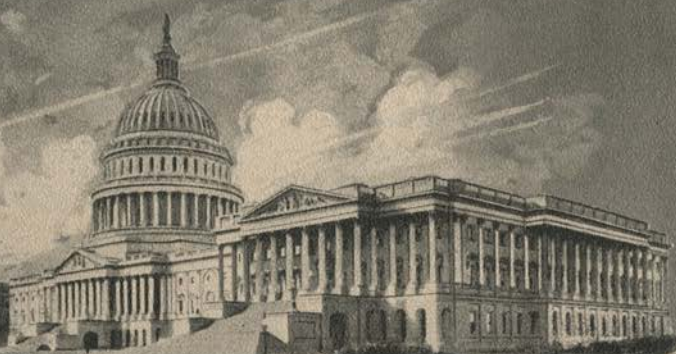


*From* **SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA**  
*To*  
**WASHINGTON**  
**D.C.**

*Being a Descriptive Account  
of the First Official Automobile  
Trip Over The Southern National  
Highway from San Diego to  
Washington D.C.*



*by*  
**Wm. B. Gross**



FROM  
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA  
TO  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

BEING A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT  
OF THE FIRST OFFICIAL TRIP BY  
AUTOMOBILE OVER SOUTHERN  
NATIONAL HIGHWAY




BY  
WILLIAM B. GROSS



WILLIAM B. GROSS



## LOG OF THE TRIP

T was my good fortune to be selected by the members of the California Association of the Southern National Highway, and the Southern National Highway Committee of the Cabrillo Commercial Club (Messrs. George W. Marston, John Forward, Jr., E. O. Busenburg, William B. Gross and Ed Fletcher) to take charge of the party that was to make the first official automobile trip over the designated route of the Southern National Highway from San Diego, California, to Washington, D. C., as they believed that my experience as a traveler would be valuable to the advancement of the interests of said Highway.

Realizing that an extended automobile trip of this kind would require some forethought in order to save time and expense, I made a careful study of the route and made up a tentative itinerary that would assure a good average daily run and make it possible for us to reach our destination in from 24 to 25 days. I also figured out the mileage of our proposed daily runs. The fact that it took us  $26\frac{1}{2}$  days to make the trip was due to heavy rains and over-flowing streams that caused unusual delays after leaving Paris, Texas, but our average daily run, including all detours and side trips, was over 134 miles a day.

On leaving San Diego, our party consisted of Mr. B. H. Burrell, a Government Engineer, who was detailed to make this trip with us by Mr. Logan Waller Page, Director of Public Roads and Engineering of Washington, D. C.; Colonel Ed Fletcher, State Organizer of the Southern National Highway Association for California; Mr. Wilbur Hall, the noted magazine writer; Mr. Harry Taylor, our chauffeur, and William B. Gross, the writer of this report.

We left San Diego November 2nd, at 7:15 a. m., and reached El Centro about 1:30 p. m. The road from San Diego follows the new sixteen-foot concrete State Highway to El Centro and thence to Yuma, Arizona, by way of Holtville. This is one of the most picturesque routes through Southern California and takes the tourist through Balboa Park, where you are afforded a fine view of the Panama California International Exposition buildings, and to the east beyond these buildings you behold a series of mountain ranges through which our highway passes. As we hurried along through the park and looked back for a moment to see the sunlight scattering over the rippling waves of San Diego Bay we caught a glimpse of Coronado, Point Loma, the Pacific Ocean, and the islands off the Mexican coast. All too soon we passed beyond the confines of the city and on through East San Diego and La Mesa, two of San Diego's most picturesque suburbs. Next Grossmont is reached, where many noted artists and writers own homes or home-sites. From here an excellent view is to be had of the famous El Cajon Valley, with its beautiful groves and vineyards, San Diego with its wonderful land-



*Leaving San Diego, Cal., Nov. 2nd, 1915, for first Official Automobile Trip over the Southern National Highway to Washington, D. C.*



## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

locked harbor, the Pacific Ocean, the mountains of Mexico and range upon range of mountains to the east. Soon after passing through the Cajon Valley we began climbing the highway to Alpine, and on reaching the summit of the Viejas grade we turned back once more to catch a farewell view of the scenes San Diegans love so well. We made a quick run to Descanso and the Jacumba Valley, through which the San Diego and Arizona railroad is now being built on its way to Dixieland, El Centro and Yuma. Upon reaching the mountain ridge that overlooks the great Imperial Valley, we stopped for a few minutes to view the distant panorama, and then hurried on down the eastern slope of the Sierras over the well-built scenic road through San Diego canyon to its outlet, where we found another long section of the completed State Highway and enjoyed speeding along at fifty miles an hour. In rapid succession we passed through the various towns along the route and brought our car to a stop in front of the Barbara Worth Hotel at El Centro. A notable gathering of prominent citizens of El Centro and the Imperial Valley was awaiting our arrival and gave us a hearty greeting. All were greatly interested in our contemplated trip to Washington. A fine luncheon had been prepared for us, which was followed by a meeting held in one of the large assembly rooms of this exceptionally fine Hotel. Messrs. Fletcher, Burrell and Hall made short talks on the value of good roads and the purpose of our trip to Washington.

As we drove on toward Holtville and passed through this great farming section of the Imperial Valley, which is said to be richer even than the Valley of the Nile, we saw thousands of acres planted to cotton and alfalfa, and many great horse, hog and cattle ranches. Only a few years ago this part of Southern California was a barren desert, now it is the richest section of farming land in the country. It was quite dark when we reached the sand-hills, but we had no trouble in making the run through this one-time dreaded section over the new plank road. We reached Yuma, Arizona, about 7:30 p. m. We were given a warm welcome by the members of the Yuma Commercial Club, whose guests we were during our stay in that city. They had arranged a banquet and reception for us and engaged rooms for our accommodation at the Gondolfo Hotel. This county lately voted a big bond issue for the improvement of its county roads, and the work on that section of the Southern National Highway from Yuma to the Maricopa county line en route to Phoenix is well under way.

Yuma is destined to become an important western city. Around her in all directions lies a rich farming country, and water from the Laguna Dam, a government built irrigating project, assures big crops similar to those grown in the Imperial Valley. The handsome new bridge lately built over the Colorado River at this point will also prove an important factor in the city's growth and development. A visit to the Yuma Indian Reservation, on the California side of the Colorado River, is easily made from here.

San Diego, Cal., to Yuma, Ariz., 205 miles.

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

### Wednesday, November Third

We left Yuma at 8:30 a. m. mountain time. As Mr. Hall had arranged to make the trip from Yuma to Phoenix by train, Colonel Fletcher invited Mr. J. E. Eddy, a well known garage man of that



*Panama-California International Exposition, San Diego, California.*

city, to show us the route and point out where certain changes were to be made in locating the new highway to Phoenix. After leaving Dome, the Highway follows closely along the north side of the Gila River, which we had crossed over a fine new concrete bridge lately



## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

built by convict labor. Distant mountain vistas break the monotony of this rather sparsely settled section of Arizona.

At Palomas we stopped to replenish our supply of gasoline. Another stop was made at Agua Caliente, where there is a comfortable hotel and general store. Here we laid in a supply of Bryanade, which was refreshing, as the weather was unusually warm. It was getting dark as we passed through Arlington. The fording of the Hassayampa River followed, and from there on into Phoenix, which we reached shortly after 9 p. m., we passed through a very rich farming section and several brightly illuminated towns.

Yuma to Phoenix, 186 miles.

The members of the Arizona Club of Phoenix, had planned a banquet in our honor, but we arrived too late to join them on this festive occasion. Learning of our arrival, some of the Club members called to see us at the Adams House that night, and a meeting was arranged for us to be held at the Chamber of Commerce at 10:30 o'clock the next morning. We were joined at Phoenix by Colonel Dell M. Potter, the President of the Southern National Highway Association, who was to travel with us as far as Memphis, Tenn.

### Thursday, November Fourth

Before attending the Chamber of Commerce meeting we called on Governor George W. P. Hunt and State Engineer Lamar Cobb, both enthusiastic boosters for good roads, and had a very pleasant visit with them. At our meeting many interesting speeches were made in behalf of our work, and the members of the Chamber of Commerce assured us that they would see to it that the section of the Southern National Highway running through Maricopa County be put in first-class shape at once. At the close of the meeting Dr. Chandler invited our party for luncheon at the beautiful San Marcos Hotel at Chandler, Arizona.

Phoenix, the capital city of Arizona, is a typical western metropolis, and is destined to become one of the most important commercial cities in the southwest. Here the great Salt River valley farmers will find an outlet for their varied products and the mine owners an exchange for the selling of his ores. With cheap light and power, and all the necessary raw material close at hand, the day is not far distant when Phoenix will also rank high as a manufacturing center. Aware of her great destiny, Phoenix is wisely building and working for the future. Preparedness is her watchword, and she numbers her Captains of Industry by the score; all of them alert and active in her behalf.

We left Phoenix for Globe, by way of Chandler, about 1 p. m. on Thursday, November 4th, accompanied by two automobile loads of our Phoenix friends, who had arranged to go with us as far as Chandler and then see us safely on our way to Globe. We all greatly enjoyed the trip and luncheon at the beautiful San Marcos Hotel at Chandler, and wished we could have stayed longer. Dr. Chandler



## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

did all he could to make our visit worth while and our party extended him a vote of thanks for his gracious hospitality.

It was after two o'clock when we left Chandler, with a long ride before us to Globe, which city we were scheduled to make that night. Our Phoenix friends left us at Mesa, where we were again on the officially designated route of the Southern National Highway, and we soon began climbing the old Apache Trail to the Roosevelt Dam. The ride from Phoenix to Globe through the Superstition Mountains and Fish Creek Canyon is a memorable one. The road, as it winds



*Schumann-Heink enjoying the wonderful view from the front porch of her fine home at Grossmont, California.*

up and down the mountains, runs along the steep sides of high, overhanging cliffs, whose precipitous walls are faced with gigantic boulders on which the rays of a rapidly setting sun brought out in bold relief many exquisite shades of intermingling colors whose brilliancy fairly dazzled our eyes. It was a soul-stirring picture that we were privileged to look upon, and the memory of it will linger forever.

If it should ever be the reader's good fortune to be able to make this trip from Phoenix to Globe through the Superstition Mountains and the Roosevelt Dam, I am sure he or she will agree with me that the world has few more entrancing scenes. I was pleased to learn after I had made this trip that the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, realizing the attractiveness of this section of Arizona's prehistoric wonderland, has had a special folder printed about this wonderful trip and arranged to carry its patrons between these two cities by automobile. It is a trip that is well worth making. This road,

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

which was built and partly re-located by the U. S. Government, from Mesa to the Roosevelt Dam, was formerly known as the Apache Trail, and side trips from Roosevelt can be easily made to some ruins of the ancient cliff dwellers, and other points of interest.

We were delayed en route to Fish Creek by the breaking down of a heavy truck just ahead of us, and in consequence it was quite dark when we reached the Roosevelt Dam, and we saw that wonderful structure under the glow of countless electric lights. It was interesting, of course, but we knew that to fully appreciate the dam's construction, water impoundment and scenic environment, it must be seen in daylight. It was fascinating, however, to look down upon this immense body of water and watch the shimmering lights as they were reflected from its surface and trace the eyrie outlines of the mountains beyond. Nor did it require an overly keen imagination to people the distant vistas with the shadowy specters of the ancient cliff-dwellers who reigned here in undisturbed possession many ages ago. We found it hard to leave this attractive scene, but Globe was still many miles away and we must keep going. Long before that interesting mining town was reached we were hailed by an automobile party that had come out to meet us and escort us to our destination. It was nearly ten o'clock when we arrived at the Dominion Hotel in Globe, a hungry, dusty and tired lot of travelers. Hunger had the first call and we all felt grateful to the good citizens of Globe for the sumptuous repast they had prepared for us. We are also indebted to them for many other courtesies extended.

Phoenix to Globe via Chandler, 139 miles.

### Friday, November Fifth

Colonel Ed Fletcher and Mr. J. E. Eddy left us at Globe and our party was now reduced to five. We started out the following morning with some of our Globe friends to see the world's largest smelting plant at Miami City, and returned to Globe for breakfast and then left for Clifton, Arizona. On the way to that city we had to make a rather dangerous ford over the Gila River, but the U. S. Government is now building a bridge over the river where we made the fording, and this will soon be open for travel. The distance from Globe to Clifton, as shown by our odometer, is one hundred and sixty-nine miles, and a large part of this mileage traverses the San Carlos Indian Reservation, the present home of several thousand Apache Indians. Many road improvements are now under way through this Reservation, and when completed will shorten the distance between the two cities. We stopped at Stafford, Arizona, for dinner and enjoyed a short visit in that interesting little town. In order to reach Clifton, it was necessary to make a detour from Stafford via Duncan. Colonel Potter, of the Southern National Highway Association, stated, however, that when they finish the road via San Jose to Clifton, the doubling of the road from Duncan will be avoided.

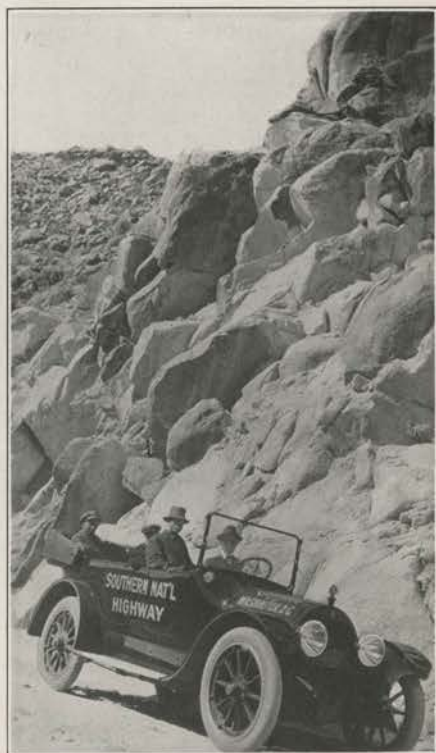


## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

The road winding down the mountains to the walled-in city of Clifton was built under the supervision of State Engineer Lamar Cobb. The Federal Engineer, Mr. B. H. Burrell, was certainly well pleased with it and called our attention to its exceptionally fine drainage. Clifton is both unique and picturesque. It lies in a deep gorge that is traversed by the San Francisco River, and on both sides of the



*San Diego's Back Country on the route of the Southern National Highway, Pine Valley near Descanso, Cal.*



*Passing through San Diego Canyon en route to El Centro, Cal. This Canyon road cost \$60,000 and was built by private subscription of San Diego citizens.*

stream there is a straggling roadway—it could hardly be classified as a street—that is shared by railroad and commercial interests. In places it is barely wide enough to permit an automobile to pass through. Clifton, often termed the streetless city, is well named. Along the high cliffs that enclose it, you may see many attractive cottages, and you wonder how these modern cliff-dwellers get up or down to their homes. An exciting incident during our visit was the burning of a large concentrating plant. Many valuable copper mines in this section of Arizona have added largely to the mineral wealth of our country.

Globe to Clifton, 169 miles.

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

### Saturday, November Sixth

There was very little for us to do in Clifton, and we started out early on the morning of November 6th, for Deming, New Mexico. A slight drizzle, that soon turned into a steady rain, forced us to put up our top, and after going a short distance we stopped to put chains on our rear tires. The ride through the San Francisco Mountains was interesting, even in the rain. Shortly after we left Duncan we crossed the Arizona state line into New Mexico. The road conditions in New Mexico were not so good, but improvements are assured in the near future, as money has been voted for this purpose. As the rain continued nearly all day we were obliged to make haste slowly.

We reached Lordsburg, N. M., for dinner and soon thereafter we started out for Deming, which place we reached about 4:30 p. m. Originally we had planned to make El Paso, Texas, for the day's run from Clifton, but the rain and heavy roads made that impossible, so we decided to stop in Deming for the night and run on to El Paso the next day. The Santa Fe Railroad Company, under the management of the Fred Harvey Company, maintains a hotel at Deming, and this was an extra inducement to make this our resting place for the night.

Our odometer registered 140 miles for the day's run.

### Sunday, November Seventh

As all the members of our party were anxious to get to El Paso as early as possible, we started out of Deming at daylight on Sunday morning, November 7th. The rain was nearly over, and toward the east we had a clear sky and assurance of better weather. The roads were "slickery", as they say in Texas, and we had to drive slowly, but conditions soon changed for the better, and long before we reached Las Cruces we were able to let down our top and again ride in an open car. As we had been traveling without road maps since leaving Phoenix, we had to depend on local information as to routes and road conditions, nor were there many signs posted along the highway to help us. This condition handicapped us all along our route, and frequently caused us to take wrong roads and otherwise delayed us. The quaint old city of Las Cruces was reached in time for our Sunday dinner, which we had at Don Bernardo Hotel, an old-time adobe building and one of the ancient landmarks of New Mexico.

Shortly after registering at the Don Bernardo we learned that Mr. French, State Engineer of New Mexico, was also a guest of the hotel, but confined to his room on account of illness. He was, however, able to see us, and gave Mr. Burrell all necessary information as to what road improvements were planned in New Mexico for the current year along the route of the Southern National Highway.

Las Cruces, the seat of Dona Ana County, New Mexico, is one of the most interesting cities traversed by the Southern National



## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

Highway. It is typical of the southwest, and its enterprising citizens are aiming to make the city and its suburbs so attractive that its future growth and prosperity are assured. The Arizona State College is within walking distance, and the Loretto Academy of Las Cruces is a noted Catholic Institution. Our party is indebted to the Borderland Garage for courtesies extended. The Elephant Butte Dam, a U. S. Government project, will help to make the country around Las Cruces one of the most fertile sections in the southwest. Dona Ana County requested the U. S. Government to help build her county highways and they are amongst the best in the state.

We made the forty-four mile run from Las Cruces to El Paso, Texas, in a little over two hours, and stopped at Mesilla Park for a



*California's Concrete State Highway Connecting San Diego, Cal., to Yuma, Arizona, by way of the Imperial Valley.*

short visit with Mr. Francis E. Lester, Vice-President of the Southern National Highway Association for New Mexico, and a prominent good roads worker. We reached El Paso, Texas, about 4 p. m. and registered at the famous Paso del Norte Hotel.

El Paso is the western junction of the Gulf-Atlantic and Northern divisions of the Southern National Highway, and all tourists who use either section of the Highway in going to or coming from the Pacific Coast will want to make this a stopping place. There are many interesting features about El Paso, and this is likewise true of the Mexican City of Juarez on the opposite bank of the Rio Grande River. At present the U. S. Government has a great many soldiers encamped here, and the main streets are ablaze with brilliant lights and thronged

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

with pedestrians. Apparently it is a city bubbling over with gaiety, but as you mingle with the surging crowd you feel that there is an undercurrent of doubt and anxiety for what the morrow has in store.

Deming, N. M., to El Paso, Texas, 121 miles.

### Monday, November Eighth

According to our original schedule we were to have made the run from El Paso, Texas, to Roswell, New Mexico, in one day, but soon after we started out from El Paso our hopes went a glimmering, as the conditions of the road did not admit of fast driving. Early on the morning of November 8th, we passed Fort Bliss on our way north, and crossed the boundary line into New Mexico shortly afterwards. This section of New Mexico is very thinly populated and would be wholly uninteresting if it were not for the distant vistas of several mountain ranges and the gypsum hills that we passed on our way to Alamogordo, where we stopped for dinner and gasoline. The ride from Alamogordo on to Ruidoso, where we intended to stop for the night, is quite interesting. After passing Tularosa we began to ascend the Sierra Blanca Mountains, where the highway winds through the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation. Soon after passing the continental divide we reached the White Mountain Inn at Ruidoso. As we were nearly 6000 feet above sea level, the air was quite chilly, and we all soon gathered around the cheerful fire in the big living room of the hotel. This is one of the great apple-growing sections of New Mexico, and we were treated to some exceptionally finely flavored fruit.

At Ruidoso we had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. S. M. Johnson, a prominent good roads' booster and State Organizer of the Southern National Highway Association for New Mexico. Dr. Johnson had been notified of our coming, and had been out hunting all that day, hoping he would be able to treat us to some venison steak and wild turkey. We knew the Doctor's intentions were good, but we had to satisfy our appetites with just a plain chicken dinner. Before leaving Ruidoso, Dr. Johnson invited us to see the ruins of a prehistoric irrigation canal that runs through his property and can easily be traced for several miles. It is of limestone formation and in places is over three feet high. The flume is about ten inches wide at the top. It is V-shaped and about twelve inches deep. We also saw the living spring, which supplied this nature-made flume line, but how long it took to grow to its greatest dimension (now a ruin) only a scientist could determine. Dr. Johnson has written a very interesting article on this prehistoric flume line for the Engineering News, and it was published by them, March 25th, 1915. The tourist should not miss seeing this very interesting ruin of America's oldest irrigating canal, which is only one of the many interesting sights that may be seen along the route of the Southern National Highway.

El Paso, Texas, to Ruidoso, N. M., 151 miles.





*New Bridge over the Colorado River at Yuma, Ariz. A connecting link on the Southern National Highway.*

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

### Tuesday, November Ninth

Our Highway from Ruidoso to Roswell, a distance of seventy-six miles, follows the Ruidoso Creek and the Bonito and Hondo Rivers. The ride down the mountain side is very interesting, and we passed many fine looking ranches on the way. At Hondo, a little townsite where we stopped for a few minutes, you have to cross the first and only toll bridge found west of the Mississippi River. Plans are under way to have the toll collecting abolished. We reached Roswell about 2 p. m. and registered at the Gilkeson Hotel.

Roswell, New Mexico, with twelve thousand inhabitants, claims the unique distinction of being the one city in the United States in which one hundred per cent. of the assessed taxes are collected. Lying in the fertile Pecos valley, and surrounded by many thousand acres of fine agricultural lands, with an ample supply of cheap water for irrigation and a climate that assures profitable crops, you are not surprised to learn that every Roswellian is able to pay his taxes.

Roswell has other unique features, and like many other western cities, she is developing her resources along practical lines that will pay big profits. She is proud of her apples and apple orchards and some of these orchards are valued at two thousand dollars an acre. Roswell has many fine buildings and the State Military Institution is located here. I found that next to San Diego no city in the southwest is taking a greater interest than Roswell in the building of the Southern National Highway.

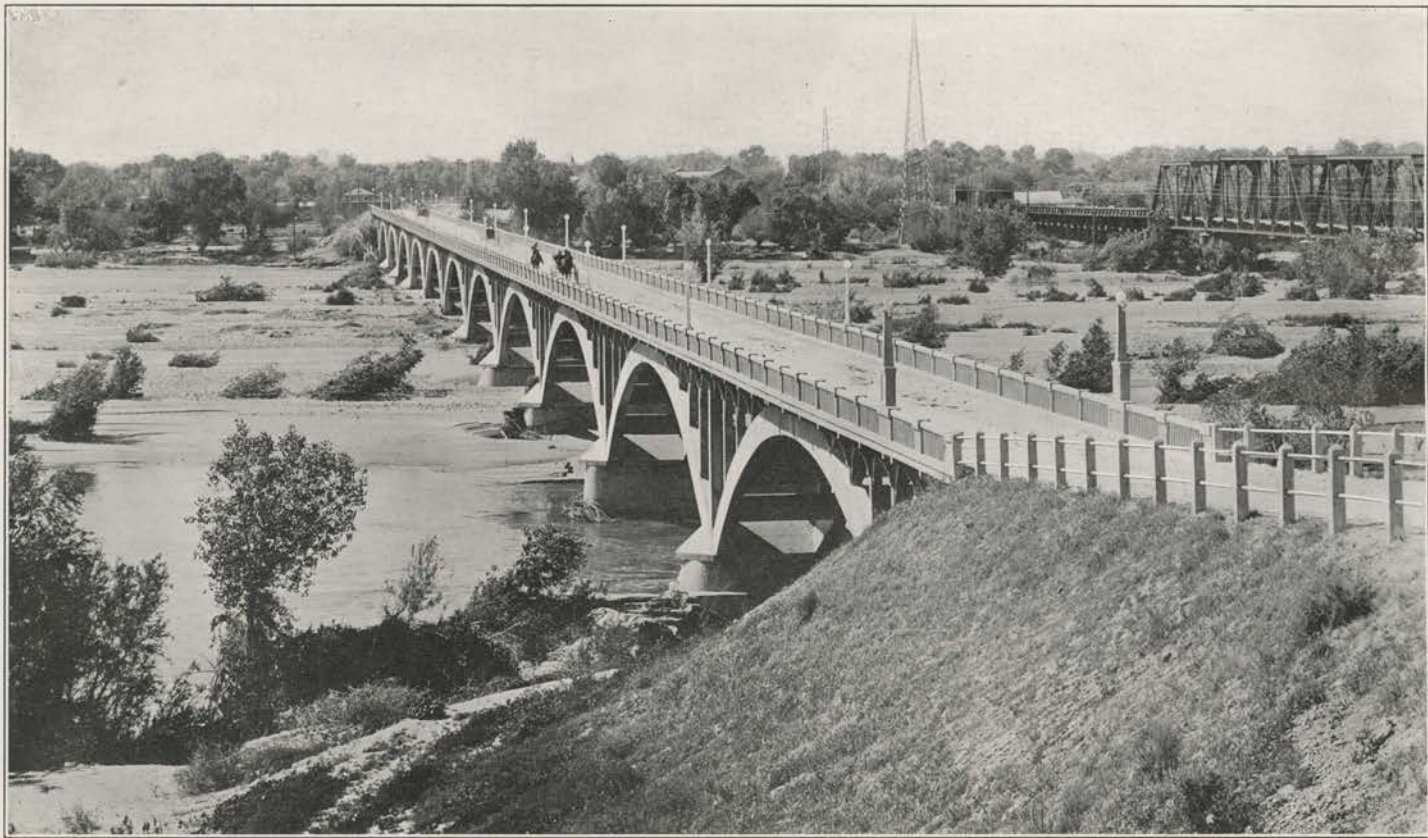
Ruidoso, N. M., to Roswell, N. M., 76 miles.

### Wednesday, November Tenth

As we had no road maps showing our route from Roswell to Snyder, Texas, a distance of approximately two hundred and fifty miles, which we planned to make on November tenth, we had to prepare for any emergency. The greater part of this mileage is over the Staked Plains of New Mexico and Texas, with few towns or townsites along the route, and the nearest railroad, at Tahoka, Texas, is about 145 miles from Roswell. It was the one day's run that we had some doubt about. We obtained what information we could about the roads before leaving Roswell, and with a plentiful supply of gasoline and a splendid lunch that had been put up for us by the Gilkeson Hotel, we started out prepared to accept the best or meet the worst. We found the roads pretty good nearly all the way to Snyder, one straight stretch measuring twenty-four miles according to our odometer.

It was not until nearing the end of our day's run that we had any trouble at all, and that was due to some extraneous cause. It is true that we passed through a severe dust and wind storm, which lasted for several hours, but even that was but an added experience and did us no harm. There was a biting cold wind, and we were





*Bridge over Salt River at Tempe, Ariz., on Route of the Southern National Highway.*

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

covered with dust from head to foot by the time we reached Plains, Texas, where we stopped to eat our lunch. We had nearly all the citizens of the town call to see us, and of course they told us that the storm was the worst they had ever had. After resting at Plains for an hour we started for Brownfield, Tahoka, Post and Snyder. These are all county seats. Fortunately the wind moderated soon after we left Plains, and from that time on the ride was more comfortable. We made a short stop in Brownfield, a rich farming center, and stopped over a few minutes to chat with the Road Commissioners at Tahoka, a town of nearly one thousand inhabitants. From this point on to Snyder, Texas, the route of the Southern National Highway has been changed and instead of going by way of Gail to Snyder the road now goes via Post. This is certainly a change for the better.

Post, is the name of a city planned by the late C. W. Post of Battle Creek, Michigan. It is a most attractive place and will gain lasting fame for its founder. Long before we reached that city, we noticed a great many quarter-section farms, and on all of them there were to be seen neat and comfortable bungalows, barns, sheds, pumps and other costly improvements. The farms were also neatly fenced, and they gave one the impression that the country round about was in a most prosperous condition. After reaching Post we were able to get more complete details of the Post settlement plans. The scheme for laying out these farms, as well as the townsite, was evolved by Mr. Post, and the farmer with a small amount of capital can buy a farm on very reasonable terms. The land is said to be good for cotton, milo maize, kaffir corn, truck farming and stock-raising. Water is reported plentiful and is pumped from a depth of seventy-five to one hundred and fifty feet.

In the city of Post there is an up-to-date cotton mill that buys all the cotton grown in that section. It has a capacity of ten thousand spindles, containing all the latest improvements. The cloth manufactured in this mill is used for sheets and pillow cases only, and we were told the mill is three months behind on orders. It was getting dark when we pulled out of Post, and we were told to follow the road along the railway track and we couldn't miss our way. We were met by a Snyder delegation about fifteen miles from that city and one of the delegates got into our car to show us the way. All went well with us until we learned that our guide failed to advise our driver of a certain turn he should have made. As the road was very narrow our driver thought he would back the car over to the right road, when suddenly the car stopped dead and could not be made to move. We knew something was wrong, and all got out of the car and then learned that if our car had been backed another dozen feet we would all have gone over a steep embankment. Lucky? Well, rather, and it was the only time on the whole trip that the car ever gave us the least bit of trouble. No wonder we all swear by the Cadillac "8". It seems that in backing some rod had been jerked out of place and when the trouble was located it took just thirty seconds to remedy it. It was after 9 p. m. when we reached Snyder, and the





*Apache Trail Through Superstition Mountains, Arizona.  
Route of the Southern National Highway.*

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

second longest day's run of our schedule from San Diego to Washington had been safely made.

Roswell, N. M., to Snyder, Texas, 248 miles.

### Thursday, November Eleventh

Before leaving Snyder, Texas, where we were splendidly entertained by the leading citizens of that attractive little city, we were presented by Mr. E. J. S. Anderson, the State Organizer of the Southern National Highway Association for Texas, with a Blue Book that contained road maps covering our route through Texas and Arkansas, and, even though it was over a year old, it was very useful to us. The highway from Snyder runs via Sweetwater to Abilene, to Albany, to Breckenridge and thence to Mineral Wells. The roads were all fairly good, and some of them around Sweetwater and Abilene are well maintained. The distance from Snyder to Mineral Wells is two hundred and one miles and was easily made in one day. Sweetwater and Abilene impress you as being two prosperous and progressive cities, and both are important railroad centers. Mineral Wells is a resort city and attracts many tourists and health seekers.

One of the enterprising citizens of Mineral Wells called to see us at the Colonial Hotel and invited us to visit the Crazy House with him before leaving the next day. When we got there he marched us all up to the bar (Texas is a dry state) and invited us to call for what drinks we wanted. Up over the bar huge numbered signs are displayed that tell you what wonderful things these beverages will do for you. With considerable misgiving I decided to ask for number four, as it purported to be the mildest of all listed drinks. Then I crossed my first and second fingers to ward off all evil, and unmindful of after effects swallowed the contents of the glass that was set before me. It took me four days to overcome the effects of that drink, and I have frequently wondered since then what would have happened to me if I had asked for number one. Another proof of the statement that you cannot always believe in signs.

Snyder, Tex., to Mineral Wells, Tex., 201 miles.

### Friday, November Twelfth

The distance from Mineral Wells to McKinney, Texas, via the Southern National Highway is one hundred and twenty-three miles, and the road passes through Weatherford, Fort Worth and Dallas. We found fairly good roads all the way. We stopped over at Fort Worth and Dallas to meet the representatives of the leading newspapers and gave them an account of our trip from San Diego eastward. The growth of both these cities has been phenomenal, and improved highways will still further enhance their growth and prosperity. McKinney, where we spent the night of November 12th,





*U. S. Government Road through the Superstition Mountains en route to the Roosevelt Dam. Route of the Southern National Highway.*

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

is a city of about six thousand inhabitants and is the center of a rich farming country.

Mineral Wells, Tex., to McKinney, Tex., 123 miles.

### Saturday, November Thirteenth

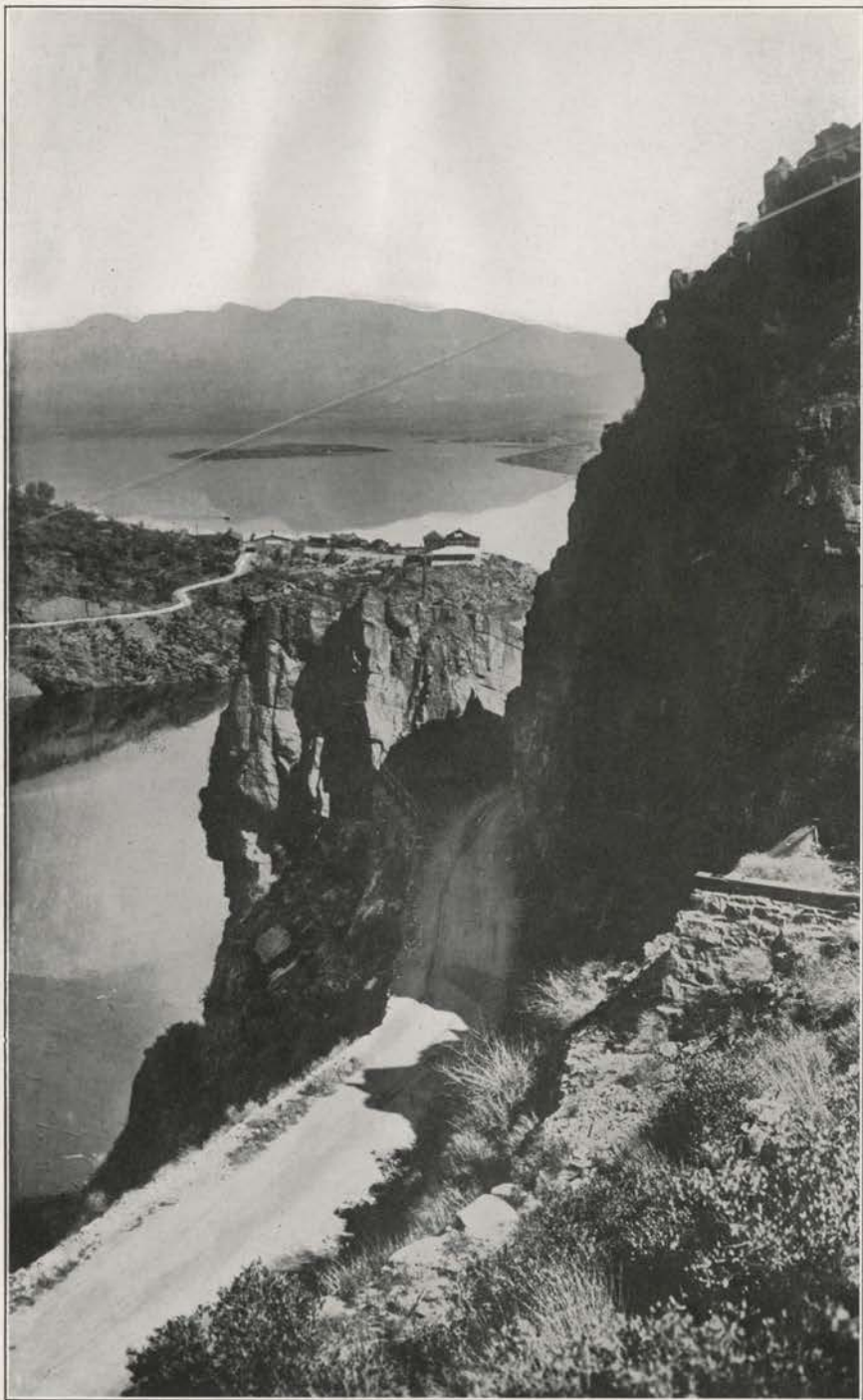
We had planned on going through to Texarkana, Arkansas, on Saturday, November 13th, but failed to confer with J. Pluvius, and in consequence the best we could do was to reach Clarksville, Texas. Our first stopping place after leaving McKinney was Bonham, where we spent about an hour with the County Road Commissioners who had been delegated to meet us en route and escort us to the city. It afforded us great pleasure to congratulate the citizens of Fannin County on the excellent way in which they had posted signs along the highway and the plans they have made for the further improvement of the county roads. The next delegation of good roads enthusiasts we met hailed from the city of Paris, and they were a pretty lively lot of boosters. We were escorted by them to the beautiful new Hotel Gibraltar, where a fine luncheon had been ordered for the party. I regret to state that since the above was written this beautiful city was visited by a serious conflagration that destroyed property valued at over \$15,000,000. It began to rain quite hard shortly after we left Paris, and it took us nearly five hours to make the thirty-five miles to Clarksville, a town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and the county seat of Red River County, which we reached about 8 p. m. We found fairly good accommodations at the Sparta Hotel.

McKinney, Texas, to Clarksville, Texas, 120 miles.

### Sunday, November Fourteenth

It was still raining when we left Clarksville, Texas, on Sunday morning November 14th, with the road conditions growing steadily worse, but we decided to keep on going. We made very little headway at first, but soon got out of the black heavy soil and into a heavy sandy soil that permitted us to make better time. It was nearly one o'clock when we reached New Boston, the county seat of Bowie County, where we stopped for dinner and a short rest. At one time though we thought we would have to turn around and go back before reaching New Boston. We had come to a place along the road where a heavy lumber wagon had been abandoned right in the middle of the road, and between it and the fence on either side there was a running stream of water of unknown depth and unknown condition of the soil beneath it. Just what to do was a serious question, especially as we had been told by the driver of a team we had passed on the way that it would be impossible for us to get by, as the water had gone over his hubs in passing. At last it was decided that we should all get out of the car, excepting the driver, cross over to the railroad track and walk along it until we had passed the inundated





*Scenic View of Roosevelt Lake (Dam), Roosevelt, Ariz., as seen from the Southern National Highway.*

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

section of the highway and reach some place where we could cross back to the road and regain the car, providing the car could safely pass between the obstructing wagon and the fence. Mr. Taylor in the meantime got everything ready, turned on the power and made a run for it. There was just one big splash of water and he was over and back on the highway where we soon joined him. We all had a good laugh over that mountainous mole-hill. The rest of the ride into Texarkana was made without further trouble, as we had good roads in that vicinity, and we crossed the Arkansas state line about 3 p. m. Of course, in dry weather we would have had no trouble over these roads, and all realized that at a very small expense the roads in northeastern Texas could be improved and made passable in all kinds of weather.

On our arrival in Texarkana, Arkansas, we learned that the Red River had flooded the low lands around Fulton, Arkansas, and temporarily made the highway in that section impassable, and our friends in Fulton, with whom we had been in telephonic communication, advised that we ship our car by train to Hope or Arkadelphia, rather than take any chances to make that place over the inundated highway. We followed this advice and reached Arkadelphia about 9 p. m. I was so busy while in Texarkana that I did not see much of that rapidly growing city, which lies on both sides of an imaginary line that divides the states of Arkansas and Texas. Texarkana is an important railroad and manufacturing center, and one of the largest cotton shipping points in the south. While there we met many good road boosters, and we are indebted to Messrs. H. Heilbron, W. A. McCartney and C. S. Christian of the Texarkana Board of Trade for valuable assistance rendered.

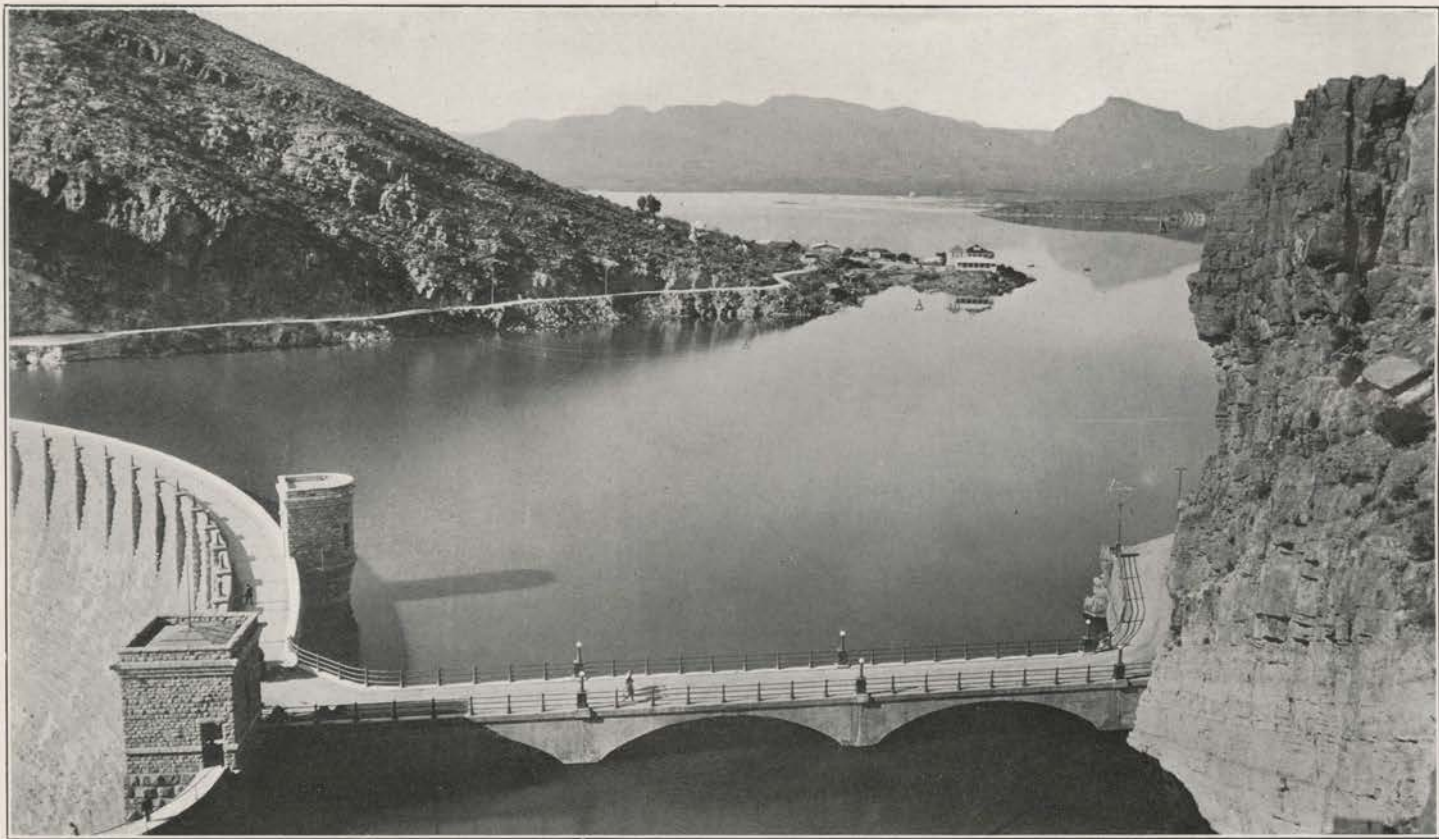
At Arkadelphia we had the pleasure of stopping at the McPherson Hotel. It is more like a home than a hotel and Mother McPherson, a charming southern hostess, simply cannot help but make you feel that you are at home while a guest in her comfortable hostelry. Arkadelphia impresses you as being a home-loving city; a number of denominational colleges add to its attractiveness.

Clarksville, Tex., to Arkadelphia, Arkansas, 149 miles.

## Monday, November Fifteenth

Arkansas has always proved an interesting state to me, and I was pleased at this opportunity to become better acquainted with its people, and that part of the state through which the Southern National Highway passes. A number of prominent good roads enthusiasts called to see us at Arkadelphia and five of them, headed by Mr. H. C. Couch, President of the Arkansas Light and Power Co., planned to accompany us to Hot Springs, for which city we left about 9 a. m. on Monday, November 15th. The ride was a very interesting one, as a great part of it was through the foothills of the





*Another View of Roosevelt Lake as seen from the Southern National Highway.*

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

Ozarks. At times we passed through dense woods, and the falling leaves announced the early approach of winter weather, which, I imagine, is never very severe in this section. In a comparatively short distance along this route we forded a running creek at least twenty times, and they told us that it was the same creek that went zig-zagging down the mountainside. By a re-location of this section of the highway many of these creek crossings could, no doubt, be avoided. We reached Hot Springs about 1 p. m., and our whole party was invited to have luncheon at the Majestic Hotel, by that prince of good roads enthusiasts, Mr. Harry A. Jones, the manager of the hotel.

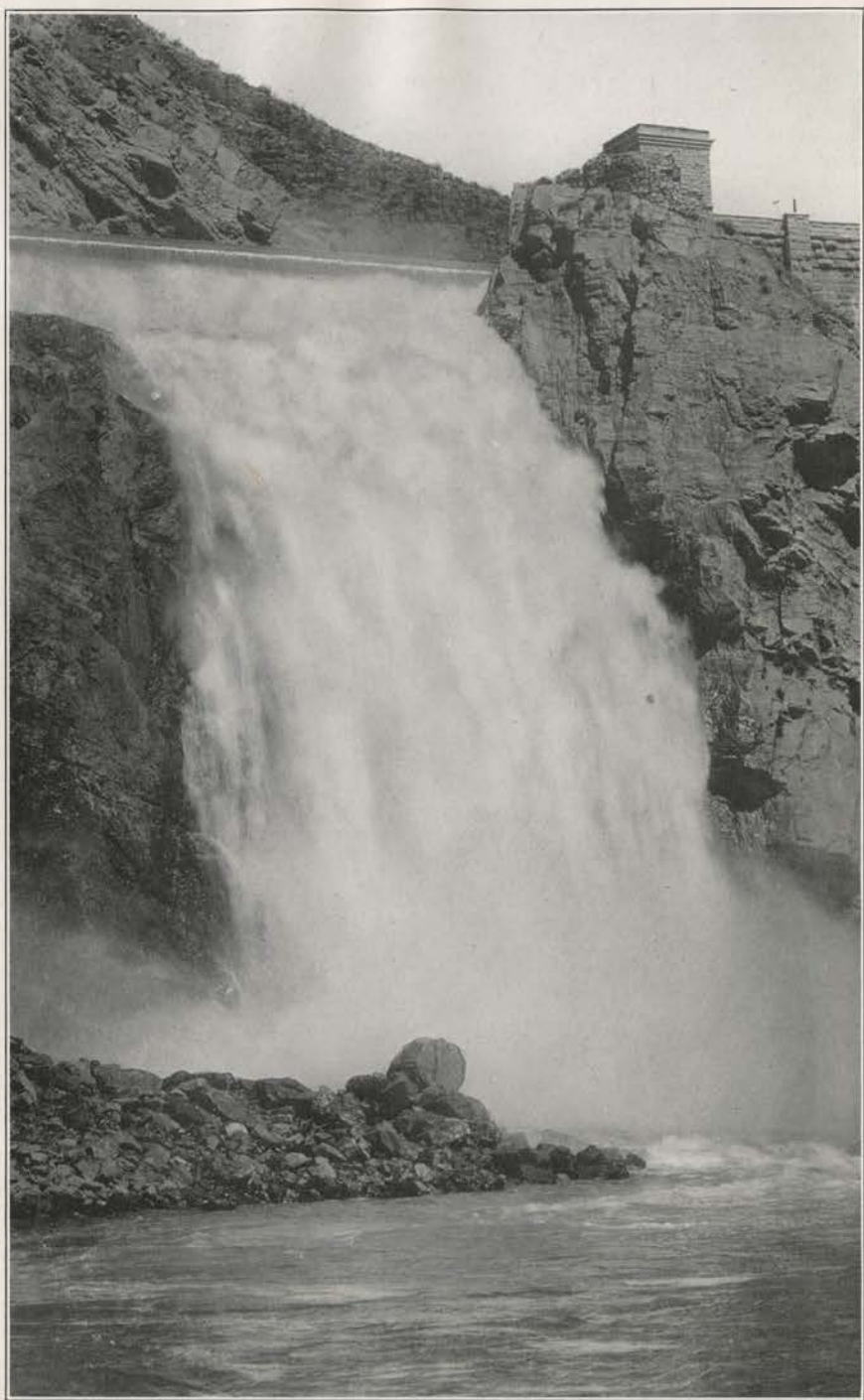
We had a pretty good road from Hot Springs to Little Rock, and made good running time. We were met at the Hotel Marion, where we had engaged rooms for the night, by Judge Joseph Asher and a number of other prominent citizens of the capital city. Judge Asher had arranged for a good roads meeting to take place that night in one of the large assembly rooms of the Hotel, and we entertained the audience by a description of our trip since leaving San Diego. Judge Asher presided at the meeting and introduced the speakers in his own inimitable way.

Little Rock has grown to be a very attractive city, during the past few years. I can remember it as a rather small and unsightly place about thirty years ago when I first visited there. Now there are many beautiful homes, fine business blocks and well-lighted streets that give it the appearance of a metropolitan city. During our stay in Little Rock, Judge Asher was kind enough to get us some necessary information about our trip eastward to Memphis. There had been heavy rains in that section and the roads east of Hazen and on beyond Forest City had been reported impassable. The Judge called up some of his friends along the route over the long distance telephone and asked them to be on the outlook for us and to see that we managed to get through to our destination without needless delay. He also arranged to have a ferry boat in waiting for us at Roe for the crossing of the White River to Clarendon. These arrangements helped us out during the next two days, and we all appreciated the good offices of the Judge and his friends who were on hand to assist us if necessary.

When the new bridges over the Red River at Fulton, the White River at Devall Bluff, the Cache River at Brassfield, and the Mississippi River at Memphis are completed, the run from Texarkana to Memphis can easily be made in two days. We were told all these bridges are to be built within a short time, and some of them are now under construction. As we could not use the highway from Hazen to Brinkley, Arkansas, via Devall Bluff and Brassfield, we had to make a detour from Hazen by way of Roe and Clarendon in order to get to Brinkley, and, on account of this detour, it took us two days to make the trip from Little Rock to Memphis.

Arkadelphia, Ark., to Little Rock, Ark., 97 miles.





*North Spillway Roosevelt Dam, Ariz., seen from Southern National Highway.*

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

### Tuesday, November Sixteenth

We left the Hotel Marion about 8 o'clock on the morning of November 16th, accompanied by Judge Asher, his charming wife and bright young secretary, in a second Cadillac "8". They went with us as far as Hazen. We made a short stop at Lonoke and at Hazen, where we bid our friends good-bye and started southeast to Roe. We had good roads all the way to Hazen, but some of the roads between Hazen and Roe (a detour) were pretty badly cut up and muddy. At Roe we picked up our ferryman, who was as deaf as a post and proved to be quite a character. He had come up the river to Roe to buy some gasoline and a new set of batteries. At his home, near the ferry landing, we made another stop to pick up some life preservers for our use in case of necessity. When we reached the ferry landing we were doubtful about getting the car on the boat, which was barely large enough to accommodate it, and lay at the foot of a very steep bank. However, we got the car safely aboard and then we began wondering how our ferryman and his assistant were going to get us up the river to Clarendon as there was no machinery of any kind, visible or invisible, attached to the boat. We knew that it would be impossible to float up stream and that considerable force would be required to haul or push or pull that heavily loaded boat seven miles up the swiftly running White River. However, we soon discovered the *modus operandi*. After getting the gasoline engine of a small flat-bottom boat working properly they lashed it to our ferry boat, cast off the mooring ropes and in a few minutes we were moving out from the shore. We floated down stream for a short distance and then a second small gasoline propelled boat came alongside the other little boat and it too was lashed to the ferry boat. When all was shipshape the power was turned on and the two little boats pushed the ferry boat, weighing, with its load, at least sixty-five hundred pounds, up the White River to Clarendon. It was slow work, but we eventually reached our destination without mishap. After making a somewhat difficult landing, we were soon on our way to Brinkley and Forrest City. There were two automobile parties awaiting our arrival at Clarendon. One coming from Brinkley, the other from Forrest City. It was some party, and I don't believe all the brass bands in the State of Arkansas could have stirred up greater enthusiasm than our pilot cars from Clarendon to Brinkley and Forrest City. We had fine roads all the way. We stopped at Brinkley to replenish our supply of gasoline and give a short open-air talk about our trip.

The Forrest City party, headed by Dr. Rush, in a Ford car, made a record run to that city, and our driver was kept busy to keep up with them. We reached Forrest City about 5 p. m., and Dr. Rush and his fellow-conspirators urged us to spend the night there as they wanted us to make a good roads talk that evening. Knowing that the roads from Forrest City to Memphis were pretty muddy and





*Ruins of Ancient Cliff Dwellings near Roosevelt Dam, Ariz. Superstition Mountains. Route of the Southern National Highway.*

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

would be hard to make at night, we decided to accept the invitation and remain. The meeting was a big success and we greatly enjoyed the hospitality of the Doctor and his friends.

The most interesting place in Arkansas we passed through after leaving Little Rock was Lonoke, which was a great surprise to most of us, as I am sure it will be to nearly all tourists who use the Southern National Highway. Lonoke is the center of the rice-growing section of the state. On all sides we saw immense rice plantations, and, judging from appearances, I should say that the growing of rice is a profitable industry. I had heard of Arkansas cotton and corn and even of her diamonds, but I did not know that rice was grown in that state.

Little Rock, Ark., to Forrest City, Ark., 122 miles.

### Wednesday, November Seventeenth

It is only fifty-eight miles from Forrest City to Memphis, but it took us all day to make the trip. The delay was caused by lack of facilities for crossing the Mississippi River. Owing to the heavy rains we found the road to Memphis in bad condition, but with chains on front and rear tires we had no trouble in getting through. I understand that the greater part of this section of the road is to be abandoned when the new bridge over the Mississippi River at Memphis is completed. It could, however, be greatly improved by building it up and draining it properly. We arrived at the ferry dock shortly after twelve o'clock but had to wait until 5:30 p. m. before we could get a boat to ferry us across the river to Memphis.

It was rather provoking to wait there on the west bank of the river nearly five hours in view of the tall city buildings that loomed along the skyline to the southeast of us—so near the promised land and yet unable to enter. With the early completion of the new bridge across the Mississippi this annoyance need never occur. It was quite dark when we reached Memphis. As we passed through her brilliantly lighted streets on our way to the Hotel Chisca, where we were to spend the night, and noted the crowds of well dressed people walking to and fro, we could not fail but realize that Memphis has grown to be a great city, and this impression was greatly enhanced the following morning when we saw the many modern structures that have replaced the unpretentious business blocks of a decade ago.

Forrest City, Ark., to Memphis, Tenn., 58 miles.



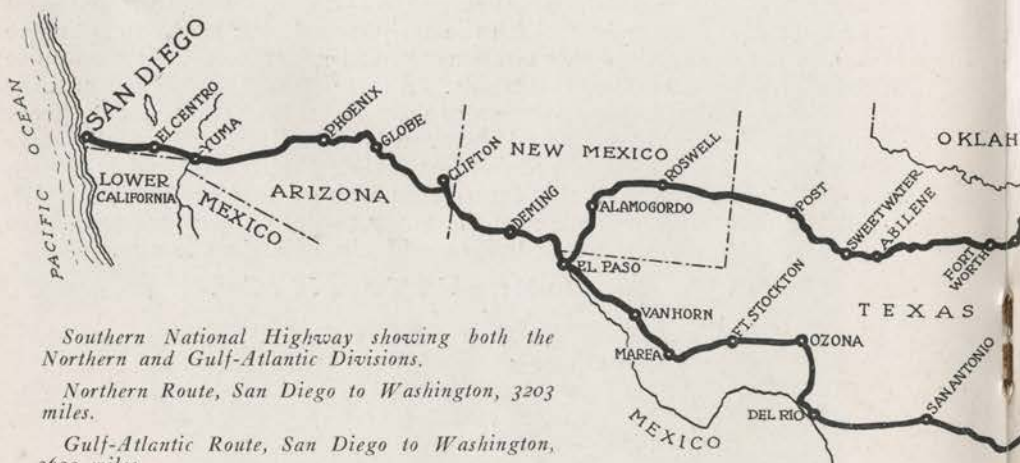
## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

### Thursday, November Eighteenth

Before leaving Memphis for Jackson, Tenn., on the morning of November 18th, I called at the Business Men's Club to get some information about the roads to Nashville. I also got a copy of Newson's Tri-State Road Guide, which helped us very much. Colonel Potter, the President of the Southern National Highway Association, who had been traveling with us since leaving Phoenix, Arizona, left us at Memphis to return to his home at Clifton, Arizona. It started to rain as we left the city and continued to rain throughout the day. We had very good roads until we reached the Fayette county line, but from there on until we reached Jackson we found indifferent road conditions that could easily be made in dry weather, but made hard going in the rain. We stopped at Branden, Tenn., for a country store luncheon of cheese and crackers, with side dishes of sardines, potted ham, pickles and pie. We all enjoyed this for a change from the regulation it all-tastes-alike hotel chow.

One feature of the highway in this section that attracted our attention, was the great number of bridges we had to cross. From Koko, Tenn., to Brownsville, a distance of seven miles we counted not less than twenty-two bridges. Quite a lot of the low-lying country was inundated, due to the heavy rains of the past few days that caused rivers and creeks to overflow and did considerable damage. We reached Jackson about 6 p. m. and registered at the New Southern Hotel.

In traveling over the highway through Madison County, Tenn., into Jackson, we noticed that at one time it had been a very good



## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

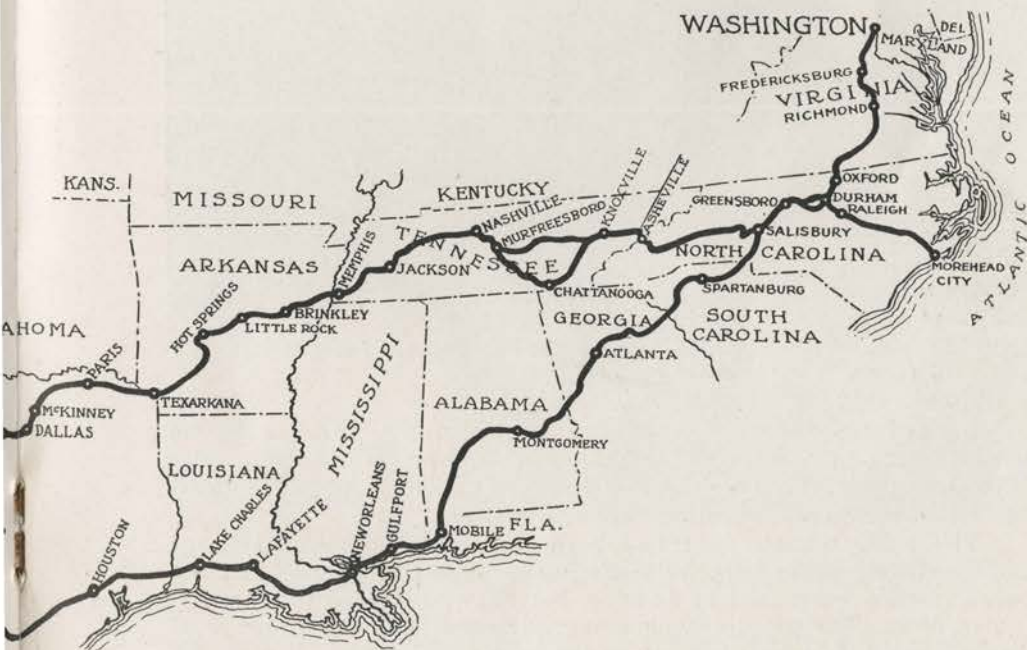
macadam road, and we were told it had been the best in the state, but when the bonds were voted to build it no provision had been made for its maintenance and in consequence the road has rapidly disintegrated. This mistake is made in many parts of the country and many a good road is soon ruined for the want of a small amount of money to pay for its upkeep.

The route of the Southern National Highway from Jackson to Nashville is by way of Huntington, Camden, Waverly, Dickson, White Plains and Pegram, but at the advice of General James Palmer, the President of the Bristol to Memphis Highway, we made a detour from Dickson to Nashville by way of Charlotte and Ashland, and this is likely to be the official route for some time to come, if not permanently.

Memphis, Tenn., to Jackson, Tenn., 102 miles.

### Friday, November Nineteenth

Shortly after leaving Jackson on the morning of November 19th we stopped to pull out a car that had slipped over into a ditch, with two gentlemen in it from Buffalo, New York, Messrs. Fred C. and C. H. Arner, who were on their way to Jacksonville, Florida. As they were also going to Nashville they followed us for the rest of the day,





## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

but I am inclined to think that they were sorry they did before the day was over. We had luncheon at Huntington and took on some gasoline. Our next stopping place was Camden, where we had been asked to meet Mr. Stockard of the County Road Commission and the owner of some fine gravel and chert beds in that vicinity. We found the gentleman at his quarries. He joined us and went on with us for some miles, and pointed out the road we were to take to the ferry



*Apache Indians and Wicketup. The Southern National Highway passes through Two Apache Indian Reservations.*

which crosses the Tennessee River near Hustburg. We had some trouble in finding the way to the ferry landing, which was quite natural, as there were no signs to help out. This mistake added about five miles to our day's run.

The heavy storms that had been raging throughout Arkansas and Tennessee while we were passing through these states had not only caused a great deal of damage, but likewise caused the streams to overflow. The people living along our route said the water level reached was the highest known for the past thirty years. It was this

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

unusual condition that we had to contend against and caused most of our delays. On this occasion it helped us, however, as it made the approach to the ferry landing much easier, excepting the road down the river bank, which had been badly washed out, but the drivers of both cars managed to make the descent without accident. When we arrived on the other side of the river conditions were not so good, and our ferryman had to pick out a new landing place for us. When this was found he had to drive stakes to which he could tie the boat and then build up the landing platform with logs and plank, which he carried for this purpose. After this was done we had no trouble to get the two cars back on terra firma.

It was getting dark when we started off again, but we hoped to get to Waverly that night. We passed Hustburg and frequently stopped to ask for information about our route to Waverly. At Plant a young man, connected with the local telephone office, halted us and said he had been requested to notify us that we could not get through to Waverly by the direct road on account of the river having overflowed its banks and covered the highway to a depth of five or six feet. The young man advised us to make a detour of about two miles via a passable forest road to the north, where, after passing under a railroad trestle, we were to make a number of fords to the east and get through to Waverly in that way. We thought this a good plan and started to follow it, the second car keeping in the rear. We soon reached Bear Creek, the first ford, and it looked ominous. Our driver was in doubt as to the



*Prehistoric Irrigating Ditch at Ruidoso, New Mexico.  
Seen on Route of Southern National Highway.*





*View of the Business District at El Paso, Texas. Route of the Southern National Highway.*

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

depth of the water and the stream was fully a hundred feet wide. Mr. Burrell, the Federal Engineer, who was best equipped for the undertaking, volunteered to wade through the water, and when he found a safe passage he signalled us to come and follow the route he indicated. Our car easily made the crossing and started to go on to the second ford when we heard loud cries from the men in the second car. On looking back we found them stuck in deep water and their engine *hors de combat*. In the meantime Mr. Burrell had waded into the second ford and found the water too deep for us to cross. There was nothing to do now but turn around and go back. As we did this we picked up the two marooned men of the second car and in a few minutes we were back to the place we started from. In the meantime Mr. Hall found out there was a railroad station (Denver, Tenn.) a short distance away, and we drove up to it. There we were advised to go on to Johnsonville, two and a half miles further up the road, where we would no doubt be able to get accommodations for the night, as there was a fairly good hotel at that place. The road was rough and narrow, but it was about the only thing left to do. It was late when we reached Johnsonville and the hotel had closed for the night, but we soon got them to open the doors for us, and the landlady, when she heard of our plight, not only arranged for our sleeping accommodations, but also agreed to prepare supper for us. No meal served at Delmonico's Cafe ever tasted better. In the meantime, while waiting for the supper, the porter started a good fire in the rest room and Mr. Burrell and our friends of the second car dried their wet clothes. The night was cold and raw and the feather beds we were to sleep in looked mountain high to some of us, but they certainly were comfortable.

Jackson, Tenn., to Johnsonville, Tenn., 87 miles.

### Saturday, November Twentieth

The two travelers, who had left their car in the creek near Denver, started out early on the morning of November 20th, to walk back along the railroad track to that place and as soon as possible we followed them in our car. We left Mr. Hall behind, as he decided to go by train to Nashville. When we reached Denver we learned that our friends from Buffalo were busy getting their car out of the creek, and as no damage had been done we left them and went back to Plant, where we learned that the waters had receded during the night and the road through to Waverly was again open. As we rode along we could see how high the water had risen, and realized that the trip could not have been made on the previous day. We found excellent roads in and out of Dickson, where we stopped for luncheon. I wanted to send a telegram to Nashville from that city, but was told that would be impossible. I could send a telephone message but not a telegram. Funny, wasn't it, to find a city in Tennessee from where



## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

you couldn't send a telegram? The ride from Dickson to Charlotte was an easy one, and we had no trouble in crossing the free ferry over the branch of the Cumberland River. After we reached the other side we were told that we would have to make a detour by way of Cheap Hill to Ashland, but as long as we could get through to Nashville that night we didn't mind a few extra miles of travel. As we were nearing Ashland City we had to make a ford about two hundred feet wide, and, as it was dark, it looked deep and dangerous to us. Just before we got ready to dash into it we heard a voice from



*Joined in Wedlock on the Boundary Line Between Texarkana, Texas, and Texarkana, Arkansas.*

the other side, telling us it was all right and we could cross in safety. We arrived in Nashville about seven p. m. and registered at the Hermitage Hotel.

General James Palmer, the President of the Bristol to Memphis Highway, called to see the writer shortly after our arrival and through him and Mr. Murray, the Secretary of the State Highway Board, our Federal Engineer obtained all necessary information as to bond issues for road improvements, etc., along the route of the Southern National Highway through the State of Tennessee. We also asked these gentlemen to give us what information they could about our trip to Knoxville and on to the North Carolina state line. Both Messrs. Palmer and Murray had just returned from a trip through

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

eastern Tennessee, and they advised that we make the trip to Knoxville over the northern section of the Southern National Highway instead of the southern section. I mention this to let the reader know that between Nashville and Knoxville the Southern National Highway has two routes, one by way of Chattanooga and the other by way of Sparta and Crossville to Knoxville. The northern route is the shorter of the two. General Palmer also assured us that before the end of 1916 the highway from Knoxville to Memphis would be put in first-class shape, and that no tourist need hesitate to make the trip.

After our meeting we called on the City Editor of "The Tennessean" and I gave him a good story of our trip from San Diego to Nashville. Our stay in Nashville had to be curtailed on account of the time lost in getting there. We had been told that Governor Rye had planned a reception for us and that there was also to be a good roads meeting. We had to forego all entertainment, however, and keep on moving.

Johnsonville, Tenn., to Nashville, Tenn., 105 miles.

### Sunday, November Twenty-first

Our view of Nashville, which has grown remarkably during the past few years, was limited on this occasion to what we saw of it in leaving on Sunday morning for Knoxville by way of Murfreesboro, McMinnville, Sparta, Crossville and Rockwood. The route to Murfreesboro is over a toll road and about every fifteen minutes they halt your progress by the closing of a gate and some poor old woman cries out **"fifteen cents, please, to help the poor people of Davidson and Rutherford counties to pay for this magnificent highway."** If it were really a good road you would not feel so sore about these petty holdups, but in its present state the toll road to Murfreesboro is a disgrace. You cannot help but wonder as you pass over it why the enterprising merchants of a city like Nashville will tolerate such an obsolete highway system. Out here in the west such a system would not be endured for a single day. We were told there is a movement on foot to abolish this system in Tennessee and I hope it is true. We stopped at Murfreesboro for our dinner, and there we were told by one of those affable citizens, commonly called knockers, that our road to Knoxville was impassable, but we had General Palmer's word that it was. The only thing I did not like about the trip was that we had no road maps from Murfreesboro to Sparta, but as long as there were people about from whom we could enquire as to what roads we would have to take to get to Sparta, why worry. We got along very well until we reached the little town of Rock Island, where we took the wrong road and traveled for some miles before we realized that we were going in the wrong direction, so we turned around and went back to Rock Island. In the meantime it had grown dark and the very narrow road we had been directed to take carried us





*The New Harahan Bridge (to the right) over the Mississippi River at Memphis, Tenn. Bridge and approaches costing \$8,000,000. Connecting link between Tennessee and Arkansas on route of Southern National Highway.*

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

down a steep and thickly timbered hillside, at the foot of which there was a bridge that we crossed. After reaching the top of the hill on the other side we made good time to Quebec, which is on the officially designated route of the Southern National Highway and only a short distance from Sparta, Tenn., where we decided to stop for the night. All this would no doubt have been quite easy to do in the daytime, but at night, when you are obliged to travel over steep and narrow roads where it would be absolutely impossible to turn your car around and you don't know what unlooked-for troubles are looming ahead of you, it is rather disquieting.

While sitting around the stove in the office of the Keystone Hotel at Sparta we became acquainted with a Mr. Pearson, who told us that he would be pleased to go with us as far as DeRossett, which was on our way to Knoxville. We gladly accepted his offer. The proprietor of the hotel also gave us a detailed map of the highway between Sparta and Knoxville.

While we were quietly enjoying a few hours of well-earned rest at Sparta, telegrams were being sent out in all directions asking for information about us. It seems that Colonel Bennehan Cameron, the Vice-President of the Southern National Highway, and one of the two representatives appointed by Governor Locks Craig of North Carolina to meet our party was awaiting our arrival in Knoxville, where we were due to arrive, according to our schedule, on November 19th, and failing to get my reply to his personal telegram, he appealed to the newspapers to try and locate us, and even wired to Governor Rye, at Nashville, asking for information about us. When he met Colonel Cameron in Knoxville the next evening, and he learned of our experience, he no longer wondered at our disappearance.

Nashville, Tenn., to Sparta, Tenn., 110 miles.

### Monday, November Twenty-second

The trip from Sparta to Knoxville, a distance of one hundred and fifteen miles, was made on Monday, November 22nd, over all kinds of roads, that ranged from the very best to the very worst. Shortly after leaving Sparta, we had a three-mile climb to the summit of Cumberland Mountains, from which point a magnificent view is to be had of the surrounding country. From there on to DeRossett you ride along the ridge of the mountains, but the road, through heavy sand, did not permit any speeding. A short distance beyond DeRossett, Mr. Pearson left us, being met at that place by the White County Road Commissioners. These gentlemen informed us of the new road that has been planned to Sparta by way of Ravenscroft, which will be a great improvement.

As a good roads meeting had been arranged for us at Crossville at 10:30 a. m. we were anxious to get there as early as possible, but within three miles of that city we got stuck in the mud, for the first,



## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

last, and only time on the whole trip. We had no chains on at the time, nor did we think they were needed, but Taylor was not familiar with the kind of mud they have in Cumberland County, Tennessee. We at once applied first aid to the injured by using homeopathic doses of oak leaves and brush, and that failing to bring desired relief we applied allopathic doses of logs, fence rails and rocks; but all this



*Court Square, One of the Beauty Spots of Memphis, Tenn.*

work did not help us any, and the only thing left to do was to jack up the rear tires and put on the chains. After Messrs. Taylor and Burrell succeeded in doing this, our troubles were over and we reached Crossville at noon, but too late for the meeting. I had the pleasure, however, of meeting Colonel George W. Cline, one of the Cumberland County Road Commissioners, and explaining to him the cause of our delay. We had our dinner at the Nicholas House, and it was the finest meal we sat down to in the state.

From Crossville to Crab Orchard, about eleven miles, there is a very good road, but from Crab Orchard to Daysville, there is nothing but a rough mountain roadway full of stumps and rocks and some very stiff grades. Colonel Cline of Crossville assured me, however, that this section of the road will shortly be re-located and a new road built. From Daysville on to Rockwood the roads are excellent and a superb view is obtained as you drive along the road that leads down the mountain side to Rockwood. The City of Rockwood, which lies in the very heart of the Cumberland Mountains, has an air of prosperity that speaks well for its people and industries. I could not help

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

but think that this must be a delightful place to spend a summer vacation or a week-end.

We made good time from Rockwood to Kingston, thence to Lenoir and over the seventeen miles of pike road into Knoxville. We registered at the Hotel Atkin in Knoxville and found Colonel Cameron there waiting for us. I was certainly glad to see him, and to learn that he was going with us to the Virginia State line.

Colonel Cameron had arranged for an interview with General A. F. Sanford of the Journal-Tribune, and road conditions throughout the state were discussed with that gentleman, who is a prominent worker for good roads through the south. General Sanford also made up a map for us, showing the road we would have to take the following day from Knoxville to Newport, Tennessee, on our way to Asheville, North Carolina. About the worst section of the entire road, which passes through Straw Plains, New Market, Dandridge and Chestnut Hill, is the old pike road out of Knoxville, but this is shortly to be improved.

Knoxville, the metropolis of eastern Tennessee, is located on both banks of the Tennessee River, in a most picturesque valley that lies between the Cumberland and Smoky mountains and contains over 50,000 inhabitants. It is an ideal location for a city, and there are many charming scenes to attract the tourist. There are a number of fine parks and a handsome steel and concrete bridge over the Tennessee River that connects the two sections of the city. In its confines are located many notable institutions of learning, among the most important being the University of Tennessee, which includes the State College of Agriculture and Engineering; the Tennessee Medical College and the Knoxville College. Knoxville is also an important manufacturing center, and her cotton, woolen and flour mills are among the largest in the state. The city, reputed one of the healthiest in the United States, was named after General Henry Knox, Secretary of War under George Washington.

Sparta, Tenn., to Knoxville, Tenn., 120 miles.

### Tuesday, November Twenty-third

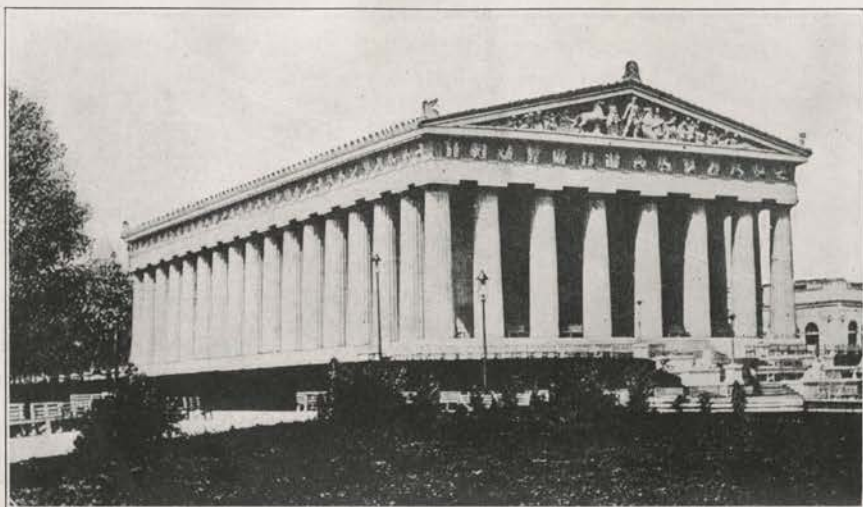
On arriving at Newport, the county seat of Cocke County, we were met by a delegation of prominent citizens, headed by Mayor Smith, who had planned to have us meet the County Road Commissioners, and after they got through telling the Federal Engineer about the proposed improvements of roads in Cocke County we adjourned to a nearby restaurant for luncheon. Our hosts also arranged to accompany us as far as Parrottsville on our way to Marshall, North Carolina. They told us that we would have to make a detour by way of Parrottsville, Cedar Creek, Cover Creek and Allenstand in order to get through to Marshall. This detour was necessary on account of some heavy rock work being done along the highway near Hot Springs, North Carolina, which forced the temporary closing



## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

of the direct road from Newport to Walnut and Marshall. When this work is done and the road opened to travel, the Southern National Highway will follow along the banks of the French Broad River clear through from Newport, Tennessee, to Asheville, North Carolina.

After leaving Parrottville, where we said good-bye to our Newport friends, we had to depend on local information as to what roads we were to take. The farmers and few travelers we met along the road seemed to be in doubt about our getting through to Marshall, but we kept on going just the same. In one place we all had to get out and help build up the road so that we could get over it without damaging our car, and in another section of the road we had to back



*The Parthenon, Centennial Park, one of the many beautiful buildings to be seen in Nashville, Tenn.*

our car fully half a mile in order to find a place wide enough for a turnout so as to let a heavily loaded lumber wagon pass us. Some of the fords were deep, and occasionally we had to cover our radiator to keep the water out, but we passed safely through them all and crossed some pretty risky and rickety bridges. We were still in the deep woods when night overtook us, and just how many miles from Allenstand we didn't know. After we started going up the grade we believed the worst of our troubles were over, but we still had many fords to cross and many miles of rough roads to travel. After reaching the ridge of the mountains we found several roads branching out in different directions and we were puzzled to know which one to take. At length we decided to take the road to the left and in a short time we were again going down a steep and narrow canyon road. The farther we went the greater our uncertainty as to the

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

road being the one we should have taken for Walnut, where we would again be on the officially designated route of the Southern National Highway. We kept on going a while longer and shortly afterwards we saw a light in the distance. Our hellos soon brought a response. It was a woman's voice that answered us, and it certainly sounded sweet in that deep and lonely canyon. When we told her where we wanted to go she said we were on the wrong road and advised us to go back and take the right fork of the ridge road and that would soon carry us to our destination. We had to keep on going down the canyon road, however, until we could find a place wide enough to turn our car around. When this was done and we got back to the ridge and on the right road we saw the end of our troubles and came near making a record run into Marshall, where we arrived about 9:30 p. m., and registered at the Montezuma Hotel. There we were met by Messrs. Ebbs and Roberts, two enthusiastic workers in the good roads movement. These gentlemen, whose guests we were while in Marshall, had planned to meet us, but the telegram sent them by Colonel Cameron did not inform them how we were traveling and they expected us by train.

Knoxville, Tenn., to Marshall, N. C., detour included, 111 miles.

### Wednesday, November Twenty-fourth

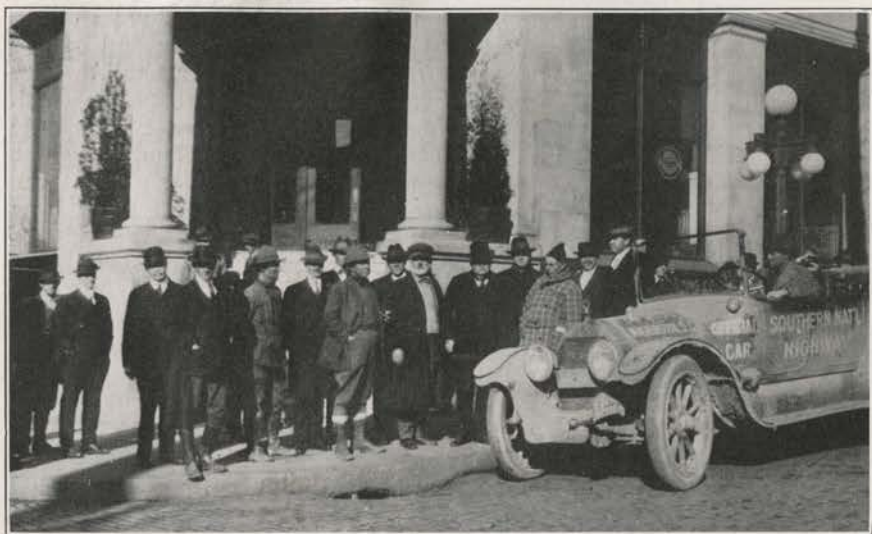
Marshall, North Carolina, is known to fame as the original home of the old-fashioned wooden-pegged shoes and the fact that the city is a mile long, a street wide and sky high. The city lies along both banks of the French Broad River, and is surrounded by high hills that add to its beauty and attractiveness. A number of large manufacturing concerns are located along the river, where they have the benefit of cheap water power.

As Colonel Cameron was quite familiar with the roads through North Carolina, we insisted on his taking charge of our party while in that state. We made a timely start from Marshall and were met by a good-sized delegation of Asheville boosters, headed by Messrs. N. Buckner, Secretary of the Asheville Board of Trade, and J. B. Rector, Manager of the Hotel Langren, at the Buncombe County line, and they remained with us until we reached McDowell County line on our way to Hickory, where we had planned to spend the night of November 24th. These good friends tried their best to get us to stop over at Asheville for Thanksgiving Day. We had invitations from all of Asheville's leading hotels to remain as their guests, but we told them it was impossible, as we were three days behind our schedule and must keep on going, as we were anxious to reach Washington as early on Saturday as possible. We compromised with them by accepting the Langren Hotel invitation for luncheon. While we were attending a reception at the Mayor's office, our Asheville friends were busy planning other entertainment for us, and several automobiles were waiting to take our augmented party to the summit of



## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

Sunset Mountain, from which point you can see over sixty mountain peaks that range from six thousand to sixty-four hundred feet in height. The summit of Sunset Mountain is reached by an ideal automobile road, that affords a superb view of the city and its wonderful surroundings, and it gradually prepares you for the grand climax. It is a great spectacle, and I feel grateful to our Asheville friends for affording us this opportunity of seeing it. We are also indebted to these gentlemen for the unusual courtesy of being granted permission to drive through the famous Biltmore estate in our auto-



*Our Party leaving Hotel Langren, Asheville, N. C. En Route to Washington over Southern National Highway.*

mobile. There are thousands of acres in this property, which was purchased and developed by the late George Vanderbilt. Many millions were spent in the improvement of the Biltmore grounds, and I doubt if there is a more enchanting demesne to be found in this country or abroad.

While we were enjoying our luncheon at the Hotel Langren, I suggested to our worthy host, Mr. Rector, who is also one of the directors of the Asheville Board of Trade, that the City of Asheville send an automobile party over the Southern National Highway from Washington to San Diego sometime during the present year. This would, I am sure, attract considerable attention both to the Southern National Highway and the City of Asheville. If such a trip is made I can assure the party making it a royal welcome in San Diego.

Asheville, North Carolina, a city of over twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is best known as a tourist city, and is one of the most picturesque and popular health resorts in this country. It lies on a

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

high terrace on the east bank of the French Broad River, and the surrounding mountains form a scenic environment that appeals to the lover of nature. It has a dry and equable climate. There are a number of fine parks and wonderful drives with excellent mountain roads that make it a veritable paradise for the automobilist. There are many attractive hotels and apartment houses. Asheville is also growing in importance as a manufacturing center and has a number of cotton mills, tanneries, brick and tile works, etc. Cheap water power and good rail connections assure a steady increase in her industries.

It was after three p. m. when we regretfully said good-bye to our good friends who had accompanied us to Edge Crest, the McDowell County line. We made good time going down the mountain to Marion and on to Glen Alpine, where we were met by a delegation from Morgantown, where we stopped long enough to get supper and have a short talk with the Burke County Road Commissioners. The Morgantown delegation traveled with us until we met the Hickory delegation. We arrived in Hickory about 9:30 p. m. and registered at the Huffry House. Hickory is a lively, wide-awake little city, with numerous cotton mills, furniture factories, wagon works and other varied industries. Its growth and prosperous development being due to cheap motive power.

Marshall, N. C., to Hickory, N. C., 134 miles.

### Thursday, November Twenty-fifth

Thanksgiving Day saw us on our way from Hickory to Durham, North Carolina, via Newton, Claremont, Statesville, Salisbury, Lexington, High Point, Greensboro, Graham and Chapel Hill. Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt, the State Engineer and State Geologist and personally representing Governor Locke Craig of North Carolina, had planned to meet us at Hickory, but was unable to make connections with us at that point and wired that he would join us at Greensboro and continue with us as far as Durham. We made a short stop at Salisbury, which is the eastern junction point for the Northern and Gulf-Atlantic divisions of the Southern National Highway. We had good roads all the way to Greensboro, and arrived at that city about two p. m. There we found Dr. Pratt and several members of the Greensboro Chamber of Commerce awaiting our arrival, and as soon as we washed off the worst of the dust we all sat down to a very enjoyable Thanksgiving dinner at the Guilford Hotel. I thought at the time we had much to be thankful for that day. We had passed through divers perils unscathed, and the end of our trans-continental trip less than two days away, with good roads assured us to Washington, our final destination. At the request of Dr. Pratt we agreed to make the run to Durham by way of Chapel Hill instead of Hillsboro. This is the longer road of the two, and I was told is also less interesting. There were some things at Chapel Hill that Dr. Pratt



## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

was anxious to have us see, but it was dark when we reached that place and we missed them. We arrived at Durham about 7:30 p. m. and registered at the Hotel Malbourne. Both Dr. Pratt and Colonel Cameron were kept busy that evening introducing us to their numerous friends, with whom our trip from San Diego was freely discussed.

Hickory, N. C., to Durham, N. C., 186 miles.

### Friday, November Twenty-sixth

All the members of our party had been looking forward to a visit to one or more of the great tobacco factories located in Durham,



*Visiting the famous Vanderbilt Estate at Biltmore, North Carolina. Route of the Southern National Highway.*

but owing to the late hour of our arrival and the very early hour of our departure the following morning, we had to forego this pleasure. We left Durham, Friday, November 26th, about 6:30 a. m. (it was still dark at the time) and planned to stop at Oxford, North Carolina, for breakfast, which Colonel Cameron had ordered at the Exchange Hotel of that place over the long distance telephone. We also made a short stop at Stagville, North Carolina, where Colonel Cameron's ancestral home is located. The old-fashioned house, built in 1800, is surrounded by well-kept grounds and many fine shade trees. Within doors you find all kinds of antique furniture, and old darky servants that have, no doubt, served the Camerons for several generations.

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

On the seven-thousand acre plantation, adjoining the Cameron home, you may still see many of the original cabins that were occupied by the Cameron slaves before the war. It was an attractive and imposing place, but personally I prefer a cosy little bungalow among the foothills in dear old California.

We were a bit late for our breakfast, as we did not get to Oxford until 8 a. m., but the meal was worth while, and the fried spring chicken tasted nearly as good as the home-cured North Carolina ham. I was glad that our last meal was, by all odds, the best meal we had in North Carolina. After breakfast we were invited by Mr. L. F. Smith of the Exchange Hotel, to witness a tobacco auction and see how the tobacco grown in that section is sold. It was interesting in a way and not unlike the tobacco auctions of Holland.

Colonel Cameron left us at a small railroad station just before we reached the Virginia State line. I was sorry to see him go, as it had been a great pleasure to have him with us, and he had done everything possible to make our trip through the State of North Carolina an enjoyable one. The road from Durham north to Washington, which we were now traveling over, is also known as the Quebec-Miami Highway and many miles of this road is maintained under the supervision of the Office of Public Roads with Federal Engineers in charge of the work. The greater part of this road is above the average, while the entire road between Durham and Petersburg, Virginia, is very well signed, and there is little danger of any mistake being made, as to the route. It is only just to state, before leaving the North Carolina division of the Southern National Highway, that if all the roads in the other states traversed by this Highway were equal to those found in North Carolina, the Southern National Highway would, today, be the best and most popular of all the Trans-continental Highways that have so far been planned.

Every mile of the Southern National Highway route through Virginia is over historic ground and we passed through many interesting towns and hamlets before reaching Petersburg. Among the larger ones are Clarksville, Boydton and Lawrenceville. Shortly after leaving Clarksville, Virginia, we crossed a very long toll bridge ("fifty cents, please") that spans two rivers, the Staunton and the Dan, and both these join and form the Roanoke River a short distance below the bridge crossing. We reached Petersburg about 3 p. m. and stopped there for lunch. That city has also undergone a great change for the better, and is today one of the important manufacturing centers of the state.

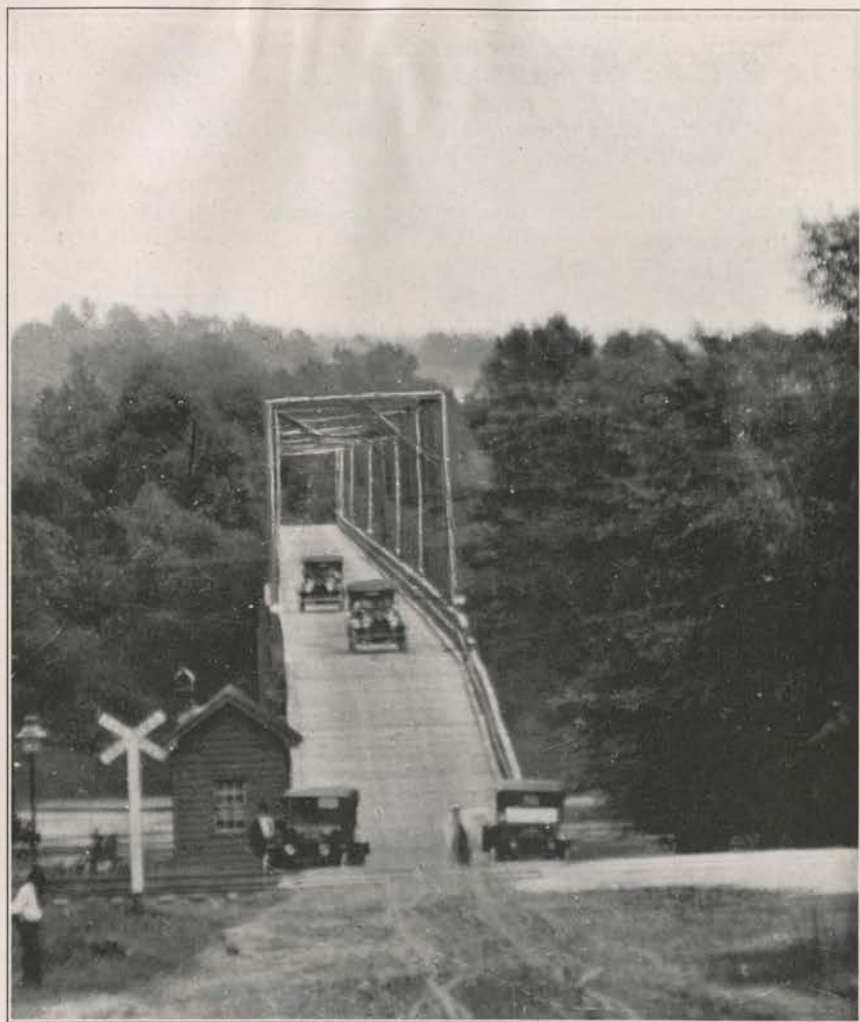
It was getting dark when we reached Richmond, Virginia's beautiful capital, and one of the most progressive cities in the south. We had planned to spend a night there, but as we were anxious to get to Washington by noon of the next day, we decided to continue on to Fredericksburg, Virginia, that night.

Mr. W. Jefferson Davis, a native Virginian, and now a practising attorney of San Diego, California, joined our party at Richmond at



## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

my invitation and made the trip with us to Washington. Mr. Davis had been doing some good publicity work in the interests of the Southern National Highway, both in Washington and Richmond,



*Bridge at Clarksville, Virginia, that spans two rivers, the Staunton and the Dan.  
Route of the Southern National Highway.*

and apprised of our coming had planned a number of interviews and receptions for us and also arranged for other valuable publicity. While awaiting our arrival in Richmond, Mr. Davis had been told that we could not make the trip through to Washington over the Southern

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

National Highway route on account of the Chopawamsic swamp lands being flooded, and that we would have to make a detour via Charlottesville and Manassas. At first I was rather discouraged with this information, but after I talked the matter over with the Manager of the Hotel Richmond, and learned from him that several automobile parties had made the trip over our contemplated road that day from Washington to Richmond, I decided that we would finish the first official trans-continental trip over the prescribed route of the Southern National Highway or die a-trying.

Before leaving Richmond I tried to buy a map showing the road to Washington, but was unable to get it, although I visited a number of stationery and drug stores, where such maps were supposed to be sold. In lieu thereof, Mr. Burrell, the Federal Engineer, obtained what information he could from people who were familiar with the road as far as Fredericksburg, and we started off. We had been told that the road, excepting about three miles, was an exceptionally good one and that we ought to make the seventy miles to Fredericksburg in two and a half hours. After we got out of the city and on the highway we made very good time and passed Ashland and Ellett's Crossing all right, but shortly after that we made a wrong turn somewhere and for nearly three hours we were lost in the wilderness. First we would try one road, then come back and try another and still another, and then turn to the right, come back and turn to the left, but there we were still deep in the woods, and the roads, where there were any, so narrow and badly cut up that it was terrifying. We just didn't know what to do or which way to turn, and even Taylor, our more than patient driver, became disheartened and discouraged and advised that we should return to Richmond if possible. Fortunately the night was balmy and we were thankful for it. We rested for a few minutes, while Mr. Burrell was looking up another turn of the road, and when he came back and reported that he believed the road to the east of us apparently lead to some farmhouse and advised that we try it and see where it would lead us. After driving along this road for a few minutes, we came to a number of gates and some distance beyond them we saw the faint outlines of a big house. By this time a half dozen dogs began barking loudly, and with our hellos, as we approached the house, we soon had a response. When the farmer found out who we were and what we wanted, he asked us to wait until he dressed and he would then come down and give us explicit directions as to what road to take to get to Fredericksburg. He told us that we were not much more than a mile off the main highway and then directed us how to get to it. We thanked him again and again for his kindness and apologized for having disturbed him and his family at such a late hour. Now our troubles were of the past and in a few minutes we were back on the highway and fairly flying along the road leading to Fredericksburg.

The town clock in the quaint old city of Fredericksburg was tolling the midnight hour as we drew up in front of the Princess Anne Hotel, which at that enchanting hour, looked like a fairy palace to



## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

us. After we registered and Taylor found a place for his car, we all started out for a midnight supper, which we were able to get in a nearby restaurant.

What a wonderfully interesting city Fredericksburg is! As you walk along her streets and see her time-honored homes that were built many yesterdays ago, you cannot help but feel that even this country has some ancient landmarks, and in historic Fredericksburg you will find a great many of them. We had pointed out to us the home where Washington's mother lived and died. Here you may also see the Rising Sun Tavern, often used by Washington as a stop-



*The Old and New Way as seen en route to Washington, D. C. over the Southern National Highway.*

ping place. At the City Clerk's office you may see the last will and testament of Mary Washington. There is also a monument erected to the memory of Washington's mother. Here may also be seen the lodge room in which Washington was made a Mason, and many attractive colonial homes of historic note. In no city that I have visited in this country can one get a clearer conception of what our cities and towns looked like during the early years of our Republic than in Fredericksburg, and I sincerely hope that the good citizens of that battle-scarred city will always endeavor to preserve the many interesting and noteworthy landmarks that will ever prove an inspiration to coming generations. Fredericksburg will prove a veritable gold mine to the student of American history and an unusually attractive place for the tourist.

Durham, N. C., to Fredericksburg, Va., 259 miles.

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

### Saturday, November Twenty-seventh

As stated before, it had been predicted that we would have some trouble in crossing the Chopawamsic swamp lands near Dumfries. This section of the Highway lies between Fredericksburg and Washington. I took this matter up with Mr. Reamy, the Manager of the Princess Anne Hotel at Fredericksburg, and learned from him that we could easily avoid crossing them by making a short detour. He also furnished me with a detailed map of the road through to Washington. Through him we also learned that the money had been subscribed to repair the swampy section of the highway, and I presume by this time the road is in first-class condition. The detour we made was via Joplin from Garrisonville and thence to Dumfries, where we again reached the regular Highway. We had a fine road from Dumfries on to Washington, and at times were running along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. We reached Alexandria, Virginia, shortly after twelve o'clock and arrived in front of the office of Public Roads in Washington, D. C., at one p. m. The photographer for the Washington Post was on hand to take snap shots of our party. Soon after we registered at the Hotel Raleigh, and there ended the first official trip ever made over the Southern National Highway. It was made in  $26\frac{1}{2}$  days from San Diego, California, to Washington, D. C.

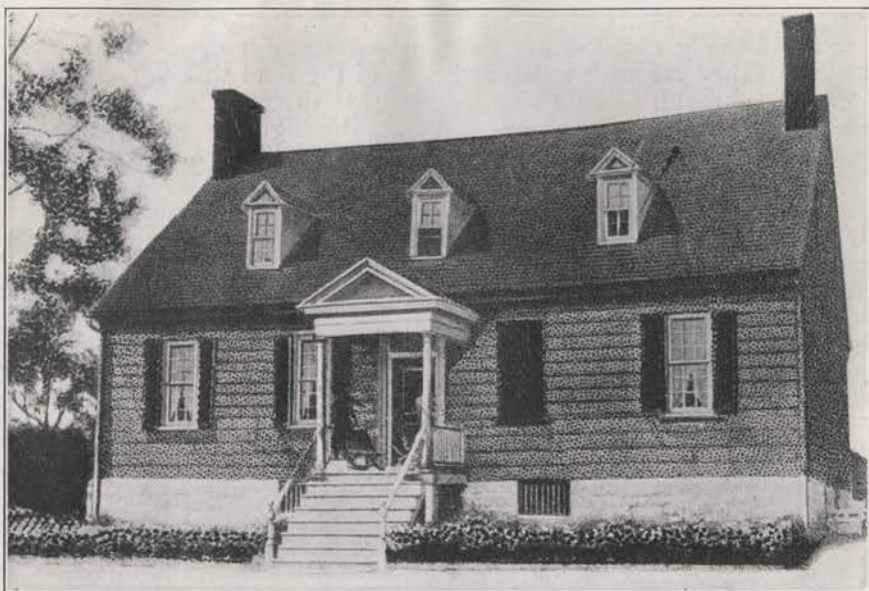
Fredericksburg, Va., to Washington, D. C., 71 miles. Total distance from San Diego, California, to Washington, D. C., including detours, 3590 miles. Daily average, 133 miles.

The above trip over the Southern National Highway from San Diego, Cal., to Washington, D. C., was financed by the citizens of San Diego and Imperial Counties, California.



## VALUE OF GOOD HIGHWAYS

In my trip over the Southern National Highway I became convinced that the people of the South have so far failed to realize the value of good highways, and this, in a measure, is equally true of al-



*Rising Sun Tavern, Fredericksburg, Va. This was a favorite stopping place of George Washington.*

most the entire country. Our Government has spent hundreds of millions for the improvement of our Rivers and Harbors and comparatively nothing for the building and maintaining of Post Roads. Think what it would mean to the whole country if Congress were to aid in the building of a comprehensive system of National Highways. Such a system of Highways would assure lasting prosperity and increase the value of our farm lands from 100 to 500 per cent, and farm output would increase proportionately.

We are constantly talking of a "Back to the Farm" movement, and of "Helping the Farmer. The best way to bring about such a millenium would be to build ade-



*Princess Anne Hotel, Fredericksburg, Va.*

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

quate highways maintained by National and State aid. We do not need Military Roads in this country as much as we need Commercial Highways, that will make it possible for the farmer everywhere in the United States to market his produce at a minimum of cost and enable him to sell to the consumer all the produce he can raise at a fair profit.

Since the above was written Congress has appropriated \$75,000,000 for the building of Post Roads, and as the States are to appropriate a like amount there will be available during the next five years \$150,000,000 for the building of National Highways. This will be money well spent and will substantially aid in the early completion of the Southern National Highway.



## LAND VALUES INCREASED BY STATE-BUILT HIGHWAYS

In driving through parts of Texas, Arkansas and Tennessee I was surprised to learn that considerable land can be bought in those states as low as five dollars an acre. It was said to be good land that will grow profitable crops, yet there is very little demand for it. One reason given for the low prices at which this land is offered, was the distance from railroads, but more often it was said to be the lack of good roads that made those sections of the country uninviting to the prospective settler, who must consider what it would cost him to market his crops. What a change could be brought about if these three great states would undertake to build a series of State Highways to connect up their various county seats, and what a revelation to the inhabitants such roads would bring home to them? It would make life on a farm worth living, for with such Highways would come neat fences around the land, newly painted homes, attractive outhouses for stock and storage, and last, but not least, a modern garage for the new automobile. These three states, more than any others traversed by the Southern National Highway, are greatly in need of State Highways, and by building them the values of land would increase tenfold.

The value of good Highways was possibly never better illustrated than it has been in Southern California. Less than five years ago there was no such thing as a highway between San Diego and the great Imperial Valley. It is true there was a road between these two sections of California, but it was so poorly constructed and parts of it so dangerous, that few were brave enough to travel over it and a number of lives were lost in trying it. Then came the awakening.

The Imperial Valley, one of the richest sections of farming land in the world, was growing immense crops of alfalfa, cotton, corn, cantaloupes and watermelons, and raising many thousand head of cattle, hogs and horses, and of all these riches San Diego, her nearest neighbor, received no benefit at all. Why? Simply because she had no highway or direct railroad to this wonderful Valley. Aware of this intolerable condition the citizens of both counties successfully voted big bond issues and a good roadway connecting these two sections was built. It was a most profitable investment, as is evidenced by the fact that over fifty automobiles travel over this road daily. When the new sixteen-foot concrete State Highway is completed between these two sections it is more than likely that the average number of automobiles using this highway will exceed one hundred daily. It pays to advertise! It pays to build good highways, because such highways are the most profitable kind of advertising.

## ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC ROAD RECEIVES ENDORSEMENT OF GOVERN- MENT ENGINEER

**San Diego to Washington, D. C., Over Southern Route Open Throughout Year for Automobiles Through Territory of Scenic Beauty.**

After the completion of an inspection trip over the highway reaching from San Diego to Washington, D. C., for the purpose of making such recommendations to congress through the government department of roads and engineering relative to the location and construction of a national highway over the southern route, United States Government Engineer B. H. Burrell made a report to his department of the government service, strongly advocating the establishment of such a highway, which, if constructed, will give San Diego another trans-continental road to the eastern sea-board.

In his report, Engineer Burrell says:

"The total distance for the designated route, San Diego to Washington, is 3247.8 miles.

"The re-location of portions of this route would reduce the total distance by several hundred miles, but it should be understood that the route as traveled by your engineer had been designated by the Southern National Highway Association as a feasible highway, which could be traveled at the present time without undue hardship or difficulty.

"It can be said with perfect confidence that there are no difficult engineering problems extant over any part of the route as traveled. All the relocations suggested can be made by any competent highway engineer.

"500 miles or more of the grading for the 16-foot surfaced highway should not cost over \$500 per mile, and your engineer is of the opinion that no individual mile would cost over \$6000 for grading alone, and also that there is not more than 75 miles altogether that would cost over \$5000 for grading alone.

"It might be said that from the information gathered along the line, from practically every county through which we traveled, there is less than 200 miles of the entire distance for which money has not been either appropriated or provided for, or work actually under way which will place the designated Southern National Highway in fine condition prior to the spring of 1917.

"When the projected work is completed, which will be about eighteen months hence, the entire route could be traveled by almost any car with perfect comfort and security. Excellent stopping places within easy distances of each other are found all along the route, and while automobile supplies and fuel are high at some points along the route, in general the prices averaged about the same as those found in any part of the country.



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## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

"We had absolutely no breakdowns or mechanical repairs during the trip, and we only stuck once in the entire journey, and this was due to carelessness more than anything else, as we attempted to cross some newly-graded sand clay road without chains. After jacking-up and placing the chains, we came out on our own power. We used a Cadillac, eight-cylinder, 1916 model.

"The last fourteen miles into Washington was made at an average speed of 55 miles per hour, with the speedometer reading 63 miles per hour several times.

"The trip was made between November 2 and 27, 1915, 26½ days on the journey, averaging approximately 10 hours a day travel. The



*The Octagon House, Washington, D. C. Occupied by President Madison after the British burned the White House in 1814. George Washington was frequently entertained here.*

average daily run was approximately 134 miles, the longest being 259 miles, from Durham, North Carolina, to Fredericksburg, Virginia.

"Had the journey been made one month earlier, at least two days could have been gained over the running time.

"The funds which made the trip possible were raised by San Diego citizens. The expenses of the journey were not paid from the Southern National Highway Association treasury, although the sanction of the association was obtained for the trip, and the journey was made under the auspices of the association.

"Contrary to general opinion, the so-called deserts of western Texas, to and across the Imperial Valley, California, are not deserts,

## SAN DIEGO TO WASHINGTON

but land which some day will be brought under the highest state of cultivation. Especially is this true of the Imperial Valley, in California, the Gila River basin, and the Staked Plains of Western Texas and Eastern New Mexico.

"It is extremely interesting throughout—very different from the general impression given the railroad tourist from the car windows. The colorings through Arizona and New Mexico can only be truthfully reproduced by the impressionistic school of painters.

"The Superstition mountains of Arizona afford scenery which is only excelled by a few of the celebrated beauty spots of America.

"Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina afford a beautiful scenic route, largely through virgin country, with many miles of forest untouched by man.

"Through North Carolina and Virginia is to be found beautiful scenery on every hand, and countless places pregnant with historic associations.

"In conclusion of this report, and as to the conditions of the road in general, it is the writer's opinion that this route is an open route throughout the year for automobiles, and could be traversed with ease during eight months of the year in its present condition."

—Reprinted from "Motor News", April, 1916.