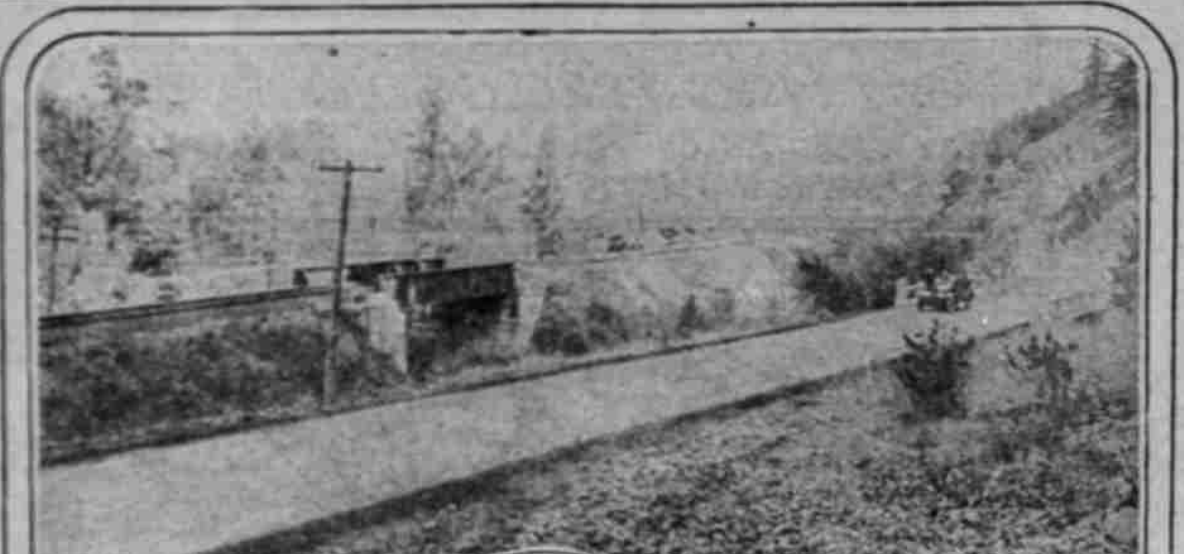
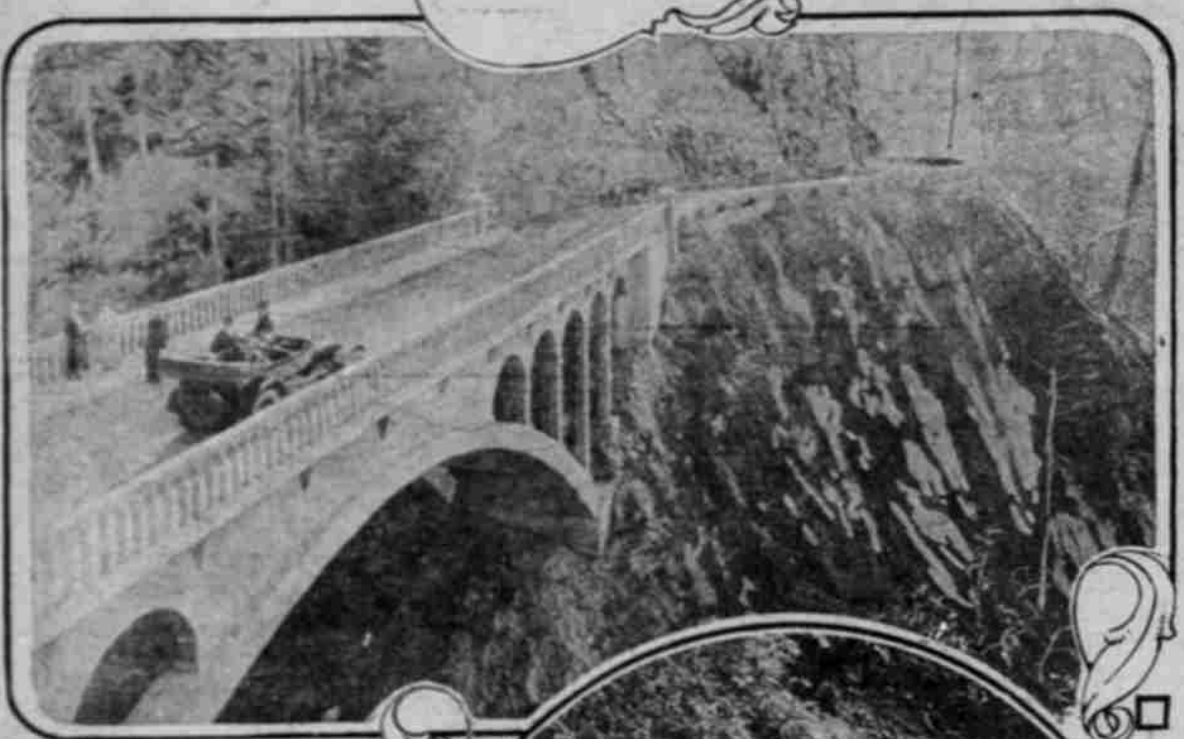


Building of Columbia River Highway Greatest Achievement of Kind in Western Hemisphere

In Laying Out the Wonderful Boulevard Care Was Taken to Conserve Natural Features. Myriads of Views of Striking Scenery Unfolded—Enterprise Great Monument to State.



Where the Highway Parallels the Railroad



An Interesting View of the Highway

By Eva Emery Dye.

ONCE upon a time a great dreamer came to the Pacific Northwest, an American who as a boy had studied in Munich in the days of Ludwig II, that Bavarian King who found Munich a medieval stronghold and converted it into a great Renaissance city. Growing up amid the construction of parks, highways and unique castles, the youth himself imbibed the Renaissance spirit. Returning to his American home he built a road out of Minneapolis that was long known as "Sam Hill's Folly." "That 'ol' hat" laughed the thoughtless. "He builds wagon roads like railroads, to last forever! It is too expensive!"

Possessed of a great civic imagination, a natural builder, Sam Hill came to Oregon. He had seen Italy, Spain and the Pyrenees. He had studied the old Roman roads and the engineering feats of Switzerland. But now, surrounded by our picturesque mountains and lighter rivers he exclaimed: "This is the land!"

Thinking about him others of like spirit he gathered pictures, colored slides of lands afar. "Look at that! What have they compared with you? Oregon and Washington, he took by storm, carrying their legislatures away to the new home he was building at Maryhill on the Columbia, pointing out roads he had built and roads that might be built."

As Casser would say, all Oregon is divided into two parts. Eastern and Western, by an almost insurmountable barrier of the Cascade range, containing 12 snow peaks averaging 10,000 feet in height, dozens not even named of 7000 feet, higher than Mount Washington, higher than any Appalachian or Alleghenian, is say nothing of lesser peaks averaging 5000 feet, all the way from the Canadian border to California. Through this range breaks the Columbia River. Down it on either bank expensive railroads had been hewed almost out of the solid rock, but not a highway for man or beast or auto. To reach Eastern Oregon by wagon one still had to climb the old Barlow Trail, high over Mount Hood's rough and rugged southern flank.

Project Suggested in 1912.

Among Sam Hill's friends was Julius L. Meier, whose father and mother were pioneer Portlanders, born in that self-same Bavaria, the art center of Germany, and to Bavaria's young Julius he traveled, bringing back indelible pictures of vast public works.

In 1912, almost at the risk of his life Julius Meier drove his automobile westward through the Coast Range of mountains to the ocean. Out of that came half a million dollars voted by Lower River counties to make a road to the beach—because he called a meeting, and Sam Hill showed his wonderful picture.

Another who came was Simon Benson, born in Norway. At 14 he had saved enough to pay his passage to America, where he worked as a logger in the woods of Wisconsin. A few evenings away his little savings, Simon Benson emigrated again to Oregon logging camps on the Lower Columbia. That was in 1874. Everything he made he put into timberlands. Today, a millionaire philanthropist, he would return to Oregon some of the wealth obtained from his forests.

The Columbia River Boulevard should be the name," said the secretary.

Out out that word boulevard," objected Julius L. Meier, president of the Columbia River Highway Association. "This is to be an industrial highway. Particular to the coast."

"Right, Julius," remarked Samuel Hill. "Call this the Columbia River Highway—set from Portland, but from Portland to the coast. A road to the beach, as the river it parallels."

For not till had Sam Hill traveled up and down the great river, by boat, by train and on foot alone those days in the past, studying basaltic bulwarks a mile high. The proposed low-lying country road, stakes already set, he would lift into a great scenic highway worthy of the state it traversed.

Shell Rock is Big Barrier.

"But you can never build a road around Shell Rock Mountain," objected



Section of Larch Mt. Trail.

timers leered when "the godfather of good roads" talked of a Columbia River Highway. "It can't be did!"

Simon Benson took a look at Shell Rock Mountain, a sturdy, shifting, disintegrating point of rock. Had he not seen roads in Norway, the home of good roads? Simon Benson handed Governor Oswald West \$12,000 to establish a convict camp of "honor men" to build a solid road around Shell Rock. By Spring it was done. But with the first ice, down fell the walls on the railroad track below.

"Here! here!" cried the O.-W. R. & N. officials. "This will never do! No road can be built above us! All your money is wasted."

"No," Simon Benson decided, "the money is not wasted. It has served a good purpose. It shows we must have intelligent engineering skill."

It so happened that once upon a time, as president of the American Road-Builders' Association, Sam Hill had taken a company of engineers to Europe to show them the lands that were building highways before America was discovered. Now one of these experts—Samuel C. Lancaster, of Tennessee—brought to Oregon.

Then Portland business men and Multnomah County officials took a trip up the Columbia to Chanticleer, near the heights where Thor, the Thunderer, whose chinook winds up from the sea. "Ah," said a certain banker, "I would favor increasing the county tax if we only had a practical business man, say like John B. Yeon, for roadmaster."

Now Yeon is a Frenchman, born in Canada, who in early boyhood crossed the border into the United States and engaged as a logger in the woods of Ohio. Saving his money, at 20 Yeon



VIEW OF WASHINGTON SIDE OF COLUMBIA RIVER FROM POINT ON LARCH MOUNTAIN TRAIL.

held aloft the aluminum mounts and fringed globes of 25 electric lamps, beacons on the mountain side, lighting Crown Point at night. Seven hundred feet high, the Oregon Giraffe has been called the supreme concept of Samuel C. Lancaster, the great engineer.

Over the river rolls. Miles the view extends, over fields and orchards and lakelike levels dotted with green islands, west and west through a break in the Coast Range into yet very gates of sunset. To the east, around a sharp turn of masonry, he held the entrance to the illibero inaccessible Columbia River Gorge.

By loop and loop and figure eight, Sam and smooth the driveway glides onto a three-arch bridge of concrete opposite the waters of Lantourel, tumbling sheer down 224 feet over a black basaltic bluff. La Tourelle, of the old French-Indian days, finds here his monument, and yet a little farther, like the exquisite carving of a sculptor's chisel, the chasm at Shepperd's Dell is spanned by a springing arch of 160 feet, through whose curving frame pictures of Oregon's purple mountains and dark forests shine like colossal paintings.

Shepperd Ideal American.

Engineer Lancaster likes the Shepperd if he would give the right of way. The owner demurred. "Do you love it?" inquired the engineer. "Love it? Sir, my wife is dead. On Sundays I take the children and come out here—to think of her and watch the waterfalls." Will you not then, for your wife's sake, give it as a memorial to her? Tears sprang to the lone man's eyes. "I'll do it," and he wrote the deed to it across.

Once the ideal American attended strictly to his own business. Today the ideal American looks to the welfare, not only of his own, but of all. But for the gorge of the Columbia Highway never could have been built. Thus George Shepperd, an ideal shepherd of the Columbia Highlands, gave Shepperd's Dell, screening in its masonry, to another cascade tumultuously rushing to the Columbia.

No wonder Lewis and Clark adventuring down the great river a hundred years ago cried "Cascades" at the continuous waterfalls tumbling from upper springs and snows, until "Cascades" became the name not only of the waterfalls, and the rapids in the gorge, but of the entire range that mothers these eternal streams.

Back of these Cascade battlements lies Mount Hood, with glaciers glittering on his shoulders, and foothills filled with purling streams that find here their nearest outlet eddying in a moment before they take the plunge below.

A mile east of Shepperd's Dell, the Bridal Veil shimmers like the Swiss lake, the Dust-brook of Switzerland, and three miles more, Mist Falls leaps like Niangua stream back of Honolulu, to be dissipated and blown into space long before reaching the waters below.

Out of Punchbowl Crater, 1300 feet deep, springs Wahkeena, full panopied like Minerva springing from the head of Jove, winged with foam and bubbles, cutting huge gorges on its way to the Columbia, a roaring cataract, tumbling, foaming, spouting icy-cold as the underground glacier in which it has its birth. Simon Benson found the cradle of Wahkeena, a natural artesian well only half a mile from the roadside. He bought it, and the land around it, and sent it to the City of Portland for a public playground forever.

Waterfalls Great Asset.

A half mile further yet, Multnomah takes her double leap, 700 feet, with a concrete arch below the falls, and a hundred feet above, a second bridge for foot and pony passengers on the trail to Larch Mountain. Eight snow peaks are visible from Larch Mountain—besides Crags, knolls and mounds confusedly buried. The fragments of an earlier world.

How can we name them all? 22 waterfalls in 25 miles, as we go skimming on and on to Bonneville, named for that Bonneville, who, long ago, driven out of his muddy, foamy, fur-traders, shook a menacing finger, "I will return." And he did, to take charge of the United States Government Barracks at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia, and at Cascade Locks across the river may be seen the jutting pier whence Indian tradition says the "Bridge of the Gods" fell in, filling the river with rocks that cost the United States Government \$4,000,000 to overcome with locks.

Beyond Cascade Locks is Mitchell's Point, the old Storm Crest of the Indians, approached by the most daring piece of masonry in the entire highway. Here, as at Crown Point, in many other places, engineers had to be hung over cliffs with ropes 150 to 200 feet long to blast footing enough to make a survey, working like mountain goats to trace a beginning. Young men did these stunts, a boy by the name of Elliott, a student of the University of Washington, located the tunnel at Mitchell's Point and directed the construction under Henry L. Bowler, the young State Engineer of Oregon, a Nebraska survey, working like any other, save in certain point, France and in the famous Axenstrasse along the shore of Lake Lucerne, in Switzerland, and that has only three windows, while Mitchell's Point has five. Fifty thousand dollars it cost to fix up the old Storm Crest castle, with parapets at the windows and seats for visitors whither.

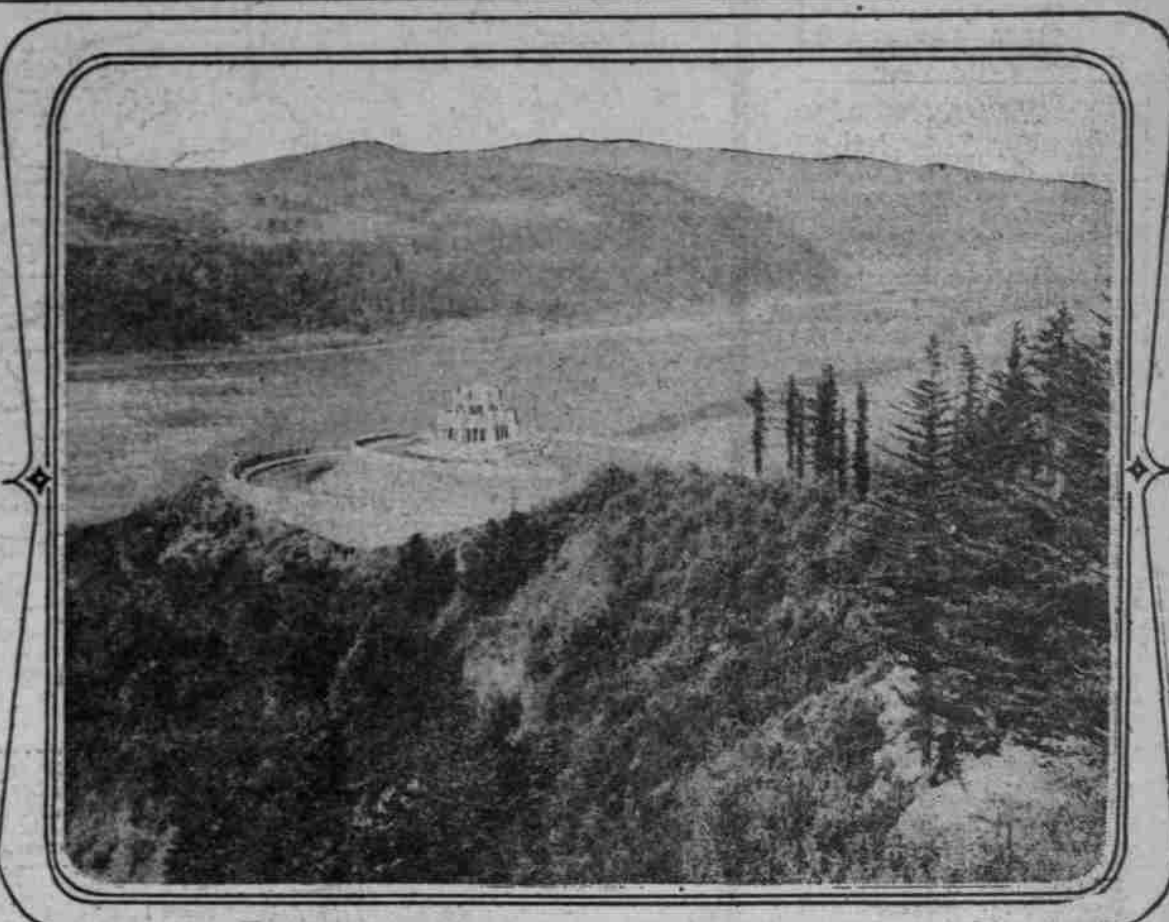
What the Axenstrasse has done to make Lake Lucerne famous, what the Columbia Highway will do to Oregon, an attraction for tourists and a joy to our own people forever.

In that little Switzerland, not larger than some of our states, there are about 4000 hotels, in which travelers spent \$100,000,000 in 1912. The Swiss government itself owns steamships and railroads and maintains offices in New York and other large cities to arrange itineraries and co-operate with the hotels, thereby attracting Americans who scatter their money abroad.

In like manner hotels are rising here amid these radio-active fountains. Already some chabals are perched in evergreen glens. Already Crown Point is to be rimmed with Dabney Cliffs, romantic as an old Rhensian castle, with balconies, terraces and chimneys to peal at sunset far over the blue Columbia. To solidify this road miles of artistic dry rock walls were built by Italians after the fashion in Italy. Thus all Europe has contributed more or less to this American masterpiece.

Association Is Organized to Construct Vista House on Crown Point as Memorial to Pioneers

Structure to Be Built of Concrete and Glass, to Be Used as Rest-House for Thousands of Tourists—It Will Provide Inspiring Views of Highway.



By W. E. Conklin.

VISTA HOUSE is to serve two splendid purposes.

It will complete the most picturesque scenic highway in the world. It is to perpetuate the heroism and red-blooded purposes of the pioneers who were stopped at the east end of the gorge of the Columbia River and were compelled to float past the barrier that only now has been opened to wheel travel.

It is to be a beautiful structure of concrete, steel, copper and glass, and a resthouse for the hundreds of thousands of tourists who will make use of the Columbia River Highway during the coming Summer. And it will occupy the highest point reached by the drive, where for 25 miles in easterly or westerly directions the traveler may drink in views of the wonderful combinations of color and of form.

The plans for Vista House call for an octagonal building, approached by a series of wide steps which completely surround the structure. Wide entrances on four sides admit visitors to an interior where comfortable seats will entertain the weary traveler.

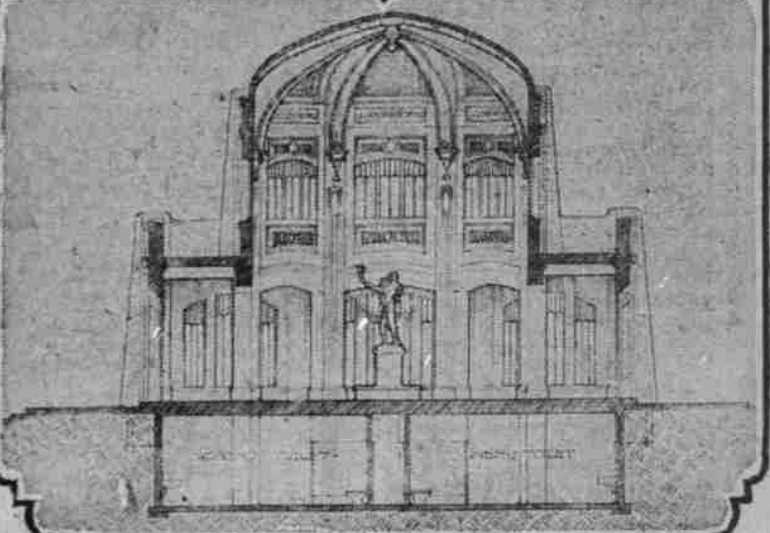
Memorial windows and wall panels will tell the story of the development of Oregon, from the days of Indian habitation to the period of history when a progressive people discovered that the most wonderful scenic district of America was lying undeveloped at their front door, and immediately appropriated \$1,250,000 to secure a glimpse of it. The tablets will provide a study in themselves, and to the stranger will relate some of the splendid incidents of the early history of Oregon.

Stairways will ascend to a mezzanine floor or gallery in the interior of the building, where comfortable seats will be installed. A tunnel will connect the basement floor with the highway on the lower side of the hill.

The total cost of Vista House is to be \$20,000, and it is proposed to raise a large proportion of the money through public subscription. The highway itself was constructed from money raised through a bond issue. Vista House will be the first opportunity the public has had to help the magnificent scheme and at the same time do something toward a lasting and perpetual remembrance of the pioneers and a splendid memorial to the greatest scenic asset of the Northwest.

The officers and original membership of Vista House Association are: H. L. Pittcock, president; W. E. Conklin, vice-president; William J. Flanagan, secretary; Adolph Wolf, treasurer; Julius L. Meier, Samuel C. Lancaster, O. M. Clark, H. C. Ainsworth, Amos S. Benson, John B. Yeon, C. C. Colt, William F. Woodward, H. R. Albee, Frank C. Riggs, George E. Hardy, Charles F. Berg, J. C. English, George L. Baker, E. E. Coover, F. E. Taylor, H. C. Campbell, C. C. Overmire, F. W. Robinson, Rufus C. Holman, Mark Woodruff, J. H. Dunne, Fred Spoor, William Whitfield, W. D. Whitcomb, N. G. Pike, Joseph P. Jaeger, R. Blaine Hallock, J. H. Joyce, George H. Hines, W. H. Barton, Ira S. Riggs, Paul Chamberlain, W. J. Hofmann, Marshall N. Dana, F. B. Norman, William C. Tunick, Aaron Frank, L. H. Alderman, D. A. Dinwiddie, J. E. Wriebe, L. A. Spangler, J. W. Brewer and Lee Arnett.

Proposed Pavilion and Comfort Station at Crown Point



Sectional View of Proposed Pavilion

more, and continue to the top of Larch Mountain.

Those who desire a short trip and who do not wish to go to the top of Larch Mountain, may start at Wahkeena Falls and climb the mountain on the foot and pony trail built by Amos Benson and S. Benson. This beautiful trail follows close to the mountain torrent all the way up to where it gushes out of the river. The water is as clear as crystal and almost as cold as ice, the flow being practically the same throughout the year.

Still higher up the trail swings around on the face of the mountain and from this point a magnificent view of the Gorge of the Columbia is had in all directions. A little further on the trail is hung on the side of the cliff and looks down into the canyon above the Falls of Multnomah. The Wahkeena trail unites with the foot coming up from Multnomah Falls and continues to the top of Larch Mountain, but those who wish to descend by way of rock ledges to Multnomah, pass down through a box canyon, where two beautiful waterfalls are situated within 100 yards of each other, in a canyon which is rugged and wild. From this point the trail follows through a narrow gorge, among beautiful trees, ferns and flowering shrubs, leading past many cataracts to where this crystal stream makes its last great leap over a sheer precipice, 607 feet above the Columbia River Highway. It is broken into a white spray, and falls into a pool, where it is gathered and pours over another vertical wall, 67 feet in height.

Larch Mountain Trail Big Asset

Pathway Leads From Columbia River Highway Up to an Elevation of 4000 Feet, Where Sweeping Views Are Obtained.

By Samuel C. Lancaster, President of the Trails Club of Oregon and Author of "The Columbia—America's Great Highway Through the Cascade Mountains to the Sea." (Copyright, 1915.)

THE LARCH MOUNTAIN TRAIL soon will be as well known as the Bright Angel Trail in the Grand Canyon or any of the other famous trails in Yosemite, Rainier and Yellowstone National Parks, because in many respects it is more wonderful, and altogether more beautiful than anything else to be found on the American continent.

Larch Mountain is 4045 feet in elevation. The trail starts from the Columbia River Highway at an elevation of only 45 feet above sea level, the mountain lifting 4000 feet in just a little more than three miles of horizontal distance.

The Columbia River Highway is being recognized by the highest authorities in world travel as the most beautiful and altogether attractive mountain road ever built. In reality, it is a boulevard through a great mountain park, where crystal waterfalls sing their never-ending songs of joy, where eagles soar and build their nests on rock ledges high up among the clouds.

Larch Mountain Inspires.

While engaged in fixing the location and directing the construction of this great highway in the gorge of the Columbia, the author was profoundly impressed by the marvelous beauty and the grandeur of the scenes which are ever changing under different lights and shadows. Looking up into the sky, toward the beetling crags and the rimrock of the mountain above, he

wondered if it would not be possible to reach some lofty point, where all of the snow-capped mountains and the fir-clad forests, might be seen, with the gleaming river stretching away toward the sea like a silver thread.

An examination showed that Larch Mountain would meet all of these requirements. Addressing the Progressive Business Men's Club early in February and illustrating the talk with pictures of the highway, the speaker said that it seemed to him that after God had lifted up the Cascade Range out of the ocean's depths and parted it like a curtain to permit the Columbia River to pass through, almost at the level of the sea, he said, "Now I am going to make a grandstand where the children of the men can come up and see all that I have done in shaping this land, and he lifted up Larch Mountain."

Henry Hyatt arose and proposed that the Progressive Business Men's Club should at once construct a trail to the top of Larch Mountain. His proposition was accepted with enthusiasm, a committee was appointed and the Forestry Service of the United States Government agreed, that afternoon, to contribute \$1000 in cash toward the construction of the trail and to build an observation tower on the top of Larch Mountain. Long before the snow had melted on the higher levels, the trail was marked and construction was started early in the Spring.

There are two ways of going, starting from the Columbia River Highway in Benson Park at either Wahkeena or Multnomah Falls. The two trails unite, at an elevation of 1200 feet or

This wonderful park can be reached by the Columbia River Highway, the G.-W. R. & N. train or by the river. This short trip can be made in from three to four hours by men, women and children, either afoot or by pony.

A trip to the top of the mountain requires an early start if it is to be made in one day, but it is well worth the effort, for while roses are blooming in Portland, it is possible to enjoy the winter sports—snow-balling, skiing and tobogganing until late in the Summer.

The Trails Club of Oregon was organized on the summit of Larch Mountain, on the completion and dedication of Larch Mountain trail. The author has been greatly honored by election to its presidency, and it is hoped to have a large membership enrolled as early as possible.

We must "Get America Ready to Be Seen," and strike while the iron is hot, for the great European war is compelling many of our Eastern brothers to "discover America."

When the war is ended they will flock like blackbirds to see the carnage that has been wrought at Louvain and other centers of art and learning. We can attract them now if we bend every effort and make their stay pleasant while they are with us. If we do this they will continue to come, and they will deposit more gold in the State of Oregon than was ever mined in California.

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—Drawing by Routledge.