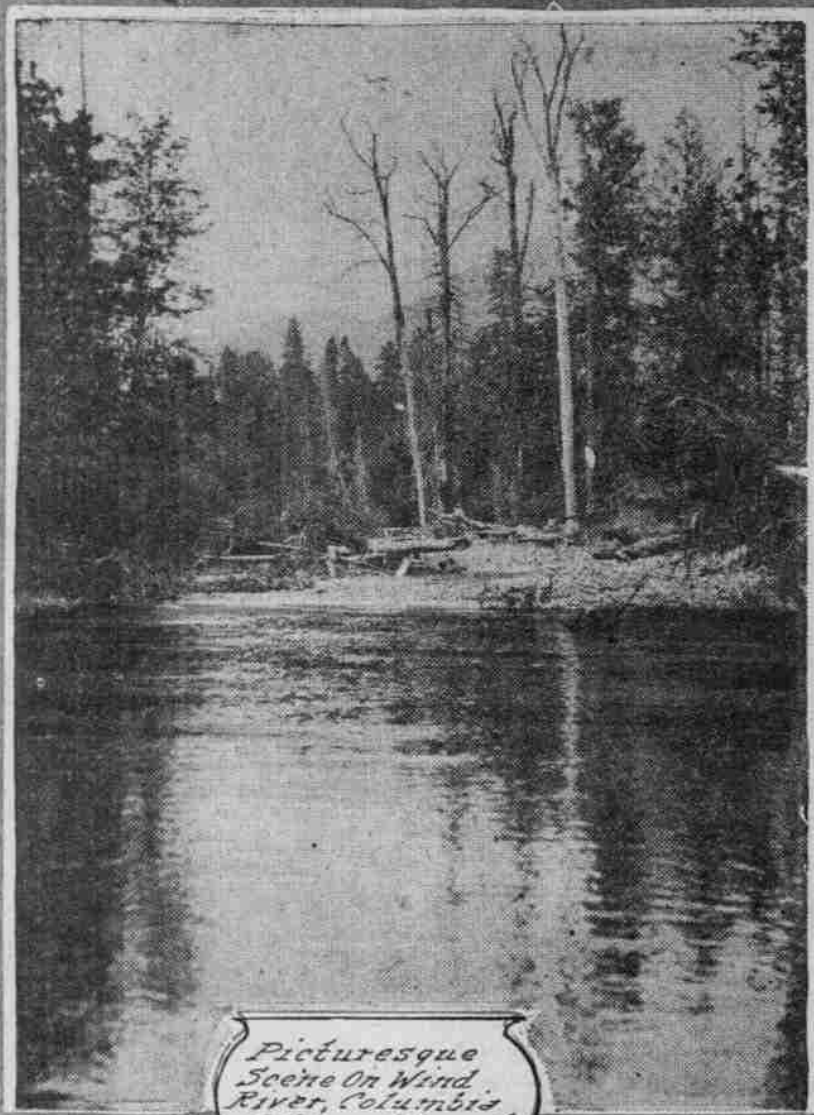
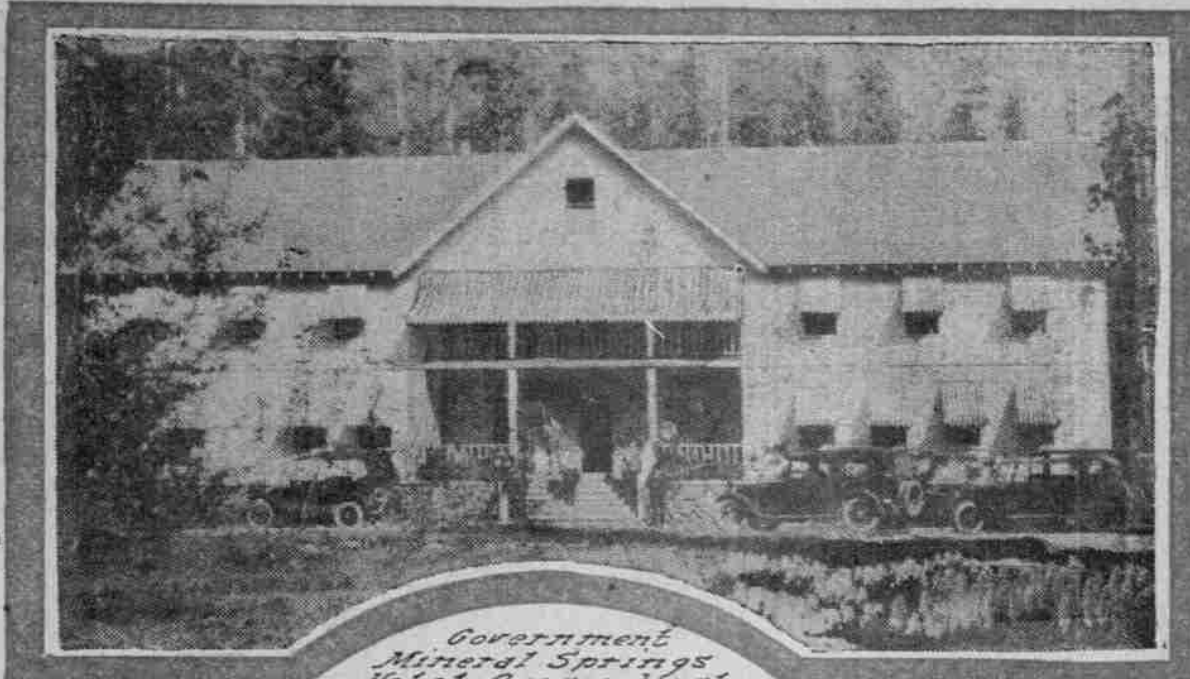


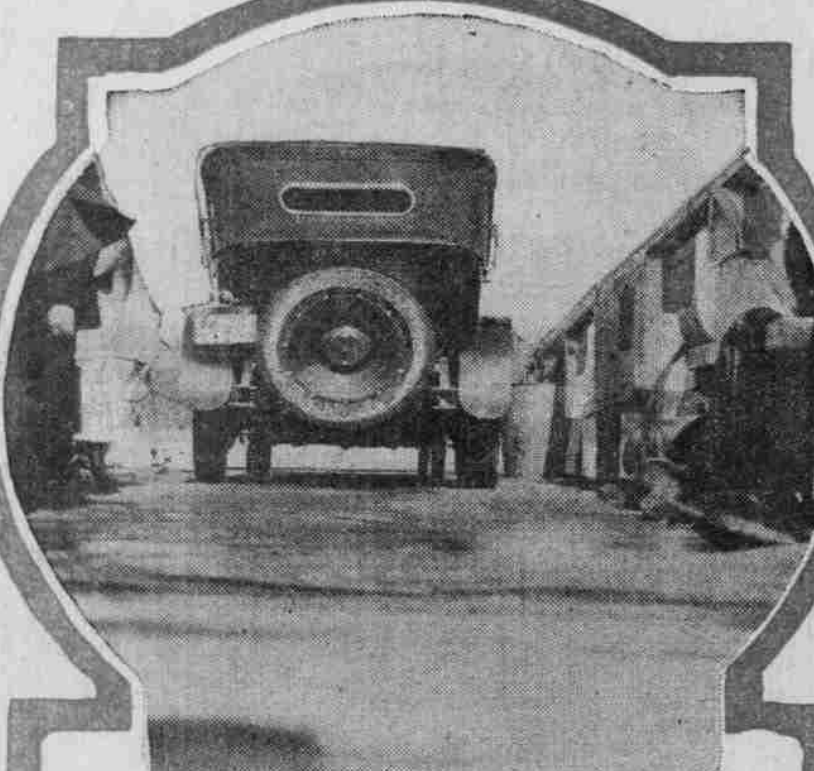
With a Standard Eight to the Columbia National Forest



Picturesque
Scene On Wind
River, Columbia
National Forest.



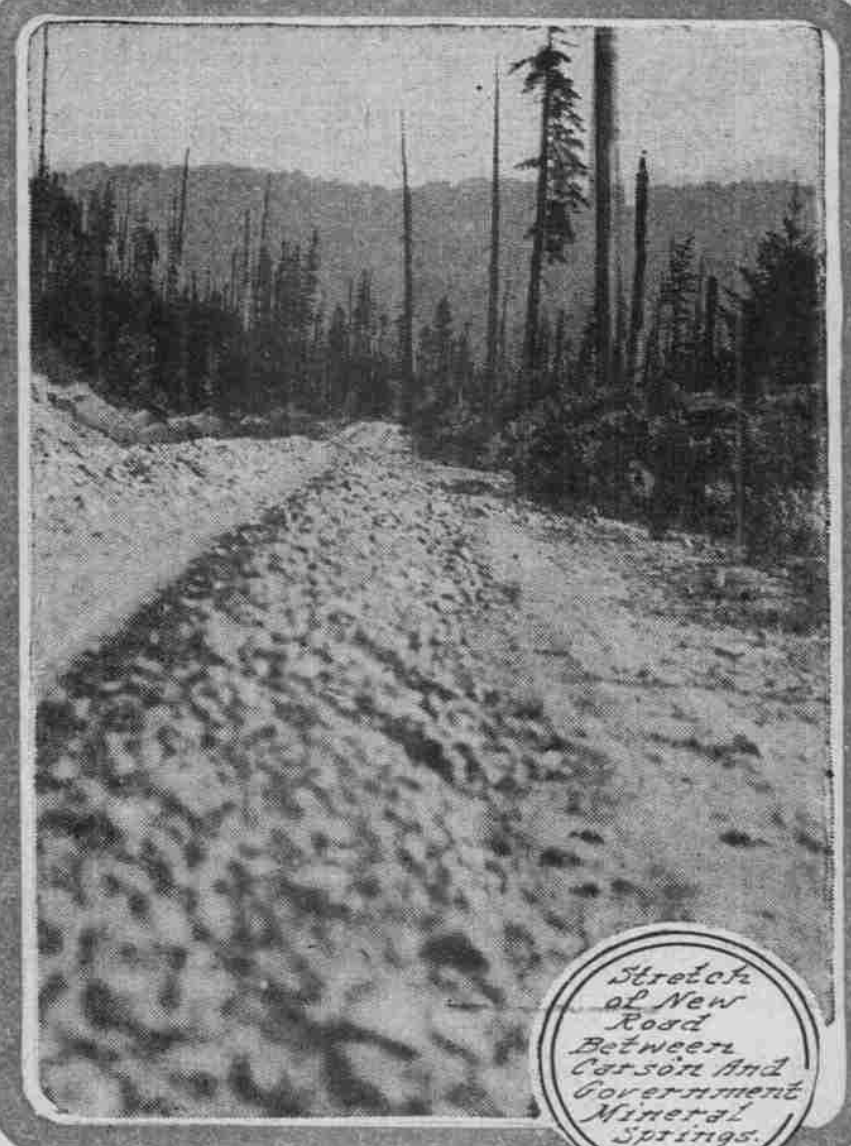
Government
Mineral Springs
Hotel Carson Wash.



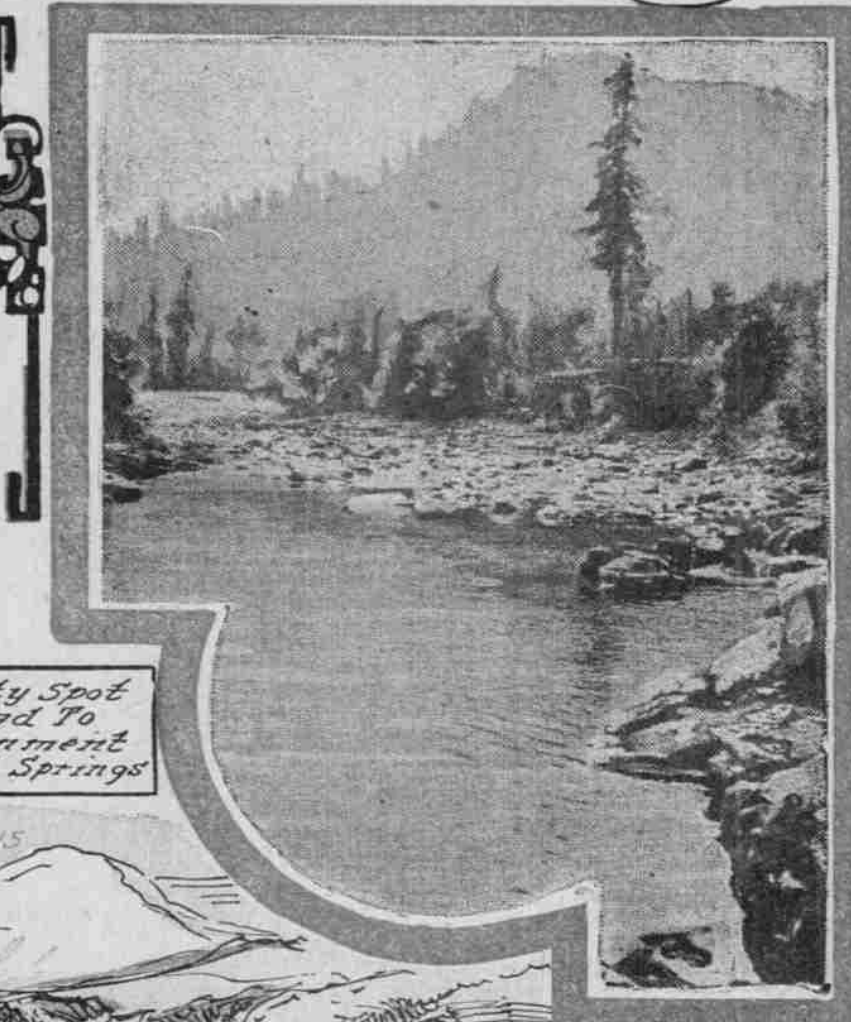
Standard Eight On Ferry From
Cascade Locks To Stevenson.



Standard
Eight
On Road
Home After
A Day In
The Forest.



Stretch
of New
Road
Between
Carson And
Government
Mineral
Springs.



A Beauty Spot
On Road To
Government
Mineral Springs

BY WILLIAM T. PERKINS.
WE STOOD in front of "Iron Mike's" place and regaled ourselves with liberal cups of mineral water. We had had an early breakfast in Portland, lunch in the heart of the forest, and we were destined to dine from generous baskets of fragments after we had returned to our own beloved Columbia river highway.

We had reached Government Mineral springs, the farthest north for automobiles on the western side of the Columbia national forest, for it is here that the road makes a graceful curve right in front of the hotel and follows its own tracks back to the Evergreen highway, which we had left at Carson, 15 miles south.

Perhaps a few words right here concerning this playground of the people will be of interest to the reader, especially if he contemplates a trip by means of which he may view and enjoy its beauties.

Forest in Washington.
The Columbia national forest lies in the southern part of the state of Washington and it extends from the Columbia river northward to the Cispus river and from Mount Adams westward to Mount St. Helens. It lies on both sides of the Cascade range. A system of roads and trails, aggregating more than 800 miles in length, gives access to points of special interest within the forest. There are signboards along the trails and at important trail intersections. There is considerable game within the confines of the forest and there are well-stocked streams and lakes that furnish excellent sport for the angler during the open season. The eastern side of the forest is reached from the White Salmon, about 20 miles up the Evergreen highway from Carson. An automobile road runs from White Salmon to Guier, about 25 miles north, the outfitting point for expeditions to Mount Adams, 12 miles farther north. Mount St. Helens is reached from Castle Rock, Wash., where one takes the road for Spirit lake, 47 miles distant.

Two Highways Available.
The city dweller who wants to lose himself for awhile in "the continuous woods" finds rest and inspiration amid the deep solitudes of this wonderful forest. Its invitation is calm, but wondrously cordial and compelling. In point of time the most of the forest which we visited lies but a few hours from Portland, with two great highways leading to it—one on the north side of the majestic Columbia river and one on the south side.

Suburban Portland was hardly astir when the automobile carrying our party of seven persons turned into Sandy boulevard, which a little farther on became the great Columbia river highway. Lewis E. Obye was at the wheel, therefore the car could be none other than a Standard "8". It was my first trip in a car of that make and I ask the reader to pause right

here with me for a moment while I wish for a long life and much of success to the man who makes it! I have traveled in all sorts of cars, from the kind whose names are uttered in one short syllable to the sort with pedigree so distinguished that their names must needs be parted in the middle with a hyphen, but never have I traveled in a car that yielded to the driver's wish more eagerly or more gracefully or one that seemed so abundant in vitality and reserve power. It takes no great stretch of the imagination to conceive that such a vehicle is sentient, and that it shares with its master the pleasure and the pride of the open road!

Forest Glories Pictured.
And so we fared forth! We could only picture in our mind's eye the glory of the heart of the forest, but we knew that between were leaping waterfalls and majestic cliffs; that here and there the road would wind through cool shadows where the slender fronds of dewy ferns would timidly stretch forth in welcome; that often we would catch glimpses of warm sunbeams dancing upon broad waters!

If, haply, you ever have journeyed

(Concluded on Page 7.)

