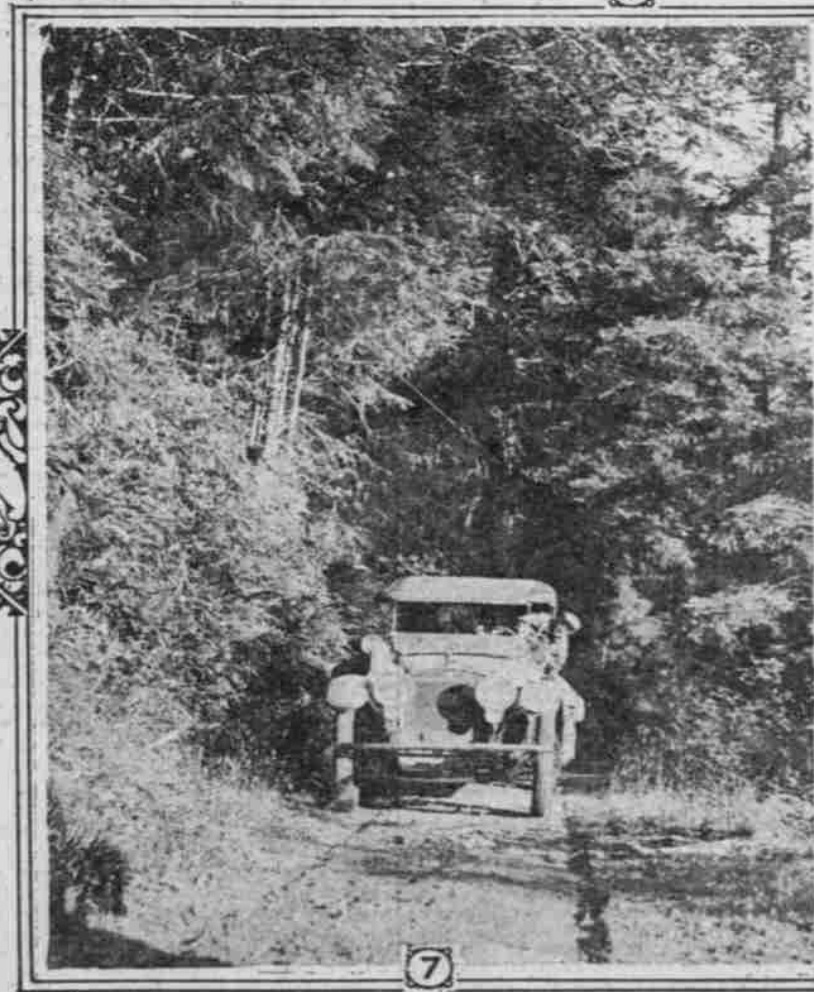
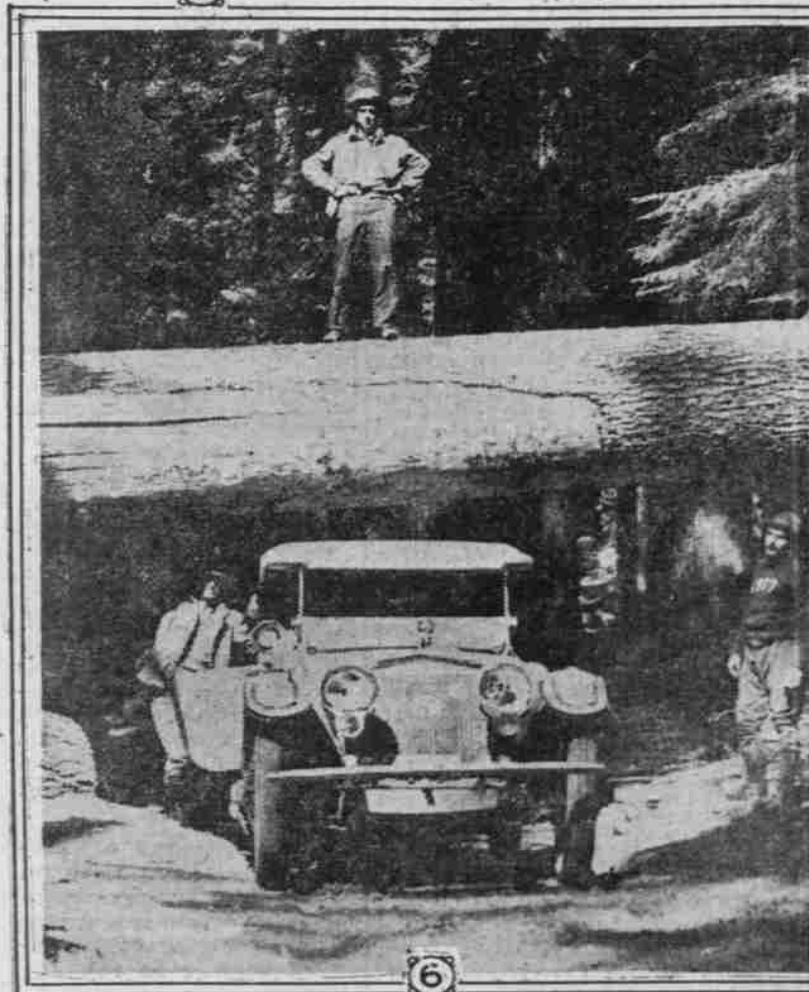
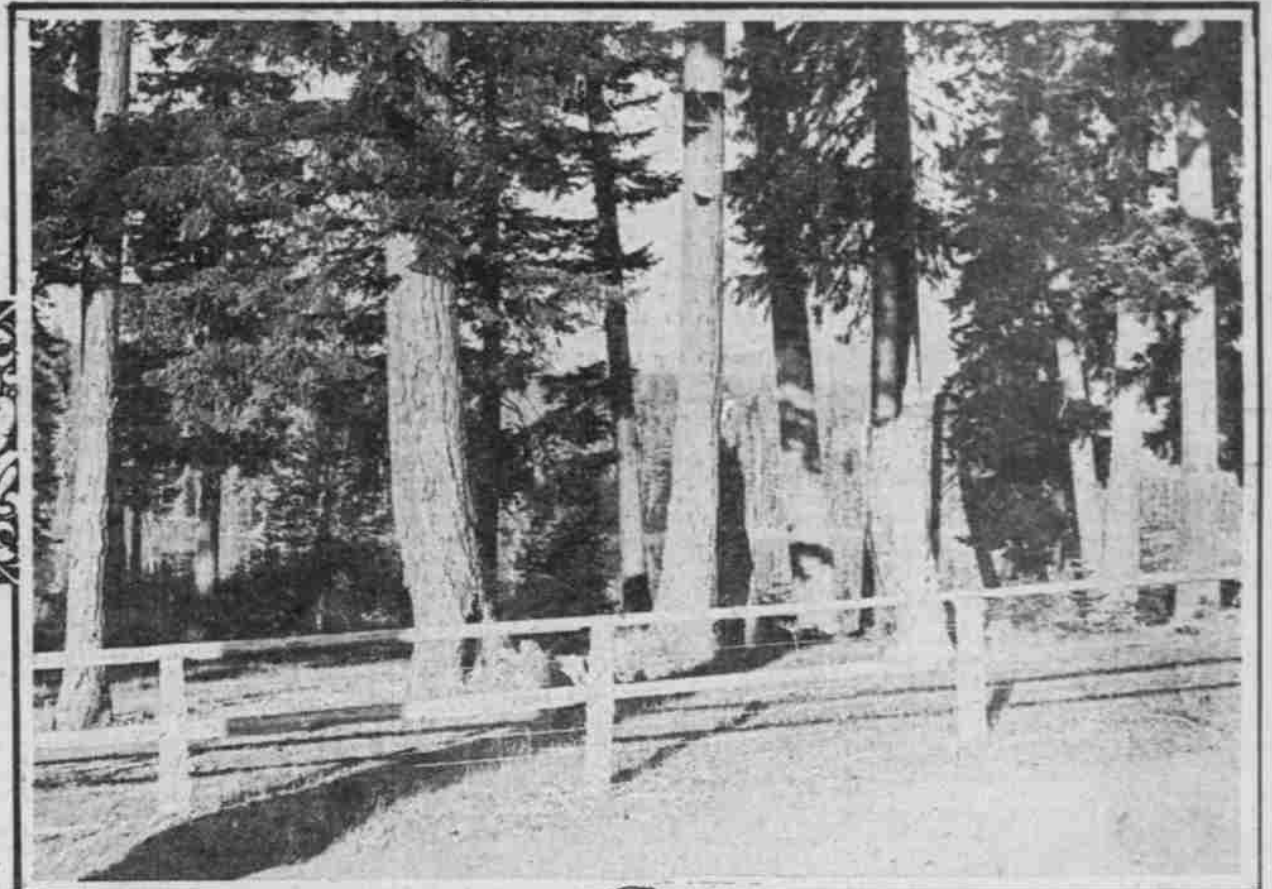
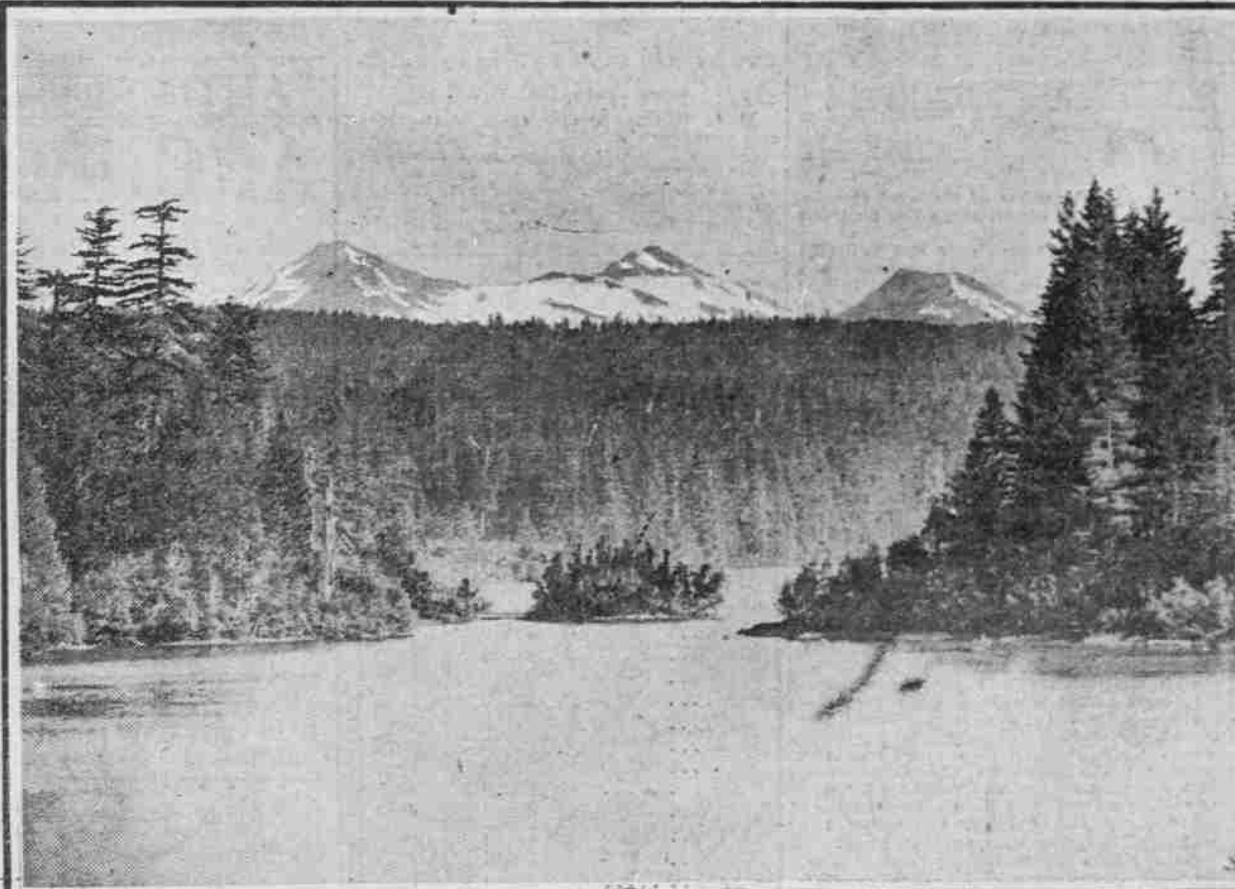
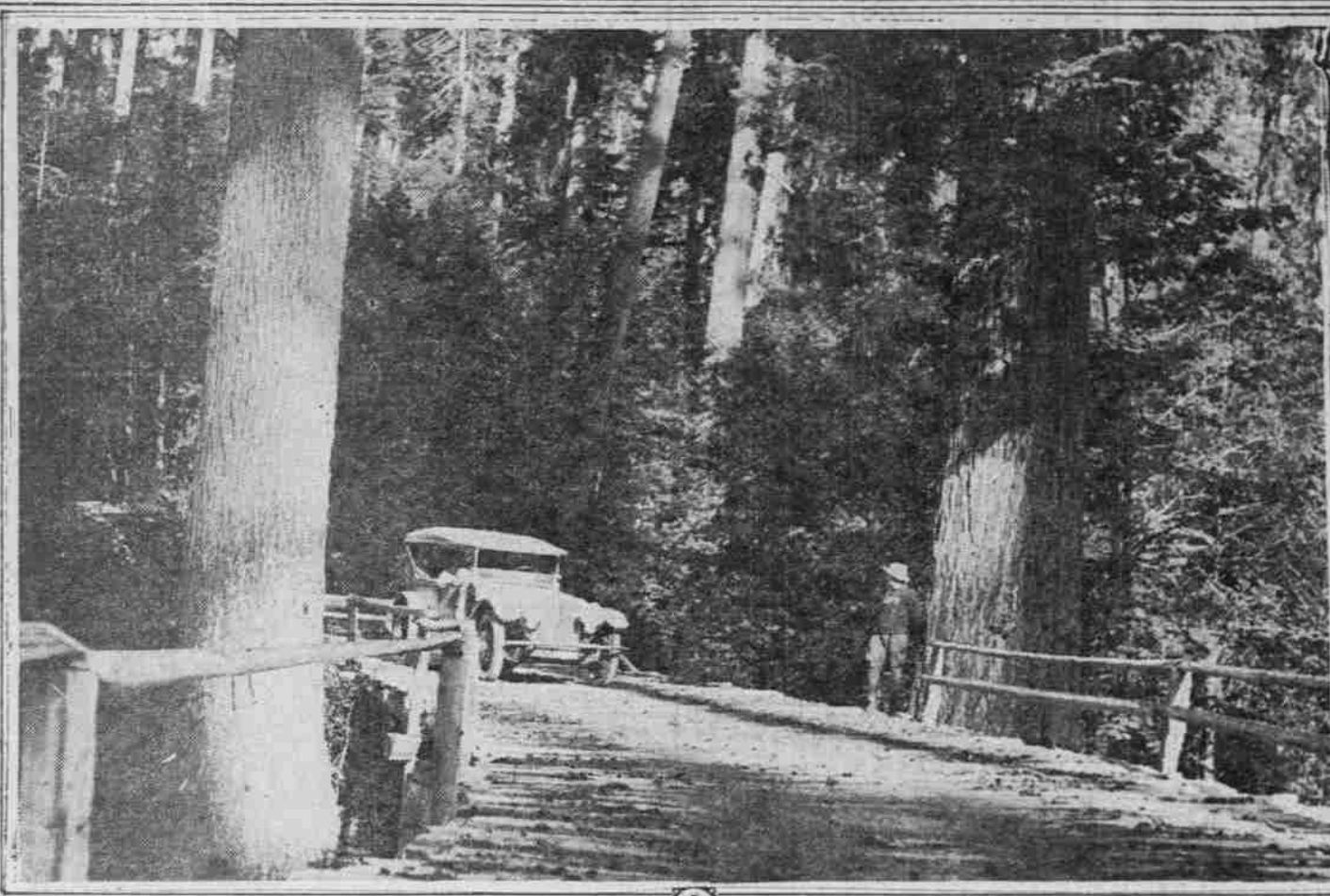




TO CLEAR LAKE, IN THE SANTIAM FOREST, IN A WINTON SIX

The Thrilling Tale of a Fishing Trip That Flivvered, but of a Wonderful Scenic Drive Over the Old Cascade Mountain Military Road.



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nesses.
From this Ranger station most of
the way to Fish lake and Clear lake,
the landscape is truly one of another.
Here and there a level glade in the
forest, always succeeded by more hills.
The road narrows, steep, winds. Built
in pioneer times, long before the days
of automobiles, hills you would sup-
pose a car couldn't climb.

Up and Up It Climbed.
Yet up them went the Winton. How
that car climbed! It would go its long
hood, and it would pull. First in inter-
mediate, then in low. Long miles of
this work. This is the kind of touring
that tests the very insides of a car,
and proves its gameness. The Winton
settled to its stride and pulled. Never
did it falter in the slightest.
There is one hill, beginning at mile-
age 61 from Albany, some 11 miles
from Fish lake, known far and wide
as "Seven Mile hill." This is one name
well put. The actual climb is 5.6 miles,
nearly every foot of it in low gear, the
remainder of the seven miles being
descent on the other side, though there
is not nearly so much descent as there
is climb.
Loaded with six passengers, and with
camping gear weighing 200 to 250
pounds more aboard, this noble car
went up this long grade on low in
truly wonderful manner. Seven Mile
hill is not merely a long climb in low.
It is a climb, but more, a succession
of steep pitches of 15 to 25 per cent
grade. Climbing such a hill, com-
plicated moreover with sharp curves,
tests the whole construction of a car.
Neske held the car to the slow speed
of about 5 miles an hour in low, thus
preventing the motor from racing, and
keeping it cool long after it other-
wise would have been boiling hot. He
said proudly that his Winton would
go up any hill where it could get
traction, and its performance certainly
bore him out.
Twice on this hill brief stops were
made to cool off. At one stop a creek
went foaming by. Here the radiator
was drained and cold water poured
in, and the Winton was again on its
way.

Try This Bridge for Thrills.
A hard, hard climb, but compensated
for by the beauty of the scenery. As the
car climbed, a wondrous view unfold-
ing of mile on mile of forest clad hills.
A crazy peak rising a thousand feet
or so higher yet, across the canyon.
Scenery to stir every bit of travel blood
in the motorist and make him want to
go and go and see more of it.
The thrill of climbing was not the
only one of this climb up Seven Mile
hill. Came a slight descent, a draw,
and a shanty looking bridge across it.
Precarious! That bridge, with its
spindling little support shanks, would
have caused a mountain Ford or goat
to shake his head before he tried it.
Neske approached it gingerly, as all
on board but the captain climbed out—
(Continued on Page 2, Column 2.)

BY L. H. GREGORY.
IF Captain Duncan Nease, late of
artillery in the second division, A.
E. F., were not a rare hand at mak-
ing cars of long wheel base around
mountain curves and through mere
loop holes between logs and trees,
there'd be a different story to write.
A large car at this moment quite
probably would be snugged on a stump
or hung on a rock or off the grade up
there in the Linu county hills a few
score miles from a service station.
But with the captain at the wheel,
none of that happened.

This young man last week piloted
his 7-passenger Winton Six, 135 inches
wheel base, over the old Cascade
Mountain Military road from Albany
and Lebanon into the mountains via
Sweet Home and Cascadia to one of
the most beautiful places nature ever
wrought—Clear lake, a pool of clear-
est sapphire blue high in the wooded
Cascades.
He Has Both Kinds.
Beautiful, but hard to reach—par-
ticularly with a car of 135-inch wheel
base, weighing two full tons and more.
Hard enough with a Ford. Only one
with the nerve of an artilleryman or a
burglar and the skill of both would
have attempted it in a car of such
size.
A trip, this one to Clear lake, over
high mountains, with grades that a
mule would balk at, over a crooked
road; through vast timber, smelling
of balsam; besides mountain torrents,
into nature's own country.
Long after the foxy trout of Clear
lake have had their little chuckle at
the efforts of George Chambers to
catch them, and passed their way, this
trip will be remembered by those who
made it. Let the trout have their joke
while the joking's good. As well try
to train a compass needle to point
south as keep one from returning to
Clear lake who has once been there.
One of these days every one of that
party will be back, and with a wind
not from the north, but, flies, spinners
and all that—look out, trout!
These trout, it seems, abhor a north
wind. This still is nowise original
with this party. It's standardized on
there from long usage. Let the wind

shift around to the north, and men old
in fishing this lake hail in their lines.
"Nope," they ejaculate, "no use now.
They won't bite when it's from the
north. Try 'em tomorrow."
A north wind whisked over the lake
last Saturday. And the trout did not
bite. But of that, more later.
There were five in the party that left
Portland at 5:15 o'clock Friday after-
noon a week ago in Captain Nease's
car. Captain Nease at the wheel;
George M. Chambers, assistant sec-
retary of the Oregon State Motor as-
sociation; Herman Horack and Bob
Hamaker, of the city police motor-
cycle squad, and the writer.
Captain Nease went heeled for trout.
That youth had three fishing poles
with him and enough trout flies and
spinners to catch all the trout in the
Cascades. Another who went in heavy
trout fishing order was Herman Hor-
ack, who just a few weeks ago won
the salmon fishing championship of
Oregon when he landed a 37-pound
salmon at Oregon City.
As for George Chambers, who catches
his fish before he starts, anyway, in
the excitement of the chase he actually
forgot his whole elaborate assortment
of tackle. Left it home! George there-
after was dependent on the largesse of
Nease.
From Portland to Salem, via New-
berg, Dayton and the Wheatland ferry,
took only two hours and 15 minutes.
Time was lost in two detours, one just
this side of Newberg, where they are
rebuilding the bridge, the other a few
miles this side of Dayton, where con-
tractors are cutting down the high-
way to a new grade and making a
fill.
Up the Santiam by Moonlight.
From Salem via the Independence
road, Albany was reached in quick
time. Road very good. There, with
a full tank of gasoline and ten extra
gallons in two spare cans, the Winton
headed for Lebanon, 14.6 miles over
excellent road, and then on to Sweet
Home by moonlight up the beauti-
ful valley of the Santiam, 29.2 miles
from Albany. Sweet Home is in the
foothills of the mountains and from
that point the real trip begins.
At Sweet Home, reached shortly be-
fore midnight, the party was joined
by Shelby S. Duncan, deputy state
forest ranger in this district. He con-
stituted himself the official awakener
and pulled all hands out at 4 in the
morning for the 45-mile run through
the mountains from Sweet Home to
Fish lake, which is 2 1/2 miles from
Clear lake and the nearest point con-
venient to it by automobile.
Out of Sweet Home and Foster, just
beyond it, a new road snakes its way
through the foothills for several miles.
It is a very good road in dry weather,
but it has curves in it that would make
a hairpin gasp. Almost from Sweet
Home the road begins to go through
timber, though it is some miles before
it reaches the really big trees of the
deep forests.
From Sweet Home to Cascadia, 14.5

miles beyond Sweet home and 44 from
Albany, the road is very good. It runs
above the canyon of the Santiam and
already the country is wild. At Cas-
cadia, where a spring of natural soda
water bubbles out of the ground, there
is a summer hotel and a fine camp-
ing ground, ideal for motor parties
that want a picturesque outing, nice
and wild, but not too wild.
And now the road plunges into the

mountains in earnest. Just under four
miles further is the entrance to the
Santiam National Forest. There Ran-
ger Elliott greeted the party and had
'em all write down their names in his
registration book.
"Be careful about fires," he warned,
and kindly hoped we'd bring back
half the trout in Clear lake. "But," he
added with a certain thoughtful grin,
"they've got their own ideas, those
trout have. Sometimes they won't bite
at all."
In his well known dictionary, Mr.
Webster speaks of the word "hill" as
follows:
"Hill, n. A natural elevation of land
of local area and well-defined out-
line. Often, a range or group of such
elevations."
Mr. Webster is too conservative.
These dictionary makers should make

a few trips into the hills before they
set out to tell the world what a hill
is. After making this trip we have
a definition of our own for "hill," and
this is it:
"Hill, n. A continuous upness of the
landscape, going upper and upper and
requiring constant application of low
gear. Comes down, it at all, some-
where else or on the return trip. Of-

ten, a layer or pyramid of such up-
nesses.
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the way to Fish lake and Clear lake,
the landscape is truly one of another.
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