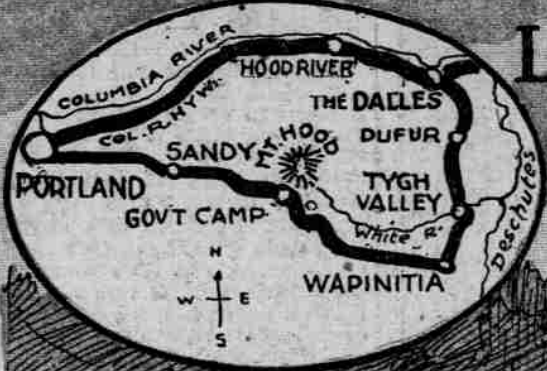
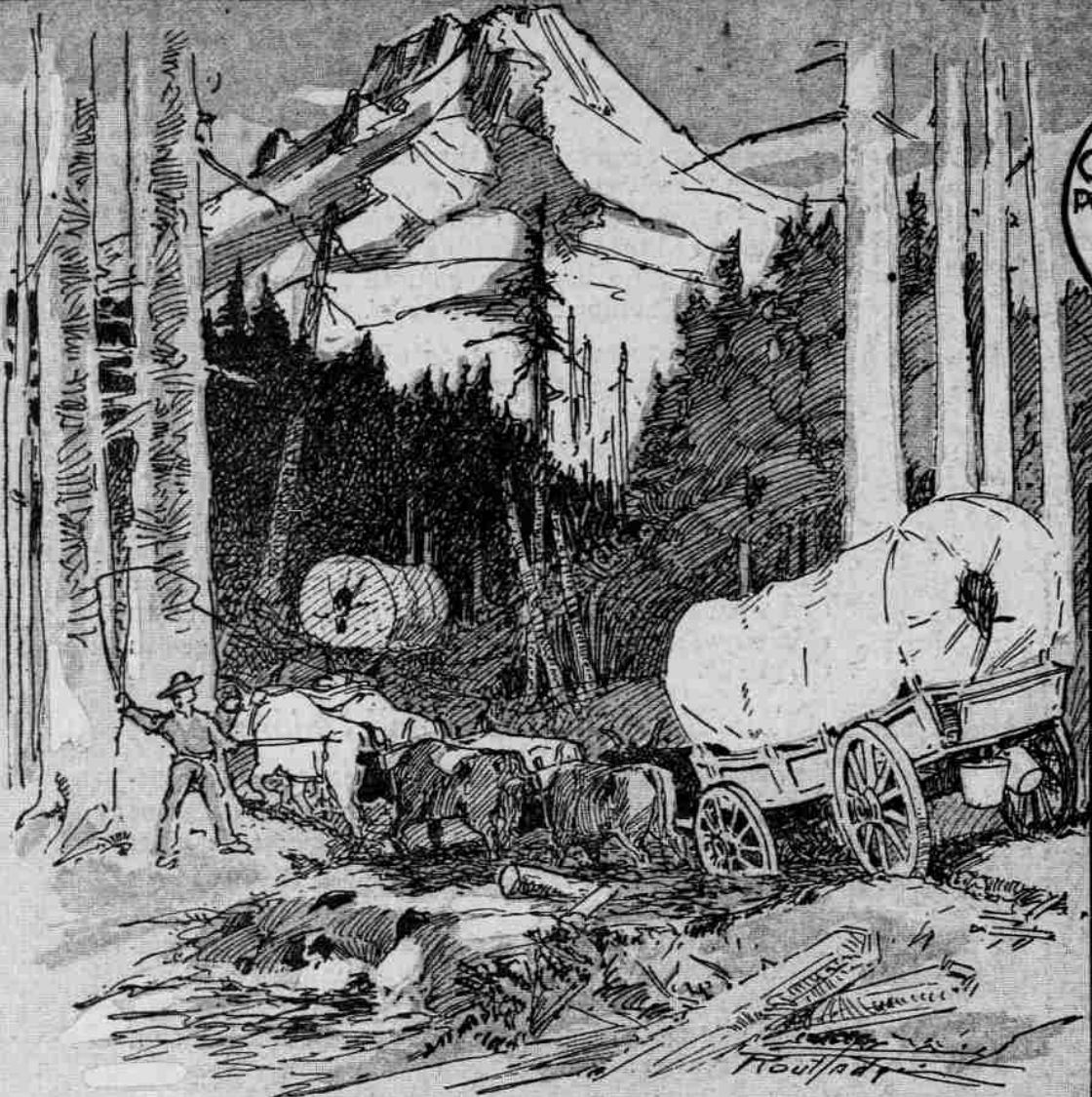




BREAKING TRAIL THROUGH the HEART of the CASCADES.

Lexington Car Is First This Season
to Follow Old Emigrant Path of '46



Bridging a swamp was part of the day's work

BY H. W. LYMAN.

TO cross the Cascade mountains south of Mount Hood is a real journey in the middle of the summer, when conditions are the most favorable. But to break trail across the range from Government camp to Wapinitia, when an occasional tree is still down across the road and an occasional swamp, bridged only by a loose covering of planks and logs thrown lengthwise into the road, is still choked with melted snow water, that is a real adventure.

Such was the run accomplished last week by W. C. Reed of the Oregon Lexington company, local Lexington distributors, at the wheel of The Oregonian scout car, in this case a Lexington, one of those big boys equipped with the powerful Ansted engine. Reed, accompanied by his wife and little daughter and a couple of Oregonian representatives, had the distinction of piloting the first car, so far as could be learned, to cross the divide this year. The journey of approximately 240 miles comprised a Mount Hood loop trip of considerably greater dimensions than the real loop trip will be when the proposed road is completed and led from Portland to Government camp, thence southeasterly and easterly across the Cascade divide into Wapinitia, thence northward to The Dalles and thence home over the Columbia river highway. The entire run was made in one day, the start being made from Portland at 8 o'clock in the morning and the return at 11 o'clock that night.

The trip was one of those unexpected adventures that nine times out of ten are more enjoyable than a deliberately planned undertaking. The Oregonian scout car left Portland at 8 o'clock in the morning bound for Government camp to log the road to that point for the benefit of Portland people, wishing to visit the resorts on the south side of Mount Hood. It was 11 o'clock when the car reached Government camp and it was there that we met L. F. Pridmore, manager of the Government Camp hotel, who was really responsible for our making the loop trip. Pridmore declared the road had just been opened by the forest service and hinted that if we were real sports and

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Lexington Car following trail through the timber.



Fallen trees didn't stop us.



Frog Lake in center of Cascades.

On the
eastern
slopes in
the cow
country