

LINCOLN HIGHWAY ASSOCIATION
CALIFORNIA CHAPTER

NEWSLETTER

**THE
TRAVELER**



EDITOR; Gary Kinst
PUBLISHED QUARTERLY ON THE FIRST OF
JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

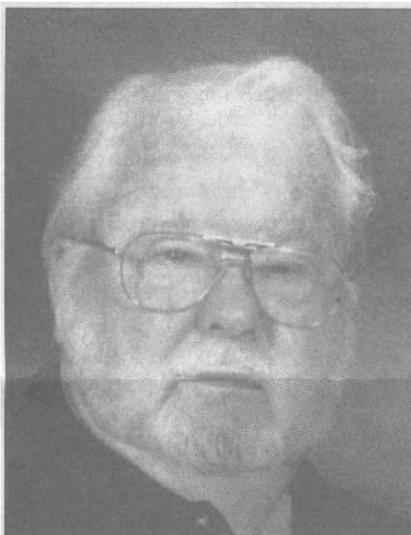


Vol. 6 No. 2

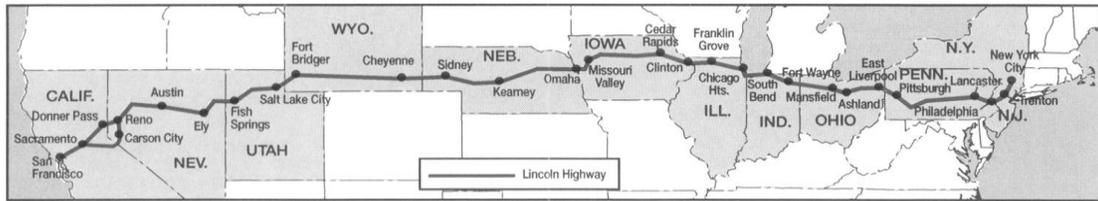
SPRING

APRIL 2005

This issue of the TRAVELER is dedicated to the memory of Mr. Wesley Hammond. It is my hope that I can carry on the tradition set forth by Mr. Hammond, and continue to provide an interesting newsletter, filled with current news and Lincoln Highway history. The "TRAVELER" has become something that members look forward to receiving quarterly and it makes the trip to the mail box a special occasion. I also encourage members to write or e-mail with questions about topics they would like to see in their newsletter. Please feel free to submit articles that you are interested in that would prove interesting to fellow members. Old photos are especially welcome to provide a glimpse into the past, and as a visual comparison to the current condition of the highway.



Wesley Hammond
Born February 12, 1926 Auburn, CA.
Spent childhood in Irvington, CA.
Married with seven children and seven grandchildren
Photographer, Historian and Free Lance Writer
Member Lincoln Highway Association since 1999
Editor of "THE TRAVELER"
Passed from this life July 14, 2003



A CONTINUOUS CONNECTING IMPROVED HIGHWAY FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC

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March 19, 2005

California Chapter Lincoln Highway Association Members:

The Traveler

First, a great big round of applause and a whole lot of thanks to Gary Kinst who volunteered to tackle our chapter newsletter, the *Traveler*. Publication of the *Traveler* has been an on-again, off-again project since the passing of Wes Hammond. His efforts have been hard to follow. However, as you can see, Gary has done a terrific job. Publishing the *Traveler* is no easy task. It not only involves writing and editing the articles, but there is also the copying, stapling, folding, sealing, addressing, and stamping which can take most of a weekend. Thank you, Gary!!!

Chapter Meeting April 16, 2005

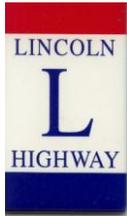
Paul Gilger has set up our next chapter meeting at the Rockville Inn. This inn is in Rockville on the old Lincoln Highway at the intersection of Rockville Road and Suisun Valley Road. If you exit I-80 at Cordelia Junction, Rockville is only about 1.5 miles northeast on Suisun Valley Road. Or, if you exit I-80 in Fairfield, Rockville is about three miles west on Rockville Road which is the Lincoln Highway. Lunch will be at noon and we will order from a limited menu. The meeting will start at approximately 1:00 p.m. George Clark has volunteered to present a discussion on the various highways, such as the Victory and Midland, that existed at the same time as the Lincoln, and the importance of each.

Gold Creek (Orangevale Avenue) Bridge Update

Last fall I was informed by the Folsom Heritage Preservation League that the City of Folsom was planning to remove this bridge on the Lincoln Highway (Orangevale Avenue just west of its intersection with Greenback Lane) and replace it with a wider structure. The city was going to make a Negative Declaration and approve this project without the preparation of an Environmental Impact Report. After learning of the Lincoln Highway Association's interest, they decided instead to prepare an EIR. Even though promised, I was never invited to participate in the preparation of the draft report, and was not informed of its publication until well after the fact.

Thanks to LHA members across the country, the staff was flooded with comments at the last minute, and the City Planning Commission decided to not make a recommendation to the City Council. The City Council was to meet near the end of January to approve this project, but the staff has been overwhelmed responding to all the comments and incorporating them into a Final Environmental Report. The earliest the City Council will meet on this project is near the end of April.

During this time, Lloyd Johnson and Norm Root prepared an excellent letter, which was signed by the President of the Folsom Heritage Preservation League and myself, requesting the California Department of Transportation to reevaluate this bridge for eligibility for listing in the National Register of Historic Places. Just this morning I received their concurrence that the bridge is eligible "as an early and distinctive example of an open spandrel, concrete arch bridge and as the oldest unaltered roadway bridge in Sacramento County." Under the National Environmental Protection Act, being eligible for listing is the same as being on the list and places the same requirements on the City of Folsom. Now they will have to start all over and comply with the federal standards required for structures in the National Register of Historic Places. We will have to wait and see if they are willing to pursue this any further. If anyone has any questions, don't hesitate to call or write. I'll provide more details at our chapter meeting.



THE "COAST TO COAST" LINCOLN HIGHWAY



A CONTINUOUS CONNECTING IMPROVED HIGHWAY FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC

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January 26, 2005

The California Chapter of the Lincoln Highway Association has instructed me to let you know that we feel the draft study that was circulated last July was one of the best Lincoln Highway descriptors we've ever seen. The report is very objective and realistic. We are very pleased with your efforts and concur wholeheartedly with your preferred alternative.

We believe that most of the rest of the Association feels the same way we do. There will be a change in officers in mid June at which time the Chapters will be able to speak freely as we are doing now.

Norman F. Root

National Conference Report

By Norman Root

Norman Root from Sacramento, Bob Dieterich from Fair Oaks, and Ed Freudenburg from Sun Valley represented California at the Lincoln Highway Association National Conference in Chester, West Virginia, June 16-19, 2004.

Bob and I were both impressed with the greenery of western Pennsylvania as seen from the airplane on the approach into Pittsburgh. Limo service from the airport was provided by the conference. But my plane was held on the ground in Chicago due to east coast weather. So I was afraid I would miss the ride. However, everyone else was late too, so we all arrived pretty much at the same time. The only anxious person was the limo driver who had to pace the airport all afternoon wondering where his passengers were.

My obligation as State Director is to attend the annual Board meeting the previous day. As usual, we went way into the evening. At the time, everything on the agenda seemed important, but as I think back on it, the only business I can remember are two actions that took place after 10:00 o'clock that night. 1) The Association chose to support the Fisher Pass Monument project with a \$2500 contribution from the never before used lifetime membership fund. 2) Heard a report about the National Park Service study report which was just released a few days before, and not yet printed. The reporter was the only person who had seen a preview copy. So we got a very biased and opinionated review. I've since received a printed copy and it doesn't seem to be as bad as portrayed. I'm about half way through reading my copy, and we have until August 13th to respond.

The rest of the conference was really fun, and as we always say, "The best one yet."

Thursday, the first full conference day, was a tour westerly into Ohio. But first a stop at the giant Tea Pot in Chester, West Virginia. This is where the conference group photo was taken. This site is not to be confused with the giant coffee pot that we see so much about. That's over in Pennsylvania. The tea pot was originally a root beer barrel. The tea pot signifies that Chester, West Virginia and East Liverpool, Ohio, across the river are famous for dish ware manufacturing.



Conference group in front of the Tea Pot at Chester, West Virginia

The highlights along the Lincoln Highway in this part of Ohio included the Henry Osterman gravesite in East Liverpool and Frank Seiberling's estate near Akron, Ohio. Akron was the center for the manufacture of automobile tires.

The tour of the Seiberling home and estate is reminiscent of the Hearst Castle here in California. The home is loaded with European artifacts scavenged from monasteries and castles around the turn of the last century, when it appears that that was a popular sport of the rich and famous. Hearst Castle is still about four or times the size of the Seiberling estate.

Friday was spent with plenary sessions back at the Mountaineer Resort. The one that I remember best was a video presentation about the 90th Anniversary cross country tour along the Lincoln Highway, last summer, in 2003.

Saturday was another day of touring the Lincoln Highway, this time easterly into Pennsylvania. The first stop was at the Point of Beginning survey marker where the United States began measuring out the nation's section lines in 1785. Being a civil engineer, this stop was especially inspiring to me. The original survey was to establish the Pennsylvania-Ohio state line. Civilization was to be to the east in Pennsylvania and the wilderness to the west in Ohio.

I was intrigued by the geology of this area as the Lincoln Highway wound its way towards Pittsburgh. There are many deep narrow glacier carved hollows that are now spanned by numerous bridges. Being a bridge guy, I was in my element. From atop Mount Washington, we looked down upon the three rivers of Pittsburgh. What three rivers? I only see two. Well it turns out that where the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers join, that is the beginning of the Ohio River, hence, three rivers. There are numerous bridges crossing the three rivers, hence Pittsburgh is

known as the city of bridges. Heck, I thought Portland, Oregon, was the city of bridges. I haven't taken an inventory to determine who the champion really is though. Earlier in the day we had toured the Westinghouse Bridge. This is a huge, magnificent open spandrel concrete arch bridge. I was asked if we have them this big in California. I bragged that Westinghouse is almost as big as the Bixby Creek and Arroyo Seco Bridges. Wow, what a lie. I hope my nose doesn't start growing.



This perfect day ended with a sunset dinner aboard the *Gateway Clipper* river cruise ship. As the tour bus dropped back into the Ohio Valley at Chester, fireworks burst in the sky. Wow! These Ohio and Pennsylvania Lincoln Highway folks really know how to finish off a fantastic conference. Later, we learned that the fireworks were compliments of the Pottery Festival across the river in East Liverpool.

Norm and Bob boarding the Gateway Clipper. Fort Pitt Bridge in the background.

Once in a Life Time Chance

By Norman Root

Near the beginning of the Second World War, the United States Army fenced off fifty miles of the Lincoln Highway across Utah, and hardly anyone has been allowed onto the property since.

Last October, the Utah Chapter of the Lincoln Highway Association offered a bus tour of the Lincoln Highway across the secret military **Dugway Proving Grounds**. WOW! That's a once in a life time opportunity. I sure would like to do that. But how do I convince my wife that my well being for the remainder of my life depends on this trip? Time wore on and I thought and thought about it, but still no guts to tell my wife. Then I learned that Paul Gilger and Bob Dieterich wanted to go too. In fact, Bob had already bought a plane ticket and got a motel room. The word was out that there was limited space on the bus, so you'd better get your reservation in early. So I called Utah and asked if any room was left. It was! But I'd better get my reservation deposit in quickly, the seats are going fast. So I finally had to bite the bullet and tell my wife. Donning my protective armor I carefully and diplomatically broached the subject. I ducked, waiting for the tirade, but the diplomacy must have worked. She said O.K. Maybe it was the great progress I had made during the past week whittling down the "Honey Do List" in preparation for this confrontation.

So I called Paul Gilger to see if he would like to car pool. He said he couldn't go, but Clark Wood was trying to form a car pool. So I called Clark, but he only wanted to go one way. He was going to continue on east after the tour. Later on, Clark found out he couldn't go either and tried to get his money back.

I checked Price Line to see how much a plane ticket will cost. Would you believe it? The very flight that Bob is on was the featured discount flight including my choice of lodging. How lucky could I be? I kept checking Price Line for the next week, and when time became dangerously low I took the plunge. I went through all the screens on line and just at the final screen where it says "purchase now", I clicked on the button. Then came the error message; "the price has changed", it's now \$100 more. Boy, those stinkers. So that's how they do it. They advertise a discount fare and then at the last screen the real price appears. What a low thing to do. I went back to the beginning to verify the discount offer. WHAT! Where is it? It's gone. Sure enough, the price did change just as I was placing an order. That's what procrastination can do to you.

Oh well, the advantages of flying with Bob were still overwhelming. Maybe I could bum a free ride to the airport, check into his motel, he's got a rental car so maybe he'll take me to the motel too and even take me to the tour bus early the next morning. And maybe I can talk him into taking me back to the airport the day after the tour. He's using up frequent flyer points so he's staying on another day after I go home.

Now, except for the extra hundred bucks I had to spend, everything worked out fine. Good old Bob hauled me around wherever I wanted to go. In fact, after we got checked into our motel he suggested that we scope the town and find out where we'll have to meet the bus early the next morning. Not only did we figure out how to get to the bus pick up point, but he then suggested that we do a little more looking around. He suggested Park City where the Winter Olympics had been held. Park City reminded me of the Colorado Rockies. It's an old mining area in deep valleys surrounded by steep mountains much belied by the bare desert like terrain leading up to it. Upon returning to the interstate freeway, we turned right towards Echo.

We could see the old Lincoln Highway meandering back and forth across the freeway as we progressed. Continuing easterly up Echo Canyon we stopped at a few places to examine visible fragments of the old Lincoln. In fact this short drive around town took us clear into Evanston, Wyoming before we turned around. On the way back down Echo Canyon we actually drove on the old Lincoln Highway. It had turned dark on the way down and we missed the Echo turn in the dark and went all the way to Henefer before we could find a turnaround spot in the dark



Miner's cabin at Park City



The old Lincoln Highway in Echo Canyon

The next morning we arose early to meet the bus before dawn. There was Clark Wood! I thought he couldn't make it. Maybe they wouldn't refund his money. Anyway, he had left Walnut Creek after work on Friday afternoon and driven all night to meet the bus in Salt Lake City. Also, Rodney Angove and Lee Smith boarded the bus. So we had five Californians on the tour. As it turns out, OCTA also had a tour that same day and their bus was picking people up at the same point at the same time. After a little shuffling of passengers we think everyone finally got on their correct bus so we took off.

We headed west on Interstate 80 to intercept the old road down Skull Valley. Several beach lines of ancient Lake Bonneville indicating where the inland sea paused over the millennia as its waters receded, line the surrounding mountains. As we passed Saltair, I noted that the Lake is way down. The Saltair beach resort was high and dry, the water shore was way out there. The last time I passed this way the Lake was at an all time high. Saltair was deep in water and the waves were lapping up against the freeway embankment. The later alignments of the Lincoln Highway are visible from Interstate 80. Then down Skull Valley the road approximates the earliest Lincoln Highway alignment. Near the Southern end of Skull Valley we met another Lincoln Highway alignment coming over the mountains from Tooele via Johnson (Fisher) Pass, near Orr's Ranch.

The first stop was at **Orr's Ranch**. In all the pictures I've seen, Orr's Ranch looks like a dusty old homestead along side the road, way out in the middle of nowhere. Well it is way out near nowhere alright, but it's a desert oasis and you have to drive down a lane off of the road to get in. Descendants of the Orrs still live here. There's enough water bubbling up year round from a spring to operate three irrigation wheel lines. The picturesque old log building which was really an open faced barn like affair with closed living quarter rooms at each end is now a sort of family museum sitting in the front yard of their more modern house. And like modern museum gift shops, the grandchildren were happy to sell us Orr's Ranch T shirts. The sun bleached logs of the primitive cabin belie its real age. It looks to be a few hundred years old but it's really only about a little over a hundred.

Gee, my Siskiyou County ranch house in California is 152 years old and we still live in it. There's a concrete Lincoln Highway marker post planted next to the cabin. I believe that marker was given to them by Joe Nardone of Pony Express Trail fame. Joe got that marker back in Ohio when he was a teenager. Bob Ausberger of Iowa thinks Orr's Ranch is the most interesting site along the entire Lincoln Highway.



Orr's old Ranch House



Orr's Ranch in 1918

After a delightful visit we reboarded the bus and headed towards **Dugway**. A big husky soldier wearing full camo battle gear boarded the bus at the gate. Holding his AK-47 at the ready, he reminded us to stow our cameras. Everyone readily complied. The official base public relations officer also boarded to act as tour guide. She was less intimidating, petite to medium, wearing civies and no AK-47. A couple of former Lincoln Highway alignments can be seen from the bus. The first stop is at **Government Creek Bridge**. Now this really is a primitive bridge, built for the Lincoln Highway. It looks pretty fragile, made of small diameter, irregular, sun bleached wooden logs. There is a really nice interpretive sign here. It turns out that this bridge is the only bridge on the entire Lincoln Highway that has been designated a historical site on the Federal Register. As we walked away, Jess Peterson told me that the Federal Register Historic Designation was the result of Lyn Protteau's efforts. I don't know how Lyn got onto that base to even know that the bridge existed, but it really made me proud. She was California's first State Lincoln Highway Director. We were allowed to walk on the bridge. In fact, the base tour guide took our pictures on the bridge. She can take pictures, but we can't.



Norman and Bob pose on the Government Creek Bridge

Next was a long drive over the **Goodyear Cutoff**. Now I never really knew what the Goodyear cutoff was before today, I'd heard of it but I didn't really know what it was. This was Carl Fisher's attempt to cut a lot of mileage off of the Lincoln Highway across Utah by building a shortcut across a dry mud flat arm of the Great Salt Lake flat. The name Goodyear comes from the fact that Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company paid the \$100,000 that it took to build. Related to this project was another part of the shortcut, through the mountains east of here. That became known as Fisher Pass since Carl Fisher had personally put up the \$25,000 needed for that segment. Before then, the Lincoln Highway followed the Pony Express Trail way south around the flats to Fish Springs before heading north again before crossing over into Nevada. The cutoff was a straight 18 mile long causeway, two feet high to keep the road up out of the water during rainy times. The problem was that Carl hadn't realized that the rainwater also wants to flow slowly north towards the existing lake. Well the first rain storm hit and the water slowly began to rise behind the 18 mile long causeway dam until it crested over and washed out a gapping hole in the new road embankment. Now just before this terminal flooding, the contractor who built the cutoff had run out of money when only less than half of the top gravelling had been completed and abandoned the job site. When Lincoln Highway officials came to admire the new road they came upon the washout, had to back track, take a 160 mile detour around by way of Fish Springs and arrived at the west end of the causeway only to find the contractor's camp abandoned.

They were plenty mad. Eventually, in spite of the Lincoln Highway Association having spent a total of \$125,000 on the shortcut, the State of Utah decided to run the highway much further north, across the salt flats directly west from Salt Lake City. This is the so called Wendover Route, pretty much along where Interstate 80 runs today. I don't know why, a few culvert pipes would have solved the problem at the Goodyear cutoff. Besides, the State faced worse soil foundation problems on this new alignment being even closer to the modern day lake. In fact, during that high water period that I mentioned earlier, they had to close the Interstate and build up the embankment to keep the highway up out of the water. And before that embankment raising project the existing freeway was like a roller coaster due to the uneven foundation settlement that had already occurred.

The next stop was at **Black Point** the site of the cutoff contractor's camp site and where the gravelly material for building the causeway had come. Flat spots where the contractor's cabin tents once stood are still discernable. We were shown pictures of several glass, ceramic and metal artifacts that have been found here. Today, the ground is strewn with various explosive casings, left over from military testing. I certify that I have no photographs and will never further describe anything that I think I saw there out of fear that the big husky soldier with the AK-47 will come looking for me.

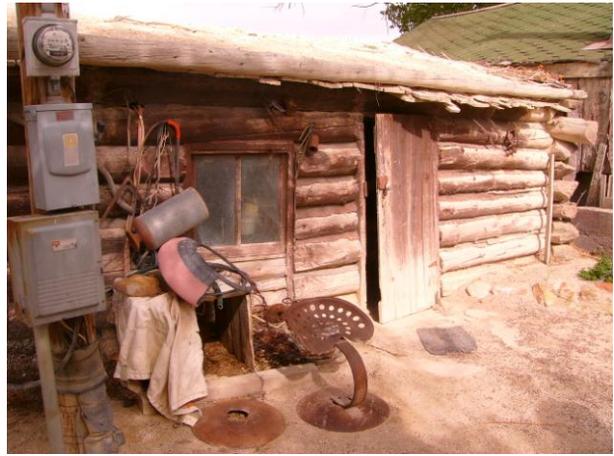


Looking back at the Goodyear Cutoff about 20 miles away through a telephoto lens, from outside of the Dugway property.

Once the MPs that followed us all morning let us out of the west end gate we rode on several traces and variations of the old Lincoln Highway before we got to **Calleo**, the lunch stop. Calleo is another desert oasis which once served as a Pony Express Station. The local ranch owners had prepared a scrumptious barbeque lunch. After lunch we toured the ranch and its museum. The Pony Express station is a clapboard sided building, but the newer more primitive looking ranch buildings are built of the now familiar sun bleached irregular logs. The museum room in the Pony Express station contains piles of heavily dust encrusted old junk. This looks like the stuff in the barns and garage at my ranch. Gee, if the folks on the tour like to see this kind of stuff, maybe I should get the tour bus to stop off at my ranch next time. After all, my kids call the back of my garage the "museum". Maybe I could even sell tickets.



Willow Springs Pony Express Station at Calleo



Willow Springs Ranch at Calleo

Heading south east now the next oasis at **Fish Springs** is pretty close, only about 25 miles. Once known as Thomas' Ranch, the property is now owned by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. Jay Banta, the Utah State Lincoln Highway Director is the manager here. The lore is that Thomas built or at least improved and maintained a mud hole right across the highway. When motorists became mired, Thomas would pull them out for a hefty fee. The story continues that Eddie Rickenbacher got stuck here and Thomas hitched up his team of horses and pulled him out. When asked for the \$20 fee, Rickenbacher became enraged screaming highway robbery. So Thomas pushed the car back into the quagmire. That really made Eddie mad and he demanded that his car be extracted. Thomas said that would cost \$60 this time. \$20 for pulling it out the first time, \$20 for putting it back in the mud, and \$20 for pulling it out the second time. Rickenbacher paid. Maybe that's why he took up flying.

Jay says he hasn't been able to locate the site of that mud hole yet, if there's any truth in that fable. Even though Jay has no museum, he did have a box full of T shirts for sale. Even if we didn't get to take many pictures on this tour, at least we went home well clothed.



Fish Springs



Dugway South Gate

The trip back home brought us up to the south gate at Dugway. We had to wait for the MPs to come and unlock the gate and escort us through. As an example of just how harsh the desert is, we found a mummified rattlesnake while milling around waiting at the gate. Even the rattlesnakes can't survive here.

Once off the base, we took a poll and asked the driver to take us back by way of Fisher Pass. Just as we got near the top of the pass, the tour leader told the driver to speed up. I had wanted him to slow down so we could see the site of the future Fisher Pass Monument. After all, most of us have donated good money to the project, and all I got was a quick glimpse as we sped past.

During the day, Bob and I had told folks about our adventure the prior day at Park City and Evanston. They asked, “Did you get to see the really cool Lincoln Highway Bridge a Lamb Canyon?” No, we didn’t know about it. Since Bob is staying over another day he’ll go out and try to find the cool bridge at Lamb Canyon. He’s also going to go out to see Golden Spike National Monument at Promontory Point tomorrow. Most early pioneers realized that crossing the Salt Lake flat was foolhardy. The Pony Express, later followed by the Lincoln Highway went way south around the flat while the Transcontinental Railroad went way around on the north side.



Lamb Canyon Bridge on the old Lincoln Highway



This bridge was built by the State of Utah in 1914

At the end of the day, we then realized that during our Lincoln Highway adventure from Evanston, Wyoming, to Calleo, Utah, we had traveled nearly clear across the state of Utah on the old Lincoln Highway.

Renewed Interest in the “Boy Scout” Markers

It was Friday, July 9, 2004, when I saw this ad on eBay.

OK, I'M GOING TO TELL YOU WHAT I HAVE AND WHERE IT CAME FROM, PROVIDE SOME PICTURES AND TELL YOU TO GO TO GOOGLE OR YOUR FAVORITE SEARCH ENGINE AND LOOK UP "LINCOLN HIGHWAY" AND YOU WILL FIND A WEALTH OF INFORMATION ABOUT IT.....CHANCES ARE YOU ALREADY KNOW ABOUT THE MARKERS.....THIS IS FROM THE FIRST HIGHWAY THAT WENT FROM THE EAST COAST TO THE WEST COAST

ON SEPT 1, 1928 1000'S OF BOY SCOUTS PLACED SMALL CONCRETE MARKERS ABOUT 1 MILE APART WITH A MARKER THAT RESEMBLED A COPPER PENNY WITH THE IMAGE OF LINCOLN. "which measures 4" across".....THIS ONE COMES FROM FOLSOM CALIFORNIA AND WAS RESCUED FROM THE INTERSECTION OF GREENBACK LANE AND FOLSOM-AUBURN BLVD BEFORE A NEW BRIDGE WAS BUILT ...IT HAS 3 PRONGS IN BACK FOR HOLDING STRENGTH IN CONCRETE... IT WAS PAINSTAKENLY REMOVED FROM THE CONCRETE MARKERS WITH SUCCESS...AND LATER ON ONE OF THE PRONGS WAS BROKEN OFF AND HAS BEEN SOLDERED BACK ON AND I CAN'T EXPLAIN WHY BUT THE TOP OF MARKERS WORDS ARE WORN DOWN. MAYBE THIS WAS A LUCKY PIECE TO RUB OR SOMETHING. WHEN PEOPLE WALKED BY...HAS STAMP INSIDE OF MANUFACTURER IN NEWARK NEW JERSEY BY WHITEHEAD&HOAG CO...THE AREA IS RICH IN HISTORY, WELLSFARGO STAGE COACHES, GOLD MINING, PONY EXPRESS, 1ST TRAIN IN AREA.....LOTS OF HISTOR AND EVEN THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY MADE IT WAY THROUGH HERE...BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO ANSWER QUESTIONS OR SEND MORE PICTURES...



The gall of this seller describing how he had "rescued" this medallion and then how he had painstakingly chipped it out of the concrete, made me mad. And the more I thought about it, the madder I got. I was reminded of a conversation I had with Russell Rein about three weeks earlier at the National Conference, where I expressed the opinion that these markers should not be in private ownership, but should either be out on the highway or in museums. Russ said no one in the Association cares. Several members have markers in their private collections. And since no one cares, Russ had planned to again resign his position as "National Marker Chairman".

It was Friday night, so how could I do anything about it now. My frustration level rose. I e-mailed the seller asking about the condition of the concrete post itself. I said it was more valuable than the medallion and I'd like to repair it. By the way, I played dumb; what new bridge was built in Folsom? I knew darn well it was the Folsom Blvd. Bridge built in 2000, and the marker is Rein's number 2333. The seller came back with a vague statement about the new bridge that was built when the new Folsom Dam was built back in the 1950s. Well I also know darn well that the last bridge built in Folsom was the Rainbow Bridge in 1917.

By Monday I was so upset that I filed a complaint with the Folsom City Attorney, claiming that the marker was stolen from the City of Folsom:

July 14, 2004

*City Attorney
City of Folsom, California*

On September 1, 1928, the Lincoln Highway Association and the Boy Scouts of America set out 3000 concrete marker posts along the Lincoln Highway clear across the United States, from Times Square in New York to Lincoln Park in San Francisco.

One of those markers was placed on the south side of Greenback Lane across from its intersection with Folsom-Auburn Road, in the City of Folsom, California.

Now, that marker is currently for sale on eBay.

It is my opinion that that marker was most likely removed and defaced without authorization of the owners, the City of Folsom.

I believe the City of Folsom should claim ownership of the remains of that marker, have it removed from the eBay listing, and repatriate it to the City of Folsom. Time is of the essence since the eBay listing will expire and the artifact sold at 5:57:34 p.m., next Monday, July 19, 2004. This is not a big dollar item, but the City cannot afford to let people think they can pry plaques from historical monuments and sell them on eBay.

I have no proof that the City did not give away or sell that monument. But, I believe that the burden of proof as to legal ownership rests with the person attempting to sell this item on eBay.

The most incriminating evidence I have is the words of the seller himself. He seems to have personal knowledge of having "salvaged" the monument, where it came from, and how it was defaced. I questioned the seller as to when the marker was "salvaged", since he had referred to the new bridge (Folsom Boulevard), the extension of which passes right through the original site of that marker. His answer is misleading enough to further arouse suspicion. He claims the "salvage" took place when a new bridge was built in conjunction with the new Folsom Dam built in the early 1950s. Well, we all know, there was no new bridge at the time of the new Folsom Dam and certainly not at Greenback and Folsom-Auburn Road.

No matter how long ago the "salvage" took place, if it was done without authorization, then something needs to be done about it.

*Norman F. Root,
California Director
Lincoln Highway Association*

I then contacted the Folsom Historical Society Museum and the Folsom Historic Monuments Preservation Committee in order to put pressure on the City Attorney. In the mean time, President Bob Dieterich joined in the fray and e-mailed the seller that he should donate the medallion back to the Folsom Museum or to the Lincoln Highway Association. The seller's response was, "sue me!" Bob learned that eBay needs a law enforcement agency to request that a stolen item be pulled from an auction. So we really needed for the City Attorney to do something before Monday.

As it turns out, no one in the Folsom Historical Society, the Monuments Preservation Committee nor the Lincoln Highway Association could remember ever having seen that marker or of having any knowledge as to when it disappeared. So, since the City Attorney couldn't prove that the marker had been removed after Greenback Lane became a City Street, it could have been

removed earlier when Greenback was still a County Road, in which case the City would have never owned it. So the City did not stop the sale. It is said by those who caught the final bid, that the medallion sold for \$400 by a last second bidder.



The Folsom medallion showing lots of little dents and the words “This Highway Dedicated to” missing from around the top. The missing words are evident in a photo of the backside

This sale triggered considerable activity on a Yahoo Lincoln Highway chat room, <http://finance.groups.yahoo.com/group/LincolnHighway/>, creating a renewed interest in the “Boy Scout” markers. Some suggested that the Association go after those people holding markers privately and demand that they be given to the Association to be reset along the highway. National President, Chris Plummer, had to step in to calm the ruckus and recommend that we simply ask those people to remember the Association in their wills. It was suggested that we really need two marker committees; one to encourage owners to leave and donate their markers; and another committee to encourage the placing of replica markers. J.R. Manning of Wisconsin, and new National Publicity Chair, has jumped on the issue and has prepared a wanted poster and article encouraging people to donate their markers, <http://www.lincolnhighwayassoc.org/news/articles/markers/>.

At the annual Board meeting, Russell Rein did in fact ask to be relieved as chair of the one man National Marker Committee, but as usual was ignored by the Board. However, after the recent rejuvenation of interest, I don't know what Rein's feelings are now.