

their crops, communication with their kind, civilization's touch brought to them by an open road!

Rigorous as this trip proved to be, the real test of their pioneering qualities lay in the western hospitality that met their advance along the trail. Governors met the caravan at their state lines. Mayors of towns drove out with their committees. Every city and town and hamlet along the way sent out its welcoming procession to meet the travel-stained cavalcade—riding miles to greet them, and then miles with them to speed them on their way. Everywhere houses, buildings, streets and roads blazed with welcoming flags and pennants bearing the name of the state or city and that of the Lincoln Highway. The Hoosiers' cars were hidden under the pennants and the dust. "We were given at least a hundred entertainments, dinners and luncheons and met the governors of each state all the way across," Harlow Hyde told me.

W. S. Gilbreath, of the Trail-Blazers, was given so many pennants that he finally bought a rake and tied his banners to its handle. The bandannaed, smiling Gilbreath was photographed by one of the cameramen, holding his collection of pennants above his head. When Carl saw the picture, he said instantly: "That's the spirit of the Highway!" As the "spirit of the Lincoln Highway," the picture became famous, and eventually a statue of it was cast in bronze.

The Trail-Blazers were welcomed, feasted, praised and encouraged. The few who occasionally gave up and took to their beds instead of attending the welcoming celebrations did so only when broken down by the rigors of continual celebration.

State after state cheered their way west. Ely, Nevada, sent out an eight-car delegation to meet them at the state line, under the leadership of Governor Oddie, who traveled with the cavalcade to California. Later, as they neared Oakland, California, the Hoosier tour was met by an escort from San Francisco and Oakland of over a thousand cars.

I was waiting for the Trail-Blazers in California, at Lake Tahoe. Though Carl had refused to let me go along on the rough tour, he was having too glorious a time not to want me