

One Of The Dreamers Behind "Horseless Carriage" Passes In Poverty Despite Car Success

Automobile Pioneer Spent Fortune On His Dream Of "Horseless Carriage," Reaped Poverty.

Detroit.—David D. Buick is dead. Mr. Buick, founder of the great automobile company which bears his name and maker of scores of millionaires, died last week in a local hospital virtually penniless. He spent a fortune on his dream of a "horseless carriage," and reaped poverty in return.

The emaciated, gray-haired manufacturer of other years, who lost out in the industry he pioneered because of his inability to keep pace with its financial expansion, died of cancer. He was seventy-four.

Mr. Buick, whose name appears on the gleaming front of approximately 2,000,000 automobiles, died a penniless, forlorn, bitterly disappointed man. For years he lived and worked in the very shadow of the wing of fortune. At his finger tips danced millions. Around the corner waited uncounted and almost uncountable wealth. Time after time he saw the doors of Midas swing before him, but always, just before he could enter those golden realms, they swung shut in his face and left him on the outside, bewildered, puzzled, disappointed.

Back in the dawn of the present century David Buick was a member of the plumbing supply manufacturing company of Buick & Sherwood, well known in Detroit as a sober, hard-working, serious-minded manufacturer. He kept another self, a dreaming, adventure-some self, from the world of his business. Putting aside a machine shop at odd-times, he had acquired a knowledge of machinery and at the same time had acquired an interest in the application of gasoline motors to carriages as a means of power.

Henry Ford was a machinist, R. E. Olds, an experimentalist, names since world-famous—the Dodges, Packard, Joy—were as yet unidentified with the car industry. Buick, a man of middle age, centered his dreams more and more on one thing—the horseless carriage.

He sold his interests in the plumbing supply factory, sold his patent right in a bath-tub enameling process and with a little over \$100,000 and the help of his son, Tom, began active experiments in a barn in the rear of his home. It was a hard task he faced. New paths to follow, new engineering problems to solve, every part a matter of hard, grinding, hand labor. In three years he saw his capital fade away. In its place he had a valve-in-head motor plan, an engine that worked and a new style of "buggy" to carry it.

He advertised in Detroit papers for a partner and fresh capital. Among the letters that came, was one from J. H. Whiting, a banker and carriage manufacturer of Flint, Mich. With canny foresight Whiting asked that the car be driven from Detroit to Flint, a distance of 60 miles over rough roads.

Makes Trip To Flint. Buick was delirious and started forthwith, but at Fontaine his car gave up the ghost. A team of horses, dragged it back to Detroit. A second attempt was made and in triumph the first Buick car coughed and rattled its way into Flint. Whiting was convinced to the point of putting up \$35,000 and a company was organized with the Buicks holding the majority of stock.

What should have been fair sailing turned out to be stormy seas. The officials of the new company were in dispute as to sales methods. While they disputed and sold stationary engines to keep down the costs, R. E. Olds, Henry Ford and the Cadillac were making cars and selling them. The Ford sold for \$850, or \$100 more than the Cadillac, while the Oldsmobile was selling at a mere \$650.

Something had to be done and that something received its impetus from two things the winning of tests in which all cars were entered and a highly favorable review of the car by a trade paper. Orders began to come in. They came in too rapidly. Expansion following expansion became not only needed but demanded.

Buick and his associates went to W. O. Durant, then head of the Durant-Dort Carriage company, who agreed to raise some money. A whirlwind campaign was put on with stock being sold to farmers, school teachers, clerks, sold in door-to-door canvass, and more than \$1,000,000 was raised.

At last it seemed that David Buick was on his way to a vast fortune. The stock that sold at \$100 was worth over \$5,000 today, but David Buick had not a single share at his death.

Leaves Buick Company. The new factory began a tumultuous life. David Buick was general manager. His son, Tom, sold his shares and started a brass foundry with many orders from the Buick company. This was in 1906. In 1909 he left the company. Arguments, disputes, misunderstandings had been one after the other.

Buick sold some of his stock and went to California. He still held a

large block of stock and cast about for activity and discovered it. Lands formerly owned by the government were rich in oil. He organized a company and once more fortune held out rich reward.

Before the money came in litigation arose over title to the lands. The shares of Buick's remaining stock began to trickle into the market and when at last his oil company collapsed David Buick was broke and without a share of the company he created.

His second dream shattered growing old and lacking in strength he once more sought to win a fortune. Florida was on the boom. He became a partner in a company controlling many acres of land. It failed.

He came to Detroit. He was seventy, broke, almost friendless. He made his home in a little flat. He could not even afford a telephone. All day and all night there flashed and hummed past his door cars bearing his name—but he rode on street cars or walked. He got a job in a trade school as an instructor, but as he grew more feeble was made "information man." He sat at a desk, a thin, bent, little man peering through heavy glasses. He became ill a month ago and was sent to Harper hospital, where he died.

"I'm not feeling sorry for myself or worrying about the past," he said a short time ago. "I'm not accusing any one of cheating me. It was the breaks of the game that I lost out in the company I founded. I'm looking forward to the future. Money means nothing—except to insure comforts for the future."

Mr. Buick is survived by his wife, Margaret, two sons, Thomas D. and Winton R. Buick, and two daughters, Mrs. James Coyle of Detroit and Mrs. F. O. Patterson of Los Angeles. The funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Friday.

The Buick plant in Flint is producing cars at the rate of about 300,000 annually.

Mountain People Fooling Experts With Their Relics

Objects Of Supposed Prehistoric Origin Found To Have Been "Manufactured."

Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky mountaineers, in a measure, always have interested scientists. Their pure Anglo-Saxon blood, their ideals and ideas really make them an interesting people. But an idea evolved in recent years which resulted in many celebrated Northern and Eastern museums displaying "rare" Indian relics purchased at good prices now engage the profound study of the scientist who soon will be called upon to testify in a federal court in Louisville as to their authenticity and whether or not famous museums have been duped by the idea. Federal investigators say they have and here's the story that they found:

Cumberland City is tucked away in the Cumberland mountains of Kentucky. Near it live Mark Hanna Guffey, W. M. "Wade" Bell and R. V. "Velt" Jones.

Fertile Field For Relics. Cumberland City came to the attention of Indian relic collectors, antique hunters and scientists upon discovery that the surrounding country abounded in a vast wealth of prehistoric objects of great value. Many of the relics were of a strange variety and unknown to science.

From time of discovery until Uncle Sam took a hand there was a steady flow of rare pottery, objects of age old Indian art and decorations, into hands of collectors, according to United States District Attorney Thomas J. Sparks of Louisville.

Certain relic collectors and experts began to lose faith in their purchases and their source and complained to the government. An investigation started.

Agents of the government uncovered Indian relics in the hills of Clinton county until they came upon a strange work shop—then when attention was directed at Guffey, Bell and Jones.

The work shop was crude with but an old Ford car as chief implement and power plant. It, however, turned out wares so genuine in appearance that, just as federal agents say, they found places among the best and most authentic collections, with approval of many eminent gentlemen of science.

Guffey, Bell and Jones have been cited to come down to the city from their mountain workshop on charges of using the mails to defraud and to tell just what they can do with an old Ford car and a few Kentucky mountain limestone rocks.

Death Proves Mystery. Peoria, Ill.—Murder warrants against two men and their wives were ordered issued following the coroner's inquest into the death of Clarence Hoppe, one of 15 persons who died in the Peoria district during the last three days, supposedly from poisoned liquor.

May Become Ruler of Britain



Against his will, the Prince of Wales will probably be created regent within the next month, as it becomes increasingly apparent that his father, King George V, will never recover his health sufficiently to resume his duties as ruler of the British Empire. Impending events, including the dissolution of Parliament, formation of a new government after elections, and the usual address from the throne on the opening of the new Parliament, make such a step virtually imperative.



By DOROTHY HERZOG

(Copyright 1929 Premier Syndicate) Hollywood—The hebbie jeebie season is sure here. With the balm comes that hoop-de-la-ya to go places and knock off work—or what one calls work. Any rich rilashun hidin' out?

Richard Dix and his mother slipped into town so quietly that very few souls knew or know they're here. Understand Richard intends to stay another ten days ere chugging back New Yorkwards to resume box office emoting.

Laura, Laura!

Laura Hope Crewes, divorcee of Broadway and the legit, has decided to reside in Hollywood for moons to rise. She came originally to teach Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland English as she is dictioned. She has now leased the Frank Tuttle home on Beachwood Drive and purchased herself a Ford coupe, incidentally her first automobile. She had no use for a gasoline steed in Manhattan, where taxis are more reasonable and quicker. Having taken a lesson or two in driving the Ford, Laura ventured forth by herself. Much to her distress the darn car stopped dead in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard.

The man in the machine behind her yelled: "I'll give you a push." He did, and careened around and ahead of her. Laura's coupe meandered three feet and stopped again. Another driver obligingly gave it a push. Once more it stopped. This could have gone on far into the night, but luck favored the intruder, if worried, Miss Crewes, and in due pushes she coasted down a convenient hill into a gas station. "Want some gas?" asked the attendant.

"I don't know," mourned Miss Crewes, and promptly narrated her misfortune.

The attendant investigated gas, oil and water tanks, shook his head at "these women folk" and remarked: "She's bone dry. That's why she won't run."

Miss Crewes sighed her relief. After all, how was she to know that a new car is delivered minus the liquid essentials?

Attagal, Camilla.

Camilla Horn is determined to learn English. She and her German maid, Helena, no longer "sprache Deutsch" to each other. Instead, they endeavor to help the other with their adopted language. The following conversation ensued "tother day."

Helena—"I go out."

Camilla—"It is cold out. You better wear your brown cape."

Helena—"Teh habe nicht. I sellid it."

Camilla (exasperated)—"Helena, Helena, you will never learn. You not sellid it. You solded it."

Miss Horn, by the bye, is not going to Africa with the "Trader Horn" troupe after all. "Pears to have been a financial impasse before contracts could be signed. Rumor screams an "un'know" will be correlated by M G M for the part.

Add Movie Vocabulary—A scarlet fever victim is colorfully described hereabouts as a "technicolor patient."

Screen Scribe: Doris Keane has arrived in Hollywood. Probably the lure of the talkies. Did you chance to see her gorgeous performance in the legit version of "Romance"? . . . Larry Reid, motion picture magazine editor, is here for a two weeks' stay . . . Gary Cooper trudging up to Lupe Velez' Laurel Canyon domicile to feed the three eagles he gave her in all seriousness. Lupe is knockin' 'em for the w. k. loop in New York, waits the Eastern murmur . . . Dorothy Appleby who talks debuts in Pathe's "Listen Baby," trailed to Palm Springs last week-end in an effort to overcome a cold. Whilst there she visited the mineral springs. There, housed in a primitive shack, bubbles a pool of hot quicksand which has cured the ills of Indians and settlers of the community for generations. Dorothy immersed herself for twenty minutes in the quicksand and came out cold-less. These springs are reckoned to be the most curative in California. Promoters have offered a king's ransom for the rights to them, but the pool is on the Indian reservation and the government refuses to grant any concessions. The baths open at sunrise and close at sundown. One brings her own towel and awaits her turn until Chief Francisco, grizzled custodian of the shack, waves her to the mystic pool. Dorothy is plum glad she found it . . . Saturday sees Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco, Laura Laplante and Bill Selter at El fly to Agua Caliente for a "fateful" week-end . . . Travis Banton's mother has arrived from New York to visit her famous son. He is fashion director for Famous Players . . . And—that's all except for . . .

STYLE REELS.

By Howard Greer, Fashion Director. Bebe Daniels greets the spring with a jaunty sports suit of printed corded silk. A skirt, pleated in front, and a finger-tip coat of the heavy silk, printed in a tapestry design of reds, blues and blacks upon a white background, accompany a blouse of white silk. The only detail upon the jumper is a scroll edging the collar of the suit material. An innovation is a stitched hat of the same material.

PLANE IS SAFER THAN CAR, CLAIM

Greensboro.—There is less danger in flying than in driving an automobile, Ed Killingman, World war pilot and Greensboro business man, declared while addressing boys of the Greensboro high school.

"In 1927," he said in further proof of his assertion of the safety of flying, "more people were killed from being kicked by mules than by riding in airplanes."

He outlined requirements for pilots and gave the boys information on various branches of aviation.

Rare Eye Disease Near Cherryville

Cherryville Eagle. Gloma, a very malignant sarcomatous growth of the supporting structure, more commonly that of the nervous system—neuroglia, has been discovered in this community. The disease is not communicable from one person to another, but does not react to any known method of treatment, therefore its prognosis is decidedly unfavorable.

Dr. Ray Burris, has had under his observation during the last several days, the case, a child four years old. He has not made known the name of the patient. The disease has been developing for a period of about ten months, and is located in the eyes of which one has already been removed. The Eagle has not been able to get a more complete history of the case and nature of the disease. However we understand that Gloma is one of the rarest of all disease, not more than a score on record in this country.

Has 47 Operations, Wants To Be Doctor

Iowa Boy Could Talk Any Woman To Death About His Numerous Operations.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., March 7.—Ralph Snodgrass, 18-year-old high school student of Cedar Rapids, could sing "Oh-h-h-h, my operation" with feeling and experience, for in the past six years he has been under the surgeon's knife 47 times and has been under anaesthetic more than 30 times.

And because he admires the surgeons at the university hospital at Iowa City who have operated on him and because he has become so familiar with hospitals and the instruments of surgery he has decided to become a doctor!

Ralph suffered from an infection of the bone due to a scratch suffered on one of his great toes on Labor day 1922. After spending eight months in bed, during which time his weight dropped from 96 to 56 pounds, he was taken to the University hospital for his first operation. He was so weak, however, that it was two weeks before sufficient resistance could be built up for the operation.

The femur bone of the left leg had decayed from the infection. To save the leg from amputation the softened portion of the bone was cut away, leaving just a thin stem. In turning the boy on the operating table, this was broken, but it was placed in splints and now nature has almost filled the gap.

The disease broke out at different times in different places—a toe, a leg, a collar bone, a rib had to be scraped when the infection appeared. The boy became so weak from such continual operating that a quart of blood had to be transfused at one time.

Some of the operations were done under local anaesthetics, but most of them were under general. Four chloroform and 25 times gas was used. He has a total of 17 separate scars, the longest of which had to be reopened a second and third time.

He recently returned to school after his last operation, performed in November.

A Man And A Mule

Yancy Builder in Alabama Times. Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule drawing a Dixie plow. The closhopper was "broadcasting."

"Bill, you are a mule, the son of a jackass, and I'm a man made in the image of God. Yet, here we work hitched together year in and year out. I often wonder if you work for me or I for you. Sometimes I think this is a partnership between a mule and a fool. For surely I work harder than you do. Plowing here we cover the same distance, but you do it on four legs and I on two. So mathematically speaking, I do twice as much work per leg as you do."

"Soon we'll be preparing for a corn crop. When the crop is harvested, I give one-third to the landlord for being kind enough to let me use this corner of God's universe. The other third goes to you, and what is left is my share. But while you consume all your third with the exception of a few cobs, I divide my third among seven children, six hens, two ducks and a banker. Bill, you are getting the best of me; it ain't fair for a mule, the son of a jackass, to rob a man, the lord of creation, of his substance. And come to think about it, you only help to cultivate the ground. After that, I cut, shock and husk it, while you look over the pasture fence and 'he-haw' at me."

"All fall and part of the winter the whole family, from granny down to baby, pick cotton to help raise money to buy you a new set of harness and pay interest on the mortgage of you, and by the way, what you care about that mortgage? It doesn't worry you any. 'Not a darn bit. You leave that to me, you ungrateful, or nery cuss."

"About the only time when I'm your better is on election day, for I can vote and you can't. But if I ever get any more out of politics than you do, I can't see where it is."

She's Safe and Sound



For twelve long days the parents of Geraldine J. Horn in Brooklyn had plenty to worry about. She disappeared from the seminary in Lancaster, Pa., where she was a student, and was thought to have met with foul play. However, Geraldine was found at the home of friends in Washington, D. C., just a runaway. (International Newsrel Photo)

Boulder Dam Will Be 805 Feet High

New Construction Will Have Seven Times The Power Of Great Niagara Falls.

Uncle Sam's biggest construction job since the Panama canal—the building of Boulder dam—has finally been authorized by congress. After a fight against selfish interests that blocked passage of this bill session after session the measure found a majority of this congress favorable to it, and it has been signed by the president.

This dam will create an immense artificial lake by stopping the waters of the Colorado river passing through Boulder canyon on the boundary line between Arizona and Nevada. The immense walls of the canyon, solid rock to a height of over 700 feet, form an ideal natural site for the dam.

When completed the dam will be 729 feet from crest to bottom of the river and 805 feet wide at the top. It will be the world's largest dam, in fact twice as high as any now in existence. It will impound 15 times as much water as the great Roosevelt dam in Arizona. Theeduuuuu will create will be more than 80 miles long and 30 miles wide in places.

During eleven months of the year the Colorado river creeps along sluggishly in its bed. But in June, when the snow begins to melt in the mountains, it becomes a roaring torrent. In that one month it is estimated the river carries out ten times as much water during the remaining eleven months, flooding lowlands and carrying enough rich silt into the Gulf of Lower California in Mexico to cover all of Connecticut and Delaware one foot deep.

All this the Boulder dam will stop. It will protect 60,000 farmers, besides several cities and villages in southern Arizona and California from being flooded out one month every year and dried out the other eleven months. The reservoir created by the dam will hold all the water coming down the river for eighteen months without going over the dam.

The water in the reservoir will be ample to irrigate 2,000,000 acres and reclaim 450,000 acres now unproductive, to which ex-service men will have first claim.

The bill provides an appropriation of \$165,000,000 to construct the dam, but all of this is to be paid back with interest within 30 years from power and water rights. The dam will develop 600,000 horse power of electricity, it is estimated, or seven times as much as Niagara Falls now produces. It will also give Los Angeles and 20 other cities a plentiful supply of pure water, another source of big revenue to help pay the cost of the dam.

Don't Crowd, Boys!

New York.—Anybody with \$6 may have two pictures hung at the annual exhibition of the society of independent artists. Some 650 plumbers, vegetarians, cubists and mere artists have sent double that number of paintings of shoes, cocktail shakers and what not to the Waldorf.

Psychic Stuff.

New York.—Lost while ghosts walked at Texas Gulman's night club, a \$10,000 diamond sunburst is missing from the gems of Mrs. Margot Colin. In the dark the spirit of Rudolph Valentine strummed the guitar and that of Arnold Rothstein evaded question as to who shot him. On the way home Mrs. Colin discovered her loss.

The Prince of Wales sells his horses, but it won't be the first time he has parted from them.—Nashville Banner.

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