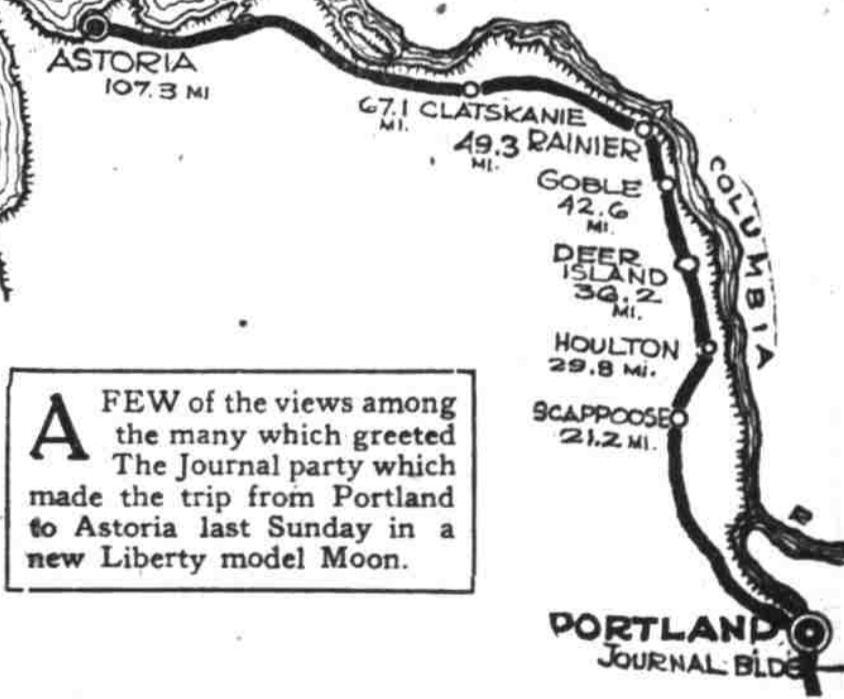


PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1919.

ALL MANNER OF VARIETY LENDS SPICE TO AUTOMOBILE TRIP TO ASTORIA



A FEW of the views among the many which greeted The Journal party which made the trip from Portland to Astoria last Sunday in a new Liberty model Moon.

PORTLAND JOURNAL ILLUSTRATION

ROAD PARTLY GOOD PARTLY POOR BUT SCENERY SUPREME

By Hirsch H. Bromberg
Combine the two ingredients of a smooth running car and a good road to jog along, with enough Oregon sunshine shining on Oregon scenery, and with just a suspicion of sea breeze stirred in. Then put the combination where some man in Portland or elsewhere can get a good whiff, and—well,

H. S. company, left the Journal building and found the way out to the Linnon road.
So many requests had been received in regard to the condition of the roads between Portland and Astoria that that route was picked for survey last Saturday and Sunday. Over half of the road is paved, with hard surface "hot stuff" going down at the rate of 100 feet each day. The paving lasts as far as Scappoose, and the early morning traveler has the chance to get a good look at an Oregon landscape opening its eyes after its nap, and observe the things the sleepy stay-at-home never has the chance to observe. And last Saturday morning was the acme of perfection in made-to-order "sights for sore eyes."
Bailey nearly forgot to keep the car in the road, so engrossed was he in giving the country the once-over. When it was finally explained to him that sundry members of the party were fond

of life, particularly on such a day, he settled down to the sole pastime of singing lullabies to the engine.
MOUNTAIN BEAUTIFUL
It was scarcely any time before the graceful Moon rose over the last hill east of Scappoose, and then started to rise a few more times, over some of the bumps on the stretch of rough macadam the motorist meets after leaving that town. The sight of Mount St. Helens lifting its cone above the dark base of the woods made up a hundredfold for the slight inconvenience of getting a little closer to Hood's little sister.
There is road construction going on at mileage 4.4 on the new cut-off, and the way continues to be rough to Warren, and slightly beyond, and then it smooths out the wrinkles and presents a smooth brow to the passing traveler. And also, one might say, that in response the driver presents a smooth

and a few people were around to see the Moon pass, and all paused to admire. The rock recently laid near the end of the paving at 28.2 is not as rough as it used to be, having been worn fairly smooth by the wheels of machines which have been giving the lower highway the opportunity of being of service. A bridge decided to leave on its vacation along this part of the road not long ago, with the result that motorists are using a detour that carries one but a short distance out of the way, and soon the party found themselves back on the main highway, where smooth sailing was enjoyed, with an exception in the form of a little road work at 40.3, where the rock has failed to become entirely sociable, being still rather loose and having the tendency to resent fast passage.
IS LIKE CHECKERBOARD
As far as stretches of pavement are concerned, the highway along here presents a remarkable resemblance to an elongated checkerboard, for at 40.4 the car rolls upon some more of the hard stuff, and the party found that it was not a bit hard to take. Goble at 42.6 rests alongside this length, and a few miles further on the town of Rainier is entered. At 49.8 a detour to the right is necessary. Here the party waved farewell to the pavement, for awhile, at least, though not for long. It seems that another gang has slipped something over on the society of rocks and bumps,
and some paving appears at the 50-mile grade, and as the car slides up this hill, one can almost feel the promise of good things at the top. And when the summit is reached, there is the whole valley lying before the beholder, the wide peaceful Columbia, hemmed in by the green banks that border it, slipping along in the glowing face of the sun, seems to be a very guardian and protector to the fertile fields along the banks, and to the people who derive their living and happiness from the care of the soil the river has given them. No wonder the call of the river sounds so loudly to him of the wandering foot, giving as it does the promise of boundless opportunity and delightful adventure to be met just around the corner. All life in the picture seemed to be at its best on this fall morning, not a single harsh note entering to mar the complete beauty of the spectacle.
PAVING GOING DOWN EAST
If someone failed to sneeze, or otherwise failed to deport themselves in an unpoetic manner, anyone might stand there until the river ran up the hill to meet them.
At mileage 56.0 there is a mixture of detour, loose rock and "hot stuff," and the foreman of the gang says the paving is going in at the rate of 1000 feet a day, six days out of the week, and sees no reason for the highway not being in first-class shape by the advent

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