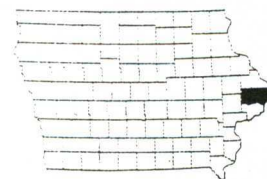


## The Lincoln Highway in Clinton County



*Eventually we saw ahead of us the superstructure of the bridge over the great river. Because of high waters caused by spring freshets, and melting snows, the abutments began far back on shore and the bridge was of enormous length beyond the width of the river itself. The floor of the bridge was of wood planking and just wide enough for passing. Altogether its width in proportion to its length looked pretty formidable, high above the wide water, and we were glad Mr. Milks' auto pre-*

*ceded us. It was rather scary to contemplate as we approached. What would we do if the engine failed in crossing!*

*You could almost feel the tenseness of everyone. Silence reigned. It was a great emotional crisis. . . . I kept reminding my subconscious mind that the bridge had been there for many springs and there was no reason why it should choose this particular time to collapse. . . . Now, at last, we were West!*

—Alice Huyler Ramsey, 1909

Alice Ramsey wrote those lines more than a half-century after she became the first woman to drive across the United States. Her vehicle was a new forest-green Maxwell DA-30 with a leather-like top—down more often than it was up. The twenty-one-year-old freckle-faced tomboy, mother of one, had responded to a plea from the sales people at Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Company, and now was more than one-third of the way across the nation. She was on network of roads, if they could be called that, which extended from Times Square in New York City to the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco. Four years later automobile magnates from Detroit would proclaim most of her route as the Lincoln Highway, America's first coast-to-coast highway. If it could be called that.

Alice Ramsey was not the first coast-to-coast motorist to cross the rickety structure. H. Nelson Jackson had herded a twenty-horsepower Winton over the bridge going the other way six years before. Riding with Jackson and his mechanic, Sewell K. Croker, was a bulldog named Bud, a stray they had picked up along the way.

In 1908 Montague Roberts, at the wheel of a two-ton Thomas Flyer, led a pack of five voyagers in the Great Race, New York to Paris. He roared across the bridge on February 29, heading for San Francisco. He would board a ship there for the Orient, and drive the rest of the way to France.

Against today's standards, the Fulton & Lyons bridge was anything but safe. It was completed in 1891—four steel trusses anchored to stone and steel pylons sunk in the bed of the Mississippi River. The approaches rose from grade and, when the first of the spans was reached, the floor suddenly flattened out. Approaching vehicles were out of sight until a few yards before arriving at the first span, and similarly, before the opposite approach was reached.

Kids loved bridges like this. They would leave the main spans at a high rate of speed, vault off the flat deck and be airborne above the descending plane for a few yards. It was an invitation to disaster but it was fun.

To add to the misery of drivers heading west over the Fulton & Lyons bridge, there was a sharp right turn over the west bank onto a ramp two

Continue 3.2 miles west of Stanwood where U.S.30 turns half right. Take an odometer reading there. Proceed .6 mile to the point where the pavement begins to bend back to the west. Leave it at this point, onto a gravel road that slants to the northwest. It is marked "Old Lincoln Highway" and it crosses the C&NW tracks a couple of



Collection of Abraham Yalom

*This postcard, reproduced from The Lincoln Highway Forum, shows the Lincoln Highway coursing down the still-unpaved main street of Mechanicsville. It was mailed to Jack Coleman, with Company E of the 5th Engineers at Camp Humphreys, Virginia, with the "Transcontinental Truck Train" of 1919. The text: "Received Card this A.M. Sure Was surprised to hear from you so soon for I know you have so many to write to along the Way & I hope you get out of the sand & even the Mountain safe & sound. Park F. Yule, Mechanicsville."*



*The old Lincoln Highway through Mechanicsville, as photographed in 1994. The view is to the east across the Walnut Street intersection, several blocks east of the business district. The houses have been greatly altered since 1919.*

blocks ahead. In two more blocks it slants a little more to the northwest. This is the original Lincoln Highway. It has never been paved but it is fine all-weather gravel road today.

Follow that road for another mile and enter Mechanicsville, where the gravel ends and the pavement begins.

The *Lisbon Herald*, published a few miles to the west, reported that two young men had been arrested on Saturday afternoon, October 25, 1913, for speeding in Mechanicsville. They were nabbed in Lisbon after the Mechanicsville authorities called west to have the high-flying young guys arrested. They were returned to Mechanicsville where they were each fined \$25 and costs. The 1916 *Road Guide* listed the speed limit through town at 10 mph, but added that it was not enforced. Evidently it was in 1913.

Our freckle-faced Alice, traveling in her new Maxwell from New York to San Francisco in 1908, saw storm clouds gathering as she, her two sisters-in-law and a woman friend approached Mechanicsville:

Once more a sudden torrent descended upon us. We made quickly for the first shelter we could find. It proved to be the entrance to a livery stable, the door of which stood invitingly open. As we drove inside, there were several buggies standing around, the horses still hitched to them. To say the animals were astonished to be joined by a horse-less carriage from which came the noise of a pulsating engine is putting it mildly. There were a few hectic moments. We turned off the motor hurriedly and the stable gradually resumed its quieter mood. But the downpour went on and on, and we sat and waited two full hours before we could stir out.

No need for anyone to tell us we could go no farther that day! We didn't even consider the question. Unwrapping our cases from the muddy covering and leaving the auto housed in the stable for the night, we made for the Page Hotel. It was a queer little place, but we were happy to take refuge in it. We ate supper in the City Restaurant with some country lads sitting at a couple of nearby tables. Over in one corner stood an ancient-vintage piano. The sight of four women gave the proprietor the inspiration and courage to ask one of us to play it. I could imagine what its tone would be, but I felt the urge to relieve the tension of the day's driving, so I casually tossed off a couple of light numbers. The lads gathered around and seemed to enjoy the

“something different,” and we went back to the hotel and relaxed by the unexpected levity. It was to be expected that our youthful Hermine would enter into such a situation with fun, but it was always a pleasurable surprise to have my two conservative and almost haughtily reserved sisters-in-law react in similar fashion. But they took all things as they came and, in spite of the vexatious weather, they were beginning to get a certain thrill of adventure in our conquest of the Basin of Mud!

Alice decided to call the Maxwell dealer in Cedar Rapids but couldn't get “central” to understand her. She walked to the telephone office to explain in person that she wanted to make a long-distance call. The connection was made and the dealer sent an escort back to show the way to Cedar Rapids via the “Transcontinental”—the “coast-to-coast highway” that had been proclaimed years earlier but never promoted beyond placing the line on a map. The escort arrived in the morning just as another thunderstorm broke.

“Does it always rain like this in Iowa?” Alice asked a Mechanicsville native.

“Oh yes,” he responded, “at this time of the year. You got right smack into the rainy season.”

Continue straight through Mechanicsville without any turns and leave town on gravel, still on the Lincoln Highway. Continue to parallel the C&NW tracks for 2.1 miles, where the road slants slightly to the left at Delta Avenue. Just .4 mile west of there it turns abruptly to vault the railroad tracks. U.S.30 is on the south side of the railroad—turn right, take an odometer reading and head straight west for nearly three miles. Notice the black scars two feet inside the edge of the concrete? These mark the original limits of the paving.

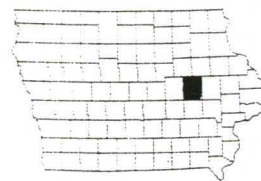
Enter Linn County 2.7 miles from the point where the railroad was crossed and leave the highway there. At that point there is a T in the road—turn right down the shaft of the T onto the old Lincoln Highway, identified as East Main Street.



Iowa Department of Transportation

*The road which attacked the Ramsey party would have looked something like this one. This photograph was taken eleven years after her passage, in 1919.*

## The Lincoln Highway in Benton County



Alice Ramsey and her Maxwell were still plodding doggedly to the west on the path which five years later would be declared the Lincoln Highway. Rain had soaked the roads so that the mud seemed to be bottomless. The enormous car plowed through the mud in low gear and it was too much for the radiator. Shortly west of the Benton County line it began to boil and Alice stopped the car.

It was imperative that water be added. Unfortunately, there was no water aboard. There was plenty in the ditches next to the road, but no bucket to carry it in. One of the passengers suggested that they form a "bucket brigade," dipping a few ounces of the water at a time with their set of cut glass toothbrush holders. It worked, and soon the Maxwell was again plowing ahead through the mud. They had to repeat this procedure three times before finding a place where they could replenish their supply of water and oil.

As they approached a crossroads they noticed a lone woman in a sunbonnet, sitting in a farm wagon. They stopped to talk, and the woman asked if they were the four people who were traveling from New York to San Francisco.

"Yes, we are," we answered in one voice.

"I'm sure glad," she added. "I read about you in the paper and I've come six miles to see you and I've been waiting for a long time. Yes, I'm sure glad I saw you!"

Present U.S.30 runs over the original route past the Tama County line, so stay on that road for the next 9.6 miles. (If this road seems boring, think how much more boring it would be on I-80,

twenty miles to the south.) An enormous old hulk of a building looms up on the right, on the near corner of the intersection where U.S. 218 turns north, away from U.S.30. That is all that is left of the Youngville Station, now boarded up but still open to vandalism.

In its heyday the Youngville Station served fine home-cooked meals and dispensed Skelley gasoline and oil for a generation of Lincoln Highway travelers. The Tudor-style building was home to J. W. Young and his daughter, the widow Elizabeth Wheeler. It was built by Young shortly after the death of his son-in-law in 1921. It is probably the largest 1920s filling station on the Lincoln Highway.



Anne Schoonover Collection

*The Youngville Station in its heyday, probably in the 1940s.*

The structure was in dire straits in 1994, but the Benton County Sesquicentennial Commission

is attempting to raise enough money to restore it, as their contribution to the celebration of the anniversary of the admission of Iowa to the union in 1846. So once again the corner could be dispensing gasoline from antique pumps to Lincoln Highway tourists. Anne Schoonover (5939 15th Avenue., Garrison IA 52229, 1/319/477-6191) is accepting donations.



*Today the Youngville Station is in an advanced state of decay. The building, however, is restorable. The original Lincoln Highway, left, stretches to the west.*

Take an odometer reading at the Youngville Station and proceed another 1.5 miles west to a small bridge spanning Weasel Creek. It was here, in 1908, that Alice Huyler Ramsey got in a peck of trouble.

"[The creek] was now completely out of bounds, swollen by the repeated heavy storms," Alice wrote. She pulled off to the side of the road, pulled on her boots, arranged her bulky clothing and waded in to the swollen creek. "I didn't wade in very far, just far enough to make certain we couldn't go on at the present.

The four women dove into the hamper in search of their evening meal. They needed bread and water, so Hermine walked back to the nearest farmhouse to make a purchase. They dined in a patch of tall grass. By nightfall the water had shown no sign of receding, so they piled back in the Maxwell. Alice leaned back in her seat, put her feet up on the dashboard on either side of the steering wheel and, exhausted by a day of herding the heavy car through the mud, had no trouble finding sleep.

They were awakened before dawn by the baying of a pack of hounds which passed their car without noticing it.

As morning dawned about four, we noticed a decided abatement of the water and could distinguish continuous road ahead, furrowed as it still was with countless rivulets.

With our little Sterno outfit we soon prepared a very simple breakfast and started on our way. The road was awful, of course, but we did pull through it and were glad to be in motion once more.

From Weasel Creek proceed about 9.5 miles farther west, always on the route of all variants of the Lincoln Highway, and turn left on Highway 131. It is necessary to detour south between here and Tama to avoid the "Bohemian Hills," a series of nine ridges that made travel so difficult that it was easier to go ten miles out of the way than confront them. The distance between towns was also a consideration. Without Belle Plaine it would have been a long stretch between towns. Present U.S.30 did not go straight west here until 1936. Drive south for 4.5 miles to a T in the road. Here is a fine example of the Lincoln Highway in the heart of the corn belt—straight and narrow, and with an asphalt shoulder no more than a foot wide and often less. Turn right at the T and drive another 1.5 miles west to Belle Plaine.

There are differing opinions about the entry into Belle Plaine. Some local oldtimers say that the Lincoln Highway left 131 just west of the cemetery on the east edge of town, slanted two blocks to the north, and dropped down to the present highway a block west of the first north-south street. From the looks of that road one could conclude that they are right, but no primary documentation has survived to verify that route.

The town was as excited as any when it was announced that Belle Plaine would be on the Lincoln Highway. In the *Belle Plaine Union* of September 18, 1913, the headlines stacked up like this:

Belle Plaine Will Be On the Lincoln Road  
Transcontinental Highway is Planned  
from New York to Frisco  
Follows Main Traveled Road Thru Iowa  
Will Cost Ten Million Dollars

The story announced that Henry B. Joy had been over the route three times in the past six months, but advised, "Des Moines road boosters, who were desirous of bringing the highway thru the capital city, are somewhat disappointed at the selection of the Transcontinental road for its entire route thru the state."

Another story in the same paper announced that Belle Plaine would soon have twenty blocks of "first class paving."

Enter town on 131, now identified as Thirteenth Street. Belle Plaine probably has more colorful reminders of Lincoln Highway days than any other town of its size along the way, and it certainly ought to change the name of its main street from the inane "Thirteenth Street" to "Lincoln Way."

One of the initial imperatives of the Lincoln Highway Association was to mark the road across the nation with the red, white, and blue logo painted on telegraph poles. The only authoritative guidebooks available were the *Blue Books* published by the Automobile Club of America. Since the LHA had announced in the beginning that the Lincoln Highway would generally follow the route of the old Transcontinental Route, the *Blue Book* editors simply changed the word Transcontinental to Lincoln and kept the same routing. However, the Lincoln Highway did in fact differ significantly from the Transcontinental in many places, so the *Blue Books* were not as accurate as motorists would have liked. In the early days travelers stopped often to ascertain the correct route of the Lincoln Highway.

The two-car caravan of the Louis Round family passed through Belle Plaine on June 23, 1914, heading back to Cleveland. He reported to *The Motorist* magazine, that "The roads so far are beyond my expectation—they are as a general thing well marked. Here and there we are compelled to resort to the blue book but from appearances I would say that within several months—the tourist may depend entirely upon the marked roadway—a great relief I can assure you, saving many inquiries and stops."

Thornton Round remembered Belle Plaine. "This town claimed a great distinction. It had a paved street! but we were not permitted to ride on that street. The police were routing traffic onto another detour, as the street was being repaired."

The March 16, 1915, issue of the Belle Plaine newspaper reported that vast traffic was expected on the Lincoln Highway this year, with many expected to drive to the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. The great fair would celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal, but Lincoln Highway advocates would be well represented at the gathering.

Proceed west into Belle Plaine. The intersec-

tion of Thirteenth and Sixth Avenue is a historic one. On the left is the Lincoln Cafe, identified with a Lincoln Highway-era neon sign. On the right is the Herring Hotel, now an apartment house. It was never very fancy, but after the night on Weasel Creek it looked like the Waldorf Astoria to Alice and her friends:

Before eight we arrived in Belle Plaine where we supplemented our scanty meal with a real breakfast at Herring Cottage. My! that was good! When the family learned we had spent the night beside Weasel Creek—if not quite in it—the man sympathetically proffered a bag of delicious cherries—"to keep the wolf from the door!"

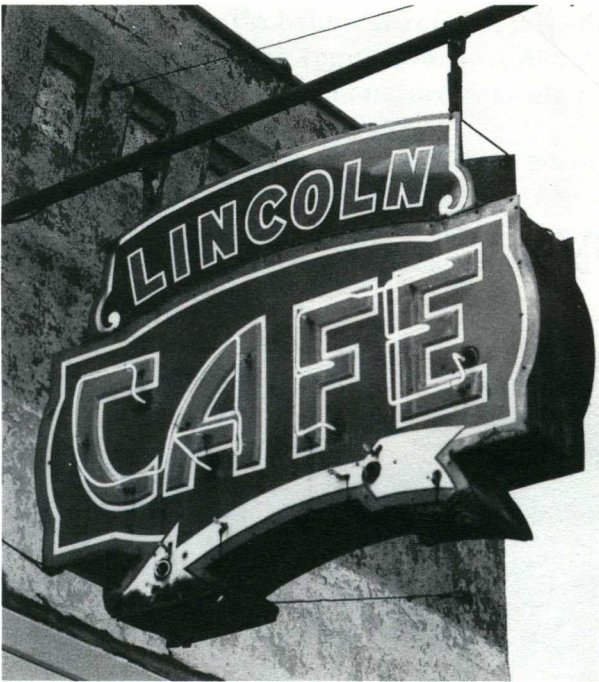
The "Herring Hotel and Garage with Filling Station" advertised in the 1924 *Road Guide*: "Half way between Chicago and Omaha. Most congenial spot on the Highway. Opie Read styled it 'A Bright Spot in the Desert'. Most cordially, Will P. Herring & Son; Jim Herring, Mgr." The younger Herring was the local consul for the LHA, and the hotel was the "control," from which distances to and from the towns are measured.



*The Lincoln Cafe (left) is across the Lincoln Highway from the Herring Hotel (right), now an apartment house.*

The F. L. Sankot Garage is on the south side of the street two doors east of the Lincoln Cafe. It was opened in 1914 and has stayed in the Sankot family ever since. But the real jewel of Belle Plaine is on to the west, on the near side of Fourth Avenue. There on the right is the famous station of George Preston, its wood siding plastered with an amazing concentration of metal signs, many of them dating back to the earliest days of the Lincoln Highway. Preston began collecting those artifacts when he started working in the station at the age of thirteen. Two concrete Lincoln High-

way markers are in his collection.



*The restaurant is identified with a Lincoln Highway-era neon sign.*

On the east side of the station is a garage which houses a treasure trove of antiques, including a 1925 Model T which Preston bought for \$100 for his son Ron. The elder Preston was flown to Los Angeles on March 21, 1990, where he broke up Johnny Carson on the "Tonight Show." He was featured on an interview on National Public Radio with David Isay, plus countless magazine and newspaper stories. His death at 83 warranted headlines in the August 13, 1993, issue of *The Des Moines Register* and many other newspapers in Iowa. Preston's body was interred in the Belle Plaine cemetery, where, in accordance with his wishes, it is marked with a tombstone featuring the logo of the highway he loved so well for so long.

Some Belle Plaine citizens were unaware of what Preston had done for the town, and thought that his death meant that the Fourth Avenue "eyesore," now being watched over by Preston's widow, Blanche, and their son, Ron, could be removed. The funeral brought hundreds to Belle Plaine from all over Iowa, and since then thousands have visited the now-famous station. Busloads of delegates to the 1994 convention of the Lincoln Highway Association, held in Ames in August, stopped

to admire the station and dine in the Lincoln Cafe. Talk about removing the station and artifacts near it has died down in Belle Plaine, but a viable preservation plan has yet to be proposed.

Continue to the west a block. On the right is the Belle Plaine Welcome Center, where the Maid-Rite Cafe has been reconstructed. In 1994 it was moved here from the east edge of town.

Maid-Rites are sandwiches which are famous in this part of the Midwest. Essentially, they are disembodied hamburgers, but a special recipe gives them a unique flavor. They are served in a



© Drake Hokanson

*George Preston and his famous station were photographed in 1983 by Drake Hokanson. This photograph appeared in his book, *The Lincoln Highway*; Main Street across America, published in 1988 by the University of Iowa Press.*

coated wrapper which catches the hamburger crumbs as they fly away while the sandwich is being gnawed. They are invariably served with a spoon so that patrons can continue eating after the bun has disappeared.

The original Lincoln Highway turned north on Eighth Avenue, at the Herring Hotel, and proceeded several blocks to 19th Street. It turned left there for a block to Seventh Avenue, then turned north again for two more blocks to 21st Street. The first Preston filling station stood on the southwest corner of that intersection.

Take an odometer reading at the present Preston station, proceed to the northwest less than a mile to 21st Street and turn left there. The road is marked E66. That is the east boundary of Tama County.

Viscomotor Oil. Before turning right look to the left—a concrete Lincoln Highway marker is on the near corner. Probably broken off, it is about two feet shorter than regulation. It is mounted incorrectly, with the directional arrow facing away from traffic.

Immediately upon turning right there is a magnificent old concrete bridge over the Lincoln Highway. The railing is topped with four ornamental lights which obviously date back to Lincoln Highway days.



*The old Lincoln Highway bridge over Otter Creek still stands, just north of Chelsea's business district.*

Unfortunately, Otter Creek, which is spanned by the bridge, floods so often that there is serious talk about abandoning the town. An even worse contributing factor is the Iowa River, a short distance south of town. That hasn't done the population situation much good. At the time of the 1924 *Road Guide* Chelsea was shown with 600 inhabitants. The 1980 census put it at less than 400. The town maintained a free campground on the Iowa River for Lincoln Highway travelers.

It is somewhere along here that we hear from Alice Ramsey again:

All of the moisture of the past few days had taken its toll on the ignition system; before long there was a skip in the motor. In a four-cylinder engine there's not much doubt about such a fact! Climbing down, I discovered the offending spark plug by the simple trick of holding a hammer head against each one and shorting it against the water jacket of the cylinders. [When the engine balked even more, Alice knew that the offending plug was not that one.] Plugs were manufactured then so they could be taken apart, cleaned with fine sandpaper or emery cloth and reassembled,

which I did on the spot. It was a dirty job but didn't involve too much time. The girls were interested in watching the process, so the time passed rapidly and we were soon on our way again. I could only wipe off the grime with a rag—no chance for a real clean-up until later. What would I not have given for the facilities of a modern filling station after such a business!

Proceed north for .4 mile and turn half-left to rejoin E66, still headed northwest. Arrive at U.S.30 4.3 miles ahead and turn half-left. The Bohemian Hills have now been bypassed. Cross over Otter Creek .7 mile ahead.

The *Mount Vernon Hawk-Eye* edition of January 27, 1916, reported that Tama County had agreed to put up the money necessary to pave a half-mile of the Lincoln Highway east of Gladstone on Otter Creek, provided the LHA donated the necessary cement. Obviously, this would be another seedling mile. The editor felt that the Tama Commercial Club could raise the money for another half-mile nearer Tama, giving that county a full mile of paved road. Nothing seems to have come of it.

On July 20, 1919, a Cedar Rapids newspaper reported that newspapers in Des Moines were spreading the word that failure at the polls of road issues in some Lincoln Highway counties, including Tama, has endangered the routing of the highway through those counties. But, reported the newspaper, that isn't true and furthermore, Tama County officials had arranged to get federal money to drain and grade the road across the county, meaning it would be ready for pavement within two years.

Stay on U.S.30 for another 4.4 miles, approaching Tama. On the right is the King Tower cafe. The King Tower was built in 1937 by Wesley Mansfield, who promoted it as one of the most modern twenty-four-hour truck stops in the Midwest. It consisted of a two-story restaurant building with an adjacent service garage, a filling station office, and a cabin camp in back. The cafe actually was air-conditioned. There was a flashing sign on a tower atop the station.

Both the filling station and garage were torn down several years ago, but the present restaurant manager, Joe Shaddy, wants to buy the place and reconstruct both buildings. A spectacular Indian-head neon sign was erected in 1950.

Once again the highway planners want us to bypass a historic community, so once again, just



down several times. Harrison said he was going no faster than 15 mph.

Sure, Bob.

Proceed west on Fifth Street to the heart of town and turn right at a stop sign onto Siegel Street. (Siegel is two blocks past U.S.63.) A turn to the left on Siegel would take one to the C&NW tracks two short blocks to the south. On the west wall of the building on the right, just north of the tracks is a mural featuring the famous Tama bridge. From Fifth Street drive four blocks (.2 mile) north on Siegel to a T—turn left there on Ninth Street. About a block and one-half west turn right on Harding Street. Tama has a twin city just to the north called Toledo, and this street was once Toledo Street. About the same size as Tama, Toledo is on U.S.30; but Tama is on the Lincoln Highway. So proceed north only four blocks (.3 mile) and turn left at a stop sign onto 13th Street. Take an odometer reading.



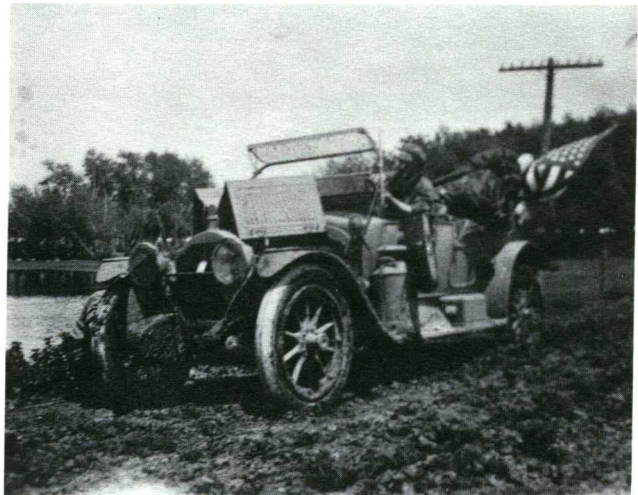
National Archives

*This photograph depicts the army truck caravan lumbering through a small town—the caption identifies it as Tama.*

At 1.6 miles west, pass over the C&NW railroad tracks. Travelers are now in the Mesquakie (formerly Tama) Indian Reservation. Alice Ramsey and her friends marveled at the Indians here: "None of us had ever seen so many Indians before and we were thrilled by the new experience." (This was only nineteen years after the disaster at Wounded Knee, marking the end of the Indian Wars.)

From here to the west across the Iowa River bottoms the Lincoln Highway is now on a massive fill, lifting it from the muck below. Cross the bridge over the Iowa River, 2.3 miles from Tama, and take another odometer reading.

The area below is now a wetland which attracts an abundance of waterfowl. Henry Joy saw it before the highway was raised and didn't like it at all. His Twin Six had to have the engine cowls lifted to cool the massive twelve-cylinder engine as it churned the car through the mud.



Special Collections, University of Michigan Library

*Henry D. Joy plows his mud-caked Packard Twin Six through the bottoms east of Montour in 1915.*

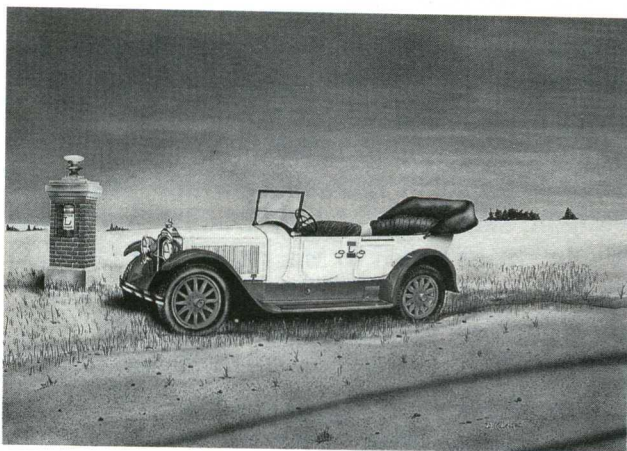
There is a hill and a slight curve to the right exactly 2.6 miles west of the Iowa River bridge. It was on this hill, on June 8, 1920, that Henry C. Ostermann died.

Ostermann, the urbane, very popular field secretary of the Lincoln Highway Association, had taken a bride seven months earlier. The couple had attended a dinner party at the home of the Iowa state consul in Tama that evening. His wife, feeling ill, elected to stay with friends that night while he drove ahead to Marshalltown to confer with the consul there. Mrs. Ostermann would follow on the train the next day.

He settled into the white 1918 Packard Twin Six touring car and headed out on the road he knew so well. Driving the purring, immaculate white phaeton west, he headed toward Moutour at what is believed to be a high rate of speed—one account says in excess of 50 mph. A Model T Ford was laboring up this hill and Ostermann pulled over to pass. The tires of the Packard slipped on the wet grass on the left shoulder and the great car pulled to the left, turned over twice and landed on its wheels. Ostermann's head was crushed to an unrecognizable pulp against the steering wheel. He died instantly. He was forty-three years old.



The Lincoln Highway; Dodd-Mead  
Henry C. Ostermann



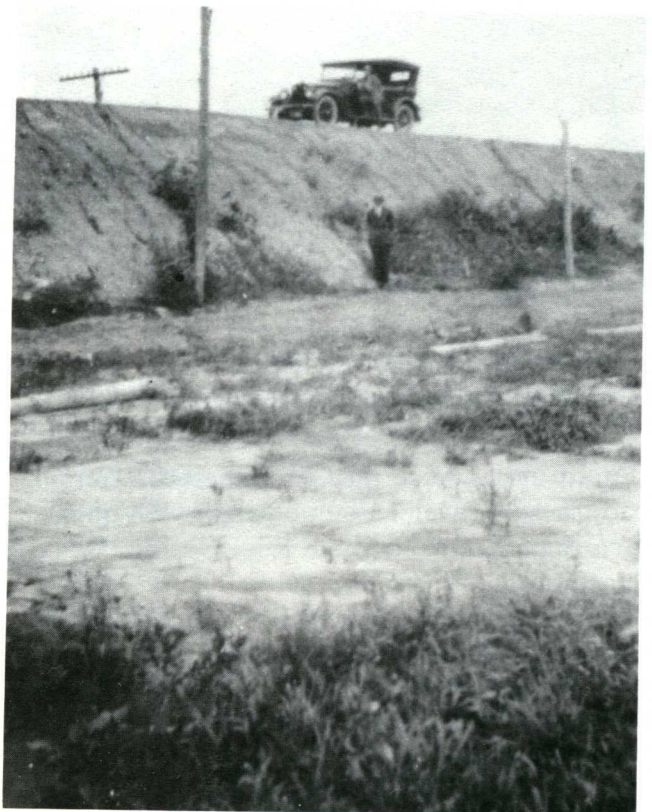
"Betsy," the 1918 Packard Twin-Six that killed Ostermann, is shown beside the type of marker used to identify the Lincoln Highway in Ohio. This painting, by Denis K. Lange, was commissioned by the Buckeye Chapter of the Lincoln Highway Association. The 12" x 18" full-color lithographs are for sale for \$10 each, plus \$3 shipping for up to five prints. Postcard reproductions are also available for \$1 each, plus 30c shipping for up to seven cards. The chapter is at 415 Buena Vista Ave., Ashland OH 44805-3833.

Proceed 1.3 miles toward Montour. On the right is a set of Burma-Shave signs: "Dim Your Lights / Behind A Car / Let Folks See / How Bright / You Are / Burma- Shave."

The last sign is at the Montour city limits. Enter town on Lincoln Street. A later route of the Lincoln Highway continued straight through town on Highway E49 and proceeded 3.5 miles west, or one mile past the Marshall County line. (A construction marker is at the county line.)

However, these directions will guide the traveler over the earlier route. In Montour, turn right in the west part of town on South Main Street and drive north. Cross the C&NW tracks a block ahead and continue north about .2 mile to the point where the road veers to the left. It is identified as Lincoln Street also. Follow it to the northwest and notice the height of the fill.

The road twists around and reaches U.S. 30 two miles west of Montour and two miles east of Le Grand. Turn left and stay on U.S. 30 through Le Grand, crossing into Marshall County on the east edge of town.



Special Collections, University of Michigan Library  
The new fill on the grade west of Montour dwarfs the man standing at its base in this 1922 photograph.