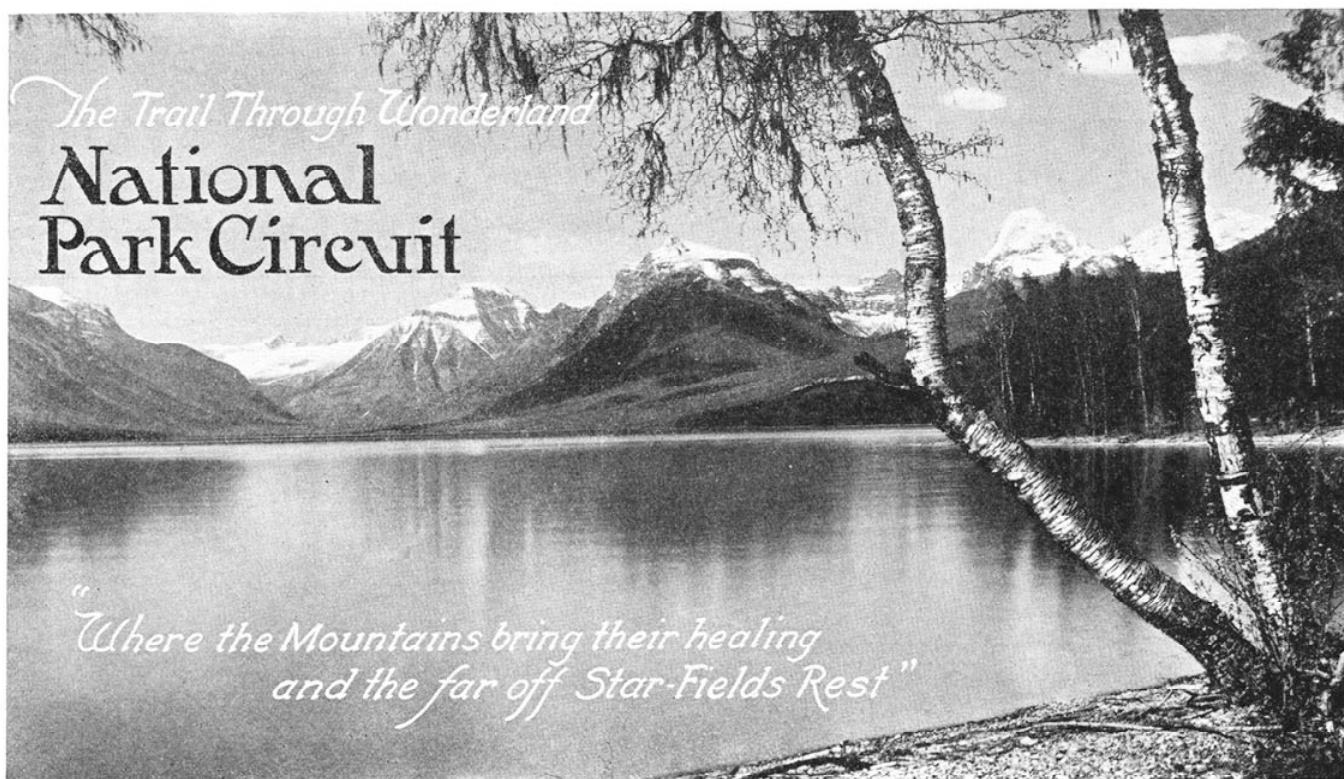


AMERICAN MOTORIST



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The Hills of New England



The Trail Through Wonderland **National Park Circuit**

*"Where the Mountains bring their healing
and the far off Star-Fields Rest"*

Lake McDonald Glacier National Park

IN the west is that portion of the American Continent which never grew up. At least, the youth of it has never been tamed. It is very young—and also very old. Age is on it, but its youth is imperishable. Millions of years ago it waited as it waits now, oblivious of time, for the changes the ages fail to bring.

Time has given it the secret of peace and strength and content. Indestructible youth has kept it a place of beauty and fire and rose-hued dawn. And from its brooding wisdom man might win a new and happier destiny, could he but learn its secrets, its close-guarded knowledge of all things.

It lies, this land of youth with its wisdom of age, in a great, uneven circle, six thousand miles around, and those parts of it which have stood unchanged since the earth and mankind were young have become one of the great playgrounds of America, the National Parks.

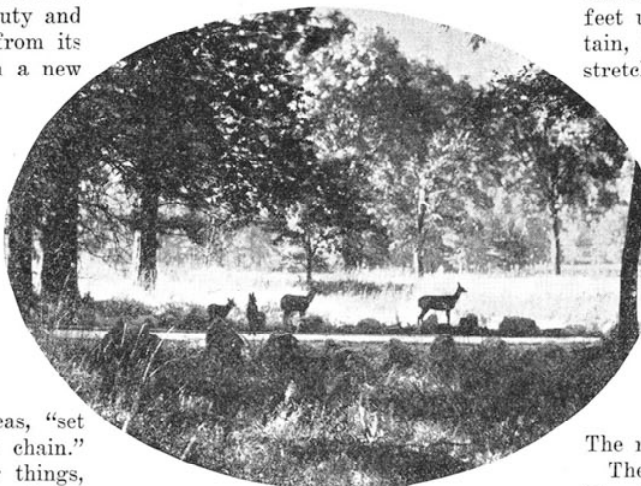
There are twelve of these areas, "set like precious jewels in a golden chain." In them there are, among other things, the oldest living thing—a tree—a forest that has turned to stone, caverns of amazing beauty, the homes of prehistoric man. If you would know them, your car will make the circuit in three months. An early start is always advisable.

The tour is not necessarily a gigantic undertaking. The automobile makes what once was impossible comparatively easy and simple. The journey takes in eleven

The National Parks on this 6,000-mile tour will be open this summer during the following periods:

Mount Rainier, June 15 to September 25; Glacier, June 15 to September 15; Yellowstone, June 20 to September 19; Mesa Verde, May 15 to November 1; Zion, June 1 to October 1; Sequoia, May 24 to September 15; General Grant, May 24 to September 15; Lassen Volcanic, June 1 to September 15; Crater Lake, July 1 to September 30.

The Rocky Mountain, the Petrified Forest, the Grand Canyon and the Yosemite National Parks are open the year round.



The tables reversed. Deer stalking motorists along a highway in Yosemite, hoping to get food.

Western States, through which the ever-shifting scenes reveal mountains and valleys, stately forests and busy cities, trails and highways. If you must cut short your journey you can always take a

"spoke" highway out of Salt Lake City, "the hub of the wheel," thus eliminating any segment of the tour.

The start can, perhaps, best be made from Denver, and, to coincide with opening dates of the various parks, should be dated early in June. Go south, to that land eternally shadowed by the great spire of Pike's Peak. At its base is Colorado Springs, with five camp sites and fine hotels, and a good road winds 14,107 feet up to the crags of the giant mountain, from where the snow-clad Rockies stretch away in an amazing and awe-inspiring panorama.

From here the Park-to-Park highway follows on to Pueblo, thriving heart of the largest irrigation district of the west, then up the Arkansas River to the eastern portal of the Royal Gorge at Canon City. There is a day's delight here, in a ride to the rim of the Gorge, along Skyline Drive, through Phantom Canyon, and to the gold fields of famous old Cripple Creek.

The return is through Ute Pass.

Then you turn upward. Through Salida, through Sagauche, once a pioneer Indian trading post, through Monte Vista and Del Norte, you climb to Wolf Creek Pass, 11,000 feet above the sea on the Continental Divide. Your chances of getting through before June 15 are not bright, for high piled snow lies in the pass up to that time.

Once through, you begin the drop. Down to Pagosa Springs you make your

way, turning and twisting, dropping 4,000 feet in a fifty-mile drive. Then comes Durango, in the San Juan district, a rich mining center. Four more hours, and you are in the Mesa Verde, ancient land of that mysterious people, the cliff dwellers, whose homes perch here and there in great clustered ruins. They are the most extensive and the best preserved of all the cliff dwellings in America.

The Mesa Verde National Park, a flower-carpeted tableland 2,000 feet sheer above the vast Montezuma Valley directly to the north, is open to the public from May 15 to November 1. Out of its soil jut great cedars and pinon. From the climbing road, a good one, the motorist may look into four States, where peak and abyss, cliff and slope and plain, stretch on and on at first with the clearness of an etching, the color of a mosaic, then, in the distance, mellowing and softening under the blue haze of far-flung spaces.

Deep-cut canyons seam the Mesa, and, clinging to their faces, in all but inaccessible impregnability, are the homes of the cliff dwellers. Like niches in a wall, they sit upon ledges overhung by the cliffs above, guarded by sheer drops often of hundreds of feet. You may clamber into them, dream there of a vanished glory, but do not tarry too long lest that intangible hand of the past chain you there. The days can pass until weeks have gone, and you will not have noticed, for these canyon temptresses make time stand still. Peace and mystery and a great sim-



Chalets at St. Mary's Lake, Glacier. Oval, in map, Lower Fall, the Yellowstone Canyon



plicity lie on that brooding world, and man finds in it a cure for many things.

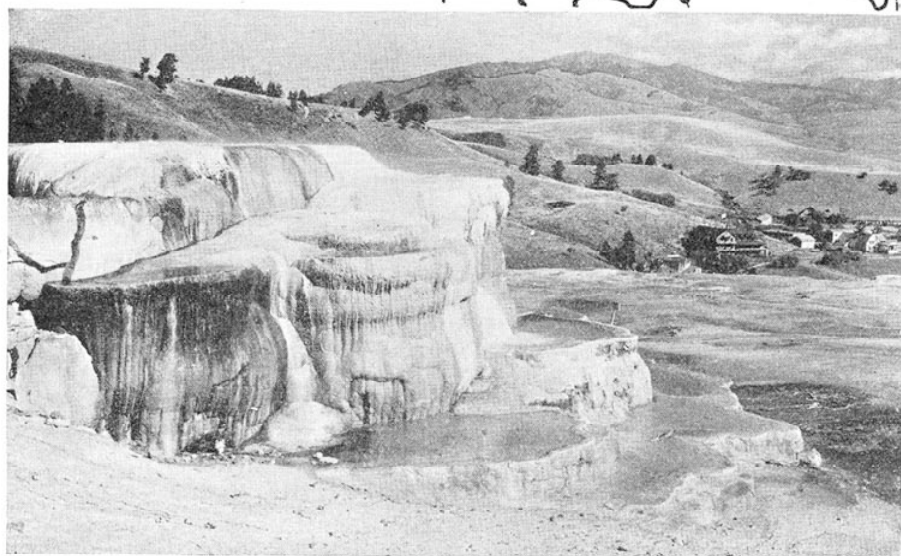
When you can break away, go back to Durango, to the Park-to-Park Highway, and dip straight south into New Mexico. Near Aztec is the Aztec Ruin National Monument, which was excavated and restored by the American Museum of Natural History. Next is Farmington, sixteen miles beyond, at the edge of the Navajo Indian Reservation, through which the road leads past Shiprock,

a great basaltic knob, the Indian Agency and Navajo School, and on to Gallup, near where, by way of Ramah, is El Morro National Monument. It is dominated by a gigantic sandstone rock on the face of which Spanish conquistadores long ago carved inscriptions that have enriched the lore of the new world. Some of them date back as far as 1606.

Zuni, one of the lost cities of Cibola, which Coronado hunted in 1542, and, finding it, was struck down by the Indians, is the next stop. The Zunis still live in their adobe huts, never vacant in the last 300 years.

The trail then takes you to the Petrified Forest Monument in Arizona, where great logs, once wood, now agate or something like it, stretch prostrate on the ground. Then, west along the Little Colorado to Meteor Crater, 20 miles beyond Winslow, and on to Flagstaff, hovering at the foot of the San Francisco Mountains. Side trips from here open up a wonderland of sheer beauty.

West of Flagstaff, at Maine, there
(Continued on page 56)



"Minerva Terrace," one of the mammoth hot springs formations in Yellowstone

National Park Circuit

(Continued from page 13)

gapes the most titanic chasm on the face of the earth—Grand Canyon. You reach it by the Grand Canyon Highway. You have now traveled 591 miles from the Mesa Verde, at an altitude between 5,000 and 7,000 feet, and the journey throughout has been cool and pleasant, though it is summer.

No one has found words to describe the Grand Canyon, no artist has found colors to paint it. But it will amaze and humiliate you. Here, if anywhere, does mankind realize his insignificance. It is a mile deep and twelve miles wide. It is the concentration of color, blazing bright or glowing softly. It is thirty miles to the bed of it, as man must go. Don't walk, but ride a mule, for the climb back is too arduous for human legs. Hotel and cottage are available and camping grounds are always at hand. The visitor must buy water.

The rest of your journey in Arizona is "down hill," the road dropping from 7,000 feet at Maine to 500 at the Colorado River, crossing just beyond Topock. Sixteen miles west of Needles, in California, the Arrowhead Trail branches off to Utah and the Zion Canyon, in the Yosemite Valley. Zion Park, one of the most colorful sections of the country, is open from May 15 to October 15.

Returning to California by the same road, you head across the Mojave Desert, passing by Barstow, from where, if you wish, you may explore Death Valley, vast arid sweep of silver and borax and graves. Press on, and the terrain changes; vegetation triumphs again, and at last you are in Bakersfield, the core of the State's richest oil field.

You turn north, now, striking toward the Golden Gate, up by Tulare, where dairy magnates reap fortunes from their fields and herds, on to Visalia, and through the gateway to the Sequoia and General Grant National Parks. You have come 875 miles from Zion Park—and as reward you may look upon the oldest living thing in creation.

It is the General Sherman Tree, a sequoia thirty-five feet around. It had weathered many winters before Tutankhamen began his brief and turbulent span in ancient Egypt. Six miles northwest is the General Grant Park, where the second largest sequoia tree flings itself high into the air. All about are its huge brethren. Almost any one of them would build a box into which you might shunt the biggest liner afloat, with enough timber left over to erect several houses. Both are open from May 24 to October 10.

Back to Visalia with you, and on to Fresno, Madera, and Merced, the gateway to Yosemite. A side trip to The Grove of Big Trees in extreme southern

Yosemite is open from May 1 to November 1. The road runs through the trunk of one of the great monarques of Mariposa Grove, which, although its heart is cut away, thrives and grows.

The Waymona road, over which you have just come, takes you into the most romantically beautiful of valleys—the Yosemite. Thousands make it a camping ground through the summer, raising their tents along the silvered Merced.

You leave by the Big Oak Flat Road, running by the most pleasant stages, through picturesque towns, to San Francisco, through whose historic streets they say the whole world must some time pass. On you go to Sacramento, around which has been written the history and romance of the gold-rush days.

Before you is an almost unbroken stretch of paved highway as far north as Seattle. But there is much to see before you reach that city. From Red Bluff you turn eastward and come upon Lassen Volcanic Park from the south. Dominating its forests and lake is Lassen Peak, the only active volcano in the United States. Hot springs, cinder cones, and geysers of mud add to its curiosities. What this flame-belching volcano was capable of doing is revealed to the north, where the scars inflicted by its eruption in 1914 are as fresh, apparently, as they were the day the last wisp of curling smoke died away.

Then on to Mount Shasta, its snow-clad peak towering above you. You are climbing, and the 4,000-foot level awaits you just beyond the California line where you go through Siskiyou Pass, from where you behold far reaches of California and Oregon ruggedness stretching behind and in front.

At Ashland you swerve to the right over Green Spring Mountain, to Klamath Falls, north to Klamath Lake, through the Klamath Indian reservation—and suddenly the road stops on the brink of a precipice. You have discovered Crater Lake, which might be the drinking cup of some huge and thirsty god. It is six miles around its deep, blue water, imprisoned by walls that tower as high as 2,000 feet straight up, smooth as marble walls. Once there was a cone where now there is a pit. It was the peak of a volcano. It collapsed. Hence the lake and its lava setting. Its beauty is startling, silencing, poignant—a thing of infinite quiet built upon the turmoil and violence of a vanished yesterday.

Crater Lake Park is open from July to September 30, and, if you desire to stay, there is a comfortable lodge and a camp ground near by.

Your exit is by the west, along the Rouge River, the fisherman's paradise,

where voracious trout will rise at the splash of your bait. On, into the fertile valleys of northwestern Oregon, gradually descending, and you come upon the great Columbia at Portland, under the shadow of Mount Hood.

For 125 miles you follow the Columbia, that rushing, roaring torrent which hurries through its rough and high-walled way. Through the illimitable wheat fields of central Oregon you move, finally reaching Tacona, portal to Mount Ranier National Park.

And now you are to learn what flowers can be. They spread across the slopes of Mount Ranier, flashing, dazzling, laid like a cloak upon the land. They march below that white and glistening peak, up into the very snow and ice, like the unnumbered battalions of a glowing army in raiment fashioned from the rainbow. Color? You have never seen color until now.

Here and there their ranks are cut by slow-moving, inexorable glaciers, creeping, ever creeping, down upon Paradise Valley.

The park is open from June 15 to September 30, although the snow usually dams the road until July 1.

Your next stop is Seattle, where the waters of Orient and Occident meet, where your journey turns from north to east again, across the Cascade Range by Snoqualmie and Blewet Passes, and down into the Wenatche Valley, where a third of the nation's apple crop is produced. The city of Wenatche may be made the base for interesting side trips, and beyond, at Waterville, you are only forty-five miles from Lake Shelan, while later, at Coulee City, you find yourself in a metropolis built upon what was once the bed of the Columbia. Through Wilbur and Davenport you find your way to Spokane, a city of beautiful homes, bustling on the banks of the Spokane River.

You enter the Panhandle of Idaho by Newport, the last stop in Washington, and come upon Lake Pend Oreille, fifth largest inland body of fresh water in the United States. Its shore line stretches for 400 miles, and, if you desire, there are steamers available for trips about this sea in the heart of mountains.

Your farthest point north is attained at Bonners Ferry, from where you have access to Montana. Now you strike for Glacier National Park, through Troy, Libby, and Kalispell on Flathead Lake, to Belton and thus into the Park. You come upon McDonald, the largest of the 250 lakes in Glacier, and you work through Logan Pass, on to St. Mary's Lake, in the heart of one of America's loveliest sections.

Enfiladed mountains rise into the clouds, lakes have the sheen and clearness of polished metal in which the giant crags are mirrored with surpassing perfection, forests deploy in green grandeur, vast, clean-swept spaces stretch here and there.

Departing, you move through the Black-foot Indian Reservation, on to Great Falls, where there is a smokestack into which the Washington Monument could be dropped, on through Leavitt Pass, where you climb 8,000 feet, and, finally, you reach Gardiner, the north entrance to Yellowstone National Park.

If you have interest in phenomena you will find them now. Nowhere else in the world will you come ever again so close to the handiwork of those mysterious forces which rule the inside of the globe upon which you live. The rules of gravitation are reversed and water flows, or spouts, rather, upward. The world's greatest collection of geysers are in Yellowstone. The entire country is of volcanic origin, and the titanic forces which in some remote age were unleashed in that wild and rugged place have left their heavy mark upon everything around. Not far under you is the heat, that terrible, devastating heat, of the world's core. Its hot water is what you see, spewed out by a pressure that cannot be encompassed by the mind of man.

You are mazed in the most famous of the parks, the strangest land that mankind knows.

When you leave, your next stop is Cody, Wyoming, a city founded by Buffalo Bill, legendary hero of the plains. You pass on, through Thermopolis, whose hot springs are said to have extraordinary curative properties, down through Wind River Canyon, southwest across the State to Cheyenne, where, if you arrive the last week in July, you may see the Frontier Days Celebration, in which the best riders, ropers, and wild-west entertainers participate.

You cross into Colorado, enter the last park of your tour—the Rocky Mountain. You arrive through the Thompson Canyon, coming out into the rarified atmosphere of a land of beauty far above the level of the distant sea. About you the mountains rise in precipices, sometimes more than a mile high. One peak, Longs, is 14,255 feet above water mark. You, yourself, will climb to 11,797 feet on the road which crosses the Continental Divide through the park.

The end of your journey is near. The run to Denver is all that is left. Your 6,000-mile trip is done, you have seen the highlights of the greatest panorama in the world. You have done, in ease and comfort, what man could not do a little while ago, what man died many times trying to do.