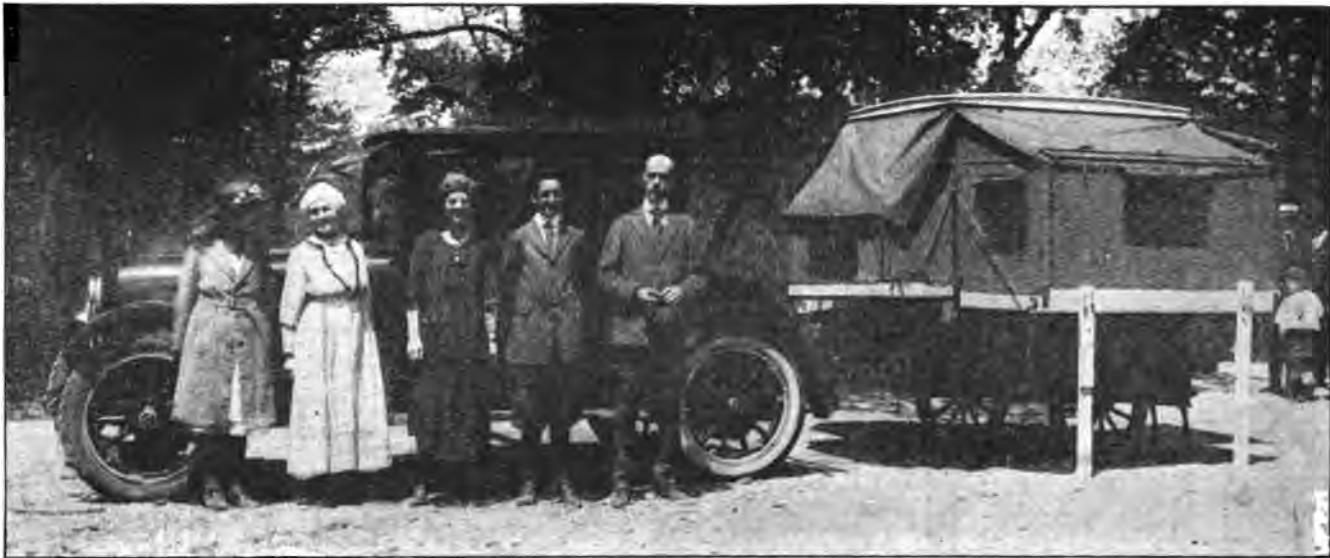


PERSONAL - GLIMPSSES



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ONE OF THE NEW-FASHIONED "PRAIRIE-SCHOONERS" AND SOME "PIONEERS."

One hundred and twenty-eight of these cars, each the same model of the same make and with the same sort of trailer attached, are carrying a group of homesteaders from Brooklyn to Idaho. These new pioneers will enjoy comforts their precursors never dreamed of. Their rate of progress will average twelve miles an hour as against twelve miles a day made by the ox-drawn wagons of a past generation.

A NEW "PRAIRIE-SCHOONER" CARAVAN GOES WEST

A FOOT ON THE SELF-STARTER, a chug-chugging of automobile engines warming up, a turn of the wheel, and a new group of homesteaders depart to carve out new lives and fortunes in the Far West. They are generally known as "Scott's Modern Caravan." Their long line of cars with trailers—all of one make and not the cheapest make, either—will carry one hundred and thirty families from Brooklyn across the country to form a farming community in Idaho. The prairie-schooner of other days, and the hardy pioneers who opened up the West, reach a sort of edition de luxe in this caravan of automobiles. "They are expected by the Governor," as the *New York World* remarks; "the Idaho Agricultural College will provide experts to aid them in getting settled; and an officer of the State Department of Highways leads the expedition." Scarcely a generation from the days of the old pioneers is the departure of the "first band of modern pioneers," comments *Motor Life* (New York), and thus proceeds to tell about them and their prospects:

They are not a band of religious fanatics or a colony of free-love advocates, but a group of good, substantial American citizens, tired of the strain and the noise of city life, who are eager to begin anew on the land.

To be sure, since the advent of the railroad, thousands upon thousands of colonists have gone West in tourist sleepers and have settled the land, but Scott's Modern Caravan is the first migration in automobiles to be undertaken by a large number of people at one time for the purposes of colonization. It will be conducted under the supervision of the American Automobile Association, which will cooperate with Mr. Scott in every way possible.

Instead of the rather uncomfortable, and at times untrustworthy, prairie-schooners or Conestoga wagons, these 1921 pioneers will ride in the latest model touring-car, equipped with a camp bungalow trailer really luxuriously fitted with electricity, beds and mattresses, gasoline-burning cook-stoves, and every modern convenience. Instead of the never-ending cutting and hacking through unbroken forest land so that ox-team and prairie-schooner might pass, the Scott Caravan will have a variety of routes and passable roads from which to choose. The worst hardships to be endured will be a chance flat tire or a too

muddy road where the car may have to be hauled out. In place of the laborious twelve miles a day, the maximum speed of the ox-drawn cart, a sensible, steady twelve-miles-an-hour pace will soon bring the caravan to its destination. Starvation was the Grim Spectre which haunted the pioneer everywhere, but these modern pioneers, whose route will take them through the great food belt of the country, will more likely be oversupplied than in want of food. Instead of hunting for suitable camping spots, with the attendant search for water and the terror of wild beasts and marauding Indians, there is hardly a community through which the Scott Caravan will pass which does not boast of a modernly equipped and policed automobile camp site, where water, electric lights, wash-tubs, gas-stoves, and every possible comfort, to say nothing of a hearty welcome, is provided for the itinerant motorist.

Tired of the strenuous life of the Big City and its attendant worries, William D. Scott, a successful business man, of Brooklyn, N. Y., together with a friend, decided to dispose of their holdings and, with their families, start by automobile for some Far Western State, where they planned purchasing adjoining ranches and so settle down to a quiet life of peace and plenty. Both of these men are ardent motor tourists, having spent many summers in touring the country, and the idea of this extended trip grew from their experiences. Several more friends heard of their contemplated venture and begged to be allowed to join the party. From their persistent demands, in Mr. Scott's mind grew the larger idea of starting a colony of persons who, like himself, wanted to shake the dust of the city from their feet and get back again to the land.

Mr. Scott then wrote to a number of commercial organizations and city and State officials throughout the West. The reply which most interested him was from Gov. D. W. Davis, of Idaho, who told him of a newly irrigated portion of southern Idaho which was then available for settlers. After visiting the land, which is near the Nevada line, in the Snake River Valley, Mr. Scott decided this was the El Dorado he was seeking. Its fine location at an altitude of 2,500 feet, the brilliant-hued cañons, the trout-filled streams near by, its easy accessibility to good-sized towns, all made their appeal. It was the ideal spot for an ideal community. He took an option on 5,120 acres at \$125 an acre, including permanent water rights, and this parcel he divided into 128 forty-acre tracts. Then he returned to Brooklyn and began to organize his caravan.

"Since the project became known to the public," said Mr. Scott, "I have been overwhelmed with applications from would-be