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The Horseless Carriage



—Photo Courtesy Homer Futter and Clifford Ott
Anton Futter with his 1903 Horseless Carriage

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The Hotseated Horseless Carriage

(Cover Photo)

Anton Futter, living at Seltice had one of the first truly horseless carriages. It had high, narrow buggy wheels fitted with hard rubber tires, tiller for steering and the motor mounted under the driver's seat. It was not uncommon to see him driving into Farmington standing up to drive. The motor had made the seat too hot for comfort! Charles Blickenderfer (89) and Seth Harris (94) confirm this from their own observations; Mr. Harris adds that one time he hitched a ride with Mr. Futter, jumped onto the car, sat down, (Mr. Futter was already standing up) and promptly rose from the "hot seat" and rode the rest of the way into Farmington standing beside Mr. Futter.

Futter originally from Alsace-Lorraine left Iowa his first settlement stop and sailed around the Horn to Oregon. Later the family moved to the Palouse country where they rented land to farm in the Pine Creek (Farmington) area, settling more specifically within the Fairview school district there. The town of Seltice once thrived near their homesite.

Having taken delivery of his new horseless carriage which had been ordered from a catalogue and delivered in Tekoa, Mr. Futter loaded it on a wagon and took it home. He soon learned the lot of a new owner was not easy. One had to learn to start it and then how did one stop the blamed thing? It had to be steered and one must change gears frequently what with all the Palouse hills around. Undaunted, Mr. Futter put the new car up on blocks and practiced. This way he could get it started, often by cranking until he was blue in the face, and he could then try changing gears and learning the positions for the shift lever. When he became familiar enough with it this way, he took to the road and then had to learn to stop the blamed thing. He learned to stop it, too, but not always in time! He used it, often suffering a few mishaps and discomforts, not the least of which was the "hot seat." □

FOOTNOTE: Personal data on Anton Futter was provided by his grandson, Homer Futter of Moscow, Idaho.

"I hear they are going to magnetize the rear axle of the Ford."

"What's the idea?"

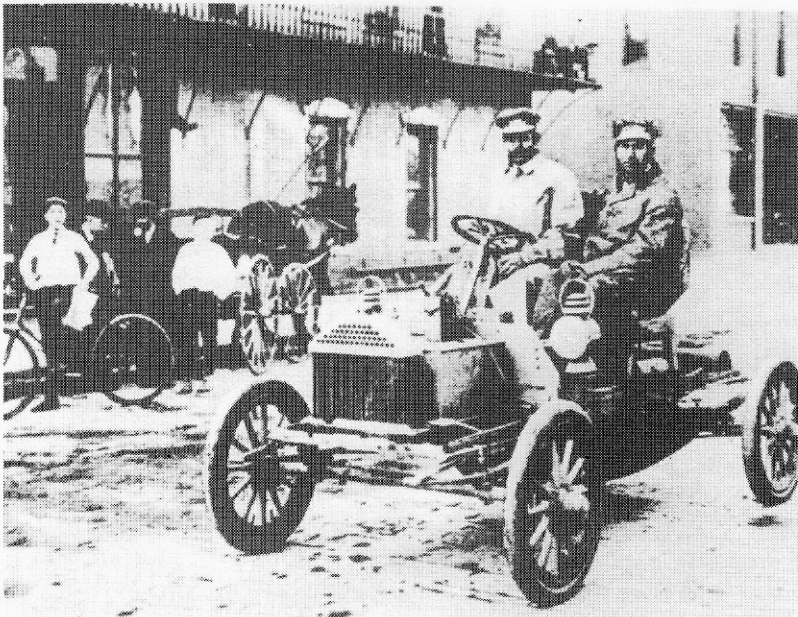
"So it will pick up the parts that drop off." (Funabout Fords—J.J. White, 1915)

The Horseless Carriage

By R. M. Chatters

When the horseless carriage was in its infancy, there were hundreds of automobile manufacturers, most of whom went out of business very early. Many automobiles were, literally, horseless carriages and horseless wagons as standard buggies, carriages and wagons were merely provided with a motor, a tiller for steering, and an oversized bicycle chain and several sprockets for transmitting power to the rear end. Some even retained the whip socket on the dash board, perhaps to be ready when, "Get a horse!", became more than a jibe and it was necessary to get one hitched on in order to get the new contraption home.

At the time of my birth in 1908, my father was head of the Billing Department at the four-year-old Buick Motor Company in the then small village of Flint, Michigan, now a city of over 200,000.



Walter Marr and Tom Buick try out the first automobile they manufactured in Flint in 1904. Marr is at the wheel.

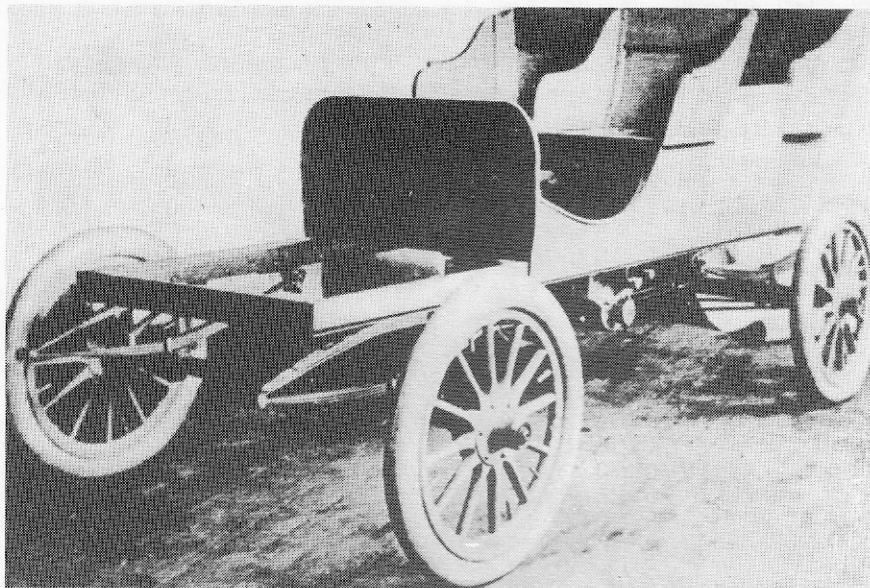
Among my earliest recollections is that of a teamster and his horse delivering loads of defective wooden spokes, wheel rims and body parts to our house from the Buick factory to be used as firewood in the pot-bellied stove in our living room. Flint had long been the center of carriage and wagon manufacturing because of the abundant supplies of oak and hickory in the surrounding forests, hence, it was only natural that the horseless carriage business would take its roots there.

The early cars were painted and varnished before being taken outdoors to await shipment. As a grade-school boy I peddled papers close to the Buick plant and the smell of the newly painted cars filled the air for blocks around.

FOOTNOTE: Photographs on pages three and four are from "The City of Flint Grows Up" by Carl Crow, Harper Bros., New York. Copyright 1945.

on the assembly line had not yet been introduced so the daily yield of new cars was rather small. (When I worked for the Chevrolet Motor Company in Flint from 1928-32, we were putting out 900 cars a day).

We never owned a Buick but I do recall my father bringing one home when I was a small boy. I remember it only as a huge vehicle with a wide running board, with its tanks for the acetylene gas which powered the large head and tail lights; the gear shift and hand brake levers were mounted outside the open touring car body. My parents didn't feel they could afford this luxury car so our first car was a Ford touring car known by most everyone as a "Flivver" or "Tin Lizzie". Later, we had a Dort, also manufactured in Flint.



The early Buick car bodies were made of wood—like buggy bodies.

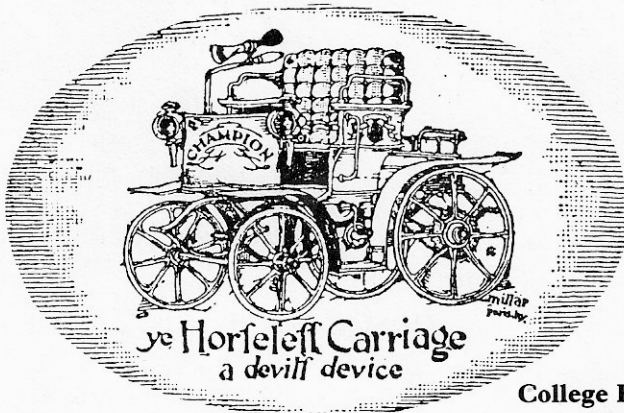
In our Tin Lizzie and Dort days, family travel was limited to short drives to one of the many lakes near Flint, to visit relatives in the nearby villages and an annual trip to my aged paternal grandmother's home near Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada. This latter trip of about 250 miles was scheduled to take about a day and a half of steady driving, with an overnight stop on the way. Except when my mother or sister were along, my father, one older brother and I would drive into some country church yard at dusk and sleep in the car under one of the horse shelters common to country churches of the day. When Mother was along, we stopped at London, Paris, or Berlin (now Kitchener), Ontario, in some small hotel. This was a rare treat.

Winter driving in the early days of the automobile was very limited or just wasn't done. For the most part, car owners put their vehicles in the garage or barn, raised them on blocks to take the weight off the tires, drained the radiators and there the machines remained until spring. When one did drive his car, starting the engine was a real task as the cold engine had to be warmed by putting hot water in the radiator and the car cranked by hand. This took a strong arm and the patience of Job. Once underway the driver and passengers kept from freezing in the heaterless

open car with the help of quilts, horseblankets, robes and heavy clothing. I remember riding with my father in the winter with the snow and wind coming in around the side curtains while trying to keep warm under a heavy buffalo robe shared with other children in the family. Driving in the winter time was exquisite torture!

Road conditions for the early automobile were often quite unsuitable for pleasurable driving. They were terribly dusty, often rutted and in rainy and snowy weather quite impassable. I recall that in my boyhood days swampy areas were provided with corduroy roads composed of logs laid side by side like an oversized picket fence lying on its side. It was a bone-jarring experience to traverse such areas. When the roads broke up during the spring thaws the dirt roads became soupy quagmires, into which many a hapless driver bogged down and finally had to resort to seeking the help of a local farmer and his team to get out of the morass. Farmers were often suspected of keeping the sections of road near their homes in a semi-fluid state in order that they might prolong the period of receiving cash fees for their services.

The automobile did not meet with universal approval by any means as is attested to by the angry editorials which appeared in some of the early country weeklies. Owners of the new gas buggies were scolded by the editors for their lack of consideration for horses and their drivers, for being "road hogs," for stirring up the dust, for their stench and for their unconscionable speed. More than one town's ordinance set speed limits of eight miles per hour, which later acceptance caused to be raised to 15 miles per hour, within the confines of the village limits. One editor even recommended that a law be passed outlawing these instruments of the devil. □



College Humor
1926

New Patent on Wheels—1910

A new patent on automobile and wagon wheels has been perfected by Vern Marsh, which from a novice's view looks quite plausible. The principle of the wheel is a rubber tire with leather background resting on roller bearing springs. It is thought that heavy automobiles will run as smooth with the new wheel as the present inflated with air.—**Endicott Index**, May 27, 1910. □



—Courtesy P. T. Bockmier Collection

The Model-T, the car that revolutionized American travel and industry. P. T. Bockmier with his 1917 Model-T. Photo taken 1956. Still running in 1977.

Automobiles

By J. B. West

I was ten years old before I saw an automobile. I knew about them of course, and had seen pictures of them, but they were so far beyond the realm of possibility in my small world that I received quite a thrill when one suddenly appeared before me.

It was one spring morning at the Eden Valley school when that memorable event occurred. Many of the kids had arrived and were romping and yelling around the school yard when suddenly all was still. Everyone stood staring open-mouthed toward the road. The first thing I saw was a usually gentle pony standing on its hind legs and snorting in terror at something in the road. The rider was trying to calm the horse and get it past what seemed to it to be a smelly, noisy monster in the road.

The driver had had to stop the automobile and wait until Rex could get his frightened animal out of the road. We got only a brief look but the image remains vividly in my memory. Two big men sat in the single seat. That is, they looked large sitting in that small vehicle. They both wore "dusters," oversize goggles, and long visored caps, their only protection against the dust, wind and sun. The man on the right gripped a bar which extended across his lap, moved a lever or two and the automobile shot forward, like a standing team suddenly taking off at a full gallop.

A few days later another automobile went by. The driver seemed to be having trouble with it, for he was driving slowly. We had just finished our noonday lunch and a number of us boys followed it for about a quarter of a mile. We heard later that a team was hired to pull it up the first steep hill he came to.

Automobiles Unwelcome

The first automobile entered a hostile world. Nothing had been prepared for them. All kinds of laws were passed limiting their use. An ordinance in England required that two men walk ahead of a car and carry red flags. Another one required the driver to blow his horn before entering an intersection. Everyone likes to blow horns and this caused such a din that the law was soon repealed. Personally, I remember a sign on Main Street in Palouse indicating that the speed limit was eight miles per hour. By act of the city council this was later changed to twelve. It was said that the change was made because cars had to maintain that speed to keep from stalling.

The old wagon roads in the Palouse country were single-lane roads and horse teams had the right of way. Often a car had to be driven to one side so the driver could get out and lead the frightened team past. Those early cars had to be pretty tough machines to withstand the abuse dealt them by those unimproved hilly roads with their high crowns and deep ruts, and to survive the service rendered them by their owners or by blacksmiths turned auto mechanics.

The fact that automobiles could be used only part of the year made them pretty expensive to own. As soon as the weather turned bad in the fall, cars had to be put in storage until the roads and streets dried up in the spring. The Palouse country was booming during those years, however, and prosperous farmers and business men bought them in numbers. They were beyond the reach of people on small incomes,

for there was no backlog of used cars to fit every purse, as there is today.

Even Henry Ford, who eventually produced the inexpensive car, had trouble financing his company. One of my friends in Santa Barbara tells the story of his grandfather who lived in Flint, Michigan. Henry Ford once called on the old gentlemen and asked if he would like to invest \$5,000 in the new enterprise. According to the story, the old man boasted "I showed HIM the door!"

From Spangle to Elberton

One fall day on the farm when I was a pre-teenager, the family was all in the house because it had been raining all day, and there was no indication that it would soon stop. A strange sound came to our ears. As it grew in volume, we all rushed to the windows and saw an automobile, the first one to ever appear on our road, slowly coming up the hill.

It was the first rain of the season, and although the road was muddy, it was still firm below the surface. After a few days of rain this "hardpan," would give way, and the road would become bottomless and would remain that way, unless frozen, until spring.

When the automobile got as far as our gate, it stopped and the driver stepped out. Glad for an excuse to get out of the house, Dad put on his hat and coat, and followed by us boys, went down to talk to the stranger. Standing in the pouring rain, the man looked despairingly up the long, steep, and winding road that lay ahead of him. Utter defeat was in his voice as he said to Dad: "I'll never make it up this hill." Dad was friendly and sympathetic and the man introduced himself and told his story.

He said he was superintendent of the Spokane County Poor Farm at Spangle. (It is now the site of the Upper Columbia River Academy). He had intended to drive to Walla Walla to visit relatives. After having made an early start that morning, it had begun to rain and he decided to go only as far as Elberton to visit friends. There he would wait out the storm.

In those early days there were no highways through the Palouse Country. There were only country roads which were laid out along section lines with little regard for grade and with right angle turns. The county was divided into road districts and the roads were constructed primarily for the benefit of the farmers living along them. A farmer living in a district would be appointed road supervisor and his crew was made up of his neighbors. The supervisors themselves were under the supervision of a county engineer.

Road maps were unheard of and road signs were non-existent. A traveler passing through would have to inquire, at each town, which road to take to the next one and would often have to obtain further directions at a farmhouse along the way.

When the Spangle man left Garfield, he took the wrong road and arrived in Palouse instead of Elberton. Not wishing to drive back to Garfield, he inquired about a road direct to Elberton. He left Palouse on the right road but, at the first fork about a mile out of town, instead of taking the right hand road, he turned left onto our road.

Dad told the driver that the best way to get to Elberton, considering the muddy road, was to go back the way he had come and take the other road. When the man said he did not want to do that Dad volunteered to harness a team and pull his

machine to the top of the hill. The offer was accepted. A log chain was attached to the front end of the small automobile and the team hooked on. But instead of attempting to pull it up the road, he drove through our barnyard into a stubble field. There it was an easy pull to the top of the ridge over which the road passed.

To get the car back into the road, staples had to be pulled from several fence posts and the barbed wire laid on the ground. When the automobile was again in the road, Dad told the driver to take a sharp right turn at the next fork in the road, which was about three-quarters of a mile away. Dad refused the man's offer to pay for his trouble. The fence was mended and we all returned to the house to dry our clothes.



STUCK!

1913 Ford—Courtesy, Roy Davis

A little more than a hour later, there was a knock on our door. The man from Spangle was there. He said that he had taken the right turn as directed but had immediately become stalled on a hill. Would Dad please bring his team and pull him up that hill? The team was harnessed again and taken out into the rain, a pair of double-trees hung on one horse and a log chain draped over the other. Dad straddled one horse and invited the stranger to mount the other one. He declined, apparently preferring to walk back to where his automobile was stalled. It was pulled to the top of this hill, where Dad was able to point out the road he was to follow. Again Dad refused to accept any pay. The man said he would send him a postcard, but none ever came.

We wondered why the driver had walked clear back to our place for help. A short walk down the left-hand road from the fork would have taken him to two farms, and there was another one just over the hill from where he was stalled. Apparently he did not seek help from the two farms he had to pass coming back to our place. It seemed that he wanted to go directly to the man he knew would and could help him. He had reached the end of his endurance and was in no condition to explore further.

Tires

Tires were always a problem. Inflated up to fifty pounds or more, they were easily punctured. During the thirty years since the country had been settled, little was done about the accumulation of trash and rubbish along roadways, streets, alleys, yards, or anywhere a car might be parked. All kinds of junk with sharp edges or points—old fence staples, nails, tacks, wire, and broken glass—could go through the tire casing into the tube and allow the air to escape. No one expected much mileage from his tires. A local business man who owned a Hudson touring car was heard to boast that he had driven his car three thousand miles before having to buy new tires. In addition to carrying a spare tire, a jack, and tools, the cautious driver also carried a tire pump, a spare tube, and a patching kit. It was not unusual to see someone patching a tube along the road, or pumping up a tire.

One day I was riding with a friend along a country road when it began to rain. Soon the road became muddy and the going was so tough that the driver was not aware that a rear tire was going flat. When he finally realized that something was wrong, we found not only that the tire had gone flat but that it had come off the rim. The tube had come out of the casing and was wrapped around the axle. There was no way to save the tube, and as I had the jack knife, I set to work cutting it off. Every time the rubber slipped off the blade, it would slap against the ground and splash muddy water in my face and on my glasses. My friend and I were both plastered with mud before we got the spare tire mounted and were able to drive home.

Paul Bockmier's Favorite Story

A little over sixty years ago, an accident occurred on the road just north of the Garfield city limits that caused not a little excitement. Evidently a car had left the road and broken off a big pole, which was left hanging by the overhead wires. No one had seen any unusual happening; there was no report of a wrecked car, or of anyone being injured. It remained a deep and puzzling mystery. Much later, Paul Bockmier, who was a passenger in the car, broke his pledge of secrecy and talked about the accident. As the years wore on, it became his favorite story.

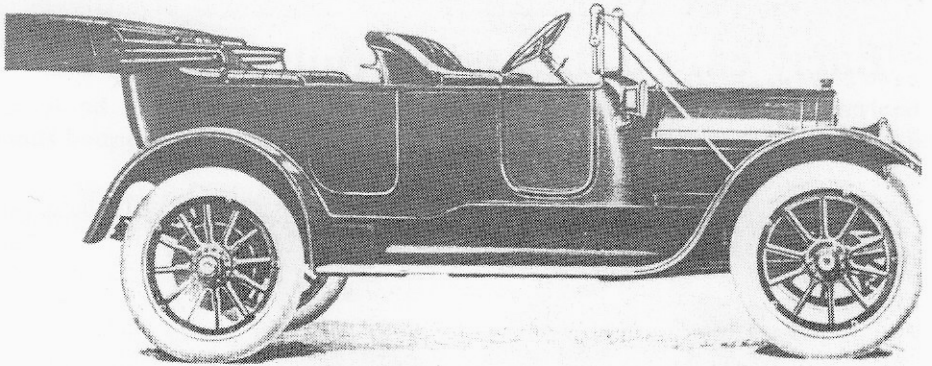
I, too, was a passenger in that car. This is the story of what actually happened:

About the year 1916 some Indian reservation land was opened for settlement. Any citizen twenty-one or over could register at an office in Spokane and receive a number. On a set date numbers would be drawn. The one who held the first number drawn would get first choice and so on, until all of the land was claimed.

Paul Bockmier and Guy Crum approached me one day and asked me to go to

Spokane with them to register for this drawing. Bill Peek would take us in his car and we could split the charge. I agreed to go after getting permission from my employer to take the day off. I would have been glad to go even in a Model-T Ford, but Bill Peek had bought a Cadillac touring car two weeks before, and a trip in a car like that would be a thrilling experience. At Spokane we all registered but nothing came of it.

We started home rather late in the afternoon. The weather was warm but not hot. The car top was folded back which gave us a full view of the countryside. It was as beautiful as our country can be in early summer. Bill was in high spirits and talked incessantly about the cars he had owned and the driving he had done. The big car was running perfectly. With its high-pressure tires and ample road clearance, it skimmed smoothly along the rough old wagon road and took all the hills with few gear changes. There was very little traffic on the road, and the huge clouds of dust which each car left trailing behind it caused no problems.



1914 Cadillac Touring Car

The sun was low when we crossed the bridge that spans the railroad north of Garfield. Bill was in the midst of a story as we approached the sharp turn at the bottom of the hill. The sun blinded him for an instant and the car went off the road before beginning the turn. Bill might have been able to drive back into the road without mishap, but there was a big eight-inch pole standing in the way. We hit the pole head on. It snapped off clean about three feet above the ground, and fell toward the roadway.

I was in front and must have braced my feet because I remained seated. I looked back in time to see the two boys leave their seat, and side by side, fly over the left side of the car. They landed head first into the soft bank below the roadway. I looked over at Bill. He was rubbing his forehead which had hit the top rim of the windshield and cracked the glass.

The boys got to their feet uninjured. The springs of the car had absorbed the impact of the collision and the rebound had tossed the boys gently out of the car. I found a slight bruise on my left forearm, evidently made by the steering wheel. The top of the pole was hanging over the roadway suspended by the overhead wires and by a guy wire which was stretched across the hood of the car. Bill got a pair of pliers out of the tool box on the left running board and cut the guy wire. It had made a tiny groove in the metal. Bill backed up the car, then drove it into

the road. We lifted the lower end of the pole and pulled it clear of the roadway. Then we drove away. There had been no witnesses. The sun had set.

A little south of Garfield, Bill stopped to see why the car was not steering properly. He discovered that the parallel bar—that part of the steering mechanism that connected the front wheels—was causing the trouble. It had taken the full force of the collision and was bent back so that it rubbed against the frame. Bill picked up a fence rail that was lying near by and forced the bar outward so that it was free again.

When Bill let us out of the car in Palouse, he swore us all to secrecy. His pride had suffered a fatal blow. The next day he drove the car back to Spokane to have the bar and windshield repaired.

Sometime later, when I was walking down the street in Palouse, Bill called me over as a witness to the story he was telling some other men. His pride in his Cadillac had overcome his reluctance to admit having had an accident. The story was too good to keep. He had hit a big pole, sheared it off, and driven away with almost no damage to his car.□

Early cars didn't come fully equipped

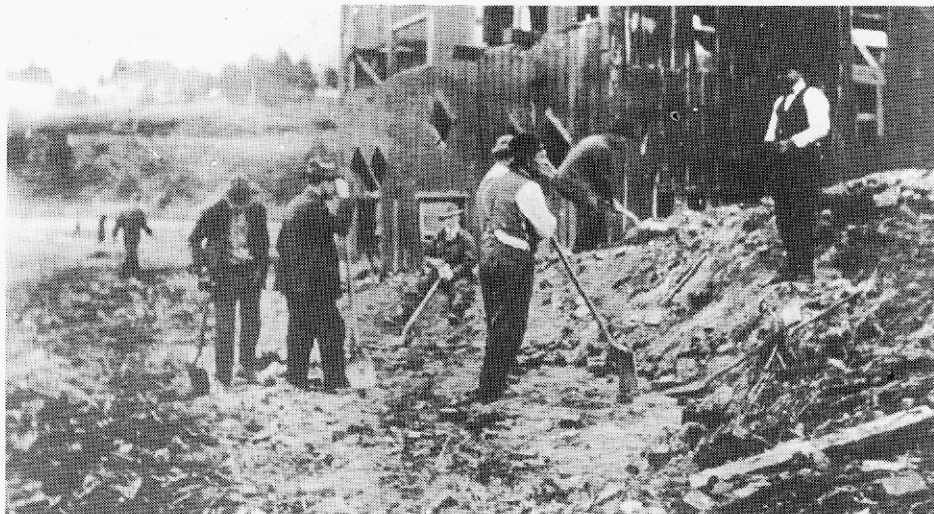
Emore
Valveless Two Cycle

Model 25—ROADSTER—30 H. P., 4 cylinder High Duty motor; 108 in. wheelbase; 32x3½ in. tires..... **\$1200**

—From Motor Age, 1911

The cars today are much different from the early-day horseless carriages. They had few frills. In 1900, fenders cost ten dollars extra. Four years later competition caused the Pope-Hartford manufacturers to offer headlamps in the price of the car. In 1906, Buick offered a storage battery with their models and the same year bumpers began to appear on some cars but they were extra. Before 1915, anyone who wanted a top or a windshield on a car had to pay extra. In fact, the new car owners were the ones who began to attach bumpers and windshield wipers to their vehicles and the practice was adopted by the manufacturers later. Hand-operated windshield wipers, rear view mirrors and stoplights did not appear on cars until 1916.□

Services for the Motorists



—Fred Olsen

Road builders at Palouse ca. 1908. In the country, farmers serviced roads bounding their own land.



—Courtesy Charles Blickenderfer

Early gas station and garage, presumably at Farmington. Many such businesses combined auto repair with selling gas and oil and blacksmithing.

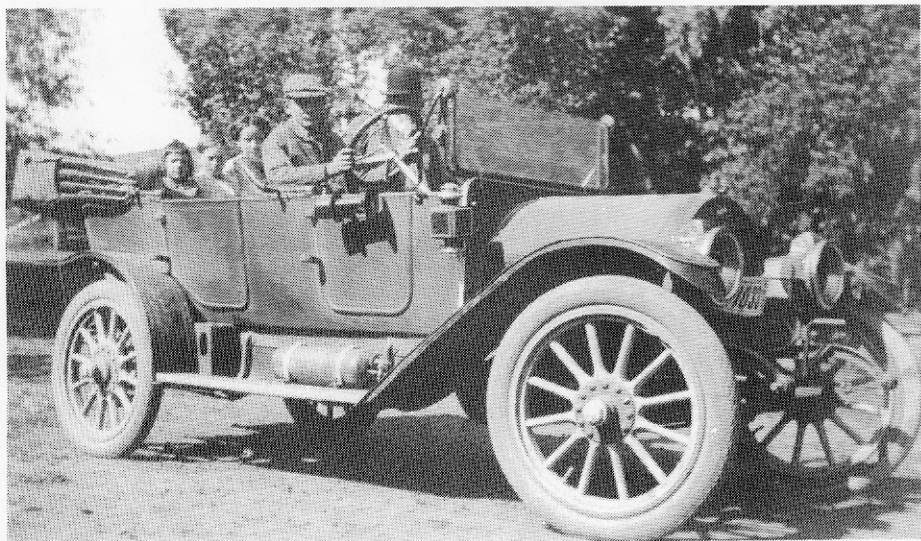
Heading for San Francisco ca in 1909



—Courtesy E. Neal Klemgard

James S. Klemgard touring in Stoddard-Dayton to San Francisco. L. to R., Wayne, Nora, Neal, Flossie, Bessie, Gordon and James Klemgard.

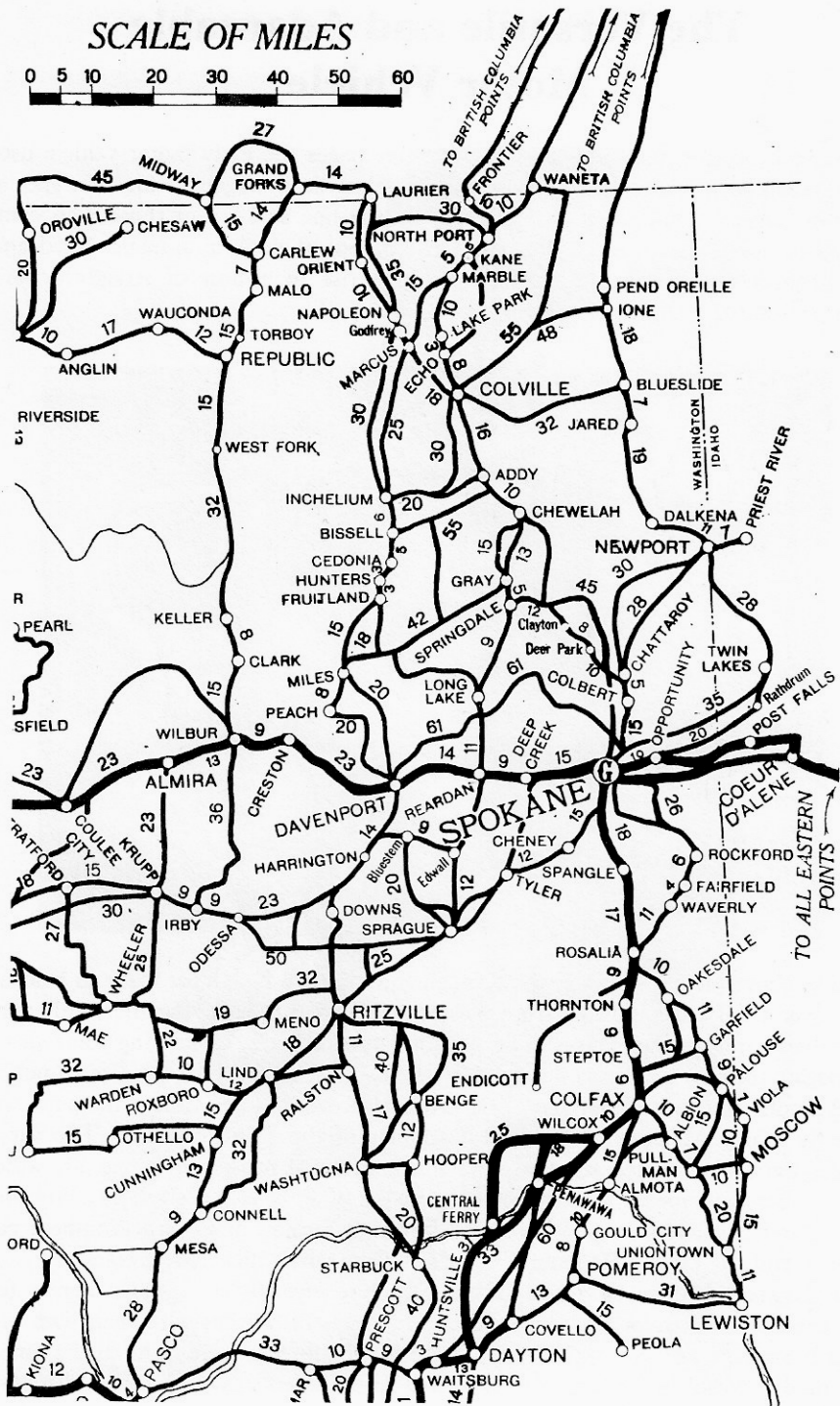
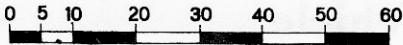
Out for a spin in 1913 Model Overland



—Courtesy Cecil Hatley

Driver is Ray Hatley, next to him is Riley Hatley. Children unknown. Ray was uncle of Cecil Hatley. Car bought fall of 1912.

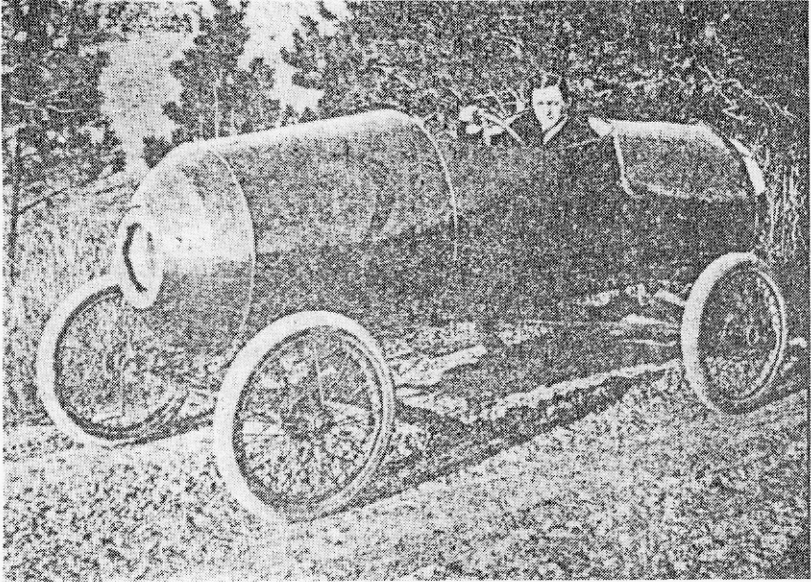
SCALE OF MILES



1918 Goodrich Road Map of the Inland Empire

The Versatile and Adaptable Motor Vehicle

As seen on this page and the following five pages the early motor vehicle user readily adapted the horseless carriage and horseless farm wagon to his own special needs or whims. They were little affected by the hue and cry of those who complained of noise, stench or psychological effect upon their farm animals. Need and inventiveness plus mechanical skills soon give rise to a host of straightforward and often, odd-ball contraptions.



The above picture shows Frank Kendall and his 1916 K-2, a car made in Palouse, built over from parts secured from a wrecked Ford runabout, together with parts from two or three other makes. The peculiar style of body, resembling somewhat a submarine torpedo boat, was designed by W. L. Greene and built by Lee Bunch of the Ankcorn Hardware Company. The mechanical work of assembling the parts was done by Harry McDonald and Paul Bockmier of the Palouse garage. The car is designed and constructed so as to offer a minimum of resistance to the air, which gives it increased speed. The equipment consists of F. & H. wire wheels, Firestone tires, Dann cushion spring inserts, Splitdorf high tension magneto, Stromberg carburetor, and the Detroit Radiator & Specialty Company's nickel steel gears.

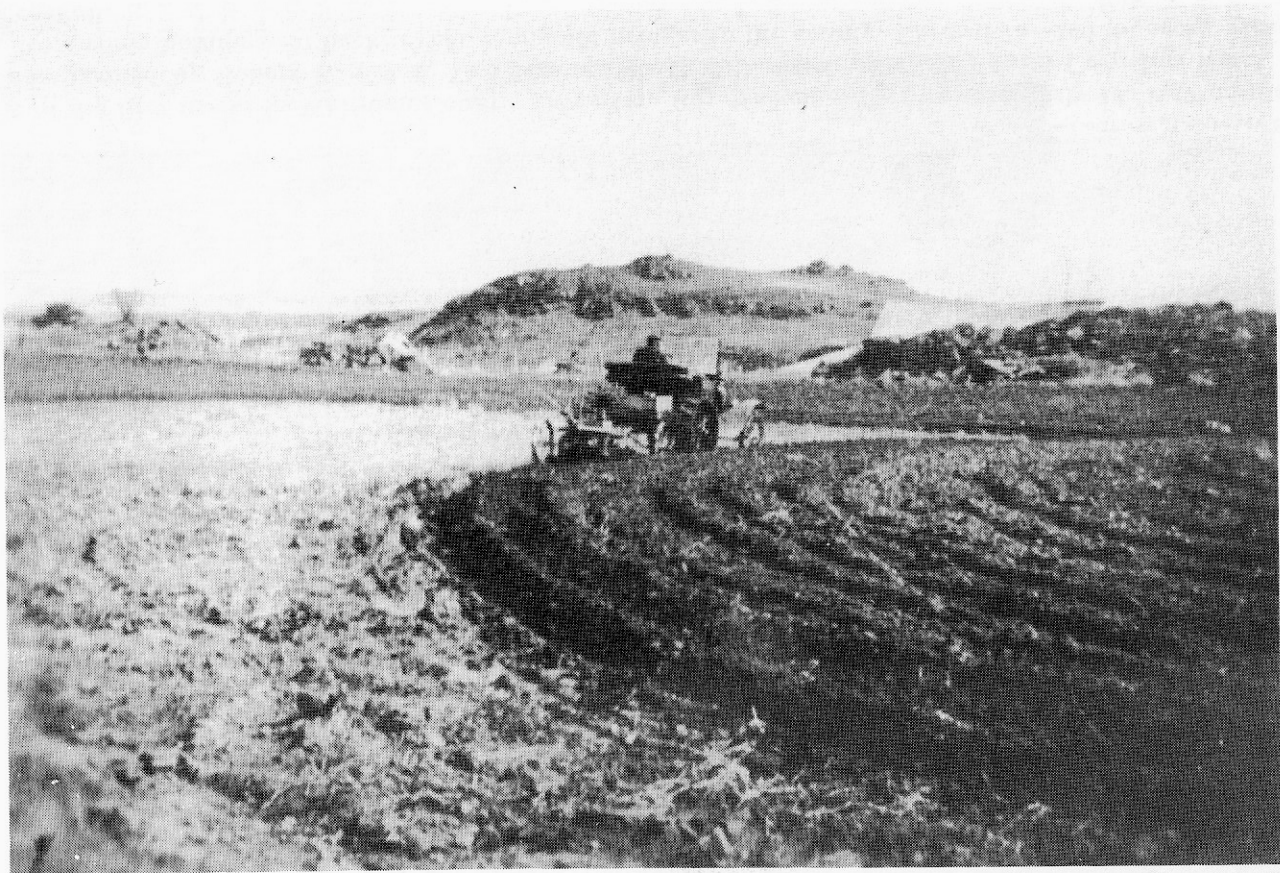
A Lewiston, Idaho, dispatch to The Republic says: It was thought here a few days ago that a German invasion was on. Hundreds of citizens with their own eyes saw a submarine boldly taking in Main street. "The jingoes were right all the time," said many. Nothing alarming, it is a well known fact that a benzine dispenser turned out in Palouse causes horses to climb trees, little children to run and hide in horror, and proper ones to shudder in disgust. It is sincerely to be hoped that there will not be another such disturbance to our peaceful somnambulance.

—April 9, 1915 Issue of the Palouse Republic



—Courtesy, Lawrence Hickman

One of the first trucks in Whitman County. Owned by Roy Hickman. Picture taken July 14, 1917 on the Pugh place, now farmed by Robert R. Gross. This was a 1916 G.M.C. truck purchased from Cornelius Buick Co. in Colfax. Note chain holding seat back. Broke many old bridges in the county. Carried 75—140 lb. sacks. Headlights burned coal oil.



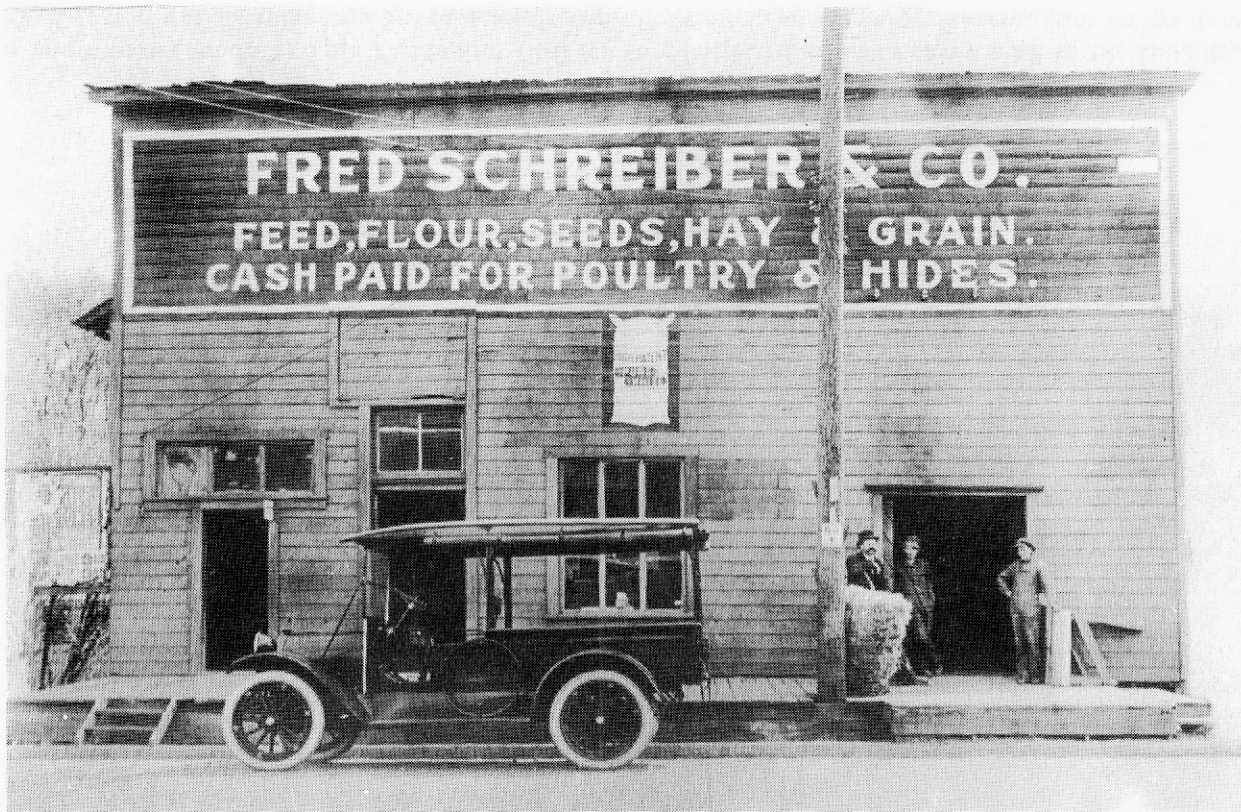
—Photo courtesy of Lucy Downen

First tractor on the JX Ranch near Ewan was a modified Model T Ford.



—From the W. O. Druffel collection. Courtesy of Alfred Druffel

Early snowmobile made by Lafe Fields and Cliff (?) Sheppard at Colton to carry mail to the Bald Butte area about 1921. The trip was 23 miles long but took all day on the first trip as they kept shearing pins on the drive shaft.



—Courtesy, Irene Weitze

A 1915 Studebaker at Fred Schreiber's business place in Colfax. Attending this delivery truck are, from right to left, Frank Hubbard, Harry L. Hubbard and Fred Schreiber.



—Courtesy Paul Bockmier Collection

The Ubiquitous Ford—H. S. Curtis Outfit Cedar Creek-Palouse Highway, 1912. These cars served the farmer as taxi, pickup truck and power supply for his saws.

Learning to Drive the “Red Devil”

By Roy H. Davis

I bought my first car second hand. it was a 1913 4-door Ford Model T which I bought through Henry McInturff in 1915. Henry sold gas and ran a little garage where Avery McInturff later had his blacksmith shop in Johnson, Washington, and he sold through a garage in Uniontown. He took me to Uniontown in his Ford. I had never driven a car before so he explained it to me going up but didn't offer to let me drive his Ford. I paid \$375 cash for the car which was later named the Red Devil. My brother, Claude, was to take a one half interest in it but never did.

At Uniontown I got in the car and started back to Johnson with Henry ahead of me. At Colton I killed the motor. I got out and cranked it but when I tried to start up I took the lever off and killed it again. After two or three times I got it going again and at Johnson I picked up Odos and Valter Hockney and we headed toward Pullman on the old Busby road. Near Pullman there was a narrow concrete bridge and another car was coming, I didn't know if we could pass on the bridge and I



—Photo Courtesy Roy Davis

Roy Davis in his 1913 Ford

didn't know how to stop the car without killing the motor so I just kept going. We passed O.K.

This car took me lots of places. I took an Albion girl to a dance in Uniontown one time and going back through Pullman about midnight I ran up on a pile of sand the railroad had unloaded and turned the car over. Some men working there helped me get it back on its wheels, we started on and ran out of gas this side of Albion. I got a man out of bed to use his phone and called a garage in Pullman to bring me some gas. This girl was working for my sister and she gave me heck for getting in so late, or early, as it was near daylight.

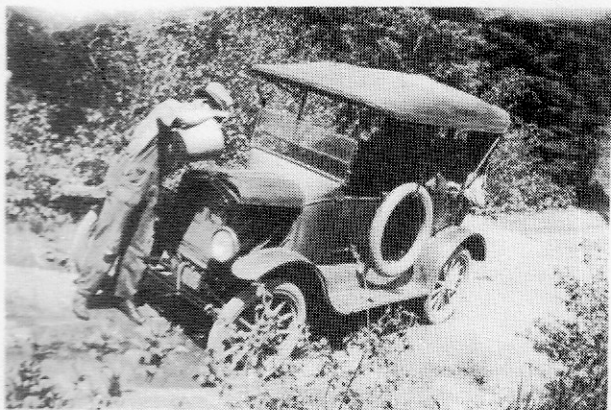
On one trip to a dance at Wawawai I started home and killed the motor below Clarence Batty's place. I cranked it and broke the pin the crank fit on. I pushed the car to the side of the road and lay down beside it until morning. At daylight, I jacked up a rear wheel and cranked it with the wheel. I drove most of the way up the grade in low gear.

On July 3, 1916, Claude and I decided to go to Pomeroy to the 4th of July celebration. We knew a couple of girls over there. Going over I started to get on the Almota ferry and the apron was under water so I eased on it so I wouldn't get the motor wet, and I killed the motor. Claude crawled out on the hood and cranked it then jumped on the ferry. I backed up a little then gunned it to get on the ferry but the tires were wet and I jumped and slipped across the ferry and crashed into the pole on the outer end, they used to keep stock on with, cracking it. We went on to Pomeroy and stayed all night.

The next morning we were up on the street and they had all kinds of stuff for sale so Claude and I each bought a sport shirt for sixty cents. Mine had big black spots on it and Claude's had red spots. We put the shirts on and five big kids

Cooling the Engine 1916

Photo—Courtesy
Roy Davis

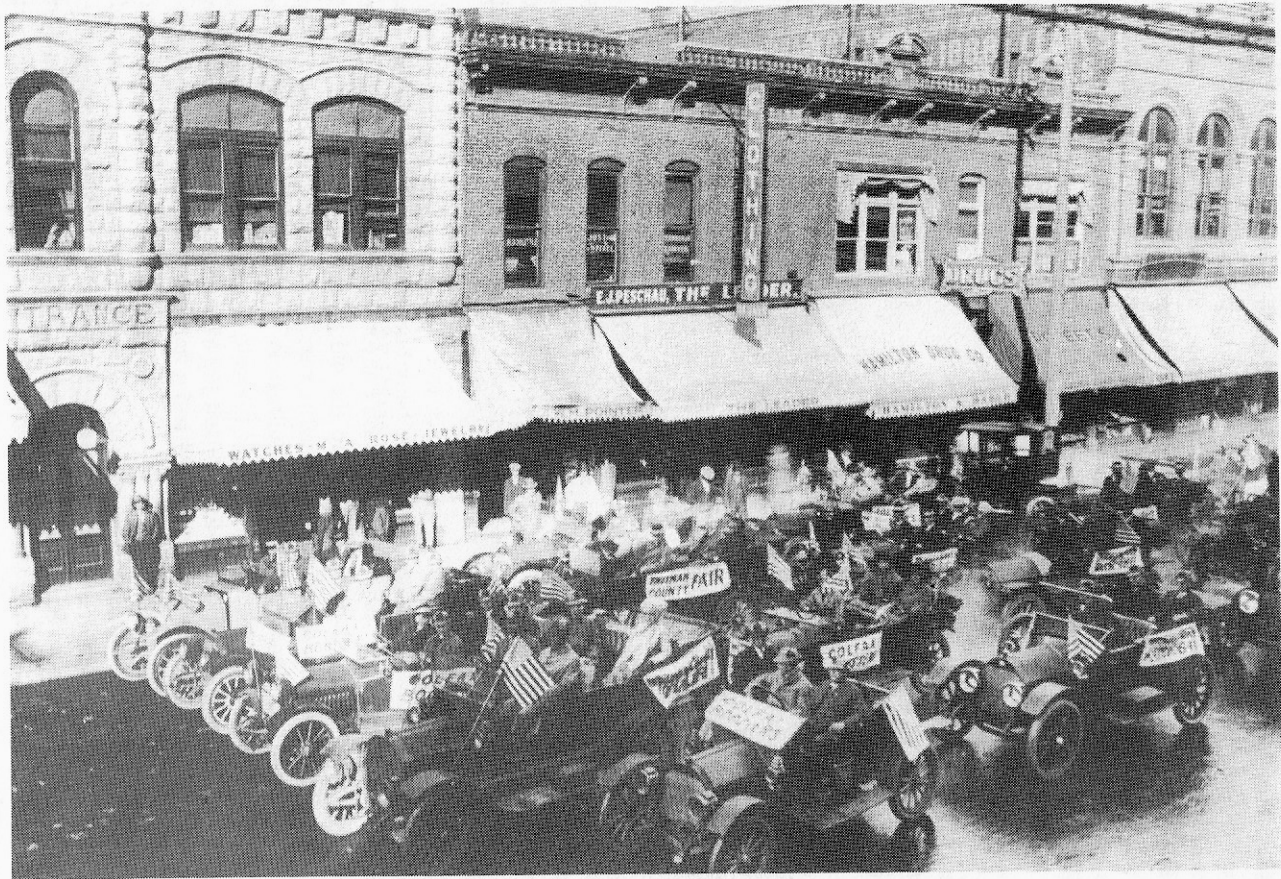


started poking fun at us. Claude said, "Let's whip those smart kids." I didn't think we could. He said, "Get back close to the bank building." After we were in position, Claude said, "You damn kids think you are pretty smart, but we can whip all of you." I guess we bluffed them out because they shut up and left and I was glad they did.

We left Pomeroy about noon to come back to Pullman. Getting off the ferry, I put the low pedal down hard and got up the bank but broke the pin out of the low pedal. We didn't have any tools and there wasn't anyone at Almota so we turned the Ford around and I backed it all the way up the old Almota grade. Claude carried water out of the creek to keep it cool. We had to turn around and back it up all the hills on the way to Pullman. We got into Pullman at 9 o'clock that night and got a room in the old Artesian Hotel.

Another time, Odos and Valter Hockney and Jay Maxwell and I went to Lewiston by the old grade and almost at the bottom I had a flat tire. We drove it into Lewiston on the rim over that rocky road. We spent the night at Lewiston and then next day, Sunday, we tried to buy a new wheel. Finally, we walked to Clarkston and got a used rim and some rivets at John's Wrecking Yard. We went back and put the rim on in the street by the Raymond Hotel, fixed the tube and put the tire on then we bought a bunch of watermelons and started home. We would go up the hill until the car got hot, then stop and eat a watermelon. It took us most of the day to get home.

Later I made a "bug" out of the Red Devil. I turned it over a couple of times. Since that time, I have bought 56 cars and trucks and a few old junkers. □



County Fair Automobile Parade—Colfax, Oct. 2, 1913.

—Courtesy Irene Weitze