oregon. Upon occasion when forest fires were bad we would be sent to Clackamas Lake and adjacent areas with fire fighters or supplies. This entailed a forty-four mile round trip from Government Camp over all sorts of terrain.

A mile beyond Government Camp was a place called Swim, because of a warm spring that offered pleasant bathing. After another mile or so the road dipped abruptly downward into a deep and narrow cut. About half way through the cut the road turned sharply. In order to negotiate this curve with our cars it was necessary to stop and back up a short distance to obtain the proper angle to clear the banks. Emerging from the cut the road crossed a log bridge into Summit Meadows. Beyond the Meadows came the Frog Lake Grade and here the road climbed steeply up the side of the mountain. It was purely a one-track route with a sheer drop-off on the valley side, overlooking the Salmon River Meadows and the headwaters of the Salmon River. Here one needed always to keep his ears and eyes tuned for signs of an approaching car. At the top of the grade the road skirted Frog Lake a short distance, then the timber closed in again and the road became very rough and rutty, with much up and down hill grade for several miles.

At the Blue Box, so named because of a Forest Service phone installed in a wooden box painted blue, the road to Clackamas Lake turned off to the right and ran for twelve miles along a Forest Service trail that had been brushed out wide enough to permit a wagon to pass through. Punchon logs, laid crosswise like plank, were placed in swampy areas. The rest of the way you were strictly on your own. The trees grew very close to the rutted track and one drove with care to get through without bogging down or getting locked into a tree or two.

I recall that Snead raked off the tonneau from Reliance No. 3 one day when returning from one of these runs. On the trip into the lake with twelve men and their gear he had encountered no trouble. Upon the return trip, the body, released from its heavy load, was riding several inches higher than before. This difference was just enough to cause it to become wedged between a straight tree on one side and a slightly slanted tree on the other. These seized the body as though it were in a vise. The car and its back section very suddenly parted company. Quite fortunately a short distance back was a reel of telephone wire that had not yet been strung up. With the help of a ranger he wrestled the body back on the chassis and wired it with encircling strands around and around, from the cowl to the tail-light. The return trip was otherwise uneventful.

Eight miles from the Blue Box the road swung around the swampy edge of Clear Lake and after another four or five miles reached Clackamas Lake. Beyond this point no wheels turned. At the lake was a one-room cabin used by the ranger, with a lean-to for his horse. A short distance away was the only other building, the log house of Dr. H. C. Miller, the owner and dean of the North Pacific Dental College. Dr. Miller used to spend a month or so each summer at this retreat. It was truly a wilderness then. There was no habitation, barn or shed between these and Government Camp.

Forest fires anywhere in the area usually meant much extra work for the stage drivers. The Forest Service would hire any man who would volunteer to fight fire or would accept assignment at labor hiring halls. It would be up to us to transport them and their baggage to the location. This often meant steady driving for twenty-four hours or more. The head ranger had complete control and it sometimes happened that as soon as one load was delivered we would immediately be sent back for another. If we pleaded weariness, the ranger would authorize us to get a bed at Government Camp, but he would pick up someone else to drive our car. The latter stipulation was all that was needed to get one back on the road again because none of us would ever

dream of turning his car over to a stranger on those roads and trails. As a matter of fact Snead, Simons and I would not change cars with each other. Each had his machine adjusted to the way he wanted it to perform, which, of course, did not suit the other driver who would invariably change the brake tension or carburetor adjustment or some other device to suit his particular driving technique.

During the big fire near Clackamas Lake in 1917, troops were assigned to take over until sufficient civilian fighters could be rounded up. As soon as a load was delivered to the lake we were dispatched back for another load of men or supplies. By the time we had ferried in the civilian fighters, the army men were ordered out. The captain in charge insisted upon immediate return and we were, to use a logger's expression, "caught in the bight."

This happened on a weekend that we had a group of mountain climbers from the Multnomah Club whom we were obliged to bring to Portland after their return from the summit on Sunday afternoon. In order to make our word good with the climbers we picked up our first load of soldiers at Clackamas Lake and drove them to Vancouver Barracks. On our return trip we picked up supplies at Sandy, and then, without notifying the officer at Clackamas Lake, we unloaded them at Government Camp, rounded up our climbers, took them into Portland and hightailed it back to the lake, picking up the supplies again as we passed through Government Camp. Homeward bound with the last load of soldiers I must have drifted off a bit on the way downhill, because we suddenly jolted over a small tree trunk that was lying just off the road near an old camp site. The jolt frightened me enough to keep me on the job the rest of the way down. It happened that the medical officer was one of the passengers, so at Toll Gate I asked him if he had any caffeine in his bag. He had, but he wouldn't give it to me. When I explained just how I had come to hit the tree up the road a way, he dug out his pills with alacrity.

After delivering the soldiers to the barracks in Vancouver about 2 a.m., I drove into the garage, dropped my seat cushions on the floor and "turned in." The night man awak-

ened me about an hour later and informed me that Shorty had had an accident and wanted me to come after him. It was not quite daylight when, a short distance this side of Gresham, I saw a set of wheels and a wagon tongue lying in the ditch alongside the road, and then a large black object appeared in front of my headlights.

I found Shorty's car plowed into the middle of a large vegetable wagon. The wagon lay on its side, the team had run away, and there were vegetables scattered all over the road. There were no persons in sight. When I sounded the horn, Shorty emerged from the small patch of woods beside the road. In one hand he held a hammer and in the other a jack handle. He explained that the team and wagon had suddenly pulled out of a farm road in front of him before he could stop. "Right after the crash there were too many Japs around here to suit me so I picked up some tools and went into the woods for a little nap."

On the previous day when coming from Clackamas Lake, I met a man from Sandy who was hauling a load of supplies to the fire camp. There was a small area into which I could back and clear the road for the oncomer, but he ignored my signal to stop. He told me afterwards that he had figured that there was room to pass. Unfortunately just as we were side by side the dirt crumbled under his wheels and the two cars settled together sideways. The fenders on the Pierce were made of sterner stuff than those of the Dodge and they slowly knifed their way in until we were firmly locked together. It required two hours of hard work to jack up the inside wheels of both cars and build enough road under one of them to permit the other to pull away. All of this could have been avoided had he paused for thirty seconds to permit me to clear the way. This fact I pointed out to him rather clearly in a lecture that lasted the full two hours.

On another occasion a passing problem was solved differently. At this time we were operating a truck which had been made by removing the tonneau from one of the PIERCES and installing a stake platform in its place. It was being driven by one of the Kelly boys, a husky young fellow who

had worked for the Forest Service. Kelly was pulling up Frog Lake Grade with a load of supplies for a fire camp near Clear Lake when he encountered a Model T Ford coming down grade. There was a small shelf on the drop-off side that was big enough to accommodate the Ford but the driver refused to pull out, arguing that it was on Kelly's side of the road. Kelly tried to convince him that, while it would not hold the loaded Pierce the turnout was adequate for the empty and much shorter Ford, but the man was adamant. The solution proved to be quite simple. Kelly merely cold-cocked him with a right to the jaw, pushed him over into the other seat and drove the Ford onto the shelf. He then passed with the truck and drove the Model T again into the road, shoved the driver back behind the wheel and told him that he was returning soon and didn't want to overtake him this side of Sandy. He didn't. We were a bit apprehensive about repercussions from the incident but heard nothing more about it.

My most eventful fire trip was one day when Mr. Henson, chief ranger at Zig Zag, sent me into Summit Meadows to bring out five fire fighters who had been marooned there by the fire. This particular blaze had also circled west of Government Camp and was burning close to the main road near Mosquito Creek. Tom Cowing decided to go with me. We took an ax, a crosscut saw and some chain in case we encountered a tree across the road. The fire was burning quite close to the deep cut with the sharp curve, but it did not hinder our getting through. After crossing the log bridge we found the men in the meadow. Instead of five, there were twelve of them and each had a blanket roll. We tied on the luggage and loaded the men. The bridge was burning when we got to it but it had only recently caught and we easily doused it with water from the creek. Looking ahead we could see that the fire had jumped at the cut and was burning on both sides of the road. It looked too hot to permit a backing maneuver at the curve, but unless we got through, we were trapped.

We had the old 66 that day and decided to chance it. Wide open, in low gear, we slammed into the curve, the left wheels

climbed the sloping bank and the car rocked back level for a moment before the right wheels climbed on that side. We straightened out the curve and got through without bouncing anybody off. I am quite sure that a less rugged car would not have made it. After we passed Government Camp we encountered a burning tree across the road just as we climbed out of Mosquito Creek. I slid back down the hill into the creek and waited until the tree had cooled enough so that the men could cut it. With the chain we dragged the section out of the way and then made it into Sandy without further incident. It was fortunate that I had chosen to park the car in the creek instead of remaining at the top of the hill until the road was cleared. A few minutes after the men started to work on the fallen tree a gust of wind whipped a tongue of "crown fire" across the road at that point. The resulting shower of burning branches and bark fell upon the road and would have filled the car with flaming debris.

It was not only during fire season that we drove long hours. It was almost standard procedure for us to make a round trip on Saturday and return in the late afternoon with a load of mountain climbers. Frequently these were parties arranged by Ray Conway. We would deliver them to Government Camp, from where they usually left immediately to spend the night at Camp Blossom at the timberline before starting the ascent at daybreak the following morning. One of us would then drive back to Portland to be on hand for outgoing passengers Sunday morning. The other drivers would lay over to return the regular passengers to Portland and then double back to Government Camp in time to meet the climbers upon their return from the summit in the late afternoon.

During our heaviest summer rush, one Saturday evening I arrived at the garage quite late, having made a round trip to Government Camp and a second one to Rhododendron and Tawney's that day. The other drivers were laying over at the resorts and I had returned without a load to pick up the outbound Sunday morning passengers. I was tired and looked forward to a good night's sleep. This was not to be. The night man had chartered a special load of fishermen who

were to be picked up at 11 p. m. for some destination on the Salmon River. There was nothing to do but service the car and get going. I took forty winks while the night man attended to the gas, oil, tires and lights. Arriving at the address, I discovered the fishermen were a group of steady patrons of a Second Street saloon who were being entertained by the proprietors. They were well "organized" for the trip and took along a generous commissary of food and drink. I counted only three fishing rods and one creel for the entire party of eight.

We were no sooner on the road than the beer bottles were uncapped and passed from hand to hand. In due time the singing started. I bypassed Gresham by continuing east on Division to Cleveland Road before turning south to Powell Valley Road. A few miles east of Gresham I was asked to stop. One man left the car for the side of the road but soon returned. This was repeated for another passenger a short time later. The drinking continued and the stops grew more frequent. We were not making very good time and morning was coming fast. When the next request came, I ordered everyone to get out; all obeyed. I was particularly pleased with this plan and it worked well until somebody called out: "Where's Jim?" A nose count showed that we were one soul short. Backtracking two or three miles we found Jim peacefully sleeping alongside of the road at the site of our last stop.

We eventually arrived at Welches where the dance was still going. My party wanted to join up but I ignored the request and we continued on to a gravel bar in the Salmon River about halfway to Tawney's. Here they were unloaded and told to be at the same spot at 4 p. m. else they would be left behind.

I hightailed it back to town. By the time the night man and I had spaded the Bull Durham tobacco and mashed hard-boiled eggs out of the car it was time to pick up the Sunday morning passengers. I returned to the gravel bar at 4 p. m. and found the entire company awaiting return. Some of them hadn't changed location; none had any fish.

One of the hosts lived in the Lents district and asked to

be dropped off there after assuring me that his partner would pay for the trip. When we arrived at the saloon the other partner asked me to return on Monday for the money. I held out for cash immediately, believing that by Monday all would deny ever having seen me. The host explained that all of the money was in the safe and the partner at home was the only one who had the combination.

I played a hunch that a bluff from me would call his, and acting on an impulse, I flipped open the door to the tool box under the driver's seat and came up with a ball pean hammer, remarking: "Let's have the money now and get along to bed." The stage of inebriation was such that he thought I would use the hammer, and without further argument he entered the saloon, unlocked the safe, and paid the fares. I have many times wondered what I would have done had they known how scared I was and had called my bluff.

The return trips with climbers were very different from the outbound journeys. On the way out everyone was full of pep and there was much singing and horseplay. I recall one trip when Conway was beginning to warm them up by standing in the front compartment extolling the beauties of nature and the wonders of fresh air free from city soot and dust. He finally demanded: "Everybody watch me. When I count three, everybody fill his lungs with fresh country air. One—two—three!" At that precise moment we entered the aura of a dead cow that had been lying just over the fence along the road for almost a week. Ray had not known about the cow but as soon as his audience had exhaled and completely cleared their lungs, he was immediately accused, hauled head first over the back of the front seat, and given a lusty "hot hand" by each member of the party. On the return trip the singing was usually over by the time we cleared Toll Gate and after we passed Sandy the exhausted climbers were soundly asleep. During such trips the hardest part of the drive was from Gresham to Portland. Here the road was paved and smooth. After driving intently every foot of the way, dodging rocks, trees and chuck holes, constantly changing gears and applying both hand and foot brakes for hours at a time, one felt a relaxation from the

smooth straight road that was hard to fight off. The steady purr of the exhaust and the heavy night air forced sleep upon one and he had to resort to constant change of position, or singing, or varying his pace to keep awake. When his passengers were sleeping he just sat there and fought it out.

One night I must have drifted off for several moments. Suddenly I became aware of the fact that I was not driving on pavement but upon a macadam road. Startled, I rapidly began to take stock. I recalled passing through Gresham and continuing west on Powell Valley Road. How then did I get upon a secondary non-paved road? I sized up the surrounding country and the stars overhead and decided I must be heading north. If that were so, I should encounter the Section Line Road within a mile. Sure enough, a few minutes later I came to Section Line and turned left continuing into Portland without mishap. I have no recollection of having made the turn from Powell Valley Road.

The most trying trip I made was during one of the Mazama Club outings. There were more than a hundred people on this trip and we had hired extra cars and drivers. The first day we dropped them off at Rhododendron, where they spent the night. The second day we began to ferry them up to Government Camp. On my first return trip the foot brake drawbar broke in two, leaving only the less powerful hand brake for control of the car. We considered it to be too hazardous to carry passengers with the car in that condition so each driver left his usual complement of luggage for me to haul and in its place put on another passenger or two.

When camp was finally struck, the cook and I loaded everything into the car, piled high with sleeping bags and other duffel. All went well until we entered a short swampy stretch just this side of Government Camp. In the middle of the mudhole the clutch throwout yoke broke as I was changing gears. We were completely stuck. Snead came down with his car and towed me into camp.

Time would not permit our obtaining and installing a new yoke. There were no other cars available since we had hired every one we could find who would tackle the job. We could not get along with one less car and fulfill our agreement as

to return time. This car was Reliance No. 2, which was a Pierce Arrow 4-48, and had a progressive type gear transmission. The shifting lever was on the steering column under the steering wheel, just as it is in the average car today. The motor was of big bore and long piston stroke so that it operated at a much lower engine speed than our present cars. Once the car was in gear and rolling, it was possible to shift from one gear to the other without releasing the clutch if one used precise timing with the throttle and the shift lever. If the timing was not exact, one would fail to engage the next gear or pass completely by it, in which event it was necessary to stop the car and begin all over again. Since we were constantly shifting, we soon acquired expert timing and frequently changed gears without using the clutch, but never when conditions were not completely favorable. It was because of this technique that we decided to use No. 2 as a baggage car for the return trip so that the other cars could employ all of their space to carry the passengers. We filled the gas tank and towed the car to a spot where there was a sharp downhill pitch ahead, the front wheels were blocked with small logs. Using a crowbar for leverage the clutch was disengaged and the transmission was shifted into high gear. The spring reengaged the clutch when the crowbar was removed. The car top was folded back, because otherwise we could not get all of the duffel aboard. I was to wait one hour after the last passenger load departed so that I would not be apt to overtake them on the road should one of them be delayed by a flat tire or other minor difficulty. Once launched I had to keep moving and stay in gear until we touched home base.

The climbers began to arrive and were fed as soon as possible. When all had eaten the cook tent was struck and the loading began. When finished the duffel was piled high in the tonneau and on the baggage racks until we looked like a load of hay looming in the darkness. One by one the other cars pulled out, taking all of the passengers, even the cook. It began to rain. I put the chains on each wheel in case they would be needed.

Three men suddenly appeared in the hotel lobby, cold,

wet and hungry. They had climbed without a guide from Cloud Cap Inn on the north side and had descended on the south. Having planned for an early start they had expected to arrive in Government Camp early enough to catch the usual passenger stage but had made no reservations. They did not know about the Mazama party and because of considerable difficulty during their ascent, they did not reach the summit until after the Mazamas had started down. When they learned that there was no transportation available, their dismay approached panic. Each believed that his job depended upon his being at work the next day.

Explaining the exact condition of my car I tried to make them understand why I could not accept them as passengers. They offered double and triple fares which were refused. Finally one of them sat down and composed a statement to the effect that they had been advised of the hazards, etc., but would take all risks without attempt at recovery of damages if any should be injured. They also agreed to pay full fare. The document was solemnly signed, witnessed by Mr. Pridemore and his wife and given to them for safe keeping. Secretly I was glad to have them along. I did not fear any mishap that would cause an injury, but I could anticipate many situations where an extra hand might be very welcome.

At departure time two of the men were seated beside me on the front seat, the third stood on the running board and hung on as best he could. He could later sit upon the floor of the front compartment (no front doors on these cars) with his feet on the running board where the going was not too rough.

The acetylene headlights were lighted, the ignition switch was turned on, the guides kicked the logs away from the front wheels, and as I released the hand brake, the car began to move down the hill. After rolling about ten feet the engine started to fire and I immediately began to down shift. We got into low gear and slowly pulled out of Government Camp in a pouring rain.

With the car in low gear we had no difficulty on the grades as the compression of the engine together with the hand

brake provided adequate control. The most difficult task was to keep from stalling when entering chuck holes slowly enough to keep from breaking springs. We were in high gear when we passed Toll Gate. The other drivers had told the keeper that we would not be able to stop so the gate was open for us as we breezed through.

From Zig Zag to Sandy we crawled in second and low gear but arrived in Sandy about 3:30 in the morning, soaked to the skin and chilled to the bone. We decided to stop and try to get some coffee and get warmed up. A sharp disturbing rattle had developed up front and I was anxious to investigate the cause. I figured that we could get going again by propping one rear wheel on a block and cranking the engine with the transmission in high gear. We could then be pushed off the block and be on our way. Cars of this vintage lacked self-starters and were cranked by hand. Care was exercised to have the spark control lever in retarded position to prevent backfiring which would whip the starting crank in a reverse direction often fracturing the arm of the driver.

If a motor was in good condition one cylinder would sometimes retain a charge of fuel after the ignition was cut off. If it had not been standing too long the motor would sometimes start itself when the switch was closed and the spark control lever given a quick move. This was called "starting on compression."

Caspar Junker, who ran the Sandy Hotel, saloon and restaurant, got out of bed and made us some coffee and sandwiches. I found that the rattle was made by the starting crank, which had fallen from its holster and had then caught on a rock or plank which bent it back under the axle like a hook. Since the engine was warm we succeeded in getting it going by twisting the propped-up wheel and thus cranking the engine through the transmission system. Fortunately it started readily. We let it idle until we were ready to go again.

At departure time one of the passengers kicked away the blocks from the wheels, pushed us off the prop and then sprinted to catch us as I down shifted to low gear. We arrived in Portland without further incident, but I wouldn't want to do it again.

Actual road driving did not account for all of the long hours that we put in. At the beginning most passengers expected to be picked up at their homes, which meant arising at least an hour earlier than would otherwise be necessary. Upon return another hour would be spent in delivering them to their doors again. After this the car had to be made ready for the next trip. We finally solved the pick-up and delivery problem by making an extra charge for the service and eventually requiring all passengers to come to Routledge's Seed Store on Second Street where a ticket office was conducted for us on commission.

There was no way to solve the maintenance situation except by keeping the cars in the best possible shape. Since we could not afford to lay a car off during the short busy season, we would work on them at night, sometimes all night if it were a bearing job or a brake reline. After much experimentation we found that plenty of fresh high-grade oil solved much of our bearing, valve and carbon troubles. It became a fixed rule to change oil after every three trips. This simple expedient made a remarkable reduction in our maintenance chores. Washing and greasing was finally given over to a full-time night man.

We made certain modifications of the cars from time to time in attempts to improve their operability or to speed up certain functions. One change that we appreciated greatly was the installation of electric lighters for our acetylene headlights. The original equipment consisted of a carbide generator in which water was slowly dripped onto a container of carbide to make gas. These were mounted on the running board of the car and connected to the lamps by means of rubber tubing. When it became necessary to turn the lights on, the car was stopped, the headlight lenses were unlatched and swung open. A valve was opened on the generator to permit water to drop slowly upon the carbide and after a moment or two the gas began to escape from the burners and could be lighted with a match. The lenses were then latched tightly and the journey was resumed. These lights were an annoying nuisance since the burners' inefficient functioning not only reduced the brilliance

of the flame but also smoked up the lenses and further reduced illumination. After each use the generators had to be opened up, the old carbide residue removed, new carbide installed and the water container refilled. The reflecting mirrors were brought back to normal brilliance by polishing with lamp black and the lenses would be similarly treated.

We replaced the carbide generators with "Presto-lite" tanks, which were a big improvement. These were heavy steel cylinders that contained acetylene gas under pressure to be released into the tubing by turning a key-operated valve. These cylinders provided more satisfactory gas for combustion, less mirror polishing, and abolished the messy generator rejuvenation. It was still necessary to stop the car and tramp back and forth from the tank to the headlights in mud, dust and howling rain in order to light them.

The next move was to wire a spark gap across each burner and hook them up to a high tension vibrator coil. When a button on the dash was pushed a spark would play across the burner tips and ignite the escaping gas. The gas was carried from the Presto tank to a valve on the dashboard, thence to the headlights. It was no longer necessary to stop or leave the seat to get the lights going. There was only one little catch to it. You had always to remember to have the spark playing when the gas reached the burners. If the gas arrived there first, in any quantity, blooey—no lense. Several seasons later electric lights powered by storage batteries were installed.

We were never able to capture the secret of the improved motor performance that came with nightfall. It was very noticeable with our old slow speed engines. Regardless of how well tuned they were the performance in the daytime was never equal to that that took place from dusk on. There was an improved acceleration and marked reduction in engine noise. From a somewhat belabored thrashing mechanism it suddenly took on a purring silkiness as though it was an entirely different machine. We attributed the change to increased density of the air because of its increased moisture content. Although we experimented with devices that injected vapor, or let more air into the intake manifolds, we

could never produce the same effect.

Our greatest source of trouble in operation was the tires. These were the days of the old fabric tires. Although the better grades were guaranteed for 3,000 miles, we really felt that if we got 1,500 miles out of them we were lucky. Our first cars were equipped with clincher tires. These had several strands of piano wire in the bead strips and had to be forced over the clincher rims by strenuous prying with irons. One or two broken spring leaves were frequently employed for this purpose. When one of these tires punctured it was necessary to pry the outside bead loose, all the way around the wheel—usually it was firmly rusted on. The tube was then fished out and patched by scuffing it and the repair patch with sandpaper to roughen them, washing the area with benzine and then coating them with rubber cement. When the first coat was almost dry a second one was applied and when this was almost dry the patch was applied, and pressed firmly to the tube. These were known as cold patches and they were the most universally used for roadside repairs. Hot patches were available for those who preferred. After proper preparation of the tube a patch was cut by scissors from a roll of vulcanizing material; this was pressed tightly to the tube by means of a flat surface held by a clamp. A charge of gunpowder was put into a receptacle on the plate of the device, and lighted by a match. The resulting heat would be sufficient to fuse the patch to the tube—if you were lucky. The results were not always reliable and the fussy work attending the procedure made them unpopular.

After the repaired tube was re-inserted within the casing a small amount of air was pumped in and the bead was carefully pried back over the clincher rim. Great care was taken to avoid pinching the tube between the bead and the rim because this would tear the tube and the process would have to be repeated. After this came the pumping. These tires carried seventy pounds pressure per square inch and it took time and real labor to inflate them.

We soon discarded the clincher rims for "quick, detachable, demountable rims." With such equipment we could

carry a spare tire, inflated and ready to go to work. By removing bolted lugs the entire rim and tire were taken off and replaced by the new one, much as the present-day wheel is changed. This was all very well if no more than one flat was encountered in a day, but one could not always be that lucky. One day I changed tires five times in twenty-two miles.

Cold patches were not too satisfactory as they sometimes loosened and caused slow leaks, so it was our custom to carry spare inner tubes. Replacing a tube on a quick detachable rim was much less work than with the clincher type. With the tube completely deflated an outer locking ring was pried out of its slot around the rim. This permitted the retaining ring to slide off. The straight side wall tire could then be pulled from the flat rim, provided that it wasn't rusted on. If so, it could be quite a tussle to break it loose. Reassembly was somewhat easier although one still had to guard against flap pinches.

To avoid the time loss and labor of pumping, some of us carried small carbon dioxide cylinders, one of which would inflate a 37x5 inch tire to seventy pounds pressure. We also experimented with spark plug pumps. When using these a spark plug was removed from one cylinder of the motor and the pump was screwed into place. When the motor was started the suction and compression strokes of the piston actuated the pump and the tire was slowly inflated. These were slow and not too popular. The most successful device was a small four cylinder compressor (the Kellog) that could be run by a sprocket and chain from the water pump shaft. These were much faster and less troublesome to use. There was also a two cylinder pump (the Rohrbacher) that was driven by a friction pulley against the fly wheel for cars with inaccessible water pump shafts.

Frequent tire inspection was necessary. Unless a cut in the tread or side wall was sealed off, dirt and sand would work its way in and build up a deposit between the fabric and the tread. These were known as "sand boils" and eventually they could lead to a blowout. Unless tire pressures were kept close to the specified rating, "rim cuts" would develop and a blow-out would ensue.

All manner of skid-proof and puncture-proof devices were being tried in those days. One company manufactured a rawhide casing that was studded with heavy steel rivets. This fitted over the tire and was held by clamps to the rim. It was beset by many handicaps. When wet, the rawhide stretched, and it shrunk and cracked when dry. Mud and sand worked in between it and the casing causing tread damage. "Knobby treads" and rubber suction cups were highly advertised. One company incorporated spiral steel springs like screendoor springs, into the tread. As these wore down they exposed multiple sharp steel points against the road surface. Such devices were of some value when used on paved surfaces but none could cope with the slippery clay or the deep mud of our road. We always made sure to have chains along on every trip be it summer or winter.

About 1916, the tire manufacturers developed the "cord tire." These were much superior in quality and it was claimed by the makers that the cars equipped with them would roll more easily and require less gas per mile. My car was selected as a test car and thus it was fitted with the first set of 37x5 cord tires to be used in the state. The day they were installed I backed the car into the usual stall, cut off the engine and started for the office. Detecting something in motion behind me I turned and found the car rolling towards me. It had never before been necessary to set the brakes when parking in the garage; in fact it took much effort with the old tires, to push the car from its stall to the wash rack although there was a slight down slope.

I pushed the car back into its place and carefully let go. It again moved slowly forward and finally coasted all the way to the wash rack by its own momentum weight. On the first trip I found that I could easily top grades in high gear that formerly pulled me down to a slow lug or forced a shift. These tires, too, had some faults. It was on this first trip that I had to change five times in twenty-two miles, the flats resulting from faulty rim flaps. The over-all performance of cord tires was much superior to the old fabric carcass type and they became the forerunners of our present day casings.

One of my flat tire experiences developed into a celebrated

mystery which was not solved until thirty years later. That day I had to make a road change near Cherryville. During the lunch stop at Tawney's I demounted the flat tire, repaired it and reinstalled it on the rear wheel, returning the spare tire to the carrying rack. Enroute to Government Camp the same tire went down again at Tollgate. I replaced it with the spare and completed the day's run without further mishap. That evening during preparations for the next day's run, the tire was demounted and a railroad spike was found inside the casing. Some of the cords of the inside layer had been cut by the head of the spike but the outside layers were intact. There was no hole in the casing. There were no railroads within thirty miles of Tollgate. The casing was examined in every way imaginable and subjected to much twisting and distortion but there was no penetrating defect. Thirty years later, while visiting my office, one of the Tawney grandsons confessed that he had slipped the spike into the casing at a moment when my back was turned, just before I had mounted it on the rim.

The "cut-out" that has been frequently mentioned here is a device no longer tolerated on motor cars. Our days and nights would be hideous if they were, but in the old days they served a useful purpose. The old time mufflers were not as efficient as their modern counterpart and they smothered out considerable power by causing back pressure. Relieved from such back pressure, the engine ran cooler and developed more power when a "cut-out" valve, installed between the engine and the muffler, was opened. This of course sacrificed all muffling of the crackling exhaust. The cut-out was also extremely useful during motor tune-up operations. The tone of a Pierce Arrow exhaust was different than that of all other cars and a Pierce with the cut-out open could be recognized by ear, long before it could be seen. The difference was brought about by a section of pipe about six inches in length that conducted the exhaust gas downward, away from the muffler. This produced a distinctive bell-like tone instead of the harsh bark of other cars.

The cut-out also served another purpose, upon one occasion at least. Outbound with a full load of passengers one

morning we were overtaken by a short coupled Pope Hartford carrying two young men and their girls. Soon after passing us they slowed down and we soon caught up to them, whereupon they sprinted away. This was repeated over and over and it was quite obvious that they considered this to be a lark. We were deliberately being "dusted."

I was helpless because they had as much power as I had and were carrying only about one-fourth as much weight. I pulled into a shady spot and parked hoping that they would tire of the game and go on about their business. After waiting fifteen or twenty minutes we got under way again and after about five miles, in an especially dusty section, we encountered our tormentors changing their left rear tire. I stopped closely alongside and asked if they needed help. Quite shamefacedly they said that they did not.

"Well, here is some of your dust," said I as I opened the cut-out and gunned the motor. We moved ahead a few feet and did it again and then pulled away wide open in low gear. It was a successful operation as most of the road surface filtered down upon the unfortunate captives. Some of the passengers wanted to turn back and give them a second treatment. It was a temptation but we had already lost too much time. We did not encounter our friends again.

Shopping and Odd Jobs along the Way

There were numerous summer homes scattered along the Salmon River, near Zig Zag and about Rhododendron. There were none in the stretch between Toll Gate and Government Camp until around 1918, when the government began to lease summer home sites in the Forest Reserve.

Since there were no stores that supplied goods other than food and minor staples, the stage drivers were frequently requested by the "summer people" to pick up various articles for them in town. I have had requests to buy shoes, shoe strings, clothing including a corset, camera films, drugs and various other items. The other drivers received similar requests until it soon became impossible for us to find enough time to pick up all of the articles asked for. Mrs. Snead solved the problem for us by taking on the duties of shopper.

The most unusual request that came to me was from old Joe Blieu, a French-Canadian woodcutter who lived by himself in a one-room cabin just off the road between Welches and Tawney's. He flagged me down one afternoon and covertly asked: "Ivan, you bring me out a woman? I pay you." This was one request that I did not turn over to Mrs. Snead, and since we were operating a stage line instead of a matrimonial bureau I had to explain to Joe that we would have to let him down.

One very hot August afternoon I picked up a young man at Rhododendron bound for Portland. He told me that he had just finished a job near Government Camp. Feeling that he could not afford the \$1.50 for a one-way fare from there to Rhododendron he had hiked the nine miles down grade carrying his pack. He paid his fare the rest of the way to town. The next morning he was waiting for me at Routledge's when I pulled in to pick up my load. He was much distressed concerning the loss of two \$20 gold pieces that had disappeared after he had left Government Camp. He recalled having turned off the road at a grassy plot just above Twin Bridges for a rest. While there he had removed his shoes and soaked his feet in the cold stream. He thought that the coins might have slipped from his pocket while he was there.

On the out trip that day I recognized the place that he had described. Leaving the car, I walked approximately twenty-five feet to the edge of the stream. As I approached the spot I caught the glint of the sun shining on some object lying in the matted grass. There lay the two gold pieces. I put them in an envelope which I left for him at the seed store that night. The following day I received an envelope with a note of thanks and one of the twenties. Believing that, if he could not afford to pay \$1.50 for a ride, he could less afford to pay \$20 for the privilege of walking, I returned it to the clerk who promised to call him on the phone and ask him to pick it up.

The next day there was an envelope with \$10 enclosed, with a note saying in effect that since I could have had the entire \$40 by merely denying that I had found it, he felt that

I should have at least \$10 for my trouble. This was also returned. Back came the envelope with \$5.00 and a note that he would not respond to any more calls.

I was not so fortunate in another instance when an actress stopped off at Rhododendron for lunch and returned that same afternoon. After lunch she had strolled down "The Laughing Water Trail," and sat beside the stream for a time. During the return trip she suddenly announced that she had lost a small jewel case that she had carried with her. I was given precise instructions as to the most likely place where it might have been lost. The next day a search was made by Emil Franzetti and he failed to locate it, and I so reported that night. The next day the clerk told me that her response to my message was that she had no doubt but that the driver had found it all right and she had been foolish to entertain any thoughts of its being returned to her. I have often wondered how disappointed she may have been over the failure of the incident to make the papers. It did provide excitement for the small fry for a season or two. The Laughing Water Trail became the mecca for numerous pairs of bright young eyes but no one ever found the jewels.

On certain occasions, usually after a busy weekend, we would be asked to haul the soiled laundry from some of the resorts into Portland. On one such trip one of the passengers happened to look back and saw various and sundry pieces of linen littering the road behind us. The big laundry bag had broken open and we were laying a trail like a paper chase. We immediately turned about and, for over a mile, retrieved laundry, sometimes hanging on a bush, sometimes in the ruts and occasionally almost out of sight behind a log. There was no way of knowing whether we had found it all, but since there was no claim of shortage, I presume that our recovery was complete.

I was somewhat behind schedule one day when I was stopped to pick up laundry at Tawney's. This was after the fire and before all of the plumbing had been installed in the new hotel. As I started into the wash house behind the main building, my way was barred by a young man seated by the door smoking a cigarette.

"I'm afraid you'll have to keep out for a while, fellah; my wife's in there taking a bath," he explained.

The laundry company in Portland became very lax in their delivery schedules, causing frequent delays in our departure, much telephoning, and well-founded complaints from passengers who had arranged to be on time. I had frequently discussed this with Mr. Tawney but he never got around to doing anything about it. I finally told him that I would no longer delay departure. If the bundles were not there in time they would have to wait over. A few days later I made good my threat and arrived without fresh laundry. In answer to Tawney's request where it was, I replied:

"You remember I warned you about it. I told you that I couldn't wait for it and since it wasn't there, I pulled out on time."

"And you didn't bring it?" Until I saw Mrs. Tawney's face I did not realize who was the real victim of the episode. It was she who would have to add to all her other duties the chore of washing linen with entirely inadequate equipment until the next bundles arrived. Without further word she picked up a freshly baked wild blackberry pie, cut it in half and handed it to me with the remark:

"Young man, you go out there and eat this right now, every crumb of it, and don't you ever let this happen again." Those who have eaten Mrs. Tawney's wild blackberry pie can realize full well the great measure of coals that were heaped upon my head that day. Never again did I leave the laundry behind.

We also did banking errands for the resort owners, who would give us the week end "take" for transportation to the banks in Portland. We never knew how much we might be carrying since it was always in a poke sack ready to be turned in to the teller. I was making a late return one day with only one passenger, an Englishman who was making the complete round trip that day. At Government Camp, Rhododendron and Tawney's he saw the proprietors hand me the poke sacks. It was almost dark when we reached the narrow road through the timber below Brightwood. My passenger

suddenly inquired "I say, old fellow, do you carry weapons of any kind?" I replied that we had none aboard. "But wasn't that money they gave you at the inns?" he inquired. I told him that I assumed there probably was some money in the sacks.

By this time we were winding through the dark corridor of trees and he pointed ahead. "What would you do if a bandit stepped out from behind that tree and ordered you to stop?"

"I would stop so fast that you would probably pitch into the windshield."

"You wouldn't try to save it?"

"Not me," I replied. "If he were a real bandit he would have the drop on me before I ever saw him. After all it isn't my money and no one has asked me to fight for it."

The next morning when I arrived at the garage the night man gave me a package that "an Englishman" had brought to him about 2 a.m. via taxi, with the message that I was to keep it with me at all times. In the package was a small Ivers Johnson 32 caliber revolver with a box of shells. According to my lights I figured that it would prove to be a bigger liability than an asset so I left it in the box. So far as I know no one was ever held up or molested in any way along the old road. If any of the drivers carried weapons I never knew of it.

Another chore that fell to our lot was giving aid to drivers of stalled cars. Usually this was done just to help a fellow traveler, but sometimes it was necessary to get them running in order to move them out of the way so that we could get by. One day I encountered a one cylinder Cadillac stalled just east of Sandy. We got him running but encountered him again that evening a few miles further on as we were returning to town. Again we got him going only to find him stalled the next morning on our outbound trip. His trouble was in the "make and break" ignition system, and as soon as the engine began to miss on one cylinder, he was all through. We succeeded in getting him going the third time and resumed our outbound trip wondering how far he would have gone by the time we returned. He must have decided to return home and the engine must have agreed with the decision since we did not see him again.

Broken springs, broken frames, ripped out transmission or differential gears, broken axles, burned out connecting rods or main bearings, punctured crank cases and leaky radiators were not infrequently encountered along the road.

Quite frequently we met very interesting people among our passengers. One morning a rotund, boyish-faced extrovert was among the group that boarded my car. As soon as we were underway he passed a card of coupons to each of the passengers. After considerable chuckling from the passengers he finally gave one to me. At the top was printed in large letters "Comfort Coupons," and immediately below, in smaller letters, "When needed, detach coupon, hand to driver, and hurry back." Attached were five coupons each carrying the single word "Stop."

I could have used these on one trip when an elderly, shy little lady asked me if I was sure that I was on the right road. I assured her that I was. I had noticed that she had remained in the car when we stopped at Sandy. After another mile or so she repeated her question and I explained that having made at least one round trip daily for several summers I was very sure where we were.

After a few more minutes she asked, "Young man will you stop at the next farm house and make inquiry about the road?"

A light dawned upon me as I replied, "Lady, I'll stop right here." Whereupon she alighted. After a short sojourn into the adjoining woods she returned fully satisfied that we were, for sure, upon the right road.

Upon one occasion the passengers fell to discussing the newspaper announcement of a wedding that was to be held on the summit of Mt. Hood the following day. There were all sorts of comments made about it, such as "Most people getting married are up in the air high enough, without having to climb a mountain," and "I suppose the preacher will really be a sky pilot." The only two who did not contribute to the discussion, we later learned, were the bridegroom and the preacher. The bride had gone with her parents in the family car. The ceremony was held as scheduled. I have no knowledge of any other couples repeating the performance. The

minister was not, however, the only "sky pilot" to officiate on the peak. Upon two occasions the Knights of Columbus engaged Ray Conway to guide parties from their lodge up the mountain and each time Ray packed an altar on his back all the way to the top so that mass could be held on the summit.

One day Col. William B. Greeley, a tall, rather taciturn middle-aged man, climbed into the front seat. I had carried him before and he remembered me. The other front seat passenger, who boarded a few minutes later, was a local man who was an enthusiast for the "great outdoors." He soon discovered that his seat mate was not from Oregon but was a resident of Washington, D. C., and he thereupon launched into a lecture that lasted almost the entire trip. He explained to our visitor that "these trees are not pines—Easterners are wont to call all of our conifers 'pines' but these are in reality Douglas fir." He pointed out the cedars, the lodge pole pine, alder, rhododendron, and other species of the flora as the scenery changed. He also gave out much information concerning the Cascade Mountains and particularly Mt. Hood.

When we arrived at Government Camp there were half a dozen Forest Service men waiting to greet the Colonel and take him immediately to the dining room. After lunch all reappeared, dressed for the trail. The Colonel asked me to be sure to have a seat for him on the following Thursday, and the party mounted their horses and rode off. As they disappeared into the hills, his seat mate approached me and asked if I knew who the visitor was. He was a bit taken back to learn that he was the Chief Forester of the United States. That was the time that Colonel Greeley rode the survey of the then proposed Mt. Hood loop, which has now been in use for many years.

I have many times wished that I could read a book entitled, "The Rim of the U. S. as Seen Through the Eyes of a Ten Year Old Boy." I often wonder if such a book was ever published. My curiosity stems from an episode that took place in the summer of 1916 or 1917. A Boston woman and her young son rode with me to Government Camp and plied me with questions all of the way. The mother told me that her son was writing a book of his adventures around the

country but, during the time I observed them, mama was gathering most of the material.

The old Government Camp hotel had a covered porch that crossed the front (north side) of the building and then turned along the east side and jogged again to cross the recessed portion in front of the office. The dining room was in the front part of the first floor wing.

This was one of the days that "Wild Bill" Taylor rode in to pick up his mail and supplies. Wild Bill was a very colorful character. He had a most vivid imagination which permitted him to spin tall and colorful tales on the spur of the moment. One of his legs had been amputated above the knee and he wore a long peg leg in its place. When on horseback the peg fitted into a tin can that he had fixed to the stirrup leather, but he got along with the best of them. This summer he was in charge of a herd of cattle that was grazing at Summit Meadows a few miles east of Government Camp, and it was his custom to come in every week or ten days for supplies.

We had arrived at the hotel somewhat earlier than usual that day and while waiting for lunch, Bill and I were seated on the step of the porch. He had told me about missing some cows and mentioned that he had "thrown a saddle on a cayuse" and ridden off to search for them. A few moments later the Boston lady, notebook in hand, who had been just around the corner of the porch, apparently listening to the conversation, interrupted with an apology.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I just overheard a bit of your conversation. Did I understand this gentleman," indicating Bill, "to say that he saddled a coyote and rode it off?"

Without batting an eye Bill answered, "Yes, ma'am."

"But I didn't know that coyotes were big enough to ride."

"They are up here, ma'am," answered Bill.

After exploring the subject further, she invited Bill to be her guest for lunch, which was undoubtedly the first experience he had ever had eating in the main dining room. Bill showed up the next day and was again invited to lunch. When he went back that day he was accompanied by the young "author." Bill had sold them on the idea that it would

be a great experience for the boy to spend a night at his camp and see how he worked the cattle. He had brought an extra horse for his guest. I would certainly like to have listened to the tall tales that were spun that night in front of Bill's campfire.

The day they left for Portland I heard him tell them about one of his experiences in Canada. It seems that some years back he had engaged in trapping up there and one day, so his story revealed, he was passing near an Indian encampment when he heard a woman screaming. Cautiously reconnoitering, he discovered an Indian buck beating a young squaw.

"Well," said Bill, "be they red, white, black or yellow, no man can beat a woman in my presence, so I charged in and knocked him down. Then I found out that he was the chief and the squaw was his daughter. I figured I was in big trouble but you never know what an Injun will do. You know, he said that he liked a brave man and he insisted that I marry his daughter."

The Boston lady was taking notes furiously.

Bill resumed: "I didn't want to marry any woman but he insisted so strong that I begun to figure that after all, since I was going to have to be around that area the rest of the season maybe I'd better keep in strong with the Injuns or I'd maybe lose my traps and my pelts too. So I married her."

"She was really a fine woman and she sure was crazy over me. It was pretty nice all right to have someone at the cabin cookin' meals and doin' washin'. It worked out so nice that I spent another season up there. When I finally had to come home I was in quite a fix. It was all right to be a squaw man up there but I sure couldn't bring her back to the States with me. I tried to talk her into going back to her people but she wouldn't listen to that. She began to get sick and ailin' and I could see that if I left her she'd die of a broken heart, so I just shot her."

Yes, sir, I would surely like to read the Oregon chapter in that book if it ever was published.

One of the most interesting passengers was the late B. F. Irvine, who was then the editor of the *Oregon Journal*. Mr.

Irvine had been entirely blind for many years. Throughout the trip he discussed the terrain, the streams, the flora and the road conditions in such a way that it was quite easy for me to supply the information he sought. I'm sure that many sighted passengers saw much less of the country than did he. Many years later I encountered him again at the Multnomah Club. I addressed him with the stereotyped remark "You won't remember me but . . ." He interrupted with "Please don't tell me who you are young man, let's talk for a little while. I'm sure that I do remember you." After a few minutes of small talk, he suddenly announced, "Surely I remember you. You were the lad who drove me up to Mt. Hood in August 1917."

Among the many persons who travelled the old road there were two who have wrought a profound influence upon my life, both of them women. I feel justified in interjecting a bit of purely personal memorabilia into this narrative because each of these remarkable women came into my life via the road to Mt. Hood.

Miss Ethel Wakeman, a native of Westport, Connecticut, joined the first faculty of the East Portland High School as an English teacher when that institution was first built. The school was renamed the Washington High School a few years later. I was one of her many pupils. Miss Wakeman was a devotee of the great outdoors and spent much of her leisure time in the mountains or along the beaches. Having discovered one of her former students to be engaged in the stage business she made every effort to lend her patronage whenever possible. There were some occasions during off seasons, that she would charter the car for the purpose of showing her friends about the country. She had a remarkable interest in most of her former students, keeping track of many of them as they set forth on their varying careers, and she was therefore well aware of the fact that I was enrolled in Medical School.

As I approached my final year I began to give some thought to internship. Internship was not a requisite for obtaining a license to practice medicine in Oregon at that time but it was nevertheless considered to be a very valuable and necessary

training. I had not yet decided to which local hospitals I would apply when I received a letter from Miss Wakeman informing me that she had arranged for me to apply at the City and County Hospital in St. Paul, Minnesota (now known as the Ancker Hospital), I was a bit frightened to think of myself, from a small "fresh water" school, competing with men from the well known and big mid-western and eastern colleges. Upon investigation I learned that an appointment to City and County was eagerly sought and difficult to obtain. I began to doubt that my chances would be at all favorable, but these doubts were dispelled by a telegram from Dr. Ancker, the superintendent, demanding an acceptance or rejection by return wire. My acceptance set off a chain of circumstances that have been most valuable to me to this day.

It was almost a year before I learned just how it was accomplished. During one trip between Oregon and Connecticut, Miss Wakeman had the misfortune to come down with the measles while on the train. She was removed from the train at St. Paul and taken to the Contagious Hospital, a part of the City and County Hospital. Being a woman of much spirit she was far from happy over having missed her first college reunion. It was Dr. Ancker's custom to visit, personally, every patient admitted to the institution within twenty-four hours after entry. Dr. Ancker was a perfectionist and he was definitely a martinet. At times he could be quite waspish. It seems that when he called upon Miss Wakeman the first day with the cheering observation she would make her fortune at Barnum's Circus, she retorted with some rather uncomplimentary remarks regarding the discomforts afforded by the horse-drawn ambulance as it rocked its way out West 7th Avenue, then paved with Belgian blocks (square cobble stones), thereby setting off a rather spirited exchange.

Apparently he found the experience stimulating because he visited her frequently thereafter. Subsequently she was entertained at his home and always when in St. Paul whenever enroute to or from the coast, she would be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Ancker. It was through this friendship that I received my appointment.

Beginning July 1, 1916, a prolonged heavy rain storm beset the Mt. Hood area, and by July 3 the road had become impassable because of a huge mudhole at Malar farm at Firwood about three miles east of Sandy. The Marmot road on the north side of the Sandy River was blocked off by another huge quagmire beyond the Minnsinger place. Since there were no passengers desiring to go out and none were at the resort to come in, we suspended operations temporarily.

I received a call from Ray Conway asking me if I would drive him on the Fourth of July. Ray had purchased a Pierce 6-36 (1911 model) and I had been teaching him to drive it. He had done well, but upon this occasion he had invited three young ladies for a drive and a dinner, and he felt that he should have more experience at the wheel. Since I was not scheduled to go to the mountain I accepted the date.

We drove to the address Ray gave me and he soon emerged with three very attractive girls: Miss Birdie Harnois, her sister Pearle, and their cousin, Miss Winnifred Smith. I was introduced and Ray asked: "Well, girls, where would you like to go?"

"We thought you said that we were to go to Tawney's?" It was almost a chorus.

"I did say that, but since we arranged this date the road had become impassable, so we'll have to put that off until another time," Ray explained.

"But we were counting on chicken dinner at Tawney's," wailed one of the girls.

Being young and a bit brash I sensed an opportunity to show off a bit. I turned to Ray with the remark, "If you want to go to Tawney's, I'll get you there."

"But what about the big mudhole at Firwood?"

I assured them that we'd get through, fervently hoping that I knew all that I thought I did about a possible detour. I had previously given some thought as to how I might get around the big hole in an emergency, and this was it. The road on both sides of the hole was in fairly good condition and we had no trouble arriving at Malar's. The farm woodlot was fenced from the road by an old "worm rail" fence. Ray and I unstacked one span through which I drove the car.

After replacing the rails we continued through the woodlot, around the barn and emerged on the other side of the hole by the regular farm road. When we arrived at Tawney's everyone was surprised to see us and could scarcely believe that we had come via Firwood and Cherryville. Mother Tawney arose to the occasion by preparing a typical Tawney chicken dinner with all the fixings.

After dinner we set off the fireworks that the Tawneys had laid by for the Fourth, and then we drove down to Welches. After their fireworks were exhausted, the party moved on to Rhododendron and repeated the performance with the Franzettis. We spent an hour or so in the dance hall at Rhododendron and then started home. We were again successful in detouring the mudhole at Firwood. When we arrived at Sandy an all night dance was in progress so we tarried there for a time before completing the trip home. I was pretty well pleased with myself over the success of the adventure.

Later that summer these same girls spent a week at Tawney's and during the following year or so I continued to see more of them, particularly Pearle, the younger of the Harnois sisters. When I returned from my internship in 1920, we were married and after a brief honeymoon we set up my first office. For the past thirty-eight years we have been travelling the road together, easing the bumps as best we could, trying to avoid the deeper ruts whenever possible, shifting to higher or lower gear as our judgment seemed to indicate and somehow or other always getting through the "big hole" in an emergency.

Another diversion from the main theme concerns Ed Simons,¹⁵ a classmate in medical school whom I taught to drive a car. Apparently I had gone all out in teaching him the finer points of getting over the road and he had drunk deeply of my lore. After completing his residency in medicine, he had become an assistant to a prominent specialist in internal medicine in San Francisco. The internist was scheduled to present a paper before the American Medical Association at its annual meeting in Boston in 1921. He chose to drive his

15. Dr. Edmund W. Simons, now a prominent internist in Portland.

custom-built Roamer across the country and asked Simmons to accompany him.

Here and there, on the transcontinental trip, they encountered some pretty rough going and Ed would advise, "Go through where the water is; Woolley says that if there wasn't any bottom there, there wouldn't be any water." Or, when negotiating a section of plank, "Slow down for that section of smooth plank; Woolley says it's smooth because it's floating and it'll pile up and break your radiator." I suspect that the good doctor got a bit fed up on this Woolley character. During the fourth or fifth day, with the owner at the wheel, the Roamer hit a slick spot, skidded into the ditch and wrapped itself around a telephone pole. No one was injured, and after ruefully surveying the wreck the doctor turned to Ed: "What in hell would Woolley do now?" he asked.

Having digressed this far it may not be inappropriate to include another somewhat related incident.

At the time I matriculated at medical school I was told that I lacked one semester hour of German to meet the entrance requirements. Although I had completed the same text and exercises used by other schools, my credentials were not acceptable to the dean. It was finally agreed that I could be enrolled provided that I would make up the deficiency before beginning the second year.

Quite fortunately, a German teacher from an eastern college came to Portland that summer for his vacation, hoping to obtain some tutoring to bolster his finances. His qualifications were approved by the medical school dean, who arranged for me to work with him. Because my time was so largely taken up with driving and repairing the stage car it was difficult to arrange a suitable time for us to get together. The professor solved the problem by suggesting that I come to his room in the Y.M.C.A. three mornings each week at 6:00 a.m., awaken him, and recite my lesson.

He assigned me a textbook of stories of German homelife entitled *Da Heim* (At Home). I carried the book with me in the car and during the lay-over period before the return trip, I drove to a quiet, shaded spot, and studied story number one. At the appointed time I invaded the professor's room,

awakened him and recited the lesson. The same procedure was followed for lessons two, three and four. Then came the day when I did not find time to study lesson number five. As I prepared to arouse my preceptor and explain my lack of preparation, I realized that he had never seemed to be too fully awake during my previous session. It occurred to me that I might try lesson number one all over again. When I finished he sleepily said, "Take the next one." The season's work was coming to its peak and I had so little time for study that I had adopted the one, two, three, four, one two, three, routine for the rest of the course. Each time I passed Altenheim, the German old folks home on Division Street near 82nd, I would repeat German phrases from memory, as a sort of salute. When I registered for the second year the dean asked for my certificate from the professor. After reading it critically he suddenly asked, "What text did you use?" I was a bit startled and blurted out, "Altenheim, sir."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, that is very good," and he stamped his acceptance of the certificate. After leaving his office, I suddenly realized that I had given the wrong title but recalling his warm approval of the book, I concluded that I was not the only bluffer in the game.

Among my pleasantest recollections of the old road were some of the night returns without passengers and no schedule to keep. I would frequently choose the Bluff Road out of Sandy which was smoother and more hilly than the Kelso route. On a balmy summer evening with the top down and the cutout half open, the silky purr of the motor on the straightaways and the full throated roar as the throttle was opened to zoom up the hills was pure music to my ears and a tonic to tired muscles.

Beginning about 1918, the State Highway Commission began the task of rebuilding the road above Tollgate. The roadway was widened, straightened, and the steep hills were modified by long sweeping curves. The easing of grades increased the mileage between Tollgate and Government Camp from nine miles to eleven.

As construction got underway we were hampered at first by the frequent detours at points where the new grade crossed

the old road. As the work progressed further the passenger business took a decided upswing. Like all other construction projects there was a constant parade of new workers coming to the job and disgruntled ones leaving. By this time the grade had been widened and smoothed so that bigger equipment could be used. Snead purchased a twelve-passenger White bus which he was using along with the Pierce Arrows at the time he sold the business to a Mr. Jaloff who had been operating a line up the Columbia River Highway.

I was not privileged to operate over the new road. The 1918 season was the last one for me although I did make one charter trip to Welches in February or March of 1919. In June 1919, I finished medical school and went to St. Paul, Minnesota, for internship. My brother Kenneth took over my spot and Snead continued to operate with Simons, Bill Knight and Jimmie Gill.

It will never be possible for me to tell just what the old road meant to the many who travelled it from its beginning until now. I cannot possibly speak for those whose suffering and sacrifices brought it into being. I can only speak for the days that my companions and I ate its dust and slogged through its mud.

Its total contribution must have been tremendous when judged by the very small cross section that I have seen and known. Among the drivers of Reliance Mt. Hood Stages were the late Dale Simons, who followed an automotive career and for years was associated with Wentworth & Irwin in the sale of Nash cars; Jimmie Gill, who also continued in automotive work and is now well known as a Cadillac carburetor expert. My late brother Kenneth drove his way through dental college, and Hal Rossman, who was one of our extra men, also used it as a means to further his education. Hal's career, which ended with his death in 1957, was one of outstanding service to his profession and his community. He led a successful campaign to convert the North Pacific Dental College from a private school to a state-owned college and to see that it was accorded its proper stature among the state institutions. He also served on the Board of the Portland Public Schools with great distinction.

Bill Knight quit driving to go with Jack Snead after the latter sold the Reliance Stages and built the first bus depot in Portland; he is still with that organization.

Mr. Snead moved on from the bus depot to an association with Leland James and, as executive vice president and later chairman of the board, played a vital part in the development of the Consolidated Freightways. He is now retired and has been actively interested in the development of Willamette View Manor. Consolidated Freightways, now under the presidency of J. L. S. Snead, Jr., has continued to grow until it is now the greatest motor freight system in the world.

To me the old road brought a host of friends, and it made possible a career in medicine that encompassed ten years of invaluable experience in general practice and twenty-eight more in the specialty of radiology. Even now, after thirty-eight years, I am constantly reminded of its beneficence. Each Monday morning, as I resume my routine duties for another week, I am confronted with the radiographs of knees, legs or ankles of those devotees of the slippery ski who have met with misadventure on the icy mountain slopes.

Loyal old Mt. Hood: not only did it give me an education, it still supports me.

SUPPLEMENT

It has been my recent good fortune to visit with some of the people who lived along the "Old Road" during my days of travel on it. They have been most helpful in supplying interesting data. Among them were Mrs. Emil Franzetti, Mrs. F. H. Tawney, Mrs. Clyde (Emily) Tawney, Mrs. Jack Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Creighton, Ruth Murphy Fahey, and Mrs. Jennie Welch.

Mrs. Welch sent me the following letter, dated January 13, 1956, about Welches and Faubion:

Billy [Welch] and his father homesteaded here at Welches in 1882, each filing on 160 acres. They then bought up other homesteads around them until they had about 1,000 acres. Billy's father died in 1898 and Billy married Mamie Kopper in 1902. They had one child, a daughter, Lutie. Mamie died in April of 1903. In 1905 Mr. Linny Kern and a man named Wrenn leased the place and ran a hotel until 1909.

Billy and I were married in April 1911, and ran the hotel, grocery store, pool room, dance hall and ranch until 1917. We then closed the hotel and built nine cottages to rent to tourists. In 1928 Ralph Shattuck and a man named Waale built the golf course. They had leased the land with an option to buy. They kept it until 1939, when we had to take it over. We then ran the golf course until 1944. In the meantime Billy had died October 30, 1942, and in August of 1944 I sold the golf course to a man named Leo Huevel. He sold to a Mr. Lich, who sold to Eugene Bowman, the present owner.

There are now about 300 summer homes built in this area, mostly on the property once owned by Billy and his father. It is a far cry from the old days when people gathered around campfires, roasted venison, sang songs and camped in tents; when they brought their tin pails to the milk house for their milk and cooled it in the springs along the bank of the creek that ran close by, which incidentally has disappeared because of the drainage system in the golf course; when cowboys from eastern Oregon brought large bands of wild horses over the mountains and stopped over night at our place; when people came with teams and wagons and stayed all summer and grazed their horses in the pasture.

You asked about my people at La Casa Monte. We moved up here from Portland in June 1907, built the house at La Casa Monte and moved into it in April 1908. My father's homestead consisted of eighty acres. My parents kept "summer boarders" for several years, then mother's health failed and she died in 1928. They established a post office there in about 1924 and the community is still called Faubion. Father lived there until his death in 1937.

JENNIE WELCH



Toll Gate on Barlow Road 1885. Ernest Severs (with ox team) was squatter on property now known as Rhododendron. With horse team are Sam and Sarah Bacon and Adam Kotzman who lived at Bull Run. Man on horseback was an unknown herb collector. This picture and information was given by Mrs. Elsie Creighton, Rhododendron, Oregon.

My frequent appeals to Mrs. John C. Watson (nee Esther Kelly) for information regarding Government Camp stimulated her to carry out a promise that she had made to her grandchildren to write an account of the Kelly family trips to Mt. Hood on the Barlow Road. Mrs. Watson generously permitted me to include her story here.¹⁶

The sun rose as a golden ball and soon dispelled the mist that hung over the countryside. It was the beginning of a day early in July and we had already been on the road for more than an hour. In the back of the wagon we four children were huddled under blankets against the chill of the early morning air. On the high front seat sat our Mother who was driver of the team, the chief cook and the acknowledged major domo. The stillness was broken by the rhythmic clop, clop, clop of newly-shod hooves and the grinding sound of wagon tires on the macadam pavement. Along a rail fence at the roadside skittered a gray digger whose raucous "kitch-i-kit" registered his alarm as our dog took after him. In a field nearby a meadow-lark trilled his morning song and from a farmyard the crow of a rooster and the bark of a dog indicated rising time for the farm folk. We were nearing Gresham on Powell Valley Road, the first part of a three-day trek to Government Camp, where we would spend our customary summer vacation. The world around us seemed very beautiful and we were in a mood to enjoy its beauty for this trip was one to which we looked forward from one summer to the next; it was the beginning of our annual vacation at the foot of our beloved Mt. Hood.

For weeks we had been actively preparing for the trip. All of the food, the clothing, the shelter and the household equipment which we would need for several weeks' vacation had been gathered together and packed methodically in the wagon in which we were traveling. It was a well built spring wagon drawn by a family team, endeared to us by their gentleness and dependability rather than by any standards of breeding or monetary worth. They matched neither in color nor size, for one was a small-sized sorrel, the other a big raw-boned bay. The load and the passengers added up to as much weight as our team could pull on the sort of roads we would encounter beyond the town of Sandy. Well did we children know that walking up all hills, walking from Toll Gate to Twin Bridges and walking up Laurel Hill was for us no matter for discussion. The horses would not be able to pull any child who was old enough to get out and walk, and that settled that! Furthermore, no "extras" had been permitted in the packing of the wagon: simple clothing, plain, wholesome food and essential household equipment made up the load. The food consisted of staples carefully

16. Mrs. Watson has dedicated her account of the family trips on the Barlow Road to her grandchildren—"David, Marcia and Mary Ellen, who are the fifth generation in a span of 110 years to travel the old road and its modern counterpart."

planned as to quantity so as to suffice for our entire stay; we would have no way of replenishing our supply because the nearest store would be more than twenty-five miles distant. Each summer, however, we could look forward eagerly to mid-August when our Father, driving another horse and buggy, would come to Government Camp to spend two weeks with us. His coming was always a joy, not only because he, too, loved the mountain and us but also because he brought all sorts of good things: fresh corn, tomatoes, cucumbers and melons from our own garden, additional supplies of any staple foods which we needed, and always a generous supply of stick candy. What a treat these were after several weeks without such things.

Well in advance of our trip the wagon and harness were carefully checked for any needed repairs and the horses were taken to the blacksmith's for new shoes: "sharp-shod" was the order and that meant heels and toes on the shoes to protect the horses' hooves against the rough, rocky roads. Sometimes the horses were taken to A. C. Lohmire's blacksmith shop on Taylor, near Fourth; but more often we took them to a shop nearer home on Powell just east of 21st and next door to the Last Chance Saloon. The name warned the thirsty of the lack of any such establishment for twelve miles, but more than the name a sign over the watering-trough in front of the place, impressed us: Stop to Water Your Horses and Don't Forget Yourself. "A very good sign," Father said, "especially if the driver quenched his thirst with the same liquid as the horses."

The blacksmith shop was a large open building with a high front which extended up from the broad open doors. It was constructed of rough boards placed vertically and one could see daylight between the well-weathered boards. The floor was dirt and around the inside walls hung various pieces of harness, wagon wheels and wagon parts. In the open door, as in Longfellow's poem, stood the anvil and the forge with a wooden tub of water which sputtered violently when the smith immersed a red-hot shoe. No wonder a blacksmith shop always had an open door, for the work was hard and hot. The smith himself wore a heavy leather apron which completely covered his front. A sweaty, short-sleeved undershirt left his brawny arms and neck exposed. It always seemed to us that shoeing would be painful to a horse but that was never true. Our horses would stand very quietly as the smith held their hooves one at a time between his knees, trimmed and smoothed each hoof, and then fitted and nailed each bright new shoe in place.

Our stock of groceries was made up from a list which our Father kept from year to year; the variety and quantity increased as we children grew older and especially was it increased for the frequent occasions when we were permitted to take one or more of our friends with us.

A few days in advance of our scheduled departure the list was taken to D. C. Burns' Grocery on 3rd Street between Taylor and Salmon and there the genial, rosy-cheeked Mr. Burns personally supervised the filling of the order. Fifty pounds of flour, twenty-five pounds of sugar. Navy beans, rice, coffee, a 100-pound sack of potatoes, dozens of cans of evaporated

milk, cereals such as rolled oats and wheat hearts, a case of twelve dozen eggs, a side of bacon, a whole smoked ham, lard, butter packed in five-pound pails, each with a head space of a half-inch which was filled with salt, a variety of dried fruits such as apples, prunes, peaches and apricots. Fresh vegetables in season from our own garden rounded out our food supply.

The staple foods were packed in a "grub box" ingeniously designed and constructed for the specific purpose by our Father. It was built so that its main compartment fitted down snugly into the rear end of the wagon bed, taking up that space completely; the upper part extended out on each side about fourteen inches wider than the wagon bed and over the rear wheels. The box was about eighteen inches wide and five feet long. All of the corners and seams were reinforced with metal, and just under the tight-fitting lid was a tray made of wood slats; this accommodated a layer of pies—usually apple—which served as special treats during our first few days away from home. There was also a specially-made dust-tight box constructed of red cedar which fitted perfectly under the front seat of the wagon and afforded adequate space for all of our clothing. The camping equipment consisting of tents, tent poles and stakes, a fly, a sheet iron camp stove with stove pipe, axe, lantern and water bucket. The packing was carefully done according to a plan developed in years of experience. There were always two seats arranged facing each other in the back of the wagon. One of these "seats" was made up of two sacks of oats placed end to end and the other of a gunny sack of apples and one of potatoes also placed end to end. On top of each seat, one of the folded tents provided upholstery and two or three of us children could sit. When we grew tired we took turn about sitting on the high front seat beside our Mother.

The day before we were to leave was filled with last minute preparations and immediately after dinner the wagon was packed. First new "brake lining" was nailed to each brake shoe, the lining consisting of the soles of a trusty pair of heavy boots whose tops were beyond repair. Then each wheel was removed, the right amount of heavy black axle grease was applied to each spindle and the wheel securely replaced. The can of axle grease and the wooden applicator were put immediately into the bed of the wagon because they would be needed during our trip. A thin layer of clean straw was spread in the bed of the wagon and packing then began in earnest.

The packing was always completely finished the night before our departure for we wanted to start very early to cover as much as possible of the "hot stretch" of twenty-five miles to Sandy before midday. Long before daylight Mother and Father would arise and prepare breakfast. While we ate our breakfast Father would hitch the horses to the wagon and we would be on our way. There was always a check-up to make sure that nothing essential had been forgotten; the ropes which tied the canvas-covered roll of bedding to the top of the grub box and fastened tent poles and axe along the outside of the wagon bed were checked to make sure

they were securely tied; the lantern and water bucket were hung on the rear axle and last minute instructions were exchanged between our parents. We bade Father a fond goodbye and we were off! Our Scotch collie dog "Bob" circled the team and wagon several times, barking with joy. Unaccustomed to traveling as he was, Bob would romp and run so many extra miles enroute that he usually became footsore and would ride the last part of the journey.

Our course followed Powell Valley Road through and beyond Gresham. There were two long hills beyond Gresham where we children had to get out and walk. One of these, the "T. K. Williams Hill," was a long, gradual ascent which meant the first real pull for the team. At Pleasant Home there were relatives at whose home we sometimes stopped. It was a beautiful old white farm house with charming front porches both upstairs and down, and at one side of the house down a little path through the orchard was a beautiful ice cold spring. The unusually large spring was protected by a spring-house where pans of cream-covered milk and crocks of golden butter were kept cool in the clear, running water. The town of Sandy was an important stop because Meinig's Store—in the triangle between the Marmot Road (Backbone Road) and the Barlow Road which we would travel—was the last store where we could purchase any article we had forgotten, or any needed equipment. We were always glad for a chance to go up the high broad steps past the neighborhood men who invariably gathered on the front porch to visit and catch up with the news, into the dimly-lighted interior where the most amazing variety of goods was displayed. It was indeed a general store and in that rich farming community there probably were very few things which a farm family needed which could not be found at Meinig's Store!

Across the Barlow Road from the store there was a beautiful grove of maples and firs which was called Meinig's Park—a favorite spot for community celebrations, especially on the Fourth of July. In the center of a clearing there was a marvelous "Flying Dutchman," which consisted of a long, heavy plank, centered on a huge stump about four feet high and pivoted from a sort of iron spindle which was driven into the top of the stump. How we loved to stay there over night and ride on the Flying Dutchman! If the day were very warm and the horses tired we frequently ended our first day's journey in mid-afternoon at Meinig's Park. The horses were always cared for before anything else was done. They were unhitched from the wagon, the harness was removed and their shoulders were checked to be sure there were no sore spots. A sponge and a pail of cold water were used to wash off their shoulders, they were blanketed and tied up. Each was given a five-pound pail of oats and when they had eaten the oats and were cooled off, we would take the water bucket and lead the horses to water at Meinig's pump. They were always watered in their own pail and never in a public trough.

Our evening meal was cooked over an open fire and, as always on the road, it was simple fare. Potatoes, scrubbed and boiled in their jackets,

and ham and eggs would make a royal feast for such appetites as ours. Our bedding roll was spread on the ground under the trees and we needed no coaxing to get off to bed at dusk. We children would take off our shoes and stockings and our outside clothes, putting them under the canvas to protect them from the dew.

Next morning Mother would be up at daylight and we would follow soon after. We were eager to be on the road and everyone helped with preparation of breakfast and packing. We always enjoyed the second day's journey because for miles the road went through unspoiled virgin forest whose cool shade and clear-running streams were most welcome to weary travelers. Just beyond Sandy there were some magnificent fir trees which we greatly admired. The first settlement was Firwood and was approached by a steep slope, very muddy and slippery after a rain, but less of a problem because it was downhill. The same was true of Cherryville Hill with its red clay mud, sometimes hub deep with ruts so deep the axles rubbed the high center between them. At the foot of Cherryville Hill was a beautiful stream which was bridged, and alongside the bridge was a ford. We always begged Mother to drive through every ford and unless it made more work for the horses, she would consent. This also gave the horses a chance for long drinks of cold water which they seemed to enjoy far more than water from a bucket.

Beyond Cherryville we were eager to get to "Sandy Bottom," that beautiful area along the Sandy River where maples, vine maples, firs, cedars and hemlocks buried their roots in rich black soil and sword ferns and an endless variety of native plants and wild flowers grew in abundance which surpassed any man-made garden. The road here was always damp until late summer—in fact there were many muddy places and some bad mud holes where careful driving was essential, since one never knew how deep a mud hole might be and a sudden drop of one wheel into such a hole might break a part of the wagon or even of the harness. Mother was a careful driver and we very seldom had a mishap. Here and elsewhere along the route, the stretches of road that were corduroy or planked were avoided if possible. A missing piece of timber or a plank might mean both front wheels dropping sharply, causing undue strain or breaking a front axle. On the planking there also was the danger from spikes worked loose with head projecting above the boards, a real hazard to a horse's foot. The road here was a single track with an occasional "turn-out" to make passing easier. We knew the road presented many problems; but the arch of trees overhead and the unspoiled beauty of the primeval forest about us made a more lasting impression on our childhood memories than the condition of the road.

We came upon the McIntyre place just as we left Sandy Bottom. The house and barn were on a high bank behind a row of fine old maple trees. We always stopped to see Mrs. McIntyre if time permitted, and we occasionally spent the night at the campground across the road from the house. The campground was not "just across the road," however. It was

down the steepest, rockiest pitch we ever traveled. The horses would hold back with all their might, the brakes would lock the rear wheels, but that hill was a real test. At the bottom was a camp site, right on the bank of Salmon River which was a favorite spot. Not only was there an ideal campground with green grass under beautiful trees, but in the bank to the left of the steep approach was a cold spring which provided our water. Then, too, there was wading in the river. When we spent the first night at Sandy, however, we considered the Toll Gate as the second day's objective, so after a visit with the McIntyres we would cross Salmon River on the old covered bridge where we were fascinated by the sound of the horses' hooves and the noise of the wagon echoing overhead in the bridge structure.

Beyond the Salmon River crossing and across the present highway from what is now known as "Brightwood" there is today one of the *very* few remaining bits of the old road from which one can gain some idea of what the problem of travel used to be. It was known as "Salmon River Hill" and it was a steep, difficult ascent, although fortunately not long. We children were always sent on ahead so that we could warn anyone approaching from the opposite direction; the road was so narrow that passing was impossible and so steep that a team with a load would need to stop several times to rest before reaching the top of the hill.

From Salmon River to the Toll Gate the road was dusty when dry, but reasonably smooth and with no hills that presented any difficulty. There was an occasional mountain farm—usually no more than a small clearing in the timber with fences constructed of hand-split rails and the few buildings covered with cedar shakes or shingles which the builder had probably cut from his own cedar trees. The road was now narrower and more typically a mountain road. In fact the road was so narrow and the woods on either side were so close that as we rode along we could play one of our favorite games, "collecting" different kinds of twigs and leaves which we snatched from the branches. The object was to see who could collect and identify the largest number in a given time.

Toward evening we came to the Toll Gate where we would spend our second night. The spot was then as now, one of the most beautiful along the route of the Barlow Road. We were always greeted by kindly, white-haired Mr. Maronay who had been toll keeper for many years. The original toll house still stood near the gate, its broad side toward the road. It was a one-story, one-room structure built of logs chinked with mud. The floor was heavy planking, probably handhewn, and the door was a huge heavy one with a staple and hasp for locking during the winter when the gate was locked open and the toll house was locked shut! Mr. Maronay lived in a somewhat more modern house which made no particular impression; the old log house was the one we remembered.

In general, the same procedure was followed the second night as on the first except that the night would be much colder and we would be lulled to sleep by the roar of Zig Zag River which was just over the edge of the bank on which we spread our bed. Again we were up and on the

road early the following morning. Only ten miles of our journey remained—but what a ten miles! We children would have to walk most of the way. The first half mile or so was through woods where the road was level and smooth—easy going for the horses. But then came three or four miles through jack pines and deep soft sand which was a perpetual brake on the wheels. The horses really bent down on their collars and pulled! They rested frequently and so did we who were walking; then at the crossing of Zig Zag we stopped for a good rest and watered the horses, for we would have no more water until we reached Twin Bridges. The team traveled so slowly that we could easily keep ahead of them. There was always the problem of meeting another team, and if we were walking ahead and met anyone, we could make sure there was a safe place for the two teams to pass.

Twin Bridges and then Laurel Hill! From our earliest childhood we had heard the stories of the descent of Laurel Hill by the pioneers of 1848, including our own grandparents. But hard as it may have been to descend Laurel Hill, we found that ascending was a major undertaking for us as children. On foot, on a hot summer day, without water and without shade, what a relief it was to have Laurel Hill behind us! We more often referred to Laurel Hill as the "Double S" hill for it did make a series of S turns in climbing the thousand feet elevation from the floor of Zig Zag Canyon to the very top of the gorge of the river. There was one ice cold spring in a pocket of the bank, half way up the hill. Here we would rest and drink from a spring which we were sure was the coldest and most wonderful water in the world!

After Laurel Hill the road continued to climb but with a more gradual ascent. There were two or three very steep pitches which were hard for a team with a load to negotiate. One of these pitches had a huge tree on one side and a stump on the other side, both so close to the road that a team had to be driven exactly straight in order to avoid hitting one or the other. Mosquito Flat was not only a major concern because of the thick black mud hub deep in holes and the worn out, broken planking or corduroy, but also because of the mosquitoes and other biting flies and insects that abounded in the timber of the area. Traveling was slow because the road, although level, was actually built across a swampy area which provided no solid base and the heavy timber shut out the sun so completely that this section even in mid-summer would still be muddy.

We knew every turn in the road and we now began eagerly to measure the distance to our destination. There were no more bad places in the road and we were thankful that our trip had not been marred by a mishap. On through the timber we traveled for a mile or more, winding in and out among the trees. Then we came out on a high point which was always dusty and there we stopped for a few minutes. Our destination was within view; ahead and to our left as an overpowering backdrop was our beloved Mt. Hood.

Alongside the road there was an opening among the trees, where the ground was covered with wild strawberry plants, which were already in

bloom; at this place, about ten feet from the road, there was a small mound with head and foot marked with stones. Unidentified as it was, we assumed that this was the grave of a child who had not survived the long trek across the plains. There were other graves along the old road then, usually similarly unidentified, but the little grave in this beautiful spot impressed us most as children.

After a brief rest—for we were eager to select our campsite and set up our camp before sundown—we continued down the grade to the crossing of Camp Creek, up the hill past the old Yocum house with its stock corral, and on to the boarding house which Mr. and Mrs. Yocum operated. There were only three buildings in Government Camp when we first remember it. There was also a fourth, one-room log cabin, located in the woods at the north edge of the "Big Meadow," and built by Mr. Yocum about 1884, during his first season at Government Camp. The second Yocum house was also built from hand-cut materials, the frame made of hand-hewn timbers, the siding and roof of hand-split shingles. Mr. Yocum spent his winters as well as his summers at Government Camp, and his spare time was devoted to his trap lines and to woodworking. The door and window casings, cabinets and all of the furniture in this second house were cut, shaped and polished by hand. His preference was for white cedar for interior woodwork although he used darker woods for contrast. The third Yocum house was built to accommodate the increasing number of summer boarders who came to the mountain for vacations. Built about where the Mountain Shop is now located, it was a bleak two and one-half story structure with its gable end toward the mountain. There were no porches, no overhanging eaves, no trim of any sort. The building was no more bleak than the proprietors. Mr. Yocum was a grizzled old man it seemed to us, although he was not too old to be recognized as a very competent guide on the mountain. Mrs. Yocum, famous for her good cooking—especially her huckleberry pies—and for her immaculate housekeeping, was a person whom no one would knowingly antagonize. She had a sharp tongue and a temper which filled us as children with abject fear, lest we arouse her wrath. The most frequent source of trouble was the hotel's water supply which came from an open ditch the Yocums had dug. This ditch brought water about a half-mile down the hillside from Camp Creek. No more than a foot and a half wide in some places, the ditch appeared to any innocent newcomer as an attractive natural stream, tumbling over rocks with a very pleasant song as it hurried down to provide both water supply and sewage disposal for the hotel. But woe to anyone who roiled the water! Many times have we seen Mrs. Yocum in her dark blue calico dress and white apron come flying out of the kitchen door with a stick or a switch in her hand, infuriated because the water in the ditch was too muddy to use. Away she would go along the course of the creek until she came upon the innocent offender. Perhaps it was a child or a group of children playing and wading in the stream; sometimes it was an adult but it made no difference, whoever it was had a memorable tongue-lashing from Mrs. Yocum!

The only other building in Government Camp at that time was a one-room cabin belonging to the Prosser family. The four Prossers, the parents and two daughters, were hardy souls who made the trip from Portland with bicycles. That meant walking much of the way, and certainly the ten miles from the Toll Gate to Government Camp where they had to push their bicycles must have been an arduous test. The Prosser house was near the Yocum house, and although scarcely to be recognized now because of many changes, it is at present the oldest building in Government Camp—the only one of the three which has not been destroyed by fire.

We always made a stop at the Yocums to deliver the sack of mail and newspapers which we had brought from the Toll Gate and also to inform them of our arrival. Then we proceeded up toward the mountain a quarter of a mile to one of our favorite camp sites. In selecting a camp site one needed to know the location of the Indians' camp sites; for year after year the Warm Springs Indians came to pick huckleberries, and used the same camp sites. No white camper would knowingly take one of their camping places; there was an unwritten mutual understanding and respect of each for the camping rights of the other. Above the second creek crossing, on the right hand side of the road in the dense, dark woods, there was a camp site favored by the Indians; another was at "Summit" where the open area with much level ground afforded space for numerous Indian camps.

A camp site to which we returned several times was above the upper crossing of Camp Creek. There was a level area at the edge of a grove of trees, affording ample space for our two tents and the fly between them. A small stream gave us water supply, refrigeration and an ideal place for the numerous little water wheels which we made. The placing and setting up of the tents was the first order after the horses were unhitched and fed. After tents and fly were securely staked and tied down, small ditches were dug in the ground around the outline of each tent wall, thus to prevent rain water from running under the tents either onto the beds or our stored food and clothing. The larger tent was used for sleeping purposes, the smaller one for the cooking and serving of meals when the weather was wet or cold; in good weather the sheet iron cook stove and the table improvised from whatever materials were to be had, were moved out of the tent to the open area which was protected overhead by the fly. We did much of our cooking over an open fire and an important task was the making of necessary forked sticks to support the cross-piece from which the iron pot was hung. Sometimes there were unoccupied camp sites nearby from which we could garner very useful and ingenious equipment left behind by earlier campers. Campers who were breaking up their own camp invariably "passed on" equipment and left-overs to nearby campers and our foraging expeditions to old camp sites frequently gave us additional and much-needed items.

A task which we always liked to be done with was cutting meadow grass for the ticks on which we slept. It was tedious and slow for we had only a

hand sickle and the amount of grass required to fill three double bed ticks seemed mountainous! With well-chosen boughs for the "springs," a tick filled with meadow grass added much to the adequacy and comfort of a bed. Before nightfall of the day of our arrival, we were usually well-established in our camp and from then on our real vacation began. Our usual activities were tramping along trails to Mirror Lake or Yocum Falls, climbing nearby Tom, Dick and Harry or Multorpor, or making an all-day trip to Timberline. When huckleberry picking we made a game of the task by playing "contribution," which required one of the older children to carry the large container which we were to fill, the rest to pick in cups. Whenever the one with the pail called "contribution," we were to empty our cups. There was wholesome competition to see who could pick the most berries and we were happily surprised to find how quickly our large container was filled.

In looking back so many years to these childhood experiences, it seems that every mile, every curve of the old road was familiar to us, for did we not as children travel it each summer slowly and laboriously with a team and wagon, walking up the hills and trudging on foot through the sandy, rocky stretches where the going was difficult even for the horses? When we grew older we walked the entire distance more than once, thus learning to know it in an intimate way. We had many associations with familiar places along the road; the farms where we would buy a few sheaves of oat hay, the hospitable farms where in threatening weather we had been permitted to take shelter in the barn and to spread our bed on the sweet-smelling hay; the long, low pink-painted house near Orient where lived an Indian family with a vicious dog who delighted in fighting any strange dog who passed by. For his protection we always put our dog in the wagon before we reached this point. Then there was the house near the Salmon River bridge where lived a dour old German named Buchholz whose front room boasted the first phonograph we had ever seen; the raucous scratching reproduction of "Budweiser Is a Friend of Mine" filled us children with amazement and our Mother with horror, for we quickly learned the words and never forgot them!

The name of Salmon River might well be questioned nowadays, for when did anyone ever hear of a salmon in that river? As children, however, we saw Salmon River literally a moving stream of shiny-backed salmon, nearing the end of their long journey from the ocean to their spawning grounds. About two miles up the river from the covered bridge there was a government operated hatchery where we watched a line of Indian men wading side by side against the current, holding the ends and top edges of a long net in which they were catching salmon for their winter's use. Along the bank was an Indian encampment where many small smoky fires were tended by the squaws. The heat of the sun and the smoke combined to cure the salmon which were suspended on frames above the fire.

The Raithel farm was between McIntyre's and Welches. They too were a German family who could never do enough for us in appreciation for

medical attention which Father had given years before to one of their horses which was badly cut in a runaway near Government Camp. We remember one occasion when the Raithels insisted and we yielded to their insistence that we stay for dinner. The meal consisted of thick soup served in huge, rimmed soup plates, accompanied by thick slices of dark home-made bread. The memorable part of the experience was the sight and sound of our host, his chin almost touching the rim of his soup plate, noisily drawing spoonfuls of the soup through his bearded lips! We were fascinated! The memory of their simple hospitality is as heart-warming as this eating procedure is unique in our experience.

On a high point above the crossing of Cedar Creek stands a farm house which looks just as it did so many years ago. One year, enroute home from our summer vacation, we were very short of provisions and completely out of flour or bread. Night was upon us and, with four hungry children to feed, we decided to spend the night at Cedar Creek. Mother gathered together the ingredients for biscuits—all but the flour—and climbed the hill to the farm house hoping to be able to buy enough flour and to take advantage of the kitchen facilities of the farmer's wife. To her surprise, the family was also without bread or flour, so back she came empty handed to face her hungry brood.

All of our associations with the road were not happy ones. There was a dark forbidding well-house which stood alone in a field near the foot of the T. K. Williams Hill; a child had drowned in the well and the broken-hearted family had abandoned their little farm. There was a lonely house in the Sandy Bottom which was boarded up except for one small room. The yard, overgrown with weeds and neglect, added mute evidence to the sad story; the husband had gone for medical care for his wife who was expecting their first child. When he returned hours later to find both mother and child dead, he withdrew from contacts with the outside world, boarded up all doors and windows except the one room in which he lived, and became a recluse from society.

Another experience which was retold many times and thus indelibly impressed upon our memories, was the one which led up to our spending the night sleeping on the bare floor of the old log toll house, after a supper of crackers and cheese.

Early that morning in August 1903, driving a single horse, we had left Government Camp in the wagon to drive to the foot of Laurel Hill. Our purpose was to try to locate the trees which were scarred by the ropes used in letting the pioneer wagons down the steep slopes of Laurel Hill where no other breaking device would hold them. We had made our plans to stay overnight at the camping place now known as Bruin Run. While we were busy fixing the camp Father walked to the Toll Gate to get some better directions from Mr. Moronay. On his way back he stopped at the crossing of Zig Zag and lying flat, drank from the stream. When he raised up there was a black bear drinking not fifty feet away on the same side of the stream. They exchanged glances and, since Father was unarmed as

always, his only interest was to put greater distance between the bear and himself. Fearing he would alarm us, he did not tell us of the incident and we soon set out on what proved to be a fruitless search for the scarred trees. From our camp at Bruin Run we drove toward Laurel Hill and stopped where a grove of large firs towered above the jack pines. We tied the horse and started off through woods and underbrush, climbed down into and then out of one steep ravine after another, then up the side of the mountain objective. At the bottom of each ravine was a swampy stream in which huge bear cabbages were growing. We saw many fresh wallows where the bears had dug for the succulent roots and had bruised and crushed the broad leaves in their wallowing. We knew that without a doubt we were in bear country. It was growing late when we decided to turn back; tired and disappointed we finally reached the place where we had left the horse and wagon. But they were not there and the bark and limbs were stripped from the pine tree to which the horse had been tied. Following the tracks, Father soon located the horse and wagon a short distance away and after making emergency repairs to the broken harness, we drove back to our camping place.

By this time Father had told us of his experience with the bear, and we figured that either that bear or another one had tried to get to the sack of oats which was in the back of the wagon and in doing so had frightened the horse so badly that he broke loose from the tree and bolted through the trees in an effort to escape. We held a family council, decided that we did not want to spend the night in bear country, broke camp and drove to the Toll Gate. There Mr. Moronay permitted us to sleep in the old Toll House where we ate our crackers and cheese and slept soundly on the hard plank floor, safe from bears!

Laurel Hill was the scene of another incident which occurred in the summer of 1906. We were headed homeward after our vacation at Government Camp, when, about half way down Laurel Hill we came upon a team with a load of lumber which was hopelessly stuck in the mud. The driver, assisted by Mr. Monroe, the local forest ranger who happened to come along on horseback, was unloading the lumber to lighten the load for the horses. There was no room to pass and the men unhitched our team, led the horses around the obstruction, then half carried the wagon around guiding it by hand along the outside edge of the road where it tilted at a crazy angle. They were successful in their efforts, however, and we were soon able to continue on our way.

This load of lumber was for the construction of the Meldrum house at Government Camp. The house was built later that summer and was used many years as a summer home by Judge and Mrs. Meldrum and their family. It still stands although substantially changed by additions and improvements, and is now the second oldest building in Government Camp.

About 1905, encouraged by the growing interest in the mountain and the possibility of improving the road from Portland to Government Camp, Mr. Yocum decided to plat his property and develop the community.

Judge Meldrum did the surveying and to pay him for his service, Mr. Yocum deeded to him an acre of his land on which the Meldrum house was built. The town was named Pompeii, the street names were selected and the property was put on the market. In order to get capital for construction of a sawmill, Mr. Yocum contacted twenty Portland businessmen and asked each of them for one hundred dollars. In return for each hundred-dollar payment, Mr. Yocum agreed to deed property one hundred feet square and to provide lumber to a total value of one hundred dollars, at Portland prices. It was a very fine offer and fond as we were of Government Camp, we were eager to have a place of our own. So our parents drove to Government Camp on the appointed date and selected not only the property for our use but also three other parcels for three friends (Dr. J. K. Locke, C. W. Nottingham and J. M. A. Laue) who wanted their property in the same block with ours. In 1908 a carpenter hired by Father built a 16 x 24 cabin on our property, using the one hundred dollars' worth of lumber as far as it would go. The frame, studding and sheathing was rough lumber, the siding was finished on the outside only, the flooring on four sides. The door and window frames and the windows and doors were brought from Portland, the shingles were hand split by a shingle weaver who lived near Welches. Before the summer ended our house was completed, tight-fitting shutters were made for the windows and we were happy to have our own summer cabin. With its many improvements it is the next oldest building in Government Camp, and equally adequate in winter and summer, it has provided us comfort and pleasure for almost fifty years.

There are two experiences that stand out in memory of earlier years: a night spent on top of Mt. Hood and a horseback trip from Government Camp to the foot of Crater Rock. In 1916 four friends and the author walked from Portland to Government Camp to spend two weeks' vacation. The trusty little sorrel horse which pulled a light wagon carrying all of our supplies required little driving and we either led her or let her follow us as we covered in three days the distance of about sixty miles. Lije Coalman and George Moronay were stationed as lookouts in the Forest Service cabin on top of the mountain. We had planned to climb the mountain and we were overjoyed when we were invited to spend the night on top. Our guide, after leading us to the summit, would return to Government Camp and one of the two lookouts would accompany us down the mountain. The trip was memorable in every respect; the weather was perfect, the air was clear and the view during both ascent and descent was matchless. The sunrise was made more impressive by the shadow of the mountain itself, cast in a long straight line across the snow field by the rising sun, but the sunset viewed from the summit proved even more impressive. The rosy glow extended entirely around the horizon, the mountain ranges were veiled in shadowy blue and the snow-capped peaks were a bright contrast, bathed as they were in the rosy-hued rays of the setting sun. It was an experience never to be forgotten.

The following summer was outstanding because Dee Wright, a packer

for the Forest Service, was working much of the summer near Government Camp. He was using a string of pack mules and he also had two fine saddle horses. Part of his responsibility was to pack the telephone wire for the installation of a telephone to the lookout cabin on the summit. He was always glad to have company on his pack trips and I was always eager to go for I would rather ride a horse than to do anything else in the world. So when he came to the cabin one evening and asked Mother if I could go on the pack trip to Crater Rock leaving at six the following morning, it seemed too good to be true and I was eager to go.

Next morning when I arrived at the barn ready to go he already had ten mules saddled and packed. On each pack saddle was a coil of telephone wire and the mules were literally "wired together," for the continuous wire strand extended from one pack saddle to the next until more than a thousand feet of wire were thus loaded. There were also miscellaneous supplies for the two lookouts, including four five-gallon cans of kerosene. Our horses were soon saddled and we were off. The lead mule's halter rope was looped around the horn of Dee Wright's saddle and I rode ahead on a fine bay horse who was not only a joy to ride but so sure-footed and trustworthy in any sort of mountain terrain or on any trail, that he could be given his head with complete safety to his rider. The first four miles were steep and rocky with slow, laborious progress because of the heavily loaded pack train. Across the shifting, rock-strewn waste of the moraine above the timberline the going was even slower because we made hairpin turns in order to gain elevation. On the snow field we were slowed down still further for the mules sank into the snow and sometimes struggled and floundered about to keep their footing.

It was almost noon when as we approached the moraine at the north side of Crater Rock, we saw Lije Coalman coming over the top and down the rope toward us. He was at the Forest Service cache at the base of Crater Rock when we arrived and had soon shouldered a five-gallon can of kerosene and was on his way back up to the top—they used kerosene for both cooking and lighting and had had no breakfast because their supply was exhausted.

The pack train was unloaded, we ate our lunch and then retraced our tracks. The mules were turned loose and they went ahead of us choosing their own course. When we reached the edge of the timber we had to make sure that the mules were started down the right trail, and from there on they took care of themselves. They were at the barn, waiting for their feed when we arrived in mid-afternoon.

These and many other experiences have forged a bond between the mountain, the road that led to the mountain and those who traveled the road. In contrast with the ease of today's traveling, when an hour and fifteen minutes' easy driving brings one face to face with that same mountain, one can only wonder how much greater must have been the thrill and the everlasting gratitude of those courageous pioneers who traveled not days or weeks but months to cross plains and rivers and mountain ranges

and, so near to the end of their journey to have come upon the same view of that majestic mountain! Little wonder that they estimated it as much higher than it actually is, for they had never before been so close to a snow-capped mountain. To some of us the bond has a special significance because the same mountain, some of the same scenes and some of the same experiences were a part of the lives of those earlier generations.

ESTHER KELLY WATSON

While scanning the pages of the *Oregon Journal* for July 1916 attempting to verify a date, I chanced upon a brief item which mentioned that John B. Kelly "claimed" to have driven the first automobile ever to reach Mt. Hood. No date was given. Knowing him to have been an uncle of Esther Kelly Watson I asked her for information. Promptly I received photos, newspaper clippings, a yellowed copy of Mr. Kelly's written account of the trip together with the original certificate from the toll gate keeper attesting the facts. With the permission of his son, Hobart R. Kelly, they are used here.

I left my home at Portland at 11 a.m. Saturday, August 29, 1903, with a "White" Stanhope, for Mt. Hood, to join my family and some friends who had been camping at the foot of the peak for some weeks. I took on quite a load of provisions, amounting to about 240 pounds. I made the run up, a distance of sixty-two miles, in five and one-half hours. In this distance I made an ascent of about 8,000 feet. The first twenty-five miles, the road was fairly good, the next fifteen miles was as bad as bad could be. This portion of the road runs through a belt of green timber and after a week's rain, I found it deep with mud and sleek [*sic*] enough to test anything that runs on wheels. I had to use heavy rope, wrapped spirally around the tires and rims of the wheels, to keep the carriage on the road and make it climb the hills. After working my way through this belt of mud, my course lay over about ten miles of deep sandy road. Then came the real climb.

My friends had told me that I might possibly get this far, but there would be no use trying it any farther. But I had made up my mind to let the carriage answer that question itself. At about this point on the road is a Toll Gate, the keeper of which would take no toll from me, saying that he would let me go on at my own risk, remarking that their road was not built for such vehicles. The usual toll for team and wagon is \$2.00.

Beyond the Toll Gate, the road is a single wagon track over very rocky country. Many rocks lay buried in the road just low enough to allow the passage of an ordinary wagon. Right here was my only real difficulty on the trip. Some of these rocks had broad, smooth surfaces, over which I

climbed with the sprocket swinging the hind wheels clear off the ground. Others I built up alongside of with loose rocks, and still others I passed by passing one wheel over the center of the rock. My carriage went through this all right, with the exception of crushing the brake drum by the carriage sliding sideways off the rocks. This might, I think, have paralyzed [*sic*] a man with a gasoline automobile, if he had ever been so foolish as to bring his machine into such a place. But, as my brake was pretty well worn anyhow, I did not mind smashing it. Then, after climbing the rocks, I came to the foot of the famous Laurel Hill, down which the pioneers of the Willamette Valley let their trappings with a cable on the installment plan. However, the road has since been much improved. Many places on this hill were so steep that when my front wheels would strike any little object, they would be thrown upward, clear of the ground, so great was the force of the traction.

Having climbed Laurel Hill without difficulty, I met with a new experience in the form of a mountain bog. I had not made more than the length of my carriage until it came to a standstill and settled down to the axles. I ran into this bog with about 100 pounds of steam, which was not sufficient for this particular piece of road. I leisurely pumped in by hand, a little water, and allowed the steam to come up to about 500 pounds, and then I began to "wiggle" with short bites from right to left with the steering [*sic*] lever; with the throttle wide open and links clear up, things began to move a little. The wheels were spinning and the mud flying out behind until we got a better "footing," and by patience and perseverance I worked the carriage over fifty yards of this kind of road. Many times I had to back up in my own wheel tracks in order to gain a few inches.

From here on I made good time, climbing rapidly until I reached Government Camp, which is a natural meadow, and so named from the fact that Government troops camped here in early days.

Here I found many campers, who greeted me with the waving of dish aprons, coats, hats, handkerchiefs, or anything they could lay their hands on to, and a mighty "hurrah" when they realized that the puffing they had been hearing was made by the coming of an up-to-date automobile. The proprietor of the summer boarding house here offered to keep me free of charge, saying that he would feel sufficiently repaid by having the honor of entertaining a man who had the pluck to bring an automobile up that mountain. Running on up above Government Camp, I met my family and friends, who were astonished at my success, although they had expected me. I spent a few days with my family here. On September 2, I arose early and went up on the snow fields and dug up about fifty pounds of snow, loading this with our two tents, two beds, camp dishes, provision basket, and clothing, camera, mementoes [*sic*], etc., my wife and three children, we started for our home in Portland. We sailed along nicely until we came to the notorious bog, when all I had done in going up had to be repeated, on down Laurel Hill, using our engine reversed for brake, as the rocks mentioned before had rendered my brake useless.

We met and passed safely teams on the winding grades, in one instance having to back up hill for a short distance. Some of the steepest climbs I had, though short, were on the return trip. Upon reaching the Toll Gate, the keeper was astonished to see my machine still rolling, and gave me a certificate which I intend to carefully preserve. The following is a copy: "This is to certify that I passed Mr. J. B. Kelly through the Toll Gate, on August 29th, 1903, and returned on September 2nd, with his White automobile, it being the first automobile to ever pass through this gate.

John Morony,
Gate Keeper of Mt. Hood and Barlow Road"

The entire trip home was a constant panorama of the beauties of nature, as the day was perfect; and we all decided that it was the most delightful ride we had ever had of any kind. The return trip was made in about seven hours.

This brings me to speak of a peculiarity which I have noticed in my use of the "White"—that I almost invariably make better time going up hill than going down. This trip put my Stanhope to every test possible, which it stood without injury.

JOHN B. KELLY

Although I have known Dr. A. E. Gourdeau for many years, it was not until this manuscript was in its final typing that I learned that his father was one of the early toll gate keepers. His reply to my letter asking for certain information, dated April 24, 1958, contains so much interesting material that I have included it here.

My father was A. W. Gourdeau. We had a small (twenty acres) holding three and one-half miles from Sandy. We moved there from Duluth, Minnesota, in April, 1910. Halley's comet was the big news in the world at that time. A neighbor and good friend was one John Moroney. His father had been toll gate keeper some years previously and he (John) had run the road crew which every spring had "opened up" the road to traffic. John Moroney got my father interested in the Toll Gate, and with his two teams of horses moved our family up to the Gate (twenty-plus miles) and my father was made keeper. To the best of my recollection his first year was 1911 or 1912. He was hired by the owners (Barlow Toll Road) through the agency of their trustee, a bank in Oregon City.

Father was there for three or maybe four years. The interests of the Barlow Toll Road were purchased by the man [E. Henry Wemme] who founded the Willamette Tent and Awning Co. When he died he left the road to the State of Oregon.

During the first year of my dad's work at Toll Gate, I was hired by

Paul R. Meinig of Sandy to work in his general store. I personally spent little time at Toll Gate because of my work in Sandy but I was there intermittently for vacations, etc. . . .

You mention a letter from Jennie Welch. In our time she was Miss Jennie Faubion. She lived across the road a "piece" above the Ranger Station. Her father used to go through the Gate at periodic intervals to Still Creek to measure the water on a U. S. Water Survey. You must have known Rangers Henson and Osborne. The latter was a Yale graduate in forestry. I still recall that his eastern ways and accent were resented by the westerners yet his name has come down to the present for his range finder that is still used by the Forest Service to locate fires by triangulation.

My father had a small store in the Toll House, selling tobacco, sugar, oats and like staples. All of this of course had to be freighted up the long, unpaved road from Sandy. The steep rocky grades of some of the "hills" were legendary.

Two tribes of Indians (one the Warm Springs) made the trek from their reservations in Eastern Oregon. They came down annually to the fish hatchery on the Salmon River. There they speared salmon which the squaws dried and packed. This was an important source of protein for the Indians. These two tribes gave very different impressions culturally. One tribe had (comparatively) new and clean blankets. Their horses were almost sleek; two of their young men had had secondary education and used fair English. The other tribe was dirty—their squaws unkempt. Since all Indians at the time were wards of the federal government, we often speculated as to the difference in culture.

They always camped over night at the Gate, camping on the west side if they were traveling west—vice versa when east bound. When they purchased anything in the store they always paid for each article when bought. That is, an individual would buy a package of gum—pay his five cents—then stand around for awhile and make another purchase. On their return (home) trip they could be mildly difficult. Their young men would have had a taste of firewater and would just as soon knock down a corral fence to get fire wood.

One experience stands out. I was standing by the Gate when I heard the sound of a fast-ridden horse coming from the east. A young man in his early twenties rather good looking but sullen in manner, rode up and demanded that I open the gate. I told him that the toll was seventy-five cents for a mounted horseman. He said he was an Indian and need not pay. I went close to him, looked him over and turned back to the house telling him that he did not look like an Indian to me and I was the sole judge unless he could prove differently. He looked surprised, and a bit amused—reached into his pocket and pulled out a silver dollar. I let him through. His mount was a sorrel mare in a lather to her tail. From her breathing it was easy to see she was about through, but she responded to the spurs and off they went kicking up a cloud of dust. About two hours later four men came from the east riding at top speed. They were all armed and asked

me about the lone rider, the leader identified himself as a sheriff from Wapinitia. I told what had happened anent the young man. "You made that bozo pay toll?" he asked. "Didn't he pull his gun on you?"

The following day the four men were back, now traveling east. They had acquired a light spring wagon and my "Indian" was sitting on the floor boards wearing handcuffs. The sheriff told me that he had murdered three men and that I could count myself lucky not to be number four. As for the "Indian," he still looked amused when his eyes fell on me. The men of the posse may have thought me to be brave but he and I knew I was just plain dumb.

You mention annual treks to Government Camp by certain families. There were three such families who came regularly each year—I think they were all from Oregon City but I have forgotten their names. Dr. Miller,¹⁷ a dentist who founded a dental college later affiliated with the University of Oregon, was one family we saw each year.

An important figure at this time was "Lige" Coalman. He built his hotel at Government Camp during my father's time at the Gate. A man of fabulous physical power, he preferred to walk down to Sandy as the stage was "too slow."

The top dramatic incidents of this time and place were provided by the forest fires. These, especially one that I recall (and you do also) were awesome sights. When I was at Meinig's store, we worked the night through packing strings of mules with food and necessities for the several hundred men on the fire line.

A. E. GOURDEAU

17. Dr. Herbert Miller who founded and owned the North Pacific Dental College.