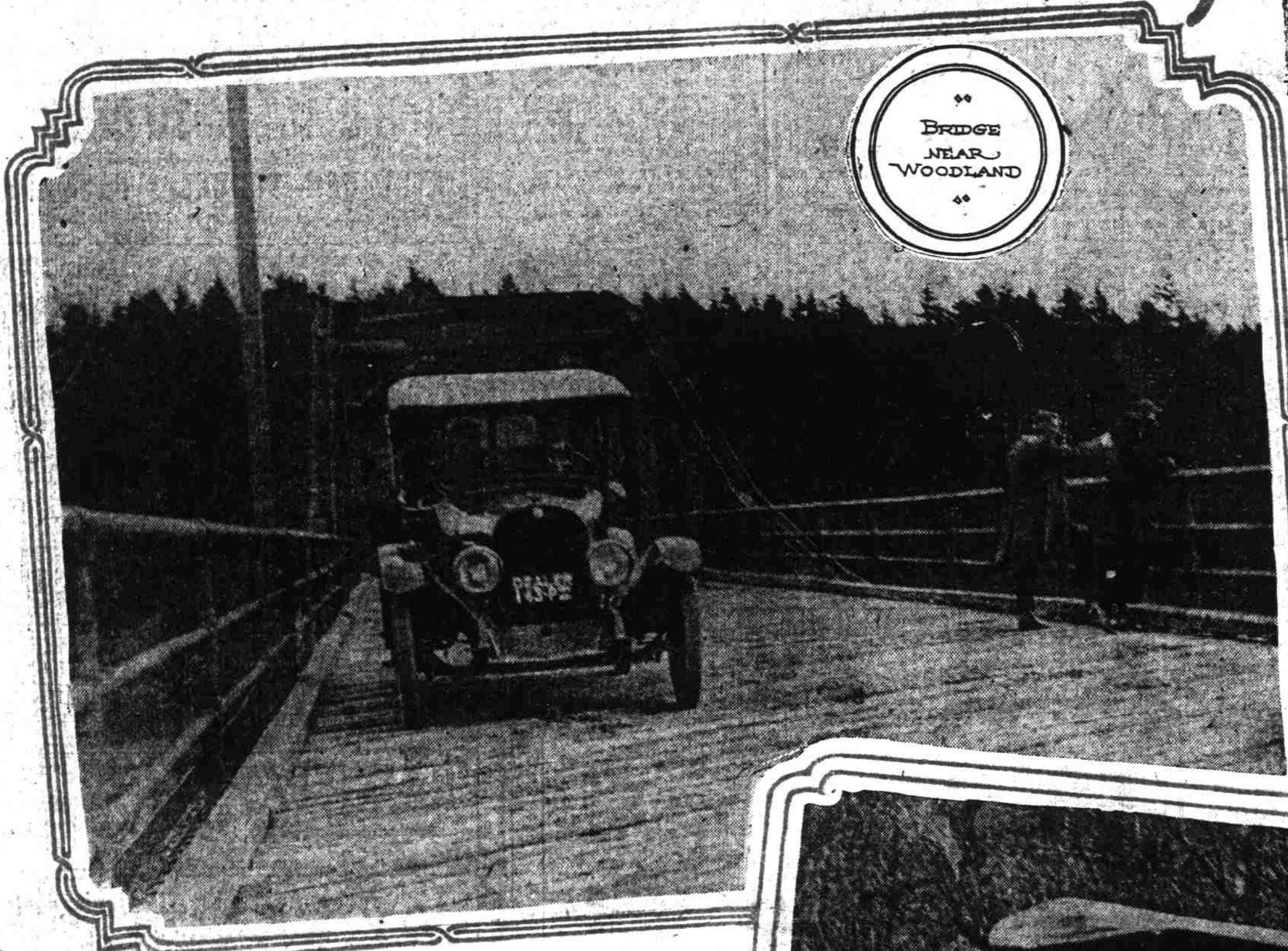


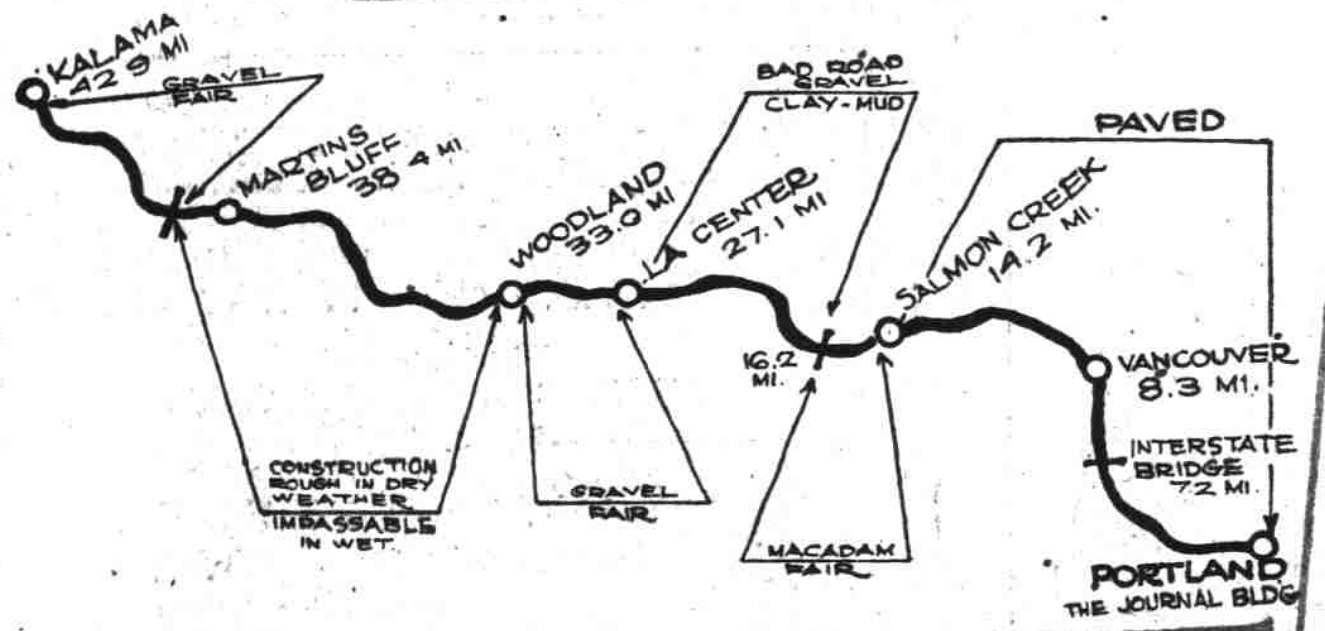
# North Bank trip to Kalama



BRIDGE  
NEAR  
WOODLAND



STOPPING  
FOR A  
REST NEAR  
LA CENTER



PLACE OF  
LUNCH ON  
THE ROAD



SURFACE  
OF FINE  
MACADAM  
NEAR  
REDFIELD

AS THE season for touring approaches, the road to Seattle becomes more and more of an important item to the man with a car who would fain go far afield at times in search of customer or pleasure. Salesmen who drive automobiles in preference to using trains—and their name is legion—are the chief sufferers from bad roads, and at the present time the road to Seattle, at least as far as Kalama, is no boulevard. Far from it, there are two routes that may be taken to Kalama, which is the jumping off place on the route. One of these is the Linnton road and the Goble ferry, and the other is over the Interstate bridge to Vancouver and by the Pacific highway. Both are bad, but of the two, the road by way of Vancouver is the poorer. The expense of the ferry at Goble is to be preferred to negotiating the miles of ratty clay and gravel between Salmon creek and Kalama.

To ascertain just the condition of the Washington route, The Journal scout party left in a Dort car, sent out by the Northwest Auto company and driven by H. J. Wareham, well known Dort salesman. The weather was good in the morning. There was every indication that the ground hog had failed to see his shadow and that summer was just over the hill. The fact that this delectable effect was somewhat spoiled during the later hours of the day in Washington has nothing particular to do with it.

There are two ways of going to Vancouver. One of them is through Kenton and out over the fill past the stockyards, or within hailing distance of them if one has a good voice, and in smelling distance of them if the wind is blowing from down the river. The new building where the livestock exhibition was held may be seen in the low ground near the fill, and on beyond the bottom land near the river bears that flooded appearance presenting more or less of a dreary waste to the casual eye, but betokening creels full of fish of a more or less mongrel breed to the intent gaze of the juvenile fisherman.

Paying the tax at the bridge is a small matter when the money is

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