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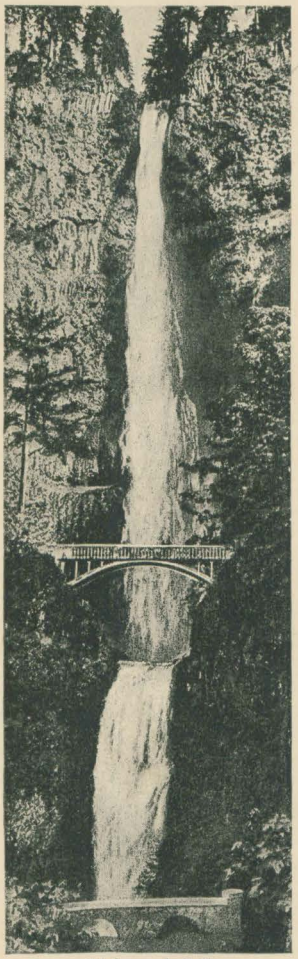
The Story of Columbia River Highway

The Most Wonderful Roadway in all America

and

Portland Oregon

The City Beautiful



Multnomah Falls

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by

Sydney B. Vincent

1919

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"The Americans' place in the scheme of things is to reveal to the world what can be done in the development of a new country."

HONORABLE FRANKLIN K. LANE

Columbia River Highway

"THE WAY IS NOW OPEN, AND AS MEN AND WOMEN CONTINUE TO COME AND GO THROUGH THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA, THEY WILL SEE THE MIGHTY WORK OF GOD AND SHOULD GLORIFY HIS NAME."

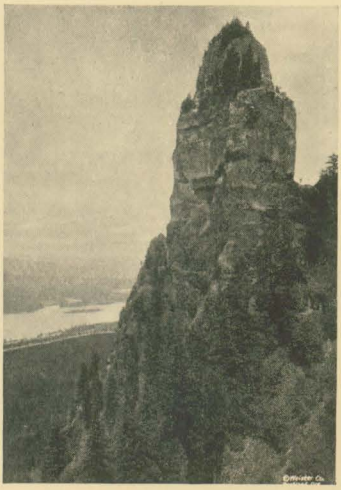
FOR generations American tourists have been going to Europe, returning filled with the enthusiasm of one who has seen many and beautiful things. Those among them fortunate enough to have viewed the beauties of France and of Britain from the comfortable seat of a touring car, or to have looked down from the heights of the mountain roads of Switzerland and Italy, have told us of the splendid roads of those countries, and filled us with a desire to speed over their smooth highways, ourselves to enjoy the thrill of such rides, such roads and such scenery.

European roads have always been held up to us as examples of road building supreme. We have been told that they have been a hundred, yes, several hundred years in the building; that generations of road builders have created something undreamed of for Americans, creations hardly to be aspired to.

Then, again, we have for generations been fed upon the stories of the beauties of the homely scenery of Britain and the magnificent and awe-inspiring splendors of the continent, with its great snow-capped mountains, its valleys and lakes, and all those things which go to make up the beauties of the great outdoors. We have been preached to and talked to and some of us have been almost convinced that we had nothing at home to equal in magnificence the beauties of Europe.

That was not so many years ago. But latterly, for a decade or so, Americans have come to realize that there is in the United States scenery more beautiful, more inspiring and more accessible than anything possessed across the water. Travel associations, railroads and the Federal Government have told us through beautiful literature, by photographs, through moving pictures and other ocular means, of the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, Glacier National Park. Californians have been duly impressed and duly loyal, as becomes Californians with the beauties of the Yosemite and the magnificence of her giant redwoods, the splendors of Tahoe and the wonders of the Kings River Canyon.

But still people, mostly eastern people, continued to go to Europe; they continued enthusiastic about things abroad and could or would not believe the stories of beautiful America. A few ventured to the great West,



St. Peter's Dome

seeking verification of the statements of persons who had seen and returned home enthusiastic over what they had encountered in the Rockies, the Coast Range and the Cascades; for, after all, it is our mountains which hold the grandeurs, the pinnacles of our own scenic magnificence. Many who had been fortunate enough to have been "on the other side" and, seeking "new worlds to conquer," had made the great venture into the Far West, were not slow to make comparisons, and generally, doubtless, with favorable result, so far as American scenery was concerned.

But, withal, travel at home had been sadly neglected until the outbreak of the great European war shut off that objective of the tourist, with the result that in recent years the great scenic assets of the Pacific Coast have been more appreciated and more widely talked of. We slowly but surely are reaping the reward of years of perseverance, years of patient waiting for "the day" when the American people would wake up and become enthusiastic over the things at home rather than the things abroad.

Oregon and Washington have realized more slowly on their scenic assets than has California. This was but natural. California, especially Southern California, has been the Mecca of eastern tourists for a score of years. That part of our sister State of the south has builded a wonderful business. Her tourist crop has been her chief asset. Farther north the Kings River Canyon, the Yosemite and Tahoe have had a portion, but not a fair proportion of the tourist business. Still farther northward Oregon, with equally as good, and in some respects more wonderful scenery, has had comparatively little of the tourist business, and Washington has had less. But a great change is taking place. Oregon is becoming better and better known for a rugged beauty, for her splendid fishing and hunting and for her wonderful summer climate.

"How," you may ask, "has this been brought about?"

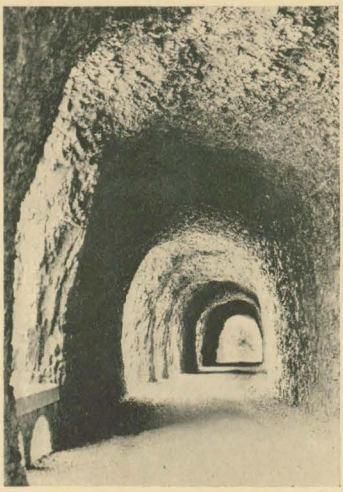
There is but one answer—the Columbia River Highway, the most wonderful roadway in all America, if not in the world; the most perfect example of road engineering skill extant.

But a mere road is not all. Such a surface easily can be made almost anywhere in the United States. That is not the secret. The answer lies in the fact that the Columbia River Highway is the key which opens the door to the treasure box of the beauties and impelling grandeurs of the gorge of the mighty Columbia River.

Waukeena Falls

Without doubt, the Columbia River Highway is the best advertised road in the United States. Its fame is being spread by all who have been fortunate enough to traverse its fifty-mile length of hard-surface pavement, and who have viewed its rugged frame from many points of vantage, or gazed up and down the mighty Columbia and over into the mountains of the State of Washington for a distance of sixty or eighty miles, and sometimes for greater distances. No one who has seen it will

ever forget. Time can not erase from memory its magnificent and rugged beauty. It will remain with one forever, as a beautiful dream.



Mitchell Point Tunnel

I wish I could "begin at the beginning" and tell the early history of travel along the banks of the Columbia, of the early means of communication between the wonderful Willamette Valley and the great "Inland Empire" east of the Cascades; of the hardships endured by those splendid men and women, who, heeding the stories of Lewis and Clark, wended their way from the eastern country, and pioneered for the generation of today. It is a tale filled with romance, with suffering and hardship, but nevertheless replete with incidents showing the fortitude and faith of the early pioneers, justified, as time has proved and as is evidenced in the magnificent development of the present day. Space will not permit the telling of the full story, so I will leap over time, as it were, to the beginning of work on the wonderful highway, no longer a dream of the dim future, but a reality of the present, a thing tangible, an object attained.

Actual work on the Columbia River Highway was begun in August of 1913, when the County Commissioners of Multnomah County (Portland) engaged Samuel C. Lancaster, a noted engineer, to make surveys for a road to run from Portland to the eastern line of Multnomah County. Mr. Lancaster, anticipating the Panama-Pacific Exposition, sought to have the fifty-mile stretch of road completed before the great travel to San Francisco, a fair portion of which Portland expected to get, either coming from or going to the exposition. Mr. Lancaster and the County Commissioners decided that the best modern practice should be followed in building a road suited to the times, the traffic and the place, such a road to have a minimum width of twenty-four feet, with extra width on all curves, no radius less than one hundred feet, and a maximum grade of five per cent.

The work was accomplished at a cost of over one million dollars and Mr. Lancaster had the satisfaction of witnessing the official opening on July 6, 1915.

Thus the first great section of the Columbia River Highway was thrown open to the public. But that is not all. There is another and larger stretch of the highway, extending from Portland to the Pacific, a distance of one hundred and ten miles. Only portions of the latter section have been paved. It has all been graded, and paving is expected to be completed this year. It is a good road today. There is still another "leg" to the Columbia River Highway to be paved—that great stretch between the Multnomah County line and Pendleton, in eastern Oregon. When this work is completed, probably by the end of next year, the Columbia River Highway will be paved for its full length of three hundred and seventy miles. Much of the paving will be done this season.

Most of the readers of this article have seen large orchard areas in full bloom, but there is always something charming in the sight, and each spring I, for one, feel

the call to go to Hood River, or some other orchard section in Oregon, to get a whiff of the perfumed air and to drink deeply of the beautiful sight. This year was no exception, so with a few friends I started out from Portland to drive to Hood River.

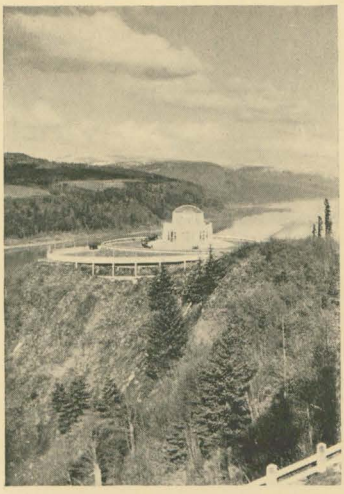
It was a beautiful spring morning. The air was cool, the earth was moist from the showers of the night, and all creation was fresh and gay. We left the noise of the city behind and, speeding smoothly out Sandy Boulevard, through the little town of Troutdale and over Sandy River bridge, along the banks of the river, past an occasional house, and always under the shadow of the rocky bluffs which top this section of the highway, we arrived at the Portland Automobile Club. There we stopped for a few minutes to admire the beautiful spot chosen by the club for its country home.

Leaving the club, we continued our journey eastward, climbing by admirable grades to the crest of the first real eminence on the eastward trip to Chanticleer, where the first beauties of the Columbia River Gorge burst upon us. In front, on the right, and high up, rose the foothills of Mount Hood, and on the left, hundreds of feet below, swept the mighty Columbia, up whose valley for a score of miles we gazed as we proceeded on our journey.

From Chanticleer we proceeded slowly to Crown Point. The air was delightful, the views so splendid that we decided to drive "under wraps," as a horseman might put it. Following the splendid straightaways and rounding the graceful curves of the highway, we reached Crown Point, without doubt the most beautiful spot upon any highway in America. From its eminence, some seven hundred and fifty feet above the Columbia River, we gazed upon one of the most beautiful panoramas imaginable.

From this wonderful spot one is made fully to realize that "the Columbia River and its immediate environment abound in scenic splendor" and that the widely extolled grandeurs of the Rhine suffer by comparison with this majestic river, the most beautiful on this continent.

On the crest of Crown Point has been erected by the people of Multnomah County one of the most unique and beautiful buildings in America. Nothing like it has been attempted anywhere else in this country, so comparison with other buildings would be futile. It was erected as a memorial to the pioneers of Oregon, and cost $100,000. It serves as an observation point, rest house and shelter for thousands of tourists who ride over the highway. It has fittingly been named "Vista House."



Vista House

From its broad steps, or from its observation tower, or from the hard-surfaced roadway, thirty-five feet in width, which surrounds it, enclosed by a stone parapet four and a half feet high, upon which are mounted electroliers, may be seen a number of the most interesting of the Columbia River scenic points, including Rooster Rock, Castle Rock, the

Sunken Forest, Table Mountain, Cape Horn, Lone Rock and Silver Star. Across the river one may look far into that section of southern Washington and onto the farms which dot a large portion of the area within the scope of the eye.

Latourell Falls

But let us proceed. Winding slowly downward to water level, we pass over a unique piece of engineering. Sweeping through a forest of stately timber, doubling back upon itself five times, to keep the grade within a maximum of five per cent, the highway engineer created a double figure eight, which covers in an area of forty acres a distance of approximately one mile. This feature of the great highway is always impressive. It is typical of the skill which governed the entire highway construction.

Next we come to Latourell Bridge, a splendid structure, consisting of three arches eighty feet in length, the center span being one hundred feet high. Here again should be noted the painstaking care of Engineer Lancaster. At this point is a splendid waterfall, Latourell, whose sparkling waters fall two hundred and twenty-four feet into a splendid pool at the base of an overhanging cliff. The beautiful concrete bridge was located to afford the best view of the waterfall. The basaltic background of the falls is perpendicular, the erosions of time creating an unusual formation.

Soon we are in Shepperd's Dell, the "playground of the fairies," presented to the city of Portland by George Shepperd. Here a white arch of concrete bridges a chasm one hundred and fifty feet wide and one hundred and forty feet deep. The roadway is cut out of solid rock. Directly east of the "dell" are four prominent domes of basalt, beautiful in their gigantic proportions. The most prominent of these is Mushroom Rock, around whose base the road wends its way on to Bridal Veil, one of the finest of the highway falls, whose beauty, however, has in a measure, been marred by the demands of commerce, a great lumber mill utilizing a portion of the waters.

The falls are located on the river side of the highway, just before a wide turn, and for this reason sometimes are missed by tourists. Those, however, who know of their presence, if the traffic permits, sometimes violate traffic regulations and drive close to the west wall of the road and there view the falls, a goodly stream passing onward into the Columbia.

And now we will pass Coopey and Dalton Falls. To my mind Coopey Falls are one of the finest on the highway route, but they are located some distance back from the road up a precipitous canyon, and, like Bridal Veil, may be missed by those making their first journey over the highway. Dalton Falls, nearby, also are very beautiful, especially in the spring when there is plenty of water.

Glancing upward at this point one will see Angel's Rest, fifteen hundred feet high, upon the crest of which Charles Coopey, one of the projectors of the highway, has erected a large flagpole, from which, in the summer season, the Stars and Stripes fling out to remind the tourist that he is still in the good old U. S. A., and

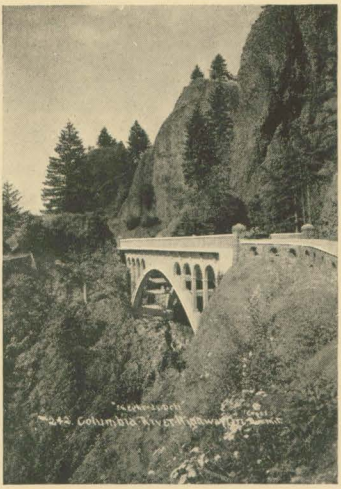
not in some etheral region in which he, in the joy of his highway trip, might readily imagine himself.

What shall I say of Waukeena Falls, our next stopping place? Waukeena Falls are located in Benson Park, as also are Multnomah. Benson Park was the gift to Portland of S. Benson, one of the most active of the group of men whose energy and wisdom brought about the construction of the Columbia River Highway. Waukeena (Indian for "most beautiful") is another spectacular fall, its water winding down a precipitous and tortuous course for four hundred feet. A winding trail leads up to a bridge which spans the cascades. Back of the main falls, but not in sight, are a number of other beautiful, but lesser, falls.

And now we come to the most beautiful of all the falls on the Columbia River Highway, Multnomah, the "queen of all American cataracts," whose source is the famous Larch Mountain, and whose waters drop in a series of falls down into the Columbia River. The upper fall is about seven hundred feet in height. Its waters fall, almost silently, into a great circular basin, which in turn surrenders its waters to another fall of seventy feet, thence cascading under a short bridge and on to unite with the waters of the Columbia. Just above the cascade which connects the two falls is "Benson Bridge," a wonderful structure, high in the air, from which may be had a splendid view of the falls. Multnomah Falls are claimed by some to be the second highest falls in the United States. All things considered, they undoubtedly are the most beautiful, not for the volume of water they carry, but because of the wondrous beauty of the surroundings. "Too beautiful to be real" is almost a stereotyped comment regarding this most enchanting "Dream Garden."

Two miles farther on we come to Oneonta Gorge, a precipitous canyon, in some places but a few feet wide, leading to a beautiful fall, a mile back from the highway. The falls are ninety feet high. It is unfortunate that they cannot be seen from the road, but the beauties and marvels of Oneonta Gorge itself more than compensate the tourist for the seclusion of the falls.

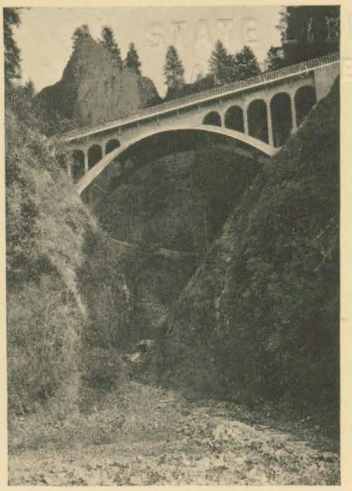
Horsetail Falls, two-tenths of a mile beyond Oneonta, are one hundred and eighty feet high and crash into a pool at their base with a roar. They are within a few feet of the highway. They have a distinctive beauty, unlike any of the other falls on the highway. They are well named, truly having the appearance of the beautiful tail of an Arabian horse.



Shepperd's Dell

And now Cathedral Rock and St. Peter's Dome come into view. Is there anything like St. Peter's in all America? I hazard a guess in the negative. This wonderful monolith is the great Guardian of the Columbia, with Cathedral Rock and a company of others to keep watch until the end of time. The rugged beauty of St. Peter's is truly marvelous. The eminence seems well named. There is something inspiring, something etherial about it. It lends to the surroundings, a something indescribable.

Just here, looking toward the Washington shore, one may have a "close up" of Beacon Rock, commonly called "Castle Rock," because it has, from a distance, the appearance of a castle. Beacon Rock was given its name by those first great American explorers of the Oregon country, Lewis and Clark. It was long considered insurmountable but its owner, Henry J. Biddle, at great expense, has constructed a trail around it, that visitors may climb to its peak, eight hundred feet above the Columbia.



Moffett Creek Bridge

We now come to a wonderfully interesting place, the great fish hatchery at Bonneville, conducted by the Fish and Game Commission of Oregon. It is the largest producer of salmon in the world, each season witnessing the propagation of millions of fish, which are released in the waters of the Columbia and other streams of Oregon.

The Columbia is recognized as the greatest fishing stream in the world, having, since commercial fishing commenced in the sixties, produced over one hundred millions of dollars of Royal Chinook salmon, one of the finest food fishes known.

Visitors at the hatchery are shown every courtesy. The process is fully explained, and in the proper season one may see the development of the fish from the egg to the six-months-old fish which are given their freedom, to return to the Columbia four or five years later to become food for man. In the open ponds may be seen thousands of trout of all sizes. They sometimes are fed for the gratification of visitors, making a wonderful sight.

But we must go on to Eagle Creek, the most beautiful mountain stream tributary to the Columbia River. Here is a wonderful natural park, a Federal Reserve, which is turned over to campers. It is highly maintained and is the gathering place for hundreds of campers in the summer season. Eagle Creek is a splendid fishing stream.

We are nearing the end of the hard-surface section of the highway. We have had over forty-five miles of the most perfect road in the world. In a mile or so we will be on a good macadam road, and then will come the great Government locks, permitting river steamers to avoid the Cascades of the Columbia, whose wild racing makes safe navigation impossible. Here the Indians fish for salmon. It is a wild spot, well worth leaving the main highway for a half mile to see.

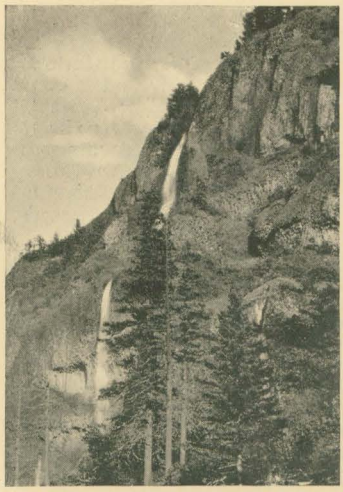
Here one may hear some reference to the "Bridge of the Gods." At the Cascades of the Columbia, a natural bridge once spanned the great river. This is attested by geologists and borne out by Indian legend. The bridge was of basaltic rock and its ruins now lie in the bed of the river, obstructing its flow and impeding navigation. The story of the great bridge is beautifully told in Balch's "Bridge of the Gods." The Indian legend, at least one of them, is to the effect that Sahale, the Great Spirit, raised the Cascade Mountains "to separate the Klickitat tribe of the north from the Multnomah nation in the Willamette Valley of the west, but for convenience sake

he created the great Tomanowas bridge (Bridge of the Gods), under which the waters of the Columbia flowed. On this bridge he stationed Loowit, made young and beautiful because of her faithfulness and benevolence, whose duty it was to maintain a fire—the only fire in the world—which she gave to the Indians. All Indian chiefs fell deeply in love with this maiden and as a result Klickitat from the north and Wiyeast from the south, with their warriors, entered upon a desperate war, ravaged the land and brought on misery and wretchedness. Then the Great Spirit in his wrath broke down the Tomanowas bridge and put to death the beautiful Loowit and the rivals Klickitat and Wiyeast. But in commemoration of their former noble and beautiful lives he reared snow-capped monuments; over the maiden Loowit, Mount St. Helens; over Wiyeast, the spire of Mount Hood, and above Klickitat, the great dome of Mount Adams. Thus the Bridge of the Gods was destroyed and the silent sentinels of the Columbia created."

Leaving the Cascades and their roar, and dash and foam, its memories and traditions, we proceed to Mitchell Point, where was cut through the mountain the world's greatest scenic tunnel. It is three hundred and eighty-five feet in length, and has five great windows overlooking the wide expanse of the Columbia, and from which also may be had splendid views of the mountains on the Washington side of the river. Also, if one is fortunate, one may see on the Washington side, occasionally, one of the famous "one hundred car" freight trains passing down the North Bank Railroad to Portland and going through five tunnels at one time.

The Mitchell Point tunnel is destined to become more famous than the Axenstrasse of Switzerland. It is attracting the attention of engineers the world over. It was necessary, to preserve the fixed grade of the Columbia River Highway. It is cut through the rock one hundred feet above the railroad tracks of the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company.

And now we are reaching our journey's end. Hood River, renowned for its apples, for its beautiful location, for the culture of its people (the "university of apple culture"), is in sight. Already the perfume of the blossoms is in the air. Soon an orchard comes into view. Its trees are laden with beautiful blossoms, giving promise of the harvest of Spitzenbergs or Newtons or the other popular varieties in the fall. We drive on through the city and then over the "sky-line" around the wonderful valley. Everywhere are apple blossoms. Nowhere in the world can a more beautiful blossom season be enjoyed. No prettier valley lies in God's outdoors. Framed in wonderful timber-clad uplands, with Mount Hood in all its majesty in the background, the turbulent Hood River cutting its way through the center of the picture, the Hood River Valley offers a scene of unusual beauty and grandeur.



Mist Falls

Portland, Oregon

The City Beautiful

ROMANTIC HISTORY OF OREGON'S CHIEF CITY, AT ONCE THE CENTER OF AN INSPIRING SCENIC SECTION AND A THRIVING COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS; DEVELOPMENT OF HARBOR A NOTABLE ENGINEERING ACHIEVEMENT

PORTLAND, the largest city in Oregon, is one of the most beautiful cities in all America. Situated at the confluence of the beautiful Willamette and the mighty Columbia Rivers, surrounded by timbered hills, with half a dozen mountain peaks in sight on clear days, the term "the city beautiful," so often overworked, truly applies in the case of Portland.

The city is the center of and the gravitating point to some of the most inspiring scenery the North American continent affords. Nature has painted canvasses more colorful, but none more perfect in blending, none more harmonious in composition. A wonderfully mild climate is hers. It is a land of temperate winds from the ocean, which serve to bring forth all the beauties of her forests, all the magnificence of her flowers. "Portland, the Rose City," is an appellation well deserved; the "summer capital of the land of outdoors." Under the combined excellence of soil and climate, the most perfect blooms of this queen of all flowers are produced literally by the millions. Miles upon miles of rose hedges remain in bloom from May until November, and roses on the Christmas dinner table are not an unusual sight. Portland's annual Rose Festival is one of the great American outdoor festivities. It attracts tourists and others from all portions of the United States. It is the pride and joy of her people.

Portland is a city of heights. From Council Crest, the highest point in the city, with an elevation of twelve hundred feet, and from several less eminent spots, may be had some of the most inspiring views in the world. From the Crest the city spreads out like a huge canvas, affording magnificent views of the Columbia and Willamette Rivers. From this eminence the eye may scan a region of three thousand square miles, and on especially clear days a much larger vista is obtainable. Off to the east is wonderful Mt. Hood, whose snow-capped peak stands forth in an ever-changing glory. Swinging around the horizon one may see Mt. Adams, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Jefferson, and far to the north, on very clear days, looms Mt. Rainier. Beyond the city are beautiful fields and forests. No other American city, it is said, offers such an inspiring view.

Mount Hood From Portland

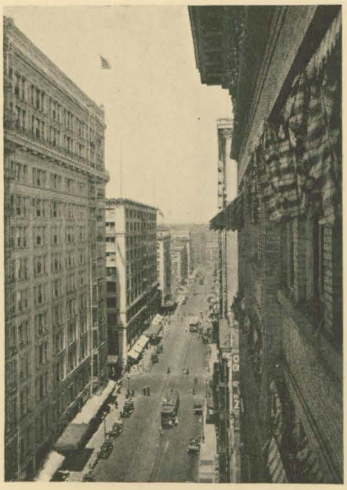
John H. Williams, whose description of the wonders of the ColumbiaRiverbasin

and the Puget Sound region have endeared him and his writings to lovers of the beautiful, says of Portland:

"From the heights which back the city of Portland on the west one may have a view that is justly famous among prospects in America. Before him lies the restless city, busy with its commerce. Winding up from the south comes the Willamette, the fine valley narrowed here by the hills where the river forms Portland's harbor, and is lined on either side with miles of shipping. Ten miles beyond, the Columbia flows down from its canyon on the east and turns northward, an expanding waterway for great vessels, to its broad pass through the Coast Range. In either direction, city or country, farm and forest, valley and mountains, stretches a novel perspective. From the wide rivers and their shining borders, almost at sea-level, the scene arises, terrace upon terrace, to the encircling hills, and spreads across range after range to the summits of the great Cascades. Dominating all are the snowy peaks, august sentinels in the horizon. On a clear day the long line of them begins far down in central Oregon and numbers six snowy domes, but the average day includes in its glory the three nearest, Hood, Adams and St. Helens. Spirit-like they loom above the soft Oregon haze, their glaciers signaling from peak to peak, and their summits bid a sordid world below to look upward."

Incomparably beautiful is the now famous Columbia River Highway. The most marvelous piece of road building of all time, this magnificent roadway was constructed by the people of Portland and Multnomah County at a cost of over one million dollars. It is hard-surfaced for fifty miles up the mighty Columbia from Portland, and eventually will be hard-surfaced from the shores of the Pacific Ocean, one hundred and ten miles below Portland, to Pendleton, in eastern Oregon, offering tourists a stretch of paved road three hundred and seventy miles in length, and passing through a scenic treasure house inexhaustible in its production of vistas of compelling beauty. World travelers say there is nothing like it anywhere. As an engineering feat it offers a silent testimonial to the skill of its builders. Ascending to a maximum height of nearly eight hundred feet at Crown Point, the grade in no place exceeds five per cent, and generally hardly exceeds one and rarely three per cent.

The greater part of the highway borders the Columbia River and meanders along overhanging crags and cliffs, past beautiful waterfalls and cataracts, across canyons on wonderful concrete bridges, always with a marvelous new and changing panorama of the Columbia Gorge to greet the eye.



Fifth Street

The Columbia Highway will be a monument for all time to the men whose genius converted a dream into reality.

Let us turn to the story of the development of Portland, and its commercial importance, a story in itself full of romance, and replete with incidents having to do with our national development.

It was in 1844 that Portland was christened. A toss of a coin decided a

friendly controversy between Francis W. Pettygrove and Amos L. Lovejoy, who had succeeded to the "Government land claim," which in after years became the site of one of the most magnificent of Pacific Coast cities, the Portland of today.

Portland Harbor Scene

Lovejoy was a Massachusetts man, and desired greatly that the embryo town which he and his partner were to establish be named Boston. His associate, Pettygrove, being a native of Maine, thought Portland, because of the future prospects of the "city" as a port, even then recognized by that sagacious pioneer, better would apply. The spot, before a building was erected, was a stopping place for boats going up and down the Willamette River to Oregon City, Fort Vancouver and other river trading points.

The subject of the name of the town came up at a dinner at their joint home in Oregon City, and the suggestion was made that a coin be tossed. Pettygrove had retained a copper, a souvenir of his Maine days, and won the first toss for his choice of name. In a spirit of fairness to his partner, Pettygrove flipped the coin twice more and winning "two out of three" named the prospective village "Portland."

It was a momentous decision. The name in itself gave great promise, and possibly its selection had much to do with the earlier and subsequent development of the port. It carried with it a suggestion of commerce; there was a psychology in the name which soon made itself manifest throughout the great "Oregon Country," by which all that territory we now know as Oregon and Washington and Idaho, and a large portion of the present State of Montana, was designated.

Up to the time of Portland's beginning Fort Vancouver, the then metropolis of that vast region, established in 1824 by that sturdy pioneer, Doctor John McLoughlin, on the north shore of the Columbia River, opposite the mouth of the Willamette, and Oregon City, also a creation of McLoughlin (1829), were the chief trading points for this section of the Oregon Country. Olympia, to the north, in the present State of Washington, was another important settlement, the three towns mentioned being the chief centers of white population in those days.

At that time all the Oregon Country was under the control of the British. Doctor McLoughlin was the official head in this section of the operations of the famous Hudson Bay Company, a British trading syndicate. In 1843, a provisional government was established to administer local affairs, which up to that time had been entirely lacking in legal formality. In 1845 the United States and Great Britain settled by treaty the long-standing controversy regarding the various boundaries, and the Oregon Country, by treaty, became an integral part of the great domain of the United States.

It was not until 1848, however, that the Territory of Oregon was created by Congress. Owing to delays, due partially to lack of transportation, the territorial

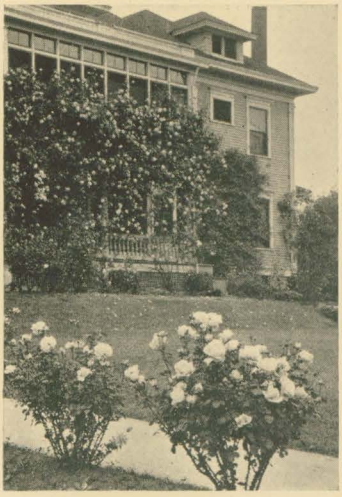
government did not become effective until the spring of 1849. Subsequently, the Territories of Washington, Idaho and Montana were created by Congressional Act. Oregon became a State in 1859.

The Oregon of today has an area of 96,699 square miles, by which may be judged the vastness of the original Oregon Country. In this connection, I am prompted to refer to the far-sightedness of the original locators of the Oregon Country. A study of the map of the Pacific Coast region will show that early in the previous century what we now so justly refer to as Portland's unexcelled strategic position, as a center of commerce for over 250,000 square miles of territory, was apparent to even the earliest pioneers. Old maps show that the territory embraced in the Oregon country followed the natural water grades on the Columbia and tributary streams, and the region of confluence of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers was at that early date considered the natural trading point for all the Columbia River territory.

Many early pioneers referred to the "water grade" down the Columbia to Portland, and yet it has been but a few short years, comparatively speaking, that the full import of the term, and the opportunities which that vast region of 250,000 square miles offers for the investment of capital in the development of untold resources, have begun to be appreciated. No section of the world holds more promise for the investment of money and the energies of man than does the great Columbia River Valley.

In the early forties several small settlements were established along the Willamette, including Milwaukie, St. Johns, Linnton, and other hamlets, and later "East Portland," all of which at various times have been taken into the present municipality of Portland.

In 1849 Portland was a thriving community, but the discovery of gold in California offered allurements which drew heavily upon the city's population, and deflected to the south thousands of persons who were en route to the Oregon Country from the New England States and elsewhere, so that in 1860 there was a population of 2874. In ten years the population had almost quadrupled, and in 1880 the city had a population of 17,578. Portland was undergoing great changes. Millions of dollars were poured into improvements of every description. Railroad building was the order of the day and whereas in 1870 Oregon had but 159 miles of railroad, ten years later 508 miles were in operation. Railroad connection with the East finally was had and Oregon and Portland developed speedily. By 1901, the railroad mileage within the State had increased to 1637 miles, and in December, 1918, there were in operation 3500 miles of commercial railroads, not taking into account hundreds of miles of electric street railways and many logging railroads.



Portland Roses

In the early days of the city, ocean-going vessels, with more or less frequency, made their way up the Columbia and Willamette

to the city. A considerable commerce was developed. In the late seventies this commerce grew rapidly, and in the eighties it was not an uncommon sight to see a dozen vessels flying foreign flags in Portland harbor. The Oregon Country was then beginning to produce wheat on a large scale. This business and its transportation to Great Britain and other foreign countries grew mightily, and Oregon apparently was on the verge of large development. Then came the great financial panics which upset the world and her development suffered. But still the wheat grew and it must be transported. Ships continued to come to Portland. As time passed and vessels of deeper draft came more and more into use, the necessity for increasing the depth of water over "the bar" at the mouth of the Columbia River and improving the channel of the river itself to Portland became apparent.

Forestry Building

Finally, in 1885, Congress appropriated money for work on the bar. The bar was not a great menace, but certain interested persons saw to it that the bar and its alleged dangers were kept well before the eyes of the shipping world. Even in those days there was a depth of water sufficient to carry vessels of the draft which obtained at that period, but it was the old story of "give a dog a bad name," and the port of Portland suffered somewhat in that it did not attract all the shipping it was capable of sustaining.

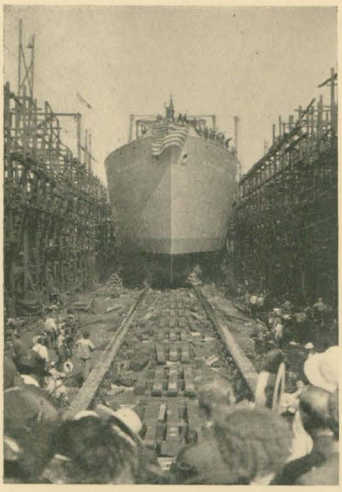
The first Federal appropriation was used in the construction of a jetty on the south shore of the entrance to the Columbia River. Its beneficial effect in deepening the waters at the entrance was almost immediately noticeable. Week in and week out, month following month, the bar silently slid into the deeper waters of the ocean. Shortly a survey showed twenty-five feet of water on "the bar" at low tide, and the great grain ships of the United Kingdom and continental Europe came in increasing numbers to load wheat at the great Portland docks. The city grew in shipping importance and soon ranked as the second largest wheat-shipping port in this country, an honor she has retained with becoming grace.

The importance of maritime commerce was manifest, and as the port grew out of its swaddling clothes a new and wonderful spirit was developed. The people of the city took a new and larger view of commercial matters. Great factories were established, splendid improvements were installed, and, most important of all, the money was provided for improving river channel conditions. Millions upon millions of dollars were expended. The river channel improved and has continued to improve, until today vessels drawing thirty feet easily can ascend the Columbia to take their cargoes at the docks of Portland, thus saving the heavy toll which would have to be paid if freight were carried on down the Columbia in railroad cars, it being estimated that the loading of vessels in Portland will save shippers approximately eighty-five cents per ton on every ton of wheat shipped.

Congress recognized Portland's prospective development as a great port, and more money was forthcoming for work at the mouth of the Columbia. The south jetty was extended and work was begun on a great jetty on the north shore. Year by year the jetty work went on and the great dredger "Chinook" was operated. Recognizing all that the city had done, and all that the proper development of shipping would do for the vastly rich country tributary to Portland, the Federal Government continued to expend money at the mouth of the Columbia. The south jetty was extended and work was begun, and now is practically finished, on a great jetty on the north shore. As the work progressed, the waters at the entrance deepened. Presently there was thirty feet of water on "the bar" at low tide. Portland was jubilant, and so was the growing port of Astoria. So were the engineers who had charge of the work. Soon the effect of the two jetties was in evidence. The bar began to disappear. It was being pushed into the sea by the waters of the Columbia. The scouring process continued month in and month out. Measurements showed thirty-five feet of water at low tide. Foot by foot the depth increased, until now there is about forty-two feet of water over what had been in years gone by "the Columbia River bar." There is no bar now. It is out of business for all time. The mightiest vessels that float can enter the Columbia River without difficulty. The navies of the world may safely anchor inside the entrance. In fact, no entrance to any Pacific Coast port is so deep, and what is more, the entrance channel is over one mile wide. It is expected that within a few years there will be a depth of fifty or more feet at the lowest stage of the tide.

The work of the Government at the entrance to the Columbia River represents one of the greatest of American maritime engineering achievements. It has produced one of the most revolutionary changes in entrance conditions in the history of world commerce. Few harbors of the world have such a perfect entrance, few harbors are so safe. There are no maritime losses. The few scored against the mouth of the Columbia occurred years ago. In fact, in the past twenty years probably no other large Pacific Coast port has had so few.

In the past ten years the city of Portland has spent millions of dollars on port development, and in 1918 and 1919 a total of approximately $8,000,000 will have been spent for additional port facilities, of which nearly three millions have been invested in a municipally owned grain evelator and terminal system, now almost ready for operations.



Launching of Steel Ship

During the past few years ship building, both steel and wooden vessels, has been an important feature of the industrial life of Oregon, and that this State played an important role in the war industries is indicated by the undisputed fact that Oregon and the Portland district was the largest producer of ships in the United States. In less than three years there were launched, up to February 28, 1919, a grand total of two

hundred and seventeen vessels, of which one hundred and sixty-two were wood and fifty-five steel construction. A comparison of the output of all Pacific Coast shipbuilding districts shows that the Portland district attained a higher efficiency than any other district, considering the number of men employed.

Morrison Street

In closing this very short story of Portland, I cannot refrain from indulging the privilege of venturing into the field of retrospection. I wish that I were younger; that I might erase the years, and still retain the knowledge and experience which sixteen years of residence in this wonderfully beautiful and progressive city has given me. But time goes on forever. Men and women grow old, some profiting, materially or otherwise, from the way of life, others feeling the hand of discouragement and bending under the weight. That is so the world over. It will always be.

But were I to choose again, with past experience as a guide, Portland would again beckon me. Heeding such knowledge, I could not resist. This beautiful city, this great congregation of peoples, this splendid city of learning, with its wonderful opportunities, its mild climate, its beautiful flowers, its proximity to majestic mountains and streams and lakes and the vast forests which the hand of God has placed hereabouts, added to which have been the wonderful works of man, its parks and playgrounds, its splendid streets and roads, its great supply of mountain water, its schools and churches, its great industrial promise, all in such wonderful combination, would surely call me, and would hold me, just as it now is doing, and as it will do for hundreds of thousands of younger men and younger women in the future. The natural trading center of a territory of over two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, I doubt if any city in this wonderful country of ours has so much to give the coming generations.

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PORTLAND

How to See the Highway

All railroads lead to Portland, the metropolis of Oregon, the beginning of the Columbia River Highway. The scenic attractions of Oregon are truly wonderful. The opportunities for tourists are numerous. The picturesque mountain streams and lakes afford hunting and fishing rarely to be had. The highway system of the State, hard-surfaced roads and well-constructed macadam roads, lead in every direction.

Main Line Railroads

Portland is the terminus of:

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Co. (connection via O.-W. R. & N. Co.)
Great Northern Railway Co.
Northern Pacific Railway Co.
Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Co. (Union Pacific System)
Oregon Electric Railway.
Oregon Trunk Railway.
Spokane, Portland & Seattle (The North Bank Road)
Southern Pacific Lines.
United Railways.

Any railroad, in any part of the United States and Canada will arrange routes so that one can visit Portland and Oregon. Any tourist bureau will give information.

Side Trips From Portland

Railroads and splendid automobile roads lead to the ocean beaches, or to the mountains of eastern and western Oregon; to the vast timber areas; to the lakes and mountain streams; to Crater Lake or Newberry Crater; to the Oregon Caves in Josephine County, said to be unequalled in the United States; to the Gorge of the Columbia, whose magnificent scenery is beyond description; to various medical springs; to the wonderful Pacific Highway, and to numerous points of interest for the tourist or for the permanent settler.

Information

The Chamber of Commerce of Portland, Oregon, will gladly furnish information to inquirers. Should the reader desire information on farming, fruit or cattle raising, it will be furnished. Should he be interested from the standpoint of Oregon industrial possibilities, such information as may be required will cheerfully be supplied.