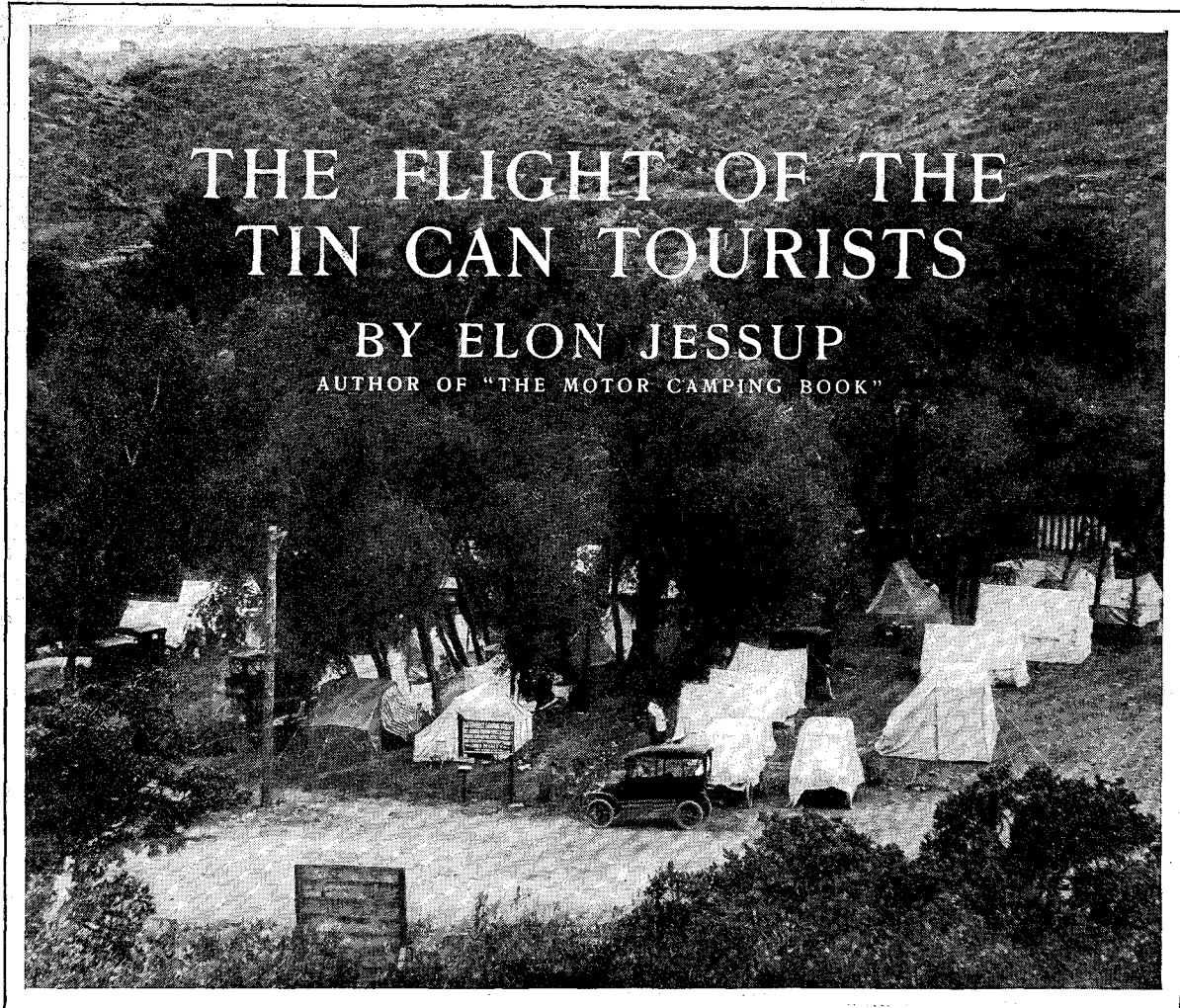


top of Lafayette. The trail starts at Lost River and leads over the whole range of the Franconia Notch to the Profile House.

The Trail Conference has outlined a

big programme. Their great aim is a through trail—a trunk line that will connect the Inter-State Palisades Park and the Highlands of the Hudson with trails in the Berkshires and western

Massachusetts, and these with the long trail in Vermont and the trails of the Dartmouth Outing Club to the White Mountains, and thence by new trails into Maine.



"THIS LIVING OUTDOORS TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, SEEING WITH YOUR OWN EYES ALL THE WONDERFUL THINGS THE GEOGRAPHY BOOKS TELL ABOUT, CERTAINLY IS THE LIFE"

**A** LONG toward the end of May preparations for the great American migration have started. By the first of July the flight is well under way. In all the world there is not another migration like this. To all points of the compass and back again fly great black chugging birds on wheels, crisscrossing, intersecting, swooping into deep valleys, ascending high mountains. With some the flight lasts only a few days, others soar all summer. More than a few glide on to the South as cold weather approaches.

These birds, it may be needless to remark, are motor cars. According to recent records there are some nine million members of this gasoline tribe running around loose in these varied United States of ours. At the wheel of a surprisingly large percentage of this nine million sits a sunny-faced, weather-tanned individual togged in khaki trousers, flannel shirt, and a don't care old felt hat tilted at a careless rakish angle. One receives the general impression that it does not make a great deal

of difference to the person under the hat whether school keeps or not.

This unconcerned person is not alone. He never is. From the depths of the tonneau pipes a shrill, childish voice:

"Oh, daddy. Look-et!"

The particular object which daddy is called upon to look-et is of no special consequence. The fact of his being where and as he is, however, is a matter of utmost importance. In fact, from a recreative and educational standpoint one might even call it in some respects the biggest event of a decade. Daddy, be it known, is a motor camper, sometimes genially referred to as a "tin can tourist." Mommer and the whole canned family, are with him. They always are.

Back in Ioway, Nebraska, or N' Yawk, crestfallen, lonesome Towser, between meals hospitably supplied by the next-door neighbor, snoops aimlessly around a locked-up, dark, deserted home, wagging his tail hopefully and wondering when his truant family will have done with this confounded camping nuisance and come home.

Towser's family, 'way out in California, Idaho, Wisconsin, or Maine, have no present intention of coming home. They are having too good a time. This living outdoors twenty-four hours a day and seeing with your own eyes all the wonderful things the geography books tell about certainly is the life. So much better than being cooped up in a boarding-house all summer long on the edge of a silly old lake. Besides, it's nice to have daddy along. He's great fun when you get to know him. Always before he's gone off on fishing trips with somebody else. Yes, indeed, this is the first time the family's been all together on a vacation. They don't know just where they are going, but they're on their way.

Who is daddy? Last summer I sprawled and smoked before his campfire a dozen and more times in as many varied localities. I met him in New York, Maine, British Columbia, Idaho, Washington; had I traveled far enough I would have met him in every State and province of the United States and



Canada. His name is legion. Once, I recall, he was a wealthy merchant from Kansas City, again he was a farmer from the Canadian prairies, then he became a small restaurant owner from Chicago, and again a Philadelphia lawyer. In brief, allow me to refer you to the classified telephone directory. The list of occupations given in that somewhat bulky volume is long and varied, but I would be willing to wager there is not one but has its representative among the tin can tourists.

There is an increasing amount of motor camping in the East, but to view this new manner of touring in all its democratic, care-free glory, you would do well to go west of the Mississippi River. Anywhere between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean and from the Mexican border to as far north in Canada as there are roads will do very nicely. A fair-sized slice of territory to be sure, but drop down beside most any main-traveled highway within its borders and the chances are that it will not be so very many minutes before daddy, mommer, and the youngsters whiz by in a car bulging with tents, beds, cook kits, and similar outdoor goods.

The hotels in the region which I have mentioned still keep their signs up, and I have seen people with traveling-bags hanging around the lobbies. It is comforting to know that hotel-keeping in the West has not become a lost art. But it is safe to say that if hotel men depended solely upon motor tourists for their living they would quickly and surely starve to death. In common parlance of the day, the motor tourists carry their own. The unanimous manner in which Western motorists sidestep the hotels is positively cruel. I have been told that the constant repetition of good round dollars flashing past hotel portals with nary a one rolling in has not improved the dispositions of the hotel owners.

Contrary to popular opinion, perhaps,



"THE MOTOR TOURISTS CARRY THEIR OWN"

I might state that the average American does not care to blow his money. He is



"BESIDES, IT'S NICE TO HAVE DADDY ALONG. HE'S GREAT FUN WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW HIM"

perfectly willing to spend, but he wants in return value received. That, in great part, accounts for the fact that up to

within the last two or three years there was a comparatively small amount of motor touring. I mean in comparison with to-day. Touring then was done in terms of hotels. It was too expensive. The present-day gasoline tent dweller is not only enjoying an infinitely better time, but he is having it at a fraction of the cost.

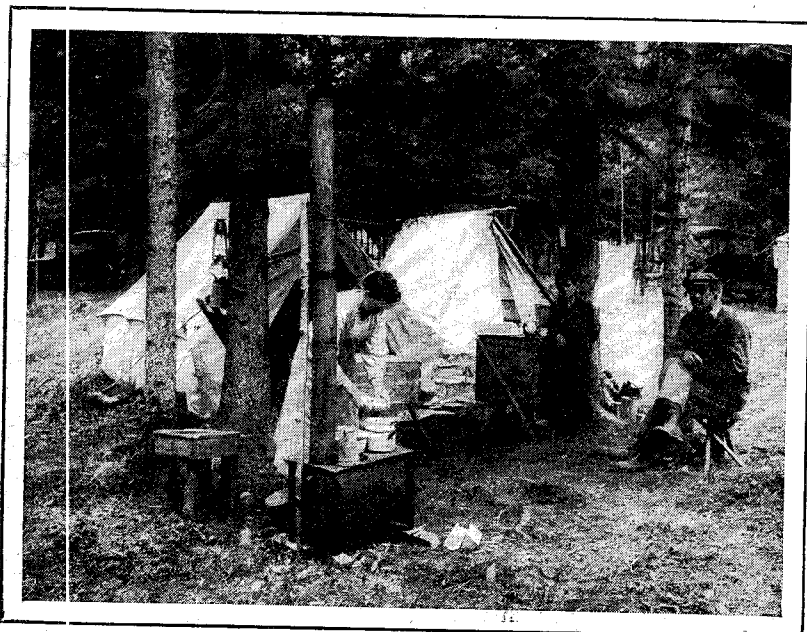
Almost every motor camper keeps an expense account. On the slightest provocation he will exhibit it, and this with gloating pride. I have been assured many times that the total expenses of an all-summer trip are no greater than living at home. Such a statement may be subject to slight variations, but I think in the main that it is true. Certainly a goodly proportion of the army of motor campers now touring the length and breadth of the land are people who but for this inexpensive form of traveling would not be able to go at all.

I recall meeting in Idaho a small-town grocer and his family from the Middle West. They were about to start home after an extended tour of the National Parks. Five interested faces of youngsters ranging from four years to sixteen regarded us silently as we talked. The father gave a satisfied chuckle and remarked:

"Just give a good look at that row of hungry mouths. If we'd stopped at hotels my bank roll would have lasted about three days."

We hear much about the democracy of certain American outdoor games. Yet you and I sit snugly in the grandstand at a baseball game and watch the other fellow play out the nine innings. To my mind the only democratic sport is one in which everybody plays the game. And I hereby elect motor camping the most democratic sport in America. Please remember about daddy, mommer, and the youngsters. They are playing the game. When you get in among the roots of American family life, you have something real.

From about any standpoint you view this new sport of motor camping you find a spirit of real democracy. Drop into most any Western town or National



"THEY DON'T KNOW JUST WHERE THEY ARE GOING, BUT THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY"





"DENVER HAS GONE SO FAR AS TO BUY THE GROUNDS OF AN OLD RACE TRACK.  
... PIPES HAVE BEEN EXTENDED FROM THE CITY WATER MAINS"

Park if you would see this spirit in perhaps its most concrete form. Practically all towns of any size west of the Mississippi, and Uncle Sam with his National Parks and Forests, have a pleasant little custom of holding open house for the unending stream of motor campers.

The "public motor camping grounds" has become an established institution in these Western towns. It is as unailing as the post office and public library. I have heard one of these camping grounds described as a collection of tents surrounded by the week's washing. Very often it is located in a city park, and here the motorist sets up his tent and makes himself at home. Here you will find a forty-horse-power five-thousand-dollar car rubbing shoulders with a twenty-horse-power flivver. Just what the stations in life of the respective owners may be neither inquires nor does either seem to care. The respective families are guided accordingly. They meet, play, exchange touring experiences by the common camp fire for a day or two and then pass on in opposite directions.

In all camping grounds of this sort the city supplies conveniences of various kinds. For example, the Los Angeles camp has electric lights, hot and cold shower baths, laundry tubs, gas stoves,

and wood fireplaces. Santa Barbara, not to be outdone by her rival, hangs out a sign, "Cleanliness is Our Joy and Pride," and overtops Los Angeles's efforts by adding such varied items as waffle-irons, electric washing-machines, curling-irons, and nail files. Fully fifty other towns in southern California alone have camping grounds, although these as a rule are a trifle more inclined toward the simple life than is Santa Barbara.

Seattle maintains a pleasantly located camp on the shore of Green Lake, with plenty of bathing and boating close at hand. Dozens of other Western cities offer similar attractions. Denver has gone so far as to buy the grounds of an old race track and turn these over to the motor campers. This comprises a one-hundred-and-sixty-acre tract, and about eighty acres of it are in fine groves. The camping area is divided into eight hundred camp lots. Pipes have been extended from the city water mains so that no camper is more than one hundred and fifty feet from a hydrant.

Colorado Springs, in addition to its tent settlement, maintains a "cottage city." There are fifty-six small cottages with one and two rooms and kitchenette. And so it goes. Most any town in the West, and more recently a number of

cities in Florida, hangs out a welcome sign for the motor camper. Some of these campers keep steadily on the go and play only one-night stands in each town. Others strike a place they like and remain for a week or more. A city like Denver, for example, offers exceptional opportunities for day-long side-trips. The motor camper sets up his tent household in the camping grounds for perhaps a week, but sees it only in the early morning and at night. During the daytime the family is whizzing through the surrounding mountain country.

These various city camping grounds are the most economical proposition the tourist has ever run up against. In some few instances there is a nominal charge of twenty-five or fifty cents a day for each car, but, as a rule, camping privileges and all the accommodations that go with them do not cost the motorist a red cent. Naturally, this costs the city money, but in view of the fact that the motorist is likely to buy a gallon of gasoline, a pound of sugar, and one or two other small trinkets during his stay, the institution from the city's standpoint may be put down as a good investment. Besides, maybe the camper, after he gets back home, will say some nice things about the city and its surroundings. The devious methods of modern advertising is a fascinating subject.

The number of campers one finds taking advantage of this city hospitality varies with different sections. Proximity to main-traveled highways usually shoots up the average. Fairly typical figures for the small city of fifteen or twenty thousand people might be those of Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, for the month of August, 1920. During the month there were a total of 1,382 people encamped in the public camping grounds.



"THESE VARIOUS CITY CAMPING GROUNDS ARE THE MOST ECONOMICAL PROPOSITION THE TOURIST HAS EVER RUN UP AGAINST"

They traveled in 439 cars, and among these were represented 36 different makes. The passengers came from practically every State in the Union. In dozens of other small cities the same performance was being repeated all summer long.

In a number of the larger cities, on the other hand, the attendance mounts up so fast that after a while the census takers seem to get tired of keeping track of it. Denver, for example, is unable to give exact figures, but a rough estimate of the number of tourists camped in the city camping grounds during the months of June, July, and August is given as twenty thousand.

National Park records tend to prove that such a figure is no exaggeration. Last summer, if you please, there were some 35,000 motorists camped out in the Yellowstone National Park. It happens that the Yellowstone has fairly spacious hotel accommodations. Old Faithful Inn, together with its permanent camp, has a capacity for more than eight hundred guests. Yet for week after week

there were more motorists camped out in the Park under their own quickly erected tents than there were people in the inn and permanent camp combined.

The Government has been busy installing throughout many of the National Parks and Forests much the same sort of motor camping accommodations



"THE MOTOR CAMPERS' TRAIL . . .  
LEADS TO BETTER CITIZENSHIP, GOOD  
CHEER, HEALTH, AND HAPPINESS"

that are to be found in the Western cities. In the Yellowstone there are at present ten of these with stone fireplaces, garbage-disposal pits, piped water where necessary, and similar conveniences. Forty more are planned. Horace Albright, Yellowstone Park Superintendent, says that last summer in Upper Geyser Basin, near Old Faithful Geyser, a single camp ground of this sort was occupied each night for weeks by from eight to twelve hundred people. This general situation applies in large measure to other National Parks. The Yosemite, for example, was visited by 25,000 campers.

Is it necessary for me to perorate upon the recreational and educational value to America of such a wholly fortunate situation? I hardly think so. The thing is too obvious. I only urge you to hit the motor campers' trail. Whether it leads north, south, east, or west does not matter greatly. Whatever the direction may be, it leads to better citizenship, good cheer, health, and happiness.

## SET YOUR VACATION BY THE MOON SOMETHING FOR CITY DWELLERS TO THINK ON

BY H. A. HARING

**I**N selecting the time of your summer outing for 1921 why not put the light of the moon into the middle of it?

In the city we have street lights. They supply illumination. They displace the need of moonlight. The ordinary vacation is spent away from the city. If the moon happens to be in its dark phase, every evening of the fortnight will be lost in darkness.

Our grandfathers regulated their planting and much of their social life by the phases of the moon, a custom which appears to us wholly irrational. Their method of timing important events was not entirely due to their belief in signs. We often charge them with superstition, and when we do so we are accusing them thoughtlessly, for we fail to appreciate the artificial circumstances of our own living. They lived much in the open; we, little. Small wonder, then, that we have ceased to regulate life's actions by references to lunar cycles.

So firmly established is our habit of thought that we do not even consult the moon in fixing our outings, the one period of the year wherein moonlight becomes of consequence to us. If a vacation has fallen into the light of the moon, the most pleasant recollections of the summer are quite likely to relate to moonlight. How often does one return from a vacation resolved that before the next outing rolls around he will read enough astronomy to know something of the stars and the moon! This is merely because the vacation transported a city person to the country, to lake, or to

mountain, where the roofs and smoke of the city are lacking. Each night out in the open has revealed the beauty of the heavens, there to be viewed with surprising clearness.

To plan a vacation with reference to the full moon is a simple means to double the delights of the outing. The surprising thing is each year that apparently so few people even take the moon into consideration in their planning. If chance has brought the fortnight happily into conjunction with the moon, delight is unbounded. But why not deliberately bring the two together? It can be done merely by consulting the calendar.

For about three nights immediately preceding the time of the full moon and for about two nights following, the moon is so nearly rounded out that an observer must be experienced to distinguish just which is the night of the full moon. Thus there are each month five or six evenings when it is possible to enjoy what is, practically, a full moon. For almost a week before this full phase is reached the first quarter grows lighter with each evening. It gives sufficient light to enjoy mere gazing at the sky, and for doing the usual moonlight things of the outdoor world.

For the year 1921 the moon's phases during the vacation season are here given:

	New Moon	First Quarter	Full Moon
June .....	6	12	20
July .....	5	11	19
August .....	3	10	18
September .....	1	8	17
October .....	1	8	16

A two-weeks' vacation beginning about half way between the new moon and the first quarter is ideal. The moonlight will be enough to be out of doors from the first night of such a vacation without requiring artificial light. At the latter half of the fortnight the moon will still be rising early enough, although past the full moon, to give enjoyment before bedtime. The entire two weeks will thus occur in the light of the moon.

It is well to remember that the full moon is not the only phase in which it is beautiful. There is a peculiar charm and dreaminess to be found in the crescent of the new moon, with a large star conveniently near in the heavens. For the first two nights, sometimes for three, of the new moon, a faint circle of light can be detected, outlining the whole of the moon's surface, although its face is wreathed in darkness. This filmy suggestion of hidden mystery is the result of the sun's light falling on the surface of the earth and then being reflected from us out upon the moon.

The surface of the earth is more than ten times as great as that of the moon. Consequently this reflected light of the sun shining on us and then turned back to the moon is ten times brighter than our moonlight. When the moon is "new," so little moonlight reaches us, due to the small extent of the moon's surface exposed to the sun (as seen by us), that this excess of the light reflected from the earth becomes visible on the moon. After the first two or three nights of the new moon have passed, the increased volume of moon-