

up the family and take to the open road for several weeks and sometimes months. The children probably got good grades on that required return to school essay, "What I did Last Summer".

"In 1923 Dad took us to Yellowstone National Park, 2000 miles from Pittsburgh and back again. In 1924, we always said it was because Prohibition was on, we went up into Canada so Dad could get some real beer. We went to Quebec and then came down into Maine, through New England and back home. In 1925 we went back to Canada. Prohibition was still on and at this time we went out to St. John's New Brunswick to the Bay of Fundy and saw the reversible falls there because of the 28-foot tide that occurs. We came back through New England and home. In 1926, still with our Hudson, we went to California and back again. In 1929, we went on our longest trip, the super duper one, we went to Glacier National Park, on into Canada and westward through Alberta, Banff, Lake Louise, and then dropped down into Oregon following the California Redwood Highway through San Francisco and Los Angeles and then home. This trip was 2 1/2 months long..." Uncle Bill

The first trip was in 1923 to Yellowstone National Park in their 1916 Hudson Super 6. Grandfather Dan, my grandmother Margaret "Midge", their three children; Margaret, "Peg" my mother - age 15, my uncles Bill - age 13 and Gus - age 10. Jack, their dog (age unknown) came along for the ride too. Everyone except Jack got to drive.



We know about these trips from stories we heard as kids and from some audio recordings that Uncle Bill made in June 1992 which he titled "Believe It or Not", and in his words "Events from my life which I myself do not believe". Grandfather Dan owned a Kodak Brownie camera, so we are fortunate to have priceless photos. Our most precious record is a journal that my mother wrote... neatly typed on tiny pages about the size of a playing card... recounting each day of their 1923 Yellowstone adventure.

July, 1, 1923.
We started on our journey today at 6:00, going to Mass at St. Joseph's. The ride was very cool until we arrived at Wheeling at 10:30. We crossed the Ohio River from W. Va. into Ohio. Had a beautiful ride all day and stopped in a small country town, St. Clairsville, where we camped. the night was very cold but we got up early, had a good warm breakfast and started on our way.

July, 2, 1923.
Traveled all day over beautiful country roads and finally decided to camp at Echodale, a lovely spot situated right among the beautiful hills of Ohio, called that on account of the wonderful echo that resounds to your slightest call.

Uncle Bill tells this story of Mom's distracted driving lesson in the old Hudson.

At the time we went to Yellowstone in 1923 I was 13 years old; Peg was 15 and Gus was 10. Out west the only thing you had to worry about when you were driving along were gophers... prairie dogs... so Dad let all three of us drive... we've all been driving for about 70 years. So, this Believe It or Not has to do with Peg. She was driving and we came to a dry gulch. Back at that time there were riverbeds with no water in them... no need for a bridge most of the time, but when they got heavy rains, these ravines would become raging torrents. Well Peg was driving, and we came to one of these gulches and Peg drove the Hudson down into it. She had the Hudson in high gear, and she needed low to get up the other side and Dad hollered. "Shift into low!" Well Peg looked down to see which notch to put the gear shift lever into for low gear and when she did this, she was no longer paying attention ahead and she veered off to the side and ran off what was the road... not paved of course... just dirt. And the car stopped. And there we were. Stuck. So, what to do? Dad had seen a farmer plowing a field with two horses pulling the plow shortly before this incident so he walked back and asked the farmer if he would unhitch his horses from the plow and bring them up to where we were, hitch them to the Hudson and pull us up out of the gulch. So, that's what the farmer did. He unhitched his horses, beautiful big animals, brought them up to the other side of the gulch, hitched the horses to the Hudson and pulled the Hudson up over the top."

Uncle Bill, 1992

Spoiler Alert. They actually made it to Yellowstone.



I've never been to Yellowstone National Park. Several years ago, I decided that in 2023 I would replicate their journey to commemorate the 100th anniversary of their trip taken 25 years before I was born. My preparation, in addition to checking out everything in my local library on Yellowstone, included studying Mom's journal, listening to Uncle Bill's "Believe It or Not" recordings, and mapping out the route. The journal was discovered only a few years ago by my cousin Nancy, Uncle Bill's daughter in some hideaway place in Deely Manor, her family home. It was our Rosetta Stone. In 1992, Uncle Bill recorded his memories and stories on audio tape, which my brother Paul, the family historian later digitized for archiving and sharing. Studying both provided not only a roadmap, but a window into what they did, what they saw, who they met, what they thought... a time machine, dialed back a century ago.

The Yellowstone Trail? I never heard of it. Until brother Paul began researching the route. Paul is our self-appointed family historian and to our benefit, blessed with endless curiosity and a tenacious drive to research the heck out of something. He is our Henry Louis Gates Jr., without the DNA analysis. Paul called me,

Paul: "Did you ever hear of the Yellowstone Trail?"

Me: "Nope."

Paul: "That's the route they took."

Me: "So?"

Paul: "Google it."

I did. www.yellowstonetrail.org. It was like the parting of the Red Sea, only on land. YTA maps detailed the road, past and present. It matched up with Mom's journal. I had my planner. I sent in my membership check to join the Yellowstone Trail Association, studied the YTA website and detailed maps. I purchased Alice and John Ridge's book, "A Good Road from Plymouth Rock to Puget Sound" and cross referenced it with Mom's journal. I read The Arrow Newsletter articles. I wrote to the Ridges and told them of my trip plan. They responded, even suggested I write an article for submission to The Arrow the YTA newsletter. I had no idea this "good road" was one of the first cross country routes, stretching some

3600 miles from sea to shining sea, that it existed because of the vision of one man and the hard work of many others. That it existed before there were state highway systems, in a time when travelling by car was as Uncle Bill put it, *"An adventure even when nothing went wrong."*

I was even more surprised to learn that the trail across New York passes near where I live... Routes 5 & 20, which was the way one travelled across NY State before the Thomas Dewey Thruway was built in 1954. I have often driven on Routes 5 & 20 instead of taking the Thruway, to enjoy it as a scenic byway but sadly seeing it diminish and dissolve to a homogeneous string of towns with shopping centers, big box stores and fast-food dispensaries. Still, some artifacts of the old route remain, some repurposed, some in disrepair, some lovingly restored. It struck me, I wouldn't have to drive across the Great Plains into the Rocky Mountains to experience the Yellowstone Trail. It's in my backyard.

I am retired but operate a small charter boat business on the Erie Canal. I've navigated it from Buffalo to Albany and the entire 520-mile canal system many times. Knowing now that much of the YTA parallels the Erie Canal, I plan to retrace my wake with a different perspective.

Timeline

I decided to go in early September to avoid the summer crowds, but before the weather turned cold. Like my grandfather, I closed my business. I didn't schedule any boat charters on the Erie Canal after Labor Day. The canal would close a month later anyway. John and Alice Ridge took some four years to explore the entire Yellowstone trail to write their book. I allocated four days to get from Fairport, NY to Gardiner, MT, stay a few days in the park and drive back home. I guess it would be about 2 weeks total.

Transportation

For approximately a nanosecond I entertained the thought of trying to locate a 1916 Hudson but decided my 1999 Chinook motorhome would be a better choice. After calculating the cost of fuel for the thirsty Ford Triton V-10, I began to look for an alternative, so I bought a small fully equipped travel trailer, an Aliner Ascapes, which I could tow with my 4 cylinder Jeep Renegade. Although I had not tested this plan for long distance and high altitudes, to quote Captain Ron (Kurt Russell) in the 1992 film of the same name, "The best way to find out is to get her out on the ocean. If anything is going to happen, it's going to happen out there."

Travel Companions and Best Laid Plans

From the outset, I invited my brother Paul to come along. He embraced the idea, but some mobility issues forced him to back out of an extended driving, camping odyssey. So, like NASA Mission Control in Houston, he would ride virtual shotgun via Google Earth from his desk in Raleigh, NC.

My sister, Mary Jane asked if she could join me, offering to help with the driving. She and her husband would be flying from their home in the Adirondacks to visit "ie: babysit" their two granddaughters in Portland, while daughter Erin and husband Nick took a 10th anniversary respite. Janie had been to Yellowstone on a western trip with Uncle Bill in 1957, She asked if we could visit Grand Tetons. She especially wanted to see Jenny Lake. The trip calculus morphed from plan A to B. We would drive to the Tetons first, then enter Yellowstone and stay at the Old Faithfull Inn. She would fly out of Bozeman, on September 16th. I now revised the itinerary to leave the trailer at home, travel to Lake "Janie" first then up to Yellowstone, then explore the 1923 route on my return. We would stay in hotels and in an

irrational moment, I bought a tent and camping equipment, snagged a couple campsite reservations in Yellowstone Park, and did some significant research on the use of bear spray. As Steinbeck prophesized, the trip was already taking me, even before I started taking it. I had been thinking about it for 3 years, but everything was rearranging itself as the 11th hour approached.

Then Janie called me about a week before we were to leave. She came down with Covid. Enter Plan C. Or was it back to Plan A? I decided to take Captain Ron's advice and tow the trailer, stay in a hotel when I wanted to, kept my Sept 15th reservation at the Old Faithful Inn and secured 2 nights at the Fishing Bridge RV campground in Yellowstone. Things were starting to take shape. Except now I was beginning to wonder if I should even take this trip. 4500 miles. An adventure yes, *even if nothing went wrong*. I decided to listen to Captain Ron's advice. I started loading the Jeep. I hate to pack. Too much decision making. So, I take just about everything I own in plastic tubs and return with most of it unused.

I belong to Harvest Hosts, a membership program for self-contained RVers to stay overnight at wineries, farms, breweries, museums etc. I reserved a spot in Elkhart, IN at the RV and Manufactured Housing Hall of Fame. It was right off the Indiana Turnpike and was exactly 500 miles from home. Turned out to be a great way to start the trip. The RVMH museum houses one of the best collections of antique campers one could ever imagine. Seeing a Model T pulling a camper trailer and other antique road machines recalibrated my perspective to an earlier time, when "tin can tourists" set off to see America in their automobiles. I toured the museum, went to Walmart, then settled in for my first night in the Ascape camper. It rained.

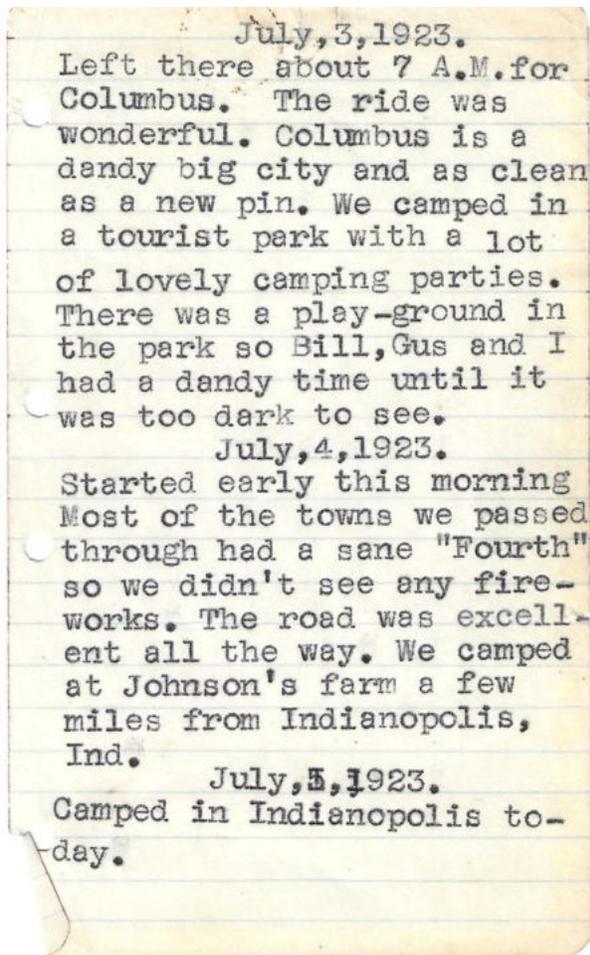


PART 2

Getting There

I left Fairport, NY on Monday September 11th to arrive in Gardner, Montana Friday September 15th. I had to log 500 miles a day, with the objective of stopping everywhere they camped in 1923. They left from Pittsburgh, I left from upstate NY, which meant intersecting with their route in Chicago on Tuesday September 12, I did just that. Some stops became fast forward drive-bys while others were of some length, meeting local citizens familiar with the YT and enlisting them as momentary tour guides. A hundred years apart, while everything changes, the kindness of helpful strangers never did.

The Deely bunch left Pittsburgh on July 1. They didn't get to Chicago until five days later, on the way celebrating the Fourth of July, getting the Hudson fixed and meeting farmer Johnson. Foreshadowing maybe? 12 years later in 1935, Peg married Joseph Johnston... a farmer.



July, 3, 1923.
Left there about 7 A.M. for Columbus. The ride was wonderful. Columbus is a dandy big city and as clean as a new pin. We camped in a tourist park with a lot of lovely camping parties. There was a play-ground in the park so Bill, Gus and I had a dandy time until it was too dark to see.

July, 4, 1923.
Started early this morning Most of the towns we passed through had a sane "Fourth" so we didn't see any fireworks. The road was excellent all the way. We camped at Johnson's farm a few miles from Indianapolis, Ind.

July, 5, 1923.
Camped in Indianapolis today.

"Dad I'm sure wanted to be certain that our automobile was in the best possible condition, Hudson Super 6 touring car. We started for Yellowstone on this on our first trip, and the radiator started to boil when we were about 10 miles out of Pittsburgh. We got to St. Clairsville OH the first night. St. Clairsville OH is about 20 miles beyond Wheeling WV so we made all of about 80 miles! We camped for the first time on the lawn of a church. The second day we started out and the radiator continued to boil. What this meant

was getting water to replenish the water that boiled over, stopping at farmer's houses, getting our bucket out, a canvas folding bucket, asking the farmer if we could have water.

"Sure. Help yourself. There's the pump." We would pump the water and fill the bucket and take it down and pour it into the radiator after it cooled down somewhat, then go until we had to repeat the process. So, the second night we camped at a canteen. Canteens were wooden buildings that the farmers erected when they saw the advent of the automobile, going by their homes. They sold soda pop ... Nehi...Whistle...pop bottles in a galvanized laundry tub with ice to keep them cold. And candy bars. Anyway, that's where we stopped the second night. We had gone through Zanesville and Dad had gone to a garage and had a new water pump put in the Hudson but that wasn't the cause of our trouble, because the car still boiled.

The third day we got to Indianapolis, and it was a pretty big city of course back then and Dad wanted to get the car fixed before we got into the wild and woolly west where we wouldn't be able to get service. So, he took the car to a Hudson place I think in Indianapolis, and they did something, probably reverse pumped it or something and we thought it was OK. We left Indianapolis on the 4th day, and it still boiled! So, Dad pulled into a farmer's yard and told them what was going on and asked him if we, mother and Peg and Gus and I and Jack our dog. could pitch our tent in his backyard and stay there while he drove back to Indianapolis to get this problem solved once and for all. So that's what happened. Dad drove back to Indianapolis and later that day we heard him blowing the horn on the Hudson coming down the road waving. Mother and Peg and Gus and I had spent the day with this farmer's family, and the farmer had taken us and his own kids down to a creek behind his house where we all went swimming. Dad got a new radiator and that solved our problem. From then on, we had no more trouble with the radiator boiling" ... Uncle Bill

Uncle Bill and my mother both graduated college from Carnegie Tech. He was an engineer, she an art teacher. Their perspectives of the first days were that different., the engineer and the artist seeing the world through different lenses. Her account of the first days never mentions car trouble.

September 12. Chicago. A nice place as long as you don't have to drive through it. Mom describes it as big and busy. And kind of scary.

I thought I'd never get through Chicago either, hitting it right at morning rush hour. I've driven up Lakeshore Drive. Not this day though. I was looking for I 94 for Wisconsin. I have no idea where their camp, the state forest preserve she mentions might have been, or if it still exists.

July, 6, 1923.
Traveled 225 Miles today.
I thought we would never
get through Chicago it's
so big. We passed beauti-
ful homes in the suburbs an
along Lake Shore Drive, an
then their great business
center I thought we would
never get out of it alive.
The only thing we found th
matter with Chicago, was
that it did not have a
Tourist Park. We had to
camp 23 miles outside the
city, in a State Forest
Preserve Camp.



Their 1923 trip from Pittsburgh to Yellowstone took 16 days to complete. I did notice in calculating their mileage, they made much better time when they traveled on the Yellowstone Trail after Chicago. Beyond Abbotsford, WI they typically would log 200 plus miles per day. I picked and chose my stops where I could learn the most, which meant driving through big towns and stopping in small towns. My visits to Abbotsford, Olivia, Lemmon, and Gardiner proved to be successful. In 1923 they passed through but didn't camp in Ipswich or Mobridge SD, but these stops for me turned out to be separate highlights of my trip where I learned much about the history, people, and legends along the Yellowstone Trail.

Mom mentioned camping at Lake Minnetonka. I think it was Lake Winnebago. They were in Wisconsin, not Minnesota yet. I exited I 94 at Oshkosh and drove to the lakeshore. I have no idea where they might have camped. It might have been in Fond du Lac. I just wanted to see the lake and imagine her experience there.

July, 7, 1923.
We had a beautiful ride to-
day which ended up in a
beautiful spot on Lake
Minnetonka. The city gave
the Club Grounds to the
campers. It was the prett-
iest camp ground we had

since we started. Had lots
of fun playing on the rocks
in the water. A gentleman and
his wife entertained
us in the evening with Zephyr
music. He played the Zephyr
for us just as it was get-
ting dusk. We were sitting
at the edge of the lake
and soon we had all the
other campers gathering
around us to hear the soft
music, and to listen to
the lapping of the waves
against the shore.

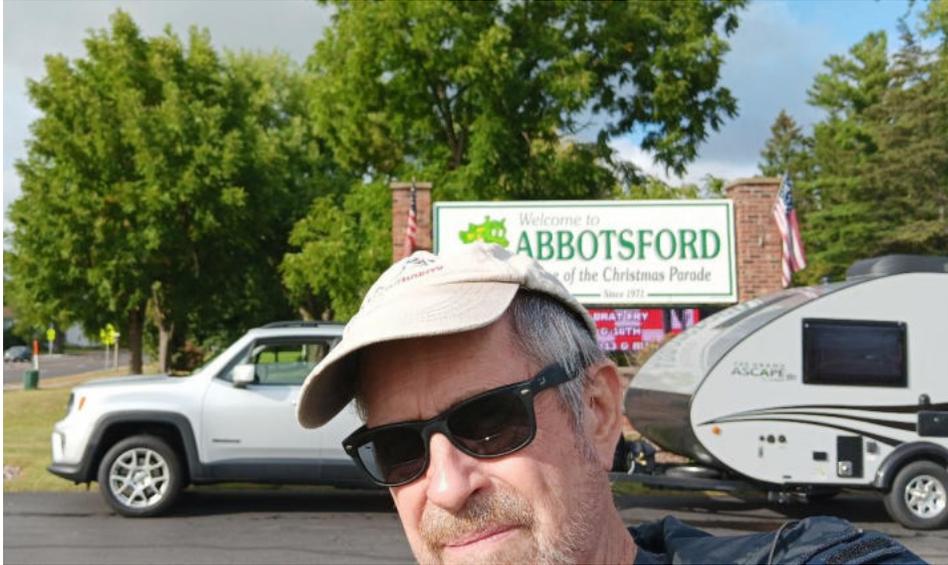


Lake "Minnatonka" aka Lake Winnebago, Oshkosh WI

Continuing to Route 29 to Abbotsford Wisconsin. I called ahead and made an appointment at the library to try to do some research. I hoped my treasure hunt might produce some results. So far, I was just driving.



Found it.



Abbotsford City Hall and Library

I spoke with Jenny Jochimson the Director of the Abbotsford Public Library on the phone and set up a meeting for 3:00 PM. As I was driving into town the sky darkened with what I think was the last thing Dorothy and Toto saw before they were whisked off to see the Wizard, but it was only a thunderstorm.



Yellowstone Trail plaque in library from a prior YTA vintage car convoy



Site of the old city hall and fire department where they most likely camped in 1923

July, 8, 1923.
We certainly hated to leave that beautiful spot but we went to Mass at St Peter's at 8:30 and went on our way. The roads were fairly good but occasionally there were ruff stretches. Bill and I were driving a little and we got along pretty well.

We arrived at Abbotsford, a small country town in Wisconsin, in the evening and camped there.
July, 9, 1923.
In the morning about 7:00 we were awakened by the ringing of the fire-bells. We dressed in a hurry and ran to the scene of the fire. The volunteer firemen were running from their business places, some carrying axes and buckets and others pulling the fire-engine. They arrived too late at the scene of the fire to check it so the little frame house was burnt to the ground while the owner was at work. Broke camp at 7:30. The roads were fairly good all day. We camped in St. Paul, Minn. about 6:30 and all had a grand shower bath.

Jenny also provided me with loads of information from the 1973 Abbotsford Centennial, old photos published by the Abbotsford State Bank on their annual calendars.

Jenny told me in 1923 the fire department was at the old city hall location, about a block from the new city hall building and library.

While there is a new building on the site, she told me that if they heard the fire bell, they must have camped in the parking lot of the old city hall.

I walked over to the location and at least stood on the spot where they spent the night. Left my momentary footprints on the wet sidewalk.



Jenny Jochimson the Director of the Abbotsford Library also located this article in the Tribune Photograph July 10, 1923. The event which precipitated our campers 7 AM wake up call.

And Jenny also sent this photo of the old fire bell, which I did not see on my visit to Abbotsford. As Mom wrote, the owner, Mr. Anderson, was at his job as a brakeman on the railroad. Now we know the back story about the house that burned down 100 years ago in Abbotsford, Wisconsin. I also learned from Jenny that Abbotsford is "Wisconsin's first city... alphabetically".



Looking south on Main Street after a midwest thunderstorm



And the rainbow in my rear-view mirror as I hit the trail again



Chippewa Falls, that away!

I'm a Hilton Honors Diamond member with about a half million points before this trip. Camping in my tiny home on wheels is great. So is a comfy bed, a very long hot shower and a free breakfast at a Hampton Inn. Chippewa Falls logged another 500 miles, my halfway to Yellowstone mile marker.

Besides, I kind of liked the sound of it. Chippewa Falls.



My room was bigger than my camper.



Well, it was Tuesday after all.

Some thoughts about then and now. I wondered from the start and continued to think throughout the trip, what it must have been like back in 1923. They had none of the modern conveniences that today's traveler takes for granted. Comfortable vehicles, Internet, cell phones, interstate highways, maps and apps, hotels, restaurants, Walmarts and really, really important... *gas stations!* Early travelers were advised to always buy gasoline anytime they could and carry extra for reserve. I'm sure Grandfather Dan planned this trip. What I'm not sure is how and what resources he had available. I read in the Ridge's book about local trip guides published by the trail association to navigate the maze of unmarked dirt roads. Those yellow markers had to be a welcome sight especially when they were the *ONLY* road signs.

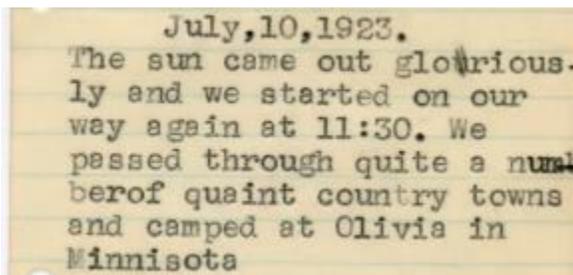


1923 was only 20 years after Horatio Nelson Jackson, Sewall Crocker and Bud the bulldog completed the first transcontinental "road trip" in an automobile. Except, on most of the route, there were no roads! Ken Burn's film, "Horatio's Drive" tells the story of automobile history being made on a \$50 bet... that someone could drive from San Francisco to New York City in 90 days. If you've never seen this film, stop reading now and reactivate your Netflix membership.

1923 was only a decade after Michael Dowling led a 3-car convoy in 1913, making the first automobile trip across Minnesota to Yellowstone. He was a bit early. Cars were not permitted in the park until 1915. He did it to promote the trail, founded only a year before. By 1923, this trip was still an automobile pioneering adventure for Dan Deely and his family.

Today, we can fly coast to coast in 5 hours. I can't count the number of times I've travelled by air across the USA. This middle part of the US is known as "flyover country" and it is a shame not to experience it, especially forsaking the Interstates and journeying America's Scenic Byways.

On to Olivia Minnesota and Mobridge South Dakota.



Mom's journal netted 30 words for the 244-mile trip from Abbotsford to Olivia. My trip from Chippewa Falls to Mobridge. SD would cover 503 miles. I'll have to allow myself a few more than 30 words to describe the people, places and events I learned about.

Olivia, MN



Photos : Ross Oskins

Olivia is the Corn Capital of the world. I learned later in the Ridge's book not because of the amount of corn grown there, which is considerable, nor the size of the ear of corn at the park on the west side of town, but that Olivia has the highest number of seed research companies in the world.

The 50-foot ear of corn is officially the world's largest Ear of Corn Statue according to the Olivia Chamber of Commerce, erected along Highway 212 in 1973 by Bob Rauenhorst the owner of Trojan Seed Company. This is the location of Memorial Park, still today as it was in 1923, a free campground for travelers. I was told this is where Dan Deely would have pulled the Hudson off the Yellowstone Trail and made camp for the night.

I stopped for gas in Olivia and noticed the Chamber of Commerce office across the street. Making a U turn, I parked and entered, and apologized for interrupting a meeting. Not a problem, I was assured. These helpful ladies listened to my story, and immediately started to help me out. They referred me to Scott Tedrick the editor of the local newspaper the Renville County Register. Scott is also founder and president of The Yellowstone Trail Association of Minnesota. While the office was buzzing with a publishing deadline, and Scott could not spend time with me, Ross Oskins Staff Writer, met me at Memorial Park, took these photos and provided me with the history of the area. He said that the park, which was also the town campground, had always been there. If they camped in Olivia, this is where they pitched their tent.

Ross spent about an hour with me, took many pictures and answered my numerous questions. These folks know and identify with the Yellowstone Trail because it had so much to do with the history and development of the area. Ross asked about my trip and mentioned possibly writing an article for the newspaper. I didn't consider myself that newsworthy but I of course, said yes and said I would send him

my trip notes, after submitting them to the Yellowstone Trail Arrow newsletter. Ross and his wife were going to be travelling back east and he said going through upstate NY. I offered some tourism help and an invitation for a boat ride on the Erie Canal if they stopped near Fairport.

Reading a publication of the Yellowstone Trail Alliance of Western Minnesota I learned about the history of the Renville County Register, which had ties back to another champion of the Yellowstone Trail, Michael J. Dowling, founder and publisher of the Renville Star-Farmer. Mr. Dowling was the second president of YTA, after J.W. Parmley. His record of accomplishments is not just significant, but inspirational when one learns he was a multiple amputee from severe frostbite as age 14. He owned the first automobile in Renville County and was the first to drive it, leading a three-car caravan across Minnesota to Yellowstone in 1913. I must remind myself that it was only 10 years later in 1923 when my grandfather made the trip. I doubt they could have done it without Michael Dowling blazing the trail. Dowling died in 1921, two years before the Deelys followed the trail he blazed.

You meet the nicest people in Olivia, MN. Had I known about Memorial Park, I would have camped for the night. But I had another 300 miles to Mobridge, with a campground reservation there. Aberdeen and Ipswich were still on my list for the day. I called ahead to the campground where I had a reservation to let Dave the owner know I would be arriving late. After Covid, campgrounds are always filled and no shows are frowned upon.

Me: "Hi, this is the guy from NY with the little travel trailer going to Yellowstone. I'm going to be a little later than I thought."

Dave: "How late? I go to bed about 9."

Me: "Oh, not that late, I think I should be there 7."

Dave: "OK."

Me: "Do you want my credit card to guarantee the reservation?"

Dave: "We'll see you when you get here."



Watson, MN on the way to Aberdeen and Ipswich

July, 11, 1923.
Broke camp early today and passed through some pretty little towns, Montevideo, Madison, Ortonville and crossed the border between Minn. and South Dakota. Most of the lands we passed now were ranches and were used for cattle grazing. We camped in Aberdeen, S. D. It was a pretty little park with flowers scattered everywhere.



Aberdeen was a bigger city than I thought. My fruitful visit in Olivia ate up a bunch of travel time so I just drove around downtown thinking my time would be better spent in Ipswich. Turns out I was right.



Ipswich, SD

I wanted to make a stop in Ipswich, to explore the town where the YT has its roots. It was late afternoon, and I still had some 150 miles to go to Mobridge.



I located J. W. Parmley's office after seeing a sign pointing the way to the historic district. But the museum was closed, so I walked around, took a few pictures and figured that concluded my visit to the birthplace of the Yellowstone Trail. Ipswich almost resembled a ghost town, with no one about. Then a woman came out of the library across the street, got into her car and began to drive away. She saw me, pulled over, said she noticed my T Shirt. I was getting pretty good at explaining in 30 seconds or less what I was doing.

She: "I saw your T shirt. Can I help you?"

Me: "I'm going to Yellowstone... my grandparents went there a hundred years ago. They travelled the Yellowstone Trail. I'm following their route, recreating their trip."

She: "Would you like to see the museum?"

Me: "That would be great."

She: "Give me a minute to make a phone call."

Me: "I'm John"

She: "I'm Marion Heintzman. Your trip sounds fantastic."



I assume Marion was calling home to tell her family she would be delayed, and that they might want to get their own supper. I introduced myself and thanked her in advance for her invitation.

This helpful friendly person was Marion Heintzman a board member of the Historical Society. Marion provided a thorough tour of the museum and asked if I had time to see Mr. Parmley's house. It was an incredible visit, learning so much about this man and his accomplishments.

I had discovered the headwaters of the Yellowstone Trail. And the person who had the keys to the kingdom. I learned so much about Mr. Parmley and the Yellowstone Trail. I wished I didn't have so far to get to Mobridge. It was a crash course on the man and his dream. I'd like to go back.

Parmley's fireplaces were filled with artifacts from his travels. Marion took these pictures of me during my visit.



Parmleys' fireproof house

Mobridge, SD



That's the Missouri River where Lewis and Clark explored in 1804, and Uncle Bill navigated his 16-foot motorboat in 1973, travelling by water from Pittsburgh to Seattle following the wake of Lewis and Clark.

The first bridge was completed in 1924, and J.W. Parmley was key to it being built here. It connected South Dakota and completed the Yellowstone Trail. In 1923, the Deely's either took the ferry or the floating pontoon bridge. Some daring locals just rumbled across the railroad bridge.

For the record, I arrived at the campground at exactly 7:16 PM. Dave was in the office, told me I could take a premium site next to the bath house. 20 dollars for the night. He asked if my camper had a shower and I said it did. He said I would like his showers better... and I did. Dave was from Colorado, owns and operates this campground on the banks of the Missouri River. He would be closing for the winter in a few more days. I've not stayed at a campground any nicer than this one.





Going West

Lemmon, SD

July, 12, 1923.
We arose before the sun
this morning (4:30), and had
a wonderful ride over desert
plains. Saw some Indians
and cowboys rounding up
their cattle. Crossed many
plateaux and arrived at
Lemmon at 6:00.

I arrived in Lemmon around 10AM. A gas stop and the worst cup of coffee of the trip. I asked the clerk at the Centex station where people might have camped here a hundred years ago.

“Don’t know. Large coffee? That’ll be \$2.50.”

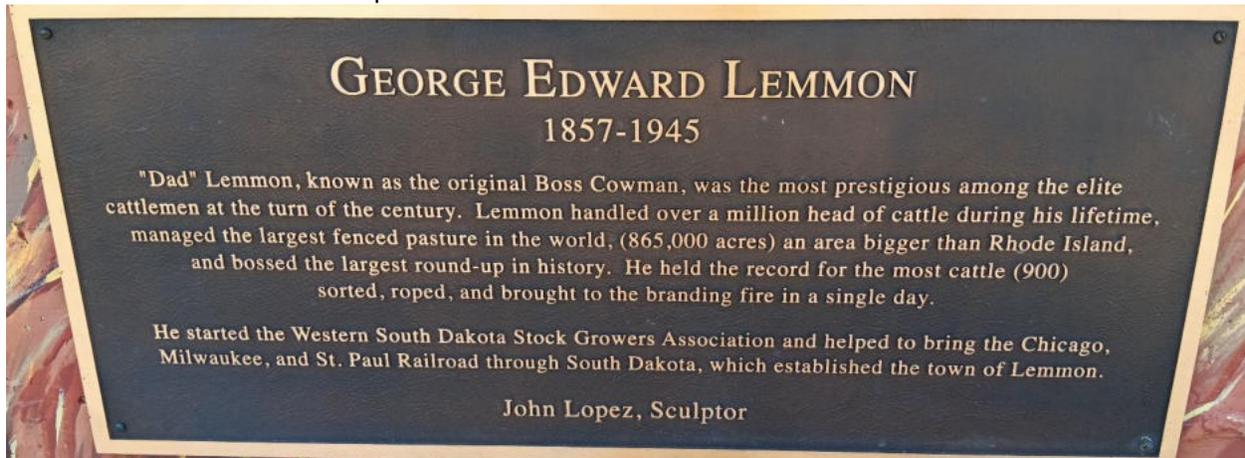
I noticed a sign for a petrified wood museum and saw some sort of river museum across the road. I didn't assign great relevance to either. An hour and a half later I would come away with a completely different impression.

I saw a small blue sign for tourist information and followed the street for a few blocks until I saw a non-pretentious city hall building. The Chamber of Commerce office was around the side entrance, but no one was there. A man in adjacent office was on a phone call but paused his meeting to ask if I needed any help. I recited my elevator speech in this one-story building. He suggested I stop in the city hall office across the hallway, and they might be able to help me. And wow, did they ever.



I met Gary Ericson and Chad Abel, both City Council Members, gave them my introductory speech and they settled in to provide me what the Chamber brochure calls "Lemmon Aid".

Lemmon, South Dakota was named after George Lemmon. A cowboy's cowboy who would make many a Texan rancher seem insignificant. I wondered if the cowboys Mom mentioned in her journal might have been Boss Lemmon out on the prairie.



On the drive that morning from Mobridge I regretted not stopping at Sitting Bulls grave site, which also had a memorial for Sacagawea, without whom Lewis and Clark might still be wandering around somewhere out there.

And in Lemmon I learned I was 2 weeks late and just 20 miles north of the site where the legendary mountain man Hugh Glass was mauled nearly to death by an angry Mama Bear. In fact, 2023 was the 200th anniversary of that event, held at the Hugh Glass Memorial site.

Lemmon is the home of John Lopez, an incredibly talented artist, a metal sculptor. His statue of Lemmon in Boss Cowman Square was one of my must see's before I left town.



And in the Grand River Museum that I had regretfully misjudged as a tourist trap, there is a life size sculpture of Glass and the Grizzly among many other rare artifacts of dinosaurs, pioneers, and the great grassland where the buffalo once freely roamed. Phyllis Schmidt, owner of the nonprofit museum gave me a warm welcome and tour, I was sorry to be in such a hurry.



If you've ever seen the movie "The Revenant", starring Leonardo DiCaprio, that is the story of Hugh Glass. Although the Hollywood film version is embellished with fiction, the story of the attack, the abandonment by his men and the 200-mile struggle to get back to Fort Kiowa is all true.

I learned also about the poet and author, John Gneisenau Neihardt whose epic poem, "The Song of Hugh Glass" tells the story.

From an October 23, 2023 article in the Nebraska Examiner, which found its way into my Google news feed, I learned that In 1923, the same year Dan Deely drove his Hudon down the Yellowstone Trail, Neihardt using a borrowed homemade cement mixer, created a 3200 pound "altar of courage" monument to Hugh Glass, containing a time capsule with instructions that it be opened by his heirs 100 years hence... 2023.

That is happening now, although the contents won't be disclosed until next April at Wayne State College, his alma mater. I want to read more of his works, as he documented the pioneer life on the plains and tells the stories of the native Americans displaced by the westward migration.



Photo by Phyllis Schmidt

Then there is the Petrified Wood Park. The largest petrified wood museum in the world, covering a full square city block. Unique and interesting structures built with gathered tree fossils from back in the dinosaur days. Built during the Depression it provided jobs for area men. In 1923, before today's park was built, the Yellowstone Trail went right between the twin pillars that now mark the entrance. Chad and Gary said the Deely party probably camped here in 1923.

Petrified Wood Park





My stop in Lemmon South Dakota. started with a bad cup of coffee but ended with the sweet taste of Lemmon Aid. So much to take in and comprehend. Truly I want to go back.

July, 13, 1923.
Friday, the 13th. happened to be our unlucky day, for even though we had a beautiful day for a drive, we lost our tent and trunk. Daddy turned back to look for them but didn't succeed. While he was gone Mother and I waited for him on the roadside and met the nicest cowboy. His home was in Phila. but he loved the west so much that he lived there, and didn't want to go back. We spent a lovely half hour with him.

Dad returned from an unsuccessful trip. But another camping party seeing it on the road brought them to us in camp that night. They did not see our tent however. We camped about 14 miles from Baker and slept in the open.

“We had a trunk carrier on the back of the Hudson and on top of it we quite naturally put a trunk, which contained all our good clothes that we would put on when we'd stop someplace and go to the theater or dinner or whatever. On top of the trunk which had a leather cover to keep the dust out, we put our tent on that. Dad's first tent wasn't an auto tent, that had a fly on the front that went over the top of your car so you could have access to the car simply by opening the door. On this particular morning I strapped the trunk and tent to the luggage carrier with the 2 straps that went up around them. Well anyway sometime that afternoon a car pulled up alongside of us along the dirt road somewhere in Montana I believe and the man on the passenger side was holding a trunk resting on the running board, holding it in the vertical position. They pulled around in front of us and we stopped behind them and we all got out. They told us that they had seen this trunk lying alongside the road and they'd seen us the night before in our campground and remembered we were the people from Pennsylvania and the Hudson and figured we'd lost it. And they took off after us figuring they would find us up ahead, and they did. So naturally we said we had a tent on top of the trunk, did you see it they said, “No. didn't see any tent but here's your trunk”. So, we thanked them and then Dad turned around and drove back several miles; we all looked for our tent alongside the road, but we never did find it. So that night we had no tent! Fortunately, it didn't rain, and we just slept under the stars (near Baker, MT). Then the next day in Miles City Mt. Dad bought a new tent and this one was the auto tent that we used for all the rest of the trips.” ... Uncle Bill

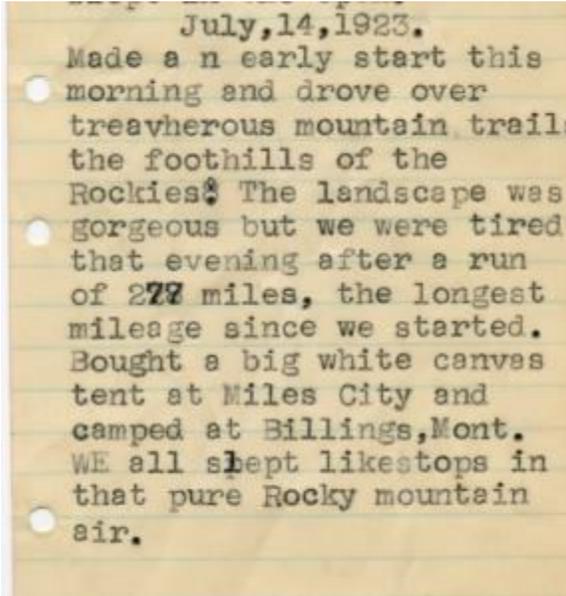


Marmarth, SD

Chad and Gary said that Marmarth was the only town close to Baker and probably where the Deely's slept in the open air without their tent. I saw this old railroad station, wondered if they might have pulled in there. Before I left, Gary said to me, "I wonder what happened to the tent. Was it stolen, was it just lost?... or maybe it provided needed shelter to someone who desperately needed it?" I pondered that thought as I continued across the Dakotas.

And I wondered who was the cowboy that Mom and Midge met?

I drove through Miles City but didn't see a tent store.

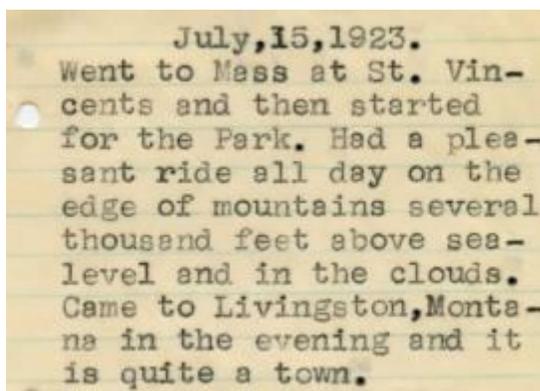


July, 14, 1923.
Made an early start this morning and drove over treacherous mountain trails; the foothills of the Rockies. The landscape was gorgeous but we were tired that evening after a run of 277 miles, the longest mileage since we started. Bought a big white canvas tent at Miles City and camped at Billings, Mont. WE all slept likestops in that pure Rocky mountain air.

I also "camped" in Billings. at the Home 2 Suites by Hilton.

Also had a concern about the Jeep overheating. Ghost of the Hudson? Turned out after a lot of Googling research, it was not a real problem, but the little engine sure does run hot, pulling the trailer at high altitudes. And I had more elevation in front of me. The next day I would leave for Gardiner early and drive slower as a precaution.

I had been to Billings a long time ago in my Kodak days. That was as close as I ever got to Yellowstone.



July, 15, 1923.
Went to Mass at St. Vincent's and then started for the Park. Had a pleasant ride all day on the edge of mountains several thousand feet above sea-level and in the clouds. Came to Livingston, Montana in the evening and it is quite a town.

I only stopped for gas in Livingston. Too big. From Livingston to Gardiner, the road was excellent. Mom noted how treacherous the original trail was, a narrow one lane road. I saw it marked on the excellent maps in the Ridges' book. I don't think the little Jeep would have made it. We would have had to abandon the trailer like the old pioneers with the covered wagons.

Gardiner, MT

July, 16, 1923.
Mother and I bought provisions for our stay in the park and started on the last 55 mile stretch. We had our first real taste of the snow capped Rockies to-day. The trail was very narrow and at times we had to pull into pockets in the side of the mountain to let other machines pass. We arrived in Gardner, the Northern entrance to the

Park at 6:00 this evening Had our dinner there at a cafe and then went to the entrance. We had to wait at the end of a long line of cars but our turn finally came and we were asked if we had any fire-arms (which we didn't) and given our pass. We then proceeded to our camp at Mammoth Hot Springs at which I am writing this. We are going to visit the Springs in the morning. Bill Gus and I just finished climbing a young mountain and found it to our liking.
July 17 1923

I arrived in Gardiner about noon on Friday September 15th.





I had one task before I left Gardiner and entered Yellowstone. That was to find the blacksmith shop that repaired the spring for the Hudson. As Uncle Bill tells it,

“Anyway I’m the one who strapped the trunk and the tent on the back and I didn’t do a good job of it because the straps loosened and everything fell off. Well, that’s taught me to be more careful. Every time we’d be ready to leave after we broke camp I got in the habit of getting down on my hands and knees and looking under the car to see if there was anything under there so we wouldn’t leave it behind.

Well anyway, at the northern entrance in Gardner Montana in the morning we were going to leave and drive into Yellowstone, I looked under the car and then I called back to Dad, I said “I think the main leaf on our right rear spring is broken” ... and sure enough the spring was broken. So here we were in Gardner Montana, small city at that time, and we needed to fix the spring. So Dad went to a blacksmith shop and asked him about fixing it. He got a piece of spring steel down from the rack and measured the main leaf that had broken on the spring of the Hudson and then he put the ends of it in his forge and curved the ends around so the pin could go through ... you know the pins on each end of a spring. He made us a new main leaf modeling it after the one that we had. Then we reassembled the spring, put all the leaves together and then we took it back to our campground and put it back on the Hudson. I could remember working into the night with a kerosene Lantern to see what we were doing. So anyway, that spring was on the Hudson for the duration of its life; the one that the blacksmith made the main leaf for in Gardiner Montana...” Uncle Bill



Can you find the blacksmith shop?



Gardiner had changed over the last century, most stores catered to tourists' whims and wants and appetites. I got off the main street and noticed an older building. Hand lettered sign, "Charlie's Hardware."

I entered the store, saw a man who I assumed was Charlie, a man of few words. He asked the purpose of my visit. I carefully phrased my response to quickly get to the point.

“A hundred years ago, if I was looking for a blacksmith shop, where would I find it?”

The man replied, “Next Door.”

I felt I owed him a further explanation for my question and began reciting my elevator speech. Didn’t get to finish...

“The blacksmith shop was next door. Building torn down nine years ago. But that’s where the blacksmith shop was.”

Charlie was very nice. Just someone who didn't waste time or words. I liked him.

Now, since I found the blacksmith shop, after 2000 miles in 4 ½ days, it was time to drive through the Roosevelt Arch and enter Yellowstone National Park. There was no line, and I didn’t have to wait. I used my lifetime National Park Senior Pass for entry. No firearm question like in 1923. I’m guessing then it was because of people who might think they could hunt in the park. I felt a special excitement.

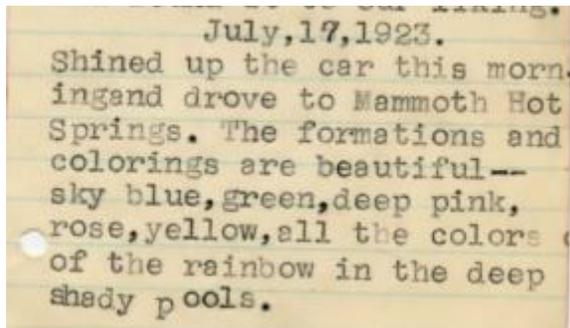


PART 3 Being There

I decided while I was in the park, I would try to see every sight Mom mentioned in her journal and photograph it. I will let the pictures tell most of the story along with her journal notes.

They stayed in Mammoth Hot Springs their first night and proceeded on to Fishing Bridge Campground where they would spend two weeks.

I visited Mammoth on my drive into the park then after sending a post card to my grandson (I doubt he ever saw one!) I drove to check in at the Old Faithful Lodge with a stop at Norris Geyser Basin.



MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS





At camp we had a nice fat visitor, the Grizzly Bear. Had lots of fun chasing him around. He climbed a tree for us, upset a garbage can and stood on his hind legs but he wouldn't stay still so we could snap him. We did get a picture of him eventually although he was in a funny position. The scenery from the Hot Springs to Lake Yellowstone was almost heavenly. A beautiful blue sky overhead, smooth green waters of the lake and in the distance the snow-capped Rockies, the odor of pines and the magnificent wild flowers made this truly enchanting. We camped at this beautiful spot for two weeks.





Bears were much friendlier back then. Or maybe the tourists were nicer.

The road from Old Faithful to Fishing Bridge took me over the Continental Divide. I'd pass over it several more times as I drove around the park. The Jeep was happy to unhitch the trailer at Fishing Bridge RV Park too.



YELLOWSTONE LAKE



July, 18, 1923.
Wed. we went fishing but
didn't get a nibble. Mother
and I fixed up the "house."



The historic Fishing Bridge Campground was removed to return the habitat back to grizzly bears.



July, 19, 1923.
As it is pretty cold at
that high altitude we got
up early and Dad, Bill and
Gus went fishing. They
came back with three good
sized fish which we ate
next morning for breakfast.

They were camped at Fishing Bridge, where The Yellowstone River flows into the lake, a great place to catch fish. This area grew to be the largest camp in the park but was eventually repurposed back into a habitat for grizzly bears. In the visitor center, there is an old photo of the area. Today the new Fishing Bridge has a "No Fishing" sign.

YELLOWSTONE RIVER

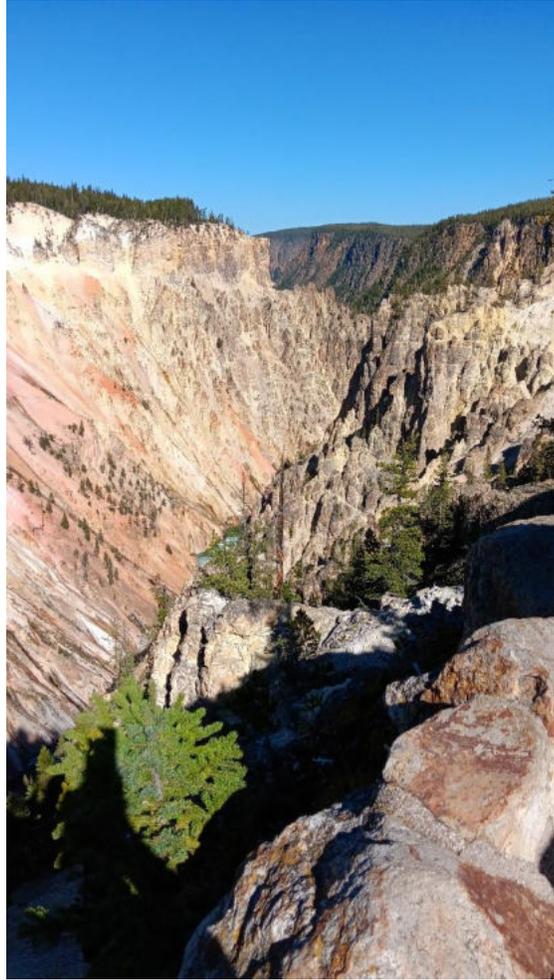


THE GRAND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE



and it was such a beautiful afternoon that we drove to see the Grand Canyon at sunset. On our way we visited the Mud Volcano, a seething caldron of mud, and the Dragon's Mouth, a hole in the side of the mountain that resembled the mouth of a dragon and from which boiling water spurted at regular intervals. We went to "Artist's Point" and "Inspiration Point" from these points you can see far up and down the Grand Canyon, the falls, the gorge, the steep rocky sides of the canyon, which at sunset with its glowing reflection on the rocks and the mountains forms a picture that no artist could paint. We turned reluctant footsteps toward "Home" as the last rays of

the sinking sun disappeared beneath the snowy rim of the mountains and the full yellow moon peeped between the boughs of the pines.



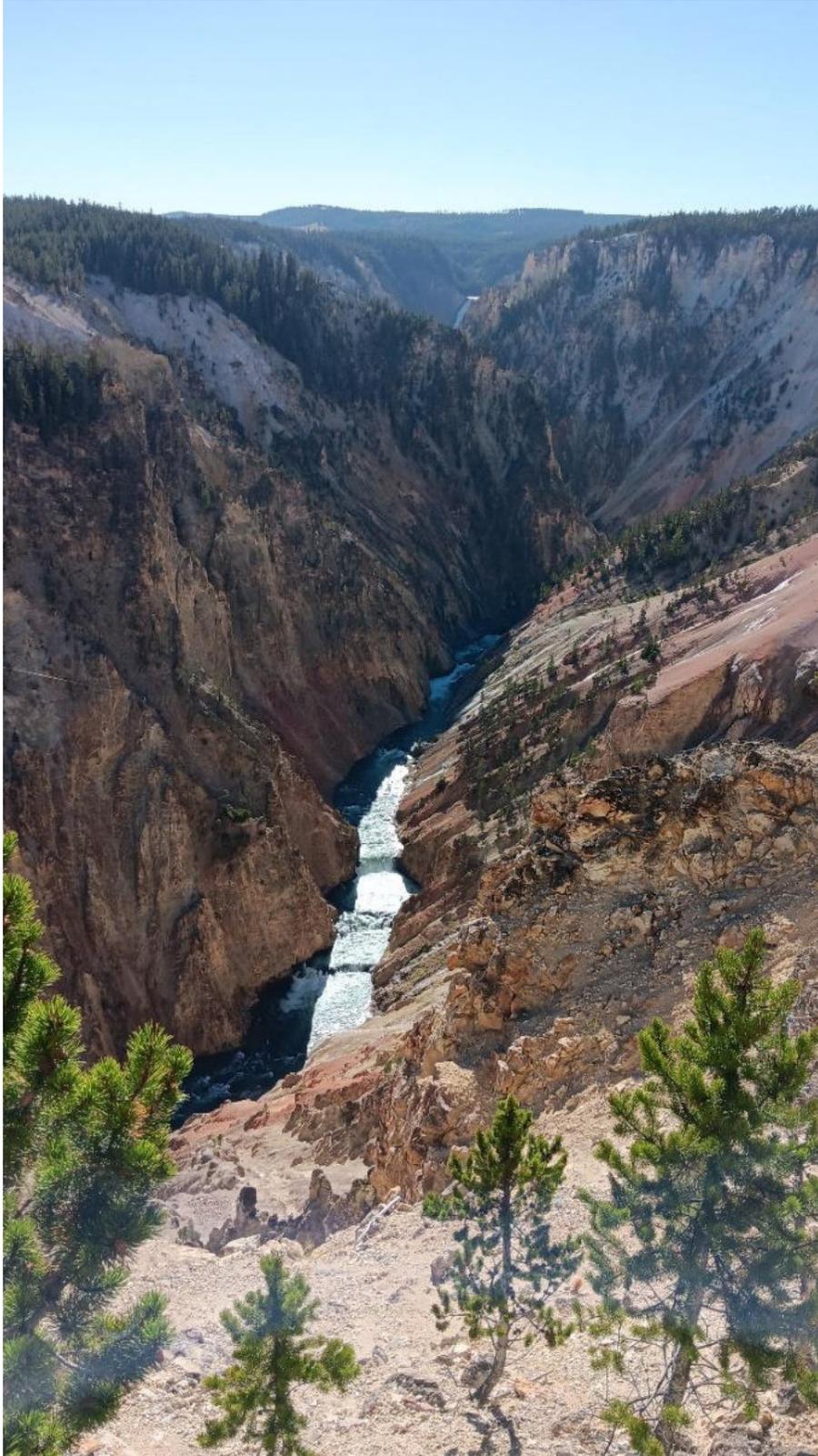
MUD VOLCANO AND DRAGON'S MOUTH GEYERS



ARTIST'S POINT, THEN AND NOW



INSPIRATION POINT



NORRIS GEYSER BASIN



July, 20, 1923.
Started early to see "Old Faithful". Our first stop was at the Norris Geyser Basin, where we saw our first geyser. The water is boiling and forever shooting from the ground. The odor of the sulphur is very disagreeable but you soon get used to it. The next point of interest was the Upper Geyser Basin in which we saw the



Tourquoise Pool, shading from the deepest shade of midnight blue to the palest shades of sky-blue, green and yellow. The Excelsior Geyser boils up in the middle of it. Prism Lake, with as many colors as the rainbow and more, complete the wonders of the upper Geyser Basin. Passed the Morning Glory Pool, just the shape and just the shade of a real morning glory. We drove along the Gibbons River and a more picturesque stream would be hard to find. There were immense boulders lying in the water and on the banks. Pine trees growing abundantly, some in curious knotted shapes, but mostly as straight as a ramrod, having stood there for centuries.

Then the snow-capped Rockies towering over head made the scenery magnificent. It was so quiet and peaceful, I doubt if you could find a more beautiful spot. Mother climbed up on one of these huge boulders in the stream and had her picture snapped fishing. Saw the Giant Geyser, which is very irregular in its eruptions, but it is so majestic when it does go off that every one wants to see it. It has formed an immense grey cone of the chemicals it is depositing all the time. The "Castle" is another beautiful geyser. It has such an odd shape, it would remind you of an ancient grey castle. We finally arrived at our destination, "Old Faithful," which well deserves its name, for it goes off punctually on

UPPER GEYSER BASIN



CHROMATIC POOL





EXCELSIOR GEYSER





GRAND PRISMATIC SPRING



GRAND PRISMATIC SPRING FROM ANGEL FALLS TRAIL OVERLOOK



MORNING GLORY POOL



GIANT GEYSER



CASTLE GEYSER



GIBBONS RIVER



THEN AND NOW, OLD FAITHFUL



OVERHEARD AT OLD FAITHFUL LODGE

Checking out at the front desk, guy in front of me asked the desk clerk,
“When does the geyser ‘go off’ again?”

Desk clerk: Can’t say exactly”.

Guy: “Can they hurry it up?”

Desk clerk (without missing a beat, picks up the telephone)

“Hi this is the front desk. Can you move the Old Faithful time up a bit? Thanks.”

Says to the guy, “OK, they’re working on it.”

the hour. It spouts 150 ft. in the air. Ate our dinner at "Old Faithful Inn." It is splendidly suited to its rustic surroundings. All the lobby, dining room and the whole front of the Inn are made of pine logs so that it had the appearance of a large log cabin. A huge stone fireplace was lighted and cast a warm glow about the room, big bear rugs scattered here and there on the floor, grinning maliciously at us and the big clock, ticking away over the fireplace, all had a warm note of welcome for the traveler. It was altogether a cozy room, one you would not expect to see in a large hotel. It was crowded with people who were coming and going continually.

We proceeded to the dining room and ate the daintest lunch you can imagine, on little chinese blue dishes. We snapped "Old Faithful" when it spouted at 2:30, then we started home. I think the drive back was even prettier than going. The road led over picturesque snow-covered mountain trails. Just as we were at the foot of one of these big hills we came upon a little black bear, sitting by the roadside with a broken jar between his paws. It probably contained honey in its early life so he was licking it contentedly. He didn't move so we "shot" him. Then more machines came and all had a snapshot of him and he didn't mind it a bit. When the other cars started to go he came

over to ours and sat down waiting for us to give him something to eat. Later on we met a big black bear in the middle of the road. He was a little shy at first but he soon came right up to us. We have seen three bears so far but no deer or elk.



OLD FAITHFUL



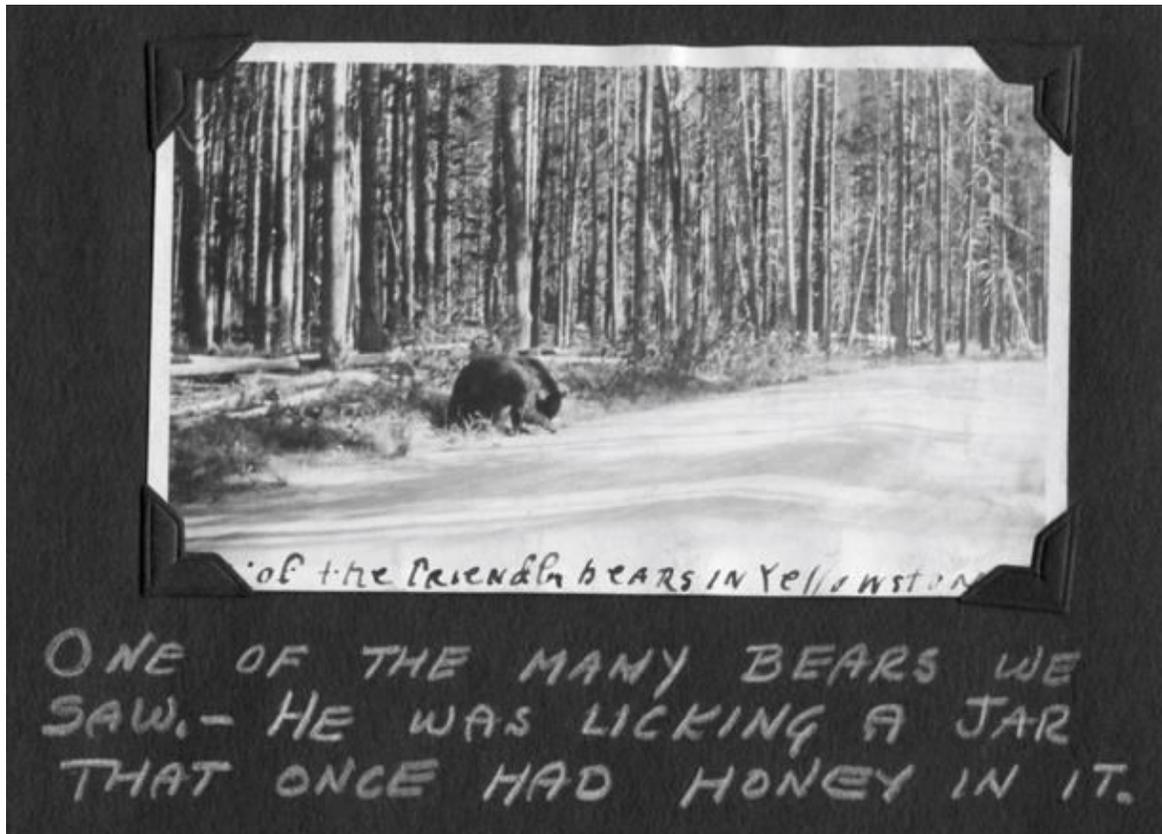
OLD FAITHFUL INN



For the record, I saw no bears except the Hugh Glass sculpture back in Lemmon. An old timer at the RV park told me the bears are up country this time of year. More food to fatten up for hibernation. OK with me. I don't want to become some bear's bedtime snack.

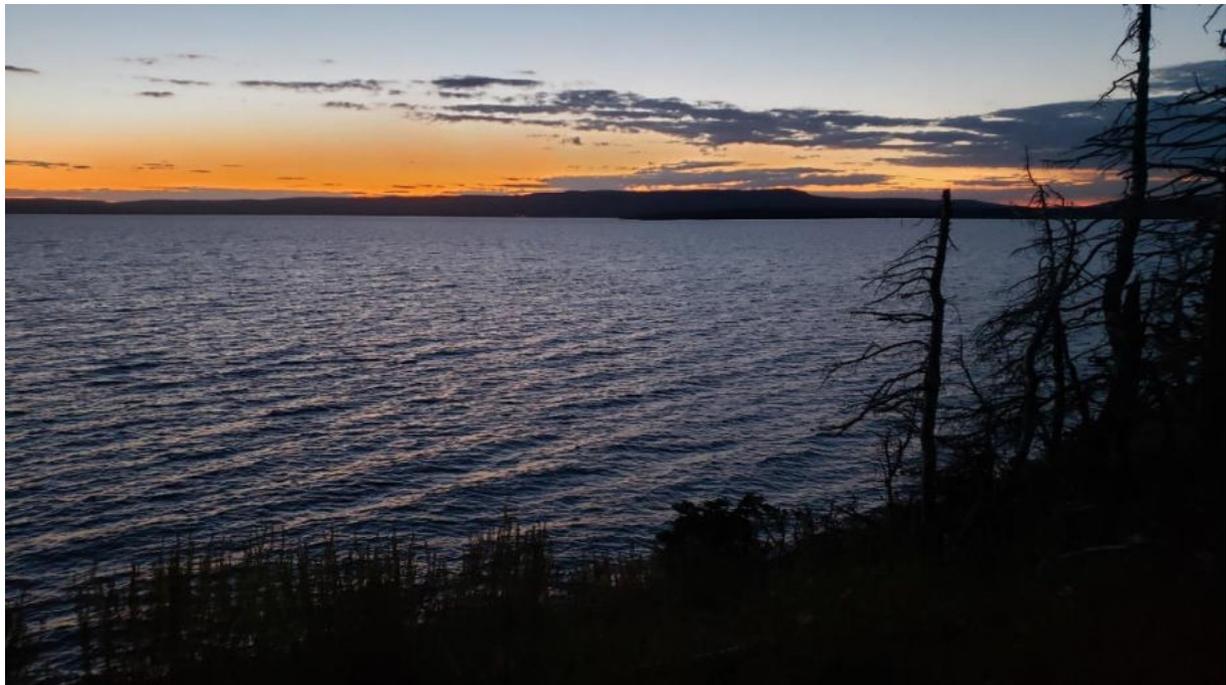
I did see several bison.





BEAR AND HONEY JAR

SUNSET ON YELLOWSTONE LAKE



July, 21, 1923.
We rested today, sat., in order to be in good trim to climb Mt. Washburn. Cleaned and polished up the car but all in vain for it poured down on Sunday. Mother went up to the Lake Hotel to inquire about Mass and she was fortunate in finding 3 lovely priests, who told us there would be Mass at the Canyon Hotel. at all hours.



The Canyon Hotel is gone. Replaced by this new lodge.

The Rangers at the Fishing Bridge Visitor Center were fantastic, They spent so much time telling me about the history of the area. One ranger read every word of Mom's journal. They were amazed at the pictures. They told me the Canyon Hotel had been torn down after a fire. But the Fishing Bridge Visitor Center is the original lodge. Such a beautiful spot. I was sorry to be leaving Yellowstone in a few hours.

July, 22, 1923.

We went to the 8:00 and 8:30 Masses in the lobby of the Canyon Hotel this morning. The hotel is situated up high above the canyon and has a very oriental appearance, but the lobby where Mass was celebrated was magnificent. The dark brown wicker furniture covered with red velvet cushions and the big wicker vases filled with wild flowers gathered from the mountain sides, completed the charm of this gorgeous lounge. The Knights of Columbus were on a tour through the Park so that is the reason we were so fortunate in hearing Mass. After Mass we met the loveliest priest from Boston, who wished us a safe and pleasant journey. We left for Mt. Washburn after Church and it was



This is the last page of Mom's journal, and we can only fill in the blanks from here. From this picture, it looks like they went to Mt Washburn after Mass, because they are wearing good clothes.

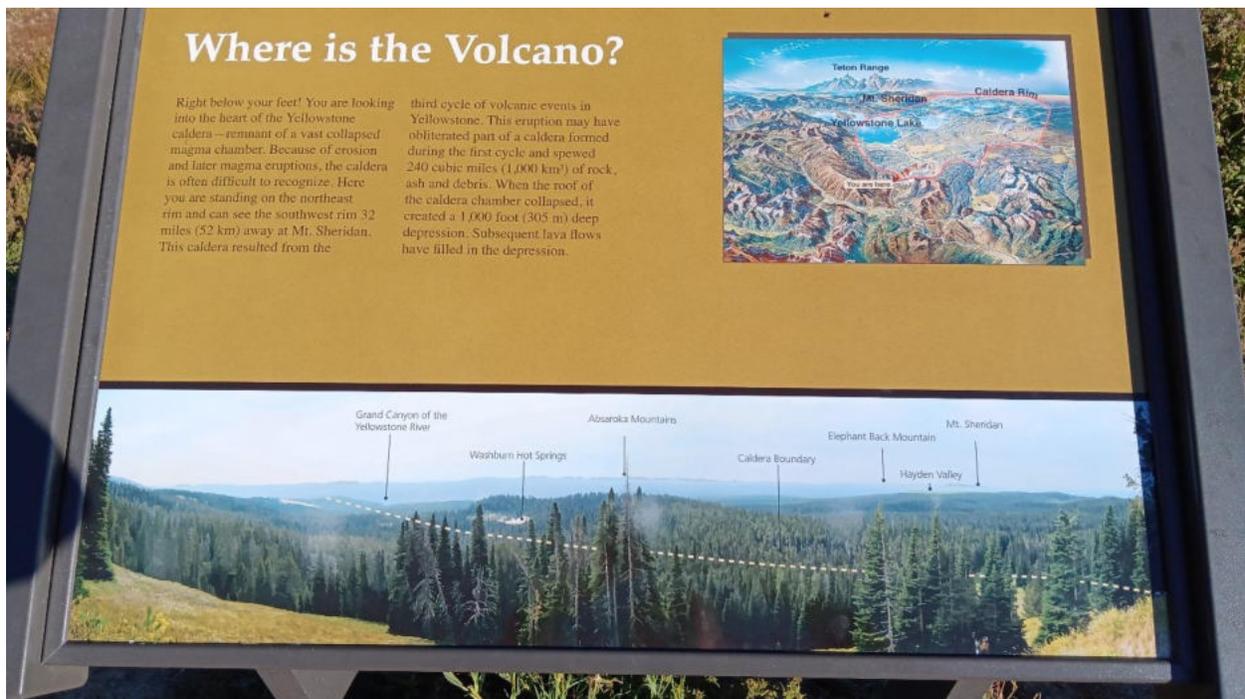


I drove up to the summit of Mt Washburn. There was no snow this late in the year. A beautiful view out over the Hayden Valley with the Grand Canyon in the distance. I did not find any bears.

But I did find out where the volcano is.

Jimmy Buffet sings, “where ya gonna go when the volcano blows?”

Certainly not Mt Washburn.



There is a picture of them on a boat on Lake Jenny, so they must have gone to the Grand Tetons after leaving Yellowstone.

So, that's what I did. Besides I needed to see Lake "Janie".



PART 4

Homeward Bound

My route home was to take Rt 26 through Wyoming and hook up with Interstate 80 in Nebraska. Then it was like "Smokey and the Bandit", "Eastbound and Down." I made it home in three days, pushing 700 miles from Riverton, Wyoming to Lincoln, Nebraska on day 1, 600 miles to Elkhart, Indiana on day 2 and 500 miles home to Fairport, New York on day 3. We are not sure of the Deely route home in 1923, but they probably dropped south from the Tetons and connected to the other cross-country road, the Lincoln Highway somewhere near Green River, Wyoming.

Three years later they would again travel cross country on the Lincoln Highway going west in that same Hudson with the new radiator and rear leaf spring... from Pittsburgh to California in 1926 ... and back again.

There is one more Uncle Bill story.

Later, this same trip to Yellowstone, one day when it was getting on towards dusk, we pulled up behind a line of three or four automobiles. We stopped and got out and went forward to see what the trouble was. Well, one of those riverbeds I told you about was no longer empty. There was water rushing through it, oh maybe a foot to 18 inches deep. Some fellow had tried to ford it and got stuck in the middle. These other cars in front of us had gone on forward and there were half a dozen men pushing trying to get it out. Well, anyway they had been trying for quite some time without any success, so Dad volunteered to help. He carried a logging chain in the back of our Hudson... had been doing it for years... it was coiled up under the back seat. He told him he had this logging chain, and he had this big Hudson super 6, weighed about three tons and maybe if we could move around this fellow he could get across to the far side and then use the chain to pull his car out. So, Dad got in the Hudson cut out around these other cars through the water and managed to get to the far side. We were still on this side... mother, me, Peg, Gus and Jack. So the men all got to work and hitched the car that was stranded to the chain and then dad hooked the chain to the back of the Hudson ... started to pull... fellows all pushing, but no success. So then he thought well maybe if I leave some slack in the chain and jerk it maybe we can get him loose so that's what Dad did. He backed down to the water's edge and left some slack in the chain and then took off... but the chain broke! So, we'd done all we could. Then Dad put on his fishing boots which he always carried with him and came back across the river and carried us one by one, each one of us, like St. Christopher did across the river. This was the Green River in Green River WY. We pulled in there and we went to a restaurant to get our supper and the restaurant was on the Main St. And I remember as we were eating our dinner, we saw this car that was stuck go by, so they finally did get it out.

Worth repeating. "Traveling by car in those days was an adventure... even when nothing went wrong."



My trip lasted 10 days, covered some 4500 miles, went through 14 different states, at 2 national parks, in 3 time zones, and over the continental divide a couple times. I met so many interesting people in the places I visited. I learned about the Yellowstone Trail and the hardy visionaries who pioneered it. I saw a lot of America. And I liked what I saw. This is a big and beautiful country with good and friendly people.

I set out to recreate an auto trip taken 100 years ago. Bucket list stuff. I did that. Unexpectedly, more.

I connected with my past in a way I never anticipated. It's fair to say this trip qualified on the spiritual scale for me. It was not just an accomplishment but a special personal experience.

I hope you have enjoyed reading about it.

Now I'm trying to imagine where my next trip will take me.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"I'm not making this up." Dave Barry

I could not have written this without the shared knowledge, help and input of others. Much of what I learned was gathered from sources available on the internet. I have attempted to credit sources where I could and should. This is a trip report, not a research paper.

I must thank John and Alice Ridge immensely, for without their book, "A Good Road from Plymouth Rock to Puget Sound", I would have been literally lost. This book, the maps and information from the Yellowstone Trail Association were my guidance system.

I want to thank people I met along the way who took time to talk with me, answer my questions, and welcomed me. I didn't get everyone's name, but Jenny in Abbotsford, Scott and Ross in Olivia, Chad and Gary in Lemmon, Phyllis at the Grand River Museum, Marion in Ipswich, Charlie in Gardiner, and all the rangers in Yellowstone who listened with interest and provided information and sources for further research.

I want to thank my brother Paul for his research, access to family history and his frequent communication and encouragement.

And, my sister Mary Jane, for *almost* helping me with the driving, and for her photos and memories of the 1957 Yellowstone trip she went on with Uncle Bill, 34 years after the original expedition, when Uncle Bill piled 5 kids into the 1954 Chevrolet station wagon and went to Yellowstone and other western locations. I promised her a return trip, maybe next year.

I want to thank Uncle Bill for recording his "Believe It or Not" episodes so these family stories were preserved for future generations. And for being an explorer. He died in 2006, but as I listened to his stories driving around Yellowstone, it was like he was right there with me.

I want to thank my grandfather Dan Deely, who had a love for travel and was resourceful enough to make the 1923 journey in the old Hudson an inspiration that drove me to make this 100th anniversary trip. I didn't realize how his example taught a very important life lesson.

And I want to thank my mother, who at age 15, kept a journal of the family vacation trip. I'm sure the sisters at Ursuline Academy in Pittsburgh gave her an "A" for that "what I did last summer" essay.

I have been inspired and motivated by everyone. I hope my story here, "Time Traveling on the Yellowstone Trail" might in some small way inspire others to embark on their own experience.

*"Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose."*

Walt Whitman, "Song of the Open Road"

