



AROUND MOUNT HOOD LOOP IN A CHALMERS HOTSPOT SIX

Ted Herlihy Pilots First Car This Year Over the Cascade Mountains via Government Camp to Wapinitia, and On Around to The Dalles and Portland.



BY LAIR H. GREGORY.
L F. PRIDEMORE, genial host of Government Camp hotel at the base of Mount Hood, was speaking. Time, last Sunday afternoon at 4:30 of the clock.

"Yes," remarked Mr. Pridemore, and his tone was regretful. "I wish Chet Moore was here. I said I'd let him know as soon as the road over the mountains was open so he could be first to make it. Well—it's just open today."

He eyed us in a critical once-over that was every bit of a challenge. There fell an uneasy silence, broken only by the rumblings of Ted Herlihy, whose mind seemed to be turning over in low gear.

"How far to Wapinitia?" queried Ted. "Oh, about 46 miles," replied Mr. Pridemore. "You might have to chop a tree or two out of the road. But Chet Moore would tackle it."

"Pretty good otherwise?" "Say, I wish Chet Moore was here," regretted Mr. Pridemore. "Well, it's not good exactly. Plenty of climbing over these mountains, but the forest ranger says a car can make it."

Got His Gout, Yes!
"But it's 4:30 right now," objected Ted to a last stand, "and we have only a quarter of a tank of gasoline left. If you think—"

"There's gas at Wapinitia," said Mr. Pridemore pointedly. "Chet Moore—"

"Let's go," snapped Ted. "This Chalmers will go any place and every place that Chet Moore can go, gas or no gas. We're off!"

And that is the true reason why Ted Herlihy, Chalmers territory man for the C. L. Ross Automobile company, and a party of which the writer was one, came to be the first persons this year to cross the Cascade mountains by auto from Government camp to Wapinitia in central Oregon, and to complete the loop trip around Mount Hood by way of The Dalles and Hood River, back to Portland.

When we left Portland that morning for a leisurely picnic jaunt to Government camp to note road conditions to that mountain resort for Oregonian readers, there was no more intention of circling Mount Hood than of climbing it. But then, as you may have suspected, the name Herlihy is of Irish descent—and what son of Emerald could back out on a dare?

So there we were, a picnic party, with a quarter-tank of gasoline, setting out at 4:30 of the late afternoon over a wilderness mountain road that had been closed all winter and spring until that day, and might still be closed for all we positively knew.

Oh, These Left-Handers!
If Ted Herlihy had reckoned the demands that would be made on that quarter-tank of precious gas by the low-gear hills before him, he might, after all, have left first honors to Chet Moore. But he didn't, and it was just as well. The luck of a Herlihy and a left-hander was with him. Herlihy flings from the south side.

"The ranger says the first three miles more, as he wished all hands luck, are pretty hard," commented Mr. Pridemore, but after that the road's pretty good."

Three miles. Making a reasonable conservative allowance for the ranger's ideas of mileage, it was figured that five miles ought certainly to bring us to the "pretty good road." Let it be said here that this ranger is undoubtedly one of the most optimistic rangers as to road conditions in this territory.

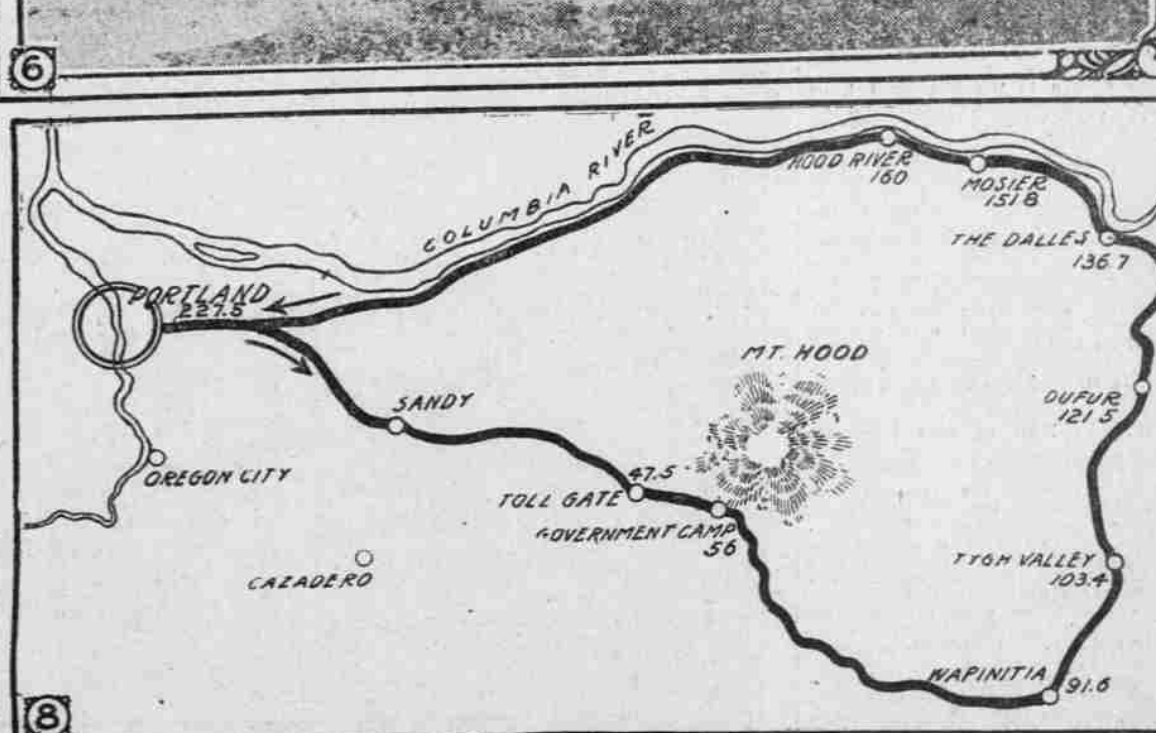
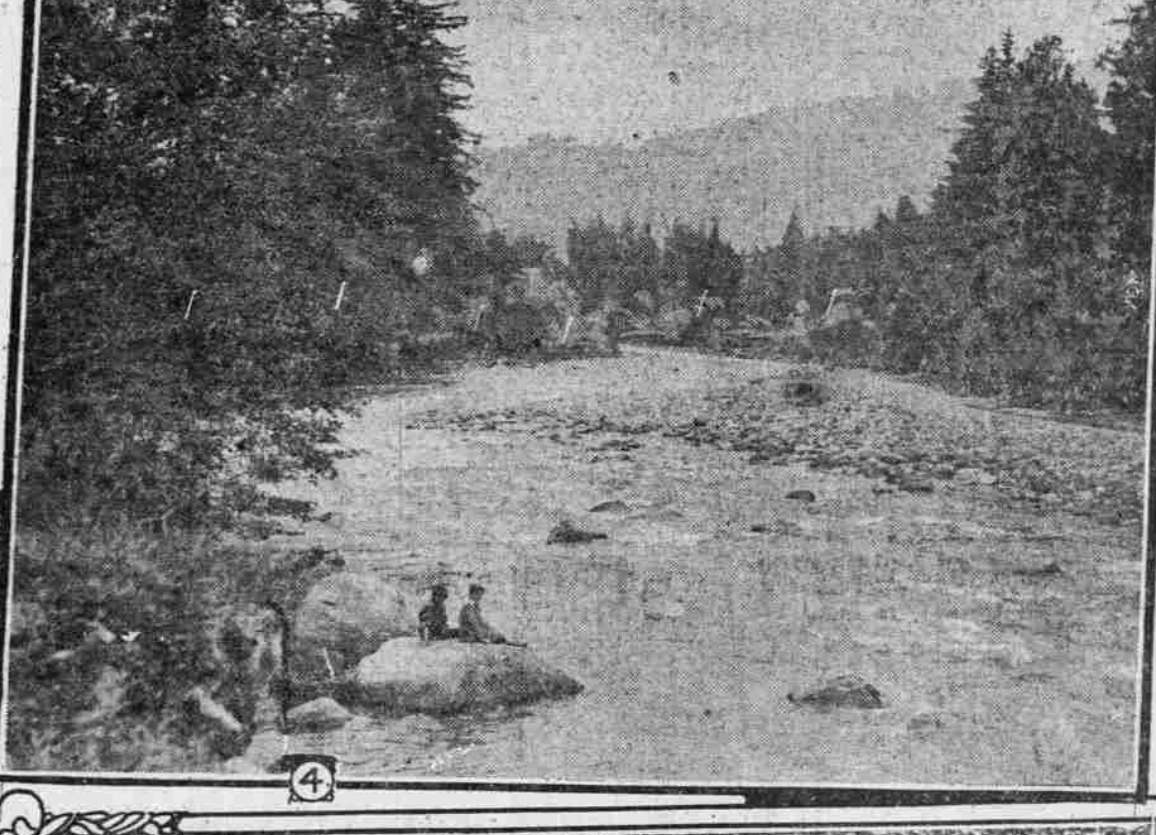
From Toll Gate on this side of Government camp, as every motorist will remember who has driven to Mount Hood, the road goes up, up, up for nine long miles, and the farther you go the more upward does it ascend to the 4000-foot elevation at Government camp. But that road is now in very good condition, as mountain roads go.

Well, for most of the three miles beyond Government camp on the way to Wapinitia the road goes down, down, down, even faster than it goes up to the camp. This is inordinately deceptive to the traveler over it for the first time, for he cheerfully imagines he is falling right out of the mountains and will soon be on the level plain.

Ghost of a Forest.
But slack, not so. For every foot of descent here, the motorist pays by having to climb back two feet, or so it seems, further along. These Cascade mountains are no little Appalachian straits of hills, bay!

Close in the vicinity of Mount Hood the road runs through a great burn, many years old, thousands of acres in extent. The white stems of numberless ghosts of a once-living forest dot level and hills for mile on mile. But even this destruction has its uses. This burn is a fine range for stock. A few miles from Government camp the Chalmers passed through a big flock of sheep pasturing here in the forest reserve.

Down, down dropped the narrow, rocky, twisting road till it seemed that sea level at the very least must have been reached and passed. An occasional glimpse when a mountain leveled out into a beautiful glade or valley where a rushing stream coursed. Grand places for camping and fishing and not unknown to the genus camper.



for at three different streams like this auto campers had already penetrated. Each level seemed the bottom, the lowest possible bottom. But then would come another hill and down some more. Down one of these long hills half the road was the bed for a little stream, but though there was considerable mud in places, here and elsewhere in the first ten miles there was generally rock bottom under it. And the snow is gone, all but a few patches here and there in the woods.

Then came mileage point 61.5, meaning 61.5 miles from Portland, 5.5 miles beyond government camp. Mark mileage point 61.5 well, for here begins the ascent.

Boost for Mosier Hill.
Ascent? Well, did you ever climb Mosier hill between Mosier and Hood River on the Columbia river highway? Thought it was some little hill, didn't you? We don't know the name of the hill that begins at mileage 61.5, but we will boldly assert here and now, publicly, that compared to it Mosier hill is a blooming boulevard.

It must be all of a 20 per cent grade, and perhaps better than that. The little ribbon of road over the bed rock goes right up the side of that mountain without apologies. From mileage point 61.5 to mileage 62.9, which is 1.4 miles, the Chalmers was in low gear. How that car "limbed!" It set back its ears and got down to work in a way beautiful to see. Over bed rock, dodging young boulders and adult boulders, skimming so close to the edge in places you wondered casually if our will had been properly witnessed, straight up.

But it was worth it for the view of the valley below, and range after range of wooded mountains on the other side, topped by Mount Hood's snowy cap. He who has seen the grandeur of his own Oregon from viewpoints like this will never pine for Switzerland.

When Herlihy shifted into intermediate at the first flattening-out of this veteran of hills, the Chalmers wasn't even boiling. Then, as usual, close to another mile, in intermediate, climbing, always climbing, except for a slight drop occasionally, through the living forest.

Import of statistics that say Oregon contains one-fifth of the standing timber of the United States. The woodsman's axe and saw have never profaned these mighty trees.

Nor has a passage way through this dense forest even been cut for the road. Mile after mile it twists and turns, dodging trees by going around them. Very hard driving for this reason, for as the driver twists the wheel to dodge one tree he heads by the road straight into another one, and only by the dearest skill at steering misses either bumping the one ahead, or scraping the one just dodged. And then all over again, and over again, and over again.

These trees were planted without any consideration at all for cars of long wheel base. No place in this vicinity for such a car at all, and if it gets through it you realize something of the

These are some typical views taken on the trip around the Mount Hood loop via Government Camp, Wapinitia and The Dalles last week in a Chalmers car. Some of the finest scenery in Oregon is to be found along this route. Photograph 1 is a view of Mount Hood as seen from Government Camp, four miles away, with the Chalmers party in the foreground. In photograph 2 the camera snapped part of a flock of sheep feeding in the forest reserve between Government Camp and Wapinitia. Photograph 3 shows a glade in the forest on the way over the mountains. Photograph 4 is a view of the Sandy river near its junction with Salmon river, several miles this way from Government Camp. In photograph 5 members of the party were caught in the act of roasting "hot dogs" over a campfire for dinner. Photograph 6 is a scene in the woods. In photograph 7 L. F. Pridemore (left), proprietor of Government Camp hotel, is shaking hands with Ted Herlihy (right) just before the start to be first across the mountains from Government Camp and wishing him the best of luck. In 8 is shown map of loop tour with principal points and distance from Portland.

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