

"fine" roads of Georgia and the Carolinas are worse than any roads we have around here, and they are worse than any piece of the road between here and Montgomery, if it rains. The only thing that can be said in their favor is that they drag them within forty-eight hours of a rain, so that if it stops raining, they are "fine". Between Montgomery and Atlanta, we found three machines stuck in the middle of a graded trunk line highway, and we had to go up a hill and through a plowed field to get around them.

From Greenville to Hendersonville, we found some rocks that made me think of a cat climbing a shingle roof, the turns were so sharp, and the rocks so bare. We had to drag through some and up to our axles. From Hendersonville to Asheville, we had to go over a road that I would be ashamed to take a horse and buggy in, it was so narrow, winding and full of holes. After leaving Asheville, it took me six hours to make 26 miles, and was scraping the road with my axles the whole way. We had to climb Black Mountain in ~~the~~ 1st gear, and had to come down it in second gear, with the engine running.

In the 600 miles from Montgomery, I don't think there was a 100 miles of road that if I were not tearing, I would have spoiled my machine by trying to negotiate.

The lesson I have learned is that the Old Spanish Trail is as good as any roads in the country, except perhaps in New England, if we would only adopt the patrol system and drag them. Where we ran into macadam roads, we were glad to, (as the Blue Book says in connection with Greenville to Charlotte) "find a dirt road alongside the macadam, which in dry weather is much better". This, however, was because they do not keep up their macadam, ~~and~~ we have never found anything worse than a macadam road that has not been maintained.

Yours truly,

SECRETARY.

SALOB/ES

I am going to send my car back by freight.