



Left—A wooded island appearing far below the trail. Right—Multnomah Falls

Columbia River Highway

By Frank Richardson Pierce

THE Columbia River Highway is some two hundred miles from Seattle, but a little thing like two hundred miles doesn't worry the Indian Flying Squadron—Fred Mercer's organization of crack riders who think of the beauties to be enjoyed first, and the distance second.

Portland is the starting point for one of the most wonderful drives in the world, and when we say "World," we are not taking in any too much territory. Our own United States in general, and the Northwest in particular, doesn't have to take a back seat for the best that Europe can dig up, and we are betting right now that some two million sturdy-legged doughboys will say "Amen!" to that statement.

Portland itself is a jewel of a city, set on the bank of a beautiful river, with a forest of unrivaled beauty surrounding it. Yes, it rains in Portland! Ye Gods! When it comes to getting in and turning on the floodgates Portland goes to the head of the class. A passing shower lasts from three to five days. A rain lasts two weeks and sometimes two months, while a storm causes serious traffic congestion, due to the fact that tug boats and ocean-going steamers sail along the main streets with street cars and automobiles, but—

WHEN the clouds are pushed back beyond the snow-capped peaks, or over the edge of the distant Pacific, and when the sun smiles down from the bluest of skies upon the greatest of forests, then the Portlander will take the north, Mt. St. Helens, but 63 miles

visitor to a point of vantage, and with outstretched arm sweep the points of the compass and exclaim: "There, doesn't that pay for months of steady rain?"

Believe me, it does! East, 50 miles as the crow (its airplane now, isn't it?) flies, towers Mt. Hood, 11,225 feet, and Portland is practically at sea level. To away, rears its white peak 9,739 feet. Now swing to the northeast and see Mt. Adams, 80 miles away, and 12,184 feet high. Mt. Jefferson is 72 miles south-east, and rises 10,567 feet.

And then lastly, 100 miles east of north, with its hoary head bathed in the morning light, is the grand dad of them all, Mt. Rainier, surrounded by foot hills that are mountains in themselves—its 14,528 feet of rugged grandeur is an inspiring sight.

AMID such a scene the Flying Squadron left Portland's motorcycle row one morning recently and headed for the Columbia River Highway, with its ever changing scenery, its hard surface road that has been pushed through a bit of Paradise without marring the scenery; its twelve waterfalls, each of which drops twice the distance of Niagara, and in some instances many times that height; and its wonderful blending of the charm of forest and stream, with the handiwork of man's greatest engineers.

With nature striking such a happy chord, with motors running perfectly—and silently—it is little wonder the riders found themselves in high spirits (in spite of a 200-mile ride the previous day) as they rolled over Portland's streets.

Once we had crossed the Willamette

River over the great Broadway bridge, we soon found ourselves in Portland's "East Side" with its pretty bungalows and palatial homes. There were miles of them, and it was not until we had covered several miles on the Sandy Boulevard that small farms replaced bungalows and modern homes. Later the farms became larger, with many a fine herd of cattle here and there.

Japanese truck gardeners were at work in the fields and along the road. All of them seemed to be hard at it, and the proof of their toil was the fine appearance of the field.

As we neared Troutdale a huge open book announced that a page of the history of the United States was before us. We paused and read the story of Troutdale, and on the opposite pages read something we already knew—"United States Tires are Good Tires." These signs, which are common in California, are beginning to appear in the northwest and in addition to being a clever advertisement, are also instructive.

We crossed the Sandy River a short distance beyond Troutdale. Several fine bridges cross this stream at different points, and we followed it for some distance along a fine road, cut in the bank. Here and there natural forests still remain, while in other places prosperous looking farms stretch over the rolling hills that, not so many years ago, were covered by virgin forests. The speed limit was not even approached here, there was too much beauty to be enjoyed to even think of hurrying. This we found to be true the entire day, and instead of arriving at home around four-thirty as we intended, it was nearly eight o'clock. It was not because we stopped



Viewing the mighty Columbia and the distant Washington shore from the Oregon side



The guard rail serves as a reserved seat while viewing trees from above



Observatory at Crown Point

long in one place, because we did not, but rather, because each spot was so charming that we found ourselves reluctant to leave, and so we loafed the hours away on this day of days.

It was still early morning when we caught our first glimpse of the Columbia. A fringe of trees hid the surprise that was awaiting us, then, when we were wholly unprepared, a break occurred and there, far, far below a panorama of wooded and pasture shore line, a stretch of water, and the distant Washington shore unfolded itself. We stopped so suddenly that Steinhart, who was bringing up the rear, almost bumped into one of the machines, and in an effort to dodge, skirted dangerously near the bank. It was Cline who proved to be a life-saver, grabbing Mrs. Steinhart so firmly that he lady was not only jerked unceremoniously from the tandem seat, but landed with a bang in the middle of the road. Everybody laughed at the incident, and turned their attention to kodaks and the scene below.

With the first surprise now a pleasant memory we passed on only to be greeted by another, a short distance beyond. It was one of the many rocks, of which Rooster Rock is one, that rises abruptly from the river. Sometimes the rocks are connected with the shore with a bit of pasture land, again they are small islands, and sometimes large islands of many acres extent. All are alike, with sheer walls, green with moss and topped by a growth of substantial trees at an elevation. Deep, swirling pools skirt the island, and from the surface a perfect reflection of the surrounding scene is cast.

It is only by comparing the large farm house, nestling at the foot of the rock, with the surrounding landscape that one realizes the vastness of it all. The house appears to be a doll's house, the railroad and the wagon road merge from narrow threads into nothingness in the distance. Looking down from the height of hundreds of feet, we caught the perspective of the aviator, with none of the hazards.

A winding road, cut through walls of solid rock with a heavy masonry guard, led gently to what is called the crowning feature—if any particular feature stands above the other on this remarkable highway—Crown Point.

Words fail even the most descriptive genius at this point. Words were few, but expressions eloquent, as we looked from a height of nearly one thousand feet into the valley and river below. We could follow the windings of the river and the perpendicular shores of two states for a distance, it is said, of thirty-five miles each way. Islands and peninsulas, green with luxurious pastures and forests of considerable size, dotted the glassy surface of the river. The bare sand bars, here and there seemed to ac-

centuate the beauty of the picture. River steamers, plowing along in the distance, blended as though placed there with an artist's brush.

A heavy masonry guard rail breast high skirts the very edge of Crown Point, while a few feet above a stone observatory and rest room has been constructed.

FROM Crown Point we began a descent through heavy timber that at times curtailed the view of the river with a green, living embankment. At each bad turn, numerous warning to sound the horn and decrease the speed reminded the riders that there was no excuse for speeding, even if one was foolish enough to attempt it. We rolled down a figure eight at ten and fifteen miles an hour, and then straightened out on a long stretch some time later, going over rolling country, but always keeping close to the bank.

High above us, and from the dense green above, shot small streams of snow-water fresh from distant peaks. So great was the fall in some instances that the water was a fine spray when it reached the rocks below. It reformed into drops on the face of the wall, and trickled down in numerous small streams, where it formed one big stream, and hurried on its way to the Columbia.

Deep ravines were bridged by picturesque concrete structures, and many of them made glimpses of the river possible.

In time we reached The Gorge—a break in the almost continuous mountain wall—through which a small creek flows. A concrete bridge doesn't in any way detract from the natural beauty, while the music of water rushing over a rocky bed lends a bit of harmony.

A part of the Gorge is a tunnel, which pierces solid rock for a distance of several yards. Single file was the order, passing through this interesting bit of highway, as traffic is always frequent at this point.

In the miles that followed we caught views that made the river seem like a lake, miles in width, with mountains in the back ground. An instant later we would be rolling through the portals of some rocky gate that often towered as high as several hundred feet. Such places generally broadened out to considerable extent on either side, so that one might stop, without blocking traffic, and drink in the scenery to his heart's content.

We loafed at falls, and we loafed along the edge of the highway, using the guard rail as a seat, while looking off the ragged edge of nothing onto the tree tops below us.

When we rolled into Multnomah Falls we knew at once that this would be a fine place to stop and think awhile about the wonders of nature, meanwhile re-



A vista made possible by a concrete bridge and deep ravine



The tunnel pierces a wall of solid rock



A bit of vista from the Highway

refreshing the body. There is a refreshment place where one may obtain, at a fairly reasonable price, most anything in the way of "cats."

The Falls make a drop of hundreds of feet and then pausing a moment for the spray to gather, it makes a second drop. A concrete bridge, constructed between two convenient rocks, enables the tourist to make many a "close up" of Multnomah, for here one finds himself before a solid wall of rock, green with the moss of ages, but lined with white streams of spray. Yes, it is an inspiring scene, one that is beyond the possibilities of the ordinary kodak to depict, and one that must be seen to be appreciated.

Many a tourist quits at Multnomah, but if ever you are so fortunate as to visit Columbia River Highway—and you will if you ever stop at Portland—go on to the Hood River county line. We hated to leave Multnomah, but we also hated to miss what we knew must be

beyond, so once more we rolled along one of the finest pavements man ever laid, and investigated interesting things. There, for instance, is a fish wheel, operated by the flow of the river, and which scoops up such unfortunate salmon as may come its way. The salmon are later sent about the country in cans, and for all we know the salmon you eat as you are reading this story are the selfsame salmon the Flying Squadron saw scooped up on one of our many days of days.

To the Easterner the sawmill would be of interest. We passed it by and would not even have noticed it but for the bit of sawdust that found its way into our eye.

Certainly the fish hatchery, where fish in all stages from the egg to six inches in length was of interest. Then, too, the scenery along the way varies slightly from what we had just been through;

the road in some places is far enough away from the cliffs for one to get a good view without lying on the back, and though a mile or two beyond the cliffs come close enough so that Horsetail Falls is within a few feet of the road.

Cobblestone bridges then make their appearance along this section of the highway, and one of them is a huge affair, crossing the river with a single span, delighting the heart of any engineer. Picnic spots abound everywhere, so that a city of hundreds of thousands could picnic along the way, and the highway would not seem crowded.

On the return trip we found it impossible not to stop at Multnomah Falls, Crown Point and other points of exceptional interest. Thus it was we whiled the day away and when we once more rolled into the suburbs of Portland the sun was sinking in the west—a riot of gold.

Big Mid-Summer Events Being Planned For Marion, Indiana

MARION, IND.—Gangway! gangway! The biggest event of the year is at last on its way to completion and one grand big success, therefore spread out and give it a little room, for, brother, it is going to be **SOME** event.

Yep, it's all cut and dried and ready for serving now, the big International World's Championship Road Race, at Marion, on the five-mile speedway road course, August 14, 1919, under the sanction and entire approval of the Motorcycle and Allied Trades Association, and promoted by the Grant County Speedway Association.

Business men of Marion are up and hustling with the plans and organization to promote this race. It being the first affair of its kind ever held in this part of the country, they are more or less handicapped by their inexperience. This, however, is being overcome by the enthusiasm shown and good results are being obtained.

A stock company under the name, Grant County Speedway Association, is being organized and shares of stock sold at \$10 per share. This organization will engineer and conduct the race, in the main part, but the actual promoting of the race, the work of putting the race across, will be meted out to some nationally known promoter.

There have been several men mentioned as possible promoters for this

event, but favor turns to Will F. Sturm of Indianapolis, Ind., being known locally and being spoken for generally by big men of the motorcycle game. Mr. Sturm has promoted several big events in Indianapolis in former years and is a promoter of national repute, and if given the job for the International event will, without a doubt, make it a huge success.

The course itself is hard to beat for a road course, being level as a table and straight as an arrow on the stretches, all four of them in great shape at present normal road conditions, so that by the time of the race, with a good deal of proposed work having been done on them, they will be in A-1 condition for a record-breaking race. The turns, although square, are wide and roomy and professional men, such as will ride this race, could in the present condition of the turns, take them at 35 miles an hour. This will be a valuable asset to the speed of the race. These turns will be banked from two to three feet and broadened some twenty feet, thus enabling the speed men to maintain a steady speed on all parts of the course.

A grandstand will be erected on the east stretch midway of the two-mile straightaway and a general view of the

whole course will be available from this point.

Interest is running high in Indiana and the central west in the race, and with the same interest continuing and growing during the next six weeks, the first annual International Race will be the greatest motorcycle pilgrimage the world has ever seen.

The Harley-Davidson team has been entered for the 200-mile International Road Championship to be held at Marion, Ind., Thursday, August 14. This team is the first team to be entered and is composed of the following riders:

No. 1—Ralph Hepburn, Los Angeles, Calif.

No. 2—Leslie Parkhurst, Milwaukee, Wis.

No. 3—Ray Weishaar, Bridgeport, Conn.

No. 4—Albert Burns, San Francisco, Calif.

No. 5—Maldwyn Jones, Lebanon, Ohio.

You will note that the first four riders were the first four men to finish in the 200-mile National Championship race at Ascot Park, Los Angeles, June 22. The 5th man, Maldwyn Jones, is too well known in motorcycle circles to need any introduction. He has been riding a Harley-Davidson for two or three years and has a record of finishing first in 47 races out of 51 in which he started, which is a record unequalled in motorcycle history.

