

SUMMER
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THE ARROW

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF
THE YELLOWSTONE TRAIL ASSOCIATION

"A Good Road from Plymouth Rock to Puget Sound"



Our New Website Is Now Active!

We are very pleased to announce that our new and much improved website is now active. Please be aware that it is very much a "work-in-progress" and we will continue to add to it and update it as we are able. We welcome and need your suggestions, comments or corrections.

Notable for you road-trip fans are the all-new maps showing the YT in each state and the interactive ability to see enlarged and detailed segments for your travel. You are also able to purchase books and memorabilia from the Yellowstone Trail Publishers. You can read about the great history of "our Trail" both on the website or in the fine books offered.

You can also join our organization for a very reasonable charge, renew your membership, and make a donation to our all-volunteer, non-profit group to help us continue our work.

You can access it at the same address it has always been at: www.yellowstonetrail.org Ψ

Trail-O-Grams

Compiled by Arrow staff

* Entitling this year's extravaganza "**Celebrating 105 Years**," Hudson, Wisconsin, continues its annual Heritage Day homage to the Yellowstone Trail which ran through town. The vintage car show returns, as do the pie and ice cream social, geocaching and children's activities. New this year will be garden trolling. As the Australians say, "Good on ya."

* We mourn the loss of an historic 150-year-old building on the Trail. The Hammond, Wisconsin, **Hammond Hotel** saw the wrecking ball up close two months ago. The folks there were supporters of the Trail, sponsoring a Trail Day on Fathers' Day for the past years with creative activities and a 1920's menu and fashion show, among other treats.

It was no surprise, actually, because it was apparent that major overhauling was needed. "Costs of such improvements were to be about \$150,000 and you'd still have an old building," said owner Andrew Schmitz. The new business will be "like an old fashioned saloon." He wants to save the bar and other artifacts to re-create what was there and keep a tie to the Trail.

Hm-m-m. How does one re-create historic memories?

* This past September 20th, **Lois and Steve Schreiter** of the **South Milwaukee Historical Society** gave a presentation to their local church group using materials produced by the Yellowstone Trail Association. The 24-minute video DVD presenting the YT history was well received.

Prior to showing the DVD they used a current map of South Milwaukee to highlight the route through the City, and pointed out the eight route signs and one building sign (Grant Park Garage) which are located in South Milwaukee.

Lois and Steve also told a few anecdotes of their experiences driving the Trail from the Illinois state line to Eau Claire, Wisconsin, using the maps provided by YTA. Each attendee received a copy of "Driving the Yellowstone Trail in Wisconsin 1912-2012" in which page 57 shows the Trail route through Milwaukee County. Ψ

New Yellowstone Trail Interpretive Sign in Montana

Text by Alice Ridge, photos courtesy of Laurel, MT Chamber of Commerce.



Greg Childs (right) presents the interpretive sign.

YT Association member, old car and old road buff, and retired airline pilot, Greg Childs, has done **Laurel, Montana**, proud.

Laurel was (and is) an important transportation point. Today, Interstate 90 and a number of major railroad routes run through Laurel; it is home to a Cenex oil refinery and Montana Rail Link's large rail yard. It is also an east-west terminal division point of the Burlington-Northern Railroad.

In Yellowstone Trail days it was also a busy rail yard, and the Trail itself ran on Main Street parallel to the tracks.

The corner of Main and 1st. Ave. was pivotal, for at that point a Trail driver had to decide whether to stay on the Yellowstone Trail going west to Livingston and the Yellowstone Park, or to leave the Trail and go south on 1st Ave. through Red Lodge and over Beartooth Pass to the east entrance of the Park. Naturally, the Yellowstone Trail Association had a vested interest in that point.

Greg wanted that corner commemorated with an interpretive sign explaining the history of the Trail and its route. He and local officials selected the front yard of the **Chamber of Commerce** on that same corner, and, with the sign designed by John Ridge, and, with a public ceremony, made it happen. The cost of the sign was paid by the YTA Interpretive Sign Fund, supported by member donations.



Custom Interpretive Sign designed by John Ridge

We salute Greg and others who are finding places to commemorate the Yellowstone Trail. Ψ

Perils and Fun on the YT in Late Autumn by Juanita Ketcham

Paraphrased by Alice Ridge

Juanita Ketcham has been active in promoting **Hamlet, Indiana's annual "Yellowstone Trail Fest"** which we have pictured in past *Arrows*. This last fall, Juanita decided to actually travel the Trail which she had been promoting.

Adventuresome Juanita and husband Ron set out in October from their home in Knox, Indiana, near Hamlet, for a conference in Seattle and pulled a tiny camping trailer. The following are excerpts (in quotation marks) from their blog of their adventures, and additional paraphrasing by Alice Ridge.

They wrote that “. . . it took longer than anticipated to get the tear drop camper set up for camping, so we made it just into Illinois, a whole 70 miles in one day. Cooked out on a wet wood fire for our supper and crawled into our camper for the night. Ron does not want to take the Yellowstone Trail through Chicago's Lakeshore area. We end up taking the toll road.” After visiting with Alice and John Ridge in Trail town Eau Claire, Wisconsin, the Ketchams left, heading west on the Trail for Minneapolis. Unfortunately, they ended up in Duluth, having missed the Trail in the dark!



Juanita Ketcham (right) with Alice Ridge and John Ridge

They eventually regained the Trail in Summit, South Dakota, where they were directed to a BLM campground, only to discover that this late in the season it had nothing to offer - not even a decent outhouse. They jumped back on the Trail through Ortley, Waubay, and into Webster looking for lodging. Juanita says, “Who knew it was fishing season?”

Continued

The next morning, consultation with Juanita's smartphone revealed that Webster's great Museum of Wildlife, Science & Industry was just a couple of blocks away, proving that it was, indeed, smarter than the motel clerk. However, the short drive was in vain for the museum had just closed for the season.

Better luck was had in Aberdeen where they visited the 1916-1918 Yellowstone Trail Association headquarters (now the DSS Image Apparel Co.) and also enjoyed the Decotah Prairie Museum. Had Director Sue Gates been in, they would have been given special treatment from this Yellowstone Trail roter.



Juanita Ketcham and Ipswich, SD signs

Small towns are a blessing. The Ketchams arrived at Ipswich, home of the Yellowstone Trail Association and it's founder J.W. Parmley's Land Office Museum to find it closed. However, while dialing the proffered phone number for a tour which was pasted to the door, Juanita wrote, "a pick-up pulls up and asks if we were looking for a tour. We said we'd love one and the gentleman says, 'Hold on, I'll drive around the block and get someone.'"

We had our tour and then we were led on a tour of the J.W. Parmley Historical Home and Museum. After that

we followed our guide to the famed Arch that once spanned US Highway 12. All this from a friendly volunteer whose name I never got!" All three sites reveal a town still proud of its role in the Yellowstone Trail story.

"On to Mobridge and it takes two stops for lodging. It's still fishing season! We spent LOTS of time at the Klein Museum, wandering through exhibits of early life on the western plains." It was not closed! They noted that it was 104 years almost to the day that the first sociability run was made by Good Roads boosters between Aberdeen and Mobridge. Wintons, Studebakers, Model Ts and others, 42 strong, struggled along wagon paths, unaware of the history that they were creating.

Across the Missouri River they spent time at the Sitting Bull and Sacajawea monuments, and thanked the Indian guide for her part in history. Gazing across the river and plains from this higher elevation Juanita wondered "how our pioneers and Indians ever had the courage to cross the river and endless plains."

"Our trip to Yellowstone Park was cut short due to a blizzard and rumored closing of the north entrance so we are going to discontinue our Yellowstone Trail adventure this year and skip the conference in Seattle. We'll just take our time and do more sight-seeing on our way home. There is so much to see along the Trail that it takes one state per trip to see it all."

Moral of the story: late fall is touch-and-go with small town museums and campgrounds. Labor Day is the common closing day for many. However, the Ketchams managed to see and enjoy a small part of the Trail they support, and to write about more adventures than we have space to include. Ψ

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Many Yellowstones - Part 3 of 3

By YTA Member Malcolm “Mac” Nelson of Brocton NY. Photos by National Park Service

Most of our Arrow articles are about the Yellowstone Trail; but how wrong it would be to ignore Yellowstone, the world’s first and greatest national park. What follows is one traveler’s appreciation of the crown jewel of our Trail. So what is the real Yellowstone?

Yellowstone’s Thermal Features

This is why most folks come here, isn't it? It’s not possible to overpraise the grandeur and diversity of Yellowstone’s thermal features, and they don’t need me to publicize them, so here is a brief layout of what’s here and what you should see for sure.



People like me who are nuts about Yellowstone tend to fall into two groups: animal watchers and geyser gazers. The groups are not co-exclusive. Though I am an animal watcher, I could spend the entire day around the features at Old Faithful and repeat it happily the next day. “Mesmerizing” is a word a friend used recently to describe the Old Girl, and She is just one of many. It always saddens me to sit among the devotees of Old Faithful, waiting for her to blow, and ignoring other grand things that are happening before their eyes, especially Beehive Geyser, just northwest of Old Faithful, easily visible from the seats there.



Norris Cistern Springs Geyser

Don’t miss Great Fountain Geyser. In Midway Geyser Basin: Grand Prismatic Spring, and Excelsior, a dormant geyser, display colors you will find nowhere else on earth. Mud Volcanoes is foolishly named, but it has features unlike those elsewhere in the park, and a large bubbling pond (Black Dragon’s Cauldron) that suddenly burst to the surface in 1948. It’s younger than I am! Bison like to laze around here – it’s warm. And you can’t miss Mammoth Hot Springs, a huge mass of travertine rock laid down over the centuries by small springs, and still slowly growing. They’re all different, and you will never exhaust them.

Yellowstone’s Water Worlds

Like most people, I am drawn to water. Hey, that’s where we all came from, right? A trip to the great Parks of the West usually doesn’t include much water. True, the Colorado cut the Grand Canyon, and you can walk down to it if you’re young and strong, but you can barely see it from the rims. Jackson Lake is lovely in front of the Tetons, though it is just a manmade reservoir on the Snake River. But this is dry country, west of the twenty inch isohyet. (I love that word—it means the map lines along which that volume of precipitation falls annually.) It is all the more delightful that Yellowstone has one great river, several smaller ones, and many waterfalls, with two of them spectacular. Lower Falls is gorgeous, as iconic as Old Faithful. All around its canyon is the “yellow stone,” rhyolite that gave the park its name. Here also is Yellowstone Lake, the largest high mountain lake in the US, and other large lakes as well.

The boating and fishing are first rate, with world class fly fishing for trout in the rivers. (Catch and release only.) Seeing the Upper and Lower Falls of the Yellowstone River is as important to the Yellowstone experience as watching Old Faithful erupt. Rental boats for fishing or excursions on Yellowstone Lake are available at Bridge Bay, and there’s a good scenic boat ride on the Lake, too. The Lake is large and can be dangerous; many more people have drowned in the park than have been killed by animals. If you have any doubts about the weather or your seamanship, take the escorted boat tour.

Continued

Canoes

Then there are canoes and kayaks. A Ranger I met off duty one day at Lake Butte Overlook extolled the pleasures of sea kayaking on the Lake, and it sounded great. But for me, boating in Yellowstone will always mean canoes. I will spare you my joyful boyhood experience of canoe trips in Wisconsin. Just say it made me hungry for more. When I got the chance, I recruited three colleagues and friends and we did it: my dream, a week on Yellowstone Lake.

Careful planning and timing produced an itinerary, reserved Lake campsites, two canoes from Livingston, Montana, suppliers, and a ride to the boat launch at West Thumb, the southwest corner of Yellowstone Lake. We were off on a harsh, windy, rainy, testing day. When we camped the first night, our own private loon serenaded us in our wet tents. The weather improved and we paddled east and south, sharing a large meadow with a herd of elk, with the Absaroka Mountains in the background. The southernmost ends of the so-called “Arms” of the Lake are reserved for non-motorized traffic; that’s us. On our way in, we could just make out the tiny yellow splash of Lake Hotel across the Lake. Soon we were alone in the quiet world of Southeast Arm.

Birds were everywhere—sandpipers, teal, osprey, a bald eagle, and squadrons of white pelicans. (Their rookery islands were only a few miles away.) Four otters cavorted and fished in the inlet next to our campsite. A pine marten—sometimes called “a weasel on steroids”—swiftly hunted mice and voles among the deadfall trees. The animals paid us little attention. They rarely saw humans, so we weren’t seen as a threat. It was as close to The Peaceable Kingdom as I ever expect to get.

We saw no bears, and that was just as well. Most of them were probably off in areas that were still closed to canoeists. It was mid-June, very early. (Ranger aphorism: “Yellowstone has two seasons—Winter and July.”) Three weeks before, the Lake had been covered with ice. The bears were ravenous eating machines after hibernation. They were catching trout in the streams that were off limits to us. There were lake fish for us, too, for the catching, cleaning, cooking and eating. And we could swim. Briefly. Brrrr. Short time was our only enemy.

The next year I found three old friends willing to test themselves on the Lake, and we did, just as joyfully as the first time. Three of us were 70. The following year my stepson and I did a different trip, paddling and lining a canoe through the shallow waters of the Lewis River into Shoshone Lake. Shoshone is big--the largest lake in the park with no auto access. If you want to see its excellent geyser basin, you must paddle or walk. On the way in, we passed seven canoes coming out and thought that this might be a busy place. Not to worry. We saw no one during our week there, and the geyser basin and the fishing were superb.

At 82, I know I won’t go back, but there is a pulloff on the park road near West Thumb where one can stop and see a little sliver of Shoshone Lake, five miles away. Stop I always do. And I smile.



Crown fire in the Druid Complex, Yellowstone National Park, August 19, 2013

Yellowstone Forests and Fires

Most of Yellowstone’s two million plus acres are climax forest, meaning the forest is old enough for the dominant tree to have taken over in most places. That dominant tree is the lodgepole pine. When thousands of acres of them burn, Yellowstone hits the national headlines. It happened in 1988, big time: “The Summer of Fire.”

Continued

A century of fire suppression had made the forests of the west a tinderbox. Drought and a hotter climate turned what might have been small fires into infernos. The park closed to visitors in early September, about a month early. When the smoke cleared, about a third of the park had been burned over, mostly central and northern sections. That does not mean that every tree was destroyed, or that the burnt areas were devastated. Some trees lost limbs and bark but survived. (They had evolved with fire long before man arrived.)

Surprisingly few large animals perished. Animals can move—trees can't. Buildings can't either; a few unimportant ones were lost. Fire came very close to destroying Old Faithful Inn—that would have been a painful loss—but gutsy firefighters and a change in wind direction saved it. In October, the first snows put out the fires, then the embers, as they always do.

Thus the Park took a heavy blow, but one that was partly beneficial. Some older trees, and the accumulated detritus on the forest floors, were burned. Some lodgepole pines can't reseed until a major fire occurs and pops open their seeds. By Spring, the seeds were already rooting. A quarter century later, scars remain, but the Park is healthy and beautiful. There are small fires every summer, most of them caused by lightning, but a big one is unlikely any time soon; most of the prime fuel has burned.

Yellowstone Animals

Geysers and mountains and forests and waterfalls would be quite enough to make Yellowstone a special place if it had no animal life beyond insects and bacteria. But this place is replete with large animals, “charismatic megafauna:” elk (wapiti), deer (two species), bear (two species),



pronghorn antelope, badgers, moose, bison, coyotes, marmots, bighorn sheep, swans, eagles (two species), and, recently, wolves and mountain goats. These marvelous animals are what I love most about Yellowstone. The Lamar River Valley is closer to the primordial natural world—The UnPeaceable Kingdom--than anywhere in the US south of Alaska. I spend most of my park time in “The Lamar.” But there are other marvelous places for animal-watching, such as Hayden Valley. And they can pop up anywhere.

Species also come in voluntarily. In Autumn 2000 I heard that a mountain goat had been spotted in the park. They were common 250 miles northwest in Glacier National Park, but not in Yellowstone. I looked, but found none. Fourteen years later, they have established themselves – without being trucked in – in the northeast



Buffalo graze near Old Faithful Geyser

corner of the park. Stop at Pebble Creek campground and look southeast to the north face of the mountain called “Thunderer” and you may see them, half a mile high, on what seem to me treacherous slopes. No problem for them.

I’ve seen a young grizz stalk and confront a herd of bison cows and calves (he lost); coyote versus badger; the entire Slough Creek wolf pack cross the road in front of my car; and a bereft cow elk, lingering where her calf had just been killed by a sow grizz to feed her cubs. Magical.

But go see for yourself. Four days would be good, a week better. You will discover your own Many Yellowstones. It will be a highlight of your life and you will want to return. Do it! Ψ

Editor’s note: Mac’s prize-winning book *TWENTY WEST: The Great Road Across America* (SUNY Press) is now out in paperback.

Editor's note: This is the second of five articles in the Adams County Record (ACR) tracing the emergence of the Yellowstone Trail through Adams County and Hettinger, ND, in an effort to increase awareness of this historical roadway and to focus on the important part that Hettinger and Adams County, ND, played in that effort.

Fulfilling the Dream You want to use *WHO?*

By Bonnie Smith, Hettinger, North Dakota

In 1914, after two years of meeting, thinking, reasoning and planning, the Yellowstone Trail Association was closer to implementing J. W. Parmley's dream of an automobile roadway from Minneapolis, Minnesota, through southwestern North Dakota and on to Yellowstone National Park.

Having gathered a group of men he felt were influential in their small communities, three of whom were from Hettinger, North Dakota, Parmley led the Association in locating a route and in trying to persuade county boards and state highway commissions of the need "to create one long, connected road through counties instead of supporting roads that went nowhere," but at that time, neither the Federal government nor state governments were interested in road construction.

Members of the Association realized that if the road was going to get built, it would have to be built a different way. Through the work of Association members and with the help of local citizens, Trail Days were organized to "excite and encourage" people of small towns on the route to take charge of building the Yellowstone Trail. For Trail Days, local citizens brought their own teams of horses and mules, and their own picks, shovels, discs, harrows or road drags. Out of old lumber, old railroad ties, old binder frames, old haystack frames or anything else handy, they improvised other needed equipment.



Trail Day workers at Hettinger, ND May 22, 1914

In a letter to all state, county and village representatives of the Association, to all county and township officials, and to the 120 newspapers along the trail, Yellowstone Trail Association secretary/treasurer O. T. Peterson from Hettinger described what should happen on the first Yellowstone Trail Day, May 22, 1914:

Let there be a squad of men on every mile of the entire eleven hundred miles of the trail. Let the trail boosters of each town see to it that some one man is responsible for the work to be done on each mile tributary to that town.

Let that man get all the help he can. Let him prepare his mile for Trail Day by having it plowed, if need be, graded, if need be.

Let the men be furnished an abundance of cool fresh water. Let there be an equal amount of good fellowship and rejoicing.

Let your photographer be on hand to take pictures of the work. et all business houses be closed this day.

In the evening, let there be patriotic music by bands or choirs. Let the school children and the multitudes sing. Let high school children read their essays on good roads. Let the public spirited men speak to the assembled people.



Automobiles enjoying the newly graded YT near Hettinger

Still no maps for it, still no markers on it, but in the first two years of work on the land, 800 miles of roadway from Minneapolis to Yellowstone National Park were citizen-graded. The dream was being fulfilled. Ψ

Sources:

Adams County Records archived at Dakota Buttes Museum - DBHS/M, 400 11th St S, Hettinger, ND.

Hettinger ND Centennial: 100 Years of Change and Challenge.- Hettinger Centennial Committee, 2007.

Peterson, O.T., ed. *On the Yellowstone Trail: First Year Book of The Twin Cities-Aberdeen-Yellowstone Park Trail Association, 1914.*

Yellowstone Trail Association: "The YTA Then and Now" - www.yellowstonetrail.org

Fast Cars, Illegal Booze and the Yellowstone Trail

By Curt Cunningham, YT Washington correspondent

The Yellowstone Trail has been used by many people for business and pleasure. There were people going on vacation, trucks moving merchandise and farmers taking their harvest to market. While most of this activity was legal transport, there were some who used the trail to profit from their illegal enterprises.

In 1915 Washington & Idaho voted to become "Dry States" by outlawing liquor sales on January 1, 1916. Even though liquor sales became illegal, the demand for it did not slow down. The citizens of Seattle had the luxury of the Puget Sound and could easily get the hooch from Canada. Spokane on the other hand is landlocked and needed a different way to procure the outlawed spirits.



Rum-runners had big, fast cars and trucks

Spokane looked to Montana which was still a "wet state." All one needed to do was have a good car and run the booze from places like Missoula and drive the Yellowstone Trail back to Spokane and make a nice payday. The era of the "Rum Runner" was born. Prohibition overnight created a whole new group of lawbreakers, but, unlike the gangster bootleggers of Chicago, these men had never engaged in criminal activity. These "rum runners," as they preferred to be called, regarded themselves simply as entrepreneurs filling a legitimate demand.

The Yellowstone Trail between Missoula and Spokane became the main route of the rum runners. They needed good roads as the cars were overloaded and driven at reckless speeds. They also needed good cars. Large Buicks and Mitchell's were preferred autos and they modified these cars with false floorboards or extra "dummy" fuel tanks to hide the hooch. Tires were also very important to the rum runner and they would buy the best on the market. Many a runner was busted due to tire failure. Tires became so important that there were some tire companies who made a tire especially for the runners.

Powerful cars were a must as the runners did not want a confrontation with police. The hope was to elude the cops. But if the runner could not elude, he then needed to outrun them. The rum runners' automobiles were usually faster than the police and could drive at speeds of 60 to 75 mph. It was always better to out run them as the cops were trigger happy and up until 1926 it was legal to shoot at suspected felons. After 1926 the federal dry agents could only shoot in self defense.

Being a Federal Dry Agent was a dangerous job. In addition to chasing down rum runners they were also tasked with nabbing the bootleggers. In 1921 there were 125 dry agents killed and 3500 wounded nationwide since the rum runner war had begun.

Many harrowing chases ensued over the years. One runner was killed on the YT near Taft, Montana, when his truck tipped over during a chase. In another incident, police captured two runners after a 70 mile chase at high speeds.



Local Police often had older and slower cars

The following is a quote from a dry agent during a stakeout in 1922. *"In the dead of the night the squad's big six touring car a powerful Paige Lakewood capable of traveling 75 mph stands poised on the side of the road ready for action. In it sit 5 strong arm men of the law with the lights out waiting for their prey. Then a throb of a distant engine filters through the heavy night air. A car is approaching from the rear at high speed. The squad prepares for action ready for attack when the proper moment arrives. The approaching runners are within 200 feet of the waylayers when suddenly the road is lit up by the cop's headlights. The runner grits his teeth pushes the accelerator to the floor and runs past the squad. Shots directed at the waylayers ring out as they speed on by. Return shots are fired at the runner's car tires as they whiz by."* The chase is on!

"Away go the outlaws at top speed with the squad fast on their heels. Gradually the Paige is able to catch up to the runners. Shots are fired at the squad but then cease as the outlaws run out of ammunition. As the Paige comes along side of the outlaws, one cop leaps from his car's floorboard to the outlaw's car and there the chase ends and the outlaws apprehended."

Continued

While most cops were honest, there were those who could be bribed. Not all wanted prohibition so the runners had to know who was corruptible and who was not. Chicago had Elliot Ness but Butte, Montana had Jack Melia, the most feared man of the rum runners. He was the head of the Dry Squad of Silver Bow County. He is credited with many busts, one of which was reported by the *Butte Daily* on February 3, 1917. The headline ran; "Guests Unknown at Fine Dinner - Nick Peris fined \$50 for "entertaining" strange guests in roadhouse."

Nick Peris, who owned a hog ranch, had a roadhouse in the barn. He denied having such a place. He was accused of handing a bottle of whiskey and two glasses to a man and woman. The cops busted in and confiscated the bottle as evidence. The poor man and woman did not get their drink. The defendants were found not guilty.



Confiscated booze after chase

In another case, Melia had arrested 3 men and seized 140 cases of whiskey. During the trial, the men testified that they purchased the whiskey last December before prohibition went into effect and that all three had pooled their money to make the buy and planned to use the cases of pints and quarts for personal use. It was legal to consume already purchased liquor prior to the ban. Melia said that this was the story of every person he ever caught with booze.

Melia resigned as head of the Dry Squad in 1920 due to the allegations that he was selling the confiscated liquor that was stored by the county. He was never convicted.

Here is a rhyme that was in the *Butte Daily Bulletin* 1919.

John Melia and Joe Jackson are hand in glove again. They are tracking the old bootlegger into his very den. John Melia is abroad with a star pinned to his breast. And for the whiskey peddler, there is no peace or rest. For soon as he gets started up and things begin to hum. The poor bootlegger feels so sad, as he stands behind the bar. For Melia is upon the trail and he won't get very far. The poor old whiskey peddler is chased from place to place. But no matter where he goes he will soon see Melia's face. For Melia hangs upon their trail, the same as the bloodhound. And he never gives up the chase until he runs them down. For at the sound of Melia's name, the bravest of them pale. And many of their members are in the county jail. And many of them have left for foreign parts remote. Since Melia has stepped out and gathered in their goat. So blindpiggers take warning, no matter where you are, Jack Melia is upon your trail, with his pistol and his star.

On January 1, 1919 Montana voted to become "Dry" and the rest of the US went dry on January 26, 1920. This altered the routes the runners took. Now the hooch had to be smuggled in from Canada. This created new problems for the inland runners. Now they have an international border to cross. This meant bribing border agents. They also had to contend with hijackers. These are people who found it easier to hijack the runners instead of trying to smuggle the hooch across the border.



Rum-runners arrested after crash

Canada quickly realized the potential of a highly taxed American trade and opened export houses along the border to serve the rum runners. One of these new routes was to cross the border near Grand Forks, British Columbia, head south to Wilbur, Washington, and then take the Yellowstone Trail to Spokane. The runners soon learned to pay the ferryman five bucks instead of the usual fifty cents so he would wake at any hour to help the runner get his hooch across the Columbia River.

Spokane during prohibition became the central point for liquor distribution in the Inland Empire. Speakeasies sprang up in the downtown with the bulk of them in the basements along Trent Alley that was near the train depot. There used to be a place along the alley where you could walk along and drop your money down a hole. A hand would reach up and give you a drink. The cops did little to stop the speakeasies. Some were patrons, as were many judges and prosecutors.

Continued



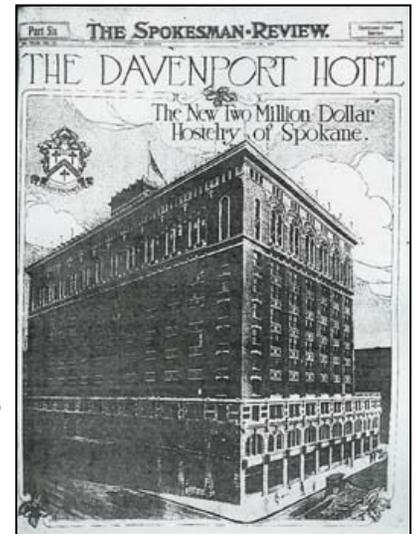
“Flying Squads” of Federal agents pursued rum-runners

In addition to the rum runners, bootlegging was also big business. Chicago had it's Al Capone but Spokane had it's own Al. His name was Albert Commellini. He owned the upscale Ambassador's club. He used his Italian import company, to import the required ingredients for moonshine. He then supplied the bootleggers. Some would locate their stills along the Idaho - Washington state line. This was because the State Survey and the Federal Survey were inconsistent to the tune of about 40 feet. When Idaho cops showed up to bust the still they would point to the survey stake that would show that they are in Washington. If Washington cops showed up they would just point to the correct misleading marker showing they were in Idaho.

Commellini was often arrested, but none of the charges stuck. Commellini was careful about keeping his records where police would never find them. It was rumored that he had a speakeasy in the basement of his own home.

Rum runners looked down upon the bootleggers. Bootlegged liquor was often low grade or even poisonous while the rum runners goods were destined for the well to do.

The elegant Davenport Hotel, which served many a traveler on the YT, once had a famous night club in the basement called the Early Bird Lounge that had become a speakeasy during prohibition. To protect the place from raids, the speakeasies became good at blocking and bolting the doors to prevent entry. In the event of a raid the bartender could smash the bottles. Drains and faucets were nearby to wash away any hint of booze.



By the 1930s, the Depression hit and people desperately needed jobs and the US government was now in need of money. It was decided that legal alcohol sales could generate both jobs and money so Prohibition was repealed in 1933. The rum runners were now out of a job and most went back to legitimate business just as before. Ψ

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A Rhythmical Tale of a Noted Trail

Bismarck Daily Tribune June 5, 1915

You may have heard, but not in rhyme, How
Parmley made his trip on time.

They boasted down at Aberdeen the trip could not
be done, but Studebaker had a man who said it
could be done.

The Yellowstone Trail is soft with rain, the
Yellowstone Trail is new, but Nissen swore by the
shirt he wore he'd put the big car through.

They boasted down at Aberdeen that South Dakota
Rain would keep a load off the soft spring road till
shone the sun again.

Three hundred fifty miles from Lemmon east until
across the state, across the line, you come to
Ortonville.

Three hundred fifty miles it is but Nissen called it
fun. His mind was set that he could get the record
for the run.

His faith was founded on the fact he knew full well
the maker, had made the car live up so far to the
name of Studebaker.

With M.B. Payne to drive the car and Matt Kerr as
mechanic, he'd no fear but that he'd soon put all
rivals in a panic.

In sixteen hours they promised him a little or more,
they'd drive the car across the state as never was
done before.

J. M. Parmley president of the Yellowstone Trail
and J. H. McKeever, editor, were asked that they'd
not fail to ride with Payne and Kerr that day.

They promised to so do; despite a perfect sea of
mud, they kept their promise true.

At four a.m. the start was made, from Lemmon forth
they flash. In less than half an hour through the mud
to Thunderhawk they dash.

But what was mud to Thunderhawk was nothing to
compare, with what b'gosh toward McIntosh they
found they had to dare

They go through mud and slippery slides ahead of
schedule still, for with their chains they keep their
gains, and the car "eats up" each hill.

Continues above right

McLaughlin unto Mobridge seemed just one long
road of grief, through flats of mud that hub-deep
stood it was without relief.

But driver Payne held tight the wheel, and likewise
held his speed, he kept ahead of the rate he'd said
would get them through to feed

That night at Ortonville at eight across the muddy
plains. But he had not thought of the havoc wrought
by frequent snapping chains.

The car stood up like they knew it would, with
quality higher than cost, and each delay along the
way was caused by chains they lost.

From Ipswich on the roads were good for a stretch of
several miles. The Studebaker took the gas and the
passengers wore smiles;

As they tore along at a lively clip, more than fifty
miles an hour, the one refrain from driver Payne
was, "This old boat has power."

The town turned out to welcome them when they
came to Aberdeen, and Parmley praised about
Nissen's nerve and praised his stout machine.

Whitmore now took the place of Kerr, and they
added F. C. Preston. From Aberdeen the staunch
machine soon left to keep its quest on.

The afternoon was like the morn, some stretches bad,
some good. Through Groton, Andover and Bristol,
they made what speed they could.

Through Ortle Summit and Milbank, the car kept
on its course, with water sometimes on the road with
depth to swamp a horse.

The carburetor once they drained, the water so high
rose, but when the water is so high on low the car
still goes.

At eight-fifteen to Ortonville the happy pilgrims
came. Despite the mud they had made good and
showed the car was game.

For Studebaker men make sure the car they build is
stout, to stand the tests that village pests in it will put
it out.

So South Dakota sing with praise how Studebaker
shone, that muddy day along the way they call the
Yellowstone.

**Editor's note: Curt Cunningham of Washington shared this
gem with us.**

A Ford on the Lincoln Plans Continue

We had a number of folks ask us about the brief **Road Trip** article we had in the last Arrow. So, we are reporting on the latest activities of Bill and Linda von Tagen of Boise, Idaho and their plan to travel and camp across the country in their 1959 Ford Ranchero while towing a restored pop-up camping trailer. They plan to follow the Lincoln Highway Eastbound and the Yellowstone Trail Westbound.

Here are some excerpts from his blog:

“Even though Linda and I have been camping for over 40 years, we haven't been camping for a while and it's been even longer since we were in our primitive tent trailer.



The Von Tagens testing their camping rig in Idaho last fall

The Ranchero and the trailer make a great camping outfit. We made the decision to be simple in our approach to camping. No need to unnecessarily complicate things here. We have a tent to provide shelter over our heads which has 2 beds in it. When we were first married in 1977 we shared a bed. Now those beds look a little bit smaller. We've decided to each take a side. While we've simplified our approach we decided that the Ranchero gives us the opportunity to carry a little more luggage. We purchased a pair of folding bicycles and they easily fit into the Ranchero.

We had hoped to get out of town to a campground. Unfortunately the spring

weather would not cooperate. Weather limited us to the backyard, but we thought camping again was worthwhile to assure ourselves that we were taking everything we needed, but no more. The weather was chilly, in the mid-30's, although we stayed warm in the tent trailer. This was reassuring as I'm anticipating some cold nights in Nevada, Utah and Wyoming.

The camp was well equipped and comfortable. We were even able to have a fire, and the price was definitely right! Things went smooth and we were able to identify some supplies we need to take along for the trip which is now just weeks away.”

Safe travels Bill and Linda! You can follow their blog at : <http://afordonthelincoln.blogspot.com/>

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An e-mail address is required because the <i>Arrow</i> newsletter is sent via email. If you need yours printed we'll make special arrangements.	<table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 10px;">_</td> <td>Regular (Individual or small business) - - - - -</td> <td style="text-align: right;">\$15</td> </tr> <tr> <td>__</td> <td>Not for profit (museum, car club, historical) - - - - -</td> <td style="text-align: right;">\$25</td> </tr> <tr> <td>__</td> <td>Tourism Promotion Agency - - - - -</td> <td style="text-align: right;">\$50</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td colspan="2" style="font-size: small;">(C of C, CVB, Econ Development, similar)</td> </tr> <tr> <td>__</td> <td>Corporate (Contact the Exec. Director for sponsorship details. mmowbray@yellowstonetrail.org)</td> <td style="text-align: right;">\$100</td> </tr> </table>	_	Regular (Individual or small business) - - - - -	\$15	__	Not for profit (museum, car club, historical) - - - - -	\$25	__	Tourism Promotion Agency - - - - -	\$50		(C of C, CVB, Econ Development, similar)		__	Corporate (Contact the Exec. Director for sponsorship details. mmowbray@yellowstonetrail.org)	\$100													
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