

cross was planted there and the Indians were led to construct the first church, then San Diego came into being. The soil was taught to serve—Indians, irrigation and seed, and the leadership of the padres gave California the palm, the vine, the olive, grain, foodstuff and grazing for the sheep, cattle and the needs of a comfortable communal life. The original dam is still standing. A traveler may walk about the spot where was raised the first flag; may wander amid the ruins of old adobe buildings; may ring the old mission bells which were brought from Spain; may sit in the old enclosure of Ramona's marriage place and dream of other Alessandros and other Ramonas whose pictures, perhaps, they have seen in the Wishing Well.

Reminders of the Spanish are all along the Highway. In the west are the great works of the padres, the relics of the conquistadores and the fascinating legends and tales of those days. In the east are things that tell of the tragedies of knights and princes and peasants who passed golden opportunities by for the lure of phantom gold, further, ever further, on. And there, too, are the tales of great Indian nations whose resistance shed glory on their name and laid the proud standards of Spain in the shambles the conquerors created.

The glory of the explorer has dimmed with time, but the labor of the priests and their old missions still speak of the past and the Old Spanish Trail now makes appeal that it may revive the story of the old Spanish days when this world was a wilderness and men braved the unknown to solve its secrets.

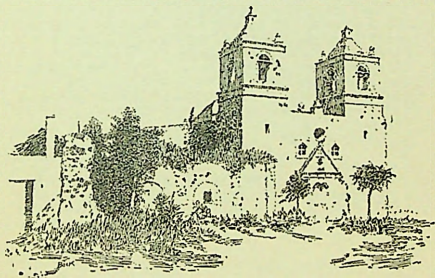
On the Trail around New Iberia in Louisiana is the land of Evangeline and of Longfellow's immortal poem. Among the moss-draped old live oak trees and cypresses, and the storied bayous a thousand scenes speak of the Acadian maiden.

Now Orleans is the Paris of America. In the hands of the French it became the key to the central empire of the Mississippi and split the Spanish dominions into an eastern and western land. But it, too, had its Spanish period. The old Cabildo is still there to tell its story of Spanish days. There is hardly any really old history where New Orleans and the Mississippi River do not appear with romantic influence.

Along the southern border of the state of Mississippi the blue waters of the Gulf sing their love song. Then comes Biloxi, the first

settlement in Old Louisiana; then Mobile, founded by the French in 1702, but the Spanish influence antedated this. Mauvila, the fortified Indian city where De Soto and his cavaliers sank in blood and misery, gives Mobile its name. The Old Spanish Trail of today was born in Mobile and fashioned for the pleasure of the people of the land.

Through Florida are Pensacola, its great bay the seat of Spanish effort; Tallahassee, ancient center of a proud Indian nation; the Suwanee River, and then Jacksonville; St. Augustine, the Ever-Faithful City; and Tampa Bay, the first gateway into Florida. Florida was Spanish until 1819. At the time of the American Revolution Spain held the dominion known as the Louisiana Purchase and all that land known as the Spanish Southwest, and also the Floridas.



A National Historical Association

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The passing events of every week tell plainly the story that this Old Spanish Trail movement is running into a great southern national historical association. There is so much old history that men and women become interested because they want to see the old landmarks saved and their historical places opened to the traveler. Writers preparing magazine and feature stories and travelers seeking information ask for pictures and data respecting the rich lore of the past, and it is noticeable that all persons preparing articles for this magazine fall with an easy naturalness into the atmosphere of romance and history.