



Official Publication of The Yellowstone Trail Association  
*"A Good Road from Plymouth Rock to Puget Sound"*



## Trail-O-Grams

By Alice Ridge, Arrow Editor Emerita and Mark Mowbray, Arrow Editor

\* The good folks at **Hudson, Wisconsin** once again held their **Yellowstone Trail Heritage Days** only this time it occurred in October, not their usual date in early summer. The October 12th and 13th agenda was quite different because the event was county-wide!



Hudson activities included a vintage and classic car show at Lakefront Park in downtown Hudson, a history speaker, museum tours and geocaching. My Sister's Garden hosted a craft fair and booya bazaar. Attendees were invited to take an old fashioned sociability drive along the historic Yellowstone Trail in St. Croix County and see local landmarks and enjoy some leaf peeping. A map and directions for the architectural treasure hunt along the trail being available at the Yellowstone Trail booth in Lakefront Park by the Hudson Arch.

In **Roberts, Wisconsin** there was a 5K run/walk & kids fun run on the Trail, a library history display and a yellow dot sale at the Roberts ReStore. The Central St. Croix Area Chamber of Commerce revitalized the race to celebrate the Yellowstone Trail. **Hammond, Wisconsin** activities included Friends of the Hammond Library fundraiser pancake breakfast and the official Yellowstone Trail after party at Schuggy's. In Baldwin, there was the fall harvest at Wolf's Honey Farm, kids car crafts and Baldwin history at the library, discount day at Treasures from the Heart and Yellowstone Trail specials at Klinker's Korner.

\* Once upon a time there was **Prohibition** of alcohol in the US when the Constitutional amendment was ratified in 1919. Gloom and doom everywhere. However, Joe Parmley, founder of the Yellowstone Trail Association, was all for it, he being an abstainer. Apparently, a Constitutional amendment needed more teeth to enforce it, so Congressman **Andrew J. Volstead**, of Trail town **Granite Falls, Minnesota**, came up with the bill that did so. "The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." These few words really irritated Al Capone and his friends who were smuggling and selling across state and national borders. The barrel-bashing ceased in 1933 with repeal of the **Volstead Act**. This year, 2019, is being celebrated as the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of that ratification. Let's drink to that.



Receipt - One Ford Touring Car - \$200.00

\* Friend Kim Crum sent us a rare gem a while ago. Grandma Winnie Krauth purchased a Ford Touring car in 1921 from the **Yellowstone Trail Garage in Whitehall, Montana**, for \$200. She left the receipt (left) to be framed on Kim's wall. Our thanks go to Kim's jazzy Grandma. Imagine! Back then, a female buying a \$200 touring car by herself. Those certainly were the roaring 20s!

\* The **Yellowstone Historical Society, Billings, Montana** is sponsoring **Histories and Mysteries tours**. Trail friend Ralph Saunders is an expert on the subject of Lewis and Clark. Last autumn he led a group to the spot where Capt. William Clark crossed the Yellowstone River with crew and horses. He knows that was the spot through Clark's maps, journal entries and survey notes. The history-based Yellowstone Trail Association enjoys hearing about other history-based projects from our members, send us your news.



Ralph Saunders Lewis & Clark Tour

Continued

\* May found John and Alice Ridge in **Kellogg, Idaho** representing the Yellowstone Trail Association at the **Mullan Road Historical Society** meeting. Although the one-day conference was somewhat abbreviated from former years, it was still chock full of interesting speakers with topics about the historic Mullan Military Road which drew in the enthusiastic attendees. Of special interest was the very large map of the Mullan Road, stretching yards. The Mullan Military Road, built from Walla Walla, Washington to Fort Benton, Montana, preceded the advent of the Yellowstone Trail by 60 years and is only dimly visible, if that. The Trail crossed the Mullan at several places.

\* An historical feature called **DOWN MEMORY LANE** was published in the **Terry Tribune** of **Terry, Montana**, on January 9, 2019:

**Friday, January 11, 1929 - May complete road from Terry to Co. Line**

*Engineers for the State Highway commission have been surveying the new proposed road from the Custer county line to Terry. This assures us that the highway from Terry to the county line will probably be connected up next year or the contract at least let. They say there is no question of this road being completed especially if the 5-cent tax on gasoline goes through. It is also said that the Powder River Bridge is too narrow and will soon be abandoned and a new bridge built there. Bridge building gangs and one steam shovel are still working on the road project in Custer County on the Yellowstone trail and will continue operations all winter.*



Reproduction sign

\* An interesting small sign appeared on Ebay last fall. It was pretty obvious that it was a reproduction of something, but we were not aware of its source until John Ridge discovered an image of it in an original 1927 Yellowstone Trail Association Route folder. We would love to have or see an original sign.



Original 1927 YTA Route Folder

\* The YTA leadership traveled to Western Minnesota on September 18 for a meeting with the Yellowstone Trail Alliance. The Alliance has been very busy in developing and implementing various Yellowstone Trail related activities in their area, and we consider them to be an affiliate of the YTA. We are jointly exploring just how the Alliance will function in relation to our Association, but it will definitely be enjoyable and beneficial to both groups.



The photo at left shows Lance Sorenson (left), a long-time YTA member and an Alliance member from Hector, MN and Mark Mowbray, YTA Executive Director.

The photo on the right shows Scott Tedrick (left), Alliance Chairman from Granite Falls, MN along with John Ridge, President and Alice Ridge, Secretary of the YTA.



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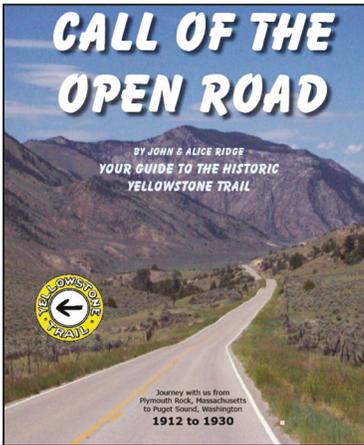
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## 18 Years and Still Counting

By John Ridge, President and Alice Ridge, Secretary - Yellowstone Trail Association



Ridges' Proposed Book Cover

A while ago we happened upon a piece of our writing from 2001 that promised a “big book next year,” a book that would hold the definitive history and description of the Yellowstone Trail. Next year! We said. Well, 18 years after that promise, we find ourselves still working on that “big book.” What, you say, is delaying it? Death? Illness? Taxes? Laziness? Ineptitude? Our answer is each of those (except we didn’t die) but mostly because we discovered that touring, writing and talking about, exploring, and meticulously mapping 3600 miles were pretty demanding but a lot more fun than actually writing and editing and drawing and correcting maps. We do promise its completion next year! Even late 2019?

Between holding about 50 audiences utterly spellbound (well, at least interested, we hope) with our video about the Trail and co-producing 43 *Arrows* for you faithful readers, we answer questions about the Trail, even some such as “tell me all about the Trail in a very short email.” Writing for *American Road Magazine* for 10 years was enlightening, but not as much fun as writing the comfortable Dakotas and Wisconsin Yellowstone Trail Guides. Although we did have to explain why some business or town many, many miles off the YT were not included. Then there were others who were disappointed to learn that the Yellowstone Trail was not a bicycle or hiking trail. And we had an inquiry about arrangements for their horses.

As we began our work about the YT, we quickly found that no one had collected and maintained an archive of records through the years, nor authored a comprehensive history relating to the Trail. We never found a treasure trove of YT Association records. Nor a great store of YTA publications. We did find that many records had been trashed when the Association ceased, a story in itself. So we happily searched for maps and documents and pictures and people from the era, putting many miles on three trailers, one motor home, three cars and a Jeep. Libraries, archives, museums, retirement homes, visitors’ centers, historical association meetings, back alleys, camp sites; the list goes on.

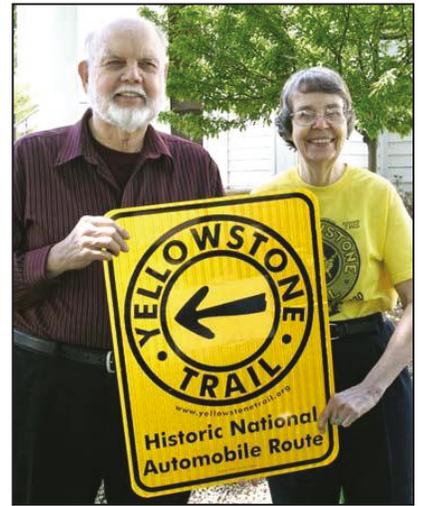
What we found is that our research, even though it was historical research, was profoundly affected by change, change of two types.

**The first type could be expected; the physical world changes.** Roads were reconstructed and moved, sometimes only a corner was rounded, and sometimes the road was straightened and ended up a mile or more away. Railroad tracks which often provided reference points for us while locating the old highway were moved – more than one would think. Streets and routes were re-named; maps of one era were hard to match with those of another. In a few places, a river eroded a new channel hundreds or even thousands of feet with a corresponding relocating of the YT. New highways forced relocation of the old ones, especially the Interstate System where the Trail is stopped by permanent concrete posts. Names along the Trail changed or were forgotten over time. Old bridges, and thus the YT, got washed out and relocated. Bridges were built, and railroad track crossings were eliminated by the hundreds, reshaping the Trail. Mountain passes, like the old Blewett Pass, Washington, has been re-aligned to be less scary and is less interesting. Randolph Creek Road, on the Montana/Idaho border, and the Denny Creek road have lost exciting switchbacks in favor of a safer profile.

The Trail once crossed the reasonably narrow Missouri River at Mobridge, South Dakota, on a ferry, then on the 1924 bridge. In 1963 a dam was built and the resulting Lake Oahe swallowed up any trace of the Trail for the modern driver. Because of a landslide, they recently closed the gumbo-prone Trail near Yellowstone National Park which scared the liver out of us as we slid on it helplessly toward Merrell Lake.

Names change while we work. Rural roads once had names, not numbers such as 342 Avenue. So, all of our early maps had to be updated. Billings, Montana, renumbered some streets, which explained why we went nuts trying to find an old site. And 100-year-old buildings die. Some burn down such as the LaHood station near Cardwell, Montana, and the Curtiss Tavern, Wisconsin, with its priceless antiques. Continued

**There was another kind of change** affecting our work that we did not anticipate, and that, had we finished our work on time, we would not have experienced. In us, old age has been settling in and slows us down. We have lost people with first, or even secondhand, experience along the Trail. (After all, it is now 100 years after the high point of the Association.) Our early interviews were certainly interesting! Early in our work we interviewed a very senior citizen in a coffee shop. He peered around stealthily and quietly shared a tale of his neighbor farmer who kept his road wet so he could make money pulling out autoists with his team. “Sh-h-h. Don’t tell anyone I told you.” Still concerned after 80 years? What a burden! Similar tales have been replicated many, many times in literature across the nation. Other interviews revealed a stubbornness to change beliefs about the Trail even in spite of the presence of old maps. No, just because a garage was called Yellowstone Trail does not guarantee that it was actually on the Trail.



John and Alice in Hudson, Wisconsin - 2012

And the times are a’changing; technology and all that! Today, Google Maps give us marvelous satellite views we could not get from “boots on the ground.” Google Street Maps take us right up streets to check addresses of old sites we include. We spent months in libraries, reading bleary microfilm with bleary eyes. Historic digitized newspapers are online today. We envy young researchers. Little shoe leather investment is required now. But we wouldn’t trade in our memorable unexpected experiences!

**And then there were some things that apparently don’t change.** Old newspapers should not be totally trusted. A major example occurred about the YTA1915 race from Chicago to Seattle. Headlines in several newspapers claimed a death in the race which was not true, as we showed in a past *Arrow*. Names, dates, places, agendas of YTA meetings were sometimes misreported. The solution? Find multiple reports and be critical. And maybe, just maybe, this critical attitude might be extended to some modern media also?? Like perhaps we should ask of all our un-vetted sources? “Really? Can that be confirmed as true information? And always remember that things are not true simply because you think they are.

The most surprising experience was the parochial view held by some people. Some employees in the local business promotion field were not interested in supporting a road “that took people away from their town.” No appreciation that the road also *brought* people to their town. This amused us because that exact same argument was presented to the Trail founders 100 years ago. Also, some interviewees who lived on US 12, with the Trail running right in front of their house, swore up and down that US 12 was the Trail “from coast to coast.” US12 itself does not go from coast to coast. Actually, the route of the Trail now is on two interstates, 14 US routes, 25 state routes and countless county/local roads.

**That’s our story, and we stick with it.** Without a doubt, the best thing to come out of the past two decades of Trail research is the friendships and acquaintances made along the Trail. You know who you are. Data about the



From left: Alice Ridge, Mark Mowbray and John Ridge at the Wisconsin Governor’s Conference on Tourism - 2013

Trail in your area has grown because of you. More Trail events are held because of you. Our fund to help communities post YT signs grows because of you. We try to visit with you when we come your way because you always have something interesting to say.

We also have had Mark Mowbray as the volunteer Executive Director of the YTA for the past nine years. He is responsible for the day-to-day operation, records, and memberships of the YTA and more recently is editor and publisher the *Arrow* newsletters so that we can concentrate on the book.

God willin’ and the creek don’t rise, come next Christmas all 400 pages of *Call of the Open Road: A Guide to the Yellowstone Trail* will be done. Sounds like a rerun of what we said in 2001. Ψ

# When the Yellowstone Trail Met the Sawdust Trail

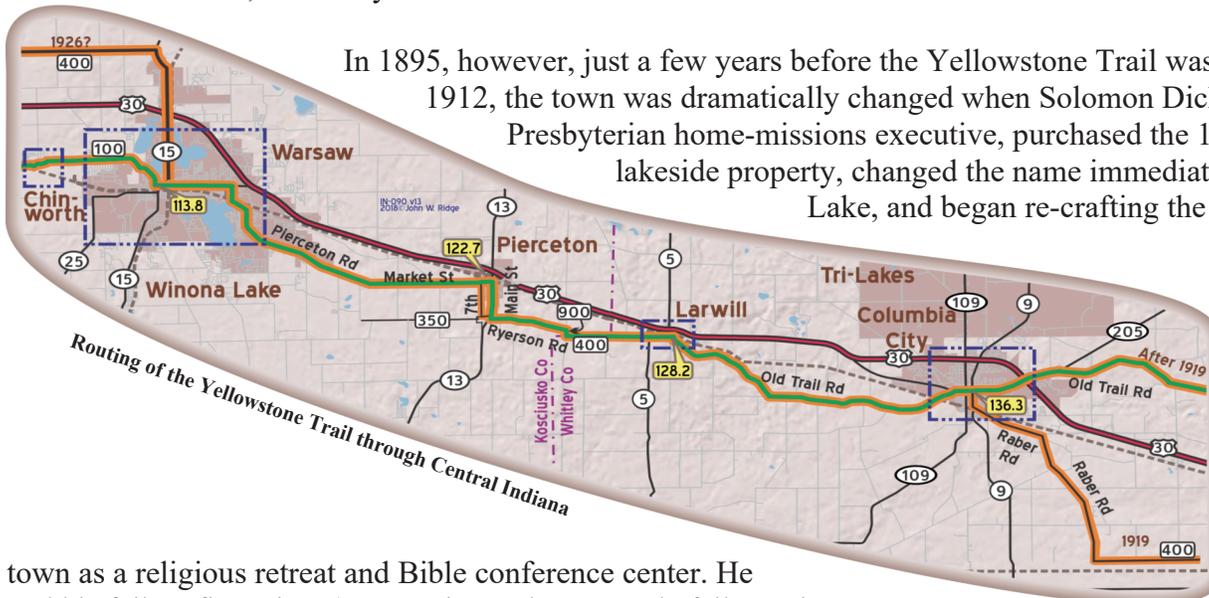
By Terry White, Winona Lake, Indiana Correspondent

Travelers on the Yellowstone Trail in Kosciusko County in northern Indiana may not have been aware that when they motored down Kings Highway in Winona Lake, adjacent to the county seat town of Warsaw, they were within four blocks of the home of the world's most famous evangelist.

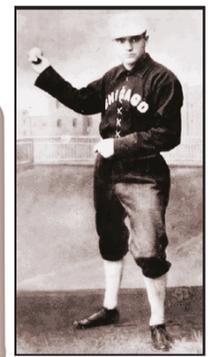
William Ashley "Billy" Sunday, who first gained fame as a big-league baseball player before turning to religion, relocated with his wife, four children, and a housekeeper from Chicago to Winona Lake in 1911. They had been renting a small cottage called the "Illinois" on a bluff overlooking the town's main thoroughfare, but in 1911 they moved that cottage across the street and constructed an Arts and Crafts bungalow which today stands as a pristine example of Arts and Crafts style and of Gustav Stickley architecture.

As the Trail worked its way westward from Pierceton, it traced what is now known as the Pierceton Road until, entering the Winona Lake town limits, it became today's King's Highway, continuing up Argonne Road, and out Center Street in Warsaw on what is now known as "old Route 30."

Winona Lake, founded in 1881 by three brothers, was first known as Eagle Lake and drew tourists to its Spring Fountain Park resort area, featuring a toboggan slide into the lake, a cyclorama displaying paintings of the civil war, and a popular switchback railway, along with a racetrack and military parade grounds. But what really drew the crowds—as many as 250,000 in a summer—were the Chautauqua programs which featured celebrities including John Philip Sousa and his band, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Walter Damrosch, Metropolitan Opera stars, well-known speakers such as William Jennings Bryan and Russell Conwell, humorist Will Rogers, Helen Keller, social reformer Jane Addams, literary figures James Whitcomb Riley and Paul Dunbar, and many more.



In 1895, however, just a few years before the Yellowstone Trail was conceived in 1912, the town was dramatically changed when Solomon Dickey, a Presbyterian home-missions executive, purchased the 160 acres of lakeside property, changed the name immediately to Winona Lake, and began re-crafting the



Billy Sunday as young ballplayer

town as a religious retreat and Bible conference center. He and his fellow financiers (H. J. Heinz, John D. Rockefeller, John Wanamaker, William Jennings Bryan, John Stuebaker, and others) continued the Chautauqua programs, but increasingly emphasized weeks of Bible conference and religious conferences until Winona became known as "The Home of the World's Largest Bible Conference."

Billy Sunday, who was born in 1862 in Iowa and eventually signed on with the Chicago White Stockings of the National League, met and married Helen "Ma" Sunday in Chicago and the couple continued their lives together as Sunday was traded to the Pittsburgh Alleghenies and then to the Philadelphia Phillies. By then, however, he had made a religious conversion and turned down a very lucrative baseball contract to go to work for the Chicago YMCA for \$83.33 a month, which he did for several years. He then signed on as the advance man for a well-known evangelist, J. Wilbur Chapman, who also served as the first director of the Winona Bible Conference. It was Chapman who first introduced Sunday to Winona Lake, inviting him to speak at the lakeside religious services and to participate in Bible conference programming at Winona.

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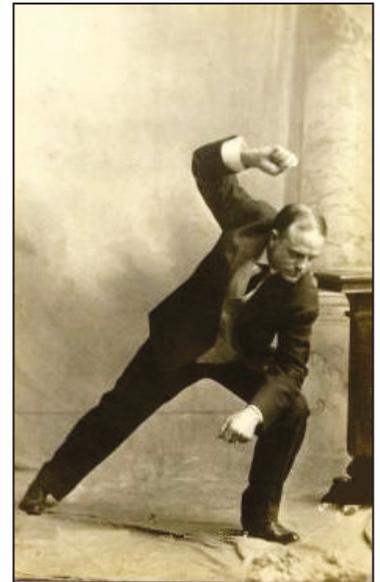
When Chapman decided to accept a pastorate in Philadelphia, Sunday entered evangelism full-time and his career was well-launched by the time he decided to bring his wife, four children, and a housekeeper to a permanent residency on Evangel Hill in Winona Lake in 1911.

Meanwhile, his reputation grew steadily until he was front-page news everywhere he went. Ultimately he spoke face-to-face (no radio, TV or amplification) to a total of 100 million people—a feat which has never been duplicated. The temporary tabernacles he erected for his crusades were huge—some seating as many as 10, 15, or even 18 thousand people.

One index of Sunday’s social stature is the number of photographs now hanging in the Sunday Home museum, all autographed by their subjects to “my good friend Billy Sunday,” “to Bill and Ma Sunday,” etc. The friends and acquaintances include William Howard Taft, Calvin Coolidge, Woodrow Wilson, Warren Harding, Herbert Hoover, Harry Truman, John D. Rockefeller, Will and Charlie Mayo, Gen. John “Blackjack” Pershing, H. J. Heinz, John Wanamaker, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Cecil B. DeMille, Buffalo Bill Cody, and many others.

Sunday’s crusade tabernacles always used sawdust as a floor covering, partly for noise suppression, and partly because of economy. When he invited converts to come to the platform and shake his hand, this became known as “hitting the sawdust trail.” Soon major newspapers began reporting “Last night in the Billy Sunday crusade there were 1,480 trail-hitters.” “Hitting the Sawdust Trail” became synonymous with declaring a religious conversion.

Meanwhile, just four blocks to the west, the Yellowstone Trail was garnering attention of its own with the September, 1916, coast-to-coast relay race that saw a succession of Studebakers, Packards and Buicks reaching breath-taking speeds as high as 57 mph as the leather pouch containing a message from the U.S. Secretary of War was passed from vehicle to vehicle across the nation.



Billy Sunday preaching on the “Sawdust Trail”



Sunday’s popularity peaked between 1915 and 1920—just the years when the Yellowstone Trail was attracting national attention. An automobile repair shop in Winona Lake, owned and operated by one Owen O. Wiard, advertised itself as being located “On the Yellowstone Trail in Winona Lake.”

Dan Copen, the official historian of Kosciusko County, Indiana, has written an article on the Yellowstone Trail which has been reproduced in a book entitled “That’s Life” published by the historical society. In that article, Copen says, “But the Yellowstone Trail was always much more than an avenue for a 1916 cross-country relay race, no matter how thrilling that event may have

been. It was one of Kosciusko County’s first important highways, and for more than a decade brought thousands of people—and their dollars—to the county’s lakes and the immensely popular summer programs and church conferences at the village at Winona. After all, 1916 came during Winona Lake’s heydays, and if newspapers of the era can be believed, as many as 30,000 people could be in Winona on any given day in June, July, August or September. And many of them would have traveled to Winona in automobiles.”

Sunday was not the only celebrity to have lived in the Winona Lake/Warsaw area. Others who lived there at times included the poet James Whitcomb Riley, the author Ambrose Bierce, and the author Theodore Dreiser. About Dreiser, Copen wrote, “Another person who would have had experience with the road was Theodore Dreiser, who lived in Warsaw during his teenage years and went on to write *An American Tragedy*, *Sister Carrie* and other books. In 1916 Dreiser drove to Indiana from New York in a Pathfinder automobile, and wrote about it in *A Hoosier Holiday*. In the book, Dreiser writes about motoring to Warsaw by way of Fort Wayne, Pierceton, and Winona Lake, and though he does not mention the name of the roads he traveled, he would have used Pierceton Road, a road that just a year later became part of the Yellowstone Trail.

Continued

In Pierceton, Dreiser writes that he got directions to Winona Lake from a shopkeeper who rode along with him for a couple of miles to show him the way, an indication the road was not always well marked. In Winona he wrote that he and his driver ‘came past the new outlying section’ of the town, a ‘region of summer homes [and] boat houses . . . . [on] a lake which in [the 1800s was] surrounded by woods.’” So if Winona Lake was their destination, travelers on the Yellowstone Trail found many thousand fellow-travelers coming to enjoy the pleasures and serenity of the lakeside religious retreat.



Billy Sunday’s home in Winona Lake/Warsaw area

But for others, traveling either east or west on the Trail, they may never have suspected that they were only blocks from the home of the world-famous evangelist who made “hitting the Sawdust Trail” common terminology with the American public. Ψ

Dr. Terry White is a resident of Winona Lake, Indiana, where he is a docent in the Winona History Center, teaches college-level journalism, and is the author of the centennial history of Winona Lake, entitled “Winona at 100: Third Wave Rising” (BMH Books, 2013).

## The YT in New York State

Non-Commercial use courtesy of the *Buffalo News*. By Luke Hammill

Western New York is home to two major east-west transcontinental highways: Interstate 90, the longest route in the Interstate Highway System, and U.S. Route 20, the longest road in the older United States Numbered Highway System and also the longest road in America.



The Yellowstone Trail follows much of the Erie Canal in New York State

I-90 travels from Boston, Mass., to Seattle, while Route 20 extends from Boston, Mass., to Newport, Ore. The entire Buffalo-area portion of I-90 travels along the New York State Thruway. In New York State, both roads – along with another important road, New York State Route 5 – travel along the same corridor as the Erie Canal, providing a link between the major upstate cities and outlying areas of Albany, Syracuse, Rochester and

Buffalo. That’s no coincidence: Eighty percent of upstate New York’s population lives within 25 miles of the Erie Canal. But before these major roads were built as we know them today, how did Buffalonians, and upstate New Yorkers in general, travel long distances?

The answer lies in a 1904 book by Archer Butler Hulbert titled “Historic Highways of America: Pioneer Roads and Experiences of Travelers.” Hulbert said that in the early days of the United States, the only land route between Lake Erie and Central New York’s Mohawk Valley was a rugged Native American path called the Iroquois Trail.

“The interior of New York was an almost unexplored wilderness at the end of the Revolution in 1783,” Hulbert wrote. “With the opening of the Genesee country . . . a tide of immigration began to surge westward from the upper Mohawk along the general alignment of the old-time Iroquois Trail.”

Gradually, a route called the Great Genesee Road emerged from the Mohawk Valley westward to the Genesee River in the Rochester area, approved by state lawmakers in 1794. Four years later, legislators extended the road to the western boundary of the state. The road was operated by private turnpike companies, and in the following years more turnpikes were built, such as the Great Western Turnpike, constructed in 1800 along the present-day route of Route 20 between Albany and Buffalo. The turnpikes were eventually surpassed in efficiency by the Erie Canal, which sparked a boom in Buffalo’s population.

The groundwork had been laid for our modern roads. The route of the Great Genesee Road and the early turnpikes were eventually incorporated into the cross-country **Yellowstone Trail** in the early 1900s, and as the automobile increased in popularity, much of that route became what we know as New York State Route 5. US Route 20 and I-90 were added along the corridor in the 1920s and 1950s, respectively, as America continued to invest in auto infrastructure. Ψ

# Murder in the Big Bend Country

By Curt Cunningham, Washington State Correspondent

The Big Bend Country is the largest area of agricultural land in the state of Washington, and is formed by the Columbia River, which flows in a half circle through the region between the mouth of the Spokane River and the mouth of the Yakima River. During the ice age, the region was covered by 1,000 foot thick glaciers. At the end of the ice age, the ice began to melt and millions of gallons of water violently flowed toward the ocean carving out massive coulees. The largest of these coulees are the Grand Coulee and the Moses Coulee.



Coulee City, Washington from the top of the "Wall"

There are only 3 crossings of the Grand Coulee, which were used by the Indians who traveled across the region. The upper crossing is at the north end near the Grand Coulee Dam and this trail was used by the Hudson's Bay trappers, who were going between Fort Colville and Fort Okanogan. The lower crossing is located at Ephrata and was used as part of the military road between the White Bluffs supply depot and Camp Chelan in 1879. The middle crossing is located at Coulee City and in 1880, Lt. Symons blazed out the

last military road built in Washington that ran between Ritzville and Camp Chelan.

The road was never used by the military but was extensively used as an east-west trunk route. In 1883, Phillip McEntree settled at the middle crossing and started a ranch. His place became known as McEntee's Crossing. The name Coulee City was coined in 1890, when the Central Washington Railroad made its terminus there. Pilot Rock, a large basalt formation, located NW of Coulee City at the top of the Wall, can be seen from all directions for many miles. This landmark was used by the stage coaches and travelers who used it to direct them toward the middle crossing.

The Big Bend Country was one of the last places in Washington that was settled during the "Great Emigration" and until 1883 there were barely 100 souls who had come from the east to make a home there. The growth of settlement across the Big Bend followed in step with the building of the Central Washington Railroad when it began construction westward from Spokane in 1889 toward Coulee City. Settlers would anticipate where the right-of-way would go and stake claims hoping to be close to the line.

In 1925, the Yellowstone Trail was rerouted through the Big Bend Country. This section of the trail is between Reardan and Wenatchee following the railroad to Coulee City and then following the old wagon road to Waterville and Wenatchee. When Douglas County was formed in 1883, the only town in the county was a town called Okanogan. This town was created for the sole purpose of creating the county. The town was located about 6 miles east of Waterville.

Before Waterville was founded in 1886, there was a small settlement about a mile and a half SW of the future town that was known as Badger P.O. or Nashland. This was the location of first post office in the area. This place was also at the top of the hill where the first wagon road began it's 2,000 foot descent into Corbaley Canyon and to the Columbia River at Orondo in 1885.



Old Road Eastbound from Waterville, Washington

The first stage from Spokane to the town of Okanogan was in the spring of 1884. The route began at the California House in Spokane and traveled east on the old 1861 White Bluffs Road to Davenport. From Davenport the route turned SW following the White Bluffs Road to a few miles north of the present day town of Odessa. This is where the route turned NW and followed Lt. Symons Military Road to Coulee City. From Coulee City the route climbed "The Wall" and then crossed between the coulees.

Continued



Moses Coulee looking West towards Spencer

At the Moses Coulee the route continued west over the roadless flatland and drove through sagebrush for 13 miles to Okanogan City. By 1885, there would be a wagon road between Waterville and Coulee City and Okanogan City would be abandoned due to the lack of available water.

Tragedy struck between the coulees during the fall of 1886, when Thomas Paine and E. J. Hubbard were murdered. The story begins in Missouri about 1885, when Thomas Paine murdered a man who was terrorizing his son. In order to escape the law, Paine moved his family to the foot of Badger Mountain and began a cattle ranch. On September 3, 1886, Deep Creek Constable, E. J. Hubbard received a warrant for Paine's arrest. Hubbard then rode to Spokane and asked Frank Aiken to accompany him. The next day they started out from Spokane on a buckboard to arrest Paine who was at his ranch near Waterville. On Tuesday September 7, 1886, the men arrived at Sheriff Robins place to notify him of what they were about to do. The Sheriff then got on his horse and lead the men to Paine's ranch where they stopped about 3/4 of a mile away. Aiken remained and the sheriff and constable rode down to Paine's place. They were told to expect trouble but they were met with no resistance as Paine gave up wanting no confrontation. They rode back to Aiken, and Hubbard took the prisoner on the buckboard and Aiken rode on horseback. The sheriff rode with them for a few miles on their way back to Spokane.

The travel back east was going smoothly and they were making good time. They were now crossing between the coulees and when they were about 15 miles west of the future Coulee City, Aiken noticed a man on horseback heading toward them at a fast pace. The stranger was about 500 yards away when Aiken asked Paine if he knew who it was. "No" was the reply, as the rider was too far away for him to see who it might be. When the rider was about 125 yards away, Paine yelled out "that's my son and you will have trouble".



Moses Coulee - Eastern side following 1885 Wagon Road

Aiken said to Hubbard that they should stop and see what he wants. Hubbard agreed and as soon as he brought the wagon to a halt, the pursuer immediately dismounted, knelt down and began firing at them with a rifle. Old man Paine was first to be hit, and was killed. Hubbard then quickly turned the buckboard sideways and he along with Aiken, jumped behind it. Aiken and Hubbard were not very prepared and only had one rifle between them and it didn't have a front sight, making it worthless, and their pistols were ineffective at that distance. The attacker's rifle made them easy prey and soon Hubbard was shot. Aiken, fearing for his life and thinking Hubbard was dead, jumped back on the wagon, pushed the dead body out of the wagon and started out as fast as the horses could go.

Both horses had taken bullets and after about 5 miles one of them dropped. Aiken cut the other loose and rode it until the horse gave out and dropped as well. Aiken then set out on foot and walked another 5 miles to McIntyre's Ranch near where Coulee City will be born. It was late when he reached the ranch so it was the next day when a party was formed to go back to the scene of the attack. When they arrived, they found Hubbard's body about 200 yards from where he had fallen, and he had a second bullet in him. The prisoner's body was found alongside the road. Both bodies were taken back to McIntyre's and an inquest was immediately held. The verdict of the jury was that Hubbard was shot and killed by an unknown person. Paine's body was then taken back to Badger Mountain and Hubbard's body was buried on McIntyre's ranch and Aiken who was shaken up and worn out from all the excitement, took a stage back to Spokane.

The younger Paine, whose first name was Manford, fled the country but reappeared a year later. He was on his guard at all times and terrorized the residents of the Waterville area until 1889, when he voluntarily walked into the Douglas County Courthouse and gave himself up for trial. He was then indicted for murder and a trial was held. Manford Paine was smart and had hired a lawyer who was able to have the case dismissed due to lack of evidence. The crime was so old the detectives could not gather anything to make a conviction and Manford Paine walked away a free man.

Rumor has it that it wasn't Manford, but an unknown brother who did the killings, but we will never know. Ψ

# Nothing Could Stop a Touring Trip in a Model T Ford - Part 1

By Wayne Childs

**Editor's Note:** Member Greg Childs of Laurel, Montana, sent us this personal story about a 1918 trip his uncle, Wayne Childs, took at the age of eight when Wayne, his parents and brother Jim, (Greg's father) set out for Wisconsin from Dickinson, North Dakota. The trip was to take them on the Yellowstone Trail for much of the way. The detail of the story gives the reader a wonderful picture of life on the road 100 years ago. The article appeared in the *Minneapolis Tribune* in 1985, 67 years after the trip occurred and when a 75-year-old Wayne Childs remembered it all clearly.

In the early summer of 1918, my father announced to the family – my mother, ten-year-old brother and me – that we were going to drive our car to Boscobel, Wis. to visit my grandparents. We had ordered maps for North and South Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin. The maps arrived and my father, after a careful review and some arithmetic, announced that it was 900 miles from our home in Dickinson, N.D. to Boscobel.



The Childs Family and their 1917 Ford Model T

Going east we would take the Yellowstone Trail through South Dakota. The return home would be on the Red Trail through the Twin Cities. The plans included driving 10 hours a day, camping out at night and cooking our own meals. This sounded like an extended picnic to my brother and me ( I was eight years old) and it did turn out to be a great picnic from start to finish. Dad said he would drive from 25 to 30 miles an hour, averaging 20 miles an hour running time. A 10 hour driving day would figure out to 800 miles in four days; this would leave only 100 miles for the fifth day and an easy run into Boscobel. This would leave an extra half day for flat tires or particularly bad stretches of road.

Plans having been made, we now began actual preparations for this great adventure. For our 1917 Ford Model T touring car, Dad bought an emergency attachment that was fastened onto the front of the left running board. It involved three cans – one painted red for gasoline, one painted white for water for the radiator, and one painted blue for oil. We would carry a two-pole tent, tied onto the right running board, tin dishes, pots and pans for cooking, and a big supply of blankets. On the back curtain of the top we pinned a large pennant that proclaimed that we were from Dickinson.

The car came equipped with a set of tools, kept in a black bag under the cushion of the back seat, along with the folded side curtains. The tools included hammer, pliers, screwdriver, monkey wrench and two tire irons. There was also a cylinder tire pump because you did a lot of tire pumping. You had to buy tire patch sets which included various size patches and a scraper to scrape the tube before you put on the glue and patch. You also would have a few larger patches, about the size of small pan cakes that were glued to the inside of the tire when a stone bruise had done some damage to the tire fabric as well as puncturing the tube. You also usually carried at least one tire boot. This was a leather piece with thongs that you put outside of the tire itself, for reinforcing the damaged tire. It had eyelets, just like a shoe, and you laced it up tight, threading it through the spokes. It was only an emergency boot to get us home or into town. There were times when the tire was so ruined that you couldn't repair it, and you sometimes took it off and "came home on the rim." But this had to be a front wheel, as a real wheel without a tire would just helplessly spin in the dirt, but you could make out without a tire on the front. Surely, the invention of the demountable rim, with the spare tire mounted and ready for use, must rank alongside the self-starter as reasons the family car became so popular and indispensable.



Typical farm family home in the Dakotas



Flat Tire! Common sight in 1918

My father was a Northern Pacific freight conductor and always wore gloves in his work. He also wore the cranking or driving the car. So he bought an extra-fancy pair of leather gauntlet gloves. When not in use, they were always placed on top of the magneto coil box. My brother and I learned to never touch those gloves, although we always played “car drivers” in the old barn where we kept the car. My dad also had a special driving cap. It had a high crown and big front visor. A string was fastened to the cap and the other end was fastened to his coat with a safety pin. Dust coats (dusters) were very popular, but my dad considered them too effeminate and he never wore one.



Northern Pacific Depot in Dickinson, ND

Mother, however, had different ideas. She had been a marvelous horsewoman and always had all the proper equestrian attire: hats, boots and gloves. She had also worn a split riding skirt, about the size of a Boy Scout tent. So she took in stride the change from horse to car. She could crank and drive the car from the first day we had it. And she took to driving attire for the car with great gusto. The item I remember best was a very large veil that covered her head and hat but had a large piece of isinglass over her face to protect her from the wind and sun as well as the dirt.

The day for departure finally arrived. At dawn we packed the car and headed south out of Dickinson to catch the Yellowstone Trail. The proper emblem of the Yellowstone Trail was a yellow circle surrounded by a white circle with a black arrow in the center. Almost every small-town hotel and garage had this emblem painted on its front. It proclaimed that they were in favor of the always-impending “Good Roads” programs, and that they were proud to be on such an important highway as the Yellowstone Trail. In the rural areas, the emblem was a simple rough arrow splashed onto a fence post, telephone pole or a big rock, using yellow paint. In those days you really just drove from town to town. The highway always went down the main street. You would get lost on occasion by continuing on the main street, only to find that a mile or two out of town you came to the end of the road. You knew that you had missed a turn, and you went back to inquire. Usually you missed the turn because at the turn there was no pole or post to carry the yellow arrow.



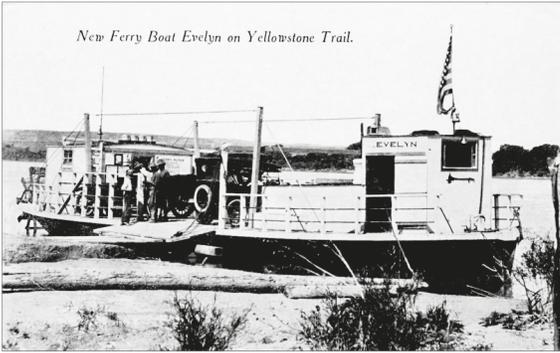
Dirt road, typical of the roads found in the Dakotas

The roads were all dirt roads, with gravel only in some spots. There were always mud holes left over from the last rain. On rainy days they were impassable. It was common practice, when meeting a car, for both to halt to exchange information. How are the roads? Any sinkholes? How bad is the mud? Windshield wipers were things of the future. You kept a coffee can half-full of water on the back seat floor. In it was a wet rag to clean the windshield when it got too dirty.

Because of his experience driving the gumbo roads of North Dakota, Dad considered himself a real “mudder”. He kept two heavy sticks in the car. When we came to an unusually big mud puddle, Dad would come to a full stop and give my brother and me each a stick. It was our job to scrape the mud off the tires as they revolved. The problem was the mud sticking to the tire. When it built up enough to build a wedge between the tire and the fender it would bring you to a halt. Brother and I have always claimed we spent as much time outside the car scraping the mud as we did inside.

The World War was going on, but there was not any gasoline rationing, however, no gasoline could be sold on Sundays. This was not a problem. With a Model T there was never any possibility of driving far enough to use up a full tank of gasoline in one day. Filling stations, as we know them today, did not exist at that time. The local garage had a lone gasoline pump on the sidewalk in front. In smaller towns they usually did not even have a pump, but a couple of barrels sitting on sawhorses, and they filled your tank with a five-gallon can, taking it from the barrel to your tank. While they had a one-gallon can also, most people bought gas in five-gallon amounts. Gasoline was 18 cents a gallon, but Dad claimed that this high price was because of wartime profiteers.

Continued



New Ferry Boat Evelyn on Yellowstone Trail.

The Mobridge, SD Ferry the Childs family would have used

Our first day's drive took us to Mobridge, South Dakota, where we crossed the Missouri River to head east. This was harvest time, and the small grain was in the shock. Dad would look for a big farm field that was shocked. He would pull into the farmyard to ask permission to camp in their field. Permission was always given at every stop, very cheerfully. In fact, almost without exception, after we had made camp in a farmer's field, the farmer and his wife came down to visit us – the wife bringing cookies, cake and perhaps a dozen ears of field corn.

They were very interested in our trip, usually asking the same questions: How are the roads; how did you find your way; any car troubles? Dad always set up the tent and my brother and I gathered wood for the fire so Mother could cook the meal. After Dad had the tent set up, he would gather individual sheaves of grain from the shocks in the field. They were called "bottles" and he would cover the floor of the tent with them to form a mattress, then place blankets on top and we had a real bed. In the morning we replaced them in the shock. Ψ

Editor's Note: Part 2 of this story will continue in the next issue of the Arrow.

## The YTA's Old Headquarters Get a Facelift - Again

By Alice and John Ridge

From 1912-1916 the YTA headquarters were in Joe Parmley's Land Office in Ipswich, South Dakota. When Hal Cooley came on board as General Manager, the offices were moved to Aberdeen, 26 miles to the east. Maps, newsletters, Folders, correspondences, distribution and multiple telephones all added up. It soon became obvious that that small town could not offer the services demanded by a growing national organization. So they chose Minneapolis.

The 1898 Andrus Building at Nicollet Mall and 5<sup>th</sup> Street in Minneapolis is dear to the hearts of the Yellowstone Trail Association. It was the headquarters of the Association from 1918-1923. After that, it went elsewhere in Minneapolis. The office was on the top floor. In 1983, the building acquired a new face; arches were created, outlining the bottom two floors; it was subsequently renamed the Renaissance Square.



Renovated Andrus Building lobby is quite different from the Yellowstone Trail Association Home Office days as 9<sup>th</sup> floor tenants 100 years ago.

Now, guess what!?! The new owners announced that the newly renovated building will be renamed — the Andrus Building! That's where the similarity ends, though. An artist's rendition of the planned changes renders it very modern, airy and light.

According to the *Star-Tribune* Blog, the architects are going for a "classic, refashioned theme" including a new street-level facade, an upgraded lobby and a new conference center.

At this writing it should be just finished. Joe Parmley and Hal Cooley would be happy. Ψ

**Editor's note: Please let us know how you liked this Arrow! We do not hear from you often and we enjoy each note, photo, or Facebook post we receive, so send us a story about your travels, town happenings, or news along the Yellowstone Trail. The next Arrow will be published on or before the first of June. Happy Trails!**

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## Yellowstone Trail Association

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