

Three Flags Route: To Ensenada

South Portion Of Highway Described

This newspaper is co-operating with The Oregonian and the Oregon State Motor Association in presenting a series of motorlog articles designed to stimulate recreational travel. The first article appeared in the Oregonian July 17. It describes the second half of a motorlog drive the Three Flags highway.

By Vinton H. Hall

Public Relations Director, Oregon State Motor Association

LEAN and sparkling under the morning sun, the little Nevada town of Minden faded behind us as our white motorlog car skipped along the Three Flags highway toward Ensenada in old Mexico. Reno, Virginia City and Lake Tahoe, visited the day before, seemed the high points in our motor cruise, but on this last lap of our trip we were destined to strike a lode of equally rich recreational ore.

Our road, still the fast, smooth route that we picked up four days earlier far north in Spokane, curled easily through Gardnerville and rich farming country in the shadow of the glistening snow-capped Sierras.

Ahead of us loomed the highest of the great Sierras providing an entirely different setting for the Three Flags highway motorloggers who had traveled over the rolling wheat fields of southeastern Washington and northeastern Oregon, through sagebrush and tall pines, past Lake County's lakes and across purple plains.

At Conway summit, 8128 feet high, we brought the white Ford V-8 travel car to a stop in front of a service station-store, and a rugged, sun-tanned individual approached us, his hand extended.

"I'm Fred Curtis," he said, smiling broadly. "I've been expecting you and Mr. Snyder." Burt Snyder, president of the Three Flags Highway association, had joined the motorlog party in Alturas. "What do you think of our highway?" Curtis asked anxiously. And as we nodded our enthusiastic approval he continued: "Beautiful country, isn't it? Just look at the view you get from here. All of this was a great mining area, worked as early as 1820. Off that way is Mono Lake. You'll see it as you drive south."

See Famed Pass

We finished our visit with Curtis and started down the gently winding grade. Skirting Mono lake, we looked toward the Sierras and saw a ribbon-like highway winding high above. This was the famed Tioga pass, entering Yosemite national park and a favorite with recreationists after the snow has been cleared early in July.

We continued south along one of the most interesting stretches of this new Canada-to-Mexico route—Inyo county.

The ever-present Sierras cast a cool reflection on our highway as we entered Owens valley, where once the farmers rebelled at the storing of their water supply for Los Angeles consumption.

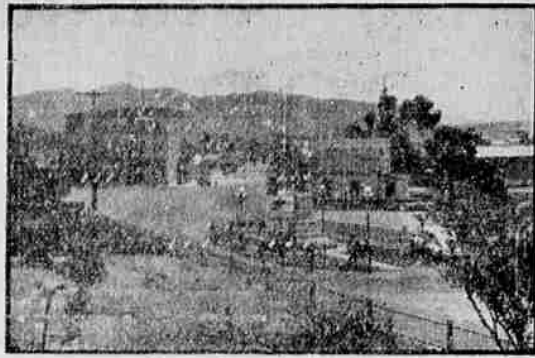
In Lone Pine Walter Dow pointed west.

"That jagged peak," he said, "is Mount Whitney, highest mountain in the United States. You don't notice its height so much because the mountains around it are so high. But its top is 14,501 feet above sea level."

"Now then," he added, "look over in that direction." He was pointing southeast, towards a deep, low-hanging haze. "Eighty-five miles away lies Death valley, the lowest spot in the United States, 310 feet below sea level. So you see, in this section we have both the highest and lowest sections of the nation."

Dow and Ellis guided us up a good 13-mile CCC road to the base of Mount Whitney—Whitney Portals they call it. It leads through the Alabama, a queer geologic structure just out of Lone Pine and a favorite locale for big motion picture productions. Its rocky formations are said to be the oldest known to geologists.

After a comfortable night in



Street Scene in Ensenada

Dow's air-conditioned hotel, we embarked on the next-to-the-last day of our journey. A few miles south we relinquished the shelter of the cool Sierras and boomed suddenly into the desert. Large, fantastic cactus trees bordered the wide, straight road, and the motorlog car struck up a steady, droning tune that soon set co-motorlogger Snyder nodding.

Scenery Typically California

Time passed quickly and soon we dropped into Cajon canyon north of San Bernardino. California palms, heavy traffic, packing plants and service stations furnished a sharp contrast for the motorloggers.

Rolling southward, we knew that this was southern California. Sagging orange trees heavy with the fruit so much in demand on Oregon breakfast tables, bordered our road as it unfolded in front of us along Lake Elsinore, through the picturesque city of Escondido and toward San Diego.

In San Diego hotel that evening Arnold Klaus, manager of the San Diego California club, had gathered a group of city and state travel officials around a banquet table. Klaus, whose father operated the famous Crystal bar in Virginia City during the gold rush days, told us about this southernmost California city and urged us to visit the old town, site of the original mission and settlement of 1769; the Spanish village, Point Loma and other spots. Time, however, prevented anything but a pleasant ride through the tidy, palm-decked streets and along the waterfront.

Next day, at the Mexican border, 15 miles north, we were surprised at the simplicity with which American tourists cross the international line. Cars from the states, obviously pleasure seekers, were waved through with a minimum of formality. Returning, however, American

customs officials are a bit more strict and we were advised to register our German camera lens to eliminate trouble when we checked in again.

Ten miles south of the border the highway unfolded before us and we found it smooth, wide and fast. It emerged from the brown, sterile hills of Baja, Cal., and struck the coast line. Cool salt air gave us relief from the stuffiness of the two border cities. Mexican hovels, about which lounged dark-skinned farmers, plump senoras, dropped behind us.

In less than two hours we had covered the 65 miles from Tijuana, rounded a point of land and Todos Santos bay stretched before us. Sprawled on the far side of the gracefully curving shore line lay Playa Ensenada, low and rambling along the sandy beach for nearly a quarter of a mile.

Ensenada was a monotone in brown, but its stores, streets and people gave it indescribable color. We halted the white car at the entrance to a new green-grey building in front of which a sign spelled "Camara Nacional de Comercio e Industria de Ensenada." This was the chamber of commerce. Luis G. Beltran (we soon called him Louie) was waiting for us with a delegation of city officials.

Visit Playa Ensenada

After viewing an open-air program staged by the public schools, we drove to Playa Ensenada where ten years ago there was nothing save the sands of Todos Santos bay. Today Playa Ensenada dominates the shore. Modern in architecture, yet built in true Spanish style, Playa Ensenada is an entrancing series of patios, gardens, walls, doorways and balconies. It is a hotel built for those who love comfort, peace and leisure. Most everywhere, through its rambling corridors, in



Route of Motorlog

its cheerful dining rooms, is historical ironwork, many pieces obtained from a monastery built in Castile before the renaissance. Murals, bold in line and subject, were created by Martinez.

We asked Bruno Pagali, young and handsome manager, about the gambling edict that closed the doors of the giant casino, occupying the west end of the rambling structure. He simply shrugged his shoulders and said, hopefully: "Some day maybe, it will come back." We could hear in his voice the story of Playa Ensenada as it used to be less than two years ago when money-mad men, diamond-clad women swarmed the gaming tables; when the movie colony moved south in droves; when the click of the wheel and rattle of dice mingled with the sound of music, tinkling of glasses and gay laughter.

With Louie, Santos B. Cota, chamber president; Luis M. Salazar and others, we drove the white car along the 7½-mile beach, smooth and straight, they say, as Daytona in Florida.

That night Louie took us to a boxing match, then showed us Cecilia's, the red spot that few visitors fail to miss, whether alone or accompanied by wives. "Ensenada is a lot like Reno, don't you think?" asked Louie. "Someone told me the main streets look much the same. I've never been to Reno."

In a way, yes, Ensenada was like Reno, but the main street was as different as day is from night. It has glamour, but a glamour of its own. It has character, in its typical Mexican way. It is an attraction at the southern tip of the Three Flags highway, and the end of our motorlog, that should not be missed.

Next morning we said good-bye to our Mexican friends and started the little white car on its long trek homeward. We had completed a 1500-mile tour from Spokane south along the amazing new Canada-to-Mexico route. We had plenty to talk about and much to remember, and a new road to advise for south-bound vacationists.



Signs Just Across the Border



The Motorloggers Cross Into Mexico

DR. MCCLINTOCK TO CONDUCT SERVICES

Dr. James A. McClintock, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McClintock of this city, professor of psychology at Drew university in Madison, N. J., will fill the pulpit at the Methodist Episcopal church here Sunday. Dr. McClintock is spending his vacation visiting in Roseburg. He will preach in the absence of the pastor, Rev. S. Raynor Smith, who was called to Grants Pass this week by critical injuries suffered by his son in an automobile accident.

MARKET REPORTS

WOOL
BOSTON, July 16.—(AP)—The Commercial Bulletin today says: "The wool market has developed

a stronger tone again this week and the volume of business has developed in a large way. Prices are generally about 20 per cent above the low point of a month or so ago, good fine and fine medium, fair stapled wools bringing 65 cents, clean basis, now against about 55 cents then, with other grades proportionately up.

"In the west, it is harder to buy wool, since asking prices have been advanced and in some cases wool has been withdrawn from the market.

"Foreign markets, including London are a bit stronger for the week.

"There is more business in piece-goods and prices are being marked up, an advance of fully 15 per cent being predicted by mid-September.

"Mohair is very strong. Sales in Texas at 42 cents for adult and 52 cents for kid are reported."

The Bulletin publishes the following quotations:
Scoured basis: Oregon: Fine and f. m. staple 66-67; fine and f. m. clothing 56-57.
Mohair: Oregon, 35-37.
(Foreign prices in bond).

WHEAT

PORTLAND, Ore., July 16.—(AP)—Open High Low Close
July — 67 67 67 67
Sept. — 67 67 67 67
Dec. — 68 68 68 68

Comic Langdon 'Back in Money'



Only last March one-time movie funnyman Harry Langdon told the judge that he was flat broke. But times are better now and Harry says he is back in the money again, this time as a writer of comedies. Harry seems a much saddened man in the top picture, taken as he appeared in Los Angeles court to show why he should not be held in contempt for failure to pay \$2900 back alimony at \$25 a week. The lower photo shows the comedian at the height of his popularity several years back.

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