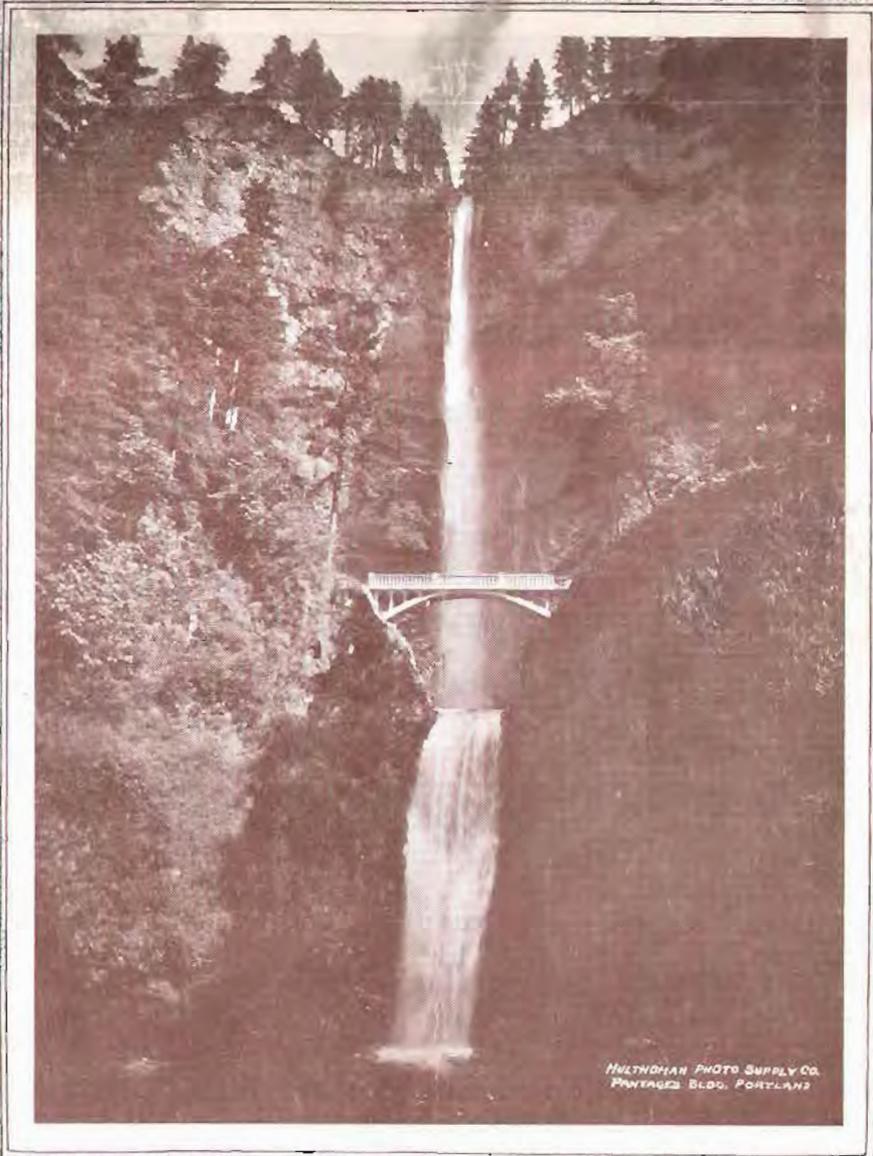


The OREGON MOTORIST



MULTNOMAH PHOTO SUPPLY CO.
PWAYERS BLDG. PORTLAND

JULY, 1921
Vol. II No. 2

Official Monthly Publication
of the
OREGON STATE MOTOR ASSOCIATION

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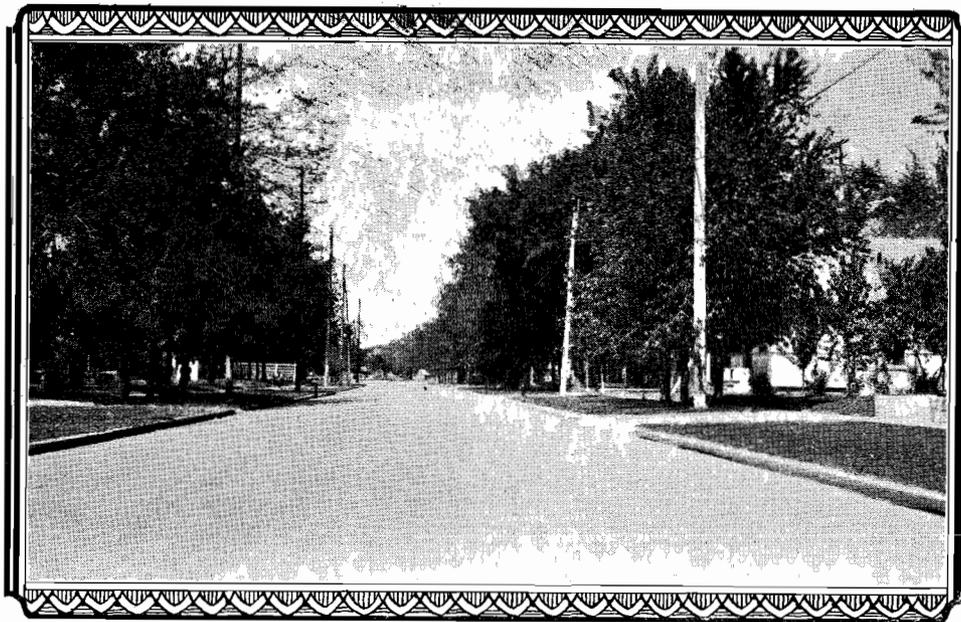
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Chase Avenue, between McCauliffe and Birch streets, Walla Walla, Washington. Constructed in 1916. The pavement consists of a 2½-inch asphaltic concrete base and a 1½-inch asphaltic concrete surface, coarse aggregate type. Maintenance, nothing. Photograph taken May, 1921.

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The Oregon Motorist

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Vol. II

PORTLAND, OREGON, JULY, 1921

No. 2

THE SPIRIT OF TRANSPORTATION

BY J. E. GRATKE. 1925 EXPOSITION

It is sometimes well, in the midst of the hurry and turmoil of modern striving, to pause for a moment to take a comprehensive outlook at the progress of our race and catch a glimpse of whither we are tending.

"Without vision the people perish" said Isaiah, the Hebrew prophet: and to have a true

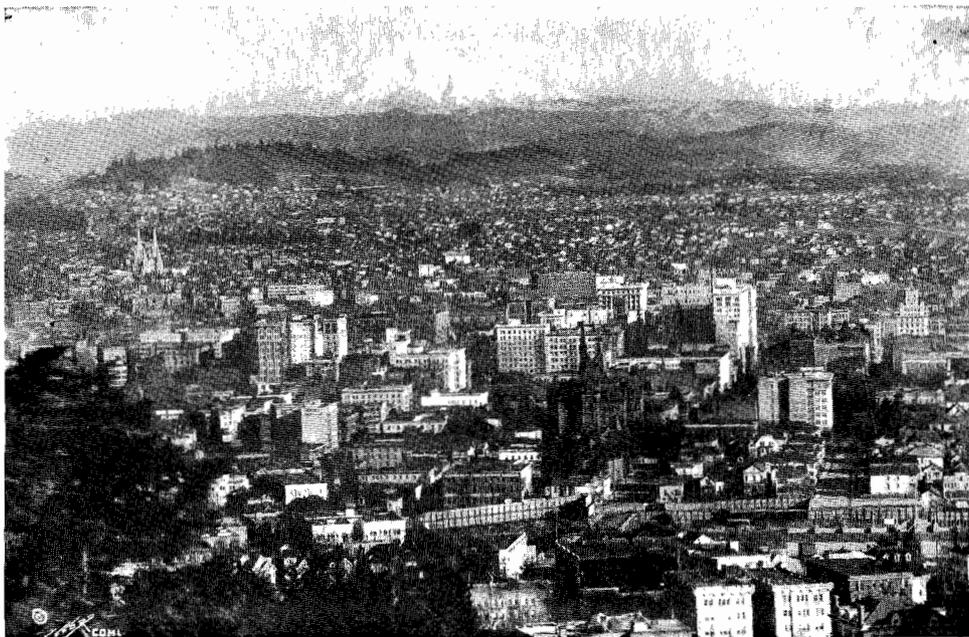
vision of the future, one must have also the realization of the past. There are many channels of human activity by which progress may be measured. For the most part, that side of human life generally cited as evidence of advancement in civilization, is either ethics, art or science. To attempt, therefore, to measure human advancement by anything so prosaic as the development of transportation might seem at first glance too commercial, yet it is safe to say that in no other one thing can the progress of mankind be so clearly seen and appreciated.

In view of the fact that the great Atlantic-Pacific Highways and Electrical Exposition to

be held in Oregon in 1925 is to commemorate among other things the completion of the great ocean to ocean paved highways, and that by that year the United States will have spent over four billion dollars on paving the highways of our country, it is most timely that a moment's attention be given to ascertain just

what relation this has to the progress in civilization and what it is to mean to our future development. To begin with, the races that have remained at a standstill ever since they have inhabited the globe have added nothing to the method of transportation, but today as in ages past they still carry their burdens upon the heads or backs of their women.

On the other hand the greatest progress, indeed the only great progress, has obviously been that of the white race, whose evolution can be traced in the methods of transportation which have grown from the days of beasts of burden by land, and galley-slave boats and



PORTLAND, OREGON IN 1921

barges by sea, on through the age of steamships and steam cars before which nature's obstacles began slowly to diminish, up to the present day of electrically run railways, telephones, telegraphs, automobiles and flying machines.

During the days of the "prairie schooner" or ox-cart, wending its tedious way across the pathless miles of uninhabited wilderness, the progress of civilization was correspondingly slow; but with the opening of the railroads the development of every branch of human activity was hastened while during the past twenty years the country has seen an advance surpassing any other previous hundred years of the world's development.

It is almost impossible to determine how great a factor in modern life the opening up of the automobile roadways is to be. Just as the transportation of thought through the telephone and telegraph have brought the whole world into closer relationship, and have seemingly wiped out one of the obstacles of distance, so the paved highways are bringing the cities and farms into more intimate relationship. More than that: these roads, the natural result of the innovation of the automobile have virtually lifted humanity out of the mud.

These highways, upon whose smooth paved surfaces, not hundreds, but millions of autos will in the next few years traverse our country, are but the forerunners of that blended interest and unity of purpose which is to connect all parts of our country, even as the highways themselves are wiping out the self-interest of isolated localities.

For centuries the "impossible mountains" have stood as barriers to man's progress. Over how many mountains today, on a grade of no more than from 5 to 10%, automobiles may speed at the rate of 25 miles per hour over a road as smooth as a city street!

By 1925 the distance of 3,000 miles between the Atlantic coast and the Pacific slope will seem no greater to the autoist than 30 miles seemed to the old pioneer of fifty years ago with his slow moving ox-team.

The Pioneer! How much do we of today owe to his vision? Out in the Far West only a small handful of pioneers are yet here to see their dreams fulfilled. But that any of these sturdy frontier men still remain to see realized the vision which lured them to plant an Empire out in the land of the setting sun, is due to the fact that modern transportation has made that Empire a possibility.

It reads like a tale from Arabian Nights, this marvelous rise of modern civilization out

beyond the Cascade Range. No wonder that it must be seen to be believed.

Old Empires were centuries in building. That little more than fifty years have sufficed for isolated log-hut-settlements, with all the crude barbarism of frontier life, to be changed as by the touch of Aladdin's lamp into wonderful modern cities, with all their luxury, beauty and refined culture seems indeed like a fairy tale. Nor has any well beloved character of olden fairy lore waved a wand more efficacious than that of the magic torch held aloft in the hand of the Spirit of Transportation.

Nor do we always stop to consider all that the word transportation means. The handling of cargo is often the limit of our imagination in connection with it; but when we realize that it implies the carrying of messages, the transmission of light and power as well as of passengers and freight some appreciation of its connection with progress of the race may be gained.

Just what the airship is to mean to our future evolution we can but dimly visualize. Yet for that vision we must also be grateful, for if "without vision the people perish" we know that because of vision a people thrive.

It is due to a full realization of this that the people of Oregon are inviting the world to an Exposition in 1925. That broadness of outlook which takes in a full comprehension of the past and a limitless view of the future is alone responsible for making Oregon, in 1925, the objective for the attention of the world.

For the Inland Empire is not only an objective of the great transcontinental highways, but the development of its great waterway arteries and the opening of the Panama Canal promises an advance in commerce unequalled in the annals of our history, which will be felt through every pore of our country's activity and in every section of its community.

The year 1925 will mark the one hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the electromagnet by Wm. Sturgeon, the English engineer. This discovery has made possible the use of our water power, the great hydro-electric force that has revolutionized manufacture and commerce.

How fitting that its discovery should be commemorated in the locality in which is to be found one-third of the water power of the United States.

Into the Columbia River basin flows the unharnessed white power of countless snow fed streams; "from the Cascades' frozen gorges" they rush unchallenged to the sea, an inexhaustible, unlimited supply which is bringing to this new land the realization of the prophesy

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way."

Small wonder that this West will emblazon in light its tribute to those who have brought the use of electricity within the reach of man.

The Exposition of 1925 is not alone a commemoration of what transportation has accomplished in the upbuilding of this Wonderland, it is not alone an invitation to the world to view the greatness of this New Empire and the marvelous unparalleled beauty of its scenery, though these things do play an important part. But if the Spirit of Transportation, with her electric torch held high, has enabled us by her light to measure the advancement of our past, to what great heights of undreamed of achievements will she lead our future? To these heights, to this accomplishment the "Atlantic-Pacific Highways and Electrical Exposition" of 1925 will point.

Where before the trend of civilization was ever westward, today we have reached the last West, and the tide of advancement from this mighty Empire now building out beyond the Cascades, will sweep back eastward over our country, till every section of the United States will feel the influx of new life and energy from the progress of manufacture and commerce.

This magic torch is lighting the world to the richest resources and greatest opportunities known to man. The progress of the West means the progress of the whole country, and the progress of one country insures the progress and safety of the world.

While Transportation, with her flaming torch doth wing her pathway toward the setting sun. Her light streams backward, ever to the East Till all our Nation's interests blend in one.

NATIONAL PARK-TO-PARK HIGHWAY IS TOUR OF WONDERLAND

This highway is routed over a part of and intersects many transcontinental highways and roads. It rough-circles the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast regions, linking the national parks and many forests and monuments with the principal cities by a motor way of 6,000 miles. National in scope, it is fed by every transcontinental highway, and in turn, serves as a scenic course for the constantly increasing automobile tourist travel. It is invaluable, also, as a means of encouraging and serving agricultural and live stock pursuits and industrial enterprises, stimulating settlement and home building in the West.

Like the wonder noose of a scenic lariat, the National Park-to-Park Highway holds secure and makes accessible to the millions of Americans their national playgrounds. The eventual hard-surfacing of this course through Congressional and State aid is another objective—the

common goal of all national good roads movements. It has the official approval of the American Automobile Association, the National Highways Association and the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior, and seeks impartially to encourage the progress of other Highway Associations, inviting their co-operation, as well as the support of Motor Clubs and Civic and Good Roads Associations.

This route is semi-official in character, in that it is subject to further changes that may be recommended to the National Park-to-Park Highway Association by the American Automobile Association.

THE COLUMBIA HIGHWAY

Here are the deep sky-spaces and the rising flush of the dawn,

And a blend of scarlet, silver, and green of the sloping lawn

Where the little outcast winds flit by with a shrug and a shiver.

And a new light stirs like a waking babe on the breast of the drowsy river.

The cliffs are stark in the golden light where the sunbeams fall,

And the sweet, cool shades are grottos and caves for fairy carnival:

The long, frail wisps of saffron sun are airy pennons streaming

Through the low, vague, loamy silences where new-born flowers lie dreaming.

From the balmy buds of the waving trees a silver dew is shaken.

The rhododendrons flame on the hills when the spring days awaken:

And the lilt of life is a lacy web, wove of an old, old story

Of an new-world Apian Way, and castled streets of glory.

Here is no ominous fear to haunt with its ebon wings of ruth.

Here nature and art are merger in a harmony of beauty and of truth:

Here is a touch of hands divine, that lift, and crown, and bless:

Here is a land that is swayed by the queen of loveliness.

There is a rush of glad, clear color as the wheeled power goes by.

A blend and commingling of light and shade, of river, of forest, and sky;

Wild thrill of the care-free bird through the fluid heavens winging.

A wide, unfettered road ahead, and the flying motor singing!

—Oregon Teachers Monthly.

CRATER LAKE PARK OPEN JULY 1

The official opening of Crater Lake National Park for the summer season is scheduled to occur on July 1st. While it is said that there is still more or less snow in the park, yet crews of men have been busy opening up the road and by July 1st, or very shortly thereafter, Oregon's famous resort will be accessible to the automobilist. In the early part of the season it is advisable to make this trip by way of Medford, and a description of the trip from that point is hereby given.

Arriving at Trail, one can hardly resist the temptation to stop and cast a fly on the river at that point, but we would advise that you drive on and wait until you reach the Rogue Elk resort, which is but a short distance from the Government fish hatchery. Here, one may get some wonderful fishing at this time of the year. The river fairly teems with steel head trout.

Continuing on your journey, you will drive over a wonderful road which has been con-



On the Road to Crater Lake

It is advisable to get an early start from Medford so that one may be well along the river road before the heat of day. By starting at, say six o'clock in the morning, you can make the trip to the Crater Lake in a day and still have time to stop en route and enjoy some of the fine fishing for which the Rogue River is noted the world over.

Near Trail, about thirty-five miles from Medford, the highway is under construction, and there is about three miles which calls for careful driving. This stretch is passable, however; and the engineers in charge of the job say that it will be but a short time until this road is in fine condition for automobile travel.

structly jointly by Jackson county and the State Highway department and soon arrive at Prospect, about fifty miles from Medford. Here will be found a resort which has become famous for the fine meals that are served. Prospect nestles in the heavy timbered forest, and is one of the most delightful places to be found anywhere. You could spend a week at this point and enjoy every minute of the time.

Continuing on from Prospect, you drive over an excellent highway. This road has been completed the entire distance from Prospect to Crater Lake. You will find the going as good as on a paved highway; the bad grades have all been eliminated and excellent time may be

made. On your way to Crater Lake, you should not fail to stop at the Union Creek camp grounds where a fine camp site is located. Camping supplies and provisions may be procured at this point. This camp is controlled by the Crater Lake National Park Company, and it is their intention to make this one of their permanent camp grounds. Union Creek crosses the highway at this point. It is a beautiful little stream, fairly swarming with trout, but fishing is rather difficult, owing to the fact that it passes through some very dense forest vegetation.

A short distance on from Union Creek, you will come to the Royal Gorge, one of the scenic wonders of the Crater Lake country. The Rogue River rushes madly through this rock-bound gorge and fairly thunders as it rushes downward on its way. Tarry here for a half hour that you may drink your fill of this wonderful sight.

You are now passing through the Crater Lake National Forest, and soon arrive at the checking station where you must register and secure a permit before entering the park. You marvel at the fine condition in which the road through the National Forest is maintained. As you drive on upward toward the rim of Crater Lake, the scenery becomes more and more interesting every mile you cover.

Six miles beyond the park entrance you arrive at Anta Creek Springs, a beautiful little spot into which you drop almost unknowingly. The Government maintains its park offices at this point. Also the Park Company has a well-stocked store, and a camp ground where you may secure lodgings and meals if you so desire.

You are now five miles from the rim of Crater Lake, and, while the grade from here on is greater than that which you have experienced before on the trip, the road is kept in such good condition that you may reach the rim without any difficulty.

The famous Crater Lake Lodge is located on the rim, and a most excellent camp ground is maintained in connection. There is an abundance of clear, ice cold water piped to these camp grounds—in fact you will find every facility for outdoor camping. The Park and Lodge attendants are very obliging and will extend to you every courtesy possible.

After making camp, perhaps you will find that you are somewhat weary after the day's trip, and you do not care to trouble yourself to prepare your own meal. If such is the case, avail yourself of the fine accommodations available at the Lodge. You may enjoy a very good meal there and the price is very reasonable—\$1.50 the person. After dinner, you may

lounge in the great hall of the Lodge, if you so desire, and listen to the music of an excellent orchestra. There is a wonderful fireplace in this hall—probably the largest to be found in Oregon. Before you realize it, you will forget your weariness and become one of the merry party dancing on the fine floor. When you presently retire to your camp for the night, you will say that you have experienced one of the most delightful days of your experience.

You should spend several days in Crater Lake if you have the time for there are innumerable points of interest to be explored. And do not fail to take advantage of the wonderful fishing afforded by a trip on the lake itself. It is easy to catch fish here—trout averaging from three to eight pounds. fighters from the word go.

It is almost impossible to find words with which to do justice in describing Crater Lake. It springs into view so suddenly, that indescribable blue mirror a thousand feet or more below, and you are simply fascinated by its glory. You must see it to appreciate it and to fully appreciate it you should linger for several days.

AN APPRECIATION

New York City, June 15, 1921.

To The Editor,
The Oregon Motorist,
273 Pine Street,
Portland, Oregon.
My Dear Sir:

Enjoyed reading the current issue of the "Oregon Motorist" and wish to thank you for your explaining in the able and splendid way that you did, just how the National Association, as an organization, and its affiliated clubs are assisting the motorists of our nation and more especially the members of affiliated clubs and the American Automobile Association.

As a former Oregonian, I am particularly interested in the Oregon Motorist and your present important work, and I would be pleased to co-operate with you in the event that you find that I can render you any assistance whatsoever. With personal wishes,

Cordially yours,

L. E. WARFORD,
A. A. A. Touring Bureau.

AT THE PUMP

"Had a puncture?"

"No. I'm just changing the air in the tires. The old air's worn out."—American Tribune (Dubuque, Ia.).

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OFFICIAL MONTHLY PUBLICATION
—OF THE—
OREGON STATE MOTOR ASSOCIATION

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GEORGE O. BRANDENBURG, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
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Oregon may well be proud of the manner in which her public spirited citizens have always responded at the polls when a call has been made for more money to be expended on the development of her good roads. During the past few years, Oregonians have been educated to the fact that the development of our roads is of vital necessity in bringing about the development of Oregon's resources. That is the reason why they have been so generous in their support of the various road bonding measures which have been submitted for their approval. As a consequence, Oregon has been enabled to carry on a road building program which her citizens may well be proud of.

Millions of dollars have already been expended by the people of Oregon in the development of her good roads, millions more will be spent in the future; and it is highly important that some organization, with no axe to grind, should undertake the duty of seeing to it that such money as is expended on our roads shall be spent to the best possible advantage. It goes without saying that such an organization should be one that is the most vitally interested in the building and maintenance of good roads. Its membership should be made up of citizens of every county in the state. Such an organization should be one that is free from the domination of any political party, immune from the influence of any private interest, absolutely fearless in the performance of a public duty. That the Oregon State Motor Association is the one organization in the state best adapted for the performance of this important service cannot be denied.

The Oregon State Motor Association is distinctively a public service organization, abso-

lutely unselfish in its aims and purposes. While the controlling idea of the body is naturally that of forwarding the interests of the motoring public, yet in the performance of this service, such as the promotion of all good roads projects, the bringing about of the enactment of liberal laws regulating the use of motor vehicles on the highways, the arousing of public sentiment to the importance of protecting and capitalizing Oregon's scenic assets, and many other things of a like nature, this association of motorists has accomplished untold good for the state at large. It has done more than any other organization in the state to attract automobile tourists to Oregon: and it has supplied these visitors with maps, touring information and the like, so that they would carry away with them an impression that would influence them to further advertise Oregon as a most desirable place to spend a summer vacation.

The Oregon State Motor Association has accomplished big things for the state in the past, but it is going to be called upon to do even more in the future. Inasmuch as the good work which may be accomplished for the motoring public and the state in general by this organization depends largely upon the strength of its membership, it is to be hoped that it will be accorded a far greater measure of support from the automobilists of the state than it has received during the past. It is a regrettable fact that less than two per cent of the 80,000 pleasure car drivers in this state are members of this organization. If this membership can be increased to, say ten per cent of the registered motorists, the association will be enabled to enlarge its activities to an extent which will result in the bringing of millions of dollars of tourists money into the state—money which at the present time is flowing in a steady stream into the coffers of our sister state on the south.

One thing that has hampered the organization in the past, in the carrying on of the good work to which the Association is devoted, has been the spirit of antagonism which the smaller cities throughout the state have evinced toward any movement which had its inception in the metropolis. Such a spirit certainly has not been conducive to the best interests of the state. We are glad to say, however—thanks to the efforts of certain fair-minded citizens—Oregonians have been brought to realize that a state divided against itself can not progress; and this antagonistic feeling is rapidly giving way to one of "Oregon for Oregonians." The largely increasing membership in this association coming from throughout the state is evidence, at least, that the motorists of Oregon have awakened to the

fact that the Oregon State Motor Association is not a Portland organization but one which is doing its best to carry on a work which will place Oregon in the front rank of good roads states, and bring about conditions which will have a tendency to influence the automobile tourists of America to "See Oregon First."

If you, Mr. Member, have the interests of this Association at heart, if you are one of those public-spirited citizens who desire to see Oregon get all that is coming to her, you will bend every effort to influence your brother motorists to sign an application blank for a membership in this organization. If you will clearly explain the objects and purposes of the organization to your neighbor, you will find it an easy matter to persuade him to sign his name on the dotted line.

DO IT NOW!

MOTORING IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

By Howard H. Hays

Eighty thousand Americans visited the Yellowstone National Park last summer. Fifty thousand came in their own automobiles and stopped at the permanent camps, hotels and roadside camp places. Thirty thousand came to the park by railway, made the tour in the regular licensed automobile transportation and stopped either at the permanent camps or hotels. These statistics emphasize the growing popularity of Yellowstone Park for both rail and private automobile visitors. From all indications the Yellowstone will be visited by a larger host in 1921. The return of the railways to their owners with the consequent advertising campaigns in behalf of rail travel and the activity of automobile associations and automobile publications seem sure to push the total volume of Yellowstone travel for 1921 well above the 100,000 mark.

In view of the growing interest in America's first and largest National Park, it seems fitting to take every opportunity to disseminate authoritative information with reference to the scope of the tour and the conditions which the average motorists will encounter.

The writer of these notes is the President of the Yellowstone Park Camps Co., authorized by the United States government to maintain the only chain of summer tourist camps in the reservation. We frankly take this occasion, therefore, to explain briefly the service and charges at these unique camps. Permanent camps, each with the capacity of about three hundred guests, are located at Mammoth Hot Springs, Upper Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Lake, Grand Canyon and Tower Falls. The latter camp is Camp Roosevelt, "famous as the camping place of President Roosevelt and

John Burroughs in 1903." This camp is the center for stream fishing, motor side trips and horse back trails and the petrified forest, Grasshopper Glacier and special excursions into the big game region.

The cost of accommodations at these camps is \$4.50 per day, American plan, based on \$1.00 for each meal and \$1.50 for lodging. Each camp is floored, framed and heated. Each camp is in effect, a village of cozy tent cottages surrounded central administration, recreation and dining halls. The atmosphere of the camps is informal and conforms to the spirit and atmosphere of the region.

Usually motorists spend three or four days in the park, but many motorists stay for a week or ten days. It is important to emphasize the fact that the geysers and other phenomena of the park have caused our people to underestimate the natural scenic beauty.

If motorists desire hotel accommodations, there are four large hotels which give service. American plan, at rates of from \$6.50 to \$10.00 per day per person.

Motorists who desire to bring their own camping outfits will find ideal roadside camping accommodations. The government has designated public automobile camps at each of the great centers of scenic interest and supplies wood and water.

One of the favorite pastimes for motorists in the park is fly fishing in the streams and in Yellowstone Lake. Strangers are usually astonished to discover this immense lake hidden away in the top of the Rocky Mountains. With the exception of one lake in the Andes, Yellowstone Lake is the largest lake at this altitude in the world. The shore line is more than one hundred and twenty-five miles. Motorists will find rowboats and launches at Lake Camp. No licensed fee is required for fishing. The limit is ten trout per day, over eight inches.

OREGON NO LONGER DELINQUENT

Oregon has sprung from a most delinquent state as far as highways are concerned to a leader in road construction within the last two years. They have not only constructed new grades and laid mile after mile of paving but they are maintaining their roads in a most creditable manner. New gravel is immediately rolled into the road when laid and not left for cars to plow through and scatter. They drag their roads systematically and keep them as they were built and should be kept.—Western Washington Motorist.

The only funny thing about a puncture is the joke made on it.—From "Topics of the Day" Films.

USE THE HEAD AS WELL AS HANDS

Lieutenant Frank Ervin, in command of the motorcycle speed officers of the Portland Police Department, has come to be recognized as being one of the leading authorities in the United States in the particular line of duty in which he is engaged. Six years of service in this one line has given him a keen insight in the problem of handling traffic on the city streets; and his advice is being constantly sought by the heads of police departments in

or hang himself on the semaphore. Speed cops are always on the go.

Ervin was entrusted with the duty of handling traffic in March, 1915, during the reign of Mayor Albee. During his time of service, he has made over 3,000 arrests for traffic violations; and the fact that he was able to secure convictions in every case but one leads one to believe that Frank was generally right when he made a "pinch." Fourteen of these cases were appealed to the circuit court, but every case was decided in Ervin's favor.

It was far from being easy sledding for Frank in the early days of his appointment. Motorists in those days did not take kindly to speed cops, and he was hounded from morning to night by hostile automobilists who were determined to get his official scalp. Even the civic organizations in the city were on his trail, he was the most cordially hated officer in the Portland department. More than half the motorists whom he arrested for traffic violations claimed that they were absolutely innocent and that Ervin was abusing his authority in the most flagrant manner. Things came to such a pass that Judge Stevensen, who sat on the police court bench at that time, took it upon himself to personally check up on Ervin's arrests. The Judge quickly convinced himself that Frank was absolutely fair and impartial in the performance of his duty. He held a personal consultation with Mayor Albee and John Clark, then Chief of Police, and gave them the result of his findings. The result was that the three of them issued an edict to the effect that as far as they were concerned, Frank Ervin ranked ace-high as an officer and that they would back him to the limit. From that time on, Ervin's stock began to advance and many of those who had been his worst enemies became his friends.

In 1917, under the first Baker regime, Frank was promoted to a sergeancy and placed in command of eighteen motorcycle speed officers. The fact that this was the only appointment advanced by Mayor Baker during 1917, goes to show the confidence which Ervin had gained with his superiors. He was advanced to lieutenant, commanding motorcycle speed officers January 7, 1920. So efficiently had his command performed his duties, at that time it was decided to reduce the force under him to eight men, which is the number now operating.

It is to be regretted that Lieutenant Ervin is not permitted to deliver a series of lectures to motorists on the right and the wrong ways of driving an automobile. The writer has found that an hour's conversation with this



Lieutenant Frank Ervin

the larger cities throughout the country who are endeavoring to improve the service in their traffic department.

Let it not be inferred that Lieutenant Ervin and the men he commands are ordinary, everyday traffic cops. They do not stand all day long at street intersections and call down male motorists and smile at females of the same specie. Far be it! Ervin and his men are the kind who patrol the outlying sections on high-powered machines, which make a noise like an aeroplane, and make it their business to see to it that human life is not sacrificed unnecessarily by reckless drivers and speed maniacs. Put one of these men on duty on a street intersection and he would probably die of ennui—

highly efficient officer is equal to months of experience at the steering wheel—that is provided one listens with an open mind and is willing to put into practice the things he is told. In his opinion, too many motorists are given to driving with the hands alone instead of using the head. To drive home this point he quotes the following incidents:

During the Shrine week and Rose Festival of 1920, for instance, Lieutenant Ervin calls attention to the fact that no automobile accidents occurred on the streets of Portland? Why? Because of the fact that there were such crowds on the streets that motorists forgot everything else and kept their mind on the job of driving alone—they drove with their head as well as with their hands. The following week, after the big show was over, automobilists relapsed into their old manner of driving with the hands alone and accidents began to occur with the usual regularity.

This matter of driving with the head is further borne out by the fact that automobile accidents so rarely occur on the corner of Broadway and Washington Streets. This is the heaviest traveled intersection in the city, says Ervin, yet it is practically free from accidents because automobilists wake up and use their head while crossing or turning at this point.

The same thing is applicable to the pedestrian, he goes on to say, and to illustrate the fact he calls attention to the case of a woman who was crossing the intersection on Third and Morrison Streets one rainy day with an umbrella held before her face. She was bowled over by a passing automobile and severely injured. The ambulance came and whirled her away. Ervin heard of it and rushed to the hospital where she was taken. He arrived just as she was coming out from under the influence of the ether. Now it is a well-known fact that a person recovering from an anaesthetic such as ether immediately begins speaking of what was on their mind when they lost consciousness. In this particular case, avers the Lieutenant, the woman came out from under the influence babbling: "Thirty-five cents, thirty-five cents." His theory is that she had been thinking of some bargain she had seen in a department store while crossing that intersection instead of having her mind on such a thing as "safety first."

In 1919, Mayor Baker influenced the city commissioners to appropriate enough money to pay for the making of a picture film entitled "Safety First." This film was shown in every school in the city, Lieutenant Ervin giving the children a talk on "Safety First" at the same time. The result was that children were taught the lesson, "Stop—Look—Listen."

They learned to use their heads, and accidents among children were reduced one-half during that year.

Lieutenant Ervin declares that practically every automobile accident could be averted—except in cases where something goes wrong with the steering wheel, or something of a like nature happens—if drivers would only keep their mind on the job of driving alone instead of thinking of other things. He points with pride to the fact that he has been riding motorcycles for four or five years—generally traveling at a speed anywhere from fifty to seventy miles an hour—and he has never yet had an accident. He practices what he preaches—the doctrine of driving with the head as well as with the hands.

HOOD RIVER ROADS WELL SIGNED IF OTHERS ARE NOT

There is a law in Oregon which makes it obligatory for the counties of the state to see to it that their county roads are properly signed. As to just why this has not been done, we have been unable to discover. County commissioners place the blame at the door of the Highway Commission, claiming that permanent roads have not as yet been fully decided upon. As to whether or not this is true, we are unable to say; but we are inclined to doubt that it is. These same unsigned county roads—most of them—have been in existence since long before an automobile was ever thought of. They are about as permanent as the Rock of Gibraltar. But anyhow the fact remains that in practically every county in the state, it is the easiest thing in the world for the motorist to be misled into an exploring expedition which causes him to come out with anything but a kindly feeling toward those who are responsible for the non-existence of the guiding signs which the law says should be displayed.

There is one county in the state, however, that is deserving of the thanks of the motoring fraternity, and that is Hood River County. The progressive citizens of this county have installed a sign post at every road intersection, showing how to reach every point in the valley from Hood River to the mountains. These signs are of Armo rustless iron, white with black letters, the whole baked on. There are from one to six at every turn of the roads, and it is claimed that anyone except a blind man can find his way any place in the valley.

Hood River County claims that theirs is the only county in the state with a complete system of signs. If there are any others, we would be glad to hear of them.

Oregon State Motor Association

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273 PINE STREET :: PORTLAND, OREGON

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The Oregon State Motor Association

invites you to share in its activities and to become entitled to the privileges offered by over 600 Automobile Clubs affiliated with the A. A. A.

HELP
 Make Oregon the Mecca for Auto Tourists

HELP
 Mark and Map the Roads

HELP
 Protect Motorists from Unjust Legislation

HELP
 Prosecute Automobile Thieves

HELP
 Regulate Traffic

If you are not a member of the Oregon State Motor Association it must be due to the fact that you have never been approached upon the subject. The things accomplished in the past as well as the work being done are directly beneficial to every motorist in Oregon. You are sharing in these benefits. You will share in them to a large extent whether you are a member or not, but that isn't the idea—no man wants to profit through the work of an Association like this one and not contribute anything to its support.

MAPS

On the opposite side of the page is shown a sample of the strip maps furnished to members of this association.

There are now available strip maps covering over 600 miles of Oregon highways and during 1921 strip maps will be available for nearly all Oregon's main highways.

In exchange with other Clubs strip maps may be had of all the main highways of the Pacific Coast.

Serviceable State road maps are also available.

ALL MAPS ARE FREE TO MEMBERS.

TOURING INFORMATION

Through the operation of a road car throughout the State the Touring Bureau is kept informed as to the actual road conditions in Oregon.

Through exchanges with other clubs the Touring Bureau is kept informed as to the road conditions in other states.

THIS INFORMATION IS FREE TO MEMBERS OF THIS AND AFFILIATED CLUBS.

\$25.00 REWARD

The Association's standing reward of \$25.00 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of anyone stealing a member's car will help to bring these thieves to justice.

BRANCH OFFICES

As soon as possible branch offices will be established at points throughout the state for the better serving of members.

These branches will be in charge of a person capable of handling tourist travel and looking after the general interests of the Association in that community.

THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION is the great national body of affiliated Automobile Clubs and it is to this body we are indebted for all National Legislation affecting motorists.

Upon presentation of your membership card in the Oregon State Motor Association at any Automobile Club in the world you will be extended the courtesies of that Club.

Members are also entitled to 50% reduction on all A. A. A. Maps.

DUES

The dues in this Association are \$10.00 per year, payable yearly in advance. This includes subscription to the "Oregon Motorist."



A TRIP TO TILLAMOOK COUNTRY

BY HENRY R. HAYEK

The new Tillamook Highway which is being paved over its entire distance as rapidly as is practicable is rich in natural beauty spots. Its many trout streams and scenic camping places; and its delightful mountain retreats offer many inviting places where one may pitch camp and enjoy Oregon out-of-doors.

It is safe to say that this newly improved highway will become one of the most popular roads in the state. As a matter of fact it is already more widely travelled than one would expect, although certain portions of the road

of a Chinese pheasant and the distant call of a Bob White.

Driving in the early morning is one of the most wonderful gifts of the open road. It seems to embellish the rolling hills, the dashing streams, the mountain retreats and the songs of the birds with a kind of glory which convinces one that these are a manifestation of the divine.

The fertile soil of Yamhill county, supplemented by human husbandry and industry, exemplifies this very thing. Its rolling hills with



Forest Scene in Tillamook County

are not at present in the best condition. Long before the last mile of pavement is laid, however, I predict that on the Tillamook Highway one will find a constant stream of tourist travel over it in summer, and many a hunter's camp bordering it in fall and winter.

Although the stretch of 51.9 miles from Portland to Sheridan is far from being a fisherman's paradise it is, nevertheless, a most delightful section of our state. In the fall of the year the crack of the hunter's gun may be heard, however, because pheasants and quail abound in great numbers. It was early morning when we drove through this section recently, in our Marmon 34—one of those clear and crisp mornings that makes the whole world seem standing on its toes ready to go. There was a rhythmic stillness which made one feel the presence of living and growing things; punctuated now and then with the shrill cackle

maturing grain; its meadows with sleek cattle grazing; its orchards burdened with bountiful crops of prunes, apples and other fruits; its hop yards and berry fields; and its comfortable looking homes are all manifestations of the part a divine Providence plays in the things which man may have and enjoy.

Beyond Sheridan and Willamina the character of the country changes considerably. It is this stretch of some fifty odd miles to Tillamook which is truly a sportsman's paradise. Following the Yamhill River for several miles one has the opportunity of enjoying many delightful camping sites. Those places are easily accessible, and this, coupled with the fact that fishing is good, certainly will make this road one of the most favored among summer tourists.

Many small creeks come into the Yamhill River all along the route. These, too, have

many attractive spots where camp may be made and many pleasant hours really enjoyed. It does not matter whether one goes into this country to spend the week end or for a longer outing. It has so many places of rare charm and beauty that one may change camp every few days, if he chooses, and be certain there will always be attractions of interest awaiting him.

At Dolph, which is approximately twenty-six miles below Sheridan, the Little Nestucca joins Three Rivers, forming the Yamhill. Camping here for a day or two or for a month even would be equally enjoyable. As a matter

giant trees which through centuries have seen the seasons come and go, unmolested. They now give over their heritage—this abode of nature itself—to those whose human artistry, let us hope, will make these places all the more beautiful.

Towering mountains rise on all sides, stretching the fresh verdure of their summits to the Heavens. They symbolize the eternal; they typify strength and sturdiness. It is in the bosom of these mountains that the pure, clear and sparkling streams have birth. Winter rain and snow, protected under the sheltering branches of fir, spruce and hemlock conserve



Bayocean, Showing Coast Line of Pacific Ocean and Tillamook Bay

of fact one usually finds that he over-stays the time he originally planned to stay.

The natural beauty of the environment certainly grips a fellow and if he is having any luck at fishing—and he usually does in these parts—it is mighty difficult to tear one's self away when the time comes to leave.

Fresh trout for breakfast and dinner, flavored with a few strips of bacon, a steaming pot of coffee, bread and jam, interspersed with a couple of healthy flap-jacks are not the most disagreeable things to contemplate. Even the high-collared city man who is unduly particular about the way his breakfast is served at home could forego linen, china and silverware in such a temple as this and enjoy his meals from granite plates, tin cups and with nickel plated implements.

Along these wonderful streams of the Tillamook Highway one may feel the joy and thrill of actually being part of nature itself. In many places these camping spots are set in the very heart of the primeval forest—among

the moisture during the hot months of summer, letting it filter down in an unvarying flow. This is one of the chief reasons why the



Scene on Trask River

streams along the Tillamook Highway will always remain popular. Winter and summer, these mountain streams keep flowing with abundant water.

If one chooses to get away from the main highway, numerous lesser roads may be followed up smaller streams where secluded spots await. Everywhere, however, one is in the midst of stately trees and beautiful shrubbery. At night one's bed is made on the moss-carpeted ground. Amid the fragrance of cedar boughs one lies down to a resting sleep. Nearby the rippling stream murmurs a lullaby to one's thoughts; the pure odor of the woods



Campers Catch Deep Sea Fish

pours its incense into one's soul; and the lovely stars keep watch that all may be well.

It does not take long for the night to pass, nor the deep hour which precedes the dawn to arrive. As the first faint touch of day paints its roseate glow on distant mountain tops, native life begins to stir in every sheltered nook. At first its music is soft and low, then swelling into a great symphony of song it sets the night to flight and ushers in a new day. And man, refreshed and soothed, rubs his heavy eyes and yawns. He begins to think. Trout stripped with bacon, hot coffee, jam and flapjacks keep parading up and down his mind for hours it seems. Pretty soon he works up an appetite; throws the covering back; pulls on his boots and says: "Me for something to eat."

This is what the new Tillamook Highway offers every man, woman, and child who loves the out-of-doors. It is the sportsman's paradise; the hunters' stronghold; the tourists' resting place; and a temple of worship for those who understand nature's teachings.

READY FOR THE ROAD?

What You Should Do to Be Sure That Your Car Is in Condition for Summer Touring.

As we all know, touring is a radically different proposition from driving on city boulevards. There are many things that may be overlooked with danger during the months when most cars are in town, that are vital

when we take the road for summer touring. For while a car should of course be right all the time, something may go a little wrong on a level boulevard that may mean danger, or road delay on a long run.

It may safely be put down as a fact that most road mishaps are preventable. This has reference of course to the operation of the car, though it is doubtless a fact that most collisions and other accidents are avoidable by the exercise of good judgment.

Before summer touring, the car should be gone over "from stem to stern" by a competent mechanic. Perhaps all of the following are not needed on your car, but any one of a half dozen of them may be:

The engine should be examined thoroughly. Be sure the cooling system is in good order. Replace fan belt and hose connection if necessary, grind valves, clean carbon, tighten connecting rods and main bearings, clean and replace if necessary spark plugs, drain all old oil and wash crank case with kerosene, refill with fresh oil. Examine and clean gas line and screens, replace float in carburetor if necessary, examine all connections in the ignition system including battery connections, clean wires and be sure generator is charging, fill battery with distilled water, clean generator brushes. Test coils where car is equipped with battery ignition, and oil magneto, examine clutch, clean and adjust if necessary, examine transmission, refill with new grease or 600 W. Examine differential, refill if necessary using either grease or 600 W. Fill all grease cups and screw down tight. Examine brakes, oil all connections to allow free action and reline if necessary. Examine steering rods and take up on adjustments if necessary. Be sure to have spare tire and tubes, patches, cement and blowout patches.—From "The Car."

BECOME FAMILIAR WITH BRAKE

In order to become familiar with the location and "feel" of the lever it is advisable for motorists to use the emergency brake occasionally in ordinary work. This is suggested so that in the event of an emergency there will be no fumbling in using it. Also this occasional use will reveal when the brake is out of order.

NOT A CLINCHER

Gertie Golddigger—"You treat me just like your auto."

Reggie Roadeater—"What do you mean, dearie?"

Gertie Golddigger—"You tire me so much."
—Rutgers.

OREGON AUTO PARK CAMP SITES

PORTLAND—Twelve acres; Bull Run water; wood, gas, and electric stoves; wash trays and wash racks for autos; electric lights; sanitary; public park with swimming tank and children's play ground in connection. Registration fee of 50c covers a period not to exceed ten days.

ALBANY—Shaded park of 35 acres near business section maintained by city. City water, fuel at cost, sanitary, electric lights, bathing facilities, auto wash rack, laundry facilities free.

ARLINGTON—Open park of 6 blocks maintained by city. City water, sanitary, brick fireplaces.

ASHLAND—Five or six acres maintained by city in connection with city park. Springs and city water, sanitary, gas plates meter system.

BAKER—One city block in connection with city park and natatorium. City water, sanitary, electric stoves meter system.

BEND—Six acres near town kept up by city and owner of land. City water, brick fireplaces, free fuel.

BROWNSVILLE—Thirty acres maintained by city. Water, sanitary, stoves, free fuel.

BURNS—About one acre maintained by Burns Garage near center of town. Well water, community kitchens. Fuel at cost; sanitary.

CORVALLIS—Four acres maintained by city, half mile from center of town on Pacific Highway. City water, sanitary, open fire, fuel.

COTTAGE GROVE—Ten acres in connection with city park. City water, sanitary, cooking facilities, fuel.

DALLAS—Three acres near center of town maintained by city. City water, sanitary, concrete stoves, fuel.

ENTERPRISE—Two acres one mile from town. Water, sanitary, stoves, fuel.

EUGENE—Ten acres on river bank maintained by city. City water, electric lights, stoves, fuel, sanitary, bungalow with fireplace, rest rooms and showers.

FREEWATER—One-half acre maintained by ladies' civic club. City water, sanitary, brick ovens, fuel.

GRANTS PASS—Five acres maintained by city on river bank. Well water, sanitary, electric stoves, meter system, swimming.

HOOD RIVER—Three acres maintained by city. City water, sanitary, brick ovens, must provide own fuel.

HUNTINGTON—Half block with covered sheds. Water, sanitary, fuel.

INDEPENDENCE—City block near center of town. City water, sanitary, camp ovens, fuel. Maintained by Independence Retail Merchants' Association.

KLAMATH FALLS—Eleven acres maintained by city. City water, sanitary, cooking facilities. Fuel can be obtained.

LA GRANDE—New camp near center of town. City water, sanitary, electric stoves, meter system. Fuel provided by Union County Ad Club.

LAKEVIEW—Several lots. Good water, sanitary, fuel.

MARSHFIELD—Five acres maintained by Chamber of Commerce. City water, sanitary, fireplaces and gas, fuel.

MEDFORD—Two acres, city water, sanitary, brick stoves, fuel at 25c a basket.

McMINNVILLE—One acre maintained by city. Water, sanitary, cooking facilities, fuel.

MYRTLE POINT—Two acres in center of town. City water, sanitary, rest cottage, ovens, fuel.

NEWBERG—City block maintained by city. Spring water, sanitary, cooking facilities, fuel.

NORTH BEND—Seventy-five acres near center of town. City water, sanitary, cooking facilities, fuel.

ONTARIO—Two acres. City water, sanitary, stoves, fuel.

OREGON CITY—Twenty-nine acres overlooking Willamette Falls. Mountain water, sanitary, gas on meter system.

PENDLETON—Two acres. City water, sanitary, cooking facilities, fuel at cost.

PRINEVILLE—Three acres in center of town. City water, sanitary, dutch ovens, fuel.

ROSEBURG—Three acres in center of town. Pure water, sanitary.

SALEM—Five acres in center of town. City water, sanitary, brick ovens, fuel at cost.

SEASIDE—Three blocks in center of town. City water, sanitary, concrete stoves, fuel at cost.

ST. PAUL—Two city blocks. City water, sanitary, no cooking arrangements.

THE DALLES—Sixteen acres on edge of town. Water, sanitary, cooking arrangements, fuel.

UMATILLA—Three acres near center of town. City water, sanitary, no cooking arrangements.

—o—

The Farmer—"Ain't that a fine cow?"

Motorist (absent-mindedly)—"How many miles will she do on a gallon of milk?"—Passing Show (London).

ACROSS THE "BRIDGE OF SIGHS"

BY THE INVESTIGATOR

Like London of old, the city of Clatskanie, Columbia county, on the lower Columbia River Highway, also has its "Bridge of Sighs." It also harbors a festive speed cop who is evidently bent on making a record for himself. It also has a Hall of Justice, by heck!—and it is of these things we write.

Said "Hall of Justice" in Clatskanie, is located at the far end of a plank roadway which leads from the center of town across a dismal swamp for a distance of a hundred feet or so. It is a most imposing edifice of the ancient Oregon webfoot style of architecture. While there is no paint on the outside, yet the interior has been recently decorated. They will probably "slick" up the exterior after they pluck a few more speeders from the highway.

The "Bridge of Sighs" is the name by which the plank roadway has been designated. There is a big sign on this roadway calling attention to the fact the "road is closed," but as far as we were able to learn this does not apply to speed cop Davis and his victims.

Inside the "Hall" one is struck dumb with amazement at the magnificence of the "trimmings"—and, by the way, if one is unfortunate enough to be haled hence for some alleged violation of the speed laws he stands a good chance of being struck dumb the second time for "Jedge Locke" administers justice with a heavy hand. In justice to the "Jedge," however, we want to say right here that he is as honest as the day is long. We found him to be a very estimable old gentleman, hardly fitted to occupy a seat in Supreme Court of the Nation, perhaps, but fully qualified to hold down the job in Clatskanie, which is probably the next best thing. Justice Locke told us that he was persuaded to take the job because he was told that it was possible to get anything one wanted in Clatskanie but a good meal, and he is doing the best he knows how. The room where he deals out justice is about six by eight in dimensions. We noted that it was completely furnished, said furnishings consisting of a mail-order typewriter, a desk, a high counter, two volumes of Oregon law and a pair of gum boots. It also has a new floor, but the "Jedge" told us that this item hadn't cost the county a cent as he had laid it himself—he being a carpenter by trade before he took up the job of "justicing." But enough of this. We will now deal with the speed cop.

The Investigator, the same old "Hawkshaw" who was on the job last year, made the run

down to Clatskanie a few days ago in company with a member of the Association who had been pinched for speeding by said speed cop recently. The name of this cop, by the way is B. F. Davis, absent on leave from the Portland Police department. This member was accused by Davis of doing FORTY-EIGHT miles on straight away and THIRTY-FIVE miles on the curves for a distance of three miles from Astoria way into the city limits of Clatskanie at nine o'clock at night. The motorist is a well-known business man of Portland, and his word is said to be as good as his bond. He claimed that he was only going thirty: and knowing the man, and knowing the car he drove, we believed him. Hence the investigation by the Investigator.

The particular stretch of road which the arrested motorist is said to have burned up in his wild flight toward Portland, is a series of very short straightaways and curves, the curves predominating. A careful inspection convinces us that any motorist who would drive the particular make of car which this member was driving thirty-five miles an hour around those curves would be snapping his fingers in the face of the grim reaper for sure. We doubt if Barney Oldfield himself would tackle the job on a bet. Therefore, after a thorough investigation it is our verdict that said motorist be pronounced "not guilty," which is equivalent to a counter charge to the effect that speed cop Davis was reading his speedometer through smoked glasses.

There have been many kicks against this same Davis during the past few weeks. This rapid calculator operates on that stretch of road between St. Helens and a few miles the other side of Clatskanie, toward Astoria: and angry motorists have almost convinced us that he is over-stepping himself in the endeavor to keep "Jedge" Locke, who holds forth in aforementioned "Hall of Justice," busy. In the June issue of the MOTORIST, we came out in defense of Officer Abbot, who is operating out of St. Helens, because investigation convinced us that he was playing fair. With Davis, however, we are not inclined to be lenient, and we advise him to change his tactics. It is the policy of the Oregon State Motor Association to stand behind any officer who is performing his duty fairly and honestly, but, on the other hand, we camp on the trail of the speed cop who abuses his authority.

Davis, as we mentioned before, is absent on leave from the Portland Police department where he formerly worked in the speed officer

command under Lieutenant Frank Ervin. He was granted leave of absence May 7th. What we want to know is why he is carried on the books of the Portland department as absent on leave when it is known that he is working for Columbia county. We have been told that there is a city law to the effect that no employee may be granted a leave and allowed to

work elsewhere when on such leave of absence. If this is so, Davis should be ousted from the Portland department without delay. This thing of permitting city employees to work for the city during the winter season and then allowing them to lay off and go where the pickings are better during the summer should not be countenanced by the powers that be.

WORLD WAR MEMORIAL MONUMENT

THE VICTORY HIGHWAY

The first step toward a national monument to those who fought and gave their lives in the World War has been taken by the California State Automobile Association which has sent a specially designed motor truck to sign a new transcontinental route to be known as the Victory Highway.

This route which will stretch from San Francisco to New York will be laid out by the Federal Department of Public Roads over a consolidation of present integral highways. The Victory Highway was born in Kansas where there has been organized and incorporated the Victory Highway Association headed by George Stansfield, a capitalist of Topeka, Kansas.

In addition to its sentimental value the Victory Highway means much to Upper California. This section of the state, due to the fact that there is no existing well marked transcontinental highway, is receiving but 10% of the tourist travel into California. Ninety per cent of this travel is now diverted at Ely, Nevada, to Southern California.

The Victory Highway at present is routed over the Pikes Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway from Reno to Colby, Kansas; the Golden Belt Highway from Colby to Kansas City and the National Old Trails Highway to Jefferson City, Missouri. The remainder of the route which is being selected to best serve the people in time of peace and the Government in time of war will be laid out later.

The Association plans to complete signing the highway to Jefferson City, Missouri, this year and by the fall of 1922 the entire road to New York will be marked.

Engineer J. W. Johnson, of the Association, is now completing a reconnaissance of the route and over 5,000 of the regulation C. S. A. A. road signs and auxiliary signs bearing the name of San Francisco coming West and the mileage thereto and New York going East will be erected. The regulation road signs will show the nearest town and large city with the mileage thereto in either direction. Eight

or ten months will be required to complete the work.

The plans of the Victory Highway Association call for the erection of monuments to America's soldier dead at both San Francisco, the Western terminus of the highway and New York, the Eastern terminus.

San Francisco's Board of Supervisors have officially recognized the importance of the signing of the Victory Highway in the adoption of the following resolution introduced by Supervisor Richard J. Welch:

"Whereas, the California State Automobile Association has taken the first step toward a national monument to those who fought and gave their lives in the World War by undertaking the work of signing the Victory Highway stretching from San Francisco to New York, and

"Whereas, this highway in addition to its sentimental value will provide upper California with a well marked transcontinental highway over which will annually travel thousands of motor tourists, and

"Whereas, 90% of this motor tourist travel is now diverted to Southern California at Ely, Nevada, mainly due to the fact that there is now no well marked route leading into upper California.

"Therefore, Be It Resolved, by the Board of Supervisors of the city and county of San Francisco that the California State Automobile Association be heartily commended for its enterprise and progressiveness in the interest of a greater Northern California."

UNITED STATES HAS MANY YEARS' START

Next April will mark the twentysecond anniversary of the sale of the first automobile in the United States. In April, 1898, a manufacturer sold his first products. Last year 1,800,000 vehicles were sold.

Canada started its development of automotive industries in Ontario about seven years ago, and has produced close to 400,000 passenger cars.—Illinois Motorist.

AMOS G. BATCHELDER, AMERICA'S FOREMOST HIGHWAY ENTHUSIAST

By WILLIAM ULLMAN, *Managing Editor of the American Motorist*

Every big movement designed to advance the interests of a nation and its people necessarily must start somewhere. Now and then the people of the United States are cheered by the news that Congress has passed and the President has signed some important bill appropriating a huge sum of money which, when expended, is expected to be of incalculable benefit to the people. Such a measure was the Bankhead-Shackelford act, appropriating \$85,000,000 of Federal funds for the building of good roads. Assuming that there is not a person in the country who does not today believe that good roads are a blessing to every community in which they are built, and that all of us are to be benefited by their construction, curiosity impels us to seek out the "men behind." The good roads movement had its dreamers, thinkers, and doers—men behind it who foresaw the need of good roads and who worked earnestly, intelligently, conscientiously, and without monetary reward to make the people see the need of better roads. There were many of them, of course—some who did more and some who did less. The following sketch relates to the modest, unassuming man who did **more**:

When President Wilson, on July 11, 1916, affixed his approval to the Bankhead-Shackelford good roads bill, he not only authorized the expenditure of \$85,000,000 of Uncle Sam's money for highway building, but he at the same time brought at least 85,000,000 sensations of joy to one man in particular—assuming that this particular man's actions immediately following the signing of the bill were an index to his real emotions.

And the joy-consumed man was neither Senator Bankhead nor Representative Shackelford. Nor was he any one of the highway engineers who have gained important and high-salaried positions by the creation of the fund. In fact, the man who was made overwhelmingly happy by the signing of the bill did not expect to profit directly to the extent of a single dollar through the spending of this \$85,000,000, which has since been increased by \$200,000,000.

His sole expectation of reward consisted of the pure satisfaction of seeing the United States gridironed with good roads. His unbounded gladness on July 11 came simultaneously with the realization of a long-cherished dream.

His name was Amos Grant Batchelder, late executive chairman of the American Auto-

mobile Association, whose useful life came to such a tragic end May 28.

Since the beginning of time, every propaganda, great or small, for better or for worse, had its inception in a single mind. Back of the action is always the thought, and back of the thought the thinker.

While the credit for making a road builder out of Uncle Sam will always be given to President Wilson's administration in general, and Messrs. Bankhead and Shackelford in particular, the thoughts that prompted the action was born in the mind of young Amos Batchelder about twenty-five years ago—at the time he was a bicycle enthusiast with a limited number of good roads to ride upon, and very few people in favor of building them.

This condition set him thinking about better roads, and he kept at it until the day of his death. And to him should be credited 90 per cent of the thinking that found a way to make the present nation-wide good roads movement possible.

Joining the old League of American Wheelmen, he soon became an active member of that organization—always preaching the gospel of good roads. Then came the automobile, and subsequently the American Automobile Association. For eleven years A. G. Batchelder was the executive chairman of the A. A. A., and its master mind. During his regime the organization increased and expanded until its emblem has become familiar to people the world over.

As the organization grew in numbers it gained in power and influence, and this strength was exerted in behalf of better roads. And while there are names and names of officers upon the roster of the A. A. A., these men cheerfully and unhesitatingly pass to A. G. Batchelder credit for the major portion of what the organization has accomplished in roads work.

Among his associates A. G. Batchelder was known as a man who never became discouraged, for in his long, disheartening fight for Federal participation in roads building he was figuratively knocked down a countless number of times, yet always he came up smiling.

But on the day the President signed the Federal Aid bill, "Batch," as he was popularly known wherever the language of motordom is

spoken, went down and remained down for a considerable period of time.

On this occasion, however, he did not go down under the blow of an adversary, but under an overload of his own exuberance. Although ordinarily one of the most self-contained men the writer ever knew, during the first hours that followed the completion of the bill, A. G. Batchelder was almost childish in his glee. Then mental relaxation set in.

I entered his office during this latter period and found him at his desk—not the active, alert Batch I had previously known, but just a bit of weary humanity crumpled in an office chair. He was endeavoring to go on with his regular work, but it was palpably a weak effort. His release from the long strain told its story in his tired eyes. Reaction from the first two hours' exuberance had set in. "Batch" had knocked himself out.

In recognition of Mr. Batchelder's efforts in behalf of the roads legislation President Wilson presented him with the gold pen with which the bill was signed. With this precious weapon of civilization tight in his grasp he returned to the general offices of the American Automobile Association, which are in Washington, and proceeded to exhibit it to everyone on the premises.

Here is an amusing incident that illustrates the man's enthusiasm: He called to the office boy, who was starting on an errand, that he might see the pen. The boy, a chap of about 12 years, had been in his position only a few days, and was totally unaware of the fact that a Federal Aid bill had been introduced in Congress, much less that it had been passed and signed. He gazed upon the pen with an expression somewhat akin to that of a year-old baby viewing its first birthday present. But "Batch," in his supreme joy, never noticed the lad's unappreciativeness of the trophy.

Unquestionably A. G. Batchelder was America's foremost good roads advocate. He was a leader in the formation of associations for the advancement of road building. He was a principal speaker at practically every good roads meeting of importance held in the United States. He was known to roads boosters in every community in the country, and he has addressed highway meetings in 46 of the States. He was the man who did the original thinking that resulted in the Bankhead-Shackelford act and the man who led the American Automobile Association to a glorious triumph.

These facts are known to practically every member of Congress; to the U. S. Office of Public Roads; to practically every member of the National Press Club in Washington; to roads enthusiasts and State highway officials throughout the United States, and certainly to

his associates in the A. A. A. But they are not known to the great mass of motoring Americans who are the chief gainers by the efforts of this good roads champion, and it was with a view to disseminating the facts that this article came into being following the saddening news that "Batch" had passed out.

By some "Batch" was considered a "nut" on roads. He was—if Mr. Edison is a "nut" on electricity. He always had the clearest thoughts on roads legislation and roads building and his ideas have been generally accepted. He talked good roads incessantly, on every occasion, at every opportunity, in season and out, and to everyone he met, because he believed that every one should share his enthusiasm for roads and that by constantly talking good roads he would win more roads advocates.

"Batch" was right, for the person who isn't for roads today is a rare specimen. But when he started talking roads building with its staggering cost, the man who agreed with him was then the rare specimen. But he kept up and on and his voice has been heard in behalf of roads building in practically every section of every State in the Union. He was never too ill or too tired to travel to any point in the United States where he might be needed to bolster up a slipping bond issue for highways building. He has caused many a community to become inoculated with the good roads germ, and he was considered a benefactor by all.

To A. G. Batchelder more than any other one man the motorists of the United States owe a debt of gratitude for the charted, sign-marked and improved roads they ride over when they go a-motoring.

Mr. Batchelder's most recent ambition was to have established a nation roads system to be under the supervision of a Federal highway commission. The bill introduced recently by Senator Charles E. Townsend of Michigan, marked the first official step toward that goal.

While securing roads legislation, roads building and roads maintenance have always been a part of the work of the A. A. A., Mr. Batchelder gave generously of his personal time and money without expectation of any recompense other than the satisfaction of seeing his early dreams realized. He always felt that his roads work was a service in behalf of his people and his country.

Just as he progressed from the bicycle world into automobiledom, so he was turning to aviation. He had visions of great national highways gridironing the country to be utilized by aerialists and automobilists alike. He has long contended that aviators could follow these roads and that they should be lined from coast

to coast and from border to border with landing places. So it was that he took the trip that resulted in his death.

As the executive head of the A. A. A. he was the finest "boss" an employe ever had. He was beloved by the entire staff and his untimely end leaves us stunned and heartsick.

AMOS GRANT BATCHELDER

Born, Akron, N. Y., September 8, 1868.

Died May 28, 1921, in an aeroplane crash in the vicinity of Indian Head, Md.

According to a United States investigating committee, the accident was the result of the machine being caught in an unusual air current during a terrific storm. In some quarters it is believed that the machine was struck by lightning.

Funeral services were held in Washington, D. C., Wednesday morning, June 1, the remains being taken in the evening of the same day to Buffalo, N. Y., where they will remain in a receiving vault until fall, pending final interment at Attica, N. Y.

His first employment was with the Attica news as a "printer's devil." At the age of 18 he became editor of this paper. Later he went to Buffalo and joined the staff of the Buffalo Courier as a sporting writer.

Simultaneously he interested himself in bicycling.

At about 23 years of age he joined the League of American Wheelmen, and in time became one of the moving spirits of that organization. As a handicapper for the early bicycle contests, he gained wide and favorable renown.

Later he organized the National Cycling Association, which took the control of racing from the L. A. W.

With the coming of the first successful automobile, he joined the staff of the New York Mail, and later went to the Hearst organization, where he was a writer on motoring topics.

Was transferred by Mr. Hearst to Motor, when that magazine was established, and remained there about two years as editor.

During this time he was manifesting more and more interest in the need for good roads, and as a result joined the newly formed American Automobile Association as secretary.

He remained with the A. A. A. but a short time, going to the Class Journal Company as managing editor of The Automobile.

After some years with the automobile publications of the Class Journal Company, he returned to the then failing A. A. A. and took upon himself the responsibility and burden of putting the motor organization on its feet.

That he succeeded is attested today by the world renown of the A. A. A. and its wide influence in motoring and good roads affairs.

Mr. Batchelder was Executive Chairman of the A. A. A. for eleven consecutive years and had just been re-elected, May 17, 1921, for a new term of four years.

THE LISTENING POST

Golden Highway Lures Tourists

"The Golden Highway" is the way Leon Hirsch describes the road between Warrenton and Seaside with its wealth of brilliant Scotch broom. If any other state had this bit of road it would be certain to capitalize it highly, in the estimation of Mr. Hirsch, who recently completed a six weeks' tour through California.

"If California had this golden road the entire world would know of it," said Hirsch. "and it is a shame that more Oregonians do not appreciate it or for that matter that more tourists do not realize the beauties of the lower Columbia River Highway. From Portland down it is a revelation, to my belief even grander than the section between here and Hood River. Clatsop Crest is a marvel, but the climax is reached when one sees that mass of glowing gold near the Pacific. It is not in hedges but there are immense fields, acres of it, and the passing machines stop and help themselves with the result that there is a continual procession of autos, both ways, trimmed with the blossoms. At no other place I have ever seen does it approach such luxuriance and I have been assured that it does not thrive as well even in its native Scotland."—Portland Oregonian.

NOTE THESE TO DODGE TROUBLE

Don't blow your horn in an attempt to hurry a herd of cows off the road. It can't be done.

Don't start a race with a friend on a public highway.

Don't fail to give proper warning, when attempting to pass a machine from the rear.

Don't leave your car standing with the engine running.

Don't speed through small towns.

Don't go back on to main highways or away from the curb without holding your signal arm out.

Don't cut corners, even in the country.

Don't depend on the other fellow to stop.—Motor West.

"I understand you had quite a blow-out at the club last night."

"Yes, and dammit. I had two more driving home."—The Automobilist.

ACCREDITED SERVICE STATIONS

When motoring watch for the Hotels, Garages and Service Stations displaying the official signs of the Oregon State Motor Association

THE ASSOCIATION EMBLEM

What does the Association emblem mean to you?

Do you realize that it is a badge of public-spirited citizenship?

It stands for law and order. It says to the citizenship, not alone of Oregon, but of the entire country: "We are a public-spirited group of citizens. The Thief, the Rowdy, the Joyrider, the Careless and Reckless Driver must go. We stand for laws and ordinances that are right and just for all. We stand for better roads from the economical as well as the pleasure standpoint. We stand for uniform, intelligent marking and signboarding of the highways. We stand for Safety First. We stand for co-operation with the six hundred automobile and motor clubs of the United States, who, through the American Automobile Association, are equally interested in the best conditions possible in all phases of the motorist's life and interests. We stand for proper, up-to-date touring and road information. We stand for every activity which will promote and extend the interests of the state of Oregon."

Your Association emblem, therefore, is something you should be proud to display on the radiator of your car. It is one of the ties that binds you to the great family of motorists who are doing things worth while.

The Oregon State Motor Association is a group or family of automobile owners bound together for the attainment and protection of the rights and privileges of both the group and the individual.

It is, therefore, an asset for you to belong to the family and your emblem on your car so tells the world.

It is your duty to display the Association emblem on your car.

ONE DOLLAR DEPOSIT WILL BRING IT TO YOU. GET IN LINE.

INDIFFERENCE

Is the reckless truck driver so much of an accepted fact among truck owners that nothing is to be done to curb him?

That the average driver in charge of a commercial vehicle, particularly of the heavier type, is heedless of other traffic, is generally

recognized. What, if anything, are the owners of trucks doing to bring about more careful operation? Or are the proprietors assuming almost as careless an attitude, that nothing can be done about it? Is there any special reward or recognition to induce careful handling?

Are truck owners willing that insurance rates increase indefinitely and let it go at that?

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance."

"What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hill and down, through the jungles of doubt and through the swamps of despair?"

There was a silence, and then Johnny, whose father was an automotive dealer, spoke up.

"Please, ma'am," he said. "there ain't no such automobile."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

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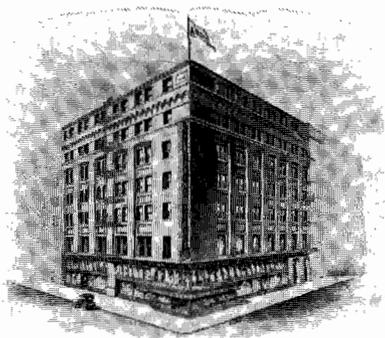
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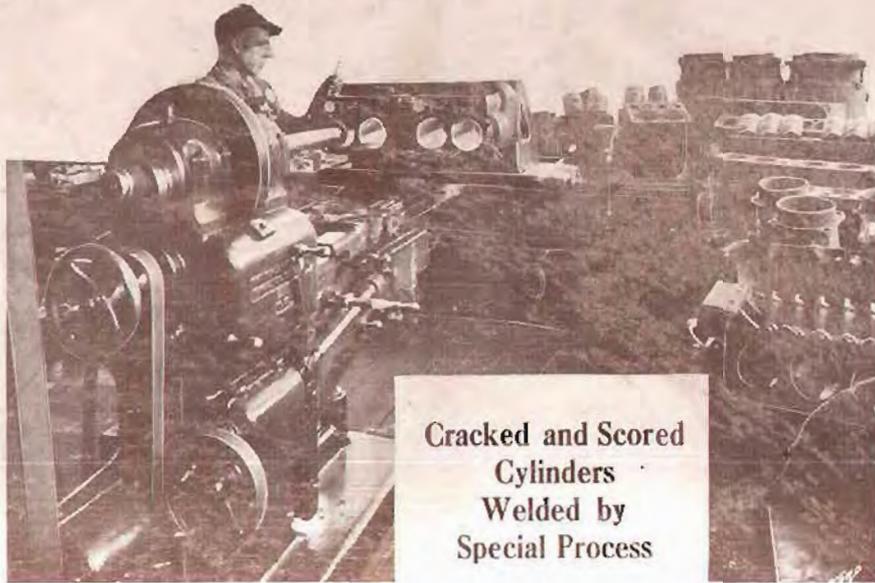


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