

to share it, and from Kansas City he telephoned Blossom Heath. Galloway, usually unmoved by all that might happen in the household rampant with surprises, rushed into the room. "Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Fisher, it's long distance!" Long-distance telephone calls were great events, and I was almost too excited to talk. Carl asked, "What are you doing, honey?" I managed to answer that I was just going to sit down to dinner, and Carl chuckled: "Throw some things in a bag and catch the midnight train."

So from the rustic porch of the lodge of Lake Tahoe I watched the dust of their caravan move down the slope of the Sierras. I felt I was viewing the triumphal advance of a victorious army. Dusty, tanned and weatherbeaten, the Trail-Blazers were indeed pioneers who had brought East and West together. Waiting for them here was a special feast of one hundred coral-fleshed mountain trout caught during a stop-over in Colorado and shipped, in ferns and ice, to the Tahoe Tavern.

The cavalcade rested ten days under the pines at Lake Tahoe. We swam in water ice-cold. The mountain air was so rare it even cut down the speed of the automobiles. At night we sat around the campfire by the lake and sang together and watched the moonrise reflected in the dark waters of the lake. As soon as we finished one song, Carl, sitting on the log beside me, would whisper, "Start another, honey." Song after song sounded over the water, but the favorite number sung by the hundred Trail-Blazers around that campfire was the melody which had been part of my first hours with Carl—"In My Merry Oldsmobile."

Refreshed by pines and mountain air, the Trail-Blazers climbed back into their dusty, pennant-hung cars and rode down the Sierras and across the valley toward San Francisco—the city by the Pacific that would become the terminus of the Lincoln Highway.

What a welcome we were given in the city by the Golden Gate! We paraded on Market Street which blazed with flags and was lined by thousands of cheering San Franciscans. President Taft coined the phrase: "San Francisco Knows How," and San Francisco did know how to warm the hearts of the dusty Hoosiers who had beaten a trail between Indiana and California.

After a long talk with Hiram Johnson, Governor of California, Carl returned to our flower-filled suite in the St. Francis Hotel in a jubilant frame of mind. "Honey," he said to me, "we won't have to raise the money for a foot of road in California. This state has its own road building funds and will build the last link of the Highway."

Our return to Indianapolis was made by train; and then the real work of building the Highway began. The great road was already very real to Carl and to its other supporters, but to the public it was still "a red line on the map."

The actual route decided upon was announced on October 31, 1913. The states along the route proclaimed the day a legal holiday, and in Indiana that night the delighted Hoosiers set pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns burning on the fenceposts along the selected road. While only five hundred miles of the Hoosiers' route would be followed by the Lincoln Highway, the trail-blazing tour had achieved its purpose as a publicity stunt. Subscriptions were pouring in. More eminent men sponsored the road. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, wrote: "I am greatly pleased to know that success in the undertaking is assured, as I believe that such a highway will be a most fitting and useful monument to the memory of Lincoln."

The political picture changed, but the new leaders were new enthusiasts for the Highway. Theodore Roosevelt ran again for president on the Progressive platform at a time when Carl was elected County Commissioner on the Republican ticket. "Teddy," long a friend of Carl's, wired his congratulations. Carl in telegraphing back his thanks urged Roosevelt's support of the Highway.

The checks sent in by such famous men as Thomas Edison and Roosevelt, and President Wilson's No. 1 Highway Certificate, all made pictorial news. Wilson was one of the most ardent supporters of the Highway.

When, with Mrs. Wilson, the President came to Indianapolis on a tour of the Middle West and Governor Ralston asked us to be on the receiving line at a formal reception, there was the usual minor struggle while I tried to urge Carl into conventional