

a night stop. The hospitality of Houma going and returning is one of the delightful memories with the motorcade.

New Orleans was reached on schedule time by the individual cars. The big bus had not yet gotten down to schedule operation. Six New Orleans traffic officers met the motorcade at the ferry and to the tune of sirens and horns and this colorful traffic escort the motorcade disembarked at the Roosevelt Hotel.

The following day was Easter Sunday. The party was not scheduled to leave New Orleans until noon. Each enjoyed New Orleans in his or her own way; to most of them it was their first visit to New Orleans. Promptly on the minute under traffic officer escort we left the Roosevelt Hotel for the Mississippi Gulf Coast where at 2:45 P.M. the Mississippi traffic officer escort awaited the motorcade. There S. H. Beck, President of the Old Spanish Trail association, and his wife joined the party. The Pass Christian Chamber of Commerce escorted us to the Miramar Hotel on the Gulf of Mexico, greeted the party with songs; an hour was spent in delightful fraternity. Then followed traffic officer and citizen escort along that 30-mile boulevard drive along the gulf coast to Biloxi. At Biloxi the car of the city of Mobile with Mobile commissioners and citizens met us. Under this escort followed the 69-mile drive from Biloxi to Mobile arriving on schedule. The Mobile officials said they expected the motorcade to be two or three hours late. (Incidentally, let me here remark, that our keeping such a driving program on schedule was the big thing that went over to the people. It was the final realization we at last had a highway. Up to this time even our own people had been unable to accept as a reality the steady dependability of the Old Spanish Trail as it now is.)

At Mobile again there was a night collation and the mutual greetings that were becoming so delightful. At Mobile again the Californians remarked their money was proving no good and that these courtesies and these hotel accommodations, etc. were proving a surprise to them. The California leader said "my room at the Roosevelt was a \$10 room, my bill was \$2.50." At Mobile everyone had a straight \$2.00 rate and were given the best rooms in the house.

At Mobile a delegation of citizens from Pensacola awaited. They remained over night at Mobile to act as escorts the next morning. At Pensacola, 10:30 A.M., coffee and sandwiches and the usual fraternal greetings were provided at the San Carlos Hotel. Later the dinner at DeFuniak Springs was missed because Pensacola in 'phoning our leaving time confused the DeFuniak Springs' people by stating they had given us a luncheon. Before the night dinner at Marianna there were hungry stomachs crying for attention. DeFuniak Springs' newspapers later commented: "The motorcade was on time to the minute in spite of the heavy rain pouring down."

The motorcade was seen at the Yellow River where the town of Milli-