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This department of LINCO Service has been of considerable assistance to thousands of motor travelers each year and you are invited to make use of it. The department stands ready to furnish data relative to maps, routes, weather conditions, and interesting points enroute.

Readers wishing information of this nature will please address the Travel Bureau direct, using the coupon below, or if writing, please ask specific questions. All coupons or letters receive individual personal replies from the department. This service is, of course, offered without cost and inquiries incur no obligation whatsoever.

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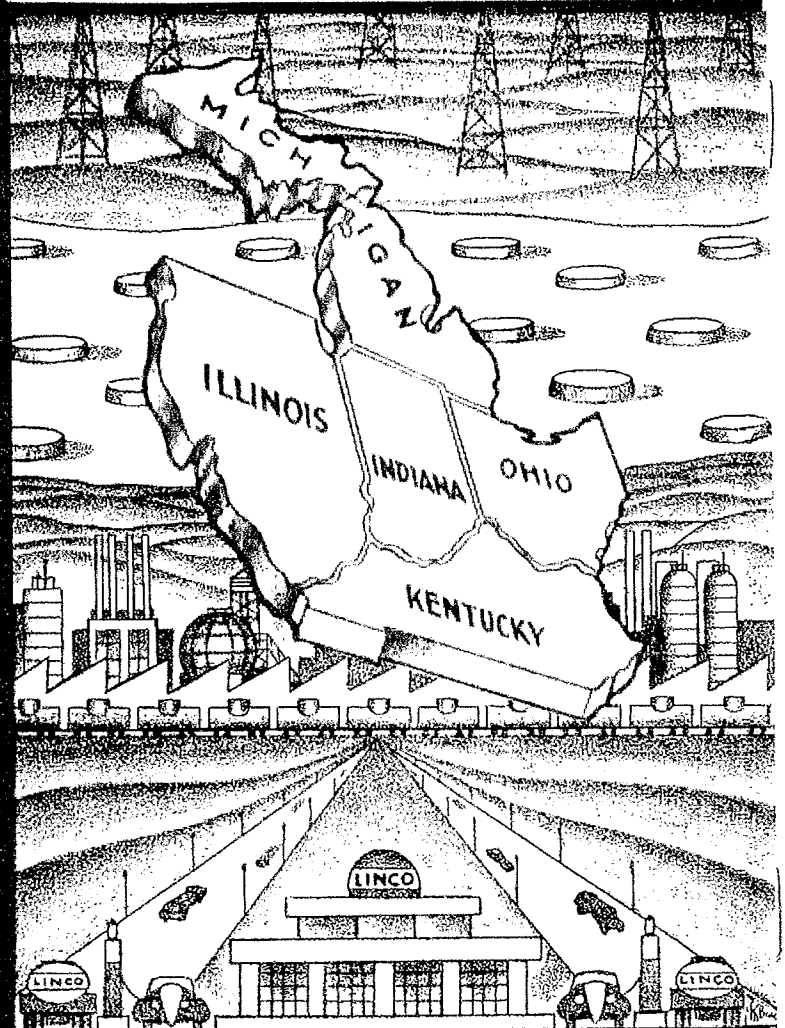
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LINCO TRAVEL BUREAU

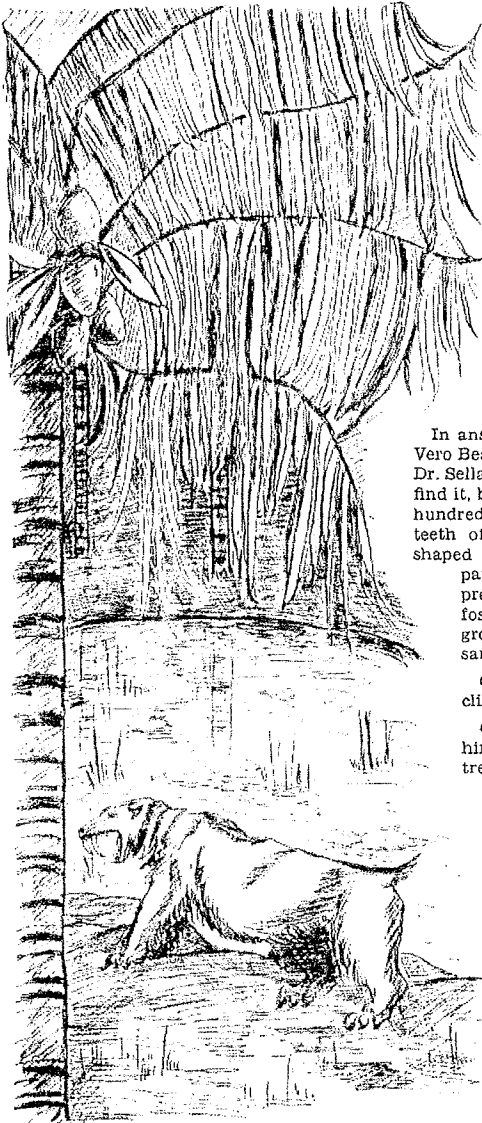
121 East Maryland Avenue

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

TARZAN PARK

*The American
Garden of Eden*

BY JOHN H. CHASE



HALF way between St. Augustine and Palm Beach, Florida, at the northern boundary of a little village called Vero Beach, a stream crosses the Dixie Highway and winds amid palms and water oaks toward Indian River. Fifteen years ago Frank Ayers, a hunter, while walking along the bank of this stream, found a strange object sticking out of the sand. He mailed it to Dr. E. H. Sellards, who was then State Geologist.

In answer Dr. Sellards stepped on a train and when he reached Vero Beach explained that the object had been a mastodon's tooth. Dr. Sellards began digging for the rest of the mastodon. He did not find it, but within a week he had unearthed a tapir's skull about a hundred yards from the first mastodon find. Then followed the teeth of a camel, of a glyptodon (which is an armored flat-shaped animal like an armadillo), two saber tooth tiger tusks, parts of a dire wolf (long extinct), teeth of a horse unlike our present species, the bones of a giant ground sloth, and many fossils of peccaries. Here, evidently was a graveyard of a group of animals which had roamed this stream twenty thousand to one hundred thousand years ago.

Can we picture the life they led, why this life reached a climax, and disappeared as completely as a fairy story?

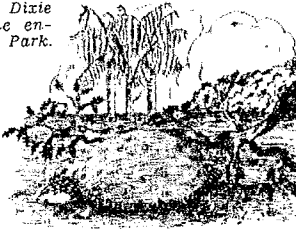
Ground sloths eight feet tall with small front feet and large hind quarters, as big as a mastodon, reared up beside small trees and ate the leaves. Mammoths browsed over the prairies and along the river valleys. Silent tapirs, with dappled coats to mimic the sun flecks drifting through trees, slipped among the willows. Their feet spread out with five flat toes like snowshoes to keep them from sinking in the swamp. With a scream, a saber tooth tiger pounced on a glyptodon but the armor plate scrunched as his claws tore and his long sabers splintered. It was cold. The fight for life was on.

As the glacial ice, a hundred thousand years ago, silently pushed toward the animals in our eastern and central states, many wandered south and drove those already there before them.

When the northern packs invaded Mexico all was well, for the local animals could drift farther south into Central and South America. But in Florida this was not true. As the beasts from New York, Pennsyl-



This hut on the Dixie Highway marks the entrance to Tarzan Park.



and saber teeth tigers when sick came to cool their fever and fell among the peaceful grass eaters. And then toward the end appeared man. He camped on the stream and was more terrible than all the rest, for he watched the paths as the great beasts came to drink. With spear, stone, axe and arrow he killed them and tossed their bones into the engulfing quicksand.

Thus the drama of these strange animals in America was ended. Glaciers from the north had filled the South with triple their ordinary quota of animals, cool winds from Ohio lessened the tropical vegetation, selfish carnivora slashed the heavy elephants, camels and sloths and then primitive man stepped on the scene to finish the "round-up" for all except the fleet deer and the few present-day animals. When the ice retreated to Canada and the warm meadows of Kentucky, Virginia and Ohio called again; the ears of our great beasts could not prick and listen, or their feet retrace their journey. The peak of Pleistocene mammal life had gone forever, just as a few million years before reptilian mastery had vanished when the great Dinosaurs perished at the advent of the first mammals.

For four geological ages (Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene and Pliocene) strange, picturesque animals had roamed America as plentifully as they now roam Africa, but the glaciers, and primitive man rang down the curtain; and the Vero Beach stream with its quicksand preserved the picture.

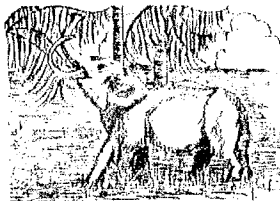
vania, Kentucky and the Middle West shoved tighter and tighter into the boot, they could not escape at the toe. The density became intense and the struggle terrific. Waterholes were the great battle grounds.

At what is now Vero Beach, Florida, a clear fresh water stream flowed east and sped toward the ocean. The stream rose a little to the north, turned abruptly at Vero Beach, and at the turn, formed a quicksand swamp.

There was no drinking water for miles to the west where a grass-covered prairie supported great flocks of wild horses, deer, mastodons and long-horned bison, followed by the ever-slinking carnivora.

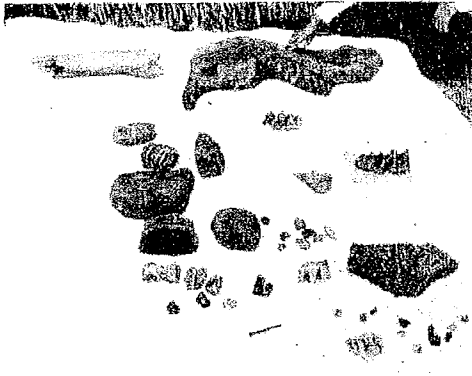
Land in Florida during the northern glacial period (the glaciers never coming farther south than Cincinnati, Ohio) was twenty feet higher than at present and so drinking places were few.

As tapirs, American camels, elephants, ground sloths, and all their kin came to drink they sank in the quicksand and if old or feeble could not escape. Direwolves



Where human bones were found among those of extinct animals.





A collection of fossils representing a very small part of what is to be seen at Tarzan Park.

place in the vertical bank of the sand. His heavy shoulder blades and great forefeet reveal the strength and

power of this former king of the jungle; but they also tell the story of why he became extinct. As long as there were plenty of slow moving, lumbering mastodons, ground sloths and tapirs this heavy tiger could kill and prosper—but when, through over-reaching and selfishness and too intense competition, these large animals were killed off, then the fleet footed smaller wolves and wild cats could outlive the ponderous saber tooth, for the fleet wolves and cats could catch the rabbits, deer and the colts of the horses; while the lumbering great tiger who had been supreme for thousands of years starved, and now lives only in story and legend. His slow strength made him lose in the swift onrush of the later day.

Last winter, two scientists reconstructed the early explorations, and by cutting a short trail, made the scene available to the public.

The first picture to be seen shows an imaginary saber tooth tiger charging an early man. This is a landmark at the entrance near Vero Beach, and is called Station No. 1. Books and pictures of the scientists at work are here.

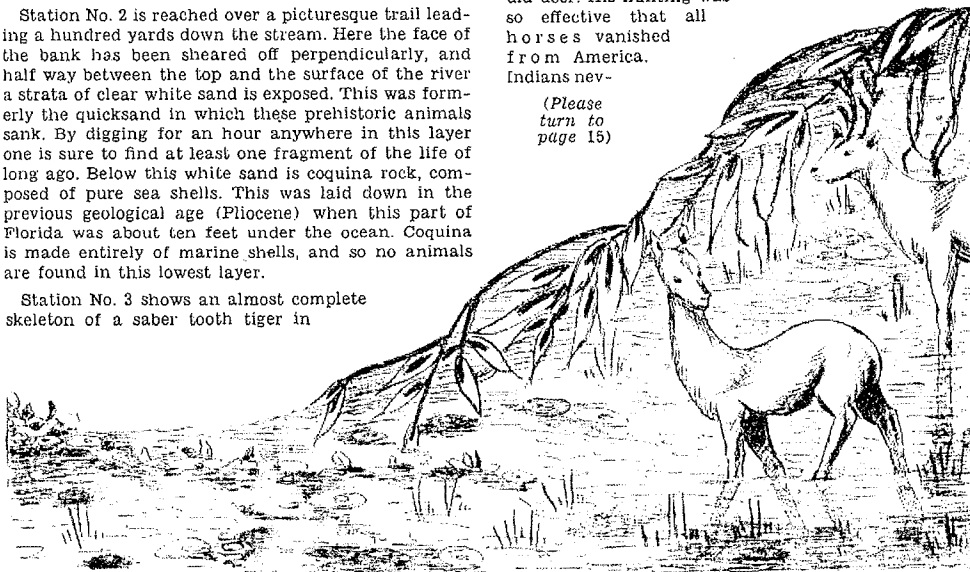
Station No. 2 is reached over a picturesque trail leading a hundred yards down the stream. Here the face of the bank has been sheared off perpendicularly, and half way between the top and the surface of the river a strata of clear white sand is exposed. This was formerly the quicksand in which these prehistoric animals sank. By digging for an hour anywhere in this layer one is sure to find at least one fragment of the life of long ago. Below this white sand is coquina rock, composed of pure sea shells. This was laid down in the previous geological age (Pliocene) when this part of Florida was about ten feet under the ocean. Coquina is made entirely of marine shells, and so no animals are found in this lowest layer.

Station No. 3 shows an almost complete skeleton of a saber tooth tiger in

Beyond the saber tooth are the ribs and huge leg bones of the mighty ground sloth. To bring the past back to life, a sloth as he formerly looked, is reproduced in the jungle on a little island in the stream.

Beyond this sloth one sees the remains of a glyptodon, and of extinct horses. Early man did not know how to domesticate the horse. He hunted and ate him like game, as he did deer. His hunting was so effective that all horses vanished from America. Indians nev-

(Please turn to page 15)



exploding and constituted first class fire hazards.

With the advent of a cheap and ample supply of crude oil, the refiners found that it was possible to adjust their plants to the refining of oil and that they could produce a quality of oil greatly superior to that produced from shale and coal. With this discovery, the Dark Age of America and the rest of the world was banished. The early refiners found their market to be one that was eager to absorb their products. America was just launching a great and far flung industrial growth and this meant that there was a ready market for the lubricating oil produced.

The oil industry never faltered from that time on. It has extended its drilling operations to the far corners of the world. Wherever it goes Romance abounds. Oil men are ever engaged in pioneering. They are a robust breed. Each new oil field required a different technique, new machinery.

The formative days of the oil industry, following the drilling of the Drake Well, are filled with interest and peopled with an amazing crew of men actuated by dozens of queer motives.

Drake, the pioneer, died a ward of the state. He failed to profit by the rich vein of wealth he tapped. He was, in the final analysis, an Instrument. His stubbornness, his singleness of purpose, however, brought to the world one of its greatest and most essential industries. He is buried, in stately honor, in beautiful Woodlawn Cemetery at Titusville, Pennsylvania.

It is a far cry from the primitive methods used on the Drake Well to the strictly modern methods of cable tool drilling used in Pecos County, Texas pool, by The Ohio Oil Company. Here in West Texas is found one of the richest oil pools in the world. Oil is found at depths slightly under 2,000 feet, many times deeper than the Drake Well. Derricks soar up to a height of seventy or eighty feet. Modern machinery operated by skilled drillers and tool dressers, drill a well in a space of time that would cause the old timers to open their eyes. Mesquite, cactus, chapparal, diamond-back rattle snakes, tarantulas abound in this barren, sandy desert. Oil men face danger and all manner of physical difficulty here as they do in most oil fields. Yet they carry on! There's a job to be done and they will do it, in spite of weather, climatic conditions or physical difficulties.

For seventy-four years, there was a feeling in the oil industry that some suitable monument should be erected on the site of the Drake Well. As this is written a caretaker's cottage and a museum are being completed at what will be known as Drake Park, a Park operated by and the property of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Next year will mark the seventy-fifth anniversary of the drilling of the first oil well. At this time the new Park will be suitably dedicated.

TARZAN PARK—Continued from page 5

er saw a horse until Spaniards brought the fleet Arabian ponies across the Atlantic. Some of these thoroughbreds escaped and bred fast on our prairies. Our latest Indians then adopted the horse as their greatest gift from the Paleface. At this station the difference between the ancient horse which became extinct, and the present imported horse is pointed out.

At Station No. 4 are mastodons and mammoths as found in the sand. The difference between these two elephant-like creatures can be seen. Nearby are the peccaries and the strange American camel who had no hump because he did not have to store up fat for long trips across the desert.

Finally, under a beautiful live oak tree is Station No. 5. Here the first man was discovered among the animals. This site was so important in determining the date of the earliest man in America that Dr. G. McCurdy came here from Yale, Prof. Fred Loomis from Amherst College, Dr. Rollin T. Chamberlain, Geology Department of the University of Chicago, Dr. O. P. Hay from the Research Department of Carnegie Institute, Dr. John Merriam from the same organization and Dr. Arlis Hrdlicka from the United States National Museum.

The reason for the interest of these famous geologists and anthropologists was that if the human remains are as old as the animals among which they were found, then mankind in America goes back three or four times as far as had ever before been thought. We have all dreamed of Florida as a beautiful country, but we had never before bragged of it as the *real* American Garden of Eden.

The anthropologists in the above group of scientists say that the three human beings found at Vero Beach might have been a later race buried artificially among the older animal fossils and therefore themselves not as old as the mammoths, extinct saber tooth tigers, camels and dire wolves.

The geologist, on the other hand, claim that the human bones are completely fossilized into stone as the mammals; that there is a strata of earth perfectly horizontal over both of them which could not have been if there had been the disturbance of a later burial; and finally that the men's bones were generally so scattered that they could not represent a compact grave.

Spectators at Station No. 5 can see an exact replica of the find which stirred this interest and can make up their own minds as to whether they are looking at the "Adam of America." If this so called "Vero Man" is of equal age with the animals it makes him contemporaneous with the Neanderthal man of Europe who fought the cave bear and the greatest beasts of his day.