

No covered-wagon cavalcade was ever herded together with greater care for protection than were these cars that were blazing the trail for the Lincoln Highway. Scout cars patrolled the procession watching for trouble. Every catastrophe that could possibly befall an automobile in 1913 was met with on that pioneer trip. Cars were dragged from mud pits in the roads of Iowa. They were hauled out of sand drifts in Nevada and Utah. Radiators boiled on mountain grades so steep the cars had to back their way up because the gasoline tanks were lower than the carburetors. Car after car was dragged with ropes through rushing torrents. Motors boiled, wheels dropped off on death-yawning ledges, and axles cracked in the desert heat.

The Hoosiers themselves, sunburned and sand-bitten, were having a wonderful time. They slept on mountain trails and desert sands and in lonely farm cabins. Carl spent one night buried in his blanket atop a chicken coop—in refuge, however, from no more sinister night prowlers than what he claimed were "the biggest bedbugs known to man."

Newspapermen and photographers accompanying the expedition recorded their progress in print and film. In one of the desert camp pictures which were later developed, Carl was amazed to see a rattler slinking out of the corner of the print. Carl's own diary of the trip reads like the record of a pathfinder. "Left Denver 9:30 A.M., arrived Hot Sulphur Springs 11:30 P.M., 105.2 miles," he would jot laconically, too weary to write more.

The Hoosier cavalcade pushed on through cities and corn-lands, forests and plains of golden wheat, stretches of white alkali, sagebrush and chaparral. In some places they cut down the wire fences of the cattlemen, and with western courtesy mended them before going on their way. Ahead of them America prepared the way. The more populated regions had cleared stretches of roads in their honor. The smallest hamlet had its road committees out pulling stumps and filling in bog holes. Isolated farmers far from towns were busy with shovels and plows clearing the roads before their farms, fired by the dream that had been Carl's—transportation for