

**HERE'S  
WHAT'S  
INSIDE!**

**WESTWARD HO!**

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*In 1920, two intrepid Bostonians drove a Cadillac Eight 13,000 miles across the continent to see the Great American West. SOJOURNS presents Chapter One of Winifred Hawkrigde Dixon's funny, culturally telling, and charming memoir of the trip. Afterword by Peter Blodgett.*

**MOTORING TO PARADISE**

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*Ten decades of the vehicles that got us there.*

**THE WPA, THE NPS, AND THE REVIVAL  
OF THE NATIONAL PARK POSTERS**

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*One man goes on a quest to locate surviving originals and to create new poster images in the style of the famous public art project of the Great Depression era.*

**SAVING STARLIGHT, SAVING BIRDSONG**

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*Landscapes for the people include skylscapes and soundscapes for the people (and for all life). Megan McKenna of the NPS Natural Sounds and Night Skies Division discusses the current research supporting preservation.*



**MOTHER TONGUE**

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*In Page Lambert's river writing journeys, participants listen to Earth's oldest language, the heartbeat of the land, our "Mother Tongue."*

**BELONGING TO PLACE**

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*Lyman Hafen explores three degrees of knowing a place. First is simply to know its relationship to other places on the map. Second is to understand events that occurred there, its history. Third and deepest is the giving of one's self for its betterment, the meanings we draw from it, and the heartfelt connections we establish with it. This is the level of belonging.*

**LANDSCAPES FOR THE PEOPLE**

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*A review of the new book about George Grant, first chief photographer of the National Park Service, offers an appreciation for the images he left to the future.*

**AROUND THE PLATEAU**

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*Inside stories from public lands on the Colorado Plateau.*



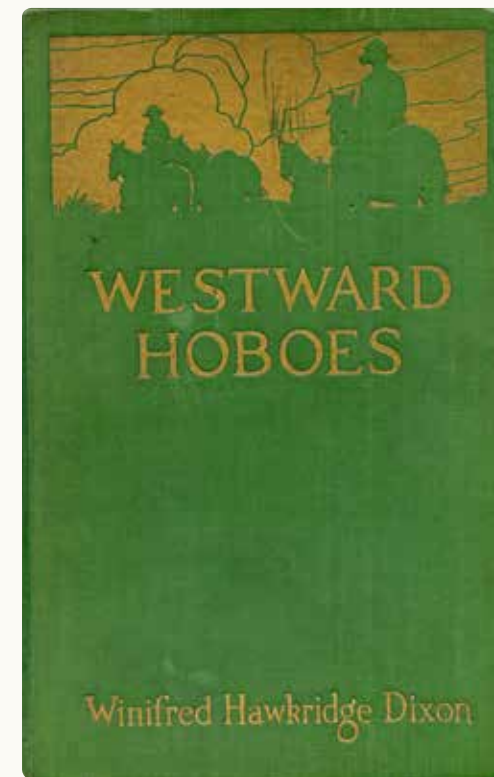


*In summer 1920, the National Park Service was a growing four-year-old, born August 1916. American women still lacked the right to vote, but suffrage would be coming in August 1920. Cars were mostly unenclosed; in 1919, ninety percent of those sold were still open to the elements. The Cadillac Eight, however, that two intrepid Bostonians drove into the Great American West had a sheltering bonnet—as well as a hood the shape of a Jazz Age flapper’s bobbed hair and white-walled tires soon to be rouged with 13,000 miles of road dust. Following is chapter one of what happened next. . .*

## Westward Ho!



OUR FIRST CAMP, TEXAS.  
“I tried to build a fire.”



At top is a plate from  
Winifred Dixon’s  
*Westward Hoboes*.  
Facing page:  
Visitors arrive at Zion  
National Park in a  
Buick in 1924.  
Courtesy of ZNHA.

BY WINIFRED HAWKRIDGE DIXON

**T**oby’s real name is Katherine. Her grandmother was a poet, her father is a scientist, and she is an artist. She is called Toby for Uncle Jonas’s dog, who had the habit, on being kicked out of the door, of running down the steps with a cheerful bark, and a wagging tail, as if he had entirely left of his own accord. There is no fact, however circumstantially incriminating, which this young doctrinaire cannot turn into the most potent justification for what she has done or wishes to do, and when she gets to the tail wagging stage, regardless of how recently the bang of the front door has echoed in our ears, she wags with the charm of the artist, the logical precision of the scientist, and the ardor of the poet. Even when she ran the car into the creek at Nambe—