

IMPRISONED SIX DAYS IN A WELL

Frightful Experience of Two Men on a Lonely Ranch in Oregon

Burns, Ore.—Six days in a well, without food and water and suffering severe injuries was the experience that befell two young men, William Carroll, aged twenty-four, and Robert Koonitz, aged thirty-two, at Carroll's home, 80 miles from Burns, Ore. On the homestead was an old well about 80 feet deep. Carroll decided to clear it out and drive the shaft still deeper and had engaged Koonitz to carry out the work. Carroll himself arranged to assist his workman, as it was necessary to do some blasting.

The work was well under way when Carroll went down the rope ladder to help Koonitz prepare a blast. He had not descended more than a dozen feet when the ropes parted. Carroll made a frantic clutch at the rope, unevenly but failed to secure any hold and fell a distance of nearly 70 feet, fracturing both legs just above the ankle.

Helpless in the bottom of the pit, unable to move and in great pain, his companion attended to the injuries as best he could, binding up Carroll's feet and legs with bandages taken from his shirt. It quickly dawned upon Koonitz that their position was a critical one, the walls of the well being almost perpendicular for a distance of 80 feet. Furthermore, the chance of rescue from a passerby was remote, for the valley was very sparsely inhabited and few people passed along the road, a half mile distant.

There was nothing to do but attempt to scale the steep wall, and without delay Koonitz started to do so. He went up about eight feet, then his feet slipped and he fell with a thud to the hard bottom.

Time after time Koonitz tried to scale the wall. He dug into the clay with his feet and made handholds in the wall above, gradually working higher and higher. But fate was against him. A mass of clay suddenly gave way when he had reached a point that meant success was in sight. He fell, and as he did, gained momentum so rapidly that he struck the bottom with terrific force.

His injuries were so severe that he was unable to get up. For two days the unfortunate men, lying side by side at the bottom of the shaft, suffered intensely from lack of water and food. They managed to sleep, despite their cramped position, but finally began to feel the effects of the damp and cold.

Another Attempt at Liberty Made desperate by their condition, Koonitz, half delirious from pain and hunger, made one more frantic attempt to reach the top. Grudgingly he dug his way, niche by niche, to within 12 feet of the pit's mouth, but could go no farther. He clung to the wall for many minutes and was just on the point of giving up and dropping to the bottom when he heard the rattle of wagon wheels on the frozen ground above. He shouted as hard as he could and Carroll, at the bottom of the well, joined in.

Ben Weaver, a teamster, stopped his horses, ran to the well and peered down. He saw Koonitz clinging desperately to the side. Without a moment's delay he had attached fresh ropes to the windlass and in a short time both men were on the surface.

Here the plucky Koonitz, despite his injuries, mounted a horse and rode eight miles to telephone for a doctor. It was found necessary to amputate both Carroll's legs just below the knee, and this was done some days later. Koonitz, however, quickly recovered and soon was able to return to work.

THOSE AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITORS SMILE AND SMILE AND SMILE

Big Crowds of Interested Spectators at Annual Show Indicate Big Season; Busy Salesmen

On the way to the auto show last evening a Telegraph reporter passed two women in deep mourning. One spoke to the other, "Are you going to the house?" "No," said the second woman, "I'm going to the auto show to forget my troubles." Whether it was trouble or merely an endeavor to forget the anxieties of war times, or whether it was the fact that every amusement place in the city was closed last night, the crowds in the big Emerson-Brantingham building, Tenth and Market streets, were larger than ever before. At least J. Clyde Myton, manager of the show, says so, and he ought to know.

Upstairs in the big display rooms, people were thronging past the various booths. In front of the booth of the Standard Auto Supplies Company a number of people were standing watching a big demonstration of Lubriko grease on an automobile engine. The sticky yellow grease covered the mechanism and resembled a confectioner's demonstration of candy-making. "Gizmo," piped one little tot, "is that the way they make butterscotch?"

Happiest Man in Town L. H. Hagerling sells the Hudson and Saxon cars. He is the happiest man at the show. The reason? He has confidence in his cars, "the best ever." One of the good features of the Hudson is the "bevel edge" body. "No rain can come inside, and no water remains on the body to rot or rust anything," is the way Hagerling begins his description of the car. "It looks like a year to choose a good truck and now we have it. Our new line is the Stewart truck," he enigmatically shows the big new Stewart truck which forms an addition to the catalog of his firm.

How many times have you seen the letter "H"? After you walk to the Hupmobile booth, you'll think of that automobile every time you see the letter hereafter. Tastefully worked on pillows and covers, in blue and white, its forms an attractive background in a cozy little restroom at the side of the new Hupmobile models. It was through the thoughtfulness of R. J. Church, manager for Harrisburg, of the Holmes Philadelphia district, that this room was provided.

New Six a Beauty The new Reo Six is a beauty, even though it is striped of its dressings. If you don't believe this, go up to the Reo display and ask George McFarland to show you the Reo chassis. He'll start the motor a-whirring and you'll see the little lights flashing up everywhere throughout the mechanism, showing every minute and large detail of the workings of the motor. The hum of the engine makes you long for a trip in this beautiful new car. That same longing has made many people ask George for an order blank and a fountain pen.

"Wrap me up a half dozen and send 'em home," joked a purchaser as he stood before a certain well-known automobile. Gentle reader can you guess the name of the masterpiece, which has been found on so many roads and byways that it has been dubbed "The Universal Car." "Universal? I should say so," said one of the jovial salesmen. "That little boat pushes her way up the Himalayas and down into the depths of the Nevada copper mines. Seriously, she's the greatest little boat that's been put on the market." Some odd millions of Ford owners back up his statement. It seems, too, as though every Ford owner in Harrisburg is inspecting the luxurious new models, and from the number of times the salesmen fill their fountain pens, there must be a big business in that neck of the woods.

When you're bewildered by the maze of details of carburetors, ignition and steamline bodies, drop around to the Atlantic Refining Company's booth, and get your bearings oiled. Oils and greases of every kind

and description with which a loving motorist might pamper his machine stand on display. "We're the patriotic folks, too," explained L. E. Rimer and T. E. Wagner, the two genial salesmen who are in charge of the booth. "We show the rest of 'em where to get off." Red, white and blue is seen everywhere. "You reporters need pencils, don't you?" asked Rimer as he looked at the Telegraph man. "Well, here go write a good word about Polarine," he continued, handing a nice, long pencil with a soft lead. (Special emphasis on the soft, because advertising pencils are usually not good.)

Can't Fill Orders L. G. Mohr was wearing a look of deep gloom when a crowd of tourists found him by the side of the Crow-Elkhart. "What's the matter," he shouted. "Man, I can't get cars fast enough to fill my orders. That's what the trouble is." He cheered up when he remembered that McAdoo is in charge of the railroads and the things are going to speed along again. "Yes, but tell me, how's the factory when they turn 'em out fast enough for me. I've got my hands full now," he continued. There's small wonder that everyone likes the new Crow-Elkhart. If the Telegraph reporter had the long greens, he'd get in the waiting line himself.

Truck buyers find the D-E truck driven from New York by Mr. Monn last week, one of the best trucks on the market. He has interesting tales to recite about his trip without an accident or a sign of any sort of trouble.

The Cleveland Caterpillar Tractor, sold by the Harrisburg Auto Company, is designed in the same manner as the British tanks. George McFarland knows all about them. He shows, in a clear, concise way, just how they are better than any other. Every cloud has a silver lining, C. C. Crispen says that while the weather is not to his liking, the prospects for a big sale of Cadillacs during the coming season, makes him very happy.

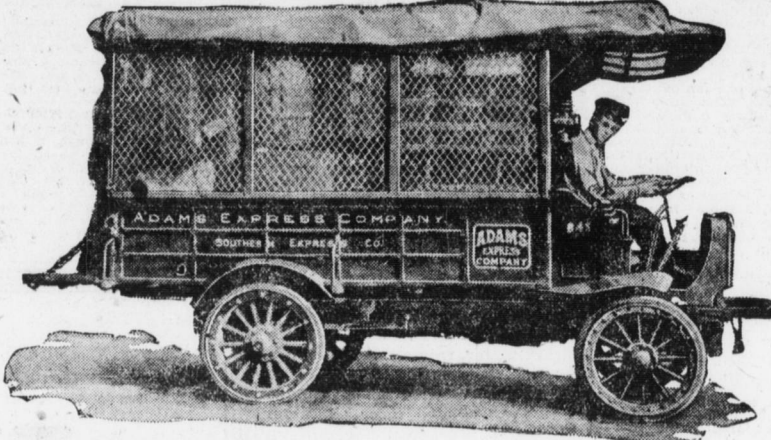
"What's the use of worryin'?" "It never was worth while," he sings with a blithe smile.

If a poet were to go up to view the new Overland, he'd call it a "symphony." It is more than a mere symphony! It is a call to the open road, to the fresh, green country; to the land of flowers, of low prices and contentment. The new Overland calls the weary city dweller back to the land and back to the country for a breath of heaven's own fresh, pure air. If Walt Whitman had seen it, he should have added a leaf to his "Leaves of Grass," telling of the Willys-Overland masterpiece. Can you blame every member of the sales force of the Overland Harrisburg Company for wearing a pleasant grin all the while? Their car literally sells itself.

"The most beautiful car in America," is saying a whole lot. If you think that trade slogan is exaggerated, just ask E. L. Cowden to show you the Paige, and you'll say with almost everyone else, that it certainly is the most beautiful car yet offered. Power and beauty combined. Irresistible? Look at the pile of signed orders, and you'll say so.

If you can withstand the temptations of listening to Updegrave's orchestra playing several tempting waltzes, you'll find H. F. Willoughby on the first floor, ready to show you the Velle. It is truly a remarkable car. But your attention is centered on the salesman. Perhaps if you become intimate he will tell you the story of his latest miraculous experience! He's had many of them, and one of them is when he crashed into a street car and a coal wagon, or something to that effect. He's a good scout, for a that, and he is willing to prove that the Velle beats them all.

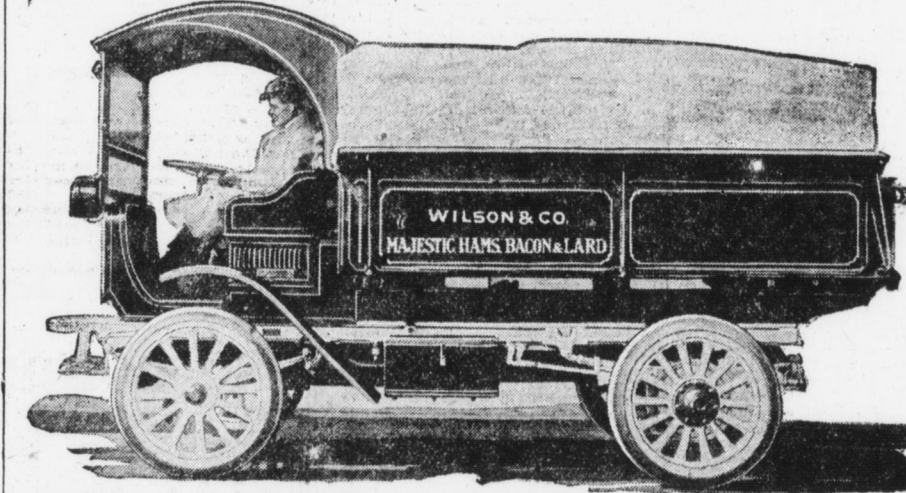
The Auto Car Motor Truck



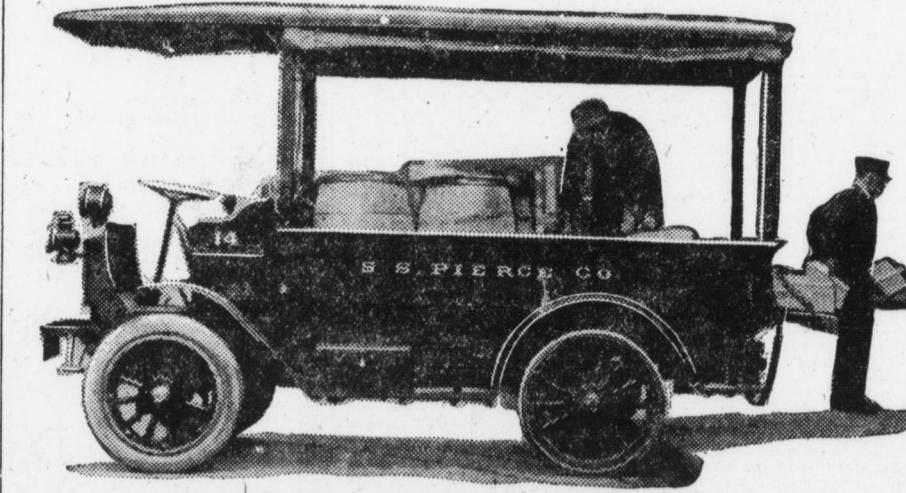
The Adams Express Company owns and operates more than 350 Autocars.



The Baldwin Locomotive Works use The Autocar for general hauling around their plants.



Wilson & Company uses a large fleet of Autocars at their different branch houses.



S. S. Pierce Company use 26 Autocars in their retail and wholesale grocery deliveries.



John Wanamaker has a fleet of 140 Autocars.

is displayed at the Automobile Show

Every day you are reading in the papers of freight congestion, embargoes — of conditions of one kind or another that are making transportation of goods the greatest business problem of the day.

The motor truck is the ready at hand answer to a large part of the transportation problem — the business house that has dependable motor trucks for delivery and general hauling has the decided advantage.

The Autocar Motor Truck is being used by more than 6,000 business houses in every line of activity for both light and heavy hauling — it is so economical to operate that it pays with light loads yet so sturdy in construction that it stands up year in and year out in the hardest kind of service.

In Harrisburg the Eureka Wagon Works stand ready to render complete after-sale service to Autocar users. We carry in stock a complete supply of Autocar parts, and our mechanics are experienced in Autocar repair work.

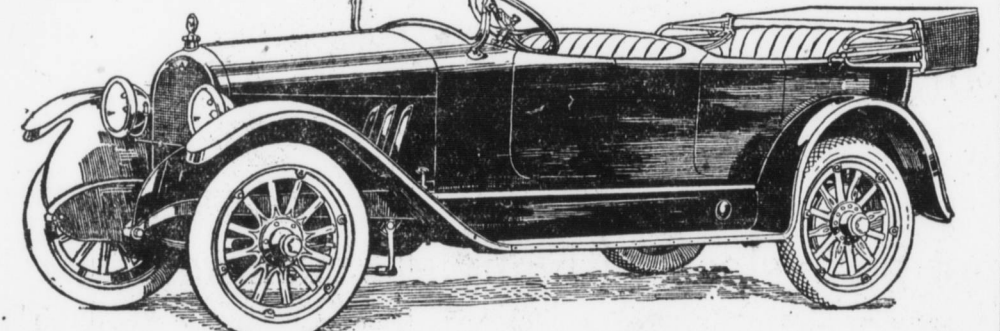
Reliable after-sale service is your only assurance of efficient and economical motor truck equipment.

The Eureka Wagon Works 616 North Street

Harrisburg Dealers For The Autocar Co. Ardmore, Pa.

Six Hundred Retail Dealers Are Using Auto Car Motor Trucks

It's Here See It At The Show



AMERICAN SIX \$1485

An "American" O. K. Chevrolet For Americans

Designed, Built and O. K.'d by Louis Chevrolet
Never Before Have 120 Points of Perfection Been Combined in One Car at a Moderate Price

A Personal Word From the Creator

HOLDS THE ROAD
"In the AMERICAN SIX we have so balanced the chassis that each wheel has within a few pounds, the same burden."
"The result is remarkable traction and practically the elimination of side sway. She holds the road."
ECONOMICAL
"The upkeep on the AMERICAN SIX is moderate because of five fundamental things:
1. 14 to 17 miles to the gallon of gas;
2. Light weight (about a thousand pounds less);
3. Weight hung close to the ground, eliminating wear and tear from road shocks;
4. A scientific distribution of weight which eliminates all "drag";
5. Standard units, made of the best materials. Built to last."
"The AMERICAN SIX is not a one-season car. It is built to give long life. Vibration, the greatest single enemy to long life, is cut down to the minimum by the small bore, long stroke motor. The car is over-powered — she will not rack herself to pieces. But you have ample power — more than enough — for all ordinary needs."

COMFORT
"In the AMERICAN SIX we absolutely give it to you. The contributing factors are: perfect distribution of weight, the low center of gravity, the self-sprung quality of the long semi-elliptic springs and the long wheel base. The cushions have the right pitch; ample leg room both front and rear, means that no matter how long the trip, passengers will never complain of cramped position."
"The AMERICAN SIX has my O. K."

Louis Chevrolet

Harrisburg American Sales Company 203 South 17th Street