



# TO TILLAMOOK AND THE BEACH IN A CHEVROLET ROADSTER

Road Pretty Rough Through Grande Ronde Reservation and Near Hebo, With Much New Construction, but It Could Be a Lot Worse and Still Passable.



BY L. H. GREGORY.

A GOOD many persons have been frightened out of making the drive to Tillamook and the Tillamook beaches this year by reports of the weird condition of the road through the Grande Ronde Indian reservation. This road is certainly not a Columbia river highway, but, on the other hand, is not nearly so bad as painted.

The writer went over the route from Portland to Tillamook and return last week to ascertain and log conditions. The run was made in a new Chevrolet roadster, with tall Bill Grout, son of Superintendent Grout of the Portland public schools and employe of the Fields Motor Car company, at the wheel.

Bill had heard so much of the reputed awful shape of the road in the Grande Ronde that he restrained himself with difficulty from coming attired in a bathing suit. He fully expected before he got through to have to drive the car through water up to its neck—the Chevrolet's neck, not Bill's, which would be above most floods if he stretched himself.

**Couldn't Find the Creek.**

In particular, he had in mind a certain creek through which, he had been told, cars are routed in a detour around construction work at that point. This creek, he had been told, is deep and chilling, with banks steep and so slippery that a car often gets half way up it on the getting out side and then slides down ker-chug into the water again. So, to be on the safe side Bill brought along a fine new pair of chains, never used before, which matched the spick and span newness of the shiny Chevrolet.

Those chains never left their bag. The joke of it was that, although a sharp lookout was kept going and returning, we not only did not have to drive through this creek, but were unable to find it at all.

The return trip from Tillamook was made Sunday afternoon, but the run over there was made Saturday night. We went through the Grande Ronde reservation at midnight. It seemed rather a rash thing to attempt, in view of the stories of road dangers to be encountered. But, though the road was found rough enough in places, with a few detours that looked worse as viewed dimly ahead through the dark than they proved to be, we had no trouble at all.

**Score One for BILL.**

But every time the Chevrolet would plunge down into one of the numerous ravines along here, Bill would mutter: "By Golly, this must be the creek!" And every time, just as regularly, the Chevrolet would reach bottom and come up the other side without wetting its feet.

One time, though, Bill's hawk-eyes detected a particularly black patch ahead in the bloom of the woods, and he stopped the car. Just ahead, revealed now by the headlights, was a nice chasm on a part of the new grade where a bridge is to be built, but hadn't been built yet.

In the darkness we hadn't seen that cars were detoured off the grade down the bank and across the bottom of the ravine. If Bill had not been watching so faithfully for that creek, and had tumbled into this vacancy where the bridge wasn't, the Chevrolet would not have looked nearly so new and shiny after they had pulled us out a few days later.

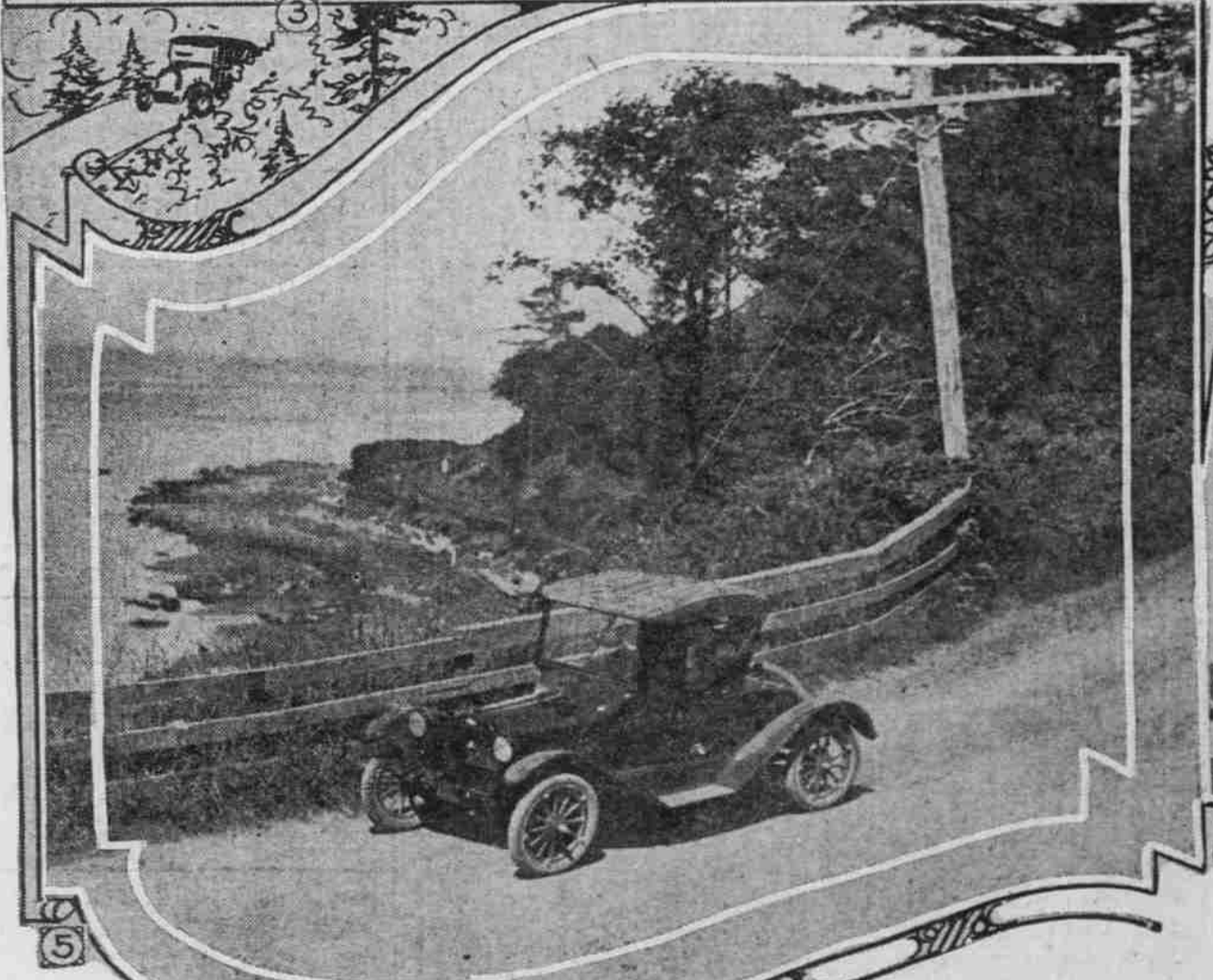
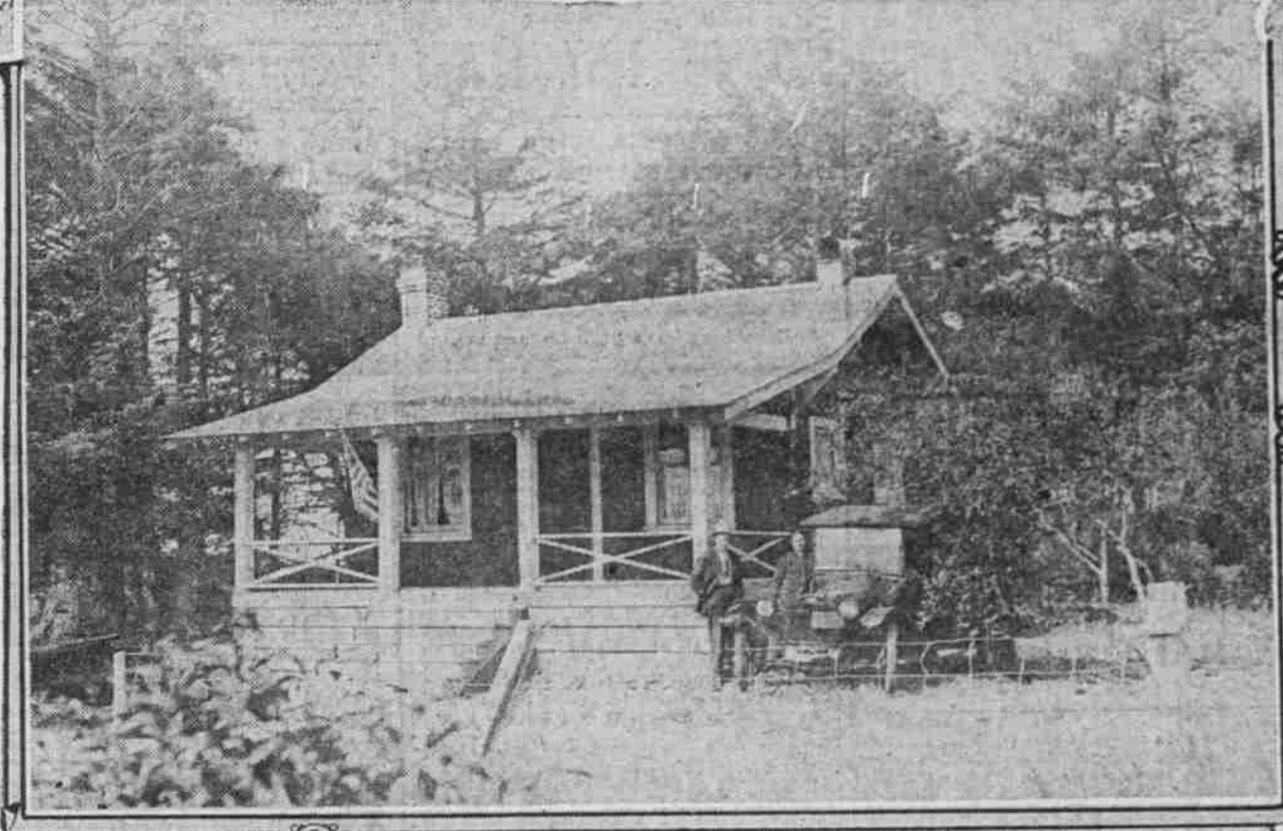
On the return run by daylight we watched just as closely for the creek and missed it. It's there all right. So said a marine, working on the road, when we besought him to relieve the suspense and tell when and where this creek is.

"You pass it about four miles back," said he. "Reason you didn't have to go through the creek is that on Saturday nights and Sundays they leave the new grade open and cars can drive over it. But on week days while the road gangs are at work, cars are routed through the creek."

**Lots of Road Work.**

But at that, this creek, from the best information, should not deter a driver who takes it carefully. It is not deep—only a few inches, and with a good gravel bottom. The main difficulty is in getting up the bank after crossing the creek, this bank sometimes being slippery from water dripped on it by cars just out of the stream.

Take it in intermediate or low, drive slowly and carefully and keep going, using chains if it looks as if they would be needed, and you will get through this creek all right. It is the only point where cars will meet any real difficulty on the whole trip at present. By driving through after the crews have quit work for the week-end Saturday evening, or



on Sunday, the motorist probably will not have to take it at all.

Like virtually every other main road in Oregon just now, the road to Tillamook is in the throes of new construction work. Between Portland and Tillamook there are five sections of varying length with new road work in progress. Six, if the detour at Newberg for the new bridge is included.

These places, with the approximate length of the new construction and detours around each, are as follows:

1. Detour from Capital highway into Newberg, around old bridge, torn down to be replaced by new one, 3.3 miles. Good gravel detour.
2. Detour on west side highway be-

tween Newberg and Dayton, occasioned by re-grading preparatory to paving. This detour begins 4.1 miles from Newberg, and is 2.5 miles long. One mile of it is bad, being thick with dust and rough, but the remainder is good gravel.

3. Detour out of McMinnville on road to Sheridan, for road work. This detour is about a mile and a half long, if you are able to follow it from the meager signs to its re-union with the road into Sheridan. Most of this mile and a half is dusty and hard going. But, curses on the detour roads around McMinnville and Sheridan, they are the easiest things in the world to get off, and every time you get off one of them,

you inevitably wind up in the town of Amity.

Just what is the sinister attraction Amity holds for lost motor cars is past analysis, but time and again the writer has got off the road up here and always has landed in Amity. One dark night two years ago with Lawrence Therkelsen in a Franklin, we rode in a circle around Amity for a solid hour and a half. This experience isn't unique, for only last week another unfortunate motorist informs us he got off the detour road out of McMinnville, found himself in Amity, and an hour later was back there again after driving all over the country looking for Sheridan.

In daylight, Saturday evening, Grout and the writer somehow got off this poorly signed detour road and landed in

1—Sights like this are common through the Grande Ronde reservation and at many points between there and Tillamook. Like many other Oregon roads just now, this one is in the throes of new construction. The very, very tall youth standing on the rock beside the Chevrolet in this photo is William A. (Bill) Grout, son of School Superintendent Grout of Portland.

2—Another new construction view. But cheer up; there isn't much crushed rock, and in another year it will all be over and the old nightmare of the Grande Ronde road will worry motorists no more.

3—This fifty little cottage at Ocean Lake park is the summer beach residence of Frank J. McGettigan, manager of the Orpheum theater in Portland.

4—Dreams of the future! Can this be possible? Verily, it is. The photo shows a completed stretch of the fine new road they're building through the Grande Ronde reservation. And by the end of this fall, if the contractors' plans don't miscarry, it will all be like this, and the drive to Tillamook can be made at any old time of year.

5—Where hay and ocean meet—near Garibaldi, on the road from Tillamook to the beaches.

6—"Hey, mister! Tell your fortune!" Five little gypsies met on the road.

Whiteson. If we had kept going that five or six miles, but with no detours, way we would have been in Amity in Good traveling except for a little dust. Over the last six miles into Sheridan, fine pavement.

4. Reconstruction work in the Grande Ronde Indian reservation. From Butler to Grand Ronde, about 2.5 miles, the road is not bad. Only minor occasional detours to the side of the road. The

worst road is between this point and the lower end of the reservation, about seven miles. Also the best road.

As yet, only a mile and a half to two miles all told of this good road, but what road! Smooth, hard-rolled macadam, on a beautiful grade. The contractors working here for the govern-

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