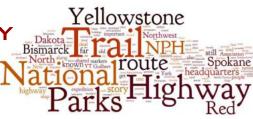
THE OTHER WAY WEST... THE NATIONAL PARKS HIGHWAY

by Dave Habura, Washington Correspondent

The full story of the National Parks Highway has never been told. The memory of this once-important route languishes primarily in a few old newspaper articles, overshadowed by the far better known Yellowstone

Trail. But in its day, it was considered by some to be the equal of the Yellowstone Trail.



N P H

John and Alice Ridge and I are among the "world experts" on the National Parks Highway. So far as I know, no one else has shown up to contest that status! I have been studying the NPH for several years and have driven and photographed it end to end. But I still have only a small part of the story, and more questions than answers.

The Yellowstone Trail and the National Parks Highway are intertwined in every way. They both served the tourist and they shared roadbed for a good deal of their distance. However, the Yellowstone Trail had an eastern thrust, eventually, to Plymouth,

Massachusetts, while the National Parks Highway ended at Chicago. They each had a single individual as an early "spark plug," and an active association to support their work.

Some Red Trail markers still exist in situ, while only one National Parks Highway marker is known to have survived,

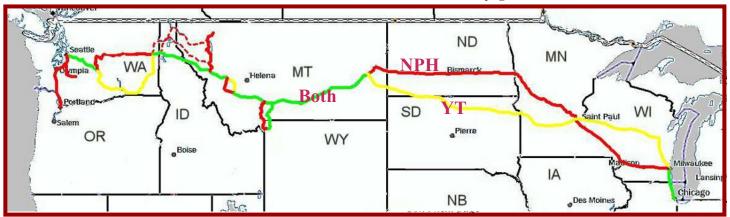
and it is all but gone. It may not even survive this winter.

The map (below) of the Yellowstone Trail and National Parks Highway is as they existed in about 1918 when the NPH was headquartered in Spokane. The Yellowstone Trail is in Yellow, the National Parks Highway/ Red Trail is in Red, and where the YT and NPH followed the same route, it is in Green.

The "father" of the National Parks Highway was Frank W. Guilbert, a prominent Good Roads promoter, Spokane booster, and Spokane civic leader. He was also head of the Inland Automobile Association which provided the headquarters for Con't next page

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THE OTHER WAY WEST...



the National Parks Highway initially. The highway was "blazed" in 1916 by a cross country expedition that included local dignitaries from along the route between Chicago and Seattle/Tacoma. The story of that expedition is available on the web (www.historylink.org Essay 7498 by Laura Arksey)

Newspaper clippings from the period suggest that the Red Trail boosters of North Dakota were integrated with the National Parks Highway group (based in Spokane), but never entirely lost their identity. A few Red Trail markers still adorn buildings along the route (see photo), and the name lingers in street names and old garage names. Articles in mid 1924 Bismarck newspapers state that the National Parks Highway will temporarily locate its headquarters in Bismarck, and a map of the highway produced sometime after 1924 lists Bismarck as "General Headquarters."

It is pure conjecture, but I propose that the success of the Yellowstone Trail, which carried most of the traffic to the Northwest, encouraged the move of NPH headquarters to Bismarck. Spokane was going to get the benefit of travel on both the YT and NPH in any event, while Bismarck (and most of North Dakota) benefited only from the NPH. It stands to reason that the people in North Dakota were more interested in the promotion of the NPH, and therefore in maintaining the headquarters.



The route of the National Parks Highway wasn't Guilbert's brainchild. The famed trail blazer, A. L. Westgard had taken the same route on behalf of the AAA in 1912 and it had been dubbed

the Northwest Trail. The *New York Times* of August 25, 1912 declared it to be "the first complete road route between New York and the Pacific Northwest..." Had the route been developed on more than paper it would have preceded the Yellowstone Trail. But no effective organization, like the Yellowstone Trail Association, emerged before the Guilbert effort in 1916 to promote the entire route.

There is a great deal more to be known and shared about the National Parks Highway/ the Red Trail and its relationship to the Yellowstone Trail.

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PUTTING THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE:

AUTOMOBILE GASOLINE PROCUREMENT BEFORE FILLING STATIONS

by Holliday A. Jones, Freelance Correspondent

Electric cars are a popular concept recently, but they don't go very far without needing a long recharging time. In fact, running out of power is a big fear for



people contemplating any alternative fuel car. The problem is so prevalent that GM is trying to trademark the term "range anxiety" (1) for the common fear of running out of alternative fuel before getting to one's destination. The country-wide distribution system to support alternative energy cars just doesn't exist yet. If such a thing is so insurmountable in our modern age, how can it be that the hew and cry of the first motorists was for better roads to go further distances, seemingly without a care for where the next tank of gas would come from? "A good road from Plymouth rock to Puget Sound" was the motto and fervent desire of many, and frequent breakdowns and tire replacements are top issues in early automotive lore. However, the iconic and ubiquitous stand-alone filling station was not developed until the nineteen teens, and not wide spread until the 1920s. So, how was gasoline transported, kept, and sold in pre-filling station days?

The answer lies with the common kerosene lamp of the 1800s. Oil was found in 1859 in Pennsylvania by Colonel Drake, and the rest of it, and before that, was imported. This oil was refined into kerosene and a relatively useless byproduct called gasoline. Bulk kerosene was distributed around the country in horse-drawn tankers to distribution centers. This business was so big, that the Supreme Court split up Standard Oil in 1911, which President Theodore Roosevelt had previously called the "Mother of all Trusts." (Yergin, 1992, in 2). Kerosene and its network paved the way for gasoline distribution. Standard Oil's breakup also provided inroads for new, small companies to get in the distribution system of both kerosene and the growing gasoline trade.

Take on

Gasoline at Laurel

from the RED PUMP at

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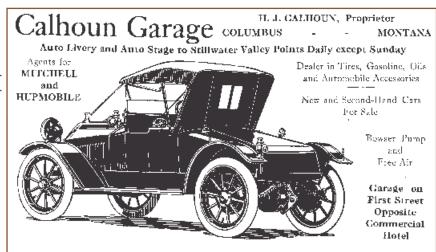
the time Ford was cranking out his beauties.

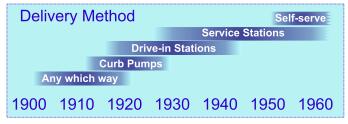
Gasoline did have a few niche markets before automobile use, "...including solvents for cleaning and in chemical and industrial plants. But it was not uncommon for refineries to simply dump gasoline into nearby rivers if demand did not justify the cost of delivery" (Pogue, 1939, in 2). As the demand for gasoline increased, the proportion of kerosene to gasoline distribution at bulk stations merely shifted from less than 10 percent in 1904 to 40 percent in 1930. (Williamson et al. 1963a in 3). Oil refineries and distribution hubs alike welcomed the shift, because kerosene demand was falling as cheaper electric and gas lights began to take over, first in cities. A well developed, diversified, and far reaching network of kerosene distribution provided gasoline on demand to most anywhere a carriage (horse or horseless) could travel by

The kerosene distribution system consisted of "...more than 100 refineries and vast networks of bulk storage facilities and tank wagons. In 1906 Standard Oil operated nearly 3573 bulk stations in the US. These storage facilities received barrels or tank wagons of petroleum products directly from refineries, and redistributed them to local populations. The typical delivery radius from bulk station was about 12 miles... with one or two horse-drawn wagons." (Willamson et al. in 2). Although the distribution centers were available, and many stores carried a can of gas, with the ability to take a can or two in the car as back ups, it wasn't unusual for an

adventurous long-distance driver to occasionally run out of gas and be towed to the next town by a friendly farmer with a couple of horses (3).

Purchasing gasoline along the Yellowstone Trail before stand-alone filling stations were created could have been accomplished from several types of sellers, none familiar to our modern understanding of the process. Before, and for a long time concurrent with, the more familiar pumping mechanisms located in front of stores, garages, and parking lots, gas could be purchased in cans, barrels, and at the depots themselves, where a barrel and dipper were mostly used. A can of gas could be found on grocers' and other retailers' shelves. (3) Even at drug stores. This method was preferred, even the more unwieldy five gallon cans. Motorists could keep one or more on





Data for these charts are from (2) Melaina, Marc

250,000 200,000 150,000 100,000 50,000 1910 1920 1930 1940 1950 1960

hand for future use. Larger barrels of gas were often kept in repair garages and busy dry goods stores, where portions of it were sold to consumers by, in many instances, dipping a ladle in the barrel and pouring it into a pitcher to take to the thirsty car. Parking lots often sold gas, although in this age, a parking lot was more a storage area for cars in the middle of a town, since they were not used on a daily basis. Gasoline and kerosene depots sold some gasoline to locals and travelers behind the depot.

Once procured, there were many ways an early auto enthusiast could fill'er up. None of those methods was easy, convenient or clean. And they were all dangerous. There were no pumps, hoses or dedicated employees to do the work - at least not before around 1913, and even then the pumps took a while to spread across country. Once the gas was ladled into a pitcher, or was in a small bucket or can, it was poured into a funnel placed at the opening of the gas tank in the car. Over the funnel one placed a rag cloth to filter out bits, because the refining process wasn't as complete as it is now. Then, when one thought the tank was full or close to it, someone had to get very close to the opening and look straight down into the tank to see the level of the gasoline, and guess how much more to put in, breathing the fumes all the while. It took



practice to judge by sound and sight when the typical five gallon tank was full. During this long process, gasoline covered the rag cloth, the funnel, the bucket or can, the riding cloak of the driver, probably some on the car itself, and fumes everywhere. And at distribution depots, an entire nearby building was also quite combustible. One accidentally lit match or cigarette was the cause of many horrific fires.

With the break-up of Standard Oil, many smaller companies burgeoned with the growth of the automobile culture. But one company's gasoline looked like another's. Building brand recognition and loyalty over the competition spawned many innovations in gasoline sales techniques. Not content with a symbol and color scheme on the can or barrel, some dyed the gasoline red, blue, or purple, to distinguish one brand from another. (4) This advertising competition ultimately led to the design whimsy of Greek columns, pagodas, etc., on free standing gas stations that reached its heyday in the late 1920s.

Apparently in Aberdeen, SD, this auto dealer had a curb side gas pump in 1913.(See enlarged detail.) Picture from "On the Yellowstone Trail" published by the YT Association in their 1914 yearbook.



As the kerosene distribution system gave way to gasoline, and gasoline sales expanded to fill the tanks of an ever-increasing number of cars on the road, the roads themselves were expanding in number and quality. In turn, this helped create a better gasoline distribution system with larger tanker trucks replacing horse drawn tanks. This paved the way for an ever increasing number of touring cars. As The Yellowstone Trail became more well developed and used in the 1920s, as with many other roads, travelers needed more than gasoline, so the newly independent filling station buildings expanded to include amenities for the tourists and travelers a long way from home, especially the stations away from city centers. (4) Snacks, clean restrooms, and free maps at first, then new diners and motels were built adjacent to filling stations to give real comfort to travelers. This comfort was a far cry from just a few short years earlier, when motorists ran high risks of explosions while pouring gasoline by hand behind a kerosene depot.

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Yellowstone Garage

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YT TRAVEL REPORT RHOELS DRIVE THE YT -PART 5, FINAL THOUGHTS

by Carl and Janet Roehl

Imagine driving cross country between 1912 and 1930.

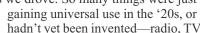
We have written in past Arrows our impressions as we drove west on the Yellowstone Trail. In this last installment we imagined what life was like on the Trail between 1912 and 1930, and wondered about the future.

In 1912 there were dirt roads, initially little more than trails blazed with yellow paint on posts or rocks, with cryptic maps. Cars were built for city roads, not country paths. No Big Macs or Foot-longs, convenience stores or highway waysides. The open top of many cars was the only A/C. Fortunately, much of the YT was close to railroads, where towns had sprung up, with hotels and cafes and some campgrounds.

No school buses—kids walked, rode horses or rode in wagons. What was the population then of these areas in Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana where we were traveling this year? How much of these cornfields was open range? Woods? How many of these craggy old maples, oaks, elms and cottonwoods saw a Flivver, Tin Lizzy, Nash Rambler, Studebaker 6 or Rickenbacker Roadster pass 100 years ago? What storms did they survive?

As the YT was developed and numbers of "horseless carriages" increased, the world kept turning—through WWI, Russian Communism and the Great Depression. Clara Gehrke, who in later years talked about the trail in Wisconsin through Marshfield, Auburndale, Stevens Point and Plover, was born in 1912, just three years before the YT arrived in Wisconsin.

So much we take for granted, we mused as we drove. So many things were just



hadn't yet been invented—radio, TV, huge trucks, motels, modern highway engineering and modern road building equipment.

At a little park in Hector, MN, we spread lunch items on our Impala trunk: choice of peanuts, pretzels, Wisconsin cheese on crackers; egg salad and turkey sandwiches; fresh bananas, grapes and apples; homemade chocolate chip cookies, washed down with bottled water, juice or pop. What had been in YT picnic hampers back then? Butcher paper wrapped sandwiches instead of Zip-Lock bags? No Styrofoam coolers. (Even Spam wasn't "invented" until 1937.) Coke was in 5-cent bottles rather than \$1.50 aluminum cans.

Perhaps these park restrooms had been outhouses. As an 18-wheeler roared by, a riding mower loudly slashed the weedy park grass. Summer, but no kids playing, although a mom with stroller and three tots walked by, pausing for a friendly "hi."

How many gallons in a tank of early autos? How far before the radiator needed refilling from the water canister lashed to the running-board? Was gas shipped by railroad tanker to country towns? Cell towers now blot the landscape; when were telephones in common use in these areas? When did electricity arrive here? Most towns along the YT today have several parks but not as many campgrounds.

We gassed up--swiping our card at the pump--at Casey's General Store in Olivia, Minnesota, a "filling station" unlike anything in 1912.

At the Chippewa County (Minnesota) Historical Society's large collection of buildings, furnished in an earlier era, we got a glimpse of life decades ago. I climbed on a Montevideo fire truck--12-cylinder, 1915 Seagraves 750 Pumper. We mugged for pictures aside an elegant black 1917 Dodge hearse. Not sure what year, but a pump listed--Gas 15 cents; state tax 3; federal tax 1, totaling 19 cents a gallon.

A farmhouse was built about 1885. The original would have been sod or logs. This replacement house held a family of eight, with two downstairs bedrooms for parents and babies. The rest of the children slept upstairs in one large room. No closets, as they had few changes of clothing. When were hangers invented?

Traveling on, we envisioned rutted, dirt trails with horses outnumbering automobiles. Cars were expensive and unreliable, and early on, hand cranked, with gas headlights. Engines often over-heated; radiators ran out of water or sprang leaks. "Take the train if you want to travel! Don't ask towns and states to spend money on roads for you rich!" may have been the rural cry.

5





In this location, pavement has replaced dirt but the view of the beginning of the badlands remains the same.



The old and the new – a forlorn grain elevator and a cell tower in the background.

Con't next page

When did motorcycles first travel cross country? When did hotels become motels? When were cabins such that you could also cook in them?

In a stretch of YT—now US Hy. 12--we saw only three cars in a half hour. Imagine having been overheating, facing an empty gas tank, or with no water or food or being broken down, between 1912-1930 in a desolate area. No corner Walgreens or urgent care clinic if a child got sick. No "Everything for Less" store for what you ran out of or forgot to pack. Bridges were few; ravines weren't cut and



Gumbo - the curse of early motorists. And, in places, of modern drivers, too!

envisioned that they would replace passenger trains for interstate travel.

The heyday of passenger trains was the late 1800s and early 1900s. Cars succeeded horses less than 100 years ago; airlines have grown over about 50 years. What's in the future, high speed light-rail? Perhaps systems will guide cars along highways at consistent speeds with GPS or magnetic strips to reduce accidents. Will it be possible to drive on auto-pilot or safely

text while driving?

How will Americans travel in 20, 50 or 100 years? Will four-lane interstates then be the back roads driven as quaint old historical routes? What about hovercrafts, flying 10 feet above ground at 100 mph? Backpack, beam-me-up 'copters? Solar-powered vehicles?

Which of these will we be around to write about and take pictures of? Will the auto and the highway continue to change America as the Yellowstone Trail did 100 years ago?

What to take along, heading cross country on the Yellowstone Trail in about 1920? Harold A. Meeks, in "On the Road to Yellowstone" provides a list, including the obvious, like lights, camp stove, thermos, lunch equipment, suitcase...as well as many items not on a present list, some of which are:

Entering Treasure County Montana, we wondered, following a Roehl Transport hauler from Marshfield, (no relation) when semitrailers were first used. When did the first travel trailer or motor home cross prairie or mountain? When was the first John Deere built? First enclosed cab on a farm tractor?

Sign in Yankee Jim Canyon just north of Yellowstone National Park summarizing history of travel along the trail there:

- --7,000 years ago, Native American footpath
- -- 1870s Wagon Route for Prospectors
- --1880s Railway
- -- 1900s Yellowstone Trail (autos)

Autos and highways have vastly changed the country and lifestyles. Previously, traveling only as far as possible by foot or on horseback, people hung around home, unless wealthy enough to ride the train. Cars expanded people's horizons, as have planes and communications media. Considering today's traffic glut, we're amazed that 1912 cars were viewed as toys for the rich. Few



A Model T in Big Timber, Montana

Tool kit with monkey wrenches, hammers, punches, chisels, files, cotter pin extractor, cutting pliers and small vise to clamp on running board.



A YT era service station in eastern Montana

Extra tires and tubes, and demountable rims, rim bolts and nuts, blowout patches, blowout shoe, brace to fit rim bolts...tire repair kit...air valves, caps and pressure gauge, talc for tubes, pump, jack and block of wood.

Oil squirt can and gallon can of oil, gallon of gasoline, grease gun, funnel/pint measure...wire, tape, nuts, bolts and washers, cotter pins and terminals, cable, radiator repair parts, spark plugs, gaskets.

Don't forget travelers' cheques and compass, extra brake lining, hydrometer for battery, motometer for radiator, spring clamp for broken spring, foot rest for gas throttle. And tire chains and a roll of chicken wire, "to pull out of sand." He doesn't explain where to put all this in a Model T.

That's the joy of driving the old Yellowstone Trail. You take time to see and to think and to wonder and not just seek a destination. The 6 journey is the destination.

WHAT'S ON MY BOOKSHELF?



Fifth in a series by Mark Mowbray. I know that you are reading this newsletter for information on the Yellowstone Trail, but there were many other "trails" in the U. S. in the early days of motoring. One that has always been very popular and still has an active group of folks interested in it is the Lincoln Highway. The LH ran from New York City to San Francisco across the heartland of the country, while the YT followed the "Northern" route west of Chicago. The YT and the LH shared some miles in the East, where they both followed part of the route that eventually was designated as US 20.

The Lincoln Highway was dreamed up by millionaire Carl Fisher, who owned both the Prestolite Company and the Indianapolis Motor Speedway at the time. Other supporters included the President of Packard Motor Car Co. and a number of influential politicians.

The difference of recognition between the Yellowstone Trail and the Lincoln Highway was due to the financial backing and support that the Lincoln Highway has had since its beginning as Fisher's dream. It had the money and influence behind it to ensure its success, and a large paid and volunteer staff to make it happen.

The YT, in contrast, was started and promoted by a few small town businessmen, a grass-roots group led by Joe Parmley in Ipswich, South Dakota and relied on small donations, a small staff, and many volunteers.

As far as which route was the "first" coast-to-coast road, histories (and "the good old days" news and advertising hype) have made the true story a bit blurry. I have read various accounts, some claiming that the LH was first and other information that shows the YT was first. I do not know the definitive answer, but, they are both great

routes to follow on our modern day back roads journeys. So who really cares?

A search on Amazon listed 53 different books on the Lincoln Highway. I have read a few and want to share two with you.

The Lincoln Highway: Coast to Coast from Times Square to the Golden Gate, Michael Wallis, W. W. Norton & Co. 2007: The first is a recent travel guide by Michael Wallis, well known for his books on Route 66. Wallace basically drives the LH from east to west and comments on current and historical features along the way. He does not get too far into the history, finances or politics of the early days. He does comment on some routing changes over the years and mentions landmarks, but spends a lot of time on current points of interest and places to eat. This book is loaded with modern photos by Michael Williamson, and does a credible job of serving as a guide for today's motorist.

The Lincoln Highway: Main Street across America, Drake Hokanson, University of Iowa Press, 1999: This is a much more detailed history of the LH and includes a wide variety of facts, stories, and lore. Hokanson did a vast amount of research and presents a clear picture of both the beginning and later development of the Lincoln. Documentation and period photos abound, and the book is rich with both the successes and setbacks that make it a very interesting look at the early days of motoring. For example, both the difficulties of travel through Iowa's mud and the politics of routing from Salt Lake City to Sacramento are fully explained. If you want to know "the rest of the story," this is the book you should read.

REVISITING "SEE AMERICA FIRST

by Heather Bode, Montana Correspondent

"See America First." I first came across these words a couple of years ago as I was researching the centennial of Glacier National Park. When I came across the same words listed as the motto of the Yellowstone Trail Association in their 1914 yearbook, I began to wonder about the origin of these words.

According to the Federal Highway Administration, "See America First" was a phrase credited to Fisher Harris in 1905. As the manager of a Salt Lake City hotel, and originally from Virginia, he was interested in tourism. He knew that Americans were spending millions of dollars exploring Europe. (Let's not forget that 1912 also marks the 100th anniversary of the Titanic tragedy. There was a large number of Americans on board.) Harris's slogan was "See Europe if you will, but see America first." The "See America First" campaign was twofold: promote the entire western section of the country and attract travelers from the east.

After the death of Harris, "See America First" was an advertising slogan utilized by the Great Northern Railroad. In 1912, Great Northern tried to secure a copyright on the phrase, but failed due to copyright laws.

The "See America First" campaign depicted railroad travel as the way to tour our vast land. For example, in Glacier National Park, the Great Northern Railroad had a depot. Advertising posters showed beautiful mountain scenery as viewed from the seat of the railroad car. What the poster neglected to show was that seeing more of Glacier National Park required saddlehorses, stagecoaches, or boats. There were no roads connecting one side of the park to the other. The now famous Going-to-the-Sun-Road was not completed until the 1930's.



The founders of the Yellowstone Trail and other road and highway associations took the already familiar "See America First" campaign and literally drove away with it to promote auto travel. Charles Henry Davis, President of the National Highways Association in 1915 said:

"See America first' is almost a duty of all patriotic citizens. At least, see all one can is a duty. The motor car offers the most exhilarating, the most interesting, the most enjoyable, the most instructive means of "seeing."

For Montanans a century ago, just the size of the state was immense, and being a resident of the state could still put the possibility of seeing Glacier and Yellowstone National Park out of reach. But the number of registered vehicles had exploded from 500 in 1906 to 6,000 in 1912. They had the cars. They just needed the roads.

It's time for us to revisit the "See America First" campaign. Use those beautiful automobiles to see our land...not just as we whiz by on ribbons of interstate highways, but also as we take the roads less traveled. It's interesting to note that interstate highways can only get you so close to Yellowstone or Glacier National Park. Millions of visitors make the trek to these parks each year. Proof that Americans still enjoy the freedom automobiles offer. As we celebrate 100 years of the Yellowstone Trail, may we all take the opportunity to See America First!

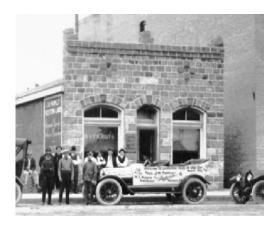
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JOSEPH PARMLEY, DREAMER AND BUILDER OF THE YELLOWSTONE TRAIL

Because this year of 2012 is the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Yellowstone Trail, it seems only fitting to include founder, Joseph Parmley of Ipswich, South Dakota, in this issue. Meet Joe.

It rained the night before and most of Saturday, May 15, 1915, three years after the founding of the Yellowstone Trail. The roads were made of dirt. Joe Parmley didn't think once of canceling his promotional automobile run with its expected high profile press coverage. He folded his wiry frame into that canvas-covered Studebaker Six to direct the driver 350 miles across South Dakota along the Yellowstone Trail. It was raining, they wore out four sets of chains, and picked up 800 pounds of gumbo on the fenders and on that white canvas. Parmley had





planned to record his impressions of the event on a Dictaphone, but abandoned the idea of using that cumbersome machine after the first bad bump. Amazingly, the trip took only 15 minutes more than the planned 16 hours.

That spectacular event was but one of many that Parmley carried off to promote the Yellowstone Trail he had founded and ceaselessly nurtured. What sort of man could galvanize thousands of men to volunteer time, money, and energy to get a 3700 mile route built, most of it they would never see?

The Private Man Parmley was multi-dimensional, his achievements widespread. He often spoke about his favorite topic - world peace. He helped create the 1935 International Peace Garden on the North Dakota/Manitoba border, which today is a horticultural work of art. His pacifist nature resulted in "unmitigated disapproval" of his son's career in the regular army.

And he was a vocal teetotaler. Tempers flared on that volatile topic and someone torched his house just before the 18th Amendment (Prohibition) was passed. The arsonist was never caught. As a precaution against that happening again, his new house had poured concrete floors, even on the second floor, concrete stairways, a metal roof and a concrete bathtub. The house today serves as one of two Parmley museums in Ipswich and is on the National Register of Historic Places.

He advocated the wise use of natural resources including soil and water conservation, diversified farming, hydro-electric power, and dam-building. One dam he backed, today called Parmley Dam, created beautiful Mina Lake near Ipswich.

Parmley was not without humor. He took his visiting brother-in-law out duck hunting and then got the county game warden to arrest him and put him in jail on a trumped up charge. It wasn't until Joe bailed him out that the cooked up hoax was revealed.

The Public Man This common man with uncommon energy and foresight embraced a Western culture of ingenuity and self-reliance. His protean energies left a legacy on several fronts, but it was as the founder of the Yellowstone Trail for which he is most remembered.

In 1883, Joseph William Lincoln Parmley disembarked from the Milwaukee Road train at its western terminus, Aberdeen, South Dakota, three months before he would have graduated from Lawrence College in Wisconsin.

He walked the prairie trail to a nameless spot 40 miles further west and staked a claim.

Was it there on the prairie, chewing on a straw in front of his half-built frame home, that Joe dreamed about profound social changes that roads could bring? It took longer and cost more for the farmer to get his crops to the railhead than it did to ship them to Chicago by train. He felt that there had to be a better way. Twenty-nine years later Parmley was to spearhead that better way with a road that opened the Northwest.

In 1884, he moved 15 miles east to Ipswich and eventually became a prominent land and real estate agent, superintendent of schools for Edmunds County, newspaper owner, partner in two brick-making factories, magistrate and county judge. He read law but did not practice. His run for Congress in 1916 amid a split party resulted in his loss. And through it all he was a champion of roads. He usually owned two cars, which was unusual among his neighbors, which said something about his finances.

A life-long Republican, he served for two terms in the South Dakota House of Representatives, 1905-1909. In Pierre he railed against the ineffective corveé system of "working off one's road tax" and urged replacement with a cash tax. But this dreamer was hooted down at the idea. He had the last laugh, though, because he was appointed to the state highway commission in 1925.

Lacking federal and state aid, it became clear that to accomplish his dream of a "Good Road from Plymouth Rock to Puget Sound" required private intervention. The organizationally nimble Parmley harnessed the local boosterism that ran in the businessmenfarmer's veins.

Men gathered in face-to-face meetings, the slight smell of manure in the air. Dusty Main Street was the heart-beat of a town and it would be the trail. In an era of prolific fraternal organizations and Commercial Clubs, the issues of the day were thoroughly discussed in "smokers" by men in shiny black suits and drooping mustaches; the persuasion was oral, opinions were frank and action was immediate. Parmley himself was a member of the Modern Woodmen, the South Dakota Development Association, and United Workmen. He was a 32nd degree Mason. He knew the power of local connections.

Parmley may have taken a page from Teddy Roosevelt: "speak softly and carry a big stick." His "big stick" was inspiration, honesty



and perseverance. Note the inspiration in this speech given in 1916 to the Yellowstone Trail Association in convention:

.....there will be a transcontinental road from the Atlantic to the Pacific that will be no small asset of the United States. It will be a great factor in the development of the Northwest. I think that in the coming years we will all look back on these pioneer efforts and each be able to say truthfully 'I helped' with no small degree of satisfaction.

The Yellowstone Trail Association was run on a shoestring, turning the dues into free maps, yellow paint, and travel bureaus. No one was paid a salary except for general manager, Hal Cooley, and his staff. Parmley often paid for yellow paint out of his own pocket. He courted the small town press for free publicity and, having owned a newspaper himself, quickly gained their respect. Small papers were always looking for news and he supplied it in abundance. Today, trail research is rendered a bit easier by the hundreds of articles in small town papers, some written by Parmley himself.

One might say that it was the "times" that created the cry for roads. One might say that Henry Ford had a hand in creating the need. One might say that Western communities clamored to get on the Trail because it was the only thing going. One might say that Parmley just happened to be the right man in the right place at the right time. One might also say that America was lucky that such an inspirational man was there — because governments were not.

You can see Joe Parmley today. His portrait hangs in the South Dakota state highway department building, a tribute to "one of the men who made outstanding contributions to highway transportation."

Parmley, the small town dreamer, had a personal magnetism that inspired men and resulted in a great transcontinental highway. As he liked to quote, "The dreamer lives on forever, but the doer dies in a day."

Happy 100th anniversary, Joe. This article is adapted from an article in the American Road magazine, Winter 2006 issue

ON THE TRAIL WITH MARK

by Mark Mowbray, Executive Director, YT Association

This is the second installment of my road trip along the YT in the summer of 2011. In Arrow #20, I left you after I arrived at Kellogg, Idaho, late on Day 7.

I started Day 8, June 14, with a return to Coeur d'Alene. The sun was shining when I woke up in the Trail Motel in Kellogg, so after coffee and some internet work, I headed back to Coeur d'Alene on the old YT route, being a tourist and enjoying the pleasant weather. I had lots of

photo stops with the fantastic scenery. After a walk through downtown Coeur d'Alene with visits to a few shops and lunch, I again followed the YT back East to Wolf Creek Lodge. I then jumped on I-90 back to exit 34 and the bit of Trail, East Canyon Road, towards 4th of July Pass where the famous tunnel used to be. The pass was named that because Captain John Mullan and his army crew of road-builders rested in this area on July 4, 1861 to celebrate Independence Day. The tunnel opened in 1932 and closed in 1958 when I-90 essentially buried it.



It was near there that I met Carl and Esther, a classic Idaho couple who have lived there all of their 80 some years. Carl is an 83 year old retired logger who has lived with the original routes of the Mullan Road, the Yellowstone Trail, and an abandoned logging railway all in his front yard since he was 3 years old in 1931...81 years! Esther grew up in nearby Rose Lake and has been married to Carl for almost 60 years. Traces of all three of the old routes can be seen near their garden. Carl's dad owned a sawmill a mile or so East of their home until it burned in 1953. They told me a lot of great old stories about their lives in this rugged and unforgiving country and about the Yellowstone Trail, Mullan Road, and more. It was an enjoyable hour of conversation.

Just west of their home, near what is now a highway maintenance garage and truck weigh station was the "Cedars," an early truck and tourist stop owned by the Armstrong family for many years. They served food and beer, and had a small store with gas for those driving the YT. At one time they had a few buffalo and other animals to draw the tourists. I meandered my way

back to Kellogg, stocked up on food, and went back to the Trail Inn for the night.

On Day 9, I checked out of the "Trail," had a pleasant visit at the Staff House Museum in Kellogg, took photos of the "junk art" such as

the miner, shown to the left, and stopped at the Visitors Center in the well-restored Milwaukee Road depot, and headed East through Silverton to Wallace, where I had a delicious late breakfast at the way cool Red Light Garage Café, had a chat with Troy at the Mining Museum, and explored the one-time "Silver Mining Capitol of the World".

From there, I took the old YT route east to Mullan, Idaho, that is pretty easy to follow on the maps available on the YT website. I visited the small but organized Mullan Mining Museum. From Mullan I took the *Con't next page* old route up towards Mullan Pass, at elevation 4,860. It's a **9**





graded gravel road that winds around itself on the climb to the top. It was turning hazy and cold, but I was doing pretty well and my GPS knew where I was. But at about 1/2 mile from the summit, I came to large snowdrifts as far as I could see on the road ahead...on June 14th! There was no way I could continue, so I backtracked down again to Mullan. Back to I-90 East, I passed exit 5 and took exit 10 where I followed the YT through Packer Creek, Haugen, De Borgia, and over the "Camels Hump" into St. Regis, Montana. It was raining and about 50 degrees, so I checked into a warm and pleasant Super 8.

Starting Day 10 in St. Regis, I again backtracked on another cold and dreary day. As I was driving out of town, I saw two old timers leaning on a pickup truck in the Post Office parking lot, so I stopped and asked them about Mullan Road and the YT. Robert said: "follow me and I'll take you out to see the old road", so I did. Robert was another retired logger and had lived in St. Regis since 1945, when he was seven years old. He was a tough old bird but very polite and explained everything. I took notes and photos where the old Yellowstone Trail had once cut off from the current Mullan Road and went northeast into St. Regis.





Then it was back west to DeBorgia, Saltese, and the extinct mining town of Taft, Montana, to try the drive up the Eastern half of the Mullan Pass. When I stopped into the Montana Bar near Saltese (lots of great old photos on the walls and good bar food) the guys there thought I was nuts to even go up there and laughingly told me I would have to wait until July for the snow to melt. One guy said I should "pack a lunch" as I may get stuck up there. I went anyway and it was a good drive on graded gravel as I passed Taft Peak on my way up on Randolph Creek Road. I also passed a big electric power line and substation. I continued up and around until my GPS showed that I was about a mile from the top...and there again...snow drifts. So I was able to drive the old route across Mullan Pass except for 1 1/2 miles at the very top. Disappointing...but now I have an excuse to try again, and take another trip west someday. I then spent what was left of the day following the old YT as best I could and ended up just out of Alberton, where I snuck into a closed rest area on I-90 just before dark and slept well in my Kia.

Up early on yet another cold and wet Day 11, I went into Alberton to the Cafe for coffee, where there were four "old guy" regulars and two "mature ladies," all lifelong locals. They all had stories to tell about the YT and Mullan Road, but were skeptical about the stories local historian Chuck Mead had told about the area. I went out to Mead's old family homestead and walked a ways back up into the area, which also has the former Milwaukee Road roadbed. It's now a state historic hiking area and has many information signs. Due to the signs warning of an abundance of rattlesnakes and bears in the area, I loaded the Ruger and tucked it into my pocket. I'm not sure of the

effectiveness of a .380 against a bear...but at least it's loud enough to possibly scare one off. I hope I never have to prove that theory!

I then explored all over that area through Superior, Mullan Gulch and Fish Creek. I also visited the Natural Pier Bridge over the Clark Fork River. The bridge is named that because there is a large "natural pier" of rock in the middle of the river that acts as a bridge support. I spent most of the day in the area exploring Alberton, Nine-Mile, Huson, and Frenchtown. Then it was into the "big city" of Missoula for a restock of food, ice, and gas.

In my next installment, I'll tell you a little about my side trips to the Lolo Wilderness and Glacier National Park; then share my trip across the rest of Montana.

NOTE: You may be wondering about all of my backtracking. It is hard to follow some of the original roads in Idaho and parts of Montana due to dead ends at river crossings or the places where the Interstate covers the Trail. I found myself sometimes driving the same area four times! The distance from Coeur d'Alene to Missoula is about 120 miles...and I drove 519 miles to cover and explore it all...and I missed a few miles.

For info about Mullan Road: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mullan Road



The Natural Pier Bridge near Alberton, Montana. It makes use of the rock outcropping in the center of the river.



TRAIL-O-GRAMS

The name Trail-O-Grams comes from the original *Arrow* newsletter published during the days of the original Yellowstone Trail Association. That was when THE method of sending quick short messages was the telegram!

■ 100th Anniversary of the YT. We have heard rumblings from several YT towns with inquiries, plans, or thoughts for celebrating the 100th. We have written some suggestions for celebration activities in the last two Arrows. Go find those Arrows so we don't have to be redundant and list them again. If you live near the following towns, ask about plans and offer your services. It could be fun!

Send us pictures of your 100th anniversary event so we can publish them in the next issue.

Hamlet, IN, in late May; Plymouth, IN, Marshall County Museum; Hudson, WI, Yellowstone Trail Heritage Days mid-May; Hammond, WI, Fathers' Day; Chippewa Falls, WI, June 2 Sociability Run of old cars; Fremont, WI; Ipswich, SD; Hettinger, ND; Livingston, MT, Chamber of Commerce and Yellowstone Gateway Museum parade July 2; Whitehall, MT, Jefferson County Museum; Benton City, WA.

- Sad news. Another Friend of the Yellowstone Trail Russell (Rusty) Gilles of Cadott, Wisconsin, recently passed away. He and his wife, Judy, operated Cabin Ridge Rides less than two miles south of the YT. There the visitor is offered transportation life in earlier days with rides in horse-drawn vehicles from a small surrey to a big sleigh through 400 acres of woods, historical sites, and logging camps. They were most aware of the Trail and participated in Trail events. The Yellowstone Trail Association sends heartfelt sympathy to Judy.
- Mark Mowbray of the Yellowstone Trail Association, attended an informal meeting on Monday, February 20 at the **Lincoln Highway Association's National Headquarters** in Franklin Grove, Illinois. Others attending were Lynn Asp, Lincoln Highway Headquarters Director; Kristen Arbogast, Tourism Specialist (and Rt 66 promoter), City of Pontiac, IL; Tim & Penny Dye of the Pontiac / Oakland Auto Museum in Pontiac; and Bruce Wicks, retired Tourism Professor at the University of Illinois.

Among many topics discussed were ways that the group could share and cross-promote their interests and activities. It was a "get acquainted" meeting and a lot of great information was exchanged. No immediate plans were made. For the time being, it was agreed to continue to share and discuss various promotional ventures by e-mail, and by cross-sharing information on websites and in newsletters.

The Nat'l Headquarters for the Lincoln Highway Association is an 1860 store built and once owned by Abraham Lincoln's cousin. The local community has done a very nice job on the recent restoration and it has a lot of LH materials and items for sale. Franklin Grove is a very small, 850 pop. town and doesn't even have an I-88 exit, but is right on Elm Street, the original route of the Lincoln Highway. http://www.lincolnhighwayassoc.org



Pontiac, IL is on the original Route 66 and is the home to four museums, including the Route 66 Hall of Fame, the Route 66 Mural Museum and the Pontiac / Oakland Auto museum and Resource Center. http://www.visitpontiac.org

■ Attention ghost story aficionados. Bruce Carlson, <u>quixotepress@gmail.com</u>, is looking for ghost stories from along the Trail. He also collects recipes. If you know of a ghost story or 100- year-old recipes please write to him for particulars. To our friends without a computer, you can reach Bruce at: Hearts 'N Tummies, 3544 Blakslee St., Wever, IA 52658, 800-571-2665.

So far, we have reported two ghost stories in the *Arrow*, one at the Woodland Hotel, Owen, Wisconsin, and Carl Roehl reported one in the last *Arrow*, the ghost at the Olive Hotel in Miles City, Montana. Sometime we'll tell you about the ghost at Chico Hot Springs, Montana.

■ Trials of small town historical societies. Remember snow?? Last year they must have had a doozy as we heard from the Danube (MN) Historical Society. In their winter newsletter they despaired of their prime display item, the group's preserved depot where the society presumably met. Their newsletter read:

Another Snowy, Snowy Winter Shuts DHS Out of the Depot. "Your President was finally able in February to attack the drifts from the north by foot and circumvent the usual paths to make three investigative visits to the building interior to check all systems. All systems were working!" [Ed note: no greater love hath no man...]

■ On the Trail again. And don't forget, Executive Director, Mark Mowbray, will be on the Trail again this summer, Seattle to Wisconsin. If you want to meet him, give him a shout and he will contact you when he is in your area. mmowbray@yellowstonetrail.org or Mark Mowbray, 707 Rockshire Dr., Janesville, 53546, phone 608-436-3978.

THE YELLOWSTONE TRAIL IN PARK COUNTY MONTANA

by Paul Shea, Director Yellowstone Gateway Museum

A lot has been written about the Yellowstone Trail. There are detailed mile by mile guides and individual observations about the trail past and present. As we get ready to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Yellowstone Trail it is interesting to look at our small collection of items from the Yellowstone Trail, and some contemporary observations.





Here at the Yellowstone Gateway Museum of Park County, located in Livingston, Montana we have a small collection of Yellowstone Trail related items. Probably the most significant piece is one of the road side information tents that were set up to aid travelers, and provide information about the route and surrounding areas.

These tents served as early visitor information centers. Today Montana has designated Host Cities and partners with local Chambers of Commerce to provide visitor information on everything from where to get a shower to local attractions, and road condition information. This type of service began around the time that the Yellowstone Trail was fading.

Today there are a lot of folks in Livingston, and the county who know of the Yellowstone Trail, but have a limited knowledge of the scope of how the trail, and other similar undertakings, shaped our nation's travel habits. Visitors

ask "What is with the large bolder with the Yellow Arrow painted on it sitting on your lawn?" Locals ask "What was the Yellowstone Trail?" They seem to know the name, but not exactly what the Yellowstone Trail means.

Most are stunned to find that the Yellowstone Trail, one of the first transcontinental roads, was paid for by in great part by local backers, with some help, early on, from counties and states. And that was the lead agency in the "Let Us In" campaign to get Yellowstone National Park open to automobiles.

As we celebrate the 100th anniversary here in Livingston the museum is striving to get the word out on the history of the Yellowstone Trail. I have managed to get the Chamber to designate the July 2nd Parade Theme "The Yellowstone Trail 100 Years." We have a display up with the tent and exhibit panels on the trail and we are planning on some public programs as well. Anyone who wants to participate with the museum in the July 2, 2012 Livingston Parade should let me know. It would be fun to put together a string of cars, or floats to show off the Yellowstone Trail!

The objects relating to the Yellowstone Trail here at the museum include the tent; metal L and R turn indicators (signs indicating that the Trail turned left or right at the next intersection); one of the boulders with a painted arrow off the trail, a metal roadside sign, and various pieces of paper material. These and our other collections owe their existence to Doris Whithorn.

Doris was one of the founders of our museum and a community leader in all things history. Doris and her husband Bill started collecting the history of Park County in the 1950s. They did this by conducting oral and written interviews as well as taking new photographs of folks family photos. As this information grew over the years Doris would produce 23 small photo booklets relating to Park County history. Those books are still in print; we have re-produced several in larger formats with better reproduction of the photos. The Whithorn family turned over to the museum all of Doris's research in 2006. Beginning in 2007 the museum spent three years cataloging, re-producing and making available on line all 7,300 + photos Doris and Bill had collected. Her papers await inventory and cataloging. The photos may be accessed at: http://yellowstone.pastperfect-online.com/, no www needed. Without Doris, and her standing in the community, we would not have the items of the Yellowstone Trail we have today, or the museum for that matter.



YT route marking yellowpainted rock moved to the museum from the Trail south of Livingston

Paul Shea, Director, Yellowstone Gateway Museum, 118 West Chinook St., Livingston, MT 59047, 406-222-4184 or museum@imt.net

Notes from the Editor: We welcome new <u>writers</u> to the *Arrow.* They add considerable interest for the reader. Use the YT Travel Report series to let others know about your trip on the Trail.

If you have an interest in helping the Yellowstone Trail Association in any way, contact <u>Mark Mowbray.</u> or . If you don't have Internet, call Alice or John Ridge at 715-834 5992. Remember that all the work of the Association is done by

volunteers. All sorts of assistance is needed. Reviewing newspapers from 1912 to 1930 for YT information is a great task that can be done locally. Inventorying area historical buildings, road sections, and local pictures is a great idea. If you have grant writing experience and some ideas for support for the YTA do let us know. Don't forget the need for memberships and donations! Visit us on Facebook, http://www.facebook.com/YellowstoneTrail And, of course, www.yellowstonetrail.org is an endless source of information.

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