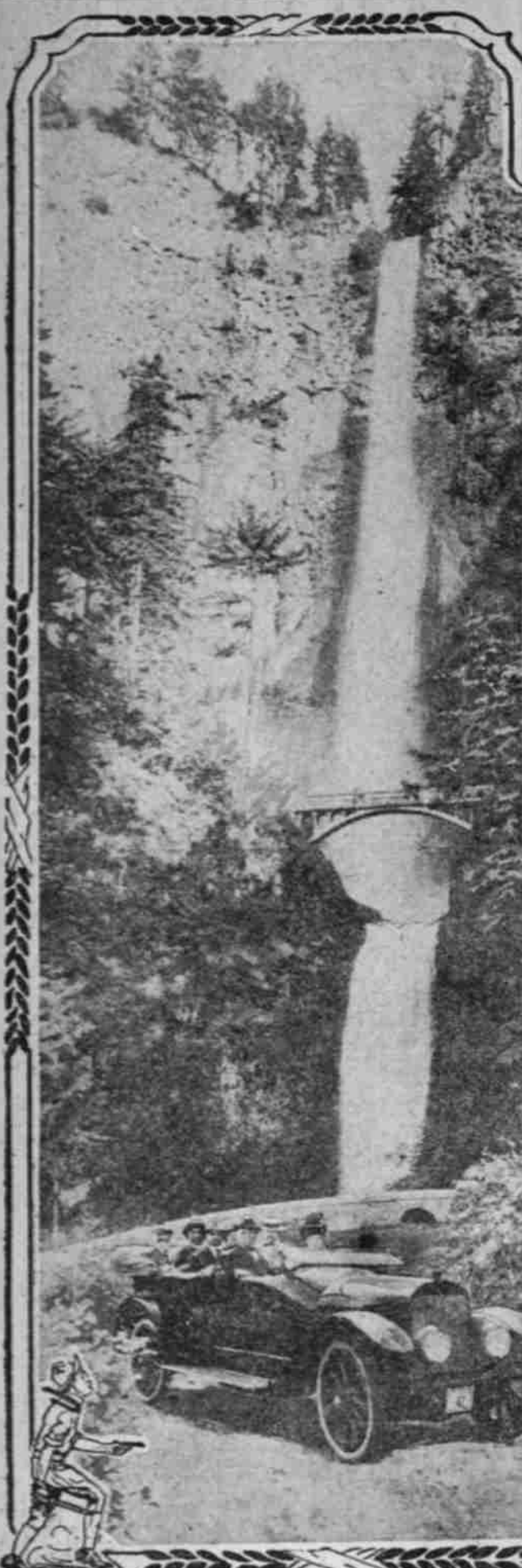
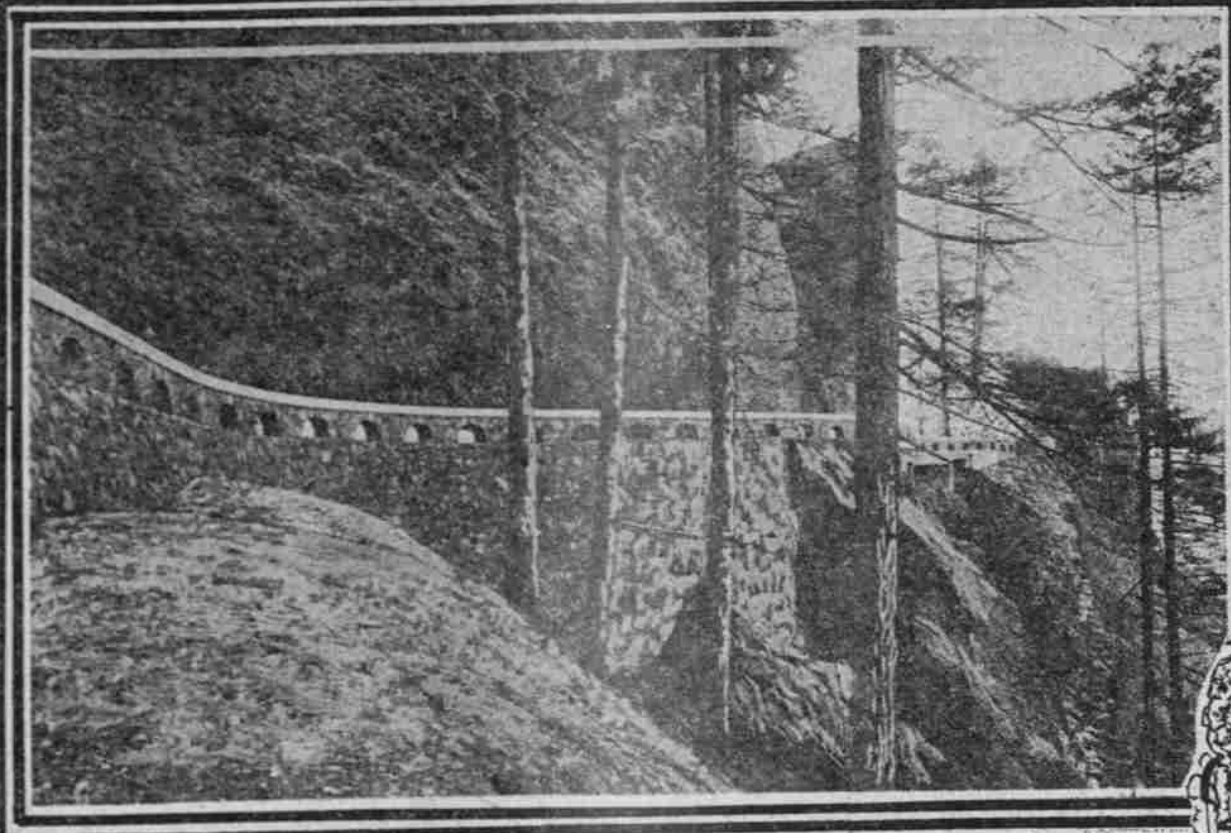


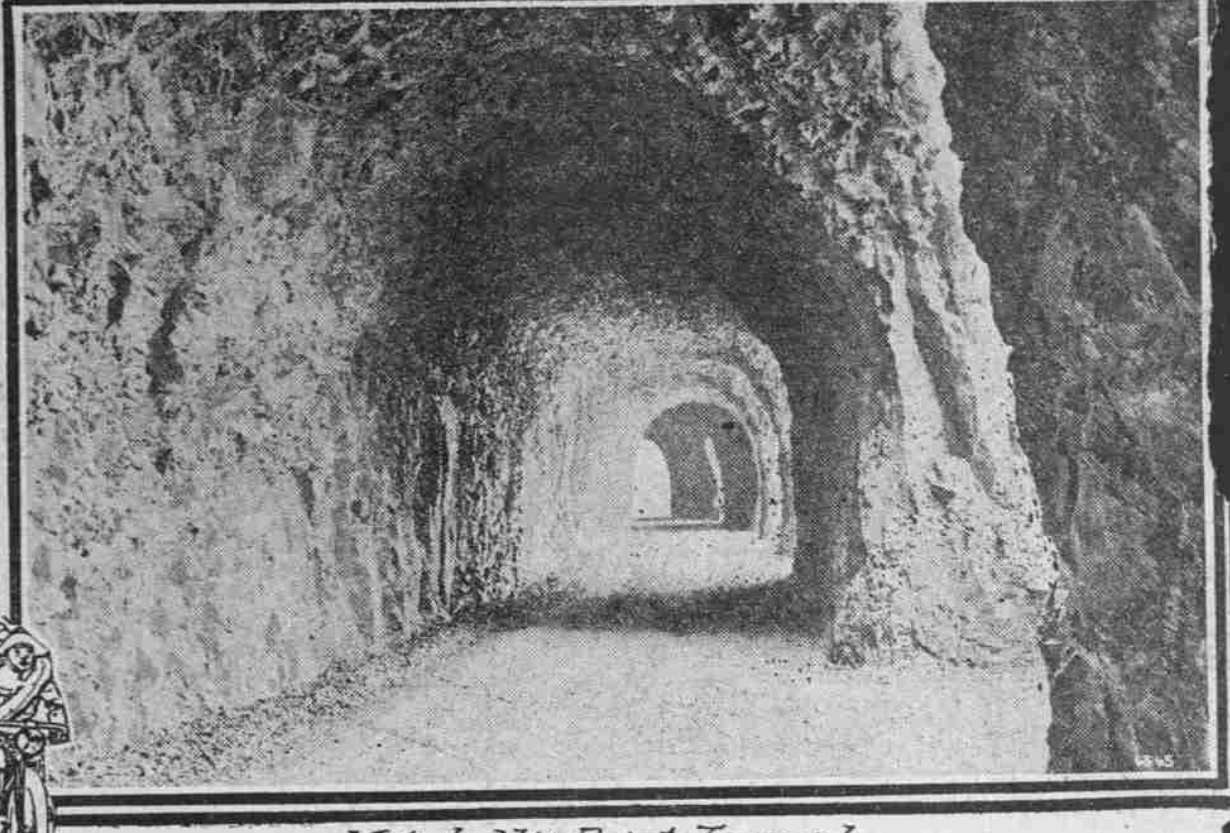
# COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY, AM



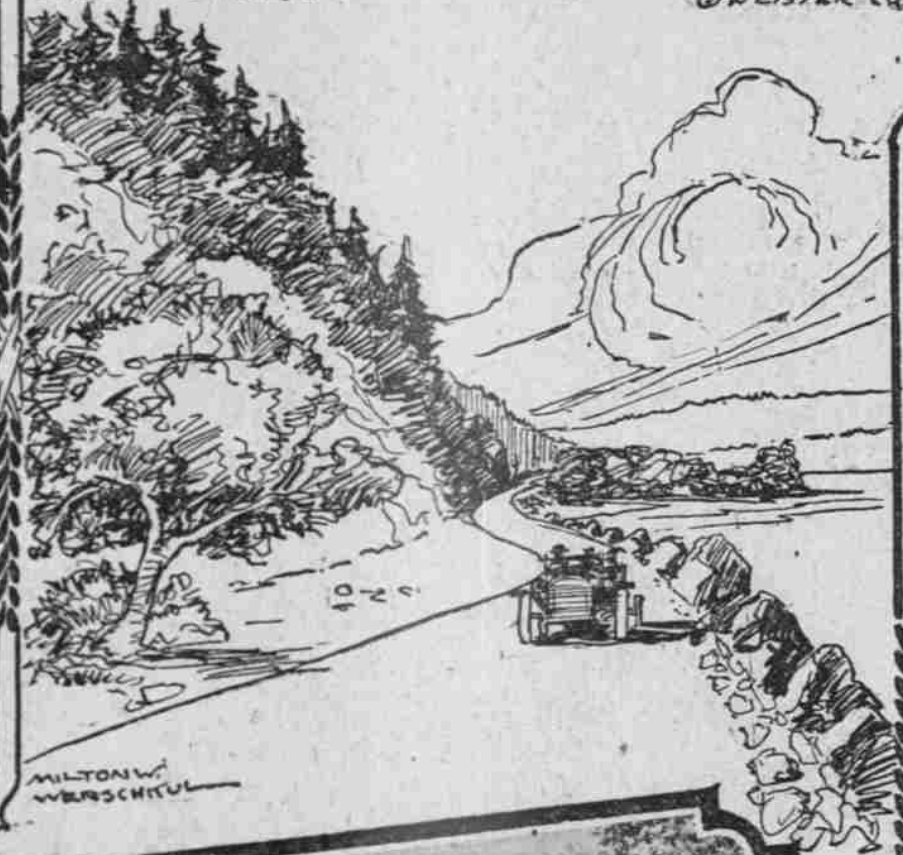
Multnomah Falls



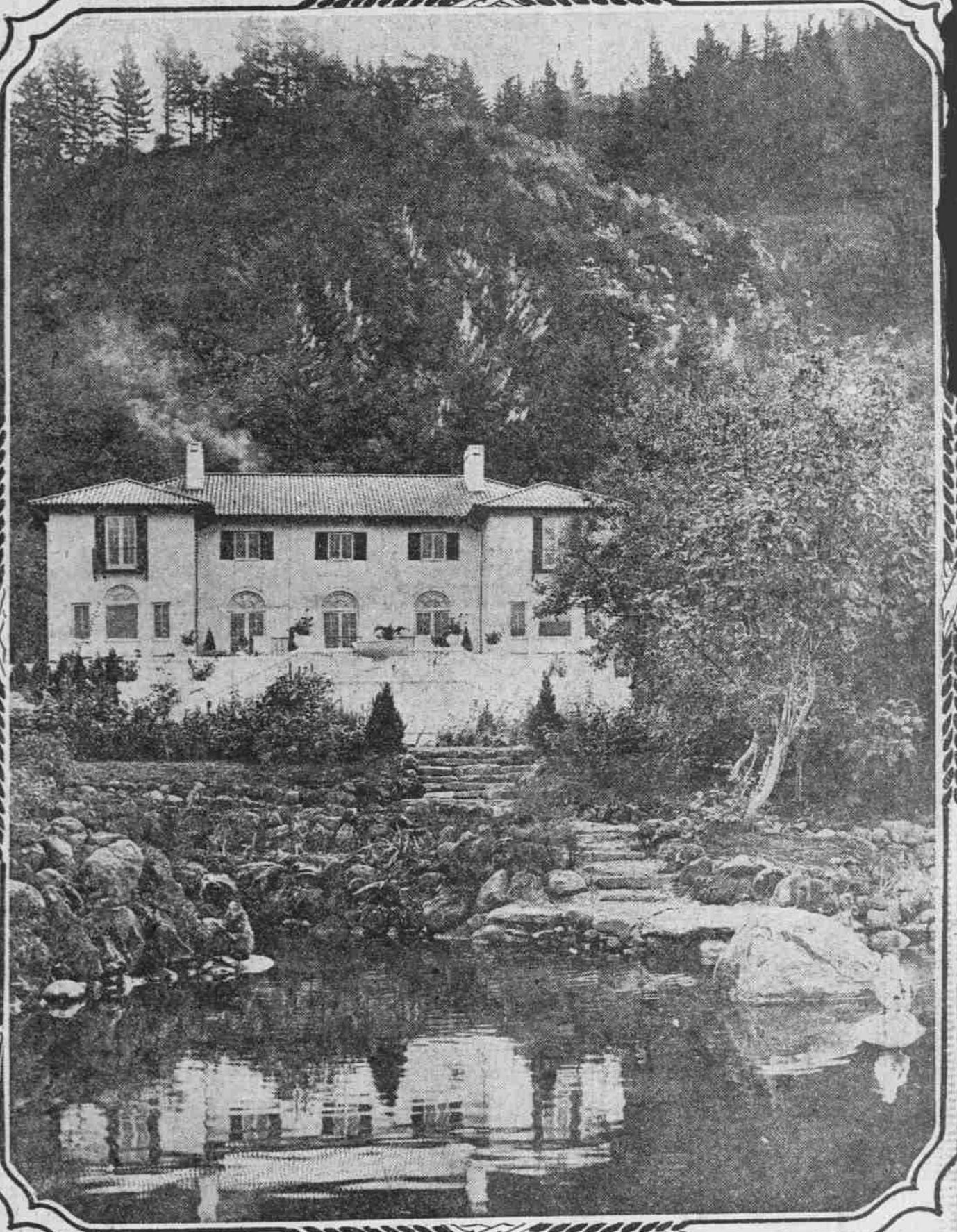
Rock Wall Approach To Eagle Creek Bridge  
© NESTER, CO.



Mitchell's Point Tunnel  
PHOTO GIFFORD & PRENTISS



MILTON WERSCHUL



C. S. Jacobson's Beautiful Villa



Glimpse of Mt. Hood  
From Highway  
PHOTO BY GIFFORD & PRENTISS



Rustic Abode of J. L. Meier



BY BEN E.

UPWARD it drives, into the very province of the eagle. Yet so gradual that sweep from the floor of the valley to the sentinel rocks at the border of the cloudland that the first intimation of change is the cleaner, sweeter breath of the unforgettable respiration of the hills.

And, then, as though genii cast back a curtain, in abrupt beauty, the great tide of the Columbia moves in silver silence far below, through bastions of vivid rock, seen with regiments of evergreen.

There is a flash, a glimmer of thrown sunshine, in the depths before you. That was the turning pinion of a fish-hawk, high over the blue reaches of the river, yet far beneath your vantage ground.

The Columbia River Highway! Your car purrs its delight at the gentle grade and the wonder of adventure before it.

There are shy strange flowers by the way, strangers to the dusty lowland—true mountain folk of the Oregon country—that tempt the botanist and bind the nature lover. They fling themselves in squads upon wee patches of perfect turf, or tremble in the shadows of cliffs, where the blown spray of ceaseless cataracts agitates them.

Back of it all, such cliffs, such wonderful, colorful ramparts of living rock as fringed the faerie land when Jack fled with the Giant's harp. And always that great