



Trips A Wheel

Where to go and how to get there

OUR CYCLE ROUTE NO. 33

1897-98 Series.
Altoona to Johnstown by Way of the Horse Shoe Curve.

N. B.—Readers of last Sunday's trip to Altoona, please insert its mileage as 77 miles from Lewistown by the route therein described.

Altoona, the "Mountain City" (almost 1200 feet above sea level), might be styled "the Railroad City" with equal accuracy, owing its growth and very early development to its locomotive works and machine shops.

The way in which not a few of the natives pronounce its name recalls the original Altoona, away on the banks of the Elbe, opposite Hamburg in the old country; and incidentally it reminds me of the old-fashioned German pun that was so often trotted out in connection with it a long time ago. The flourishing trade of Altoona was in those days a great prejudice to Hamburg, and it was a favorite remark with the merchants of the latter city that its name was not "Altoona," but (Ach Himmel) "All-zunah" ("all too near"). It was Danluth, then; it is Prussian now, and a very humble sister of Hamburg at that.

Our own Altoona was very small at that period. It was laid out exactly 48 years ago, grew into a borough in 1854 with 2000 inhabitants, became a city in 1888, and had over 30,000 inhabitants at the last census.

EN ROUTE AGAIN.

Tourists who, for any reason of their own, do not care to journey to the other side of the Allegheny Mountains in the manner hereinafter described via the Horseshoe Curve, may go on Eleventh avenue to Sixteenth turn R. and into the Day Gap road, and across the mountain at said gap, and turn L. about 2 m. past the Buck Horn Tavern, when they have a straight road to Gallitzin (see dotted line on map).

For us the wild beauties of those gorges around and about the Horseshoe possess an irresistible fascination, and we beg leave to travel this route once more.

EN ROUTE AGAIN.

We ride out of Altoona via Eleventh avenue to Broad street; the latter may remind us of our own Broad street, in so far as it is asphalted throughout, but the resemblance does not go much farther.

Over that little bridge we go, at the end of the trolley track, and up that short hill.

Two and a half miles from the centre of the town, where a number of hotels cluster about the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, take care to turn to

If you come with us you will soon be walking along that track; that is the outer edge of the curve. Won't you take a kodak memento of this, right here between these two farms?

In a couple of minutes we reach a large reservoir, and from the vicinity of its cupola you have a full view of the inside of the horseshoe, right in front of the floral representation of a horseshoe that you may see in the very background of this lovely picture, just below the level of the railroad track.

This up-to-date reservoir will surely detract from the wild picturesqueness of the surrounding panorama, in the eyes of many; its usefulness, however, will hardly be contested by the inhabitants of Altoona, who suffered so long from water famines.

We skirt one side of it and presently our good driveway comes to an abrupt end. Do you see that unspeakable track winding its way beneath yonder stone bridge? That is the continuation of our present road towards Gallitzin, over that forest-clad ridge; its horrors are known only to lumbermen; as to ordinary vehicular traffic, nobody seems to be old enough to remember seeing any on it.

Let's take this narrow path on R and carry our wheels up the railroad embankment up to a neat little station hidden from view by the trees over our head; it is Kittanning Point; there, 6½ m. from Altoona, two alternatives are open to us; taking the train and enjoying such glimpses of the scenery as the company's schedule will permit us, or journeying alternately afoot and a wheel around the mountain's head and gazing leisurely on the beautiful landscape as we go.

In my mind, a walk, pure and simple, would be worth undertaking, even though the wagon road were cyclable. As to wheeling it, any man boasting of having ridden the whole distance from Kittanning Point to Gallitzin, via Allegripus, should be set down as a lunatic, if nothing worse. In many places riding a bicycle or any other vehicle occupying the same space in a straight line is an absolute impossibility; in others the slightest dismount, a temporary blur before your eyes, the draft of a passing train, might hurl you and your wheel down a precipice which would prove the terminus of all your trips on this planet.

Allegripus Station (what a big name for a little thing!) is just ten miles from our start in Altoona; and Bennington Furnace is about a mile farther; call it five miles of intermittent walking and riding from Kittanning Point, the surviving half of mile of easy riding brings you to Summer Hill (30½ m.).

THROUGH TUNNEL HILL OR OVER IT?

When you reach Bennington Station you may ask what has become of our road, and no wonder, for it takes so steep and so sudden a dip on the off side of the track that you may not be able to see it. The fact is, as you may observe, the railroad track is the favorite road for pedestrians here, and if you inquire your way a wheel to Gallitzin from any bystander his first suggestion will be, "Follow the railroad."

If you do, be careful; there are two tunnels ahead; to attempt using the right-hand one would be nothing short of suicidal; through the left one, if you are lucky, the light of day can be seen from one end to the other, and it

upon; still the roads are F or G as you may see; the country is mountainous that goes without saying; indeed Cambria has been designated the "mountain county," occupying as it does the table land between Allegheny Mountain and Laurel Hill.

Two miles ahead, at the cemetery L, do gaze at that panorama R.

FOR INVALIDS AND OTHERS.

The next crossing is Summit; it deserves its name, you may think. Crescen, with its mineral springs, its pure air and lovely scenery, is close by; Ebensburg, the county seat (named after the old son of Rev. Rees Lloyd, who laid it out about sixty-seven years ago) is 9 miles away R on another high ridge of the Allegheny; Hollidaysburg, in Blair county, is 10 miles L.

Down grades we now go to Lilly (Lilly's or Lilly), which used to be at the foot of Plane No. 4 on the old Portage.

The road to and through Lilly is very rough this year; the weather is the cause of it, I am told. Outside the village, a brand-new road takes us away from the old level one over a steep hill and down again to Cassandria (22 m.).

CASSANDRIA, PORTAGE, WILMORE. Among many other things in mythology, I could never make out how it was that because baby Cassandra and her twin brother Helenos had their ears licked by snakes one fine day while lying in their cradle, therefore, they were able afterwards to understand the language of birds.

Now, why this tiny place was named Cassandria is another source of wonderment to me. Its only connection with Southern Europe that I can find is the fact that Hungarians and long knives thrive and multiply here as though in their native element.

This, after all, is a matter of little moment on our present errand.

After passing Cassandria R. station, opposite Lead Horse, we turn L, pass by Bone Creek R. R. station (very rough and stony) and through Jamestown hamlet and down still to Portage at the foot of Plane No. 2 in the olden days. (25 m.) We leave the village on our L, unless we have business at either of the hotels there, and a very fair, level road takes us to Wilmore (27 m.).

Should you be tired climbing hills, take the narrow path by the side of that railroad track, L 2 miles out of Wilmore; if not, be prepared to get up, and immediately down again, one of the steepest and wretchedest bumps on our course.

From its foot on the other side (which you can reach along the R. R. track) a half mile of easy riding brings you to Summer Hill (30½ m.).

A LUMBERING SECTION.

Wilmore and Summer Hill have long been noted among the lumbering localities of this county. Did you observe the quantity of hard and soft lumber of all kinds that we have met? We may consider this a rough guide to do business even at this date; but it's only when the white frosts glaze the valleys, the cold congeals the flood, when the swollen streams are frozen and the that the hardy Cambrians "range the wild woods o'er, as a-lumbering they go." Then (in the quaint words placed on their lips by the poet)

When winter's snows are melted, and the ice bound streams are free, we'll run our raft to market, then haste our friends to see; How kindly true hearts welcome us, and wives and children

mountain on our L to South Fork, a busy mining village (52½ m.).

Here, again, despite the advice of a bystander to keep to the railroad track, we turn from it at the station and face a long, straggling rise; fortunately the surface is easy riding.

Bad memories of eight years ago crowd on our minds as we gaze at the now dried up ravine beneath us, and draw near to the site of the lake, the bursting of whose dam was the cause of the Johnstown disaster.

The wide expanse you notice on R, two miles from South Fork Station, is still known as "the lake." We cross it over this bridge on R, and now for a stupendous climb, most of which you will have to do afoot, not because the road is bad, but on account of the steepness.

I never could find out any distinctive name for this hill, but if you just mention "the big hill on the Frankstown road" any resident in this section he will at once know what you mean.

Half a mile up from the bridge a signpost informs us that that precipitous turn L goes to "Elton 5 m.," and for a full mile from this spot the cry is still upfairs; nor do we cease ascending till we pass that white wooden church (30½ m.).

Beware of that bifurcation ¼ m. beyond the church; the R fork goes to East Conemaugh; turn L for Johnstown.

of to the projecting ribs than shown in Figures 3 and 4.

"Heretofore pulleys have been mostly used in connection with leather and other friction belts. In such cases the pulleys have been made with flat or slightly rounded faces. When used for conveying positive motion the projections have been inserted or cast in shape with the pulley. By this method of manufacture it is very difficult, if not impossible, to produce a pulley having a series of projections on its face which are absolutely uniform in configuration and of a uniform distance from each other, and it is certainly impossible to produce a series of such pulleys by that method.

"In order that metallic belting may become a success it is necessary that pulleys should be made with projections of a standard size and form in proportion with the openings in a standard belt, in order that they may properly bear upon each other, and that the belts of that standard may be interchangeable with any pulley of that standard.

"The object of this improvement is the production of pulleys for transmitting power by means of metallic belts having a series of projecting ribs of uniform conformation and of uniform distance from each other, in order that the belts and pulleys of any standard may be interchangeable.

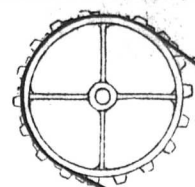


FIG. 5

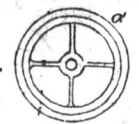


FIG. 2

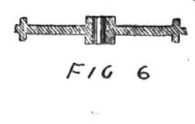


FIG. 7

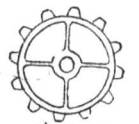


FIG. 3

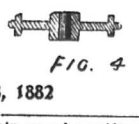


FIG. 4

A SPROCKET PATENT—Oct. 3, 1882

A change for the worse occurs here; and the riding of this next stony incline needs your utmost care. Imagine breaking your wheel in such a spot as this! The nearest railroad station? For miles around you can see nothing but forest-clad gorges, suggestive of nothing so little as of steam power civilization; still, you would find the latter with a couple of miles. Truly, this is a great and resourceful country.

I once labored up this next hill one very warm afternoon, wondering how I could assuage certain internal cravings and coffee utmost care. I had passed by a couple of roadside houses at midday without halting at either, because one looked very dusty and the other was black with smoke; and now, to put it plain, I was positively hungry.

See this neat little farm house off the road on L (it is located in my notebook as 4½ m. from South Fork)? You should have seen the meal of cabbage an apple pie and at a hundred feet.

It then took me very little time to get over this other little rise ahead and run down to the cross-road (40 m.), where the R turn goes to Conemaugh and

and that the strain may be uniformly distributed; and that others skilled in the art may be enabled to use my improvement, will now describe my method of manufacture.

"In the manufacture of my improved pulleys they are cast of any shape of arms and hub desired, and having a continuous central rib, α , on their face, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2. The pulley is then bored, as at B, the face and rib α turned. The pulley is then placed on a gear slotting or milling machine, the rib α is cut away at regular intervals, giving a series of projections, β , which are left on the face of the pulley, and the pulley is finished in the form shown in Figs. 3 and 4 or 3 and 7, when it is ready for use.

"When it is desired, these pulleys may be attached to the shafts by keys or screws, or they may be provided with clutches or combined with an arrangement so as to be used as friction-pulleys.

"In the construction of pulleys by my method I am enabled to secure a solid rib and make every projection of a uniform height, thickness, and shape, and by slotting or milling the

Around the World

Up to this time the st have had to content the usual travel literature the globe.

The Same Picture

AND

MR. JO

Beginning To-Morrow Inquirer

SWIT

Ice-sheeted mountains zig our way, and from their rivers that are the wonder Mr. Stoddard very considerable dangers, but he tells enough Alps to show the perils of picturesque villages that cling avalanches, there are the

Nature,

Vie with each other in beautiful pictures

We stand in Chillon's chained, we pause amid Gibbon, and Byron, and when we realize what this

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