

"Seeing America First"

In the Rockies, via Lincoln Highway, Through Utah and Idaho to the Yellowstone National Park : : : : : By C. C. DIETRICH

Interest in the western auto tours has been stimulated by reason of the action of the department in charge of national parks in permitting auto traffic through the parks this year throughout the entire season that the weather conditions will allow the safe use of cars, and there is a concerted movement among the organizations which have in hand the construction and maintenance of cross-continental auto routes to take care of the generally anticipated large auto traffic across the United States during the hot months.

The principal auto traffic of the United States going west is carried over the central western routes (the Pike's Peak route, the Midland trail and the Lincoln highway.)

These great trans-continental highways converge at Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah, and continue as the Lincoln highway to the coast. From Salt Lake City and Ogden the Salt Lake-Yellowstone highway runs in a generally northerly direction through Utah and Idaho, and carries the combined traffic of these routes to the Yellowstone National park. Auto travel entering the park from the northern routes is picked up at Yellowstone entrance and carried to Pocatello, Idaho, the junction of the Idaho-Pacific route to the northwest, and on to the branching off point on the Lincoln highway to be routed east or west, as the case may be.

Along it and its auxiliary highways, leading into every section of northern Utah and southern and central Idaho may be had some of the finest fishing, hunting and scenic sections of the great northwest, second only to, and in a great many instances rivalling the interest features of the great Yellowstone park.

Upwards of \$5,000,000 have been spent to place the highway from the Great Salt Lake to Yellowstone in perfect condition for auto travel. An organization designated as the Utah-Idaho-Yellowstone Highway association, composed of prominent citizens of the two states, work in conjunction with the constituted legal authorities in the seventeen counties along the route to patrol and maintain the highway to accommodate the heavy traffic over it.

Along the highway from Great Salt Lake to Yellowstone, through Utah and Idaho is so much to see that it all cannot be taken in on a single trip. From Salt Lake City, through Ogden, past Ogden and Weber Canyons, the long white road leads to Brigham City through intensively cultivated farm and orchard land, which hugs the base of the snow-capped Wasatch range and gently declines to the great lake shimmering to the west—then over the tinkling mountain streams and great, green stretches of the sun-kissed Cache and Malad valleys, that climb clear into the foot hills of the adjoining mountain range, a beautiful landscape of city and village and fertile farm land, crisscrossed with the never-ending irrigation streams—or by way of the great, deep Bear lake and the fertile fields of Bear Lake valley, until the picturesque drive through Portneuf canyon, along the placid reaches of the river and by water fall and beaver dam, farmhouse and dairy ranch, between the tall mountains and high, abrupt lava phalanges brings you into busy, bustling, growing Pocatello, and its great Oregon Short Line railroad establishment, the hub of the Harriman system.

In succession you cross the Fort Hall Indian reservation, riding along the old Captain Bonneville trail, and pass through the prosperous cities of the great upper Snake River valley, the granary of Idaho. Off to the right the Tetons rear themselves above the clouds and away to the west the Sawtooths form a purple background for the setting of the beautiful picture of the valley of the winding and tortuous Snake.

Before you realize you find yourself climbing into the foot hills and civilization slipping away. The highway drops down into Warm river, climbs up on the divide, and you look down in the yawning canyons of the Snake river and Warm river, two white strips of foaming waters, dashing toward the Columbia. Far below the valley stretches and spreads before you like a multicolored fan. Ahead and a half mile to the left are the two great falls of the upper Snake. The highway is now traversing the Targhee National forest, and soon emerges into the Island park country, the home of Mrs. Harriman, on the Morgan-Guggenheim-Harriman estates, Judge A. S. Trude of Chicago, and others, who maintain large clubhouses, summer places and temporary camps.

Across Island park the highway leads through dense woods, interspersed with open parks and meadows. You cross stream after stream, clear and sandy bottomed, full of scurrying trout. You pass Big Springs, where the huge springs gush from the mountainside to form the headwaters of the Henry's Fork of the Snake river, cross the Snake river at Flat Rock (if some inviting camp spot has not yet caught your fancy), debouch into Henry's Lake flat, at the base of grand old Sautelle mountain, skirt Henry's lake, ascend it, pass over the Montana-Idaho divide and drop down into Yellowstone, the western entrance to the park.

In almost any five-mile stretch along the route a fishing rod can be brought into play with good result. Around the next bend may be secured those good, fresh eggs and ice cold milk and butter from the neighboring farmhouse, and all along the way are camp sites seemingly made to order.

I have before me a rather hefty volume entitled "Guidebook of the Western United States, Part B. The Overland Route, with a side trip to Yellowstone," published by authority of the United States Geological survey. It says, "The traveler who is for the first time west of the Rocky Mountains and wonders if the melodramatic activities of western life he has seen quivering on the 'movie screen' really exists today along the route between Ogden and Yellowstone park should remember Francis Parkman's introduction to 'The Overland Trail'.

"The buffalo is gone, and of all his fellows nothing is left but bones. Pines of varied size surround the boundless grassy prairie. Their constant rustling, the whirring that comes at evening about the traveler's camp have surrounded in green, the boundless plain, the wide, the wide Indian is turned into an angry exhibition of his conqueror. The slow convulsions of boredom have replaced the joyous, the joyous and the attractive contents of modern life. The all-day and all-nighting traveler before in the west and the cowboy's life before to which. The west is a land."

In some respects Mr. Parkman is right. Perhaps it is all true, and yet—within a few miles of the beaten trails and the thickly populated dis-

SALT LAKE YELLOWSTONE HIGHWAY ALONG SNAKE RIVER



SCENE ALONG SALT-LAKE-YELLOWSTONE-HIGHWAY

tricts of Utah and Idaho I can take you to soil which is virgin, upon which the foot of man has never trod. From the front door of my humble cabin in Island park (the country lying along the western border of the National park)—ten miles from the sumptuous summer home of Mrs. E. H. Harriman, one mile from the Oregon Short Line railroad running to the Park, and two and a half miles from the Salt Lake-Yellowstone auto highway—the moose trail still leads down to the landing on Buffalo river, and many times as I have met the early morning park flyer below at the mile post I have felt that strange, unaccountable, hair-raising feeling creeping along my spine as I have sensed the presence of some wild animal. The moose

wander into the dooryard, the bob cat's screams pierce the cool, refreshing air of Island park nights and as I lie on my front porch I can still hear the splash of the elk and moose in the foggy clatter of the stream below.

Law and order prevail. The tillable land is made to blossom like the rose, the dairy animal browses in place of the buffalo, but the cattle still wander to the timber line, and the indescribable beauties of nature remain—a picturesque background for the peaceful scenes. The great mountain ranges jealously guard against the encroachments of civilization. The coyote is being exterminated, but the elk are on the increase. The trout are abundantly plentiful in the same limpid, clear streams, and the law protects and pre-

serves the splendid duck and chicken shooting, which attracts the sportsmen of the continent. Numbers of Indians I now know by name, and acknowledge their friendly salutation as they give me more than half the highway for my auto—something which the white man sometimes does not do. The railroad and the auto highway creep along the bottoms of the canons and now and then negotiate the lower passes, and while there is hardly a section of the great west that is not now accessible to the auto tourist, the solemn grandeur of the mountains, the forests and the undefiled sanctity of the secluded valleys and parks is here, forever to remain.

Mitchell Sales Manager Makes Trip To Pacific Coast

O. C. Friend, general sales manager of the Mitchell-Lewis Motor company, is away on an extended trip to the Pacific coast. The big increase in the Mitchell demand—the necessary increase in the production, the coming out of the new model and the preparing of plans for a continuation of the aggressive Mitchell selling campaign have been factors in delaying his annual western tour to the big Mitchell distributors on the Pacific coast.

With the big Mitchell advertising campaign under full way, the increased consumer demand has brought the largest dealer demand from the Pacific coast the Mitchell has ever experienced, and with the rapid broadening of the Mitchell selling organization on the coast has come the necessity for closer supervision that only Mr. Friend with his wide experience can give.

Mr. Friend will spend some three weeks going over the field carefully with the Mitchell representatives, studying the selling problems peculiar to the west coast states and redistributing the factory representation, something made necessary by the broadening field of demand for the Mitchell product.

Ogden, Salt Lake City and Denver are booked for visits on his return; in the meantime he is keeping the long distance and telegraph wires hot with insistent demands for cars and then more cars.

OKLAHOMA PAYS A BONUS TO GET A CHANDLER CAR

"That shows just how they feel in Oklahoma towards the Chandler Six," said W. S. Adams of the Card-Adams Motor company, Lincoln, Neb. The facts that inspire the heading are these: The first roadster received by the Chandler Six company of Kansas City, Mo., was delivered at

once to J. P. Wilkin, a live stock dealer. Three days later Newell Barnsdale of Bartlesville, Okl., saw it and paid Mr. Wilkin a premium of \$100 for the sake of getting immediate delivery.

"Delco-Light" to Be Pushed by Hundreds of Live Salesmen

The Delco, which had such an important part in the automobile industry by being the pioneers in the making of starting, lighting and ignition equipment, have brought out a new product. The new product is "Delco-Light," an electric plant for farm, village and suburban homes. They have created an entirely new organization to handle the new product and over 700 or 800 salesmen will each use automobiles to carry the new product for demonstration purposes right out into the field where it is to go. Every owner of a Delco-equipped car who lives in the country will be interested in seeing a demonstration of this new plant.

"Delco-Light" can be disposed of by putting it in the basement or in an outbuilding just like Delco equipment is disposed of by putting it under the hood, and there it sets doing its duty day after day, as the automobile drivers know.

Charles E. Wagner, general agent for Nebraska district, has opened up an agency headquarters and display room at 1903 Farnam street.

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FOR MOTOR BOATS

that the prediction of 1,000,000 new bicycles this season bids fair to come true.

Bicycles are lighter, cheaper and better than when the fathers of the present generation of youngsters made their weekly club runs on the old heavy "safeties" over rough, uneven roads.

Already "bike" clubs are being formed all over the country and a

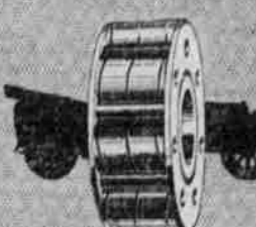
revival of weekly club runs will be seen on all of our automobile roads this season.

The Fisk Rubber company of Chicago Falls, Mass., is taking special interest in boys' clubs. It has appointed a club chief, who is sending instruction books on forming clubs as well as banners, arm bands and other paraphernalia without charge to boys.

Noise is a Sign of Trouble

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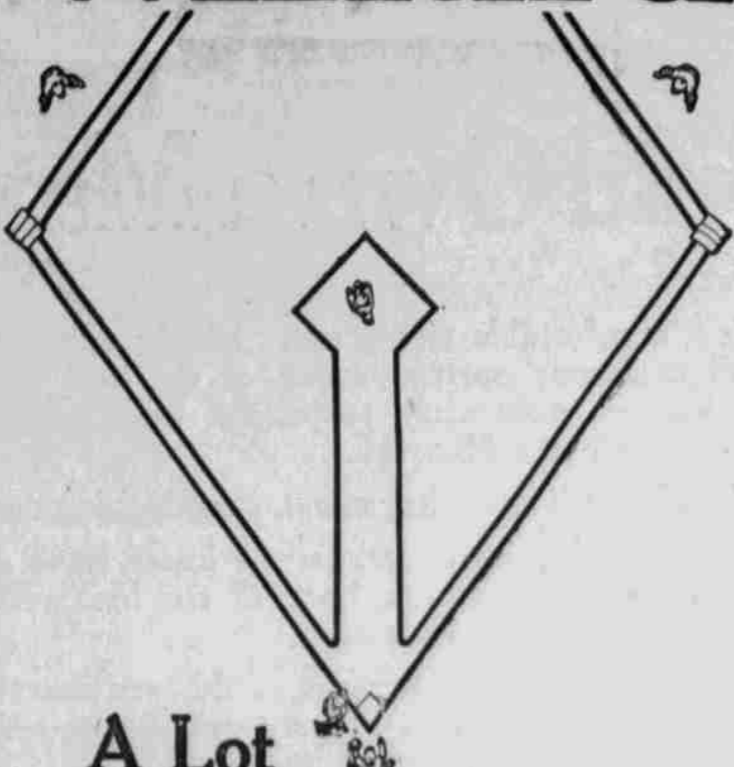
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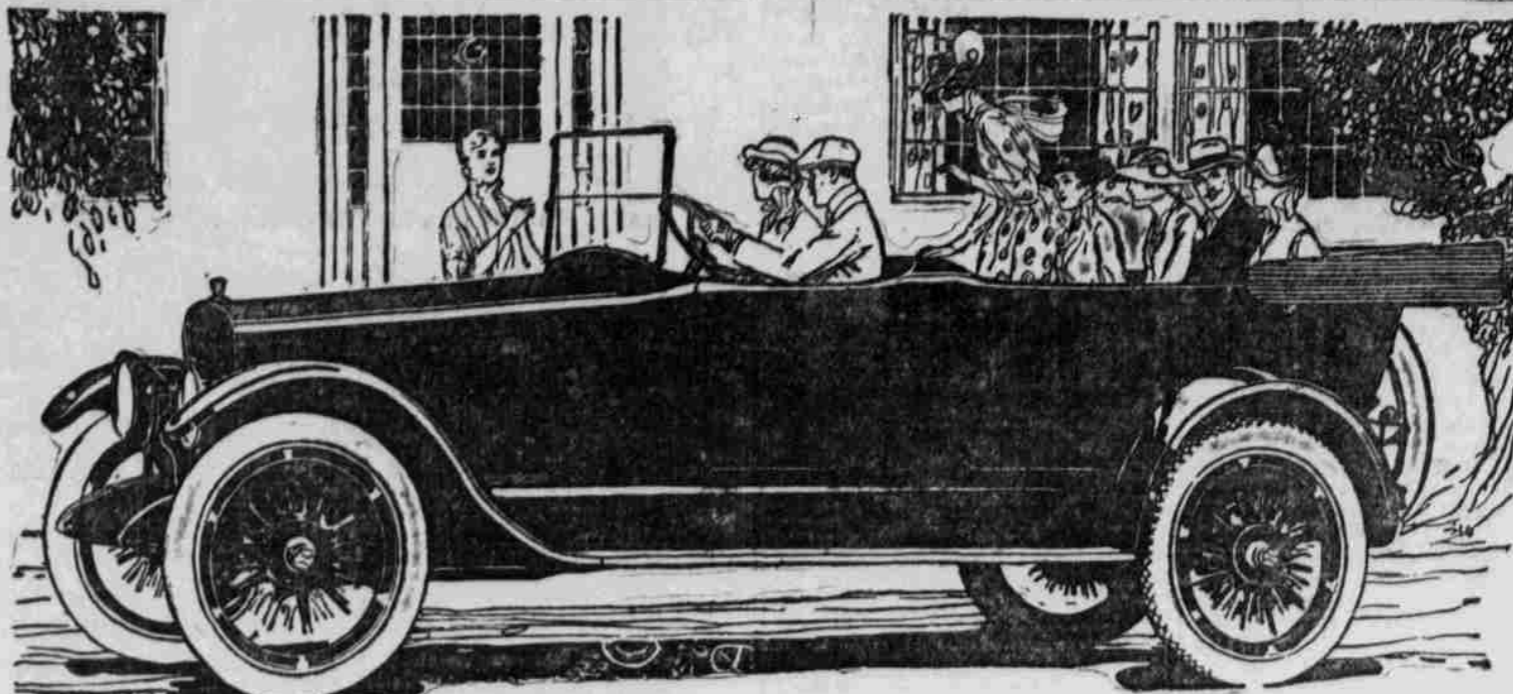
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