

On my first visit to the post office after returning home, I was informed by Ted that Gris and I were down for Speakers at Rotary, Thursday, and on receiving my copy of this months Spare Tire, I see the Committee have it in print, so there seems to be no choice in the matter; but give you as best I can, some of the high points of our trip.

We left Lyndonville Sunday, March 11. <sup>1934</sup> The road conditions ~~and weather were rather unfavorable~~ and we drove only as far as Hartford the first day. On Monday, we drove through New Haven, New York City, Philadelphia, as far as Oxford, Penn. where we stopped at the Oxford House, and as luck would have it, their Rotary Meeting was to be held at this very hotel about 15 minutes after we arrived. This was a most interesting meeting and we met some very fine fellows. Russ was seated by the side of one of the City coal dealers, and I, with a milk dealer.

Tuesday's drive took us through Baltimore, Washington, Richmond to Raleigh, the capitol of North Carolina, a very beautiful and progressive city. Between Oxford and Baltimore we passed over the dam which holds back the waters of the Susquehanna River, and furnishes power for Philadelphia, and is claimed to be one of the largest Power developments in the country.

Wednesday, we drove from Raleigh to Savannah, a distance of 378 miles, taking a little time as we passed through Southern Pines, to drive around some of the places of interest. Our drive through North and South Carolina, while rather monotonous, gave us a good idea of how southern <sup>Cotton</sup> plantations are carried on. This is the season

for preparing the land for planting the cotton, and during the full day's drive, over perfectly straight and nearly level roads, we were passing thru the cotton area. While we did not inquire what arrangements were made with the negroes for carrying on the work, we got the impression that they were mostly tenant farmers. Each negro family seemed to have a fairly sizable tract which they were carrying on, and their equipment consisted of a very light plow and a mule; sometimes a mule and steer hitched together and occasionally a mule and a horse. We saw only one tractor being used during this day's drive. The negroes live in a very primitive way, <sup>often</sup> having a bench and quite often a half barrel <sup>in the back yard</sup> for doing the family washing. Their living conditions were apparently no better than 50 years ago. The houses often had no windows, only crude wooden shutters at each end for ventilation. We were told that they sometimes have to move their beds from one side of the room to the other, to save them from a drenching in a hard rain. This condition of Negro life seems rather pitiful to us here in New England.

From Savannah, our trip took us thru Jacksonville and St. Augustine to Daytona, where we spent the night. We passed Mr. Campbell's residence on Halifax Ave. At St. Augustine, we drove thru the oldest street in America, past the Fort and thru the Ponce De Leon Hotel, a most luxurious place and, of course, it goes without saying that it gave one a real thrill to spend some time in this most Ancient American City. We called on Ziba Norris as we passed thru Ormond.

Friday, our last day on our downward trip, easily took us to Miami and on the way we had a pleasant drive viewing the sights at Palm Beach, and while there called on Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Harriman. We arrived in Miami at about 8 o'clock. We had no trouble in finding

Chas' home. Harry and Blanche were there to help receive us, and "Boy" weren't we given a hearty welcome. We spent a most pleasant 8 days in Miami, and while there Harry, Chas, and Mrs. Stuart saw to it that we saw every place of interest. The weather was pleasant and from 70 to 80° temperature each day. Greater Miami, during the winter season has a population of 200,000 and there is a negro population of about 30,000. The city is beautifully laid out and nearly all the buildings are modern in construction. Miami Beach is the favorite residential section. Harvey Firestone and many others have palatial homes there. We visited Pan American Airways and saw the Havana plane land.

We visited Coral Gables, going thru the Miami Biltmore Hotel, one of the most popular resorts. While on this trip we visited a most luxurious Sanitarium operated by the Kelloggs of Battle Creek, Mich.

Miami has many beautiful hotels and a great number of fine retail stores and didn't our ladies take advantage by doing a liberal amount of shopping? There are a large number of beautifully laid out golf courses and we took advantage by playing two of them.

Chas has a beautiful Spanish designed house with a fine front yard and a row of Palm trees and some orange and grapefruit trees. His land occupies one-half city block, is very productive and he raises a large variety of flowers, mostly sweet peas, and has a ready market for all he can raise. Their two daughters, Dorothy and Betty are certainly charming girls and Mrs. Stuart rightly took much pride in telling us that Dorothy stood one of 14, as honor students, among 2,000 at Miami Senior High.

During the boom there were many projects started that were never completed. Scottsmoor, through which we passed was one out-

standing example, but Venice, thru which we passed on our way home, is the most outstanding. There must have been millions spent there, and the buildings are of high class, but mostly unoccupied.

Miami has two very large hotels and one apartment house not completed. One of these, not far from Mr. Stuart's, is now used as a Hen House. Housing 15,000 hens, and is termed the "million dollar hen house".

Sunday morning, March 25, we had to say a fond farewell, to our friends in Miami and start on our long journey home.

Our first day took us across Southern Florida, over the Tamiami trail and, while this, in a way, was rather tiresome, yet the wild life thru the everglades was very interesting. The country is so level, that a canal follows the highway all the way across. This trip took us through Fort Myers, Venice, Sarasota and Bradenton and to the ferry across to St. Petersburg, where we spent the night. St. Petersburg, is a very interesting city, and we spent a pleasant morning looking over the city and their pier, which extends some distance into the Bay. While there, we were surprised to meet some Rotary friends from North Conway, N. H.

From St. Petersburg, we crossed the bridge over the bay to Tampa. This bridge measures some over 6 miles in length, and is claimed to be the longest bridge in the world. From Tampa, we drove to Orlando. On the way we visited the Bok Tower at Lake Wales, and while this is a most interesting sight, it was rather disappointing not to have an opportunity to hear the chimes, which consist of 71 Bells and have a range of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  octaves. These chimes are claimed to be among the finest in the world.

From Lake Wales, we drove for hours thru the greatest orange groves in Florida, and it was certainly a grand sight to see miles after miles of these orange trees just loaded with oranges.

Soon after leaving Orlando, we passed thru Winter Park and saw the Church and parsonage, where much to our regret, we understand Mr. Chicoine is to be located. This is a beautiful place and do not wonder he was taken with the ~~place~~ <sup>surroundings</sup>.

We covered 430 miles during the day and at about 8:30, reached Augusta, Georgia. This city is very nicely laid out, and is quite a favorite resort, having several very large and luxurious hotels, and many beautiful residential streets. From Augusta, our trip took us to Ashville, North Carolina, a noted Mountain Winter Resort. It is extensively advertised and has some fine hotels, and is over 2000 feet above sea level, and is noted for the many mountain drives and beautiful scenery. We took one of these side trips to Chimney Rock, to an elevation of something over 4000 feet. From this point, one could get a wonderful view of the great Smoky Mountains, and beautiful Lake Lure, situated at the base of this Mountain. At Ashville is located an extensive Estate owned by the Vanderbilts, known as Biltmore Estate and the Mansion alone is said to have cost \$7,000,000.

From Ashville, we were driving all day thru beautiful Mountain scenery, crossing two distinct ranges, and some of the curves and switchbacks with deep ravines below, just made your hair stand on end. The interesting part of this Mountain trip was the occupation carried on by the Mt. Whites. Many of them had elaborate exhibits of highly colored hand drawn rugs and hand made chairs and various other articles, while a larger number were carrying on their farming under the greatest difficulty.

All through this region, the valleys are very narrow and the farming is done on the hill sides, so steep that it is impossible to use a wagon for hauling purposes. All this being done by using sleds. We inquired how they made the <sup>seed</sup> sled sitck on these hillsides and they answered that they plant extra seed to offset the wash from rains. We passed through Bristol, Virginia, on to Wythville, Va., where we spent the night at a fine country hotel, which although not as elaborate, somewhat reminded me of our own Darling Inn. We learned that Wythville was named after Geo. Wyth, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Our next days drive took us thru Roanoke, Harrisonburg, and Winchester, where Sheriden made his famous ride. We passed over the Virginia Natural Bridge and at this point we stopped at the Forest Tavern for lunch. This was an old time luxurious Southern Mansion, having been in the General James Houston family for 140 years. There were many valuable paintings, statuary and rare pieces of old furnishings, and we decided we surely stopped at just the right place. Our drive through the famous Shenandoah Valley was one of the greatest treats of the trip. Although the peach and apple trees were not in bloom, we were much impressed with the beautiful farms and class of barns and dwellings. We spent that night at Hagerstown, Maryland, near the shore of the Potomac.

Our next day took us through Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and through the Coal region, where we visited the Old Colony Lehigh Anthracite Mine. Our ladies were rather reluctant to take the trip into the mine, but we finally persuaded them to go along. We were all dressed in regular miners outfit, and were taken down by elevator to a depth of 1232 feet, 150 feet below sea level. This mine is a marvel, in the way of equipment. Every thing possible is done to safeguard the men. We were told that the mine has 21 miles of tunnels under the ground.

One of the problems of a mine is disposing of the water which seeps in from the Mountain side. This is done by Automatic Rotary pumps which pumps the water to the surface through iron-wood lined pipes. The principal passageways thru the mine are electric lighted and the cars are drawn by electric driven engines. Another problem of a coal mine is disposing of the waste. We were told that 40% of every car of coal taken from the mine is waste, so that large quantities of this waste have to be drawn some place after the coal is broken, washed and screened; and all through this coal region we saw mountains of this waste drawn out and dumped any where to dispose of it. Our trip all thru this coal region was interesting as the Mountain scenery in this section is grand. Our day spent in these mountains and visiting this mine was one of the high spots of the trip. After leaving the coal region, we drove to Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, a typical Penn. Dutch town, where we spent the night.

Our next days drive, being on Sunday, we attended Easter Service at the Congregational Church in Middletown, N. Y. There was a very large attendance, and 34 members were taken in the Church at this service. After getting lunch, we drove on toward Bear Mt. Bridge, where we crossed the Hudson, and on into Connecticut, where we spent the night in Plainville, the home of Ex-Governor Trumbell.

Our next days drive was uneventful, except for a blow-out, the only time we were held up during the whole trip of over 4200 miles. We arrived home early Monday evening and we all agreed that we had spent one of the pleasantest vacations in our life.

*Stroudsburg, Pa.*