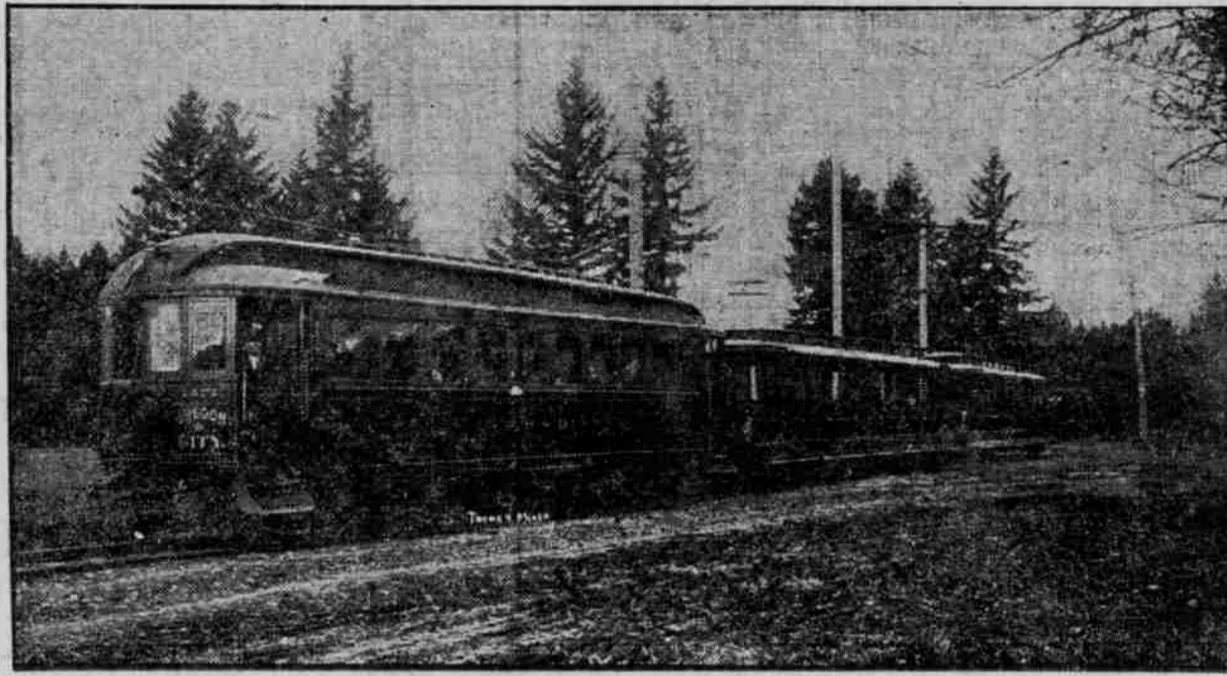


Portland Railway Light and Power Co.

GENERAL OFFICES: N. E. CORNER FIRST AND ALDER STREETS
Telephone Main 6688

OPERATES OVER
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Furnishes Transportation to All Parts of City and Following Points of Interest:

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- Golf Links Gladstone Gresham
- Milwaukie Oregon City Boring
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- Estacada and Cazadero

"The Oaks" = Portland's Modern Amusement Park

The Mecca of Many Thousands From Near and Far in the Good Old Summertime—High-Class Music a Factor in Its Popularity—Varied Attractions Are Wholesome and Clean—Park Will Be Greater Than Ever in 1907.

Portland's well-known, delightful recreation resort, "The Oaks," will in 1907 enter upon the third year of its pleasure-giving existence. "The Oaks" has been most aptly subtitled the "Coney Island of the Far West." Most appropriately was it named, and far and wide has its popular reputation been carried since its inception in 1905. Not only has its exceptional scenic beauties spread broadcast the name and fame of the parent city, but it is far and away the largest 10-cent amusement park resort on the Pacific Coast, and there is nothing to compare with it west of the Mississippi. No other city of like population in the country supports an institution representing such heavy investment as the 20-acre park, resting on the great oak-shaded banks of the Willamette River, within 15 minutes of the heart of the business district of the Rose City. The last days of the aboriginal tribal days rang with peony true of the beauties of this tyroling-spot, no doubt, for Mr. Fred S. Morris, the man who spied out the delectable plot, covered with hundreds of the grandest oak trees that ever grew—and oak groves are not common in the Valley—found the evidences of possession of an extinct band of red revelers. The Oaks was then an island in the broad-sweeping river, and in late years the river was driven to the greater channel on the west side, and the island became practically a part of the mainland. Near the portal of the place where now the youths and maidens of the palaces swing through the meshes of the waltz, one of the largest of the sentinels of the island forest bears imbedded in its many-branched fork a ceremonial pole or flagstaff, under which the red man's festive celebration evidently was held.

Probably in no other community do the pleasure-seeking classes manifest keener delight in outdoor pastimes of all kinds. The changeless summer season, beginning in May and continuing until the November showers set in, is continually delightful. This is the period when the incomparable balmy atmosphere of the woods and waters is irresistible. While Portland is prodigiously endowed by nature with inviting recreation spots, round about "The Oaks" is the refrain of individuals by the thousands, and of all sorts of gatherings, from family and fraternal reunions to Sunday school picnics, women's clubs to athletic organizations. Besides this, the park is daily during the summer becoming more and more the playground for children. There is everything to amuse them and keep them comfortable and interested, while at the same time their elders may find appropriate diversion.

Cosmopolitan Entertainment.

Accordingly as the passion for cosmopolitan entertainment grows with the increasing prosperity and stability of the city, so grows "The Oaks," alertly responsive to the demand for high-class music, clean, wholesome recreation and amusement. In the dedication of "The Oaks" Park, "where Folly reigns without a plot," the tastes of a rapidly growing cosmopolitan class of people were first of all considered. It is for the special accommodation of the caprices of His Imperial Highness, the American Citizen. Not only do the local public enjoy its round of entertainment and go there to see—as well as to become for a time a part of—the rollicking crowds, but many thousands of annual tourists to the Pacific Northwest now count a visit to the resort as an indispensable part of the itinerary.

The class of people that prize most highly the facilities for enjoyment such as it is the mission of "The Oaks" to provide is composed of the well-to-do, industrious people that count that one Sunday

holiday lost unless they get out into the shade of the trees, listen to the band, take a sail or a row upon the river, or see the lights that promise or play within the radius of the flaming constellation of electric that mark the confines of the park. For those who are so fortunate as to be able to ride in automobiles or take a train for seashore resorts, or go South when the misty skies of Oregon are lowering "The Oaks" does not, it is supposed, supply a deeply felt necessity. But the people, rich or poor, want a good place to go, to be well entertained, without excessive cost. In the park the sense of the sublime and the ridiculous is gratified by a combination of Coney Island Follyville—with the vicious elements that dominate the funtown of the American metropolis eliminated—together with a World's Fair amusement venue devoid of the objectionable "Midway" characteristics. It is for all who love the life, music, color and motion that constitute the park life. When down-town becomes humdrum, and it is quick and convenient to take a refreshing streetcar ride or a launch to "The Oaks," what is more natural than that the crowds should congregate where the lights are brightest?

Good Music Constant Feature.

The Oaks has demonstrated an important fact in the amusement business which is at variance with the superficial observation that high-class music by a high-priced musical organization appeals only to that cultured class that will turn out in evening dress to fashionable recitals, paying therefor not less than one dollar per seat. Of course there is an artificiality about the display at a performance of this kind that is impressively contrasted when you observe the entire program at "The Oaks" there is not wanting either in the applause that is given as vociferously for a rendition of a classic as well as the current popular compositions. By Eastern eyes, ever critical of our Western ways, it has been noted that the patronage of the park is composed of the best element. The music concerts have been a foremost feature as well as a factor in the upbuilding of its popularity since the day it was opened by the Oregon Water Power & Railway Company. The entire property, railway and park and several of the leading speeding devices for arousing excitement and stimulating heartiness, are owned by the newly organized Portland Railway, Light & Power Company.

Upon the advent of the new year, and while yet there are several months to elapse before active work of renovation can be taken up, negotiations have been well advanced toward securing for the summer of 1907 the best talent in the amusement world—that money can command. It is well to interject that park amusement bands and special acts are secured under no small difficulties, with any regularity, owing to the long jumps on the Coast between points where there are park resorts of sufficient caliber to stand for the great expense of the really star features that make the circuits between the densely populated centers of the East. There are such difficulties as are not comprehended, perhaps, by the average patron who cheerfully contributes his 10 cents toward the support of this big enterprise. No other park on the Pacific Coast spends more money for its music or other features than the management of "The Oaks. Practically

a week is consumed in traveling from New York or Chicago to Portland. There must be a good round guarantee put up for the performers and their salaries usually are required to be paid for all their time going and coming unless prolonged engagements can be secured elsewhere on the Coast sufficiently to justify the dropping out of the circuits eastward. But notwithstanding the handicap the company goes to the limit of expense to keep abreast of the times in this respect and the management has the satisfaction of knowing that "The Oaks" is one of the most up-to-date parks in the country.

If a person is unexpectedly asked what draws the people the answer would probably nine times out of ten, be something like this: "Well, there is the Chutes—it's very funny to take a dash down the Chutes; and the Aerial Whirl makes you think you are in

where the lights are brightest and the splendors make the fun fastest and most furious, each place always has its quota of fun-seekers who, unconsciously, are as much a part of the merriment as the attraction itself. You are scarcely through the gates at the main entrance before you are greeted with the signal cry of frivolity. Here, the center of the broad esplanade, is occupied by the Shoot-the-Chutes pool. Down the 500-foot run-way come a procession of boats filled with the old, the young, the middle-aged, the hysterical, the sedate and all kinds of people giving absorbing attention to this hair-tickling dash down upon the dancing waves in all manner of characteristic humors. The warning bell rings, there is a chorus of shrieks and Comanche yells—the noise passenger on the Chutes has time but for one yell and then he can't get his breath to yell again because

"It makes the old feel young," says he, "and the young younger—coming down the line 40 miles a minute." The fever whetted by curiosity to know how it feels to be half killed, or going to be the next time, one thinks, spreads to all comers and, therefore, the first investigation of the funny city sets the circulation in the system up by about 25 points and gives everybody an equal start by shaking off their individual mantles of dignity. Ninety-nine people out of every 100 shoot the Chutes. This year in all probability the Chutes capacity will be enlarged and an incline elevator put in to carry the people up to the top.

Flying Through the Air.

Next most prominent feature, one which constitutes a striking picture, is the Aerial Giant Whirl, located on the river promenade. This gigantic machine was ingeniously devised to fur-

out over the water until all sense of terra-firma is lost, and all he is conscious of is being hurled through the air. While the device is absolutely safe and accidents are impossible, the ride tests one's nerves and is wildly exciting at the finish. The Whirl is popular and has served as the wedding journey for a newly-wedded pair. Proceeding down the 150 feet of amusement avenue, where a convention of barkers makes life strenuous, there is found Hunsions, houses of mystery, games of skill and chance, emporiums devoted to the artistic merchandising of peanuts and popcorn, candy and the other consumables of the circus. There are reminders of world's fairs in the shape of chewing-gum girls and ice-cream cone vendors.

Mystic Subterranean Journey in Mill.

The mystery that is formed by a combination of darkness, water and lights is found to the acme of perfection in the

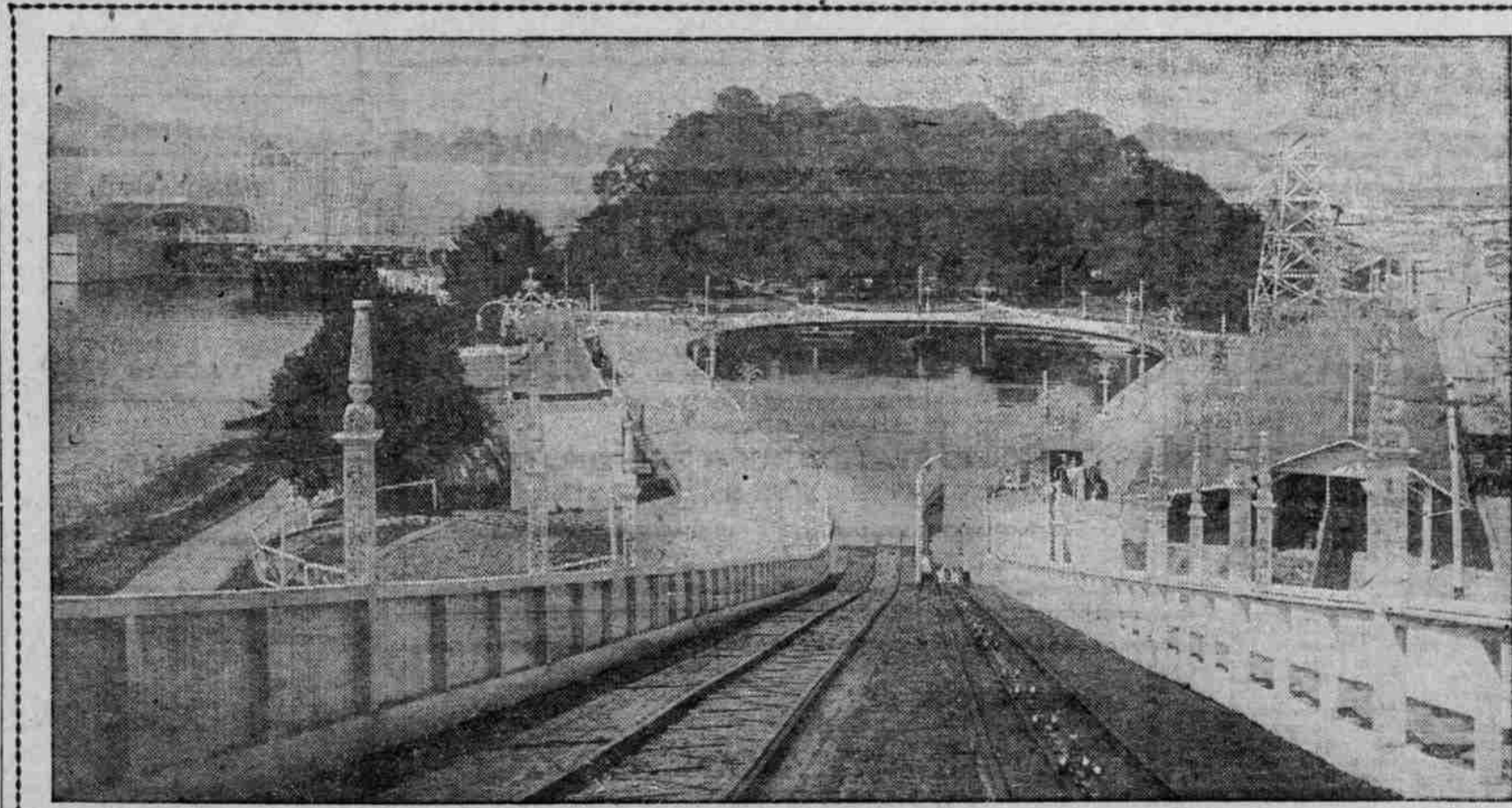
thing will not happen if they go again, because they are anxious to try it over. Shot from daylight into 100 feet of the inky blackness with almost alarming velocity, the boat follows the headstrong current until it slows in passing an entrancing pastoral scene after a famous painting of Switzerland. You look down into the valley, across at miniature mountains, and the chimes in the ancient church in the village ring out a pleasing welcome. The boat flies on through scenes typical of other lands. Here will be a bit of the North Pole—just as good as the real thing that Peary didn't see. This year the Old Mill will be changed and an imitation cataract, patterned after the Cascades, together with an outdoor effect and real mountains, like they are made in the good old Beaver State, will make the ride new and more exciting.

Mile a Minute on Figure 8.

After the laughing gallery, where is scientifically applied the philosophy of "See yourself as others may see you," and the Mystic Maze, where the children play, is another development of the mental speeding idea—the desert of the feast of racy rides—the Figure 8 roller coaster. This is the property of the Ingersoll Construction Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., specialists in amusement construction. The coaster track may look dangerous to a man on the ground, and there have been timid people who, after they had started on the trip, wished themselves there; but, once started up the incline to the summit, there is no stopping or returning excepting via the terminal. Nearly 200,000 people traveled on the Figure 8 last season, and it certainly is one of the most alluring ride devices ever patented. Both track and cars are constructed as strongly as all known calculations in the safety devices, and it is obvious that, if assurances of safety were not doubly sure, no such proposition could be in business and make a success. The first part of the journey is up a steep incline, the motive power being an electric motor. The car is propelled by a heavy chain. Every six inches there are placed safety clutches that lock behind the car as it passes, effectually preventing a runaway backward or the collision of cars anything should happen to the cable chain. This journey is completed at an elevation that gives the car a good start on the gentle slope in the track that reaches the terminal at the entrance after describing the figure 8. The actual distance traveled is about a third of a mile, and the finish is actually at the rate of a mile a minute. When 200,000 people travel on the Figure 8, it is a never-failing source of amusement for little ones and grown-ups.

Traveling Pictures.

"Hale's Tour Cars," owned by Fritz & Co., occupy a prominent part of the avenue. Two very handsomely finished Pullman fronts abut on the avenue with a depth of over 60 feet. There seems to be no diminution in the popularity of the picture tours. One of the features of its



THE OAKS, FROM CHUTES TOWER. ENTRANCE TO AVENUE ON RIGHT, GIANT WHIRL AND BATHING PAVILION ON LEFT.

one of Knabenshue's flying machines that used to buzz around over the town from the Exposition, and then there's the skating rink; I like to fly around that great, big floor to the music of the big band; the swimming pool is the finest ever, and the Figure Eight, say—don't fail to ride the Figure Eight."

This enumeration might be extended still more, according to the energy of the person and his likes or dislikes in making the rounds of the park. Everybody else has set the precedent of trying this and that and as everybody likes to go where the crowd goes,

he has arrived about as quick as he started—and then—crash!—splish!—the boat Clackamas is bounding over sea-like billows, in its tumultuous voyage affording an adequate idea of how the cataract comes down at Willamette Falls. "Watch Kelly come down the Chutes on his car!" joshes the spleler. Immediately the last visitors just ushered through the turnstiles begin to rubber and from that moment onward all thought of seriousness is dispelled. "Don't forget to shoot the Chutes," warns the spleler, as boat after boat discharges screaming humanity on to the stormy pool;

Old Mill. The bally-hoo is a genuine reproduction of a gigantic old-fashioned mill wheel in action, driving a current of water through a winding subterranean channel 100 feet in length. Where that channel goes nobody knows, and the proprietor, Lynn Welcher, will not tell. The ladies are afraid of the "dark places" in this water trip. They are dreadfully afraid the first time that something is going to happen, but after they muster up enough courage to risk it they hold onto their escorts like the grim fear of death possesses them, and after they emerge from the channel again they seem to be afraid that some-

(Continued on Page 22.)