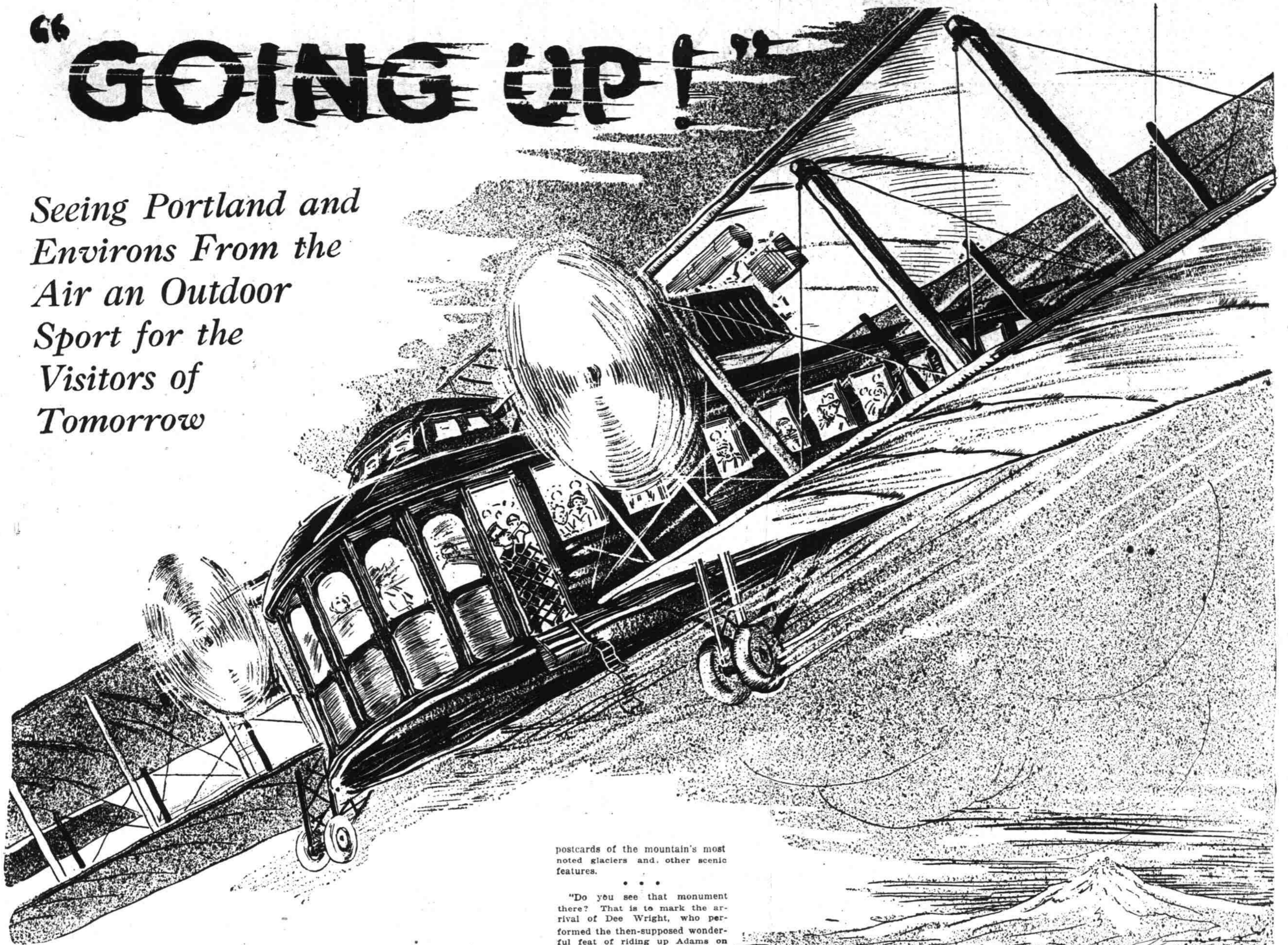


66 GOING UP!

Seeing Portland and Environs From the Air an Outdoor Sport for the Visitors of Tomorrow



By Henrietta L. McKaughan

TAKE in the Guardians of the Columbia! Mount Hood, Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens! Sightseeing car of the Tourist Aero service leaves in five minutes! Come and frolic on the glaciers of three mountain peaks and be back in time for dinner!"

Thus shouted the hoarse voiced airplane man through his megaphone. The plane rapidly fills with tourists, garbed in complete aviation uniform rented at the supply building for the trip.

"Tickets, tickets," said the guide. "Everybody ready?" asked the pilot, corkscrewing his neck around.

"All ready!" shouted the guide who had just inspected the strapping process.

The plane ran crazily over the field and rose majestically over the city of roses.

"These beautiful illustrated booklets I have for sale at \$1 each," said the guide, producing an armload of them. "They show each point of interest over which we will traverse on this afternoon's journey. By following the book carefully, you can see for yourself each picture that it contains."

The tourists were ready to be interested.

"Oh-h!" exclaimed a sweet young creature as she got her book. "Aren't the pictures pretty?"

"Below you," yells the husky guide, "lies the city of Portland. You will find it on page 7. Half the party craned their necks over the side of the car, the other half fumbled in their books for page 7. That silvery thread is the Willamette river. The wider streak is the Columbia."

"Where?" queried a freckled faced lad to a stoutish red headed woman at his side. "I don't see any thread."

"Be still!" commands the R. H. W. "There it is," as she pointed to Terwilliger boulevard.

"Still looking below you," belows the guide, his voice sounding above the whir of the engine, "you will see the winding highway of the Columbia river, once far famed as the most scenic ride in the Northwest, until airplanes came in-

to use. In your books you will find it on page 16."

"John," protests a firm-jawed woman of a meek faced man by her side. "We're in the wrong end of the car. I can't hear a word that guide says and I won't know what to look at."

"Straight before us," yells the guide, "you will see Mount Hood." Every tourist looked. "Until the development of the airplane," cried the guide, "nobody reached the icy summit except by climbing by foot with most painstaking effort. As a result, but few Mazamas ever set foot upon the snow fields and glaciers of the far famed mountain that lies so close to Portland's door. Through the vastly expensive engineering feat of our company the up-to-date landing field was constructed on its summit. You shall all be able to walk about on Mount Hood, 11,225 feet above sea level, by the real de luxe method of mountain climbing. Blankety blank million dollars were spent on leveling off the summit of the mountain, which was heretofore too rocky to permit an airplane landing. The feat was one of the biggest engineering projects in the country. Having leveled the mountain, our next problem was to make the terra firma solid enough to land. We at first considered skids, so as to enable us to land in the snow, but later developments developed a floor, which our regularly employed workmen keep swept clear of snow during the summer months."

"Off to the south you will see Mount Jefferson, and beyond, the Sisters. We will now land. We will spend 15 minutes on Hood, so that as many of you as wish may get out and walk around. This is the place to send your postcards home. There is a wonderful selection over in that building, and a postoffice branch, so that you can mail them right at the top of the world!"

"See that dilapidated looking shack over there. That was erected by the forest service in 1916 for the purpose of watching for forest fires before airplane patrols came into use. They packed all their materials up on their backs,

and for many summers Elijah Coalman lived there all alone. It was a lonesome place then, and cold, too. He hadn't the heat piped up from Crater Rock then as we do now. They say Coalman had nothing but an old coal oil stove. He would be somewhat surprised at the buildings and facilities of all kinds we have up here now.

"Here we are. Now everybody get out and buy their postcards." "Ma, are we going to get out?" asked the freckled faced boy.

"No," declared the red headed woman. "We're only here for a little while and we'll just keep our seats. You must not exercise in a high altitude, anyway. You might get the nosebleed."

"Ah, now," begged the f. f. b. "Everybody else's getting out."

"You'll stay right here," declared the r. h. w. "See, this picture shows us just where we are."

"I simply must get out," said the sweet faced thing.

"I must be able to tell my friends I walked around on Mount Hood."

"Now's our chance," whispered the firm-jawed woman to John. "We'll get a seat nearer the guide while everybody is out. I don't enjoy things unless I can hear the guide tell what they are."

The tourists bought, addressed and mailed their postcards, posed for an official photographer with each of them holding a snowball, and then took their places in the plane.

The plane ran off the mountain top.

"Ahead of us in Mount Adams," yelled the guide.

"Which one?" queried the freckled faced boy.

"Shut up," commanded the red headed woman. "Can't you see, that round topped one there?" pointing to St. Helens.

"Upon the summit of Adams you will find equally modern facilities as you have found on Hood. Through the airplane have our Northwest mountain peaks undergone a development never dreamed of in the early history of the region. We will spend a few minutes upon Adams as well as St. Helens. At each place you will have opportunity to buy souvenir

postcards of the mountain's most noted glaciers and other scenic features.

"Do you see that monument there? That is to mark the arrival of Dee Wright, who performed the then-supposed wonderful feat of riding up Adams on horseback in the year 1918."

The plane settled down on Adams and the passengers clambered out and purchased some more postcards.

"Isn't this just too cunning for anything," cooed the fairer half of the newlyweds, clinging to the arm of her stalwart companion. "Just look at that halo over Mount Shasta," pointing the while, at Mount Rainier. "Doesn't that look just like a lovely new hat?"

It was time to be off for Mount St. Helens. The tourists settled comfortably back in their seats.

"Where are we now, John?" asked the firm-jawed woman, turning the pages of her book frantically.

"I don't know. I can't seem to find it in here," said John. "Oh, yes, we must be about here," pointing on a map which the book contained. "Because Adams was the mountain we just left, you know."

Within a few minutes the plane nosed down over St. Helens, and again the passengers flocked out to buy souvenir postcards. The guide nonchalantly smoked a cigar. His voice was getting tired.

"Oh-h, wouldn't you just love to live up here in the clouds?" sighed the newlywed.

"Ma, where's that other plane going?" asked the freckle faced

boy. "Gee, it's heading toward that other mountain. Are we going to that mountain, ma? Say, ma, why don't we go that mountain?"

"That mountain is Rainier," said

the guide, turning half around.

We take it in on our longer trip, which costs just twice as much and lasts all day. On that trip we have lunch at our fine new Top-of

the World Inn' on Rainier, and then soar south and take in all the largest peaks in Oregon."

It was time to be off.

"My, but I'm hungry," said the



sweet young thing, as they headed Portlandward.

"Doesn't it give you an appetite to fly though. I hope they have something good to eat at the hotel tonight."

Howard Fisher