

# A TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT

"The Cranks Turn the World"

(By Judge D. F. Morrow)

Yes, there was the Dog store right on one of the big streets in Chicago. They had the Esquimo Spits, the poodle, the collie and a lot of other kinds of dogs and puppies for sale, but the old time farm dog and the hound was conspicuous for his absence. I did not walk much more, for night had come on, and I had read in the papers that lots of folks get killed in that big city. Some gunman turned a rapid fire gun loose on Mr. Swiggins and killed him the day before I got there and I didn't know but what they might want to take a crack at me, so I just went back to the Union station and got ready to take the 8:10 San Francisco Overland Limited. And do you know, when I started into the depot, there was that fellow with the Ford who had fixed his tire down near Cincinnati, standing right at the head of his Ford and had one hand on his crank and the other holding on the cap, that is where you water a Ford, and was turning that crank with all his might. I stopped and watched him. He stopped, blowed a little, and then began cranking again, and in a hurry. I guess he thought the Limited was going to start and he wanted to get an even start with us. It was not long till his engine began to give out the Ford staccato and he bounced in and off he went, and so did I. Soon I was aboard, and such a train you hardly ever saw. There were sleepers. Diners, buffet, observation and club cars strung out along the track, seemed to me for a quarter of a mile, and one big engine to pull the whole copush, and it pulled it alright. Now the club car is the smoker, as well as a club car. I went into smoke, for I have the habit, not to club, but there were many in there for the club. They had many kinds of spring and mineral water in bottles to sell and lots of the clubbers were buying it, pouring it into glasses and drinking it. I guess it was good water for they would bat their eyes and smack their lips like it tasted good. The most of them would, but some of them kinder looked like it burned their throat and their eyes would water like they might begin to cry, but they didn't. I soon went to bed, wondering if my Ford man, his cripple tire, wife, and babies and fishing tackle was still following us in his Ford.

Next morning I awoke to find we were passing Council Bluff, Iowa and crossing the Missouri river and soon we were in Nebraska and at Omaha City. This is, or was the state of the late William Jennings Bryan, of free silver days back in the eighties, and the Scopes evolution trial in Tennessee in 1925. But such things as these pass and so are we on the Limited passing.

But there are some things the Limited can't pass, the airplane gave her the boblink and on it went, but I said nothing else can't do it for it seemed to me we were running 40 miles an hour and rounding into Columbus, Neb., and just across one of the streets as I batted my eyes and looked out what do you think I saw, well I hate to tell it, but there stood my Ford man. This time he had the hood off and the smoke was issuing from every pur of the little engine like it was on fire. It was panting like a tired dog. Our train stopped. The Ford man tinkering over his engine a minute, poured some water down his throat and before the Limited called all aboard, that fellow was at the wheel and on again on the Lincoln highway toward San Francisco same as our Limited was. You can pass an airplane and you may pass a Ford, but the trouble is the Ford won't stay passed.

Some wonderful farming country we passed through in Nebraska, most as level as a floor, and as far as you can see, and its so until you come to Wyoming. This is the state, as well as Texas, to take off your hat to when you cross the border lines. For Wyoming, as well as Texas, has a woman governor. Ma Ferguson is not the only governor that can wear bobbed hair and tell folks to sit up and take notice or they won't get pardoned. No siree, Wyoming's got one. But the plains begin to turn first into bumps and then into barren mountains, and we are now at the Aspen tunnel, a mile long or more. It's so long when you are at the middle both ends closes up and you can't see out at either end and they close up straight, too, but you can see day light. Passing

through the tunnel and you are at the top of the mountain, start down a gradual decline but not violent, following a creek made by the melting snow. Soon we are in a valley. The sun was shining hot, but you can look up and the peaks are all snow clad. They say it stays there all summer and one fellow said some of the snow had been there ever since Adam was born. It never melts, I guess its been there quite a bit.

On the 30th day of April, 1926, I know there is plenty of snow up there and down where our train was it was so hot the cook put out the gas in the stove and fried eggs in the sun. I did not see him, but it was hot alright and snow in sight. We stopped at Evanston, a considerable town for two minutes. The elevation here is 6,747 feet above sea level. Our next stop was Ogden, Utah. Got there at 2 p. m. and left there at 1:20 p. m.—forty minutes before we stopped. Watches were turned back so the sun could catch up with us and the man in the Ford.

I stated a while ago, that when we were passing through Aspen tunnel it was the top of the mountain and it was the top of the Rockies and from this point on we are on the

plateau lying between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas—or the mountains sloping down toward the Pacific Coast and to California. All the country lying between these two great ranges, for the most part are barren. Of course there many high peaks that are snow clad, but there are some plains and valleys and many of these are at this season clad in green. The smell of the flowers and vegetation is often in the air along these places.

Ogden, where we had to turn our watches back is not very far from Salt Lake and Salt Lake City, but over this line of railroad we did not pass the city, but crossed the lake and they told us the bridge was 30 miles long. It is some bridge, I guess we will lose the Ford man this time, for there is no bridge for autos, it's just a railroad bridge. The country here is all in Utah. This is the state settled up by Brigham Young and his Mormon fellows. They used to have as many wives as they wanted under the Mormon idea, except the deacons of the Mormon church, he could have but one, because the Bible said the deacon must be the husband of one wife, and the Mormons said they believed the Bible. I guess the deacons felt kinder lonesome, with just one wife and everybody else with just lots of them. If the law hadn't stopped them, by this time, they would have had to had a lot more courts to get divorcees, if it is in Utah like it is everywhere else now. Salt Lake is unlike any other I have ever seen, there is not a boat nor fishing smack to be seen anywhere on its surface.

There are no fish in it. It is rightly named. For they say it is 20 percent salt, so briny that a fish can't live in it. Around the edges of the lake can be seen from the train, even if it is going so fast you have to bat your eyes to look, a white frost looking surface, but it is not frost, it is salt. No wonder the fish can't live in it. Just after crossing the lake there are miles and miles of plains, and by a bat of the eyes from your car window, you would think the ground was covered with snow but it's not, it's salt, or alkalin, they call it. No sign of vegetation no where. We have read that salt is savious, but in this case it is a killer. To much of anything is no good, it takes variety to give spice to anything. Salt is good but better to mix it with something else. But now we have reached a valley of fruits and flowers greet us on every side, and so does the Lincoln highway, and the man in the Ford. For the first thing I saw after getting beyond the glare of the salt covered surface, was my mah out in the road patching another tire. I reckon it was another for he was on the other side of his car, but running that same old pump up and down like he was at Cincinnati, 2,000 miles back yonder. I reckon it was the same man, for he had a woman and some babies with him, for the children were out in the sand playing. Anyhow I know it was a Ford, if it's not the same man, woman and children, it is a Ford for they are like flies, they are everywhere.

From my window, where I am pecking on my typewriter, trying to

write this article, I can now behold a wonderful grazing country, and the sheep and cattle of a thousand hills and plains, for we are passing over of Utah and coming over into Nevada, the state of grazing and mining. This state was once upon a time, and is yet, so far as I know, noted for its silver mines. And it has another note-worthy historic fact, in 1893, when the Cleveland panic was on in good earnest in the United States, it is said every bank in the state busted but one, and the officers of these two were so scared that they all turned gray and got bald headed over night. That was bank-busting some. But now it is one of the best states in the Union and at Reno, they can get a divorce quicker than anywhere else in the world and more of them. Not only this, but they have some of the best towns and cities, and they are clean and beautiful. Fine railways, good schools and roads, and no banks busting at all.

May the second, I got off at Reno, spent Sunday, found it modern in every particular. Good hotels, elegant depot, built of solid cement. If the divorcees they hand out are as good as everything else looks around there they are A-1.

WE BUY OR SELL—All kinds of real estate. We can get what you want or sell what you need at the right price. Sales conducted. A general real estate business. See us before you buy or sell. **CYCLONE AUCTION CO.** Forest City 32-1f

## GOOD ONE ON POPULAR CITY MERCHANT

"The boys" are telling a good one on a certain well known Forest City merchant. "They say" a wag entered his store recently and made a purchase, giving in exchange a check.

The merchant did not scrutinize the check very closely, but sent it in to the bank with others. Imagine his surprise when the check was returned to him, marked "no good." Then he looked at the signature and this is what he saw: "You're Stuck."

Of course, after a hearty laugh the joker paid the bill due the victim of his joke.

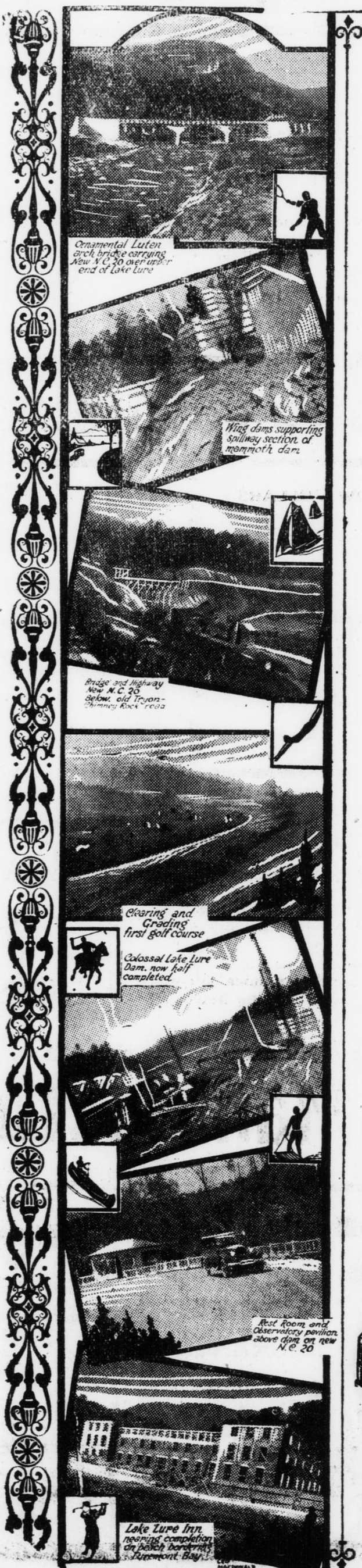
## CYCLONE AUCTION CO. GETS A NEW NAME

Doubtless whoever named the Cyclone Auction Co., had in mind all the characteristics of the name, and they have certainly lived up to it. When it comes to quick action and dynamic force, they are running true to form, having well earned the great reputation of "always selling."

All of which leads up to the point we wish to make:

A correspondent in Illinois last week, wishing to communicate with the Cyclone Auction Co., addressed his letter to "The Storm Co.," Forest City, N. C.

Anyway, that stands for action—and that's what the Cyclone Company is noted for.



# THOSE WHO WAIT MAY BE TOO LATE

only **26** more days to **June 15, Opening Day**

These Pictures are ACTUAL photos of work in progress at Lake Lure. These are all part of the \$6,000,000 PROGRAM, running through 1926. This tremendous work was financed BEFORE offering a foot of ground FOR SALE.

Prices of home sites in Luremont on Lake Lure, its first residential lakeside park, are based on SOUND VALUES in lake resort locations. The development work goes on no matter how much property is bought by the public.

That is why the South is "sold" on Lake Lure. That is why the recent offering of Luremont home sites has resulted in a veritable scramble for the first-choice locations that threatens a "sell-out" by Opening Day, June 15th.

People from the larger cities in North Carolina and South Carolina are snapping up the Luremont offerings ahead of the arrival of the summer crowd from the South. They are due a profit if they want to sell later.

Carolinians! Where else CAN there be a GREAT resort lake in the Land of the Sky? Lake Lure has been in preparation FOR THREE YEARS. Such a program cannot be achieved OVER NIGHT.

Where else is there a CHIMNEY ROCK? BOTTOMLESS POOLS? Such golf, tennis, boating, fishing, bathing, such water sports? Such admirable location on the principal scenic highway, the main artery from the mountains to the sea, N. C. 20?

If you have never seen Chimney Rock, Hickory Nut Gap and Chimney Rock Mountains, there is a treat in store for you. If you have been there, but not recently, you will be AMAZED at the progress, at the SIZE and SCOPE of the operations. This is the BIGGEST JOB in the Land of the Sky—in the whole STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA today. It is the ONE outstanding playground development of NATIONAL CONSEQUENCE.

Visit the Lake Lure Branch Office. Get acquainted with the program through pictures, maps, and paintings. Then make a trip to the property as soon as possible.

A \$6,000,000 Job	
Purchase of 8,500 acres and cost of developing LUREMONT section,	\$1,500,000
Lake Lure Dam and Hydro-electric plant,	\$850,000
Highway grading, hard-paving and bridges,	\$500,000
Hotels and other company buildings,	\$2,500,000
Purchase of Chimney Rock, scenic highway, Cliff Dwellers' Inn and improvements,	\$600,000
Golf course, club buildings, etc.,	\$100,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$6,050,000</b>

### Lake Lure Lines

Commodious, comfortable, safe Pullman-style busses, making regular trips through all the Carolina cities within a day's travel! Transportation free to those interested, without obligation.

### 26 Days More

of advantage for home folks—before the summer crowd arrives from the South. Opening Day June 15th. Until then, there will be range of choice and no price increase.

## Chimney Rock Mountains, Inc.

CHIMNEY ROCK, N. C.



E. A. Barahart District Manager Phone 3232 Sir Walter Hotel Raleigh, N. C.	Sidney A. Gayle District Manager Phone 3550 Gullford Hotel Bldg. Greensboro, N. C.	C. E. Hedge District Manager Phone 28 805 N. Main Street Charlotte, N. C.	A. J. Coleman District Manager Phone 5104-5105 Johnston Bldg. Charlotte, N. C.	John Dehae District Manager Phone 5640 48 Haywood Street Asheville, N. C.
--	--	---	--	---

# Settle on LAKE LURE