

Bethesda Md. - Harrisonburg Va. 135 Miles

July 15, 1945

Painter's Auto Court

We were all packed and ready to go this morning at ten o'clock after having our usual Sunday morning breakfast of fried potatoes, eggs, bacon and sausage.

We said goodby and started off on the trip. I didn't mind leaving mother or dad for these few weeks, but I do feel I will be lonely without Dusty. This is the first time I have left her for any length of time.

Grandpa, Uncle John, ^{Aunt} Ruth and I left Washington by crossing Key Bridge. From there we took route 211 all the way to New Market. We expected to go down Skyline Drive from Pamorama south but decided against it when we saw how foggy it was.

While crossing the mountains the car began to steam so we put more water in it. It kept using more water every mile or so for about 30 miles. We planned to get it fixed in Harrisonburg, Va.

While crossing skyline I stopped off and picked some delicious blackberries and we had a swell party. I got a tick from it but caught it before it got hold.

We had a fine dinner in Harrisonbury at Friddels. It was a very large meal (two large pork chops) and good but it took a long time to be served and the atmosphere was poor.

Tonight we are staying at a very small brick cabin just outside of Harrisonburg. It is called Painters Auto Court. There is a garage by each cabin. Our cabin has a shower stall and oil heat so it is rather good. Grandpa and I bunked together and I lost most of the covers although I had a good sleep.

Uncle John is planning to have the car fixed in the morning at a Buick garage.

Harrisonburg Va. - Salem Va. 126 Miles

July 16, 1945

Ft. Lewis Tourist Court

This morning we got up at about 7:30 and had a sterno-cooked breakfast. We first used a can that was 22 years old and it took 15 minutes for the water for the coffee and coca to boil, but when we used the new sterno it boiled in six minutes. For breakfast Aunt Ruth and Uncle John had coffee without cream and Grandpa and I had coca made with water. We also had some bread Aunt Ruth put in her pocketbook from Friddles where we had dinner. We kidded her about the "hot" bread. Mother had put in some plums we enjoyed for

Grandpa

fruit.

After breakfast Uncle John and I drove down to the Buick garage in Harrisonburg to have the car flushed, although they didn't have the equipment they told us where to go to have the job done. I walked home to tell Grandpa and Aunt Ruth that it would be awhile before the car would be ready. On the way I bought some milk and was able to buy a new sterno stove so we could cook two pots at a time.

Uncle John came back with the car all fixed so we left by eleven. We traveled straight on route eleven until lunch when we had a picnic of hard boiled eggs tomatoes and bread with cake and milk.

We again set off until Grandpa spotted the Natural Bridge which he thought would be worth while to see. I was anxious to see it but Aunt Ruth and Uncle John thought it would be a let-down after the West. We decided to go through and were very happy with our choice. We first went a few hundred yards on a winding path stairway when we found in front of us the natural bridge. It was over 200 feet to the top of the hole from the small stream. It was really too wonderful to describe. We also saw there two places George Washington carved his initials. I wonder if it was George Washington or Gene Wilson or how they could tell which is which. We also saw a tree that was the oldest of its species. It was an Arbor Vitae that was 1600 years old. Also they had some rapids and steep falls as well. We had a little hike at a lost river that goes under the mountains. No one knows its source or mouth. We really had a wonderful afternoon.

Afterwards we drove a distance, had an inexpensive but very large and tasty dinner at the S. & W. Cafeteria in Roanoke Va.

After dinner we drove through Salem and stayed at a nice looking camp named Ft. Lewis. It had pretty buildings, but thats all. We paid six dollars for a cabin that had nothing to offer but flies. It didn't even have ventilation. We weren't allowed to fix a car or cook any food so all our business would go to their store and gas station. I must admit it did have a shower stall so I took in two days two showers. Am I proud. We wouldn't have minded the cabins if the proprietor had had a better attitude, but there always are some people like that.

Salem V. - Bristol Tenn.

152 miles

July 17, 1945

Mountain View

Today we woke up early and got started promptly after breakfast that had no cooking (no matter what we did we wouldn't give our business to our cabin proprietor).

We left camp at eight and started south on route 11 headed for Bristol.

On the road Uncle John saw a sparrow, but it was too close to the car to stop so he drove the car on top of the bird. As I looked back I saw a very frightened but uninjured bird fly away.

The weather yesterday and today has been very pleasant. It is cool enough so that the others prefer the windows closed even if If I don't, but after all they are about four times my age.

We stopped for a picnic lunch just outside of Chilhowie in a farming district. We had a baloney sandwich and soup, plus hard boiled eggs, milk, coffee and for desert bananas. Aunt Ruth is keeping excellent records as to our expenses. She figures 15¢ for breakfast and 20¢ for lunch. I don't think she can make meals like we have been having for that.

All along the route I have been stopping off to buy post cards. I didn't get more than 5¢ worth at a place. I now have over 2 dozen.

We had dinner at Bristol after having traveled 150 miles. We ate at a restaurant that had excellent club steak. We were their first customers of the evening.

price
We are staying at a place that isn't too good tonight, as Uncle John said "The ^{price} stays the same but the quality goes down". We have our trip through Tennessee valley already planned. Throughout the trip Uncle John has been trying to conserve gas. All the times possible he has coasted down hills.

Bristol Tenn. - Corbin Ken.

176 miles

July 18, 1945

Yeavy's Tourist Court

We got up early this morning from our cabins (~~at the hotel~~
~~at the hotel~~) about six. We had a big breakfast of soft boiled eggs, coffee, milk!! oranges, toast, (Aunt Ruth bought a toaster that will work over sterno).

We set off a little before nine and had a rather uneventful trip. We noticed that the high tension wires that went across country instead of using the regular high poles placed far apart, they used poles slightly higher than the ones in the city. Of course these were so short it was necessary to cut down all the trees for a reasonable width on each side of the poles. It looked strange to see a stretch without trees going up and down the mountain-side.

We went through Big Stone Gap. This was the home of John Fox Jr. who wrote about this town and its vicinity in some of his books. He is most famous for "Trail of the Lonesome Pine". I read "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come".

All along the road there were many religious signs such as "Jesus is Comming Soon", "Prepare to Meet God", "Get Right with God", "Repent your Sins", and the like.

Every time we hit a town there was the sign "Confested Area".

Near the peak of the Cumberland mountains we had a swell lunch. The peak was a little over 4,000 ft. high.

I was surprised to learn today that Mt. Mitchell, the highest mountain east of the Mississippi is only a little over 6,000 ft.

Just as we reached the peak of the hill and started down we were in Kentucky. At the bottom of the steep grade there were two towns, Lynch and Benham. Lynch was a fair town and Benham one of the worst slum towns imaginable. This is very much like Larchmont and Mamaroneck except the latter two were of a higher grade.

When we got into Kentucky, Standard Oil Stations became much poorer and were called Crown instead of Esso.

There was an election where everyone seemed to be running for some office and had his picture with his "outstanding" record tacked on a lamp post. One crumby looking man who could well have been the poorest of farmers gave Grandpa his picture and said he'd appreciate his support in electing him Sherriff of Bell County. Another man had his picture taken in an army uniform, and in small print it told he was a vetran of World War I. It seems politics can reach anywhere.

The towns were just like any other small towns, but the country was distinct. Most of the people sat rocking on their porches all day. They had tiny fields but I didn't see many work on them. As for education, we asked one boy of about 17 what river we just crossed. He answered with such an accent we couldn't understand him so we asked him to spell it. He couldn't, It turned out to be the Poor river. We ate dinner at a Y.M.C.A. in Corbin Ke. It was very inexpensive and the food not the atmosphere was good.

We are staying at Yeary's Tourist Court almost in Corbin. It is connected in some way with the A.A.A. We have two separate cabins at only \$5. (lower than any other) and it is by far and unquestionably the best. It has air conditioning, extra blankets, floresent lights, comfortable chairs, clean bathroom, clean large shower stall, a closet, two desks, good springs and everything else desirable. The trend has been broken.

Grandpa and I had to lock a long time in our cabin before we could find something to crab about. At last we found there was no stoper and we were happy until Uncle John sent for one. Grandpa usually likes to get up about six and Uncle John about seven, so now we are in Kentucky, Grandpa sets his watch to their time and Uncle John keeps his on Eastern (Kentucky observes central standard time), so therefore Kentucky is one hour behind the surrounding states. This should ball up train scheduals.

Corbin Kentucky - Knoxville Tenn. 184 miles

July 19, 1945

Freemont Tourist Court

This morning when we woke up we opened the venetian blinds (not towel curtains), washed up and ate a good breakfast at the cabin's cafe.

We left Corbin and proceeded in a general north-western direction to the Cumberland Falls.

Enroute we saw a bridge that had a placque saying it was built in 1930. There was also an elaborate wall built for a better view of the valley. Grandpa was curious as to which was built first. Although this matter alone was irrelevant I was interested in his method of finding out. By climbing out on a ledge (only about one foot wide and a long way down) he saw how the two were put together so finally he deduced that the bridge must have been built first.

After traveling for a few hours we reached the Cumberland Falls. These aren't controled, but Grandpa felt it wouldn't be hard to control it.

The falls were really majestic. So much water was constantly falling and a beautiful rainbow was made by the spray. The Cumberland Falls are quite unique being the only falls outside of Victoria Falls in South Africa that has a moon bow.

Since there was no bridge across the Cumberland at that point we took a free ferry that could only handle only one car at a time crossing the narrow river. This ferry had an open motor that seemed slightly larger than the motor on my power lawn mower.

While we were going through the mountains we noticed most all the gas stations had hand pumps on their own pumps to get the gas to where they could fill the cars.

All along the way we saw the schools in session. They probably are let out when the farm work is at its hardest. Most of the schools were quite small.

Yesterday and today Grandpa has sat up in front with Uncle John instead of Aunt Ruth so he can see better. I have sat at the window side of the back seat the whole trip (the other window is blocked with baggage)

We had a nice picnic lunch today based around some cheese sandwiches. We pulled off to a side road which I like much better.

After lunch while we were cleaning up I happened to kick a rock which revealed a spider that was holding on to an egg. After touching the

spider she started to run but she kept a good grip on her egg. The egg (the first one I've seen) was white with a very soft coating.

I was anxious to stop at Whitley or Stern for postcards (they were my last chance in Ken.). After asking a man in Whitley some directions he asked if he could ride with us the few miles to Stern (Where I later got the cards). We agreed it was all right so on our trip he told us his tale of woe. He was running away from his wife and parents to join the Army because they didn't treat him right. He was a tall lanky southerner with a high pitched voice.

After leaving Stern we were in Tennessee. The roads immediately became poorer. We rode on a brick highway for a while and then a terrible back road that the car couldn't stand much of.

We had a flying grasshopper that hitched a ride from Kentucky across to Tennessee. I wonder if he was running away from his family too.

We also visited Norris Dam today where Grandpa found a lot of information. It was larger but not as impressive as the Cumberland Falls because there was no water coming over the spill (learned a lot about dams I didn't know before today from Grandpa.)

We went into Knoxville to eat at an S and W Cafeteria.

We are staying at a large place that is almost a tourist home. It has a dirty kitchen and everything. It is called Freemont and is just outside of Knoxville.

Knoxville Tenn. - Cherokee N. C. 77 miles

July 20, 1945

Cherokee Lodge

This morning we were in no hurry to get up and on the road so I slept late and well in my little cot without using any blankets.

We had a breakfast that was easy to make and eat because of the large amount of table space. We had fried eggs.

Around ten we drove Grandpa to T. V. A. in Knoxville and hung around town until he was through at three. He expected to be finished in an hour so every hour we had to put another nickle in the parking meter. I bought about ten postcards making my collection altogether 22 - ~~22~~.
~~Cherokee N. C.~~

At about three we had dinner at the S and W Cafeteria we like so much.

While I was waiting for Grandpa I saw a salesman in a 5 and 10 trying to sell a plastic ~~grater~~ grater. He really had a convincing salestalk that

lasted for over fifteen minutes. After he was through he tossed in three more fifty cent offers plus the dollar grater for one buck. The crowd (that consisted of at least 20 men and women) stayed until he said he would sell and then every one left and no one bought. When everyone was gone he said to me "now isn't that gratitude." They let me waste my breath for fifteen minutes and not one of them buy".

By the time we left Grandpa had the route through North Carolina planned. We were going through the Smoky Mountain National Park and see the source of the water flowing into the Tennessee and also see the Fontana Dam which is supposed to be the highest dam east of the Rockies and the fourth highest in the Country. It is now under construction and when completed will be well over 400 feet high. The best road to it has been flooded to make it possible to build the dam.

On our way out we saw Tennessee University's stadium.

Grandpa seems to think that the increase in the winter water shed over the summer is not due to snow but rather to the fact that the leaves in the summer evaporate and send to the ground water that in the winter would go to the stream.

It was amazing how much farther along crops grown on bottom land were than those on the hills. The bottom land's tobacco all had blooms while the others didn't. I can now better understand St. York's desire to own some bottom land.

Just before entering Smoky Mountain National Park we were in the town of Gatlinburg. It was almost entirely a tourist town.

When leaving this town we found ourselves in the mountains. As we got higher it became cooler and the rocks that rose abruptly from the road were covered with water. After reaching 4000 ft. elevation we saw a larger ratio of evergreens. As we looked off in the distance we could see beautiful clouds. It was hard to see the clouds themselves but their borders were a brilliant silver. I had gotten many postcards of the park but they are more interesting now I have seen the points of interest. Along most of the road was a fast rushing rapids that at times were falls because of their steep grade. I saw a trout fisherman in hip boots trying his luck. We saw some tunnels that were cut through solid rock and a loop that was necessary because of the steep grade. The most interesting of all were the bears. They came right out on the road stare at you and then lope back into the woods. We saw two of them at different places.

When reached the maximum height of 5040 ft. elevation we were at the Newfoundland Gap, the center of the park. From there we could look over the mountains and see ravines with clouds in them. Uncle John thinks that's the reason they are so named.

We read an inscription saying that half the park was given by Tenn. and N. C. and the U. S. and the other half by John D. Rockefeller. After leaving the Gap we went on a down grade and were in the state of North Carolina.

The time changed back from Central to Eastern and as we went down off the mountains we entered the town of Cherokee, a reservation for over 3,000 indians.

We saw some nice cabins here that we took. They were made of stone and small but not uncomfortable. We took it of course because we haven't refused a cabin we asked about yet. They had a store that sold out-of-price junk, supposedly Indian.

Cherokee N. C. - Etawah Tenn. 157 miles

July 21, 1945

Glenora Hotel

After having breakfast and saying goodby to Effe Mae, the caged bear at the cabins, we set off. We passed through the town of Cherokee where we saw poker-faced Indians working on the one reservation farm (it is a community project). We also saw the older women in ankle-long dresses and small children going to the reservations school.

I learned how this community came to be today also. It started in 1838 when the Indians were being driven into the West. A small group of Cherokees took to the Smoky Mountains until Gen. Scott unable to drive them out offered them an eastern reservation for Tsali. This brave willingly surrendered himself to be shot to save the remnant of his tribe.

While on the road we saw a group of convicts working on the road or rather leaving on their shovels. The guard was the one who impressed me though. He was an ununiformed man with a poker face. He carried in a position easy to fire a double barreled shotgun that he plainly intended to use if the time arose.

On our way to Fontana dam we traveled along the banks of Lake Santeetlah, which although it was low, was a very pretty shade of green. We went along it for a long time because it had so many arms. The lake was so clear it reflected the trees on its bank like a mirror. We saw the dam Grandpa thinks belongs to an Aluminum Co. on this lake. I have a post card of it.

We then took a road leading to Fontana Dam. We couldn't get very close because it is still under construction although it was supposed to have been finished early last year. Even at a distance though, you could see the vast size of this dam. So many workmen were needed to build this dam that they built a small town to accomodate the men. They had many temporary bridges around to have in material and one permanent bridge is now under construction. I have now a post card of nine dams. The picture of the Fontana dam is an artists conception of what it should look like.

Over the mountains we had some trouble with the car. We had to get water from creeks, springs, faucets, wells or anything. One well didn't even

have a pump so we tied a bucket on to a chain and put it down and hauled it up. We lost the cap to the water which fell into the engine so Uncle John devised a paper cover that didn't hold too well. When we finally reached Madisonville we bought a cap and some cooking acid that we hope will improve our mountain experiences.

We had a fine Southern Fried Chicken Dinner and we were well satisfied. We were afraid of not finding a tourist cabin so we stayed at a hotel in Etowah where we had dinner. We have very nice rooms and plan to have a good sleep since we aren't getting up early Sunday.

Etawah Tenn. - Chattanooga Tenn. 149 miles

July 22, 1945

Ideal Tourist Court

I got up today at eight to start my second week. We left the Glenora hotel and ate breakfast at Roy's Cafe also in Etowah. We had a large Sunday morning breakfast of hot cakes and sausage.

We left town bound for some eroded area around Copperhill and Ducktown at about nine. The country was heavily bridged and most of the farms either grew corn or tobacco. Along these hills the car acted alright.

We followed Lake Ocoee for a number of miles (at least ten) and along the way we saw three dams; Grandpa said that these dams were individually owned probably by aluminum companies and sent power to the refining plants that could be a good distance away. The No. 2 plant was the largest and most interesting although No. 3 was the newest and best constructed. No. 2 had a dam (made of wood and poorly constructed) that had a spillway leading into a flume that carried the water to the power plant three miles downstream. The plant was completely dependant upon the height of Lake Ocoee. This flume carried the water on a slight down grade until reaching the plant where a pipe slid the water down a steep grade so there would be more power. The flume was about the size of a box car and three miles of box cars are a lot. There was much waste because of the sags in the flume.

Grandpa explained today the difference between a National Forest and a National Park. The later is not defaced by any commercial dams while the forest can have dams and arn't as senic.

Grandpa wanted to see the worst part of the Tennessee valley so that is why we were headed towards Copperhill and Ducktown. It is a very badly eroded area. The land was barren, poor and desolate. It was the worst land I have ever seen bar none. There was not a blade of grass and the only trees were those the T. V. A. have recently planted. The land was just a mass of gullies. The reason for the erosion was that fumes from a nearby copper mill had killed all vegetation in the area making the errosion possible. Now

the fumes from copper mills are not destructive because they can be controlled. We saw the workmen cutting away the slag piles for reusing. Before they wasted this slag. There was both a mine and smelt there at Copperhill. The best ways to control erosions is to plant trees in the gash or put dams in the in the gash so that the water wouldn't wear down the gashes any deeper.

We went about a mile into Georgia but I was unable to get any post cards.

We saw two white Grayhound busses one Southern and the other Southeastern.

We passed through Chattanooga. We will go back to general delivery at the post office there to see if there is any mail. Chattanooga can't be compared to Knoxville it is so much better. It really is a beautiful city.

We had a swell chicken dinner and french fried potatoes. After dinner we went just a few miles outside of Chattanooga to Lookout Mountain which is a hill with a very steep grade. It is of historical significance. The Union forces took the hill during the Civil War. We had some car trouble but made it all right. Lookout mountain is quite commercialized except for a government park. One place had an extremely steep grade a little cable car ran on. It was worse than any roller coaster. We saw some old confederate cannons and many monuments erected for those who fell in the battle. We also looked with some field glasses and were supposed to see seven states (?). There was a rock called umbrella rock. It seemed to be just balanced but they say 30 people couldn't tip it.

We are staying tonight near Chattanooga at the Ideal Cabins. They're only \$1.25 each but oh! so wonderful. They are on a par with Yearly's. Both are A.A.A.

Chattanooga Tenn. - Chattanooga Tenn. 42 miles

July 23, 1945

Ideal Tourist Court

Today was rather uninteresting. We left our cabins after breakfast and went into Chattanooga to get the car's radiator repaired so it would take the steep grade. This took most of the day so while Aunt Ruth and Uncle John went shopping Grandpa and I took a streetcar ride to Warner Park which was mostly an amusement center that had all the "Coney Island rides", baseball fields, tennis courts and a swimming pool. Nothing except the zoo was open so after Grandpa wrote a while in his Diary we went into town to see a movie. After seeing "God is My Copilot" we met the rest of the family at the S & W Cafeteria and had dinner (about three).

We all found prices much lower in the South.

After the car was fixed (well this time) we drove to Chickamauga Dam.

Although it was low it was very long. Because of the war we couldn't get very close to it but we did get a good view.

We had a tiny taste of a sprinkle (10 drops) that tried to but couldn't relieve the heat. Next time I go on a trip like this I'll substitute the heavy cloths for a fan.

We are staying tonight at the same cabins that we stopped at yesterday. They also had a small zoo. One monkey will make me always remember it. There were six monkeys all but one sleeping. This playful fellow found a mirror through which he saw his reflection. He poked one of the sleeping monkeys to show him his discovery but no one paid any attention so he sat in a corner looking at himself.

Chattanooga Tenn. - Florence Alabama 210 miles

July 24, 1945

Herberson Cottages

Because we went to bed so early we were up and out by half past six. Since we were planning to see three dams today we had a discussion about them. We wondered if the dams which supplied power and navigation plus flood control was better than the bottom lands that are now covered with water. We sided with T. V. A. but there is a strong argument against it.

We saw an erosion precaution of building a retaining wall by the road which held firm some land recently planted with trees.

At eight thirty we had a breakfast of bacon and eggs just about four miles beyond Jasper.

We entered Alabama for the first time and noticed the high iron content of the soil.

For a long stretch we have been seeing a low bushy plant that we took for peanuts, but when we asked we were told they were cotton. We expected cotton to be much higher. These farmers said in '43 the government asked them to raise peanuts but since then they haven't raised them. When we traveled further in Alabama the cotton had blossoms on it but the majority of the plantations were only a couple of acres. The largest we saw wasn't over ten acres.

We saw a herder with about a half dozen goats.

We also saw a cement mine where they not only got the rock but also made the cement that they sent down by barge to Pittsburg. This was made possible by the many dams.

Although we had a look at the Hales Bar Dam today, the one we stayed at longest and found most interesting was the Gunterville Dam. They had a

picnic ground there where we had a fine lunch. The grounds were geared for visitors (as Norris Dam) but wasn't commercialized like Norris. The most interesting thing of the day was seeing the lock work. It was the first one I have seen in operation. The boat going through was a tug boat pushing two car floats. This is the only one of its kind in U. S. because it is owned by the railroad (N.C. and St. L) and connects a gap of about forty miles in the rails. It runs from Guntersville to Hobb's Island near Huntsville. This started about 1900. There is no toll for any boat because it is run by the army and they want to help not hinder navigation. "The Huntsville" before it became a paddle wheel tug was a three deck passenger boat. Now the two upper decks are off. There are no fish ladders going up the dam. These car floats each had two tracks so both floats carried twenty cars. The coast guard inspected all boats passing through until last June (1945). The doors of the locks are just steel as rubber would soon wear out with constant use. The spillway doors use rubber as they are used infrequently. The valves on the river side just below the lowest water level can empty the 7 million gallons in from seven to eight minutes. The minimum channel depth was nine ft. and there was forty feet difference between the level above and below the dam. The size of the lock was 60 - 360 ft which is small because the regular size is 160-600 ft .

On entering the Wheeler Dam we saw many power lines (most had about five wires) carrying power even over a lake (poles were in the lake). We drove over the dam. The bridge was high where it went over the lock and became lower over the dam. This all-concrete dam was over a mile long with huge but good looking cranes. The river was very wide at this point. We didn't get a very good view but we did see a power boat (Musketeer) go through the lock.

Grandpa thought that since it was getting late we'd better eat dinner and get some cabins and see the Wilson Dam in the morning. We ate a ham dinner and got some cabins just outside of Florence. These even have a kitchen equipped with stove, sink, refrigerator and roaches. The ventilation is the best we've had.

Florence Alabama - Nashville Tenn. 150 miles

July 25, 1945

Hillside Tourist Court

We had a late start today (10:30) and drove down a side road to the Wilson Dam where we spent about an hour. We couldn't see very well from the bridge as they had a high railing and a fence from it about another six feet and then extending in. Uncle John thinks that's so you can't throw a bomb from the bridge to the power plant. There were many more spillways on this dam than any other I've seen. The water as usual was very clean. The bridge over the dam was not only used by cars, taxis and buses but also by trollies. We got very close to the power plant (electrical not water). We saw a good size boat start

through the lock (Donna Lee). The Wilson Dam was started in World War I to produce power for nitrates. When the war was over there was a question in congress-of whether to finish it or not. The opposition lost out and the dam was completed in 1925.

Grandpa was telling me about the difference between a storage and detention dam. The storage dam is only on tributaries to a large river and saves water to feed it when necessary. The detention dam gives no power or better navigation and isn't as expensive. To be effective they must be built in a series. *There* only use is to slow flood water. This dam had a slit in the middle through which it always releases water but only a certain amount can be released at one time. (cut)

Chair
Grandpa also told me what is done when there is a shortage of water. Some dams like the Ocoee are geared to use coal to produce power while others borrow or buy power from other places.

We had to back track through Florence to get to Nashville so we stopped to eat lunch at Andy's Grill (as last night). We had cold plates.

While in Alabama we had to put up with the "mill" tax. They are supposed to charge one mill for every nickle and one penny for every fifty cents except most places don't for small items.

We drove down route 43 which is the Andrew Jackson highway. I don't know how long it is but the Lee highway extends for hundreds of miles.

We saw a barn burning that was probably hit by lightning because we had a storm in the afternoon that cooled off everything.

The school busses were being used for labor ~~e-r-s~~.

When we were about entering ^{Nashville} the city on 31 on both sides of us were huge beautiful, Southern mansions.

For the first time we refused a tourist cabin we saw in fact two today. One was so dirty it couldn't be lived in and the other charged too much for what they gave you. We finally found the Hillside cabins which are fair except for the mattresses, which are wonderful.

We went into Nashville to try to find an S & W Cafeteria. The best we could do was find a B and W which is the same as the other except it had meat (pointless) and no crowds (we got there late). We did have a nice chicken dinner.

We visited the friends or rather relatives of Grandpa, Uncle John and Aunt Ruth. I had a fine time especially at Mr. Ball's. He is a man of 87 who has one leg and is so active it's hard to believe. We also visited the

Harvey's and didn't get to bed before midnight.

Nashville Tenn. - Clarksburg Tenn. 37 miles

July 26, 1945

We were supposed to be over at Mr. Harvey's by 9:30 and were only an hour late. After talking a few minutes we went to the Southern Publishing Association where Mr. Harvey and his eldest son work. We saw the way they made the whole book starting with the making of the page up til the cover is put on. I thought it was interesting that on any illustration they only use combinations of four colors (red, yellow, blue, gray black).

fig We saw an olive tree loaded with fruit.

The streets of Nashville are very narrow and are marked by low posts with the name painted vertically with black paint. This wears off too easily.

We drove to Centennial Park where they have a replica of the Parathon of Athens Greece. The doors weighed twenty tons each and the sculptures all were replicas of those in Athens. The original is in ruins. One interesting fact is that there isn't supposed to be a straight line in the building. Grandpa said it was erected for the Goddess of Wisdom, Athene to illustrate the power of Greece. There was quite an argument that lasted a good five minutes as to the meaning of "replica". Grandpa said it meant a copy and the guide said it meant a copy by the original artist. Grandpa said the language is moving forward and not narrowing down. The guard said look it up in Websters so he did and found both accepted.

Although Nashville isn't as modern as Chattanooga or have as many natural things of beauty it has many famous buildings and colleges. I still prefer Chattanooga to live in but Nashville is much better than Knoxville.

Although Nashville only has 175,000 population if the lines were drawn out to include the suburbs it would be about 250 thousand.

Among the universities and colleges we saw was Vanderbilt, Peabody Teachers College, Searrit, Fisk, Meharray, Negro State Normal (latter three negro) plus an exclusive girls junior college Ward Belmont.

We saw Ft. Negley which was a stronghold of the Confederates and offered a good view of the city.

We also visited the State Capital grounds and saw a statue of Andrew Jackson and tomb of President Polk.

We also saw a Gypsy Cemetary. They bury their dead only once a year.

We got within sight of the tallest radio tower in the world be-

longing to N.B.C.'s station WSM. It is even higher than the Woolworth Building.

We went to the Hermetage, home of Andrew Jackson. It was much like Mt. Vernon. We saw the church he attended and his seat. This church had its largest contribution and site given by Andrew Jackson under his wife's influence. I felt his home was very uninteresting after a while. They had the family cemetery where he and his wife and faithful servant Uncle Alfred are buried. There was also the carriage he went from Nashville to Washington in thirty days in. This to me was interesting but the inside of the house was just furnished with antiques.

We drove to the Post Office where I got my first letter from home. Everything is going fine.

We had dinner at the Harvey's. It was good and the first home cooked for over ten days.

We didn't leave til seven when we broke away. We drove a few miles outside of town found a cabin and got to bed by nine.

Also there was a statue of Sam Davis a Confederate who was condemned to die as a spy unless he gave some information. He refused his last words being "I would rather die a thousand deaths before I would betray a friend". We also saw a Galling's battery Gun (old fashioned machine gun, actually a cannon with ten small holes). It was really a menace in those days.

Clarksville Tenn. - Paducah Ken. 177 miles

July 27, 1945

I was awakened this morning by the incessant crowing of roosters running around the cabins and in the trees.

We were on the road and at Clarksville Ten miles away by 8:30. Clarksville (13,000) was one of the best looking towns I have seen in the Tennessee valley. It had many churches (all except Catholic. Grandpa thinks that because Al Smith was a Catholic he didn't carry the "solid South"). They had some pretty small homes much like Bethesda and huge mansions like only the South could have.

We had a fine breakfast where they served butter and sugar. We drove past the permanent Army post of Camp Campbell. Most of the buildings were temporary. The camp is in both Ken. and Tenn.

While driving on the Jefferson Davis highway, we saw a farmer in a tractor with an umbrella.

We had a rather uneventful trip until we reached the Kentucky Dam originally called the Gelbertsville Dam. Like Fontana they have a community for the workmen composing of a post office, library and a drug store where I had the best milk shake in my life. It had two scoops of rich ice cream and a bottle of milk. It was wonderful. We met a guard who permitted us to go on top of the uncompleted dam. It was supposed to have been finished in June '45 but due to the high water stopping construction for some months it won't be completed until October. When finished there will be both a railroad and auto bridge going over the dam. The dam's locks are regular size 160-600. We saw the Coast Guard Cutter, Charles F. Winsor pass through the locks on its way to the Ohio, Mississippi, Gulf and finally the Atlantic. There were two cranes, one (large) to haul large generators and second (smaller) for regulating the spillway gates. The thing that amazed me most was the lighting arrangement. When it becomes dark an electric eye automatically switches on the lights. Once the lights went on when a dark cloud passed before the sun.

Upon leaving the dam it began to rain. The flies trying to avoid it all came along in the car. In one swing of my hand I caught four of them. Am I proud.

We then drove to where the proposed canal is to be but through between the Cumberland and the Tennessee. The roads were by far the worst we were on and the three ferrys were even more terrible because the river was lower than usual so there was a sharp decline where the rear end of the car clipped. We all were very worried about doing damage to the car.

When we finally got to a main road we headed for Paducah to see the junction of the Tennessee and Ohio. I had a chicken pie for dinner and some spicy hot soup.

We are staying near Paducah at Cunningham Cottages. The service is the best and cost only \$2.25 a cabin.

Paducah Ken. - Louisville Ken. 259 miles

July 28, 1945

Broaview Hotel

We left at nine thirty but didn't get on the road for another hour because of breakfast and also getting the brake fixed so it wouldn't grab.

We saw a colored boy carrying two skwaking chickens by the legs and did some shopping while we were waiting.

After the brake was fixed we saw the junction of the Ohio and the Tenn. They came together as a V. It was very wide. We saw flood walls about 75 feet from the present level of the water. There were gates that fitted closely into place. The walls themselves were about 15 feet. There were many barges on the Tennessee side. Some were there for repairs as they had side ways with wheels for lifting out of the water and launching.

Driving along the road forty actually seems slow and fifty about right.

At Smithland we saw the junction of the Cumberland and Ohio (upstream from Tenn. - Ohio junction.)

We saw a peach stand way out in nowhere and got some after the proprietor took his cat off the peaches.

Again we had lunch at a roadside table (this is the one thing I like about Kentucky. These you can find on well-traveled roads almost every five miles).

When crossing the Green River (Ohio tributary) we saw a falls that had a lock.

The crops around here are most corn with a little tomato, almost no tobacco and no cotton.

We saw a navigation dam in the Ohio River. We found later it was simply known as dam 46. It was very much like the Ocoees dam except it was smaller. When the water got to a certain height it would spill over the whole dam. This wasn't used for power.

Aunt Ruth drove for the first time. She drove for about thirty miles and sat very erect and attentive. She was very careful and didn't look to either side.

We saw a ferry that had a paddle wheel. It was the best we'd seen. We saw a sign to dam 45. The country was very sparsely populated and we couldn't find a restaurant so we ate a couple of hamburgers and a glass of milk and two cookies at a joint miles from anywhere except farms. Grandpa ate his hamburgers with a knife and fork. He said he couldn't fit his mouth around them.

From then on we looked hard for cabins but couldn't find any.

We crossed an empty creek named Sinking Creek. I called it Sunk.

We kept driving until we finally reached the outskirts of Louisville where all the cabins were full and told us we couldn't find any place on Saturday night. We went in town and at last got a hotel room on the condition we would be out at nine on Sunday morning. We drove til ten thirty (we never drove later than seven before) and we covered 259 miles (our record). We had at the Broadview Hotel;

No Ventilation
No Bathroom
No Complaints

We were happy to find a place.

Louisville Ken. - Train from Cincinnati, Ohio 138 miles

July 29, 1945

We were out of the hotel as we promised by nine.

We had breakfast at a cafeteria where the food didn't look very good. I just had a sweet roll fruit and milk.

I felt Louisville didn't come up to my standard. The only really modern building I saw belonged to the Grayhound Co.

We drove along the water front and got a good view of it. We saw a whole community 75 feet above the present level of the Ohio that was composed entirely of boat houses. We saw navigation dam 41. It was the best of the navigation dams we have seen. It had two locks and a bridge over it. Nearly a hydro electric plant (private) got power from their own dam. We crossed a bridge into Indiana where I tried to get post cards but since it was Sunday I couldn't. The bridge we crossed was actually a railroad bridge with two extensions for cars. For lunch we had a nineteen pound watermelon. We saw the junction of the Ohio and Kentucky. While Uncle John sat in the back seat resting Aunt Ruth drove.

We were stopped a few minutes by a truck off the road and another who was blocking the road tried to pull him out. We finally drove around.

After a short ride we reached Covington and crossed the river into Cincinnati. We saw a large passenger paddle wheel boat.

For the first time since I left Athens I saw a ~~an~~ Ohio sign.

We ate dinner at a Thompsons Cafeteria. Mills across the street had a line half a block long clear down to the corner.

After dinner we went to Union Station (Aunt Ruth told me it meant a station in which more than one railroad used). It was by far the cleanest, most modern station I have ever seen. There was only one magazine concession well kept and made of marble, and all the stores were of the same pattern. The time was shown in many places in lights. Uncle John wanted to stay until train time then.

Grandpa said he would stay but I finally convinced them that I could wait an hour by myself and they at last consented.

They got a room at a downtown hotel.

Before leaving I telegraphed home that I would arrive at Silver Springs around eleven in the morning. (I left Cincinnati at ten).

On The Train

July 30, 1945

The car I was in was very nice. It had comfortable seats and air conditioning. I don't know what the engine is.

slept
The lights were dimmed at eleven and pillows were rented. I didn't get one but slept well anyway. I probably slept six out of seven attempted.

When I woke up it was very foggy. Later it cleared up. I went in to the dinning car for breakfast. They were \$1.00 or 75¢ so I got some milk toast.

The train wasn't badly crowded. Everyone got a seat. I had to get an aisle seat.

The stewardess took my name and address because I was under eighteen and traveling alone.

The trip was swell because I was asleep much of the time and I had a lot of writing to do for the trip. I was busy all the time. When we reached Silver Springs I got off and Mother, Dad and Dusty were waiting for me. Dad took the day off.

Summary Of The Trip

After finishing this trip and looking back on it I can see that it is a trip I will never forget. It gave me two weeks of real fun for I couldn't ask for a better vacation than traveling by car so far.

More important than that is the many important things I learned about navigation, ~~water power~~ dams, the Tennessee Valley Authority and the land in the valley.

I learned about the various types of dams, how they operate, and what their purpose is. The types are the navigation, detention, storage and power. The navigation dam merely is to make a channel deep enough for boats. The detention dam has a slit in the middle to allow some but not all the water to pass through. This helps prevent floods. The storage dams are primarily on tributaries to save the water. The power dam allows a regulated amount of water to flow through a pipe to revolve giant turbines that have generators to change water power into electric power. Most of the dams we saw produced power but also aided navigation.

Out of the twenty eight dams in the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers we saw thirteen. They were Norris, Chicamagua, Ocoee 1,2,3, Santeetlah, Wilson, Wheeler, Gunterville, Hales Bar, Kentucky, Fontana and Chegah.

I also saw and learned about erosion and water shed.

Most important of all I could see first hand many of the things the T. V. A. has done for the Tennessee Valley. It has improved parts of Tenn., Kentucky, Alabama, North Carolina, Virginia and Georgia. The T. V. A. helps the farmer, the man in industry and the person at home. He aids the farmer by giving instruction in soil conservation and scientific farming and also teaching the way to drain land without hurting a neighbors land. This is called common drainage. They also in many cases give free fertilizer to those who can profit by it. Wilson Dam supplies the power for the making of nitrates that is used as fertilizer. The T.V.A. helps many boat companies by giving free navigation from near the source to the mouth of the Tennessee. They help many by preventing floods by the use of their many dams. They do flood much bottom land though in creating a lake behind a dam. They sell much more cheaply power to many. It has encouraged electricity in many homes that before went without it. The T.V.A. controls almost one half of the rain water. It uses what was before wasted. Without the T.V.A. the Tennessee Valley would be much poorer than it is..

On this trip we were in no real rush so we saw many beautiful or historical scenes. We saw the Natural Bridge, one of the seven wonders of the World. Also the natural tunnel. We went through the reknown gap in the Cumberland Mountains, the Cumberland Gap and also the Newfoundland Gap in the Smoky Mountains. While in the Smoky Mountains we actually saw some bears. When in Chattanooga we saw Lookout Mountain where a Civil War battle was fought. While atop Lookout Mountain we could see Moccasin Bend, a bend in the Tennessee that really looks like a shoe and umbrella rock, a pile of rocks that look as if they were just balanced.

We saw also many colleges, Universities and man-made wonders such as long tunnels drilled through solid rock and many bridges and dams. We saw the West Point of the South, V.M.I. in Lexington Va. Among the places in Nashville we visited was the Capital building and grounds where President Polk is buried and we saw a Gatland Gun, a cross between a machine gun and a cannon and many negro and white colleges as well as the home and grave of Andrew Jackson. Also at Nashville was an exact replica of the Parthnon in Athens Greece. In Cincinnati, Ohio I saw the best looking railroad station I have ever seen. All in all I had the best kind of a vacation I could ask for and I added many post cards to my collection so I will never forget this wonderful trip.