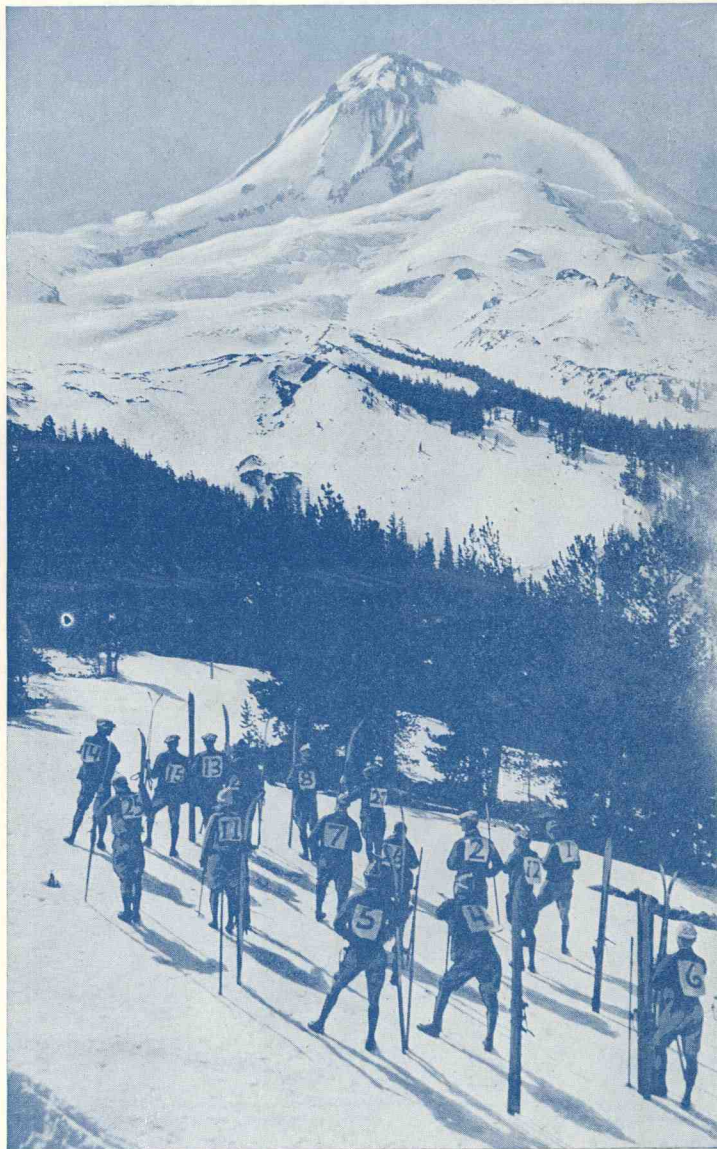


# The Oregon Motorist

January 1930



*"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills"*

## *In This Issue:*

*Oregon Beaches in Winter*

*Winter Sports in Central Oregon*

*Mt. Hood in Winter*

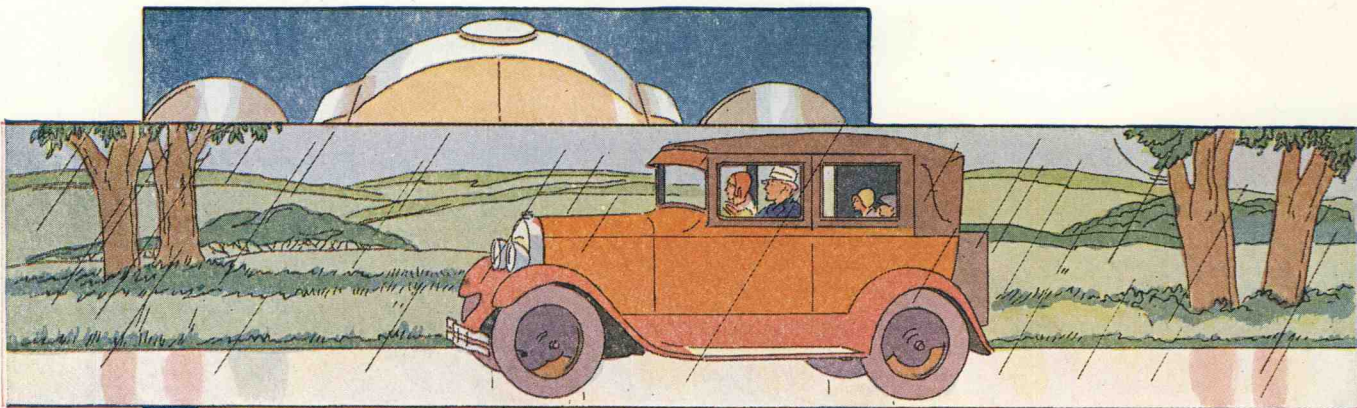
*Hood River Valley and Snow Sports*

*The Development of Winter Sports in Oregon*

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# The Oregon Motorist

A Monthly Motor Magazine

Exploiting the Scenic Wonders of Oregon and the Pacific Northwest

*"The Summer Playground of the Nation"*

Published Monthly by the

## OREGON STATE MOTOR ASSOCIATION

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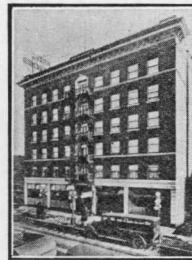
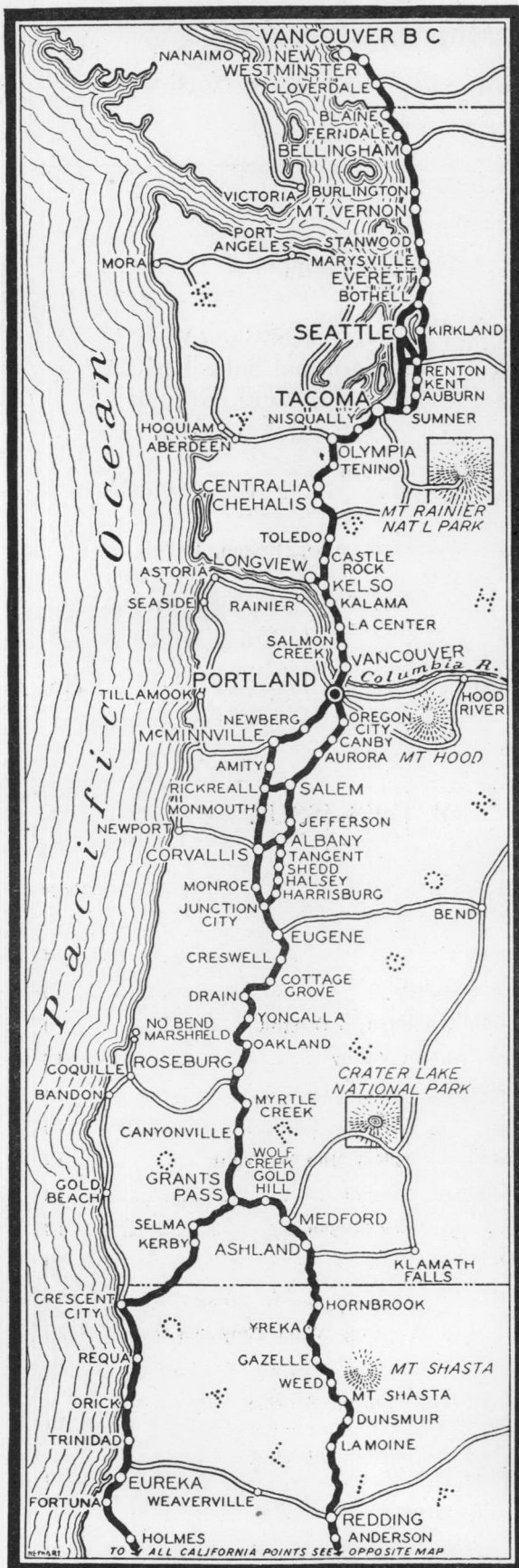
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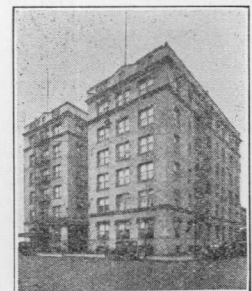
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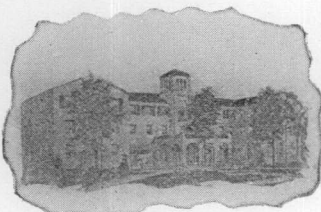
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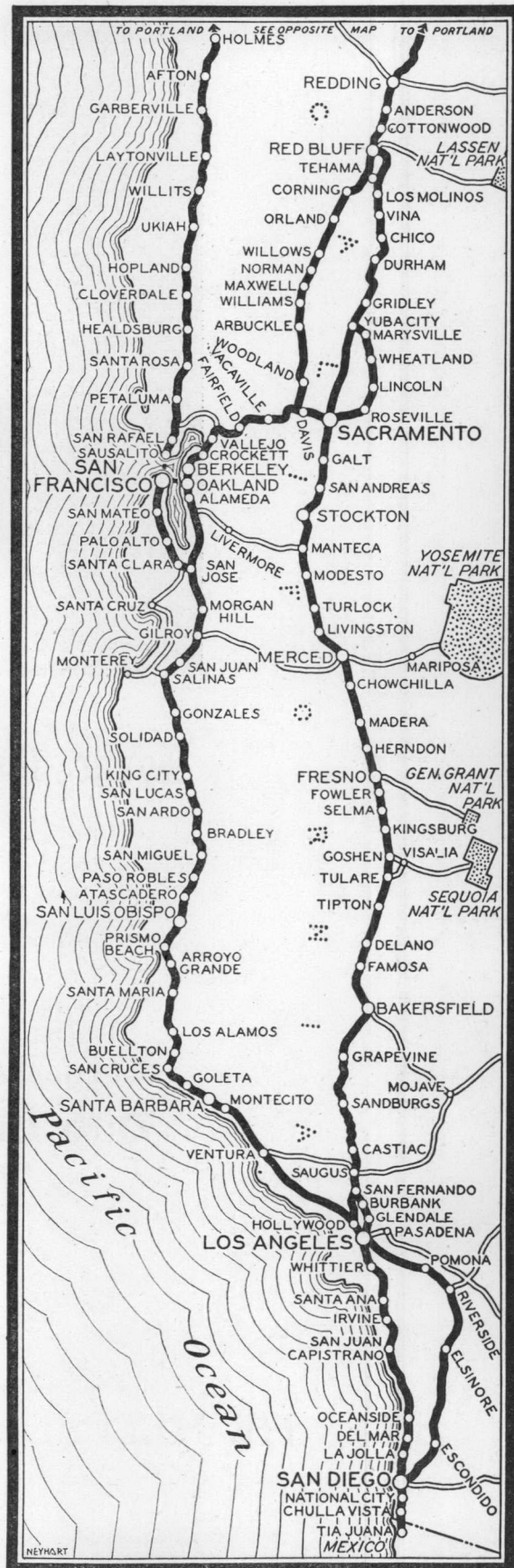
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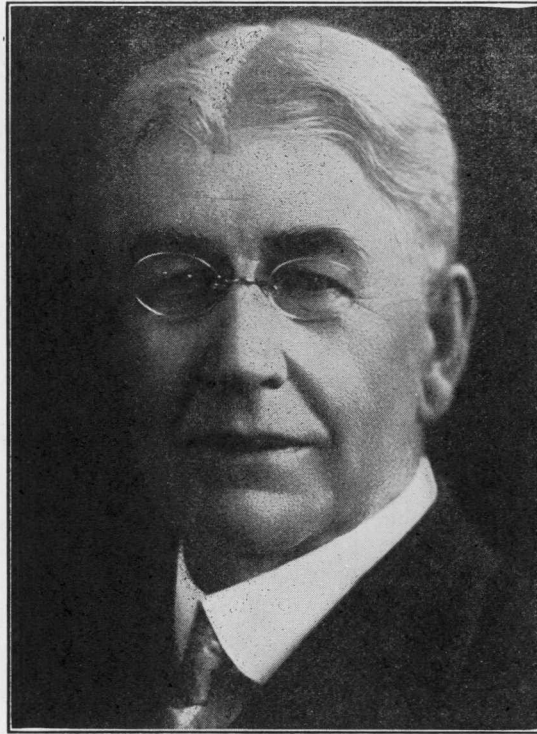
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HE HELPED BUILD OREGON



# The Oregon Motorist

Published Monthly by the OREGON STATE MOTOR ASSOCIATION

VOL. X

EUGENE, OREGON, JANUARY, 1930

No. 4

## Oregon Beaches by HAL E. HOSS

**Editor's Note:**—The other evening I sat and listened to Hal E. Hoss, genial Secretary of State, as he reminisced over his experiences along the Oregon coast during stormy seasons. The stories he told were so fascinating and the subject matter so intensely interesting that he was straight-way drafted to place some of his experiences on paper so that the readers of the Motorist might share in his enjoyment of the sea in winter. Who has not longed to witness a storm at sea? In the following article Mr. Hoss transports the reader to the beach and allows him to feel the sweep of the wind and the sting of salt spray on his face.

## In Winter

OREGON'S summer beach season commences, in a normal climatic year, soon after the 4th of July and continues until the day after Labor Day. Some families, who have gotten over the vagabondage brought about by the completion of so many good automobile roads, go to their cottages along the coast as soon as school is out in June and make a summer of it, and a few there are who have no youngsters to hustle back to school in the fall stay along into September and October. But the general run of Oregon vacationists is away from the beach resorts pretty early in September.

September and October at the coast are delightful, and we do find an increasing number of city folks designing their vacation periods so that they can get away after the regular summer months, but how many of us are familiar with the coast in winter? Summer throngs and the artifice of the average resort have an immense appeal to the city worn worker, and vacation travel is increasing steadily year by year.

I have been commissioned to tell of Oregon beaches in winter time. Like the Hippodrome stage, the scenes shift with the evolving months, and the presentations of the winter are as unlike the summer shows, as a puppet performance differs from drama. It has been my privilege to visit along the Oregon coast more or less from time to

time, and if it were not for the very practical reason of economic determination, I confess readily that I should above all things else prefer the life of a winter beach-comber! One would be a pronounced pragmatist indeed,

who did not read romance and tragedy in the drifts and strange casts from the deep, whose heart failed to rise and fall in sympathy with the ships heaving on the horizon in the billows of a heavy running sea. And in the dead o' night what thrills play tag along your spine with the cracking of the flood tide, a ceaseless pounding, booming roar, like the fire of heavy artillery, — an assault on the strand which gives serious misgivings as to the ability of



The "Glenesslin" on the Rocks

—Courtesy Rockaway Studio

old Neptune to hold his forces in bounds. The crooning song of the summer sea, as she laps the shore of the Oregon coast, is the delight and inspiration of many a vacationist, who finds rest and peace and deep sleep to the tune of a steady surf.

But not such for our wayfarer in the winter. When a storm runs high, the surf is a force to be reckoned with. I have gone, and would go again, many miles to witness a storm at sea, with its lashing and pounding of the shore line, with mighty billows crashing almost at one's feet, and spray rising high into the air like rain reversed. Mrs. Hoss and I walked several miles a few years ago through a heavy gale to watch the effects of a storm at sea as its



aftermath rolled into Tillamook Bay and thundered against the rocks and drifts near the entrance. Fascinated, and almost unbelieving, we saw timbers and logs of all sizes literally ground to matchwood before our very eyes. The power of those unseen forces dwelling beneath the surface of the water, wherein full sized trees would be grasped, upended, heaved to the top of a towering billow and riven from end to end, to be smashed into a million pieces as they were hurled against the rocks, gave me a new respect for the placid old Pacific. I had theretofore thought I knew its various moods, but I had yet much to learn.

I realize, that in speaking of the Oregon beaches in winter, one should be fair and not select the high spots of



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—Courtesy Rockaway Studio

*A Storm—Waves Breaking Over Twin Rocks*

the past decade and parade the mas every day eventualities for our winter visitors. But, while the things that I am inclined to mention are not repeated with regularity, I still feel justified in covering them because one can almost guarantee a first-class storm every winter, and the minor and usual attractions, like circus side-shows, are always open before and after the main performance in the big top. No visit to Oregon beaches in winter time ever went uncompensated.

It was during a storm on the Oregon coast a few years ago that I really met up with and became acquainted with Mister Pacific Ocean, and learned something about his disposition when he got his mad up. All visitors of recent years at Bar View know the lay-out there,—how the now dilapidated jetty heads out toward the sea on the north side of the bay entrance, while the waves roll clear in to the rock embankment at the foot of the railway tracks. But not everyone knows that prior to the storm of 1915 the area now under water directly in front of the life saving station was covered by a grove of beautiful trees, that dozens of cozy cottages and a big hotel were there, that stores and places of business skirted a board walk paralleling the railway, that a superb bathing beach fronted the whole, and that one could walk on dry land from a point near where the Old Man of the Sea pokes his head through the water to a spot which would be now several hundred feet out along the jetty.

As if resenting the intrusion of man-made purported "aids to navigation," the jetty

was not yet completed before the wrath of the ocean was vented upon it and the shore line south, in one of the most devastating tidal onslaughts in the annals of Oregon history. I was following newspaper work at the time and when I got news of the storm and its effect on Bar View I hustled down there with a photographer and got a close-up of the whole proceedings. Unlike many of our other bad storms which hit the coast, the waves that washed out that portion of Bar View worked silently. Except for the swish of the breaking as the white topped billows toppled over when they struck, there was an absence of sounds usually associated with such a catastrophe,—no heavy rumblings, no sub-marine reverberations, no sharp cannonading. A quiet, deliberate surf, but what a power!

I believe that the comparative silence made the picture all the more awful and inspiring, the more sinister. As each majestic breaker rolled in and struck that beautiful shore line, it took its toll of sand, and turf and soil. From five to ten feet of indentation was made when the big fellows struck, at almost regular intervals and interspersed among the lesser breakers, as is the way of the surf. And whether the stricken strand held tree or house it mattered not,—the irresistible forces of a maddened sea were striking back at civilization. With my photographer, I stood out on the jetty and faced back toward shore, in a continual spray from the waves breaking on the rocks of the structure, and while it was a wonderful point of vantage, it had its discomforts, too. When the big smashers came in, as about every sixth or seventh roller was doing the real damage and carried the real punch, it was necessary to throw a waterproof mackintosh over the camera, duck our heads under cover as much as possible, and hang onto the tripod and brace against the ties of the jetty railway to keep from being swept overboard. Except when in surf bathing, that was my only experience of having ocean billows break right over my head, and they hit none too gently, either! Some day the sequel to the Bar View story will be written, and I predict that it will tell of the coming back of a bathing beach on both sides of the present jetty.

It happens that I am personally more familiar with the coasts of Tillamook and Lincoln county than the other beaches of the state, but the accessibility of them all, from



*The Swell*



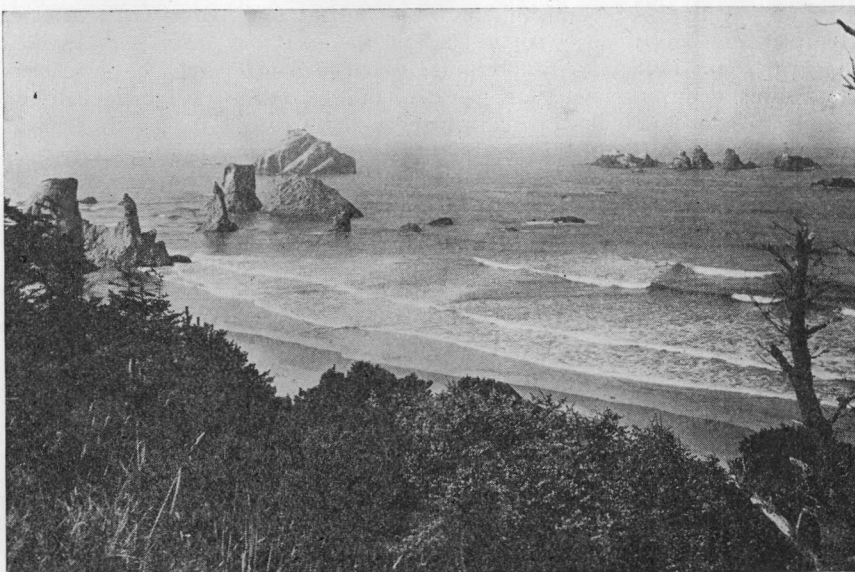
the lower Roosevelt areas to the Clatsop resorts on the north, make them all available for winter visits, and each point has its peculiar local history, its spots of especial interest, and its performance of oceanic wonders going on continuously,—either in the side shows or in the main tent. Even though I write of events within a restricted area, be assured that I speak for all Oregon's coast country when I invite you to go to the beach in the winter time for real relaxation, inspiration, and a new comprehension of an old friend.

Shipwrecks have throughout all history held a deep fascination for land-lubbers, and while I wished disaster for no one, it was a long cherished desire with me to see a real bang-up shipwreck at first hand. I had scouted the coasts a good many winters before I got in on a real one, but I had thrills aplenty in some preliminary experiences, which, instead of subduing my enthusiasm, only whetted it the more for active participation.

Any number of folks have seen at Neahkahnie and Manzanita beaches the evidence of shipwrecks along the Nehalem spit, and it was mostly these souvenirs of catastrophes that made me yearn for the coming ashore of a vessel of some sort. At Manzanita are plank road-ways made from the decking of the wrecked Mimi, a German ship that had grief there not so many years ago. And the figurehead of this same vessel, a larger than life size image of a woman, carved from wood and painted a dead white, erected in front of a summer cottage near Manzanita gave me the fright of my life one night when I was taking a short cut through the woods. I was at the time covering a real, sure-enough shipwreck. The schooner Oakland, deserted by her crew, waterlogged and floundering off shore, had been steadily working in with the tide and at about nightfall I had been able to make identification from lettering on some of the

flotsam which had drifted ashore. The same storm which disabled the schooner had played havoc with telephone lines along the coast, and I had to hike from Manzanita beach down to Nehalem to telephone my paper.

I ran all the way down, and hurried back up as fast as I could so as not to miss any of the spectacle that I had so long awaited, and when I saw this white wooden woman looming up from the darkness, I thought the spirits were after me for sure. When I finally recovered



*The Surf Rolls In*

my senses and my equilibrium, I made my way on, but I had had a real scare. The next day I made a special trip by sunlight to look the apparition over, and since have used pictures of it and stories of the ill-fated Mimi in various articles. In passing, I might say that the Mimi came ashore about 1910, the entire crew of some twenty-eight, were saved, and the captain was advised to leave his vessel grounded until the storm subsided. Unheeding this advice, he took his crew aboard again, made ready to shove off and started his motors with the crest of the next flood tide. The Mimi got away from shore, all right, but she was turned around and pounded to pieces almost in her tracks, with the loss of nearly all the crew.

My recollections of this tragedy are a little hazy, but if I remember correctly there were but three or four left alive, and one of these old salts made his residence in those parts up until a short time ago. Also in passing, no mention of Neahkahnie and Manzanita would be complete without reference to the tales of the buried treasure, the cryptic rock-writings, the buried bees-wax and the never-ending search with secret maps and diagrams that make that section a veri-



*Waves Breaking on the Beach*

table haunt of the spirits and bucanneers and pirates. But those are stories within themselves, and can not be covered along with my cabbages and kings right now.

But to get back to the derelict schooner Oakland. Her rudder had been torn away and she was miles out of her course. The crew had been taken off by the Saginaw and a start made for Grays Harbor with the Oakland in tow. The storm ripped the line and the vessel drifted down to the Tillamook coast. A heavy running sea brought her aground about midnight, but the flood of the tide prevented anyone reaching her from shore until about four in the morning, and then it was a race into the surf for a long ways out. Following fast behind the outward roll of the waves, one could just grasp a rope hanging down the vessel's side before the breakers turned, and it was no easy task to keep from being swept back into the surging sea, the while struggling to go hand over hand up the slippery side of a wooden hull. But it could be done, and

illegible of watching a drama of the sea right at first hand. One of the larger passenger steamers on the Portland-San Francisco run had some rudder difficulties while off Tillamook county. She wirelessly for help, and started drifting in toward shore. Members of the life-saving crew standing-by at Bar View had apprised me of the situation and with them I watched through a telescope the workings of a modern rescue. Several ships had heard the distress call. The laws of the sea say the first to get a line aboard has the rights of salvage, and it was interesting to see the smoke columns appear all along the horizon. First here, then there, one could see the vessels approaching the stricken liner, only their smoke at first visible, and then their hulls, until in all seven ships were standing-by. In the fore hurried the Repeat, by right of priority the one to take the prize into port. The line was made fast, the return journey commenced, and the wirelessly message "O. K." went out to the ships in the offing, so



*The Oregon Coast in Winter*

yours truly, with a prowess never before or since equalled, scrambled up, the fourth man aboard and as wicked a pirate as ever boarded salvage or scuttled an argosy in any of the seven seas. The vessel was quickly stripped and denuded of everything of value, including ships stores, extra canvas, bunks, port-hole frames, engine parts, ropes, blocks, and utensils. It was my ambition to secure for myself two things only,—the ship's flag and the chronometer. I got them all right, but when the master of the life-saving crew from Bar View showed up a little later I bowed to his supposed authority and handed over the clock. I kept the flag, however, a new one which I found folded up with the stores, and it flies now each time I go to my summer cottage, "Hal's Half Acre," at Taft. And on the side, let me say here that my enthusiasm for winter beach storms has cooled considerably since I first started writing this article, because the store-keep over there just telephoned me that the last storm ripped off about half of my new roof, and what would I care to do about it? My principal regret, however, has not been so much the damage to the roof, but the fact that I had to miss such a peach of a storm!

One of the marvels of the present maritime age was illustrated for me a few years ago when I had the priv-

ilege of watching a drama of the sea right at first hand. One of the larger passenger steamers on the Portland-San Francisco run had some rudder difficulties while off Tillamook county. She wirelessly for help, and started drifting in toward shore. Members of the life-saving crew standing-by at Bar View had apprised me of the situation and with them I watched through a telescope the workings of a modern rescue. Several ships had heard the distress call. The laws of the sea say the first to get a line aboard has the rights of salvage, and it was interesting to see the smoke columns appear all along the horizon. First here, then there, one could see the vessels approaching the stricken liner, only their smoke at first visible, and then their hulls, until in all seven ships were standing-by. In the fore hurried the Repeat, by right of priority the one to take the prize into port. The line was made fast, the return journey commenced, and the wirelessly message "O. K." went out to the ships in the offing, so

Just one more reference to shipwrecks. I count it as one of my most prized recollections, to be able to say that I am one of the very few persons privileged to see a full rigged sailing vessel smash into the rocks at the base of a mountain. The Glenesslin, a British sailing ship, a four-master as I remember her, got into difficulties off Neah-kahnie mountain, and headed straight for the rocks with all sails set. I happened to be in the vicinity and it was certainly some sight to see that great ship, jammed onto the rocks, with her straining sails bellied out in the gale, and to realize that the sight was one to be extremely short lived. Fortunately the crew was easily taken off. But the picture of that helpless ship, with fluttering canvas so white and vibrant under the afternoon sun and the whip of the eddying winds there at the base of that majestic mountain of stone, gave me an impression I'll not soon forget. In my own mind I often think of the ill-fated Glenesslin as a butterfly, im- (Continued on page 27)



# Development of Winter SPORTS in OREGON

by L. A. NELSON

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Mr. Nelson will be remembered as the leader in several of the searches for lost boys which have attracted so much attention in Oregon during the past few years. In two of these searches—the Brownlee-White search on the south side of Mount Hood and the Cramer-Ferry search on the west side of Three Sisters, Mr. Nelson was selected to organize and conduct the search because of the winter conditions prevailing. His selection in these emergencies definitely places him as an authority on the subject of winter sports. His long association with winter sports in the East, in neighboring states and in Oregon place him in a peculiarly favorable position to write on the subject of the "Development of Winter Sports in Oregon."



Nels Nelson making record jump at Revelstoke, Canada. The Judge's stand, the 100-foot and 150-foot flag are in the picture.

THE DEVELOPMENT of winter sports in Oregon has kept pace with the development of transportation. Until all year round highways and the removal of snow in winter made the mountains accessible, snow sports were indulged in only by the trapper and the prospector and but a few pioneering spirits who subjected themselves to great discomforts and overcame many handicaps in order to enjoy a few hours' snowshoeing or skiing. Winter sports such as snowshoeing, skiing and

tobogganing have always been available each winter on the mountain slopes within a couple of hours' drive of the main population centers of Oregon both east and west of the Cascades but it is only within the last three or four years that transportation has been developed so as to make these areas readily accessible. It is in these same few years that winter sports have developed noticeably in this state.

Probably the history of "Winter Sports on Mt. Hood"

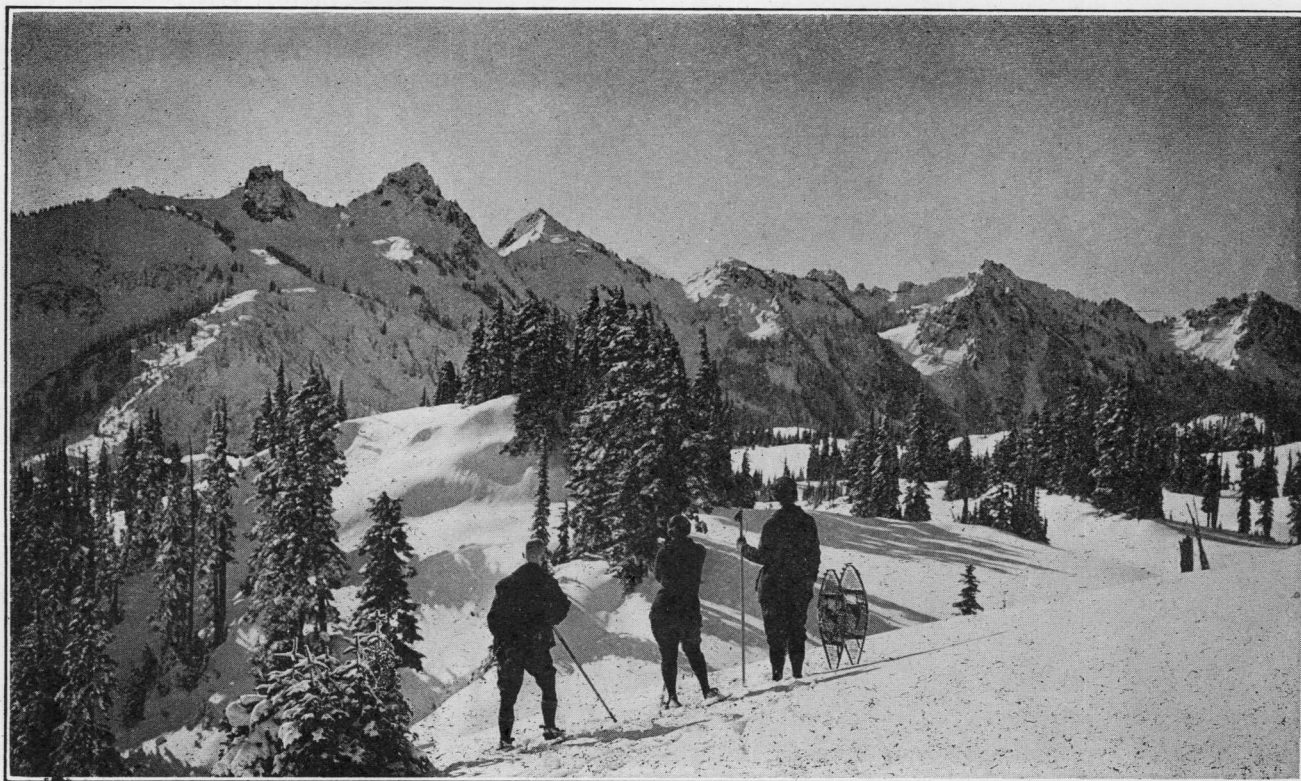
would give the best picture of the development of snow sports in Oregon.

In 1904 some hardy out-of-door people made a snowshoe trip to Cloud Cap Inn on the north side of Mt. Hood. Think of what this means now and then try to visualize what it entailed in 1904. Train from Portland to Hood River, then by wagon or sleigh to the upper reaches of the valley and then the long, hard trip on snowshoes to the Inn. The leader of this enterprise was J. Wesley Ladd who might well be given the title "Father of Winter Sports on Mount Hood." The idea took so well that two years later these people organized the "Snowshoe Club" and, as was fitting, elected Mr. Ladd president to which post he has been elected each succeeding year. He is now, after twenty-five years, still its president.

In 1910 a club house was constructed just north of

days enjoying the out-of-doors each winter and attaining proficiency on snowshoes and skis.

Evidently the Oregon City boys wanted something a little slicker and faster than a "snowshoe" club therefore chose skis (pronounced skees) in the naming of this club. The trip from Oregon City to Government Camp was in some ways more difficult than on the north side due to worse roads and more rain. Each year saw this Club make its trips to the mountain with Government Camp Hotel as its headquarters. Thus these two groups, one on the north and one on the south side were doing their share to promote winter sports on the mountain years ago. Their persistence and enthusiasm attracted the attention of others who soon became ardent proponents of the sport. Members of the Mazamas, a very few at first and then in gradually increasing numbers, took up the sport.



*In the Snow Country*

Cloud Cap Inn at an elevation of 6,000 feet and each winter sees its doors opened to members and guests who come to enjoy winter sports on snowshoes or skis. In the early days the trip to the Lodge required four days but with the highway development is now an easy day's travel from Portland.

The Snow Shoe Club was the pioneer winter sports organization on the coast and many years elapsed before people in Portland or the Hood River Valley followed in the footsteps of these men and participated in the wonderful opportunities so readily available to them.

The next group that took up snow shoeing and skiing as an avocation was a small group of enthusiasts from Oregon City who soon organized themselves into a winter sports organization called the Oregon City Ski Club. This Club traveled to the south side of the mountain by way of Boring and Sandy and made its headquarters at Government Camp Hotel, spending from a week to ten

The development of winter sports was slow, due to poor or indifferent roads and transportation. To get any skiing over the week-end one had to start some time Saturday, get to Rhododendron some time Saturday night, snowshoe or ski to Government Camp, arriving about breakfast time, then ski until noon and start for Portland arriving in time for work if nothing untoward happened.

On one trip we left Portland at 6 o'clock Saturday evening, arriving at Rhododendron at 11:00 P. M., hiked and snowshoed to Government Camp, had breakfast and then snowshoed to Crater Rock, took off our snowshoes and climbed to the summit of Mount Hood, reaching the summit at 2:00 P. M. Returning, we reached Rhododendron at 11:00 P. M. and Portland at 5:00 A. M. Monday! It will be noted that it took us five hours from Portland to Rhododendron and six hours on the return trip. We worked our way both ways too—pushing and hauling our car through the mud.



The development of the Mount Hood Loop gradually made it easier and easier to reach this winter playground. When the road was completed the Mazamas constructed a Lodge at the foot of Laurel Hill with the idea that cars could always reach Rhododendron and that would only mean a hike of six miles to the Lodge.



*Ski Jumping*

The State Highway Commission upset these calculations by keeping the road open to Government Camp, four miles beyond the Lodge and the center of the winter sports region.

The first year that the road was kept free of snow a tragedy and a near-tragedy occurred which served to bring winter sports to the front. Two boys were lost, one in an attempt to climb the mountain, the other out on a ski trip. A blizzard was raging at the time and so only those who were experienced in the use of winter equipment and who were proficient enough to care for themselves during a storm were allowed to join in the search. Appeals for help were broadcast over the state and of the number of volunteers who responded only a limited number could be used because of the lack of equipment and inadequate experience. One of the boys was found, but notwithstanding a most intensive search by an unequalled group of experienced mountaineers and woodsmen, the search for the other was unavailing and no trace of the second boy has ever been found.

The publicity and sheer drama of this search so concentrated public attention to the mountain in winter and to the use of snow shoe and ski that public consciousness of winter sports arrived almost over night. It was difficult to secure sufficient equipment for the conduct of this search and many pairs of snowshoes were taken from the walls of dens and forwarded into the mountain so that another searcher might be equipped for the field.

The development of winter sports has necessarily increased the supply of equipment and now it would not be difficult to secure an adequate supply. One group joining in this search was from Hood River, members of the Crag Rats and Hood River Ski Club. These men have been

working away at the development of the sport on the north side of the mountain, taking up a portion of the work so admirably pioneered by the Snow Shoe Club. The road up Hood River now being kept open in winter makes it possible to make winter sport available to the public at large and not only to a few hardy mountaineers.

Ski jumps have been constructed, cross-country courses laid out, ski jumping and ski running tournaments have been held each year. This group is doing some pioneering that is going to bring results and make the north side a mecca for those who enjoy winter sports.

On the south side interest in ski jumping developed and a jump was built at Swim, near Government Camp. Some of the jumpers and others interested formed the Mt. Hood Ski Club and sponsored some real jumping contests. Another group constructed a jump just south of Government Camp Hotel and formed the Cascade Ski Club. Both clubs held several successful tournaments.

The Portland Advertising Club constructed a toboggan slide which made it possible for the general public to enjoy this sport. They also constructed an amateur ski jump which enabled those desiring to learn jumping to do so without the danger on the professional jumps.

A 1600 foot toboggan slide has been constructed at Battle Axe Inn which has many thrilling ups and downs as well as curves. The development in the last three years has been really marvelous in comparison to the many years of pioneering. All of this is as nothing to what it can and should be. The surface has only been scratched, there are greater things to do.

Development so far has been toward localized endeavor and not to the development as a winter sports area. To make winter sports what they should be on Mt. Hood, more people must participate. A tournament now and then will attract people but that is not all, they should be interested in snowshoeing and skiing and participate in trips of various kinds.

*(Continued on page 25)*



### **An Apology**

Owing to the lack of space in this issue the story, "The Joy of Hiking Along Oregon Beaches," by Guy and Barbara Reynolds, is omitted this month. The next installment will appear in the February Motorist.

# Snow Sports in Willamette Valley

by HENRY KORN, Pres. "The Obsidians"

SITTING on Dad's knee, little Willie and Mary used to thrill to his story of the snow sparkling in the sun or maybe moonlight, the long call of the tra-a-a-ack sounding far up the hill and then after a breathless zip and swish came the long walk back with the bobsled or toboggan and shouting and laughter.

And Dad also loved to tell how the snow used to drift up four foot deep in front of his house and he had to shovel the sidewalk clear before school and "by golly though" there was lots of fun those days, he was glad he moved to Oregon's famous Willamette Valley where they didn't have such gosh-blamed weather all winter long.

But lately, in the last two or three years, Willie and Mary and Dad and Mother too, for that matter, have found that good roads and co-operation by the State Highway Department has brought to them all of the fun without any further hardship than filling up the radiator of the old family bus with anti-freeze. So in Eugene, as in other parts of the Northwest, are the various winter sports becoming more popular each year.

The group pioneering the fun on the Western slopes in the Three Sisters area are the "Obsidians" of Eugene. In 1927 a number of outdoor fans formed an organization known as the *Outdoor Club*. The need of such an organization was stressed after two University of Oregon boys lost their lives in a blizzard near the South Sister on Labor Day, September 5th, 1927, and were searched for unsuccessfully at the immediate time.

Shortly thereafter the Club was organized and during the Organizational meeting announcement was made of the loss of a young boy on the lower Siuslaw district. The organizational meeting of the Club was thereupon turned into an organizational meeting for the conduct of the search and the charter members of the Club left the meeting to don out-of-doors clothes and join in the search for the lost boy.

From this beginning of service the growth of the Outdoor Club was constant. Without solicitation, the member-



Henry Korn at Summit of McKenzie Pass.

ship increased until in December, 1929, the time this article was written, there were 160 members on the rolls, most of them active and participating very frequently in all the club's activities.

In 1928 the name of the Outdoor Club, while being descriptive, was thought not distinctive enough, so after much discussion, pro and con, over various names, that of *Obsidians* was adopted. The first annual outing of the Outdoor Club had been held on Obsidian Creek, below Obsidian Plateau at the base of the North Sister, so that the name chosen conveyed a definite meaning, both to members and those familiar with the volcanic rock which looks like a jet black piece of glass known as Obsidian, and which is found in that area.

An amusing incident in relation to the discussion around the proposed change of name may be told here. One member, who was opposed to the new name as suggested, remarked that to his notion "Obsidian reminded him of something, a long time dead," at which a champion of the cause arose and said that he had never thought of it in that way but in his opinion Obsidian meant "as hard as they make 'em", which remark saved the day and won the vote of the membership.

The first winter outing of the Outdoor Club was held on December 31st, 1927-January 2nd, 1928, with the headquarters at McKenzie Bridge, Oregon, there being no accommodations at that time further up the highway to house the participants. A motor bus was chartered and it moved the members and guests from Eugene to McKenzie Bridge and then on nine miles up the highway to Lost Creek Ranch each morning where the winter sports of tobogganing, skiing and snowshoeing were held. The Highway Department had kept the road open to that



Obsidian Cabins.



point but failed to leave a turn-around for so large an object as the big passenger bus so it was practically lifted around by 20 or so of the men. That outing gave all of the 45 members and guests a taste of snow sports for the first time in their lives, and others their first taste since leaving the Eastern states. Many week-end trips followed.

The second year found the Club (The Obsidians by this time) in quarters of their own, such as they were, and nearer the slopes suitable for sliding. Some of the members had known for some time of two deserted cabins about one and one-half miles above Lost Creek Ranch, 67 miles from Eugene, and off the McKenzie Highway several hundred feet. Two of the members scouted the place one fine Sunday and both possessing good imaginations they visualized the place reconstructed. It afforded a temporary club house and shelter, at least.

A surprise hike was scheduled a week or two later and the members on the hike were shown the edifices. All information had been secured as to the rental fee, for they were in the U. S. Forest Reserve and whether the cabins could be acquired as club property. All being satisfactory, the Obsidians as a group, were sold on the idea through photographs of the buildings as they were and through sufficient glowing descriptions as to what they would look like when reconstructed. Then the fun started.

You know how it is: to an outsider's eyes a house may be but a shack, but to the person occupying the place, why it is—*home*. So it was with the "cabins" as they were immediately dubbed.

Every Saturday afternoon and evening and Sundays for two months thereafter, crews worked like beavers getting the places ready before the snow flew. All labor was volunteered as was considerable material and trucks to carry the supplies.

The work was doubly interesting because of the history of the place. As we learned, an old trapper built the two cabins, one of which was only partly finished. They are the last houses on the McKenzie Highway before the summit of the Cascades is reached, with the exception of two store shelters erected by the Highway Department near the top. The old trapper lived there for a number of years and the story goes, he pushed all his supplies on a wheelbarrow from McKenzie Bridge to his cabins, a distance of approximately 11 miles, *uphill*, and over a road not to compare with the wide and smooth McKenzie Highway we now have.

This story was substantiated by the fact that his wheelbarrow, in a dilapidated condition, was discovered in a corner and a yoke with a groove across it to properly guide a rope, was also found with which he eased his arms on the long trip and allowed his shoulder to carry a part of the load.

The one building now used as sleeping quarters, about 20x20 feet, was reroofed with shakes cut on the premises. The walls are made of timbers 18 to 24 inches square,

handhewn with a broad axe, so that they almost appear as sawed timbers. The old man is reported to have said: "Gimme my old Winchester and I'll stand off an army," and from the appearance of the old block house, he possibly could have.

The other building, or Lodge proper, possessed an excellent roof but no sides so it was boarded up with 1x12s, floors put in, and shakes placed over the outer boards of the walls. It was a great sight to see men and women side by side nailing on shakes or putting down the floor. Someone who could saw reasonably straight cut the boards and when the boards went down, a person, man or woman, was ready at each joint, and with a bang, bang, bang, the board was nailed down.

The floor really turned out well for we had a good foreman, but the shakes on the outside—well, if one row is 12 inches to the weather and the next 16 inches running down to nine on the other end of the building, it is good and warm anyway. We just finished the work as snow came and we were ready for the Club's second New Year.

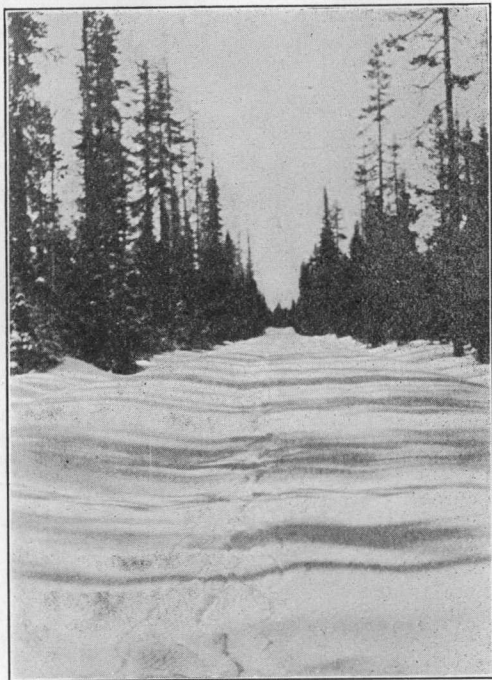
We planned a housewarming and what a housewarming it was. It started at nine o'clock New Year's eve with the hanging of the crane as all good housewarmings should, but when the lad who was to provide the crane said that he had it out in the snow so that it would not spoil and subsequently brought in a crane made of a turkey's head, wings and feet, combined with certain boards and branches, the hilarity started. A vaudeville show and old time dancing to the tune of a portable organ and mouth harps, followed by some skiing by moonlight till about 2:30 A. M. was enough for the first day and part of the second. Sixty-eight members and guests were housed at the cabins that night. The women's quarters being downstairs and the men's upstairs and in the main building.

Believe it or not, New Year's day was celebrated by rising early.

Tobogganing and skiing at Alder springs, located several miles up the road, was the main attraction until around 2:00 P. M. when a turkey dinner with all the trimmings was served. By that time we had 76 persons on hand and the \$1.50 charge for the dinner and the morning's breakfast was enough to enable the club to pay for the dishes we had bought and the hardware and nails used in constructing the cabins.

The cabins were in use every Sunday from that time on, but heavy snows later on and failure of the Highway Department to keep the road open necessitated a walk of about 1½ miles through the snow when the time for the second annual outing arrived in February. All supplies at that time were hauled in on toboggans by men on skis or snowshoes and all participants went in on their own power, and still there were 63 at the outing.

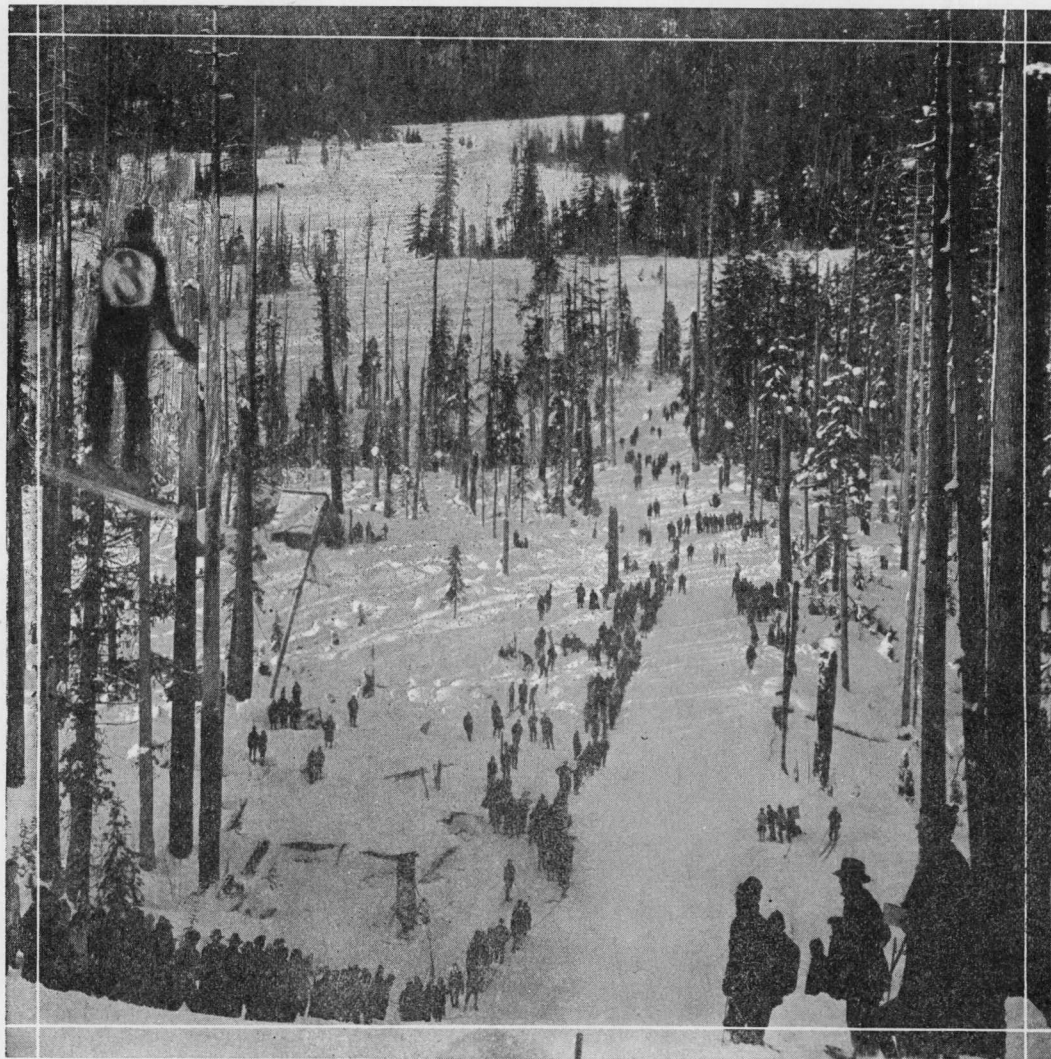
This winter, if the program of the State Highway Department as published in the December issue of the Oregon Motorist, is carried out, the McKenzie Highway will be kept open except that (Continued on page 25)



*The Snowshoe Trail.*

# Mt. Hood in WINTER

by J. D. CONWAY



*Ski Tournament, Cascade Ski Club, Government Camp, Mount Hood*

MOUNT HOOD at this season of the year hails all to come and play upon its snow-blown slopes. We valley dwellers, may, within a few hours' time, travel from our homes into the heart of the high Cascades over highways undreamed of by enthusiasts of only a decade ago. There we find a great white land—a tremendous winter playfield—at the very running board of our car. Few of the world's great centers of population may boast of so convenient winter playgrounds. Snow sports are undoubtedly becoming one of Oregon most's popular outdoor pastimes.

The use of our handy snow-covered areas has been a slow one. There are many who used the slopes of Mt.

Hood for winter sports more than a quarter of a century ago but road conditions did not permit of any great number visiting those areas. The coming of highways permitting almost uninterrupted winter travel has been the chief factor leading to their general use. The Oregon State Highway Commission during 1924-25 endeavored to keep the Loop Highway open to Government Camp. This venture was largely experimental, but highly successful, and thousands journeyed in a few brief hours into that fairyland of snow. Since then much has been learned regarding snow removal so one now journeys there with little difficulty and no danger throughout the winter months.



Whether one is a devotee of the sports that have made Winter King or a motorist out for the ride, the approach to Government Camp in mid-winter is highly interesting. There we find the maximum snow fall and at times the motor cars pass through a veritable snow canyon made by the great rotary snowplows. In late January and February the road is—if the snowfall has been an average one—completely walled in. Generous parking space sufficient for hundreds of cars is maintained by the snow plow crews although it is frequently necessary to work both day and night to accomplish this.

The snap and briskness of the winter days makes bodily activity a pleasure at the "Camp." Even on the coldest days the temperature is not so low as to prevent normally healthy and energetic people from enjoying the outdoor winter sports. Zero temperature is a rarity, even at night, at the elevation of Government Camp.

Snow sports, while outdoors, have the advantage in that they may be enjoyed either leisurely or as strenuously as the participant desires. Even observers and spectators must make some motions to keep warm so the prime purpose of the sport—*recreation*—is adhered to. The outstanding characteristic, however, is that they tend



to invite one to participate rather than to merely look on. There are few mountain scenes more beautiful than Mt. Hood's southern slope in mid-winter. Added to this is the clear bracing air which has a wholesome, invigorating effect upon all who go out, as many hundreds do, and disport themselves skiing, snowshoeing or tobogganing, and thereby increasing their mental and physical alertness.

Snowshoeing is probably the oldest form of winter sports in this section. In former years Larch Mountain was the mecca for hundreds of snowshoers each winter. Mt. Hood, in those days, was somewhat difficult of access but even so each winter its snows bore the impress of the labor of many hardy spirits. Contrary to general belief snowshoeing, with the possible exception of tobogganing, is the easiest of winter sports to master. It is only necessary to don a pair of webs and take a few steps and one learns that they are not the great awkward racquets of their imagination. It does take some muscular energy to use them to any great extent as any novice will testify. One of the favorite pastimes of snowshoe parties is to stage a race. In practically every instance it is won by the person who takes the precaution of moving slowly and not tripping and falling headfirst into several feet of snow.

Tobogganing requires little skill and provides a maximum of enjoyment for all ages. It is strongly reminiscent of the old time bobsled, a sport not adaptable as yet to local conditions at Mt. Hood. There are two especially constructed toboggan slides on the south slope of Mt. Hood which give the rider thrills aplenty. At Swim a toboggan slide has been made by merely clearing the

brush and banking snow on either side of the track. There one is brought close to old Mother Nature by the mere



expedient of rather close contact with unexpected reverse curves. A real thrill. Almost any steep snow-covered slope can be quickly converted into a glistening speedway for the toboggan.

Skiing is admirably suited to the great open spaces existing about Mt. Hood. This winter sport requires somewhat of an apprenticeship to pass from the awkward stage of feeling at home on two slick pieces of wood whose one idea seems to be to travel in different directions. Each year, however, sees its devotees increasing both in number and efficiency.

Ski-jumping—the last word in skiing, is perhaps the most thrilling phase of all winter sports, not only from the participant's standpoint but also from the spectator's standpoint. If skiing merely requires quick thinking, courage and stamina then for ski-jumping we must add daring and good nerves. To race down a sharp slope at a speed approximating fifty miles an hour and then be launched into the air for the jump on down the slope requires all the sterling qualities any one individual may muster. Forward looking young men have furnished us



for the past few winters with ski-jumping tournaments where indescribable feats were the rule. To stand just below the jump take-off just a few feet from one of your fellow human beings as he flashes by with express train speed, pant legs flapping and cracking, landing a hundred or so feet down the slope (*Continued on page 26*)

# The Oregon Motorist

J. E. SHELTON - - - - - Editor  
W. C. FINDLAY, Advertising Manager

## Editorial

### "I Will Lift Mine Eyes Unto the Hills"

*The cover picture on this month's Motorist is a picture taken at Cloud Cap Inn on the north side of Mount Hood and depicts a group of the Hood River Ski Club gazing at the mountain preliminary to donning their skis for their annual ski race.*

*It is very apropos that the quotation from 121st Psalm should be used as a caption because on mountain climbs, glacier trips and snow tramps on the Sabbath, it is the habit of out-of-door clubs to hold a short church service some time during the day.*

*As has been aptly said "the trees were God's first temple" and the most impressive services one can imagine are sometimes held in these isolated and out-of-the-way temples of the forest and hill.*

### Isaac Lee Patterson

Isaac Lee Patterson, Governor of Oregon, has passed on. Called at the height of his career, Ike Patterson has gone on that journey from which no traveler returns. Ike Patterson was fortunate—his journey of life has been all uphill. He stood on the heights when he answered his call. There was no downhill journey for him. He was indeed fortunate.

In public life since the early '90s, Patterson has climbed steadily fulfilling each duty in a conscientious and straight-forward manner. He progressed steadily until the highest responsibility within the power of the state was given him.

He carried on as Governor in the same calm, fearless, judicial way that he had exercised in other positions. He had proven himself a governor and had attained an enviable position in the hearts of his citizens. He was called at the height of his career.

He answered the call smiling.

### Service!

This issue of the Oregon Motorist is given over to winter sports and from all sections of the state various writers have written their impression of the development of winter sports in their particular territory.

You will notice as you read the different articles in the magazine that practically every writer mentions the service rendered by those persons, equipped for winter sports, in the various searches for lost persons that have taken place in this territory within the last few years. Practically all of these searches have been carried on

during stormy weather and in two of them—the Brownlee-White and Cramer-Ferry searches—actual blizzards were faced by the searchers.

Only men with equipment for the out-of-doors and with the necessary experience to teach them how to care for themselves in mountain storms, could be used in the field and in nearly all articles in this issue will be found mention of the fact that participation in winter sports prepares one for service in case of an emergency.

In all of these emergencies, men and supplies were carried to and from the scene of the search by means of the motor car—in many instances volunteered by members of the motor association. To those members who served with the searching parties in the fields and to those members who were privileged to carry the searchers to and from the Mountains, THE MOTORIST offers its congratulations—congratulations on being prepared to avail themselves of the Privilege of Serving.

### The Mountains in Winter

The mountains are most beautiful in winter—entrancing and fascinating through the summer months, they have an increased allurements in the winter time. Then a white blanket covers all signs of human occupation. There are no trails, no blackened embers of long dead camp fires, no gum wrappers or emptied tin cans to mar the natural beauty. Everywhere one looks, the trees are draped in garments of white snow. Their branches weighted down with the snowy burdens assume gracefully curved positions and all the world has that sense of stillness which makes one's throat ache with lonesomeness.

An unbroken surface stretches before the traveler. No wheel mark or footprint is visible. It is a new world. All of the feelings of a pioneer are felt by the man who breaks trail on snowshoe or ski. The trackless surface before him receives and registers the trail marks of a real explorer.

The traveler returns cleansed of all pettishness. The out-of-doors in winter assumes a bigness that is all inspiring.

Recreation and inspiration are the twin rewards of those who travel into "The Mountains in Winter."

### What a Mountain Knows

By ETHEL ROMIG FULLER  
In Japan—The Poetry Weekly.

What a mountain knows it will not tell—  
Stone lips guard a secret well—  
And the lad who dared essay a climb  
Of a sullen peak in winter time;  
The lad who started, laughing, warm,  
To be caught in the swoop of a blizzard's arm;  
To be crushed in an icy embrace until  
His cries were frozen, his feet were still,  
Lies to this day on some high pass,  
Or in the green hollows of a crevasse.  
Hovered by pitying wings of cloud,  
A scarlet muffler for a shroud,  
Buried in snow, while windy laughter  
Mocks the searchers following after . . .  
What a mountain knows it will not tell—  
Stone lips guard a secret well.



# A Good Year Behind A Better One IN FRONT



**I**T IS customary at the end of each year to slacken our pace a little so that we may look backward for a glance at the record we have made. If we find it good, it only rouses our ambition and spurs us on to greater and better things. If it is bad, we analyze the errors, correct them when possible or throw them into the discard, and proceed to recover that which was lost.

Today I am looking back over the record of the Oregon State Motor Association for the year 1929 and I find this retrospection pleasing. It has been a good year, even better than we hoped one year ago; yes, it has been a successful year and I want to take this occasion to express my appreciation to those of my co-workers who have contributed so unselfishly of their time and ability. I am sure that we all have the courage and the ambition to hope and to plan for a greater and better 1930.

Our membership is now at its peak, more than 2,000 new names having been added to the list during the 12 months just closed. With the increased membership comes ability to render increased services, not only to those who belong to the association but to the state at large as well as to the visitor who comes to see the beauty and wealth of our valleys, our mountains and our forests.

Our headquarters office with its touring bureau, its road information department, its public relations department, its legal department, its sign and map department, its membership department and the 14 branch offices, each have functioned well and each is anxious to render still better service to you.

As we enter the new year we are prone to make resolutions and ours is to make the Oregon State Motor Association the best organization of its kind in the country,—not the largest, but the best. And I am going to ask each of you to help us, make 1930 a more successful year, by joining us in a few resolutions. To be more effective, members of this asso-

ciation should be distinctive, and here are a few suggestions for your guidance. Resolve:

To be courteous. Never race for a crossing or a position on the road because you feel you have the right-of-way.

To never travel at a rate of speed that will make it impossible to bring the car to a stop in a reasonable distance.

To never speed uphill or on curves where there is not a clear vision ahead.

To keep your eye on the road and do not talk with persons on the back seat while driving.

To study local traffic rules and obey them. You may not agree that they are all sound, but they benefit the majority.

To study ways of avoiding congested streets and it will be found that time can be saved with greater driving safety.

To remain a safe distance behind the car ahead, especially on heavy-traveled highways.

To always be sure that your headlights do not glare and the brakes of your car, windshield wiper and other safety appliances are ready to function.

To always give fellow motorists a "break" and you will be surprised at the number you get.

If you will follow these simple rules you will be helping the Motor Association to accomplish some of the things for which it stands, and thereby make the year in front that much better than the year behind.

*R. B. McDaniel*

President.

# Winter Sports in Central Oregon

by PAUL HOSMER  
President The Skyliners



**N**ESTLED in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains and surrounded by every conceivable advantage in the way of natural resources, the city of Bend is ideally situated for the promotion of winter sports and with the organization of the Skyliners, an out door sports club, is making a strong bid for recognition as the center of winter recreation in the Northwest.

A few years ago a small group of enthusiastic skiers determined to take advantage of the wonderful opportunities for winter sports in Central Oregon. Nels Wulfsberg, whose untimely death last year was indirectly due to exposure suffered in a vain hunt for two men lost in a blizzard in the mountains, Emil Nordeen, famous western ski racer and winner of the heart-breaking Crater Lake race the last two years, Nels Skjersaa and Chris Kostol, mountaineers and expert skiers, were the men who foresaw the astonishing popularity to which winter sports would climb. Due to their persistence a small club was formed consisting of about 25 members and some work was done in clearing a hillside on the McKenzie Pass, the site of the present Skyliner playground. Last year the club had a membership of more than 300 and today the Skyliners number almost a thousand. Dues are a dollar a year, which allows everyone to join, and there is no charge for the use of equipment.

The skyliners now have a comfortably furnished cabin 16x40 feet, fully equipped with stoves, chairs, tables, dishes, etc., located in one of the most beautiful spots in Oregon. Half a dozen ski slides, varying in length from ten feet to a thousand, enable beginners and experts alike to enjoy the sport, and the big ski slide,

which is used only by jumpers, affords plenty of thrills for the crowds of people who visit the place to watch the experts perform. A tower has been built on the top of the big slide which allows a jump of about a hundred feet.

The most popular piece of equipment, however, is the new toboggan slide, over a thousand feet long, which follows the natural contour of the ground and is built entirely of wood. Hair raising speed is reached on the way down with perfect safety, as the wooden trough is banked on the curves and the toboggans cannot get out. The club now owns a number of toboggans donated by different individuals and business firms of the city and they are kept in constant use all day long with a number of people waiting for their turn.

A small toboggan slide has been cleared on a hillside next to the cabin which is kept (*Continued on page 23*)

## NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING

### Members Attention!

In accordance with the by-laws, notice is hereby given that the regular ANNUAL MEETING of the Oregon State Motor Association will be held at Auditorium, Elks Temple, 142 Eleventh Street, Portland, Wednesday evening, January 15, 1930, at 8:00 P. M., for the purpose of election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may come before it.

A nominating committee has been appointed by the President and will submit a report on the date mentioned.

As this is the only notice that will be given of the meeting scheduled, members are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

Respectfully,

J. E. SHELTON,  
Secretary.



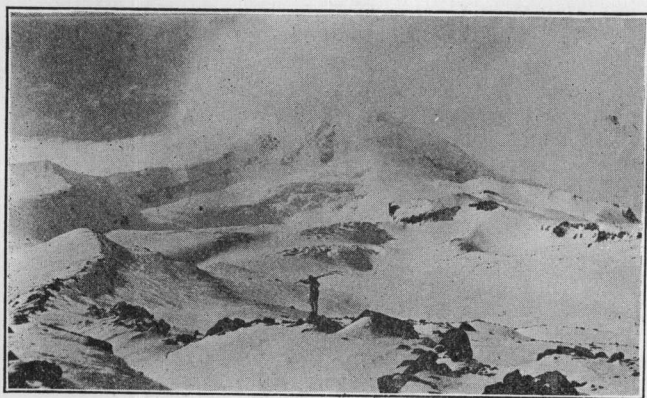


# HOOD RIVER VALLEY

## *And Snow Sports*

by Elizabeth Bruen

LOVE of winter sports is growing the world over, but an especial rapid increase in the number of participants in the Northwest has been noted during the last few years. In the Hood River Valley there is a general spirit of adventure that finds its outlet in the nearby



*The Glacier in Winter*

playground of Mt. Hood. Weekly and almost daily there are parties for skiing, coasting, and, in season, mountain climbing. The mountain is easily reached by motor car all the year, and at various altitudes the north side furnishes ski runs from the first snowfall until summertime, as there is no direct sun to melt the snows.

The Hood River Ski Club is host yearly to other Northwest clubs and many notable ski racers and jumpers enjoy the annual carnival, now an event attracting nearly two thousand sportsmen and spectators.

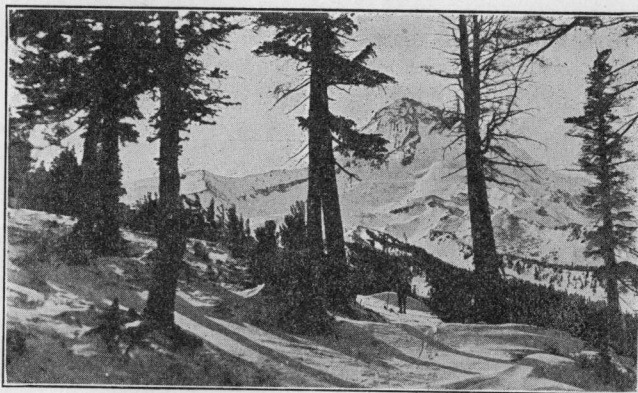
There are 200 active members of the club—men, women and many youngsters of high school age that are showing promise in this keenest of winter sports. Homestead Inn is headquarters for the club, due to the courtesy and interest of J. O. Hannum, its proprietor. As soon as the first snow falls on the lower slopes of this mountain Ski Club members start preparing the ground for winter activities. All fallen trees and underbrush are cleared away, then each Sunday the mountain has its regular visitors. On the lower reaches at first, then as spring advances, sports are enjoyed further up the mountain side until the last stand is made in summer at Cooper's Spur, in the land of eternal ice and snow.

During the winter the State Highway Department keeps the road open as far as the junction of the Mount Hood Loop and Cooper's Spur roads by means of a mammoth snow plow, and the remaining distance to Homestead Inn is easily covered on foot over a beaten trail. The local state traffic officer directs traffic and excellent order prevails on the narrow roadway, even though the cars frequently number several hundreds.

Suppose you leave Portland early some Sunday morning over the Columbia Highway to Hood River, from where you find surprisingly cleared roads up to the mountain. If you go as an onlooker the first visit you are sure to return under the influence of the contagion of skiing again—right away—as a sharer in the joys and sorrows of the sport. Not a great deal of attention is wasted upon apparel; no matter how you look, someone else looks funnier. Just so you are comfortable and supplied with colored glasses and skis. Perhaps on the low levels of the valley the skies are cloudy and the atmosphere foggy, but up on the mountainside you are most likely to find bright sunshine and clear air.

It takes some time for your eyes to encompass the view from the mountain slopes. Stretching before you, the long valley of orchards interspersed with fir groves, extend to the great Columbia, then on beyond to the towering eminence of Mt. Adams and the thousands of acres of forest that make the setting for that companion jewel of the Cascades. A little higher and you stand on a field of white snow in a frame of pointed windblown evergreens—the scene itself is breath-taking, but when you try climbing, coasting or skiing you find yourself truly breathless.

But your skis: at first you are timid, self-conscious. It seems impossible that you can ever emulate the experienced sportsmen you are watching. Perhaps you make your first attempt to find you cannot even stand and there are slips and falls innumerable. You rise with knees trembling and heart quaking, determined to master those treacherous skis. Another effort and you lose a ski and watch it glide down the runway, hoping it ends in the deepest crevasse so you will have an excuse to stop. But it is retrieved and you climb upwards with arms, legs and back already aching, but even so soon the fever is burning in your blood and must run its course. You try over and over, falling, rolling, slid- (Continued on page 26)



*At Timberline on Skis*

## FLASHES FROM THE SPARK PLUG

Disgusted Fight Fan: Hey! Wher'd you guys do your training, in a rumble seat?



"Billy, don't you love driving on a night like this?"  
"Yes, girlie, but I thought I would wait until we got farther out."

### Results of a Lifetime

"When Mr. Casey died he left all he had to the orphan asylum."  
"Indeed! That was nice of him. What did he leave?"  
"His twelve children."—*Lackawanna Motorist*.

Einstein, who knows so much about space, might devote a little of his time to finding some of it for parking.—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram*.

### Ferry (Very) Good

The ferry was only a few feet out from the wharf where there was a great commotion on the dock. A man rushed madly through the crowd. Without pausing in his stride he flung his grips aboard, and took a flying leap for the boat. He slipped and started to fall into the water, but grasped a rail and, with the help of the deck hands, scrambled to the deck in safety.

"Good," he gasped, "another second and I would have missed her."

"Missed her?" returned an astonished passenger.  
"Why the ferry's just coming in."—*Lackawanna Motorist*.

### Motor Trouble?

Owner: D'you notice you don't hear that "knock" in the engine any more?  
Friend: That's right. How did you fix it?  
Owner: Oh—loosened up one of the mudguards.—*Sketch Book*.

Teacher: Can you tell me what a waffle is, Thomas?  
Tommy: Yes'm. It's a pancake with a non-skid tread.

### Trust the Guy

"What we want is a candidate who isn't too radical nor yet too conservative; in short, a middle-of-the-road man."

"Then Jimkins is the man to nominate. He's been a bus driver for years."—*Boston Herald*.

McGuinness had been posted to keep guard over the entrance of a road which led to an old and unsafe bridge. Presently a car came along and he held up his hand.

"What's the matter?" growled the driver.

At that moment McGuinness recognized him as the county magistrate.

"Oh, it's yerself, yer Honor," he said genially.

"Yes, it's us!" was the snappy answer.

"'Tis all right then," said Mac, as he stepped politely out of the way. "I got orders to let no traffic through because of the rotten bridge; but seein' it's you, yer Honor, 'tis a pleasure—go right ahead sir!"—*Rocky Mountain Motorist*.

### Fire and Brimstone

"Ain't this just like hell," exclaimed a Yankee tourist as he gazed into the inferno of Vesuvius in eruption.

"Ah, zese Americans," exclaimed the Frenchman, "zey have been everywhere and zey have seen everything."—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Legionnaire*.

Prof: What people are scattered all over the earth?  
Class (in chorus): Pedestrians.—*Virginia Reel*.



### Stop Signs

I'm wise to the ways of the traffic cop,  
But not to the ways of Sue,  
When her eyes say "go" and her lips say "stop"  
What is a guy to do?—*Rotary Reminder*

*The Oregon Motorist*



# The CARBIDE LIGHT

by NEIL BERTRANDIAS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Bertrandias dropped in the other day to volunteer for the search being conducted for the two prospectors lost just east of Mount St. Helens. The reader will remember that several small piles of shavings had been found with headless match sticks lying near indicating that the men had attempted to light a fire with wet matches and that the heads of these matches had pulled off. In commenting on this, Mr. Bertrandias waxed very enthusiastic about the many uses of a carbide light which he said was used extensively in Canada and Alaska as the means of starting fire under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Mr. Bertrandias is a practical mining engineer and in the following article he sets forth his ideas relative to the use of carbide for lighting fires in wet or winter weather.

A SMALL carbide lamp such as is used by miners is one of the most useful articles that one can include in his camping outfit. A small lamp that will fit in one's pocket will give a brilliant white light sufficient to illuminate a camp. It will burn for four hours without refilling the lamp with carbide and water. The lamp is provided with an attachment so that it may be stuck in the hat band of your hat or may be carried in your hand or set down as may be required. The lamp will burn in a heavy shower or under circumstances where it would be impossible to light a match.

If you are driving a car and need a light for changing tires or doing repair work, a small lamp of this sort will give you all the illumination that you may need. No match is required to light the lamp because there is an automatic lighter attached to the lamp itself.

The lamp is safe, but in order to operate it properly, it should be looked after and the directions for cleaning it followed. Full directions are with the lamp when purchased and whoever sells it can make the operation of it clear to the purchaser.

The lamp will provide a light for lighting fires where you have no matches or your matches are wet. The carbide itself is invaluable to anyone away from civilization. Where wood is damp and won't burn, a little carbide by the addition of water, will start a hot fire which will ignite the wood and give you a camp fire where, without the carbide, you would go cold. By the addition of more water to the carbide it will burn with a hot fierce flame until the whole of the material is consumed. The addition of a can of carbide to the camping equipment will provide a roaring fire where without it you would perhaps freeze to death. If you are in snow, the burning carbide will melt a hole in the snow, providing shelter in case it is needed. If you are prospecting or hunting and become

lost in damp country or wet weather, a carbide started fire may save your life.

The carbide lamp and a small can of carbide can be so useful and in times of emergency so invaluable to the hunter, hiker, prospector or car owner that a trip should never be undertaken without the addition of these small easily carried and compact articles.

## Quicker Tire Change

A drop of oil on the spare tire lock now and then makes the next tire change easier.

## Watch for the Official A.A.A. Sign When You Are Touring.

It Is An  
Emblem of  
Protection



It Is a  
Guarantee  
of Service

It is the purpose of all affiliated A.A.A. motor clubs to extend every effort in the endeavor to facilitate motor travel by providing every possible service for their members while touring.

It is with this object in view that the *Oregon State Motor Association*, which holds the A.A.A. franchise for the State of Oregon has appointed certain hotels, restaurants, garages and service stations throughout the state to act as "official" service stations for the Association in their respective territories.

All such business establishments as have been selected and authorized to display the "Official" sign of this Association have been carefully inspected and have contracted to extend to all A.A.A. members prompt, courteous and efficient service.

As a matter of *protection* for yourself and in appreciation of this service, your patronage is solicited for those business establishments displaying the "Official" sign.

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# These Folks Know a GOOD THING When They See It

## The A.A.A. Will Ship Your Automobile For You

NO MATTER where you happen to be, your A.A.A. membership card entitles you to many valuable services. The following letters graphically show how one member profited by his membership in the Association.

No matter what your destination—in America or abroad—the A.A.A. is prepared to attend to the shipping and receipt of your automobile.

THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA  
23 South 23rd Street

October 11, 1929.

Oregon State Motor Association,  
440 Morrison Street,  
Portland, Oregon.

GENTLEMEN:

We are taking the liberty of enclosing herewith Bill of Lading covering shipment of one of your member's cars from Philadelphia to Portland via the Luckenbach Line.

We have advised Dr. John Besson (the member in question) that you would call for and release his car from the Pier, putting same in a garage in the vicinity of the Club and at the same time notifying Dr. Besson whose offices are located in the Selling Building, Portland.

His membership number 20701 and expired July 1, 1929. The doctor has been abroad and advised me that he instructed his Secretary to renew his membership in your Club. If this has not been done we would suggest that you go after his renewal.

You will note the charges of \$257.10 shown on the Bill of Lading. Due to the fact that his car was shipped collect it will be necessary for you to get a check in that amount from Dr. Besson.

Assuring you of our pleasure in serving your member and if we can be of any service at any time, please get in touch with us.

Yours very truly,  
(Signed) WALTER N. WHITE,  
Manager Touring Bureau.

\* \* \*

OREGON STATE MOTOR ASSOCIATION  
Portland, Ore., Nov. 14, 1929.

Dr. John Besson,  
c/o L. S. Besson,  
Selling Building,  
Portland, Oregon.

DEAR DR. BESSON:

Enclosed find bill covering freight charges, etc., which we paid the Luckenbach Steamship Company upon accepting delivery of your automobile which bill amounts to \$247.10.

As instructed by you, we delivered your automobile to the Francis Motor Co. with instructions to inspect the engine for water leak and report direct to you the extent of repairs necessary.

You will also find insurance policies covering your car including Liability, Property Damage and Fire and Theft which amounted to \$62.50.

Please send us your check for \$309.70 to cover these charges and oblige,

Yours truly,  
OREGON STATE MOTOR ASSOCIATION.  
(Signed) A. E. SHEARER, Manager,  
Club Service Dept.

HIS MEMBERSHIP AN INVESTMENT  
Portland, Ore., Oct. 7, 1929.

Oregon State Motor Association,  
Portland, Oregon.

GENTLEMEN:

I have a message for the A.A.A., Oregon State Motor Association. I want to state that this letter comes unsolicited. I have been intending to write to you people ever since my return from Crater Lake a few weeks ago.

First of all, regarding this trip to Crater Lake. I want to say that my car broke down several miles out of Medford, Oregon, and had to be towed to Medford. This

the telephone is your  
guardian on any  
motor trip



Along the highway---

Watch for the public telephone signs



THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE  
AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY





was taken care of in wonderful order. Your manager in Medford was smart enough to locate the trouble, and I think it is something very unusual for an Auto Club to take such an interest in a matter of this kind.

I have been a member of the A.A.A. and I can conscientiously say a "Booster" for several years. My reason for feeling as I do is that I think a membership in your organization is a wonderful investment for anyone who drives an automobile. I consider it just as important as liability insurance. If the public really knew what you have to offer, you would have a much larger membership.

Furthermore I may state that the calibre of men that you have associated with your organization is very high: such men for instance, as Mr. W. R. McDonald and Dr. E. B. McDaniel. Dr. McDaniel has done me many a favor, and when I returned from overseas, he took great pride in helping me regain my health. And there is Grover Hillman who was associated with you. I would bank my last dollar on a man of Mr. Hillman's type. I have known him for years. He is a business man, and he knows his stuff. These are only three men, but they are typical of your whole active organization. I have never had any dealings with the A.A.A. that I have not always been courteously treated.

I have driven from Portland, Oregon, to New York City by auto and the A.A.A. all along the way have always gone out of their way to assist me. If it is possible to find anyone who is disgruntled with the organization, I would like to meet him.

I write this letter in the interest of the city and the state in furthering an organization such as the A.A.A. I always take pride in getting a new member, because I know that he is going to get a square deal.

Wishing you every success, I am

Yours very truly,

LEON N. LEFEBVRE.

### Another Kind of Service

The Motor Association, through its Engineering Department, is continually making investigations and furnishing data on traffic and safety matters. Following is a letter from Modjeski, Masters & Chase, who are making a survey and report on the proposed Tualatin tunnel:

MODJESKI, MASTERS & CHASE

November 9th, 1929.

Oregon State Motor Association,  
Portland, Oregon.

Attention Mr. Shelton.

GENTLEMEN:

The writer wishes to express the appreciation of both this organization and that of the Eastern & Western Utilities Corporation for the data furnished and cooperation extended by you in connection with our survey for the Tutlatin tunnel project.

Thanking you again for courtesies extended, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) C. M. FULER,

Modjeski, Masters & Chase,  
Consulting Engineers.

### Winter Sports in Central Oregon

(Continued from page 18) for the use of children and a dozen small toboggans are at their disposal at all times. The club takes a special interest in the young folks in an

effort to develop racers and jumpers for future years and instructors are on hand to teach the beginners.

Not the least of the Skyliners' amazing popularity is due to the fact that women have gone in for winter sports with fully as much enthusiasm as the men and are enjoying the winter outdoor recreation to the fullest.

Probably no place in America holds out a better opportunity for the advancement of winter sports than Central Oregon. Blessed with a bounteous snowfall in the mountains, surrounded by thousands of hills, dotted with lakes and beautiful camp sites and interlaced with the finest roads in the world, there is every reason to believe that within the next four or five years Central Oregon will be known as the winter paradise of the West. In no other locality can a person start out in a comfortable car from town, drive thirty miles or so over an oiled highway which is kept bare of snow, and park the same car at the very foot of a natural ski slide in six feet of snow. No place else will you find the marvelous outdoor setting for such a playground, situated as it is in the heart of a virgin forest, buried in snow and yet so easily accessible by auto. Recognizing the immense value of such an enterprise to the community as a whole and realizing that every effort should be made to encourage it, the highway commission has authorized the Bend highway office to keep the road clear of snow at all times, and snow plows are on duty night and day as far as the Skyliner cabin.

While the chief object of the Skyliners is to encourage winter sports the organization serves a very real purpose in rescue work at times. Scarcely a year goes by but what some foolhardy adventurer tries to cross the McKenzie Pass on foot in winter, or somebody gets lost in the mountains. Members of the Skyliners have never failed to turn out in numbers in such emergencies.

If plans of the Skyliners materialize within the next year or two they will move from their present location when the Santiam Pass road is built further into the mountains and construct a still better playground. A financial program is being worked out which will enable them to put up a more elaborate toboggan slide and a ski slide and jump which will equal if not surpass anything in the Northwest. Winter sports in Central Oregon have come into their own and will continue to grow in popularity each year.



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PORTLAND, OREGON.

# Dog Racing In SNOW



Fred Printz and His Lead Dog, Jack

**F**RED PRINTZ, with his team of nine dogs, last year won the Sierra Dog Derby, at Truckee and the Ashton Dog Race at Ashton, Idaho!

Mr. Printz trained and conditioned his dogs at Government Camp on the south slopes of Mount Hood in preparation for both these races. In the Truckee race he defeated eight contestants and in the Ashton race he finished first of 15 starters. Mr. Printz says that adjacent to Portland is a snow region offering unexcelled opportunities for snow sports. His selection of Mount Hood as a training ground for his dogs and the performance of his team in competition with racing teams trained elsewhere show that in his case at least, Mount Hood offered fine opportunities for this particular type of winter sport.

Mr. Printz is contemplating entering his dogs in several races during the season of 1930 and should he do so, he contemplates again using Mount Hood as a training ground.

Following are several comments made by Mr. Printz relative to the winter sports opportunities readily available to Oregonians:

"Oregon knows little of its winter sports opportunities at the snow-capped foothills of Mount Hood. Many do not realize that in a little over an hour, one may exchange summer weather for snow and ice and the various sports they provide.

"As a sportsman and as a lover and handler of dogs, I have had occasion to familiarize myself with snow conditions in various localities for many years. For the past six years I have contracted with the Government to carry mail between Cascade, Idaho, and the settlements of Yellow Pine and Deadwood Basin. To deliver this mail, it is necessary that dog teams be used and that all types of weather and snow conditions be faced. The route is 68 miles long and the mail goes forward daily.

"In addition to the above experience, I have a team of racing dogs which I train and race at the various contests held over the country. One can readily see that both my work and play place me in close contact with snow

and as a result I have learned something of snow conditions in the various sections of the country. *In my experience, I know of no more ideal place for winter sports than the south slopes of Mount Hood* where I lived for quite a considerable period last winter and where the dogs were trained that took first place in both the Truckee and Ashton Dog Derbies."

(Signed) FRED PRINTZ.

## Give Gas a Chance

Switching from a less to a more volatile gasoline is not an assurance of better fuel performance unless the carburetor is made to conform to the higher grade fuel.

## Paris to Build Underground Streets and Garages as Test

It is reported from Paris that a series of "under street" garages is to be built to relieve the congestion caused by parking in narrow streets in that city.

The first subterranean motor parking ground will be somewhere under the Place de la Bourse, where the Stock Exchange is situated. Others will be under the Rue de la Paix and at other strategic points.

## MACKIN'S

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## Development of Winter Sports in Oregon

(Continued from page 11)

It seems to me that instructors should be provided to teach the beginner (and also some of those who have had experience) the correct way to use skis. These men can conduct the classes and take them on short or long trips giving an opportunity to put into actual practice the things they have been taught.

Many people do not desire to use skis but would like to take trips on snowshoes. Competent guides should be available to these people. It will only be by such a program Mt. Hood will become the winter playground that it should.

Just as winter sports have been developed in the Mt. Hood region, so have winter sports been pioneered in other regions of the state, first by a few hardy spirits who availed themselves of snow sports no matter what handicaps they had to overcome to reach the snow fields. Then by larger groups who became aware of the wonderful opportunities through the contagious enthusiasm of the small number of hardier spirits, and lastly by the great number of persons who have taken up winter sports with an enthusiasm that can not be denied. This last large group have become snow-minded since the various snow areas over the state have been made accessible through the building of highways and the development of snow removal on these highways. Clubs have been organized, and systematic efforts are being made to put winter sports on a substantial and popular basis throughout Oregon. The Obsidians of Eugene, the Sky Liners of Bend, the Mazamas and Trails Club of Portland, Crag Rats and Ski Club of Hood River, the sponsors of the Crater Lake Ski Race, the Mount Hood and Cascade Ski Clubs at Government Camp and lastly the organization of the resort owners known at Mount Hood Activities have taken charge of the development of snow sports in their particular areas and have seen to the erection of shelters, toboggan slides, ski runs, ski jumps and with the coming of snow this winter Oregon will experience the greatest advancement in winter sports that has taken place on the coast. Practically every person in Oregon is so situated as to reach a winter sports area with a minimum of time, expense and discomfort; probably no state is so fortunately situated with centers of population enjoying the weather of spring and with snow areas immediately adjacent.

Oregon is just beginning to take advantage of this fortunate situation and where hundreds now go in to the snow fields for recreations, thousands will soon thrill to the "flight" down the toboggan slides, or donning snowshoe and ski will break trail into a land of inspiration—the *Mountains in Winter*.

## Snow Sports in Willamette Valley

(Continued from page 13) portion between Belknap Springs and Sisters. This means that members of the Obsidians and their guests will have a 4½ mile hike on foot over the snow ahead of them every time they want to visit the cabins.

Ski runs and toboggan ways as known at Government Camp at Mt. Hood are unknown to us as yet. The higher slopes which are comparatively open and free of timber can not be reached except by the more hardy members, because the road is not open that far. The snow conditions to Frog Camp are not very different from those found at Government Camp. The number of persons in this vicinity

desiring to use the upper Highway for sport are few compared to the population the Mt. Hood district has to draw from, so that until the demand becomes greater, little effort will be made to maintain an open road up very high. The American public, however, is learning to play and winter sports everywhere are becoming as popular as golf. The various resorts on "the river" that saw no guests from one summer season to the next are slowly but surely finding guests on week-ends all through the winter months.

The Obsidians have had fun during the past year, loads of it, and have performed real service also. Last spring a party for a week-end at the cabins helped rescue a young fellow hailing from Herrin, Illinois, who had attempted to walk across the "Pass" in oxfords, rayon socks and a thin sweater. He carried no blankets, pack or food. He had heard of a job in Bend and figured that the shortest way to the job was across the "Pass." He was advised on the lower river not to attempt it but he thought that he was tough enough to make it.

Needless to say he did not make it and after floundering through three or four feet of snow from Alder Springs to Pole Bridge, he decided that he could not go further so he stood under a tree until morning. He was found by a trapper who was holed in at Campers Lake and the trapper brought word down to the cabins for help, he having no way of getting the man out, except on his back.

An all night ski trip by flashlight up Dead Horse Grade, across the flats at Frog Camp, brought the rescue party to the trapper's dug out, just before daybreak. A

U. S.

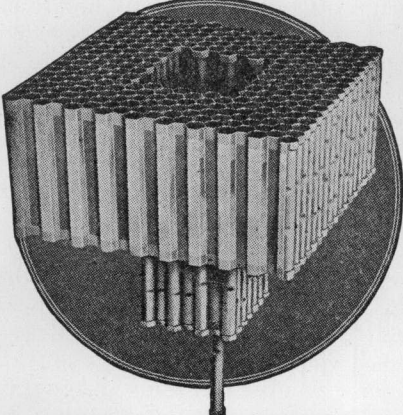
# Cartridge

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Portland, Ore.

short rest and they blanketed and lashed the stoical young coal miner to the toboggan they had brought with them and the return trip started. The weather was biting cold and the day broke just as they started down the famous Dead Horse Grade.

That ride down around those curves, lashed to the toboggan with three men tandem fashion on skis ahead of it, the dash for the hospital in an old flivver and the resulting loss of a number of toes of his badly frozen feet, by amputation, gave "Illinois," as he wanted to be called, a thrill that he will not forget in a hurry.

The Three Sister area, free from snow since last July is today fast becoming white again. The Obsidians in groups from 10 to 60 have wandered all over its trails this past summer from the base camp at the foot of the South Sister where their two weeks' summer camp was located. They are learning its contours. They are learning self-reliance in the forests and finding pleasures in the back-from-the-road, out-of-the-way, places. Last winter many learned how to use skis and snowshoes. The cabins have lately acquired a kitchen, cupboards, enlarged foyer, lobby or whatever you may care to call it, the bunks have been rebuilt, two new heaters are in and the wood shed is full of wood. So—heigh ho—let 'er snow—we're ready for fun and frolic.

### Hood River Valley and Snow Sports

(Continued from page 19) ing, you find yourself in every position the body can attain except the graceful, nonchalant one assumed by good skiers. This is all forgotten, though, as soon as you have perfected your balance and acquired a bit of technique, then your muscles respond without effort to your demands, and when you have a few descents to your credit without a spill, you have the greatest feeling of satisfaction you have ever known. You have achieved.

You have learned how to meet the bumps in the run-way, not by swerving aside or rearing away from them but by lowering your body and bending your knees to meet them. Almost sitting on your heels at times and going "full steam ahead."

When you try it yourself, you will find it a sport without a parallel. A sport that has no commercial side or professionalism. Even the best of them are striving for betterment, just as is the beginner.

Talk about airships conquering the air. It can not compare with the sensation of gliding or waxed skis over packed snows, one sweep after another at a rate equal to the fastest airplane, crouching for the jump, intuitively knowing how to meet the resistance of the wind, then out into space, rising to erect position, head high, arms outspread to balance, skis parallel, hitting the track again and all too soon you are at the end of the runway, making a quick swing, waiting the call to learn how far your jump has taken you.

It is a science that one can study; it is a game to play; it is a means of cross-country travel when nothing else would avail, and perhaps a life or two may be at stake. But nothing else will compare with skiing for thrills, or physical and mental training. You may study books to learn the ethics of the telemark or Christiana swings, her-ring-bone or zig-zagging when climbing, but the real way is to start when young and learn while you play. The younger generation of America promises to show the old world real competition in this sport soon.

Hood River Ski Club stages its annual carnival as weather is at its best usually in February and events are

arranged for all classes. Boys, girls, women and men. There is a ball game, tug of war, change race from snowshoes to skis, a cross-country race and jumping. Club dues are used to provide comforts of firewood, coffee and cream to those attending, but each bringing their own sandwiches.

Love of winter sports appeals to many who prefer idling in warmer weather. They love the zest and effort required to meet winter conditions and the after relaxation beside the open fire. The fine spirit of comradeship that prevails, the eager appetite and sound sleep that pay for all the hard work endured. When if the Mount Hood Tramway is built, the mountain slopes will have more visitors then ever, as they can ride the tram to Cooper's Spur where it is planned to built rest-houses and perhaps a hostelry and, mounting skis, glide down the mountain side to the lower reaches. But the real sportsman will do his climbing as a part of the game he loves.

### Mount Hood in Winter

(Continued from page 15) and piling up, spinning as a great wheel through the air, completely relaxed so that his bones may not be broken, finally stopping from sheer spending of the forces of gravity, is a thrill of a lifetime. Truly it is not for the uninitiated, except as a spectator; but for the expert all in the day's sport.

Man has provided many friendly inns about this winter sports area. There one may find accommodations for a short or lengthy stay. Before their generous fire-places one may hear the gossip of the day, and, perhaps something of the historic background of the locality. To know the story behind the out-of-doors adds a new and glamorous interest.

Young and old now look eagerly for the coming of the first snow for they know that old Mt. Hood beckons. Children of every age have thrilled with the coming of snow—and the grown-up—well, they are as children again. The users of ski, toboggans and snowshoes may be found on many slopes making the invigorating air ring with good-natured jest and the startling cry of "Track."

### KARI KEEN KARRIER

The Baggage Car of the Auto

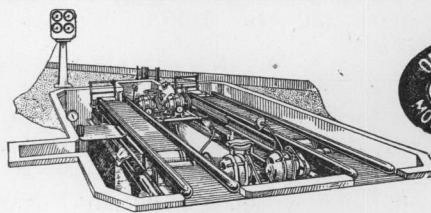
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BRAKE SERVICE WHEEL ALIGNING

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## Oregon Beaches In Winter

(Continued from page 8) paled alive and fluttering helplessly until the end. The gale soon stripped the canvas from the poles and masts of the ship, it was only for a few hours that they withstood the storm, and the ship soon broke to pieces under the pounding of that irresistible sea against the rocks of old Neahkahnie.

Among the heretofore mentioned side-shows which are always on tapis for the winter beach visitor I personally find my greatest interest in the many kinds of marine life one can find on the shore after a storm or high tide. Planktonic specimens of various sorts are interesting in the extreme because of their evident linking of the plant with the animal life of the deep; jelly fish of various sizes and shapes, starfish and an endless variety of shells, anemones, lariat-like kelps often over fifty feet in length, strange appearing fish and fowl, sometimes a seal. Any given stretch of coast line is a natural aquarium when the tides run high in conjunction with storms off shore.

I never found a piece of ambergris, but like all real beach-combers it was uppermost in my thoughts as I tramped the strand. Our winter colony one time had a lot of excitement when a piece of substance having all the characteristics of the valued stuff was discovered on the shore. It looked, felt, and smelled like the pure quill, greatly prized as a base for perfumes, and was of a size to have been worth several thousand dollars. Ambergris comes from the stomach of whales, and while not often found on our shores, its presence is within probability. Analysis of the find of my friends proved the substance other than ambergris, but it stimulated a lot of intense searching along the shore anyway. There are whales off the Oregon coast, however, and one of the most interesting sights I ever saw was a large school of them at play just a short distance out. They gave every indication of enjoying their frolic,—blowing, turning, chasing one another and disporting themselves for some time before they ceased their fun and made off toward the north. While on the subject of whales, I must relate one of the amusing sights I saw along the beach,—a little whaling tub being towed by a good big whale! From what I could conjecture, it appeared that the whaler had harpooned the monster, but had not wounded him mortally. Mister Whale took that little ship for a good stiff ride, and from shore one could see that the whale was now on one side, now on the other, now dragging the boat north, now south. The line from the boat to its victim was plainly visible, and while the skipper was evidently playing his catch and attempting to wear him down or get within range for a telling shot, it was evident also that the whale was giving the crew a lot of worry. From the gymnastics they went through, I expected any minute to see the whale upend the boat and drag it to the bottom of the sea, but they were still scrapping it out as dusk came on. Another time I saw a pair of seals playing in the surf, just a few yards from the shore. Back and forth they raced, as if staging a show for the few folks who chanced to be there on the spot. It seemed to be a favorite trick for the two of them to race neck and neck for a hundred feet parallel with the shore right in the breakers, and then swim back to the starting place under water. The effect was that many pairs of seals were parading all in one direction, but by observing closely we got onto their game and had the pleasure of watching them for half an hour.

Agates abound in certain spots along the Oregon coast, and those adept at spotting them can always find

pleasure and profit in hammering around in the rock piles after a high winter's tide. Jaspers, moss and water agates, carnelians, and all kinds of interesting stones are awaiting the inquisitive hammers of the amateur lapidists.

Storms and shipwrecks, as I mentioned before, can not always be arranged. But they do happen, and generally together. It is too much to expect to find your shipwreck as I found mine, but if you can be content with the other elements, you will enjoy your visit to the Oregon beaches during any of the winter months. After the rains set in, there is good fowl hunting to be had, the salmon begin to run and lovers of outdoor life come into their own in a variety of ways.

Good roads, excellent accommodations, generally coupled with a reduced tariff for winter months, a total absence of summer artifice, and association with some of the finest people on earth—the true beach lovers, make Oregon resorts truly wonder spots in winter. I recommend them, either for restful relaxation or exciting adventure, as the fates might so happen to favor your sojourn.

## Patronize A.A.A. Establishments

When you see the A.A.A. emblem hanging in front of a hotel, garage, service station, restaurant or auto camp, you know that it is a guarantee of good service at a fair price. Members of the Oregon State Motor Association are urged to patronize such places in preference to others, because of the assurance that they will get the right kind of treatment. In case there should be cause for complaint on your part, it is your duty to notify the association so that there may be a satisfactory adjustment.

A. G. Dunnagan      Guy Johnson      Earl Sandin  
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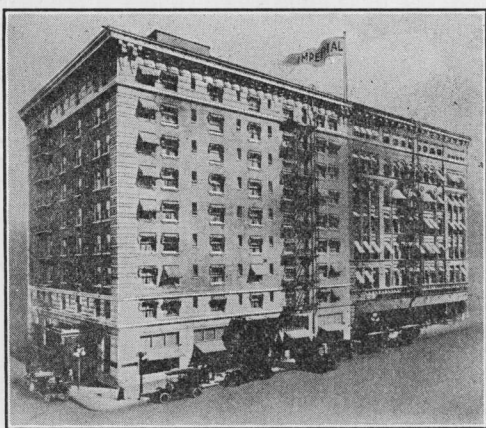
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# MECHANICAL FIRST AID and TOWING SERVICE FOR A. A. A. MEMBERS

SERVICE FURNISHED FREE TO MEMBERS OF THE OREGON STATE MOTOR ASSOCIATION WITHIN ZONE LIMITS, SUBJECT TO THE RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING SUCH SERVICE.

## Rules and Regulations Governing the Service

(MEMBERS ARE REQUESTED TO FAMILIARIZE THEMSELVES WITH THESE RULES)

Free Mechanical First Aid and Towing Service is effective only within a ten-mile radius of designated Service Stations.

Should a member's car become disabled anywhere within the limits of a Mechanical First Aid and Towing Service zone (impassable streets or roads excepted), upon the personal or telephonic request of such member, at any time, day or night, Sundays or holidays included, a completely equipped towing car in charge of competent mechanics will be promptly dispatched to the point designated by the member and the disabled car will either be started or towed to the Service Station without charge to the member.

It must be understood that Mechanical First Aid and Towing Service is available only when member's car is wrecked or in such a disabled condition that it cannot be SAFELY operated under its own power to a place of shelter, and when it is possible to tow it either on its own four wheels, or on two of its wheels, by use of crane or dolly. If car is in such condition that it must be floated in by truck, such service will be charged for at regular rates. Should a member's car be wrecked in a collision, and in the event member carries collision insurance he must pay service station at regular rates for service and collect from insurance company.

Emergency First Aid Road Service in Zone Limits will be Rendered under the following conditions:

If a member's car stops and cannot be started because of some mechanical trouble, when on the street or highway, a service car will be promptly dispatched to the place directed by you and any

MINOR troubles which makes it impossible for automobile to be operated will be adjusted. If such adjustments cannot be completed within 30 minutes, however, then disabled car will be towed to service station.

Emergency First Aid Road Service includes such minor repairs as correction of ignition trouble, carburetor adjustment, cleaning clogged gas line, loose battery connections, or any minor repairs which can be completed within a period of thirty minutes. Included in this service is the changing of tires for lady members or lady members of a member's family when unaccompanied by a male companion. Tire changing service will not be accorded to a man physically able to change a tire himself.

When tire changing service is desired, however, it will only be given where there is a serviceable spare tire on car. In no event will tire repairs be made on the road.

Under the head of emergency service also is included the delivery of gas and oil, for which member must pay cash to service man, at the market price. In the event new parts are required, free delivery of same will be made, but parts must be paid for on delivery at market prices.

### Service to Members of Affiliated Clubs

Service Stations of the Oregon State Motor Association will render Mechanical First Aid and Towing Service to members of affiliated A. A. A. motor clubs traveling in Oregon under the same conditions and in the same manner as is provided for members of the Oregon association with the exception that **AFFILIATED CLUB MEMBERS ARE REQUIRED TO PAY SERVICE STATION FOR SERVICE RENDERED AT SPECIAL MEMBER'S RATE.** Payment for such service must be made at time service is rendered.

Under the terms of a reciprocal arrangement agreed on between the California State Automobile Association, the Automobile Club of British Columbia, the Automobile Club of Washington, the Inland Automobile Club and the Oregon State Motor Association, Mechanical First Aid and Towing Service will be rendered to the members of any one of the five clubs traveling in another club's territory under the same conditions as set forth above.

Various rules governing Mechanical First Aid and Towing Service are in effect with the hundreds of other A. A. A. motor clubs throughout America. Some of the larger clubs render a **FREE** service to **ALL** A. A. A. club members, others give it at a special rate, but in every case **Three A** members are granted service at a rate which means a substantial saving.

Free Mechanical First Aid and Towing Service, within the rules and regulations of the service, may be secured by members of the Oregon State Motor Association by calling the nearest Official Mechanical Service Station of this organization.

In calling for service, state first that you are calling for **ASSOCIATION FREE SERVICE**, then give your name, residence address, number of your membership card, make and type of your car, where it is disabled and what you think the trouble is. You will then return to your car, as no work will be done on a car except in the presence of the driver—this for your protection, for to put a disabled car in running condition when unattended invites theft. Service stations are instructed not to tow in unattended cars.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE:—All Cars For Service, Day or Night, in the Portland Zone CALL ATWATER 5257, OR BEACON 4712.**

When calling for Towing Service, outside City of Portland, remember that car is towed **FREE** to **SERVICE STATION ONLY**. If member desires that car be taken elsewhere, after arrival at Service Station, he must pay for service at regular rates. In Portland zone car will be towed anywhere desired inside zone.

(List of Mechanical Service Stations Shown On Opposite Side.)

REVISED TO JANUARY 1, 1930.

# Where to Get Statewide Mechanical First Aid and Towing Service in Oregon

LIST OF MECHANICAL SERVICE STATIONS UNDER CONTRACT WITH THE OREGON STATE MOTOR ASSN.  
MEMBERS SHOULD CARRY THIS LIST WITH THEM, OR IN CAR AT ALL TIMES

CALL NEAREST STATION FOR SERVICE.

LIST REVISED MONTHLY

|  |  |  |   |
|--|--|--|---|
| ALBANY—Burt & Klapotz Mach. Shop, 1st and Washington. Tel. 442; (nite) 344-J, 568-L. | ENTERPRISE—Rodgers Garage. Tel. 14.  | MARSHFIELD—Beaver Super Service Station, 525 S. Bdw. Tel. 440; Nite, 660 or 483-L. | RICKREALL—Fuller Service Station. Tel. Day or Nite, 11-F-1.                     |
| AMITY—Massey's Super Ser. Garage. Tel. Amity Exch.                                   | EUGENE—Arrow Towing Service, 143 E. 11th Av. Tel. 507  | MAUPIN—Fisher's Garage. Tel. Maupin Exch. 4-A-281.                                 | ROSEBURG—Stephens Auto Co. Tel. 582, Day or Night.                              |
| ARLINGTON—Snell & Lemon. ASHLAND—Automotive Shop, 100 Main St. Tel. 44.              | FLORENCE—J. C. Ponsler Motor Co. Tel. 252 or 253.  | McMINNVILLE—Proser Repair Shop. Tel. 286-J.  | RUFUS—Rufus Garage. Tel. Wasco 28-F-14.   |
| Park Garage. Tel. 152.   | FOREST GROVE—E. L. Ross Garage. Tel. 103; Nite 113-R   | MEDFORD—Colonial Garage, 6th and Ivy Sts. Tel. 219.                                | SALEM—Marion Auto Co., 235 S. Commercial. Tel. 362.                             |
| ASTORIA—Gallant Auto Co., 533 Duane St. Tel. 289.                                    | FORT KLAMATH—Rainbow Garage. Tel. 172.   | MILL CITY—Santiam Garage. Tel. Mill City Exch.                                     | SANDY—Smith's Garage. Tel. 41; (Nite) 46.                                       |
| ATHENA—Athena Garage. Tel. 352.  | FOSSIL—Misener Bro. Garage.  | MOLALLA—W. G. Masterton & Co. Garage. Tel. 414.                                    | SCAPPOOSE—City Garage. Tel. 4-F-4.  |
| BAKER—Baker Garage, Washington St. Tel. 378, day or night.                           | FREEWATER—Geo. H. Bryant Auto Co. Tel. 761.  | MONMOUTH—Holliday's Garage.  | SCOTTSBURG—Scottsburg Garage. Tel. Scottsburg Ex.                               |
| BANDON—Bandon Motor Co., Inc. Tel. 552.  | GARIBALDI—Steward and Krumlauf. Tel. 57-J.   | MONROE—Monroe Garage. Tel. Monroe Exchange.  | SEASIDE—Chester A. Groat, 318 S. 7th St. Tel. 335.                              |
| BEAVERTON—Marsh's Garage. Tel. Beaverton 4903.                                       | GLADSTONE—Dunmire Motor Co., Pacific Highway Bridge. Tel. 66.                                | MORO—Fred Pickett Motor Co. Tel. Main 532.   | SHANIKO—Shaniko Garage. Tel. 121.   |
| BEND—Bontrager's Garage, 131 Greenwood Av. Tel. 195W                                 | GLENDALE—Central Garage & Machine Shop. Tel. 18-4.   | MOSIER—Mosier Garage. Tel. 75.   | SHERIDAN—Clyde E. Niles Garage. Tel. 4051.                                      |
| BLACHLY—Triangle Lake Garage. Tel. 55-555.   | GOLD BEACH—Black Cat Garage. Tel. Gold Beach Ex.   | MT. HOOD—Mt. Hood Garage, On Loop Highway. Phone Parkdale 282.                     | SILVER LAKE—Silver Lake Garage and Machine Shop.                                |
| BLUE RIVER—Cooley's Motor Service. Tel. Call Sparks Ranch.                           | GOLD HILL—Gold Hill Garage. Tel. 11-L.   | MT. VERNON—Mt. Vernon Garage.  | SILVERTON—Allen Bro. Garage, 513 No. Water St. Tel. Main 19; (Nite) Green 2471. |
| BONNEVILLE—Bonneville Garage, Col. River Highway. Tel. Bonneville Exchange.          | GRANDE RONDE—Pioneer Auto Co. Tel. G. R. Exch.   | MYRTLE CREEK—Myrtle Creek Garage. Tel. 2405. (Nite), 202.                          | SISTERS—Sisters Garage. Tel. Sisters Exchange.                                  |
| BROOKINGS—Brookings Garage. Tel. Brookings Ex.                                       | GRANTS PASS—Ray Hecks Repair Shop. Tel. 170; (Nite) 170 or 516.                              | MYRTLE POINT—L. R. Pearce Garage, Fourth and Spruce. Tel. 9.                       | SPRINGFIELD—Springfield Garage. Tel. 11-J; Nite 11-M                            |
| BROOKS—Brookside Garage. ½ mile north of Brooks. Tel. 35-F-32.                       | GRESHAM—Gresham Garage. Tel. 2391; (Nite) 706 or 52-X. Gresham Exchange.                     | NEHALEM—Bosch Motor Co.  | STANFIELD—Stanfield Garage. Tel. 271.   |
| BURLINGTON—Tom's Burlington Garage. Burlington Exchange 300.                         | HAINES—Howden Garage. Tel. 54.   | NEKOWIN—Neskowin Garage. Tel. Cloverdale Exch.                                     | STAYTON—Hunt-Tate Motor Co., 2nd & Ida St. Tel. 594.                            |
| BURNS—Service Garage, Highway & Main. Tel. 43-W                                      | HALFWAY—Halfway Garage. Tel. Exch.   | NEWBERG—Moore & Emmett. Tel. Red 7; Nite, Black 14.                                | ST. HELENS—Erickson Motor Co. Tel. 214.   |
| CAMAS VALLEY—B.R. Richter Service Station. Phone Camas Valley Exchange.              | HALSEY—Arrow Garage. Tel. 216. Night or Day.   | NEWPORT—Sunset Garage, Coast & Agnes St. Tel. 4802.                                | ST. PAUL—P. A. Bernard Motor Co. Tel. St. Paul Ex.                              |
| CANBY—G. W. White Motor Co. Tel. 3301. (Nite) 3302.                                  | HARRISBURG—Douglas Motor Co. Tel. 592. (Nite) 353 or 343.                                    | NORTH BEND—Gorst & King Garage.  | SUTHERLIN—Sutherlin Garage, Main St. Tel. Sutherlin 4.                          |
| CANYONVILLE—Pacific Highway Garage.  | HEBO—Ott's Service Station. Tel. Cloverdale Exchange.  | NORTH POWDER—Motor Service Garage. Tel. 25.  | TAFT—Taft Garage. Tel. 8X7.   |
| CHILOQUIN—Chiloquin Garage & Auto Co. Tel. 132.                                      | HEPPNER—Ferguson Chevrolet Co. Tel. Heppner Ex.  | NYSSA—Powell Service Station. Tel. 43.   | THE DALLES—Tifton and Manchester. Tel.—Day, 119; Nite, 866.                     |
| CLATSKANIE—Silva Auto Co., Bridge St. Tel. 309.                                      | HERMISTON—Black & White Garage. Tel. Hermiston Ex.   | OAKLAND—Oakley's Garage. Tel. 362.   | TILLAMOOK—Motor Inn Garage, First Ave. and First Street. Tel. 95.               |
| CONDON—Shelly's Garage.  | HILLSBORO—Harms & Brock, 1050 2nd. Tel. 2382. (Nite), 2224—2354.                             | OAKRIDGE—Nelson's Motor Co.  | TIMBER—Timber Garage. Tel. Timber Exchange.                                     |
| COQUILLE—Coast Auto Lines. Tel. Coquille Exch.                                       | HOOD RIVER—Hucks Service Station, State & Front. Tel. 4881; (Nite) 3664.                     | ONTARIO—Highway Garage.  | TOLEDO—Peterson Brothers Garage. Tel. 3602.                                     |
| CORBETT—Corbett Garage. Tel. 173 Corbett.  | HUNTINGTON—The Huntington Garage. Tel. Day or Night, 201.                                    | OREGON CITY—C. G. Miller Co., Inc. Tel. 77.  | UMATILLA—Umatilla Garage. Tel. 47-W-3.  |
| CORVALLIS—Rickard's Garage, 235 2nd St. Tel. 319.                                    | JEFFERSON—Highway Garage, 2nd & Church. Tel. 293.  | OSWEGO—Dick's Garage. Tel. 2040.   | UNION—Oregon Trail Garage, Main St. Tel. 242; (Nite) 243                        |
| COTTAGE GROVE—Sturges Garage. Tel. 14; Nite 102-Y.                                   | JOHN DAY—Tourist Garage.   | PAISLEY—Graham & McCall Garage.  | UNITY—Log Cabin Garage.   |
| CRANE—Irving's Service Repair. Tel. Crane Exch.                                      | JUNCTION CITY—East Side Service. Tel. 822; Nite, 1013.                                       | PEDEE—Fred M. Johnson Garage. Pedee Exchange.                                      | VALE—L. K. Bullock Garage. Tel. 95; (Nite) 203.                                 |
| CRESCENT—Red Front Garage. Tel. Crescent Exch.                                       | KEEN CREEK, ORE.—(17 Miles S.-E. of Ashland)—Keen Creek Service Station.                     | PENDLETON—Archie Bond. Tel. 847.   | VERNONIA—Crawford Motor Co. Garage. Tel. Vernonia Exchange 612.                 |
| CRESWELL—Creswell Garage. Tel. 165; (Nite) 163.                                      | KLAMATH FALLS—Motor Inn Garage, (Howard S. Abbey). 230 Main Street. Tel. 294-J. Nite, 446-R. | PORTLAND AND VICINITY—Call Atwater 5257, Day or Night.                             | WALDPORT—Waldport Garage. Tel. 15.  |
| CULVER—Sorenson's Service Garage. Tel. Culver Exch.                                  | KNAPPA—Nelson's Garage. Tel. 2-F-12.   | PORT ORFORD—Battle Rock Garage. Tel. 181.  | WALLOWA—McAllen Service Station. Tel. Wallowa Ex.                               |
| DALLAS—Shreeve & Son, 223 Main St. Tel. 531. (Night), Tel. 1481 or 944.              | LA GRANDE—Auto Electric Service Co., 1515 Adams Av. Tel. 212-W. (Nite) 347-M.                | POWERS—Smith's Garage.   | WARRENTON—Service Garage.   |
| DAYVILLE—Dayville Garage.  | Perkins Motor Co., 4th and Adams. Tel. 500.  | PRAIRIE CITY—Clark's Garage.   | WASCO—Auto Electric Co. Tel. 682.   |
| DEER ISLAND—Deer Island Garage. Tel. 14-F-22.  | LAKEVIEW—Lakeview Garage.  | PRINEVILLE—Inland Auto Co. Tel. Prineville Exch.                                   | WILLAMINA—Coast Highway Garage. Tel. 5-X-51.                                    |
| DRAIN—Motor Inn Garage. Tel. 222.  | LANGLOIS—Langlois Garage. Tel. Langlois Exch.  | PROSPECT—Prospect Garage. Tel. Prospect Branch.                                    | WOLF CREEK—Wolf Creek Garage.   |
| EAST MULTNOMAH COUNTY—B. & B. Garage. Tel. Tabor 4568 or Tabor 6402.                 | LEBANON—Lebanon Garage, Inc., Main and Vine Streets. Tel. 41.                                | RAINIER—Lowe's Garage. Tel. 92; Nite, 161 or 1181.                                 | WONDER—Slate Creek Service Station. Tel. Wonder Exchange.                       |
| EDDYVILLE—Midway Garage. Tel. 9-F-12.  | MADRAS—Chestnut Motor Co. Tel. 322.  | REDMOND—Redmond Garage, Main St. Tel. Red 52.                                      | WOODBURN—N. Becker and Son. Tel. Black 16. (Nite), 2622.                        |
| ELGIN—Hugs Garage. Phone 493—306.  | MALIN—Tule Lake Garage, Main Street. Tel. 2-3.   | REEDSPORT—Reedsport Garage. Tel. 601, day or night.                                | YONCALLA—Cowan's Garage, S. Front St. Tel. Yoncalla Exchange.                   |
| ELKTON—Elkton Garage. Tel. 16.   | MARCOLA—Marcola Garage.  | RHODODENDRON—Rhododendron Service Garage, On Loop Hiwy. Tel. Zig-Zag Ex            |   |

MEMBERS ARE REQUESTED TO FAMILIARIZE THEMSELVES WITH THE RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING THIS SERVICE AS SHOWN ON THE REVERSE SIDE OF THIS LIST.

For Service in Portland Zone, Call Atwater 5257.



# Official Stations of the Oregon Motor Association

## Albany, Oregon

Albany Cottage Camp and Service Station  
Allen Cabin Camp  
Capital Motors Inc.  
Hotel Albany  
Imperial Cafe  
Van's Service Station

## Aloah, Oregon

Aloah Super Service Station

## Arlington, Oregon

Arlington Hotel  
Arlington Garage  
Arlington-Roosevelt Ferry  
Arlington Service Station  
Vendome Hotel

## Ashland, Oregon

Automotive Shop Garage  
Hotel Ashland  
Lithia Springs Auto Camp  
Lithia Springs Garage  
Lithia Springs Hotel  
Plaza Cafe  
Porter's Service Station

## Astoria, Oregon

Astoria-North Beach Ferry  
Elliott Hotel  
Hotel Astoria  
Union Pacific Ferry

## Baker, Oregon

Baker Garage  
Bowns Garage  
Brent Perkins Garage  
Bruce Fleetwood Bergman, C. & S. Co.  
Geiser Grand Hotel  
Hotel Baker  
Harry's Coffee Shop  
Oregon Trail Auto Camp  
Universal Motor Co.

## Bandon, Oregon

Bandon Service Station  
Capp's Service Station  
Hotel Westland  
Jerry's Place

## Barlow, Oregon

Barlow Service Station

## Beatty, Oregon

The Beatty Store

## Bend, Oregon

Lava Bear Super Serv Station  
O. I. C. Cafeteria  
Pilot Butte Inn  
Pilot Butte Service Station

## Blue River, Oregon

Sparks Ranch Hotel

## Boardman, Oregon

Tom's Auto Camp

## Brookings, Oregon

Chetco Inn

## Boulder, Oregon

Alderdale Ferry Co.

## Burns, Oregon

Hotel Welcome  
Burns Garage

## Canyonville, Oregon

Deer Park Inn

## Carlton, Oregon

Carlton Service Station

## Cascade Locks, Oregon

Cascade Lodge

## Cherryville, Oregon

Bungalow Lunch & Serv. Stn.

## Chiloquin, Oregon

Chiloquin Garage and Service Station

## Clatskanie, Oregon

Larson Super Service Station

## Condon, Oregon

Clark Service Station  
Hotel Condon  
Shelly's Garage

## Coquille, Oregon

Coquille Hotel  
Coquille Service Station

## Corvallis, Oregon

Bungalow Service Station  
Hotel Benton  
Jeff's Super Service Station  
Russell Garage  
Union Service Station  
Wagner's Inc. Cafe  
Waw Wona Court Cabin Camp

## Cottage Grove, Oregon

Cottage Grove Service Station  
Golden Rule Auto Camp  
Gray Goose Restaurant  
Hotel Bartell

## Crater Lake, Oregon

Crater Lake Lodge

## Drain, Oregon

Canyon Cove Auto Camp  
1 Mile South  
Motor Inn Garage

## Enterprise, Oregon

Wood Brothers Garage

## Eugene, Oregon

Baird Service Station, 5 miles North of Eugene  
Bartle Court Apartments  
Beck & Babb Motors, Inc.  
B. F. Guthrie Auto Paint Shop  
Cabin City Auto Camp  
Eugene Auto Sheet Metal Co.  
Eugene Auto Top Co.  
Eugene Hotel  
Eugene Storage Battery Co.  
Eugene Vulcanizing Works  
Holms Service Station, 1 Mile South of Eugene.  
Hotel Osburn  
Imperial Lunch  
Mammy's Cabin  
Monroe Garage  
O. K. Grill  
Packard Garage  
Peterson Bros. Service Station (North Side)  
Peterson Bros. Service Station (South Side)  
Peter Pan Cafe  
The Anchorage Cafe

## Fort Klamath, Oregon

Hotel Fort Klamath

## Gaston, Oregon

Highway Service Station

## Gearhart, Oregon

Gearhart Service Station and Camp

## Gervais, Oregon

Checkerboard Auto Camp

## Gold Beach, Oregon

Sunset Inn

## Grants Pass, Oregon

Club Cafe  
Cave Shop Grill  
Hat Auto Camp  
Hotel Del Rogue  
Olding's Garage  
Pacific Redwood Service Station  
Red Arrow Auto Camp  
Redwoods Hotel  
Rommel Super Service Stn.

## Gresham, Oregon

Canyon Court Auto Camp  
Coffee Shop

## Hermiston, Oregon

Hermiston Service Station

## Hillsboro, Oregon

Central Service Station  
Coslett Super Service Station  
Imperial Restaurant  
R. J. Higdon Motor Co

## Hillsdale, Oregon

Simmons Hillvilla on Terwilliger Blvd.

## Hood River, Oregon

Apple Blossom Cafe  
Clifton Park Service Station  
Columbia Gorge Hotel  
Hotel Waukoma  
Hucks Service Station  
Mt. Hood Hotel  
Shadow Cliff (10½ miles west of Hood River)  
Smith Auto Park and Service Station  
The Guide Rest

## Hubbard, Oregon

Alaska Auto Camp  
Ames Auto Park

## Huntington, Oregon

Pacific Hotel

## Island City, Oregon

Island City Garage

## Jefferson, Oregon

Jefferson Cabin Camp

## Junction City, Oregon

Park Bros. Service Station

## Klamath Falls, Oregon

Altomount Auto Park  
Bob Ryan Auto Top Shop  
Hotel Hall  
Imperial Garage  
Johnson Super Service Station  
Klamath Falls Auto Park  
Monarch Service Station  
New Willard Hotel  
Reed Battery & Electrical Service  
Southern Oregon Service Stn.  
Valley Hotel  
White Pelican Restaurant

## Lafayette, Oregon

Belden's Garage

## La Grande, Oregon

Heasty's Filling Station  
La Grande Hotel  
Oregon Trail Auto Camp  
Tiffin Restaurant

## Lakeview, Oregon

Lakeview Hotel  
Lakeview Service Station

## Latourell, Oregon

Latourell Falls Garage  
Maffet Villa Cafe

## Lostine, Oregon

Dean Crow Service Station

## Madras, Oregon

Bellamy Hotel  
Black and White Service Station, 20 miles north of Madras

## Malin, Oregon

Jim's Service Station  
Malin Hotel

## Marshfield, Oregon

Beaver Super-Service Station  
College Inn Cafe  
Coos Bay Battery & Service Station  
The Chandler Hotel

## Maupin, Oregon

Maupin Hotel

## McKenzie Bridge, Oregon

Cedarwood Tavern

## McMinnville, Oregon

Ray Fogel's Service Station  
Smith Service Station & Camp  
Tourist Cafe  
Yamhill Hotel

## Medford, Oregon

Beebe & Kindle Serv. Station  
Colonial Garage  
Crowson's Restaurant and Fountain  
Hotel Holland  
Lewis Super Service Station  
Medford Hotel  
Merrick's Known Nation-Wide Auto Camp  
Rex Cafe  
Sixth Street Super Service Station  
Sunrise Super Apt. Camp

## Milwaukie, Oregon

Milwaukie Service Station

## Mollala, Oregon

Shamrock Cafe

## Monmouth, Oregon

Halladay's Garage

## Monroe, Oregon

Monroe Garage

## Moro, Oregon

Hotel Moro

## Multnomah, Oregon

Ghormley's Service Station

## Multnomah Falls, Oregon

Simmons by the Falls

## Myrtle Creek, Oregon

Umpqua Auto Park (6 miles south)

## Myrtle Point, Oregon

Hannum's Cafe

## Neskowin, Oregon

Neskowin Hotel and Camp

## Netarts, Oregon

Terimore Camp

## Newberg, Oregon

Hart Motor Car Co.  
Oaks Service Station  
Pearson & Knowles Service Station

## Newport, Oregon

Hotel Gilmore

## North Bend, Oregon

Hotel North Bend

## North Powder, Oregon

Mike Carrell Service Station

## Ontario, Oregon

Barries Service Station  
Globe Service Station  
Gorham Service Station  
Hotel Moore

## Oregon City, Oregon

Electric Hotel  
Falls Vista Service Station  
Kirchens Garage and Service Station

## Parkrose, Oregon

Parkrose and Col. Hy. Garage

## Pendleton, Oregon

Hotel Dorian  
Lassen Auto Camp  
Oregon Motor Garage  
Quelle Cafe  
Western Auto Garage

## Portland, Oregon—Hotels

Benson, Broadway at Stark  
Broadway Hotel, Broadway at Burnside  
Campbell Court, 11th at Main  
Carlton Hotel, 14th at Washington  
Clifford Hotel, East 6th and Morrison Street  
Clyde, 10th at Stark  
Congress Hotel, 6th & Main  
Cornelius Hotel, Park & Alder  
Heathman Hotel, Park and Salmon  
Hotel Hoyt, 6th and Hoyt.  
Imperial, Broadway at Stark

# Official Stations of the Oregon Motor Association

## Portland, Oregon

### (Hotels Continued)

Multnomah, 4th at Pine  
Nortonia, 11th at Stark  
Palace Hotel, 12th and Wash.  
Ritz Hotel, Park and Morrison  
Roosevelt Hotel, West Park at Salmon  
Roseland Hotel, 12th and Yamhill  
Seward Hotel, 10th and Alder  
St. Andrews Hotel, Broadway and Columbia  
St. Francis Hotel, 11th and Main  
Washington, 12th at Washington

### Garages

Arlington Garage, 10th at Salmon  
Axel Garage, Lents Station  
Bates Motoramp Garage, West Park between Taylor and Salmon  
B & B Garage, Base Line & Barker Roads  
Berg Bros. Garage, 86 Tenth  
Bungalow Garage, 505 Willamette Blvd.  
Bybee Avenue Garage, Bybee and Milwaukie Avenue  
City Auto Laundry and Garage, 11th and Burnside  
City Garage, 132 12th Street  
Elite Garage, 269 12th St.  
57th Street Garage, 57th and Sandy Blvd.  
Franklin Garage, 1383 Division Street  
Fulton Auto Repair Shop, 1641 Macadam  
Harry's Garage Inc., 10th and Salmon  
Lewis & Clark Garage, Union Ave and Weidler Street  
Library Garage, 11th and Yamhill  
Multnomah Hotel Garage, 2nd at Ankeny  
National Portland Garage, Broadway and Pine Street  
Pacific Coast Garages, 4th and Oak  
Pacific Building Garage, 6th and Yamhill  
Portland Garage (Bates) 5th and Salmon  
Rose City Park Garage, 52nd near Sandy Blvd.  
Speedwell Garage, 14th and Couch  
Union Depot Garage, Broadway at Hoyt  
Yost Bros., 722 Union Ave.

### Electrical Service Stations

Ed's Auto-Electric Service, 25 Grand Avenue  
G. R. Herd Co. (Exide) Burnside at Park Street  
Sanders Magneto Service, 424-26 East Belmont St.  
Sunset Electrical Co., 9th at Glisan  
Stevens & Rathkey, 10th and Flanders

## Fenders Bodies

Bill Thompson's Auto Sheet Metal Works, 447 Flanders Street

G. G. Gerber, 11th & Flanders  
M. B. Fisch, 105 N. 15th St.

### Auto Painting

Vana's Quality Auto Paint Shop, E. 14th and Davis St.

### Tire Service Stations

Edwards Tire Shop, Broadway at Everett  
Fletcher Tire Co., 9th and Burnside  
H. & H. Tire Exchange, 500 Hawthorne Avenue  
Jack & Van, 13th and Morrison St.  
Jimmie's Tire Shop, East 11th and Division St.

### Service Stations

Bellecrest Service Station, 68th and Sandy Blvd.  
Columbia Auto Park Service Station, 13th and Morrison  
Conwell & Mullen, East First and Broadway  
Conwell & Mullen, 551 Union  
Dunford & Clark, 82nd and Foster Road  
Gustin Service Station, Union and Columbia Blvd.  
Howard Gray's Service Station, 6th and Main Street  
Laurelhurst Park Ser. Station, 39th and E. Stark Street  
Lents Service Station, 9006 Foster Road  
Lindy's Alcazar Master Service Station, 40th and Sandy  
O. I. C. Service Station, 28th and Sandy  
Post Office Service Station, Park and Glisan Street  
Rainbow Super Service Station, 20th and E. Burnside  
Terwilliger Serv. Station, 6th and Terwilliger Blvd.  
Texaco Super Service Station, 21st at Washington  
W. A. Epley Service Station, 82nd and East Stark Street  
Washburn Service Station, 29th at Nicolai Street

### Greasing Stations

Irrington Greasing Station, 21st and East Broadway  
Speedway Lubricators, 12th and East Clay

### Restaurants and Grills

Acme Restaurant, 6th near Flanders  
Hob & Nob Cafeteria, 10th and Morrison Street  
Millionaire Club Cafe, 144 4th Street  
Oyster Loaf, Bdwy. at Oak  
The Oasis, Barker Road and Sandy Blvd.  
The Cottage, 31st and Sandy Boulevard  
Toke Point Oyster Grill, 4th at Stark

## Towing

Arrow Tow Co., 471 Alder, Phone BEacon 4712.

## Repairing

Auto Rebuilders, Inc., 14th & Morrison Street  
Braley Auto Co., Franklin Service, 14th & Burnside  
Factory Motor Car Co., 14th at Everett  
Godfrey E. Seberg Auto Repair, 142 17th Street  
Henry Ward, Buick Service, 111 13th  
Rice Wallingford Co., 9th and Hoyt Street  
Rolls Royce Service, 480 Couch  
Sam Huston, Authorized Buick Service, 13th and Davis Street

## Auto Camps

All States Auto Park, Columbia River Highway  
Interstate Auto Park, Columbia Blvd. and Union Ave.  
Kamp Kellum, 82nd and Powell Valley Road

## Brakes

Bankhead & Walter, 11th and Everett  
Thompson & Duby, 20th and Washington

## Washing

15th Street Auto Laundry, 15th and Davis  
Roto-Way Auto Laundry, Union and East Burnside

## Prospect, Oregon

Prospect Park Hotel

## Rainier, Oregon

Interstate Restaurant

## Redmond, Oregon

Moore's Garage  
New Redmond Hotel

## Rickreall, Oregon

Fuller Service Station

## Roseburg, Oregon

Brand's Coffee House, (3 1/2 miles north of Roseburg)  
Hotel Rose  
Ned Dixon's Super Service Station  
Rose Garage  
Umpqua Hotel

## Rhododendron, Oregon

Rhododendron Inn

## Rufus, Oregon

Fleck's Orchard Cottage Auto Camp—  
29 miles west of Arlington.  
25 miles east of The Dalles.

## Salem, Oregon

Day and Niles Super Service Station  
Dougherty Bros. Garage  
Elkers Auto Co. Garage  
Fitzgeralds Sherwin Co. Garage  
Gray Belle Cafe  
Hotel Argo  
Hotel Marion  
Joe Williams Battery Service  
Marion Garage  
Mike Panek, Salem's Brake Specialist  
New Salem Hotel  
O'Leary's Restaurant  
The Spa Grill and Confectionery  
White House Restaurant

## Sandy, Oregon

Peoples Service Station

## Seaside, Oregon

New Beacon Hotel  
Smith's Restaurant

## Sexton Mountain, Oregon

Sexton Mountain Service Station, 11 miles North of Grants Pass, Oregon

## Silverton, Oregon

Jarvis Service Station

## Springdale, Oregon

Columbia Highway Serv Statn

## Springfield, Oregon

Springfield Service Station

## Stayton, Oregon

Lewis & Bell Service Station

## St. Helens, Oregon

Pape's Super Service Station

## Sunset Beach, Oregon

Sunset Beach Resort

## Tangent, Oregon

Mother's Inn

## Tigard, Oregon

Roamers Rest Auto Camp—  
(2 miles South of Tigard)  
Valley View Service Station  
(1 mile north)

## The Dalles, Oregon

American Restaurant  
Double Chance Serv. Station  
Hotel Dalles  
Kellers Service Station  
Riverview Camp, 7 miles west  
The Yellow Lantern Cafe

## Toledo, Oregon

Rays Service Station

## Trail, Oregon

Rogue Elk Hotel

## Troutdale, Oregon

Beaver Creek Garage  
Cooks Garage  
Columbia Villa

## Umatilla, Oregon

Hotel Umatilla  
Lou's Service Station  
Umatilla Ferry

## Union, Oregon

Davis Super Service Station  
Hotel Union

## Vernonia, Oregon

Riverview Service Station  
Twin Fir Service Station

## Vida, Oregon

Thompson's Resort

## Wedderburn, Oregon

Wedderburn Inn and Cafe

## Wheeler, Oregon

Auto Rest Garage

## Wolf Creek, Oregon

Laurel Camp, 1/2 mile south of  
Wolf Creek  
Wolf Creek Tavern

## Woodburn, Oregon

Maple Park Garage  
Woodburn Arch Store





*TRAVELING!*

# THE NEW ZEROLENE

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Presenting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra alternately, The Standard Symphony Hour offers its programs of enjoyable music every Thursday evening from 7:30 to 8:30 p. m. over KFI; KGO; KGW; KOMO and KHQ. The Standard School Broadcast is presented Thursday mornings from 11 to 11.45 a. m.



# STABILITY

IT'S a big word. You've heard it tossed about in ground - talk ever since the first pilot recovered from a spin and got credit for inventing a new stunt.

Here's another meaning for *stability*, applied to gasoline:

There are dull, plodding gasolines that are slow to start and mean to handle in cool motors. And there are flighty, erratic gasolines, about as lively (and about as dependable) as dynamite.

Mark them both off your list. You aren't flying either a donkey-engine or a bolt of lightning.

How about a gasoline with enough snap to it for starting pep, and then enough *plod* to settle down and drive out the maximum revs hour after hour?

That's gasoline *stability*. You don't find it accidentally. You ask for it by name.

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AVIATION GASOLINE