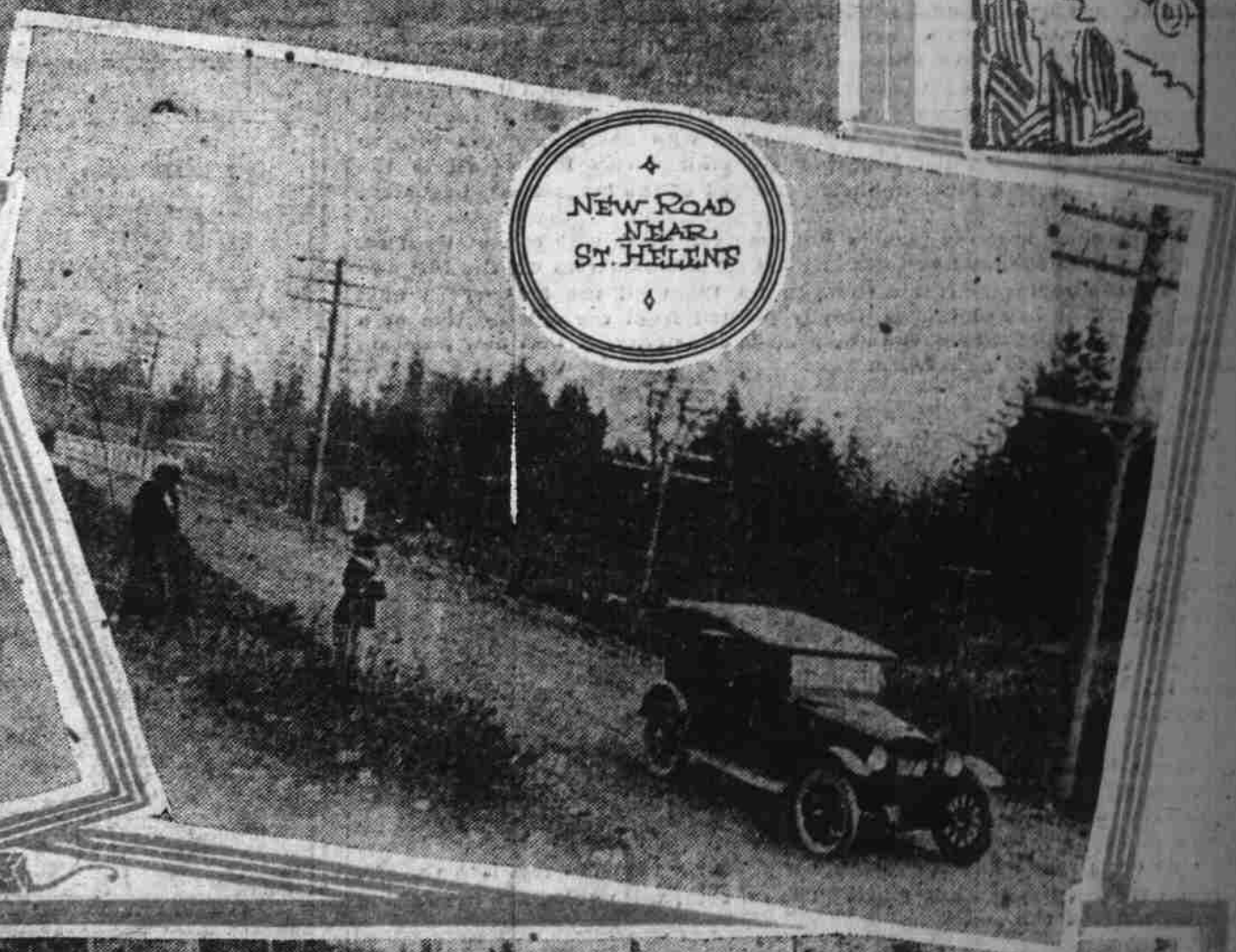
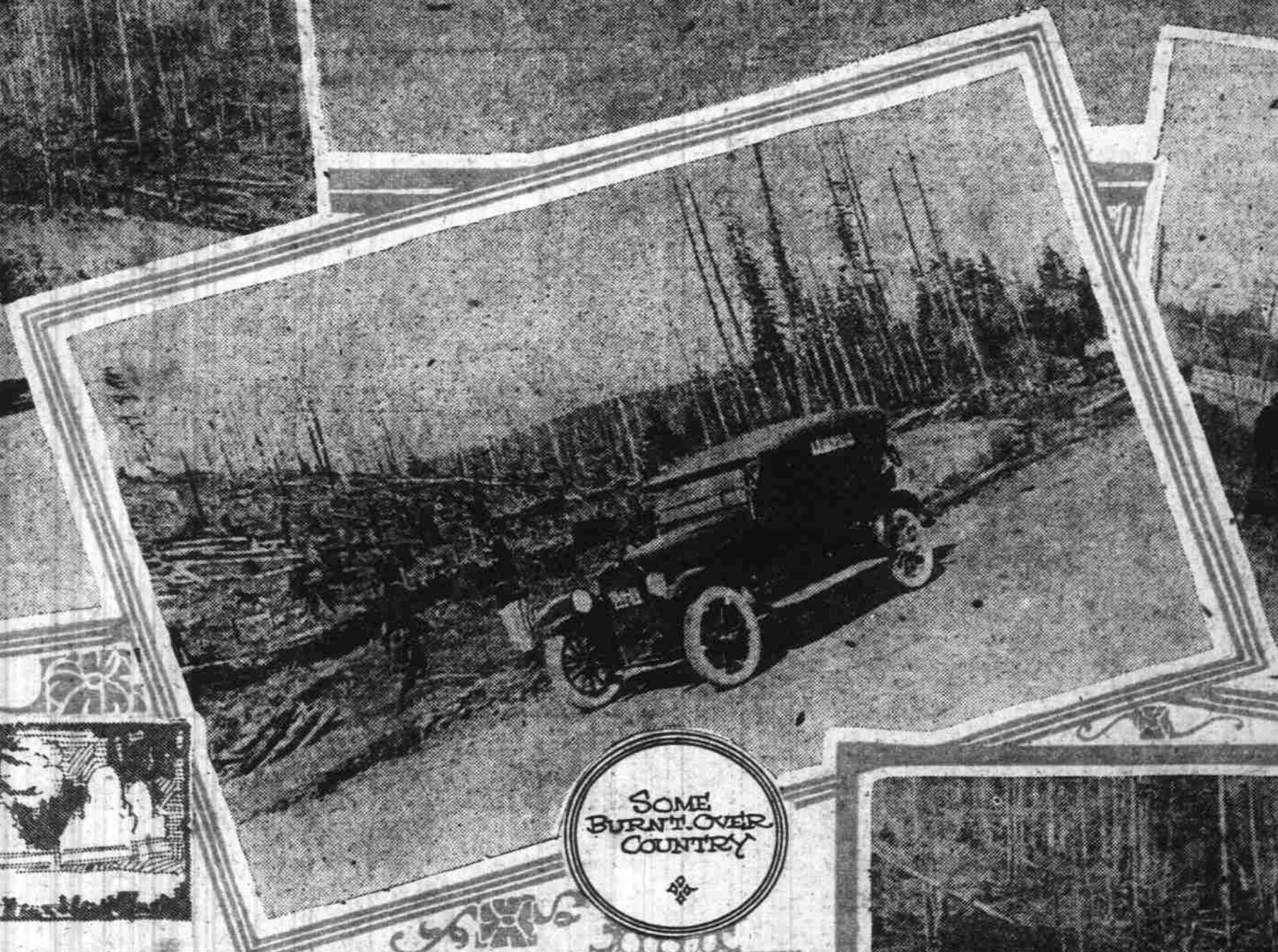
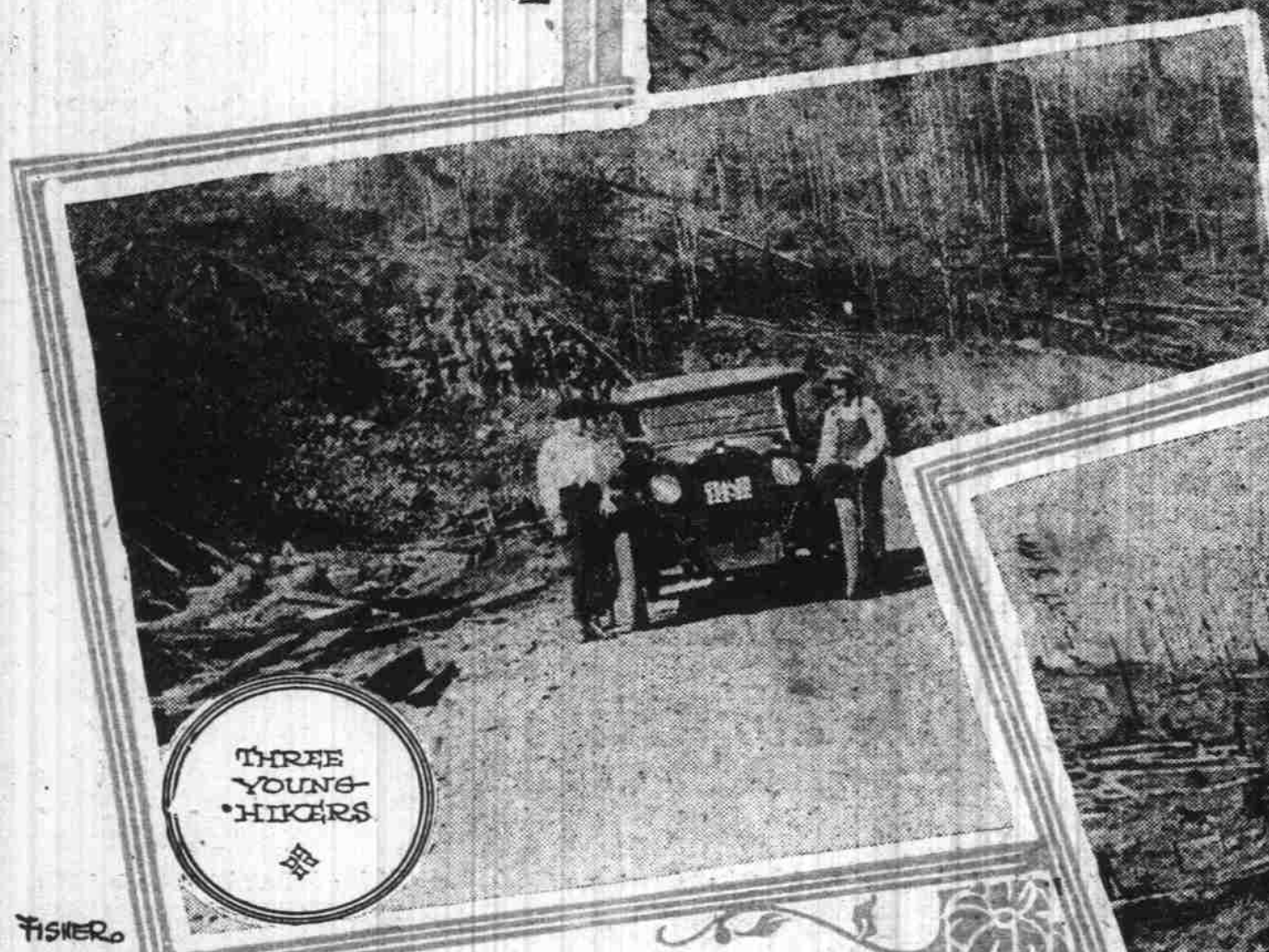
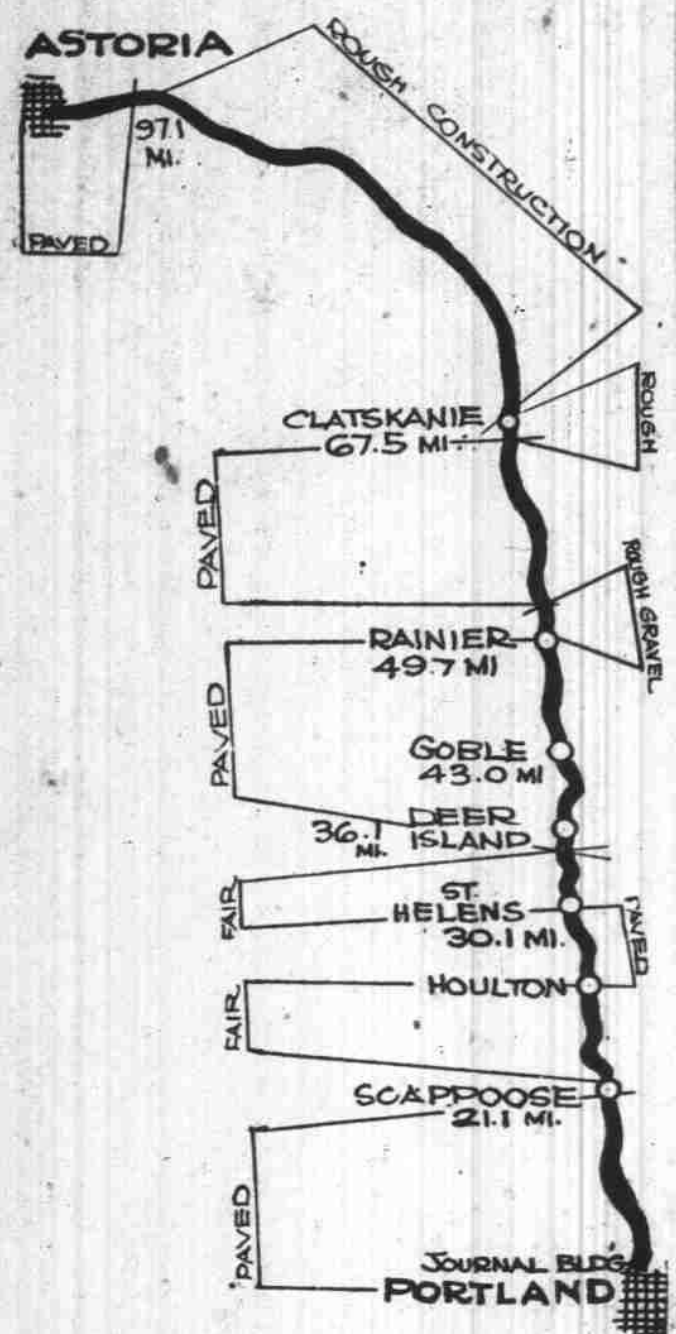


PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 30, 1920.

Work Being Rushed on Astoria Highway



WITH the approach of the summer season and the customary exodus of Portland people to the land of the beaches and foam-crested waves of the Pacific, the matter of good roads connecting this city with Oregon's playground becomes a matter of extreme importance. Most of tourists and mere stay-at-homes who make the trip but twice a year—there and back—make use of one of two roads, that to Tillamook, or the stretch along the river known as the Lower Columbia river highway.

A Maibohm Six and a Journal scout party, the car being sent out by the A. M. Beaver Motor company and piloted by A. M. Beaver, president of the company, made the trip to the City by the Sea in excellent running time last Sunday, and succeeded in discovering the bits of highway suitable for fast travel and those where a more conservative pace is far more advisable.

As to the character of the country along the lower river little need be said, as Oregon scenery needs no explanation for its possession of beauty and wants but little emphasis placed on its points of vantage to aid in their discovery by the chance motorist. Sufficient, therefore, it is to say that there are those who declare the route to Astoria to rival that to Hood River, and folks who say so are known to have the courage of their convictions. The road itself then is the chief thing.

To all intents and purposes it is a good road, not all of the way, but most of the distance. There are rough stretches where the driver may wish that his dollars spent for taxes might have

been more intelligently distributed, but these are made up for by others where he wonders how the little money contributed to the state's coffers has been able to bring about such splendid road results and charming vistas of landscape.

From Portland to Scappoose the paving is still in excellent condition and will be when most of us are considerably older than we are at present. The right turn across the railroad tracks at the station is another tale, however, and the motorist who thought there was a paved stretch beyond the rails brings his car to a slower pace with an effort more convulsive than scientific, and for a space of 10 miles or so, is very considerate of the feelings of the folks in the rear seat. A good driver can make a speed of 25 miles an hour between Scappoose and Deer Island, and drivers not possessed of equal skill in keeping the car on the high spots may ease along at a pace more in keeping with their experience and comfort.

The surface becomes smoother as one nears Houlton, and from that point paving leads almost to the left turn on the outskirts of St. Helens. Beyond St. Helens one can see the great rock crusher preparing material for the new cut-off, a portion of which is completed and joins the old road near the crossing. From this point on there is a little corduroy and some rather ratty bits that have to be handled with care. A brace of miles this side of Deer Island

(Continued on Page Seven, This Section)