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**TOURING FROM BOSTON TO SAVANNAH**

**A 1,500 Mile Trip Which Takes in Many Points of Historic Interest and is Ninety Per Cent Over Good Roads**

*Written Specially for THE OUTLOOK by Henry MacNair*

Mr. McNair, recently compiler and editor of the Automobile Blue Book, is the greatest authority in the world upon American motor routes.



BOSTON and Savannah are almost connected by an improved highway. Almost, because there remains a little stretch of less than fifteen miles, seven of which are really rough and five hundred yards xcerable, or "rotten" as the average tourist says after he has pulled through it, or been pulled out of it. Two husky farmers with ears attuned to the laboring motor in low gear, await a call for help hard by, and when assured that their prey is stuck fast appear as if from nowhere with mules and offer to extract the car from the mud at \$10 per pull. Rather a lucrative business in wet weather, but when the creek was dammed and the water diverted across the road in Chocawamsic Swamp, arrests were made and the overstimulation to a good enough trade was abandoned.

However, THE OUTLOOK can promise its readers that the worst part of the offending stretch will shortly be repaired, for the money has been raised by public-spirited hotels of Washington and Fredericksburg, to make the road passable this winter. At the same time a fund has been started for finishing the entire fourteen miles, under the supervision of the U. S. Department of Public Roads. Even as it is today, it is preferable to the long detour through Staunton, wherein the combined length of the bad roads will greatly exceed that south of Occoquan. It is practically assured that before another season, the improved highway will extend without a break all the way from Cape Cod to the East Coast of Florida.

Greater improvement is visible in the roads all along the way in the last two years than at any similar period of the history of the Capital Highway project, and if a proper system of maintenance can be kept up, which would seem to be assured by the Department of Public Roads having that matter in their direct charge, there is no reason why the tide of travel between the North and South should not increase with each passing year, until it will become the ordinary thing to motor to Pinehurst from either Boston or Savannah.

A great mistake was made in the earlier years of motoring by boosting the roads of the South which were not good, and in trying to promote routes of travel through districts which abounded in red clay, torrential streams and mountain slopes, but was decidedly short on comfortable hotels wherein one might ease the tired flesh after a day of jouncing. Many such schemes

were put forth, the principal one being the so-called National Highway, which was never National in anything but name, connecting New York with Atlanta, the great Southern business center. It sounded fine, and reams upon reams of publicity stories were spilled, but the wary tourist refused to swarm southward as per schedule. For no matter what the Gliddenites said for publication, to their friends they privately whispered, "Don't do it." The failure of this particular scheme was not due so much to red clay as to rough mattresses, and the ordinary tourist will forgive a mudhole, but not a hog an' hominy dinner. After a series of mishaps on the poor road around Martinsville, Va., another route was laid out which cut off at Natural Bridge and proceeded over the most terrifying piece of road which it has ever been my ill fortune to travel over. We crossed a little bridge, then drove a short distance along an old canal bank too narrow for one vehicle, when we were confronted by an A. C. A. sign pointing up the side of the hill along which an indistinct trail meandered uncertainly. "Surely there must be some mistake," all exclaimed in chorus, when some resourceful one be-thought himself of the Big Book, which he had hoped to escape referring to. Solemnly it recounted the fact that one must turn up hill through a break in a stone wall 6-10 of a mile beyond the bridge, which language was interpreted to be entirely figurative as the only stone wall we saw was the hill before us. The roads over this impossible trail were further described as being of good shale and the grades not steep, followed by some miles of graded clay. This language was also found to be figurative, except that the shale itself was apparently as good as any other shale, only it had never been made into a road. As for the graded clay it could have had no possible reference to a road-grading machine. Along the high bank of the James River we wound in a rapid succession of sharp reverse curves, sometimes having to back up in order to get around, every moment expecting to be plunged into the river hundreds of feet beneath, and all hands praying that we might not meet anything on the road for the five miles we had to go.

But there was small danger from the natives for none of them were quite clear as to where the trail went, and as for tourists most of the wise ones had been warned long ago. After what seemed an age, we reached Lynchburg, and it being early, thought to push on to some quieter place for the night. We landed in Appomattox at dusk and found what we thought would be a quiet place, neglecting to observe

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