



Number 56
July, 2023
Independence Day

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On the eve of the 20th Anniversary of the official formation of the modern YTA and fast approaching the U.S. 250 year Semiquincentennial celebration in 2026, the national YTA raises up the Yellowstone Trail as an essential piece of the American story.



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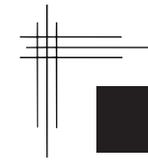
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INTRODUCING THE NEW YTA EDITOR



Greetings and Happy Fourth of July!



My name is Scott Tedrick and I am the new editor of *The Arrow*. It is truly my pleasure and honor to be serving in this capacity, as I believe the history and spirit of the Yellowstone Trail, its communities and champions harbor a collective value that is far greater than the sum of its parts and has only begun to be realized.

To offer up a little background on myself, I am a 41-year-old, Newspaper Editor who resides in Granite Falls, Minnesota and works in Olivia. My interest in history and the Yellowstone Trail emerged from my passion for community and theater. In 2014, I co-wrote a historical-based play, "Granite Falls Walking Theater: A Cooperative Legacy," which served to introduce me to the great Michael J. Dowling. However, I did not fully appreciate the story and impact of this "world's great optimist" until I took the job in Olivia in 2016.

As it so happened, I found myself making the commute to work along the Yellowstone Trail one morning when I realized I was driving on a road that "Dowling built" going to work for a newspaper he started and complaining about a rock from a beet truck that had just chipped my windshield. According to the book "Adrian Looks Back" by Adrian Bottge of Renville, Dowling brought the first beet to Renville in the aftermath of some of his travels, believing the crop would grow well there. Indicative of his foresight, Renville is now home to the Southern Minnesota Beet Sugar Cooperative, which by some metrics is the largest beet cooperative in the world. In short, Dowling's influence was everywhere... and I have only become more fascinated and motivated by it as I continue to meet its acquaintance.

Coming to realize the trail as a way to connect communities and collectively market and bolster resources to create exponential value, in January of 2018 I organized the first Yellowstone Trail Alliance of Western Minnesota meeting. At the time, I had no knowledge of the YTA, but was soon greeted by John and Alice Ridge.

The Ridges have provided support and direction throughout our existence as we have sought to complement the national YTA efforts. Thanks to funding through the Minnesota Historical Society, we recently completed the east and west rollout of a Yellowstone Trail Cultural Heritage Tourism Master Plan for the state (see page 7). We now hope to formalize the state-wide organization as something akin to a "YTA Chapter;" and have been working with the executive YTA board to define and codify the relationship.

As I transition into the role of *Arrow* editor, you will continue to see the voice of John and Alice, who are still serving as the chief content organizers. In Minnesota, we are beginning to establish our information networks and are figuring the best way to disseminate and market this information.

In Minnesota, we are now five years in to our efforts to organize the state-wide organization. Later this year, on Dec. 26 the national YTA will reach the 20th Anniversary of the formal modern organization. Together, the efforts are a harbinger of the bright future to come. There is no better time to get involved in the YT.

CONTACT THE YELLOWSTONE TRAIL ASSOCIATION

To join, make membership payments, or donate:

Web: go directly to our membership service:
<https://yta.clubexpress.com>

USPS: Send to administrator, Yellowstone Trail Association
Box 65, Altoona, WI 54720

There is a printable application form at:
www.yellowstonetrail.org/Docs/MemberApplication.pdf
Or, to join, renew, donate, use the form on page 12

For questions about membership, address changes, or Arrow receipt questions:

Email: Administrator@yellowstonetrail.org

USPS: Yellowstone Trail Association, PO Box 65 Altoona, WI 54720

For Trail information and editorial communications (our corporate office):

Email: YTA@yellowstonetrail.org

USPS: Yellowstone Trail Association
PO Box 65 Altoona, WI 54720

For YT related signs and merchandise (not part of the YTA):

Web: www.yellowstonetrail.org

Email: YTP@yellowstonetrail.org

USPS: Yellowstone Trail Publishers
PO Box 65, Altoona, WI 54720-0065

GROUPS WORK TO CREATE A YELLOWSTONE TRAIL HIKING PATH

Travelling the Yankee Jim Trail – Livingston, MT

The Yellowstone Trail from Livingston, Montana, south to the Yellowstone Park has had a checkered career along those 50 miles. It was the only “splendid lateral” that the Yellowstone Trail Association allowed to veer from the direct east-west route. Convict labor had already somewhat improved an old trail on the west side of the Yellowstone River, making auto travel acceptable, if not comfortable. There is an “Old Yellowstone Trail N” street sign just south of Livingston and an “Old Yellowstone Trail S” street sign at Yankee Jim Canyon, clearly identifying that historic road to this day.

The Yellowstone Trail was marked on the east side of the river about mid-1920s to 1930, offering two routes to the Park on the Trail.

Starting around 1914 and running south, parallel with the Northern Pacific tracks, the Trail was welcomed by the resident ranchers and by Park visitors a year later when, at last, autos were admitted to the Park. Over the years, impediments to and improvements of free travel along that road appeared.

Impediments: Private property blocked the Trail going north and south from Emigrant, forcing autoists on to Hwy 89 for a short stretch. In 1986 the Church Universal and Triumphant bought 25,000 acres surrounding the Trail just north of Yankee Jim Canyon cutting it off. Terrific gumbo could slide you right into Cutler Lake around the year 2000. And 2016 brought a rock slide in Yankee Jim Canyon cutting off the Trail, with Park County officials doubting any foreseeable repair. And just before the Trail met the famous Yellowstone Park Arch, the recent flood literally wiped it away.

Improvements and changes: Yankee Jim constructed a rude road with a toll gate in 1882. That property was taken over by the Northern Pacific Railroad, forcing Jim’s auto road up higher on the hill. Then convicts built what became a better Yellowstone Trail a little lower on that hill in 1924.

Park County and the National Forest Service recognized the historical auto route as a possible hiking path and tore up the railroad track for a nice flat hiking



The new trail thru Yankee Jim Canyon, showing the old Northern Pacific Railroad location, the Yellowstone Trail and Yellowstone River.

path. They even put up interpretational signs explaining the past. The original Yellowstone Trail and Yankee Jim’s roads are still approachable on foot, but only for the intrepid hiker.

The future looks bright for that historic gem of a route. Today, it is the west side of the river, and thus the route of the old Yellowstone Trail, that interests several conservancy, land trust, and county agencies. They wish to, ultimately, produce a trail (presumably hiking) from Livingston south 50 miles to the Park. Named the Yellowstone Heritage Trail, the group wishes to begin by transforming three miles of old railroad line near Emigrant. A ranching family near Emigrant agreed to sell a 23-acre stretch of land to the group for the purpose of a public trail.

The Trust for Public Land must first acquire funds to buy that stretch. Park County and Rails-to-Trails Conservancy are exploring options around developing the whole 50 miles. The Rails-to-Trails group will pay for a large-scale feasibility assessment to guide the future of the initiative.

The Yellowstone Trail has been moved slightly in many places with the construction of new roads and the taking over of the abandoned rail bed, but it retains its historical aura and name just the same. Let us hope that this planned Yellowstone Heritage Trail comes to fruition, extending the memory of that historic gem.

SITE TO SEE: THE MARITIME MUSEUM

The Trail is a 3,600 mile magnificent route for heritage tourism, providing a glimpse of the “panorama of American history,” as we like to say. We would like to provide a “sight to see on the Trail” in each forthcoming Arrow issue. The site chosen may be major or minor, very famous or not so much. But the site will be on the Trail and part of the “panorama of American history.” The first site we note is the Erie Maritime Museum. — *A. Ridge*

The big draw at this museum in Erie, Pennsylvania, is the replica of Admiral Perry’s 1812 ship Niagara. But first, some background.

When the War of 1812 was declared, Great Britain had a series of military posts stretching along the Canadian border that gave her mastery of the Great Lakes. Early in the war the British captured America’s only armed vessel in inland waters and were in a position to strike a fatal blow upon Lake Erie’s south shore. Lieutenant Oliver Hazard Perry was sent to Lake Erie to take command of a small fleet then being hurriedly constructed. The enemy tried to bottle him up in Presque Isle Bay, but on July 19, Perry nosed part of his squadron out of the Bay to engage briefly with the British until they withdrew. He then moved to Put-in-Bay.

To be fair, the British were somewhat disadvantaged, Lake Erie being considered lower in importance to Lake Ontario by their superiors. They needed more crew and food.

Since Perry had 39 short ranged cannon and only 15 long range cannon, he sailed right into the Brits, eyeball-to-eyeball. His ship, the Lawrence, became completely disabled, so Perry called for the Niagara. As the Niagara passed through the British line, her crew worked short ranged cannon on both broadsides. And the British withdrew.

historynet.com “War of 1812 battle of Lake Erie, Oliver Perry Prevails” tells a very exciting, riveting tale of the battle, almost minute-by-minute, such as, “At 11 a.m., Perry broke out his battle flag and ordered his crew fed and given a dou-



The Erie Maritime Museum in Presque Isle Bay on the waterfront in downtown Erie, Pennsylvania.

ble order of grog. The decks were sprinkled with sand to soak up the blood and cleared for battle.” By stealth, strategy, and courage Perry overcame a supposed superior navy.

The Museum

Today, a visitor to the Museum can explore the Brig Niagara and see what it must have been like fighting a battle in close quarters. Visitors can tour, touch, and see a sailor’s life of 200 years ago. Some parts of the ship are original, the sunken vessel having been raised and rebuilt.

The Museum also tells the broader story of Erie’s role in Great Lakes history.

Set your Garmin to 150 E. Front Street just off Bayfront Parkway between State and Holland Streets in Erie, PA.

ELECTRO-MAGNET CLEARS ROAD ALONG THE YELLOWSTONE TRAIL

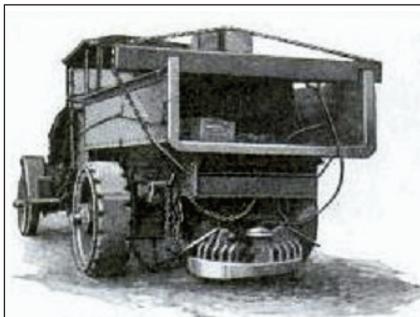
If you think pot holes are the bane of your car tires’ existence, think about a more serious problem facing motorists 100 years ago. The *Boston Globe* of November 24, 1925 tells the story.

“Imagine trying to dodge 603 pounds of nails,

tacks, bolts and various pieces of scrap iron on a seven-mile stretch of road. That’s 86 pounds for every mile – pretty rough going – especially when much of this material could not be seen by the eye of a person walking along the road.

Six hundred and three pounds! An exaggeration? Not a bit for that is just the amount of junk iron picked up by a 36-inch lifting magnet which was passed back and forth over seven miles of the Yellowstone Trail in Idaho. The entire roadway was swept clean.

This job was done by suspending a lifting magnet from the



Electro-magnet truck.

rear of a five-ton truck so that it was about four inches above the surface of the road. Magnetizing current was supplied to the magnet by 72 cells of storage batteries which were carried in the truck body.

With the outfit, the truck driver “swept” every bit of the road surface and the 603 pounds of iron scrap which he picked up off of that seven miles of road made up a motley collection. Certainly with this out of the way, motorists on that section of the road ran much less chance of having punctures than before.

This magnet and truck were loaned to the Idaho State Highway Department through the courtesy of one of the large industrial companies of that State. This company had already cleaned up other roads near their plant with this same outfit, and there, too, they had removed an astonishing quantity of puncture causing scrap iron and steel.

While the magnet was at work on the Yellowstone Trail, a large number of cars parked along the road, and many motorists followed along on foot behind the truck to see the magnet operate.”

[Ed Note: *Science Magazine* ran a similar article in 1926. Neither source asked the question: How did that junk get there in the first place?]

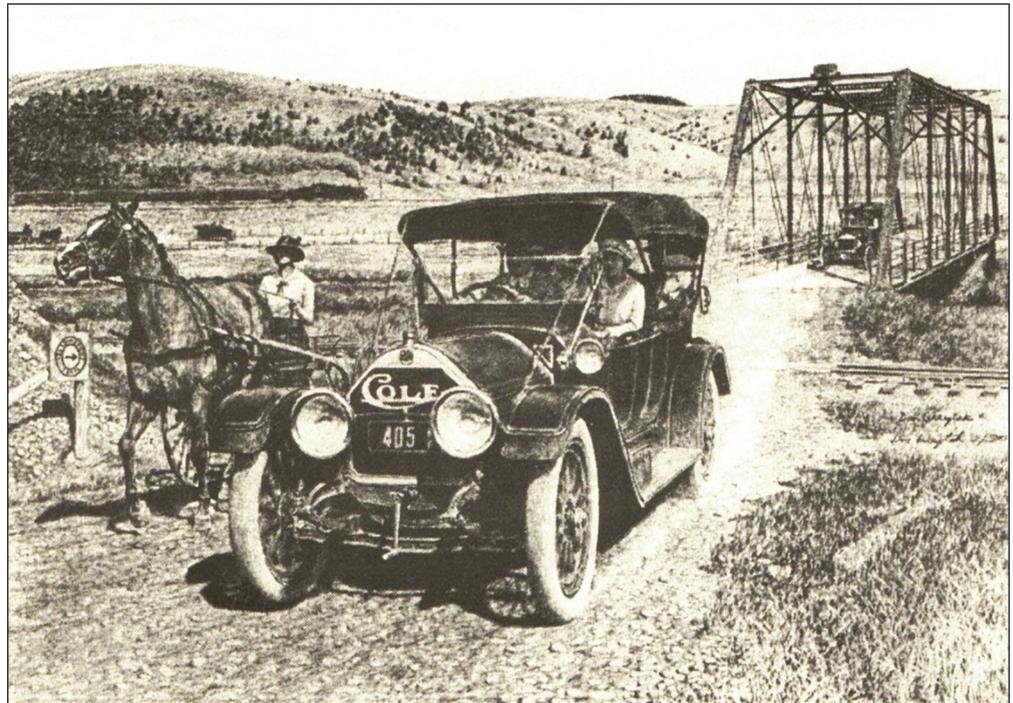
THE GARRISON BRIDGE - PART 2

The Garrison Bridge and a thousand words – Garrison, MT

In *Arrow* #55 we wrote about a fine pencil print by Montana artist Don Greytak. It was a picture of the Garrison bridge sent by Martin Drivdahl of Helena that is pictured at right. We were a bit cramped for space in that issue, so we could not include the full description of the bridge that Martin had supplied.

Why is that picture so important that we show it twice? They say that a picture is worth 1,000 words. That seems to be true here. Look closely. You should see six (6) bits of transportation history packed into this image.

In the far left is a Yellowstone Trail sign, redolent of the days of named highways. The horse, the train (in the far background), the river under the bridge, and the car immediately call to attention the progression of technology. The car may have been Cole's 1914 four passenger touring car, \$1865. And look at the gravel road. That was the Yellow-



A pencil print of the Garrison Bridge in Montana by Don Greytak.

stone Trail then - mostly gravel.

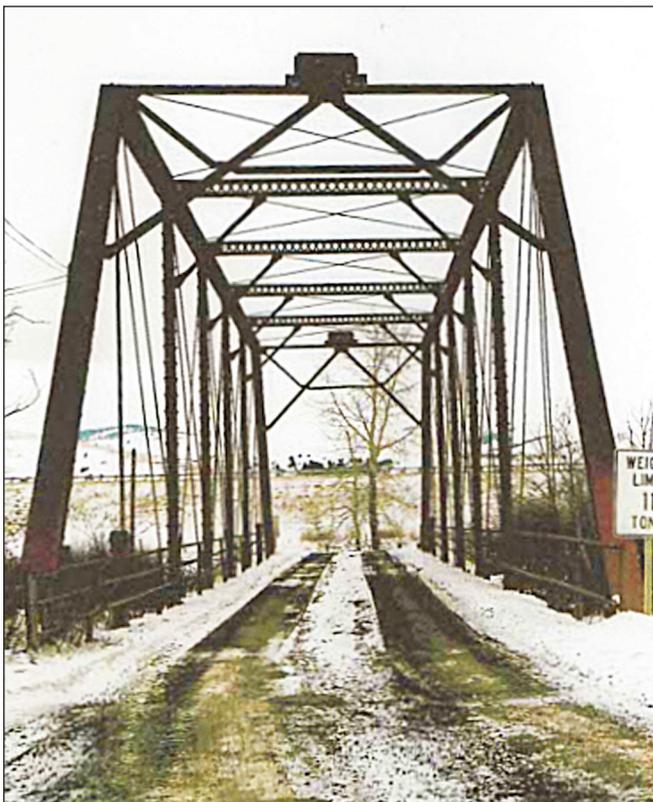
Featured bottom left, is Martin Drivdahl's picture. A description of the Garrison Bridge follows.

This historic bridge was constructed in 1913 as a 126 foot pin connected steel Pratt truss installed across the Clark Fork River (then referred to as the Deer Lodge River) near the community of Garrison, about eleven miles north of Deer Lodge. This scenic landmark was located at mile 53.6 on Route 675 - Butte to Missoula. After serving travelers on the Yellowstone Trail, this old veteran bridge allowed Garrison residents to cross the river on Sawmill Road and served that purpose for many years until it was replaced by a new bridge in 2006. The steel truss was designed for a single lane of traffic with 16 feet of horizontal clearance, and is quite tall, measuring 24 feet 4 inches.

When the Montana DOT announced plans to scrap the bridge, representatives of the Powell County Museum and Arts Foundation decided to use the money allocated by the MDOT (about \$20,000, the estimated cost to demolish the bridge) plus some additional funds to save this historical structure and move it to Deer Lodge.

An article published in the July 26, 2006 issue of the *Silver State Post* shows the 126 foot truss (minus its wooden plank decking) was successfully moved to its new home behind the west wall of the Old Prison Museum. The intent was for the old bridge to be placed across the Clark Fork River to serve as a hiking trail bridge near Pennsylvania Avenue to access county park lands on Deer Lodge's west side.

Although a walking and bike trail system has since been extended on the west side of the Clark Fork River to complete the connection to an original portion of the Yellowstone Trail, the veteran truss bridge still resides at its 2006 home behind the stone security walls of the Old Montana Prison Museum.

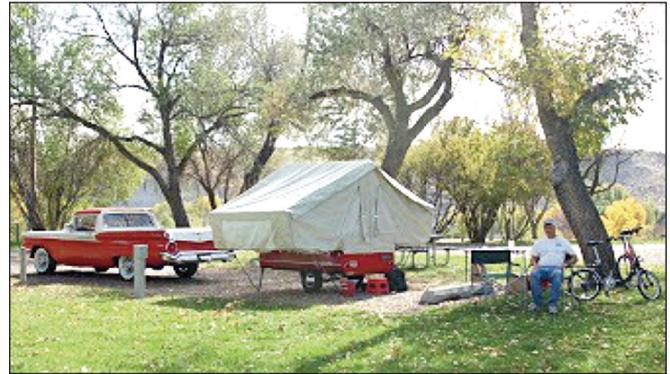


Martin's Drivdahl's frontal or elevation Garrison Bridge pic taken in 2005.

TRAIL TRAVELERS

3,600 mile time-travelers of the YT (that we know of)

A YTA Board member asked if there were any people who traveled the whole of the Trail. John and I had never counted Trail travelers, so we started to think about that question. We thought our readers might be interested in what we dug up. Listed below are only the people who have appeared on our doorstep or who we know about through letters. Their motivations for making the trip varied, but all knew about the Trail and were curious. If we have missed anyone who traveled the whole Trail, please let us know. — *A. Ridge*



YTA Board member Bill von Tagen with his wife Linda of Boise, Idaho with their vintage pop-up camper.

1. The Ridges of Wisconsin have explored and researched the routing and history of the entire Trail several times beginning in 1996, wearing out three travel trailers, one RV, and a beloved Jeep Grand Cherokee.

2. The late Hal Meeks of Vermont and author of *On the Road to Yellowstone*, published in 2000, traveled the whole Trail around 1997 or 1998 in a pick-up truck, sleeping in the truck bed (except on rainy nights).

3. Jim Marx of Michigan accomplished something astonishing! He peddled his Trek520 touring bicycle the whole of the Trail in 2010 in two segments west to east.

Four reports appeared in the *Arrows* #16-19. You can see an interview with Marx as he ended his trip. Go to: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B-Nt99Hz2Nk>

4. Bill and Terri Sherwood, traveled in their “beautiful RV” in 2010. They went from Tieton, Washington to Massachusetts. Part of their blog appeared in *Arrow* #16

5. The late Mark Mowbray of Wisconsin, former Executive Director of the Yellowstone Trail Association, beginning in 2012, went camping along the Trail with his KIA. He went various years, eventually covering the whole Trail. Several articles about his trips appeared in the *Arrow* covering approximately 2012-2019. A gregarious soul, Mark talked the Yellowstone Trail wherever he went.

6. In 2014 four antique autos and drivers, advertised as “Around the World Autoists,” left New York City, flew across the Atlantic Ocean, then drove cross Europe, Russia, and China. They landed in California and joined the Yellowstone Trail, going west to east, arriving back in New York. A 1928 Plymouth was, apparently, the only one to complete the whole trip

7. YTA Board member Bill and Linda von Tagen of Boise, Idaho went by their beloved Mustang and vintage pop-up camping trailer in 2017. Four reports in the *Arrow* followed them.

8. Denny Gibson of Cincinnati, Ohio, author of *20 in '21* and the *YT Too* went by car west along the Yellowstone Trail and returned east via historic Hwy 20. A travelog of this 2021 trip resulted in his book with many pictures, published by Trip Mouse Publishing, 2022.



Jim Marx of Michigan peddled the entirety of the 3,600 mile Yellowstone Trail.

YELLOWSTONE TRAIL ALLIANCE OF MINNESOTA COMPLETES MASTER PLAN ROLLOUT

Roe presents Yellowstone Trail Master Plan in Minnesota

Glencoe, Minnesota. May 24 Jim Roe, Museum Consultant and developer of the YT-MN master plan for tourism and economic development spoke. Well, we didn't really miss it. Zoom saved us from travel. The point of the program was to gather "influencers" along the Minnesota Yellowstone Trail together to see the possibilities of joining together to gain publicity for the Trail and to gain another avenue of public-ity for towns - to give travelers new ways to see communities.

The audience received a good history and pictures of the Trail from Roe as background information for the museum directors, city administrators and interested historians in attendance.

A few general take-aways are:

1. The Yellowstone Trail is a good means of drawing communities together
2. As was true 100 years ago, the Trail towns today are interested in tourism and increased economy, revitalization and development of the arts
3. Awaken the affinity between travelers and historic places. Promote the Trail as a destination corridor



East-YT Minn. communities attended the event.



Jim Roe unveils the YT Master Plan for Minnesota at the Glencoe City Center.

Specific suggestions for moving forward:

1. Awareness needs to happen so put up YT route signs
2. A physical map embedded with historical sites to see is needed (A cell phone App is being worked out as we write)
3. Towns could work together for "theme travel." Examples are quilt crawl, or art crawl, or old kitchen equipment. Perhaps old farm equipment.
4. Individual Trail towns could advertise their pride such as their geology, industry or agriculture
5. A major problem today in branding is that modern highways do not follow the Trail closely in some towns, so they must mark the original Trail.

A Q & A session revealed a lively interest in ways of promoting the Trail, its history and current events.

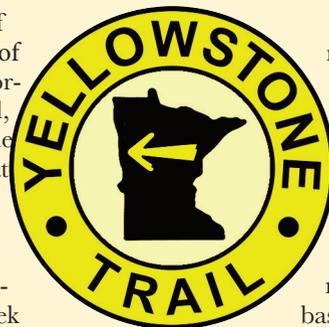
As Jim Roe wrote, "Through widely distributed interpretive media, cities and towns along the Trail will pique the interests of travelers, resulting in more and longer stops."

What's next: YTMN Chapter formation and Sociability Run

This July, the Yellowstone Trail alliance of Minnesota (YTMN) will begin the relaunch of its organizational efforts from a border-to-border perspective, engaging relevant historical, cultural, arts and tourism organizations in the interest of establishing information flows that will help realize collective marketing campaigns and initiatives.

With the east and west master plan rollout now complete, YTMN will celebrate the coming together of the east and west during a week long Sociability Run beginning with the Carver County Historical Society's Fall on the Farm in Waconia and ending with events occurring the following weekend in association with the Meander: Upper Minnesota River Valley Art Crawl, running from Granite Falls to Ortonville.

Fall on the Farm will take place, Sept. 23 from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. at the Historic Andrew Peterson Farmstead, with food activities, games and agricultural and industrial history.



The 19th annual Meander, meanwhile, will run Friday through Sunday, Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1, and feature gallery exhibits by 40 river valley artists residing in the vicinity of the Yellowstone Trail within a 60-mile corridor running from Granite Falls to Ortonville.

Opening Night of the Meander will feature a Light Up the River event in Granite Falls, with music, art, food, and drink occurring in tandem with historical walking theater based on the great women of the area. Additionally, YTMN is looking to hold a gathering Saturday, Sept. 30 in addition to its efforts to arrange a historical tour of pertinent area sites such as the Andrew J. Volstead House and Fagen Fighters WWII Museum. Look for more info in the near future.

For additional info on Fall on the Farm, go to:

<https://www.carvercountyhistoricalsociety.org/>

Information on the Meander can be found at: artsmeander.com

TRAIL-O-GRAMS



Have you heard the whole story?

Join Us

Historic Crossroads Center

Grand Re-opening

July 8, 2023

11:00 a.m.

Ribbon Cutting
Refreshments
Tours

Special Guest Blake Norton
Citizen Potawatomi Nation
Cultural Heritage Center

1) Historic Crossroads Center returns in Plymouth, Indiana: Marshall County Museum Executive Director Sandy Garrison has announced the grand re-opening of the newly refurbished Historic Crossroads Center. The renovation was largely funded by a Heritage Support Grant from the Indiana Historical Society, made possible by Lilly Endowment, Inc.

Celebrations will begin July 7th at 12 noon with a Brown Bag Lunch event featuring Blake Norton of the Citizen Potawatomi Nation. Blake will speak on the 7 Fire Prophecy of the Potawatomi. Brown Bag events are free of charge, just bring your lunch and learn! A members-only sneak peek and brunch will precede the ribbon cutting at 9 a.m. on the 8th. The grand re-opening and ribbon cutting will be held on July 8th at 11:00 a.m. at the Museum. The new Historic Crossroads exhibit has been expanded, adding a Native American story station.

Originally created in 2011, the Historic Crossroads exhibit tells the story of transportation in Marshall County and why it is foundational to our history. Beginning in the 1830s, the Michigan Road followed an Indian trail and cut through the heart of our County. It was joined about 75 years later by four historic highways – Lincoln, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Yellowstone Trail, and the Dixie Highway. Marshall County is the only place in the entire country where all five roads cross.

2) Donations to the YT: The Hamlet Park Board members made a decision concerning annual donations during a recent Hamlet Park board meeting.

“They would like to concentrate more on the local events like the Yellowstone Trail Festival.” It was decided unanimously to donate \$1,000 to the Yellowstone Trail Festival fireworks show. *WYMR MAX, Hamlet, IN*

3) From Russia with Love: Our fame is spreading to the Steppes of Russia. We heard from Boris Yandex (not sure of his sur name as our understanding of the Cyrillic alphabet is nil). He wanted our help. Boris is the grandson of a famous Russian scientist who visited Yellowstone National Park at the turn of the 20th century. Apparently he took many, many pictures of the Park and area and they came down to Boris who wanted to donate them to the Park. We gave him addresses of Park contacts, explaining that our Association was not related to the Park proper.

Our question is this: How did those photographs ever survive World War I, a Depression and World War II?

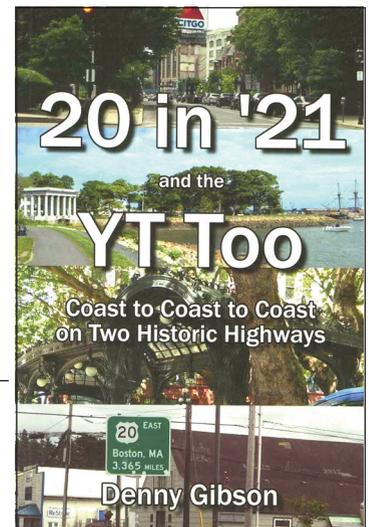
4) Worth the read! We have come upon a most interesting book. It is called *Taft* and is the great story of the building of the St. Paul Railway tunnel in western Montana. Taft was often called the “wickedest city” because of its lack of law and plethora of brothels. 239 pages of pictures (many unknown to us) and of history of the railroad and the culture of the times. Taft was on the Yellowstone Trail/Rudolph Road 1915-1924. Do get that entertaining, educational book.

\$25 + \$5 P&H. Address: Kay Strombo, Mineral County Museum, 2nd Ave E, Superior, MT 59872

Jon Axline, retired Montana Department of Highways Historian, has written many books about Montana, its inhabitants and its roads. He frequently mentions the Yellowstone Trail. Melanie Sanchez of the Old Montana Prison and Auto Museum at Deer Lodge, reported that Axline spoke at their annual meeting recently. Among the “historic sites and peculiar attractions” he included the Yellowstone Trail. Do find his many books listed online.

Denny Gibson’s 2022 book, *20 in ‘21 and the YT Too* is available on Amazon.com, Kindle or dennygibson.com \$12.00. As the title implies, Denny criss-crossed the USA on those two historic highways. Denny writes as one speaks. It’s like having a comfortable conversation while he tells of highs, lows, and gives much information along the trip. There are over 200 pictures on those 183 pages.

And the complete travel guide and history of the Trail mile-by-mile (*From Plymouth Rock to Puget Sound*) is available at YellowstoneTrailAssociation.org and select Shop, or write to Yellowstone Trail Publishers, Box 65, Altoona WI, 54720. \$37.95 + \$5 shipping.



Denny Gibson’s 20 in ‘21.

COMINGS AND GOINGS — PAST AND FORTHCOMING EVENTS

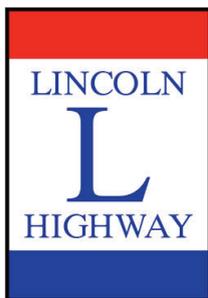
The Jefferson Highway Association (JHA) held its largest annual conference to date June 7-10 in Mason City, Iowa. Guests from every state and province of the Jefferson Highway and over 15 states in total attended. Jefferson Highway is an International Highway that runs from Winnipeg to New Orleans, “From The Pines to the Palms.” Although one runs north and south and the other east and west, the two famous trails cross near the Mississippi River in Minnesota, making the JHA and YTA natural friends. The JHA conference in Mason City, Iowa, included a Sociability Run, presentations on Byways, and sights related to the movie Music Man—as Mason City was the home town of the film’s star, Meredith Willson. *The ’24 Conference will be April 24-27 in Alexandria and Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana.*



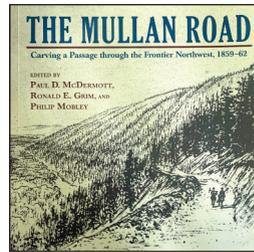
Jefferson Highway International Conference • June 7-10, 2023 • Mason City, Iowa

Jefferson Highway Int’l Conf. attendees in Mason City.

Lincoln Highway Conference was held June 11-15 in Folsom, California.



Two of your YTA Board members are officers of the Lincoln Highway Association and will be attending that meeting, so we will have a report about the three expected auto tours of the Lincoln Highway’s 1928 alignment. Lectures featured such topics as the 1915 Pan Pacific Expo and histories of Folsom and a state transcontinental railway through Donner Pass.



The Mullan Military Road Conference was held June 9-11 in Old Fort Missoula.

The Yellowstone Trail followed some of the Mullan Road (1859-61) in mountainous Idaho and Montana so we have attended several of these lively and informative conferences. A special feature this year is an “in-depth look at the only known John Mullan letter written during the actual road building expedition in 1860. It was addressed from their winter camp on the Bitter-Root, west of present-day Missoula. “It was an example of the importance of primary source material in discovering new facts on historic events of the past—in effect bringing it to life” says their web site.



The crew and view from John Mullan’s 1862 Three-Mile Grade east of Bonner.

This year presentations about “John Mullan and the Yellowstone Connection” and “How Road Locations Changed” would have been especially interesting to YT attendees.

The geology of the area plays a big role in presentations, so talks about things such as the Missoula Floods draw a crowd. There is always a bus tour along the Mullan Road at every conference site. It mostly requires a hike through the woods to see just a path with a less worn path nearby of the old Yellowstone Trail. A bus tour to historic Fort Owen and Travelers’ Rest state parks in the Bitterroot Valley is included. Exciting stuff!



A panorama photo of Trail Days rodeo happenings.

Ipswich Trail Days held June 16-18.

Their web site says: Arts in the park is held in the Ipswich Library Park, food vendors set up downtown, a car show, and many more family events are offered. Later on Saturday, head over to the Trail Days complex for concerts and watch the rodeo (Bulls ‘n Broncs) and mutton busting where kids play cowboy and do their best to hang on to a sheep as it runs across the rodeo arena pic on mutton busting rodeo.



COMINGS AND GOINGS — PAST AND FORTHCOMING EVENTS

The Antique Studebaker Club 2023 Northwest Tour will be held August 8 - 11 and feature an Antique Studebaker/Willys Overland Trail Tour Post Falls & Coeur D'Alene, Idaho Aug 9-11. Their description of the tour leads them on the original Yellowstone Trail on the east side of Lake Coeur D'Alene, slowly (25-40 mph) off roading, even on to gravel. Promises of much scenery and wild animals prevail. Interested? email g.finch@comcast.net.



Join us for the Antique Studebaker Club 2023 Northwest Tour!
August 8-9-10-11

- ♦ Headquarters Touring from Post Falls Idaho Red Lion Templin's Hotel on the River.
- ♦ Visit restoration shops, tour around scenic Lake Coeur d'Alene and travel some roads least driven into the north Idaho wilderness.
- ♦ Enjoy garage/shop tour, visit restoration shops and there will be tech tips in the parking lot.
- ♦ Drive around Lake Coeur d'Alene scenic byway and an evening banquette.
- ♦ Tour Idaho wilderness and a stop at a 100 year old roadhouse restaurant for BBQ lunch with live Country/blue grass music.

Make your Hotel Reservations Today!

Yellowstone Trail Fest Aug. 19-20 Hamlet, IN.

Theme this year is Bootlegging on the Trail. Starke County Fairgrounds. Juanita Ketcham, who was "Trailperson of the Year" a few years back, is in charge of events, so you can be sure that there will be some Trail-focused happenings.

Speaking of bootlegging on the Yellowstone Trail, Al Capone drove through Trail town Thorp, Wisconsin, on his way to his hideout in Hayward. At the intersection of Co. X (the Yellowstone Trail) and Co. M in Thorp was a gas station where, rumor says, that Capone regularly stopped and showered after his long drive from Chicago.

Many YT era events are planned: 1920's dance demo's, a bootlegging course, an old time side show, and a parade of old cars on their part of the Trail. They even have on their web site a way to view maps to drive the Yellowstone Trail anywhere in the U.S. Prohibition, flappers, speakeasies and more fun is planned!

Juanita recently wrote that bootleggers ran the back roads and Yellowstone Trail to evade the local sheriffs.

Yellowstone Trail Heritage Day. Hudson, WI is coming August 12.



Enjoy a Vintage Vehicle Display, Historical Geocaching, Museum Tours, Games, and more. Last couple of years they have had a great show of British vintage cars. Not exactly Yellow-

stone Trail-related, but lots of fun. Will they have their famous Cemetery Walk this year? As we get closer to August 12, check their Facebook page for more information.



Minnesota Yellowstone Trail - Sociability Run Sept. 23 - October 1... Waconia to Ortonville, MN

The Sociability Run kicks off with Fall on the Farm, Saturday, Sept. 23 before continuing on the next weekend, Friday - Sunday, Sept. 29 - Oct. 1, with historical theater and tours occurring in concert with the Meander Art Crawl.

Now in its 19th year, the Meander Art Crawl runs all three days, showcasing gallery exhibits by 40 river valley artists who reside in the vicinity of the Yellowstone Trail within a 60-mile corridor running from Granite Falls to Ortonville.

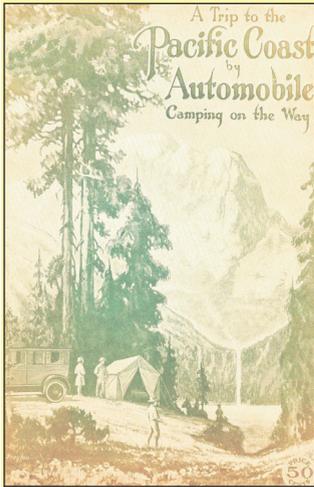
For info on Fall on the Farm, go to: <https://www.carver-countyhistoricalsociety.org/>

Info on the Meander can be found at: artsmeander.com



A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST BY AUTOMOBILE: CAMPING ON THE WAY

An online copy of this book can be found at:
<https://archive.org/details/triptopacificcoa00bett/mode/2up?ref=ol&view=theater>



The book, as found in the location above, offers a compelling YT travel story from 1921 that illustrates "the way it was." It is printed here below, and will populate forthcoming issues of *The Arrow*. Note, the author's spelling and grammar were, on occasion, corrected as well during the "translation." Note, also, that the author's identification of his route was a bit careless. For instance, he sometimes confuses the National Parks Highway, a "competing" route that ran from Seattle

to Chicago with the Yellowstone Trail. The National Parks Highway was established in 1915 by State of Washington road enthusiasts and often sharing a road with the Yellowstone Trail. — J. Ridge

A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST BY AUTOMOBILE: CAMPING ON THE WAY, By William Charles Bettis

EVERY motorist with rich red blood flowing through his veins, when he has a few hours to spare, heads for the country. The great open stretches of field ; the soothing murmur of breezes passing through God's Temples — the woods; the gleaming stream and expansive lake; all bathed in golden sunshine, appeals to the primitive in man, as nothing else can do.



Among the yellow pines.

He is eternally seeking out new roads. Places he has never before seen, because the spirit of adventure predominates and down deep in his innermost heart he dreams of someday

starting for the great "Golden West." Everyone is familiar with the slogan "See America First." Let me add : See our great northwest and see it from an automobile if possible. If not, see it from the platform of an observation car. There is nothing in Europe so impressive as our "Wonderland of the World." The odd, startling, beautiful things you can see in our National Parks, Yellowstone, Glacier, Mount Rainier, Yosemite, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and the splendid Forest Reserves, cannot be duplicated anywhere in the world.

FOR two years, the writer, contemplating a trip to the Pacific Coast by motor, camping on the way, used every means at his command to secure authentic, truthful information covering road conditions, grades, camping grounds, etc. but without success. So, realizing that thousands of motorists who are planning the trip would like to know the truth of

these things before starting, I have with the collaboration of Mrs. Bettis, made note of them, and hope the experience herein set forth will prove of great interest and assistance to all who are anticipating the tour.

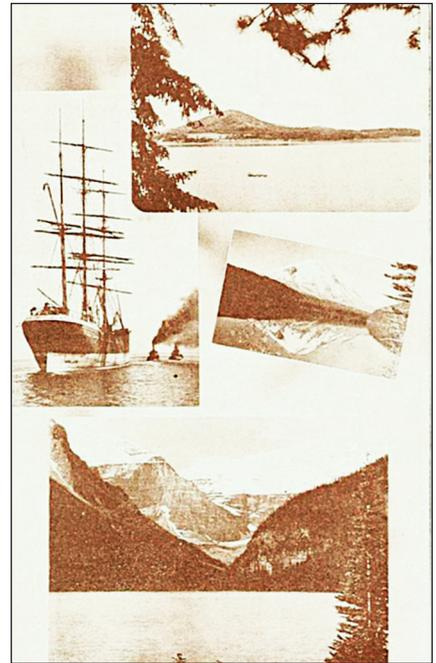
Before going into the details, I wish to state positively, that any average driver, whether man or woman, should not fear that they will be unable to pilot their car from coast to coast.

Of course there are all kinds of roads, good, bad and indifferent; you find those conditions everywhere, but on this trip I am glad to say, there is much more good than bad road.

There was an enormous amount of construction taking place in 1921, and that necessitated a great number of detours, but the summer of 1922 will find these stretches of new road open to traffic. If you stay on the main highways there is no danger of losing your way, because they are carefully marked. Even the detours are carded at every turn. Don't let mountains frighten you; as a rule, mountain roads are good and absolutely safe. True, there are exceptions, but if you use care and good judgment you need have no fear. After you have become accustomed to mountain driving, you will enjoy scaling the dizzy heights and gliding down the opposite side, but don't depend on the brakes to hold you back, go down on compression; start out in first if in doubt, and then slip into second if the lull is not too steep, otherwise you will burn out the brake linings and no telling what may happen.

Another thing I want to caution the novice about: When you are new at the game of mountain driving, and negotiating a road that is a mere shelf; a sheer wall hundreds of feet high on one side, and a drop of hundreds of feet on the other, DON'T LOOK DOWN. Keep your eyes glued to the road. LOOK STRAIGHT AHEAD.

Many motorists have told me they would like to make the trip but were afraid of mechanical troubles, breakage, etc. That should not deter anyone, as there are garages every few miles, and parts for most American cars can be had at a few hours' notice. Again, if a fellow should have trouble that he could not handle, he would have plenty of help in a few minutes, and a tow to the next town if necessary. There are tire, gasoline and oil service stations everywhere ; even out in the country along the high- ways. Many people carry an extra supply of gas, oil and water; but I do not consider it necessary. It is just as cheap to travel with a full tank of gas as a partially filled one, so stop often and fill the tank, and put in oil and water.



Varied are the scenes as one travels along.

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Many women make the trip without a man in the party. Changing tires, taking care of the motor, and putting up and tearing down camp. If you would like a summer of rare enjoyment, get proper equipment and start for the west. You will never regret it.

EQUIPMENT

Proper equipment is a very necessary adjunct to a trip of this kind, and if you want to travel in comfort mentally and physically, I suggest the following: See that your motor and all mechanical and working parts of the car are in perfect condition and thoroughly oiled and greased. Have all tires in first-class condition, and carry at least two extras on rims and inflated. Two good inner tubes, carefully wrapped so they will not chafe, some patches and cement, and several inner and outer boots. You may never need the extra tubes, patches and boots, but it is safer to have them, for example: On one of the worst pieces of road I found on the entire trip, high up on a mountain plateau, twenty miles to the next town, a rear tire blew out, and while I was changing that, a front one went down due to puncture. This necessitated the use of both my extras. Fortunately I had no further trouble covering the twenty miles, and arrived in Superior, Montana, about four-thirty in the afternoon. This is a very small place, and as there was no tire large enough for my car in the town, the dealer wired Spokane, one hundred and fifty miles west, for one. Although it was after five o'clock when the telegram was sent, the casing and inner tube was on the station platform at four o'clock in the morning. So you see there is not much danger of delay on the road. Be sure your tool box has a full supply of wrenches, files, a hammer, pair of pliers, different sizes of bolts, nuts and cotter pins, a roll of tape, a spool of soft iron wire, an extra piece of electric, and all the odds and ends that careful drivers always have on hand for emergencies. A good pump, two jacks, a can of grease and a set of chains with extra cross chains and links and a steel cable for towing. Don't neglect any of these things, they may be needed at any time. I did not have my chains out of the bag the whole trip; however that was just good fortune.

Before you start get a piece of 4 x 4 ten inches long, bore a hole in one end and pass a rope through for a handle, and have this ready to block a wheel if you should have to stop on a grade and get out of your seat. This is very important as there are many places you will be unable to find a rock or stick for that purpose, if you should need one. Be sure to keep your brakes in perfect condition and working order, but don't depend on the emergency brake to hold the car on a steep grade — something might happen.

Clothing and camping equipment are of utmost importance, and should be selected with great care. Our ignorance regarding those things at the beginning of the trip, caused us a great deal of annoyance and trouble. We started with at least three times as much clothing and camp equipment as we needed, and had to ship some of it by freight to the coast.

In the first place, don't take fine clothes, you won't need them. Even if you do want to stop at a hotel occasionally, or drop into a high-class cafe for dinner, you will find a lot of other tourists dressed as you should be — in khaki. Khaki shirts and trousers. You say, "what do the women wear?" The same thing, of course. Nearly all the ladies dress in khaki shirts and trousers, and you see them on the streets of every western town and city during the touring season. Take as little clothing as possible to keep clean and comfortable and remember this, there are camping places provided by nearly

every town and hamlet west of Chicago, and many are equipped with a laundry, shower baths, and kitchen. So it is an easy matter to keep enough linen clean for comfort.

In the selection of camp equipment, two things should be kept in mind — space and weight. Select the things that will pack into the smallest space and at the same time weigh the least. Cups, plates, kettles, coffee pot, and skillets with folding handles; all of which nest together in a small package, are the best. Build a cupboard about three feet high and three wide, the depth of the foot board. Put in shelves and compartments, and enclose with a drop door, and bolt to the foot board, and you have a good pantry and table combined. This should be carefully made and the whole thing covered with a water-proof and dust-proof bag while on the road.

In selecting a tent remember this. Canvas is bulky and heavy. Some is water-proof, some is not. White canvas lets light through, and if you are camped near street or park lights may prevent you getting a good night's rest — and that is very essential while touring. In my opinion khaki is by far the best. Get a very light grade, and one that is guaranteed water-proof. There are many styles of tourists' tents offered the motorist, the prices of which range from \$25.00 up. Beds and bedding are also of utmost importance. Some people prefer sleeping on the ground and use a blanket or air mattress, many use folding cots, but the most elaborate outfit I have seen is a double deck Pullman berth arrangement manufactured by F. O. Berg Co., Spokane, Wash.,

I want you to profit by my mistakes, therefore I am going into considerable detail regarding equipment, that in my opinion will give you the most comfort for the least work.

Before starting on this trip, I had constructed to my order, a big, heavy, very elaborate, two-wheel trailer with two fold sized bed springs that opened out over each side, and a kitchen, pantry, refrigerator and tool compartment. In addition to all this, we carried mattresses, linens, blankets, rugs, cooking utensils, groceries, ice, a folding table, two folding-cots, six camp chairs, a knock-down wood stove, a gasoline stove and a lot of tools, a heavy canvas tent, 12 x 14 feet, a fly 12 x 16 feet, a big ground cloth, and many yards of mosquito netting. The whole thing weighed about 1,500 pounds; and I intended to tow that to the coast.

It was a dandy outfit, no doubt about that, and comfortable too; but at St. Paul I put it in storage and had a side tent made to take its place. This tent was 7x9 feet, rear wall 3 feet high, the other end fitted to the car — which was a closed one. The roof extended over the top of the car and down on the opposite side far enough to cover the windows. This job was snake and insect proof. By that I mean the floor was sewed in and came up over the mud guards and foot board of the car on the tent side. We used cots and felt absolutely safe at night. But a sewed-in floor has its disadvantages, the worst of which is to keep it clean.

If you want a snake-proof tent, have a sod cloth sewed all around the bottom and use a loose ground cloth, then you can have it laundered [sic].

When we arrived in Spokane and I saw the Pullman berth tent made by the Berg Company. I purchased one and we used it for the remainder of the trip.

This outfit is very complete. All the canvas including the berths, and the jointed poles, pack securely in a box 12x12x48 inches, and can be carried on the foot board of the car. The box which is equipped with folding legs can then be used as a table.

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Allen Car & Trailer.

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I want you to profit by this experience also.

We had lots of wool blankets to sleep on, and cover with, and got along nicely till we entered South Dakota. There the nights began to get quite cool, and the further west we went, each succeeding night, due to the ever-increasing altitude, was colder. We purchased more blankets, but could not keep warm. We look back upon our nights on the heights of Yellowstone Park with horror. We went to bed with our clothes and shoes on and still suffered from the cold so much that we had to get up and go out and build a bonfire to get warm.



Side view of Allen Car.

One day in desperation I told an old mountain traveler our troubles and asked him if he was cold at night. He said "no, I am always perfectly comfortable." Then he asked me what we slept on, and when I told him

cots, with blankets under and over us, lie laughed, and replied, "you can't sleep warm that way, try sleeping on the ground as I do, or if you must have a cot, get a pad of eiderdown, or one composed of sheep's hide, paper and wool; the trouble is you get cold from underneath." And he was right. I am sure he laughed at me for being such a tenderfoot. If you decide to take the trip, and I hope you will, because I know you will get a lot of enjoyment and good health out of it, **START RIGHT.**

THE TRIP

We began our long trip to the Pacific Coast at Toledo, Ohio, on the morning of May 15th, 1921. I drove a big roomy, seven-passenger 1919 Willys-Knight sedan, which had a record of only 8,256 miles — not enough to break in a Knight motor. My son at the wheel of a little Allen pulled the trailer. We stopped at a gas station and had the tanks filled at 25c per gallon, and headed out Bancroft street for the Golden West.

We passed through Bryan and Kendallville and just before entering Mishawaka saw a sign by the side of the road reading **FREE CAMPING GROUND** at Pottawatomie Park. We made inquiry at Mishawaka and were told the park was just a short distance west, and that it belonged to South Bend, Indiana. We located it without any trouble and drove into a beautiful grove and found every facility for campers, including

water, stoves and fire wood. This was our first camp, and it took only a few minutes to turn the trailer into a place of abode, and when that was accomplished it certainly was comfortable. We started a wood fire and broiled a nice juicy steak. Living out-of-doors! We had heard a great deal, and read much about it, but this was our first experience. That evening after dinner, we had a caller. A fine big Airdale came into camp and made himself at home. We stayed here several days and tried to find the owner of the dog, without success, so when we headed west again, had a new member in the family. Gasoline in Mishawaka was 22V-2C per gallon.

Our next stop was at LaPorte, Ind., where we camped for several days in their beautiful City Park.

From LaPorte we went to Deep River, a fishing resort about six miles south of Gary, Ind. Here we found a fine natural grove only partially equipped for campers, and as it was a privately owned and operated resort, were charged \$2.00 for a week's stay and fishing. Fishing, lots of it, but no fish. They told us we were "two days late." That up to that time fishing had been good. Of course we did not doubt it, and left there in hopes of finding a place somewhere in the land of the "setting sun" where we would not be — "two days late."

I forgot to mention that there were plenty of snakes at Deep River camping ground, and I am sure there is no one in the world more afraid of them, so I was not sorry to leave.

Hammond, Ind., was our next stop, and we furnished the natives considerable amusement when we asked for a place to camp. However, I called up Mayor Brown and asked permission to camp in Water Works Park on Lake Michigan, and was allowed us to do so. This was a dandy place, with a fine bathing beach and good fishing. The roads so far have been very good. Gasoline now 22.6c.

At South Bend I mailed a letter to the Park Commissioners of Chicago, **CAMP AT HAMMOND, IND.**, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope, asking if they had a camping place for tourists. Evidently the whole thing was thrown into the waste basket, as I never received a reply; therefore several merchants missed getting about one hundred dollars of my money. Of

course, that is not much to Chicago merchants, but if tourists — and there are many thousands on the road every year — were



treated with **tesy and** **Typical Scene along the Highway** provided with a place to camp, in the aggregate the amount of money spent by them in one season would make a handsome sum — even in Chicago.

I wonder why the cities east of Chicago have not awakened to the possibilities of increasing their trade by holding out the inducement of a place to camp for a few days, as have the towns and cities west of that metropolis. Nearly every town and hamlet of the west has a park to accommodate automobile tourists who have a camping outfit, and nowadays nearly every tourist car carries one.

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I have seen a hundred or more cars in a single camp, and every car carried an average of four passengers. These people have to be fed, they buy more or less of all the necessities of life; then there are tires, and the gasoline and oil that every car must have. All this means a lot of money spent along the route.

While most camp grounds are operated by the municipalities where they are located, there are quite a large number of privately owned and operated grounds also.

As a rule all municipal grounds are free to tourists. Privately owned parks charge 25c or 50c per day.

There is one park in California that was operated by the Chamber of Commerce this summer that made over \$8,000.00 profit; and they charged only a nominal admission fee. So you see the possibilities are practically unlimited.

A few of the parks we visited this summer were brand new and a little crude. Next year those same camping grounds will blossom forth with everything modern, including hot and cold shower baths, laundries and kitchens.

Many of the western camp grounds have kitchens equipped with electric stoves, and laundries with electric irons.

After several very pleasant days at Hammond, we started on a beautiful morning for Milwaukee. It is a very short distance from Hammond to the outskirts of Chicago. We had been told to avoid the Boulevards and Parks because of the trailer, so we skirted Jackson Park, but took a chance at Michigan Avenue. Policemen said nothing, so on down through the heart of the city we went on this noted thoroughfare, crossed the river and passed directly through Lincoln Park to Sheridan Road.

The road from Chicago to Milwaukee is fair. There were a few bad stretches, and one of these we had the misfortune to break the tongue of the trailer. The nearest town was about four miles, so we went to a farm house and asked the owner if he had a piece of timber suitable for our purpose. He found just what we wanted and charged us only fifty cents for it. We had to unload everything carried on the trailer. The dust in the road was very deep, and the thermometer stood at 90 degrees in the shade; so it was some job to remove the broken tongue, fit and put in place the new one, and reload the trailer: but it was completed in three hours and we were on our way again. By this time it was nearly sundown, so we decided to find a suitable place and camp for the night. We drove into a big field and put the tent up on the shore of a small stream, had a good dinner, caught a mess of fish for breakfast, and went to bed — but not to sleep — because the farmer that owned that field, although he charged us a dollar for the privilege of camping there, turned a big drove of cattle loose in it. Cows are curious animals, and they wanted to know all about this strange affair on their private preserve, so they started an investigation. Two of them began to fight over a pan of potato peelings that had been carelessly left outside, got tangled up in the guy ropes, and nearly tore the tent down before we could chase them away. We had to stand guard nearly all night to protect our property. However those were eastern cattle and, from a story told me a few weeks later by a tourist on his way east, I have come to the conclusion they are not as courteous as the western members of their family. This man said, "he camped on the open prairie one night, and when he woke up in the morning there were hundreds of cattle all around. They had formed a circle of which he was the center, and all stood perfectly still, watching him." He said, "his hair stood up for a moment, but when he got on his feet they moved away quietly and did not try to molest him." My

advice to the camping tourist is, keep out of pastures.

The following morning we continued our journey to Milwaukee, passing through Waukegan, Kenosha and Racine, arriving there early in the afternoon. I called at the office of the Yellowstone Trail located in the Dykeman Hotel lobby for information regarding the road to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and receiving very courteous treatment and was presented with maps carefully marked showing all detours. There is no charge for this service in any Yellowstone or National Parks Highway office.

After lunch we started for Fond du Lac a distance of sixty-five miles. Roads were fair and we made good time. Stopped at one small place for gasoline and paid 25c per gallon, whereas we could have secured it in Milwaukee for 22c or Fond du Lac at 20. 6c. It pays to watch your supply, and fill the tank in the larger towns.

We arrived in Fond du Lac early in the evening, drove out to Lakeside Park located on the shore of Lake Winniebagoo, and were delighted with what we found.

A beautiful place with a fine bathing beach, and every convenience for campers, even to free fire wood.

We put our tent up within ten feet of a rock retaining wall protecting the channel, and sat on our own front porch and caught all the fish we wanted.

All things considered, this was one of the nicest camps we found on the whole trip, and Mayor Henzie called and shook hands with all the tourists with true western hospitality.

But time was pressing, and after three delightful days, we pulled up stakes and started for Stephens Point our next camp.

We passed through Oshkosh but missed Appleton by taking a short cut across country to Fremont, over good roads to Waupaca, and on to Stephens Point where we arrived early in the evening. The camp in this town is in the fair grounds just as you enter the city from the east. It was a good place to stop over night, but no one would care to stay longer.

Early the following morning we were away for Chippewa Falls. This city has a delightful camp ground in big, beautiful Irvine Park. Wonderful trees, velvety grass, kitchen with range and plenty of wood, but no laundry or shower baths. There is a large zoo also that appeals to most adults and all children. Don't fail to stop at Chippewa Falls.

From there we drove to Eau Claire over a cement road. This city has a fine camp sight and is only thirteen miles from Chippewa Falls.

From Eau Claire to Hudson, the road, passing through Menomonie, Knapp and Wilson was bad — very bad, due partially to the lack of rain. The surface was ground to a fine powder that in places was six to eight inches deep. There were many cars going and coming, and every one was doing its best to scatter the road over the adjacent fields. The air was filled with dust. The whole day from the time we left Eau Claire

had been a most disagreeable one. The road had led over a succession of sharp, steep hills, deep with



Broiling a steak.

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dust and loose gravel, and we were very tired when we passed through the little town of Willson where they have a good camp ground, and should have stopped there; but as we had been informed that Hudson, thirty-one miles farther west had a better one, we decided to go through even as late as it was. On the way to Hudson we had tire trouble, and it was about ten thirty when we drove down the main street looking for someone to direct us to the camp. The night was very dark and the spot light was burning as we entered the town. We had not proceeded far, when a man in citizen's dress run out in front of us, and, flashing a big badge yelled, "Hey! what are you doing with that spot light, don't you know it is against the law in this state and Minnesota to burn a spot light?" Well, I saw we were up against it, so in a joking way I said: "Why, Marshal, we were using it to find you. We are lost and trying to locate your auto tourists' camp ground." Well, he was a good chap, and instead of making an arrest, smiled, and told us how to find the park, adding, "if you can't locate it, come back and I will go with you." We followed his directions, and were soon climbing a precipitous grade. Up, up through the dark we went, the head and spot lights revealing a wall on one side and a dangerous drop on the other. Just a narrow road, twisting and turning, always upward, till we finally found a plateau on the very top of Prospect Hill, with the city lights twinkling far below us. We stopped with a sigh of relief, and swung the spot light around to find the water supply and a place to put up the camp. All the light revealed was a big sign that read "NO CAMPING HERE." No water or other camping facilities anywhere in sight. So, tired, hungry, and indescribably dirty after that dreadful day, without a chance of washing, or supper, we laid down on the grass and gave up.

At the first touch of dawn in the east, we got up and looked around. There, spread at our feet was not only the city of Hudson, but a beautiful stretch of water, the St. Croix. As we were not accustomed to viewing the country from really high hills or mountains, it was delightful. But as we look back upon it now, after having crossed the Rockies and the Cascades, this scene pales into insignificance.

As soon as it was light enough to make the turns in the road with safety, we descended from this beautiful if inhospitable place and started for St. Paul.

Before proceeding further, let me say that a camping tourist should have his camp up and supper over before dark. If we had stopped at Wilson, we could have had a bath, supper and a good night's rest.

We passed through the town and entered upon a bridge that spans the St. Croix, and just before we reached the west end crossed the state line into Minnesota. This is one of those antediluvian things — a toll bridge, and with one exception the only one we found on the entire trip, although we had to use three ferries, two of which charged for passage — the other one was free.

The road from Hudson to St. Paul was as a rule good. There were a few bad places, but probably by the summer of 1922 these poor stretches will be eliminated.

St. Paul has a splendid camp ground on Cherokee Heights in a new park just a few blocks from the west end of High Bridge.

Although this was the first year, it was equipped with hot and cold shower baths, a kitchen with range and plenty of fire wood; and next summer they intend to add a complete laundry. This ground attracts a great many campers, and I predict it will have to be enlarged if they continue to treat

visitors as nice as they did this year.

One of the finest bands of the city came out one evening while we were there and rendered a concert for the campers and people living in that part of the city. And it was some concert. Furthermore every attention and consideration was shown visitors from other cities by two gentlemen, Mr. Geo. A. Doran and Mr. Henry J. Hadlick, who through civic pride, and not for money, devote their evenings telling tourists about the best routes and the things of interest in and around St. Paul.

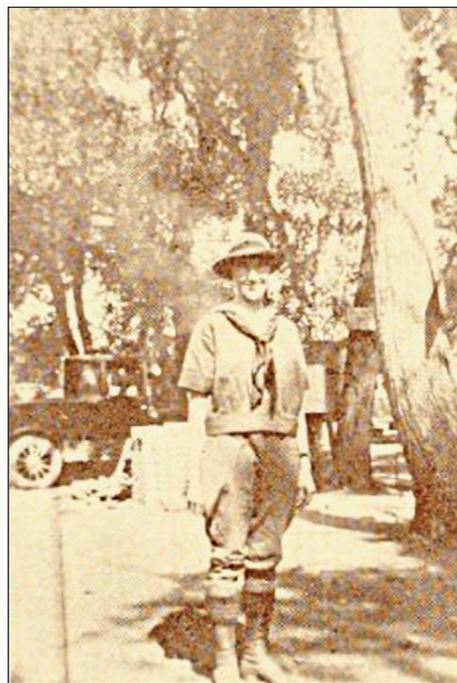
Mr. Lee Whelock is in charge of this park, and is on duty all day and a good share of the night, and does everything in his power to make it pleasant for tourists.

Spend at least one night on these grounds. You will be more than pleased. And remember this, "St. Paul Serves."

Up to this point my son, driving his own car and pulling the trailer had been a member of the party. Owing to ill health he decided to return east, so we put the trailer in storage, shipped all excess clothing by freight to Spokane, and continued the trip with a new tent, cots and clothing loaded on the big sedan.

Thus far the route has been through wonderful farming country and prosperous towns. Camp sights have been within easy drives each day, and absolutely nothing to bother even the most inexperienced motorist. Now we are meeting tourists who have come through from the Pacific Coast, and of course we talk to as many as we can in an effort to secure really authentic information regarding roads, especially through the

mountains. We hear all sorts of stories. Many of them make you feel it would be wise to turn around and go back. I had several tell me I would never get over the mountains with my big car and that the Roads were terrible. Some grades tipped over backward to hear them tell it. I admit they had me worried, but when I said, "well, you came through, and other cars, lots of them, are



The proper way to dress.

coming and going all the time, aren't they?" They reluctantly admitted that such was the case, and added; "well, you may make it."

After ten delightful days in St. Paul we said good-bye to a lot of nice friends we had made, among them Mr. and Mrs. Doran, Mr. and Mrs. Hadhck and Mr. and Mrs. Sherman, and drove over to Minneapolis. This city also maintains a good camping ground, and you should spend a day or two there before starting west.

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Westwood, Ho! I have always had it in mind that Minneapolis was the jumping off place for tourists westward bound over the northern trail, and from my view-point I was right.

From this city you have the choice of two trails. The National Parks Highway leading through St. Cloud, Alexandria, Fergus Falls, Fargo, Bismarck and a lot of other interesting places, or the Yellowstone Trail a little to the south which passes through Montevideo, Aberdeen and Mobridge. Both of these trails converge at Fallon, Montana, then use the same highway all the way to Spokane, Washington, passing through Miles City, Billings, Livingston, Bozeman, Butte, Missoula, Mullan, Wallace and Coeur d' Alene.

For no particular reason, we chose the Yellowstone route. We left Minneapolis about six o'clock in the evening, and drove to Glencoe, a distance of fifty-two miles. This town, although a small one, has two camping grounds. One, quite a way out, we were unable to locate in the dark, so we drove back to the town and put up our tent for the night. This was a dandy place, and in the morning while we were at breakfast, one of the ladies of the village called and presented us with a mess of nice butter beans. Western hospitality. We have come in contact with it, more and more as we penetrate the "wild and woolly" west. How amusing that is to us now. Many eastern people are still under the impression that western people are rough, and carry guns that they are apt to use at the least provocation. How ridiculous. It is a serious offense to carry a gun "out west," and from the time we started on this trip we never saw a gun "on the hip" of anyone till we were down in Old Mexico. There we saw plenty of them.

We made two more camps in Minnesota, one at Montevideo that night and at Ortonville the following night.

Look for the continuation of A Trip to the Pacific Coast by Automobile with Camping on the Way in the next "Arrow."

THE YELLOWSTONE TRAIL ASSOCIATION IS:

a charitable and educational organization within the meaning of 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code with the following purposes:

- 1) **Public Education:** to increase public knowledge of the Trail and its importance in both local and national history,
- 2) **Historical Research:** to acquire information and stories about the Trail and its historical context,
- 3) **Historical Preservation:** to promote the preservation of appropriate sections of the Yellowstone Trail and buildings or other artifacts along the Trail,
- 4) **Communication:** to provide a medium of communication and support among its members,
- 5) **Heritage Tourism:** to promote heritage tourism along the Trail to support the above purposes, and
- 6) **Related Events:** to sponsor or support various events related to the history of the Trail to support the above purposes



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