

Express Highways

California's Road of Marvellous Beauty Links Santa Cruz With Her Future Destiny

(By Preston Sawyer.)

The new Santa Cruz-Los Gatos highway—for weeks, months, aye, years, the dream of every progressive Santa Cruzan, in fact every citizen and motorist in this county and state and perhaps the entire west—is open!

The finest stretch of highway in California, through a Utopia for the motorist, a haven for the camper, a Paradise for hikers and photographers, has been opened wide to beckon the traveler. Bringing Santa Cruz the once more to the garden gate of the broad Santa Clara valley and to easy access of the western metropolis, San Francisco, the beautiful concrete way is ready. After months of veritable isolation, save for circuitous and unhandy detours, the "Atlantic City of the West," joined now from both north and south by coaxing highways, stands ready with open arms to welcome the world as it never has before.

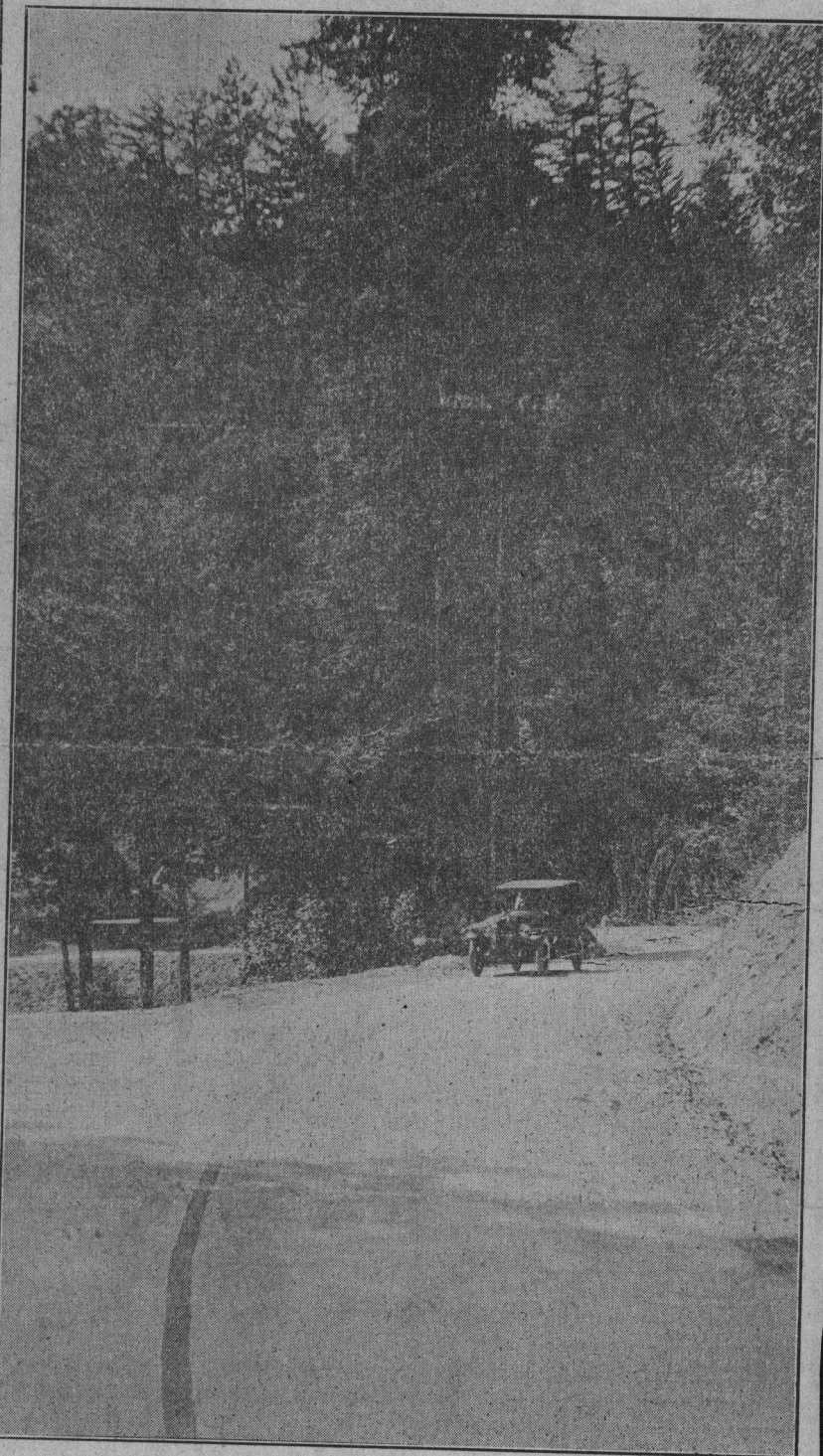
Around and stretching away through the picturesque adjacent hills of the Santa Cruz mountains the greatest achievement to date of state highway engineers carries the tourist, en route from Los Gatos, at once into a region of constant pastoral beauty. Here are to be found health resorts, summer homes, ranch retreats for children of the city, and a boys' school.

Concrete Ribbon Pulls You On.

Deeper and deeper into the ever-increasing beauties of this captivating locality, the concrete ribbon pulls you onward. After glimpsing the interesting settlement at Alma, the ascent over broad, sweeping curves and gentle grades made well-nigh trivial through skillful engineering, is easily negotiable. Registering "ahs" and "ohs" for lovers of scenic beauty, the charming clusters of cottages at Patchin and in the "Valley of the Moon," pass before your fleeting vision through breaks in the trees. And, made a hundred-fold easier than the old, by its widened and super-elevated turns, the last pull to the summit is a joy indeed.

With every new turn producing a vista of greater beauty, appreciation of the wonders of Nature and the infinite joy of living have reached fever heat before the descent is started. Then, swinging around to Inspiration point, joy reigns unconfined. What grander view than this of mountain, hill and valley? To the left the rugged hills that drop away to the valley of Santa Clara. To the right, thick-covered slopes of redwood rolling off as far as eye can reach. Below, a winding valley, dotted here and there with ranch buildings set like gems in great patchwork quilts of cultivation.

HOARY SENTINEL ON NEW GLENWOOD HIGHWAY STANDS GUARD



THIS VIEW IS WHAT MIGHT BE TERMED THE "TRADE MARK" SCENE OF THE NEWLY OPENED STATE ROAD. THE MAGNIFICENT REDWOOD AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, THE LARGEST ALONG THE ROUTE, IS AT A POINT NEAR WOODWARDIA. THE SPECIAL SIX STUDEBAKER IN THE FOREGROUND GIVES A SPLENDID IDEA OF THE GIRTH OF THE FOREST GIANT BEHIND IT.

Through the Redwoods.

Continuing down grade into scenes of unconceivable beauty and grandeur, curves, at once thrilling and safe, roll on and on. Now in the redwood belt, massive monsters of the redwood family rear haughty heads high into the sky from strong-

holds only an arms length from your steed as it speeds you by.

And now into Glenwood, where once resided Charles C. Martin, who helped to make this highway possible by giving a right-of-way through his extensive property holdings.

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(Continued from page one.)

Passing over the gorgeous McKiernan stretch, lined on either side by rows of more grand redwoods, another broad curve shortly carries the now enraptured motorist into view of a cool and lengthy valley—the Summer Home Farm, its entry road leading off down the valley, into the hazy distance.

Through a cut banked high on either side with sand hills and we pass the little school house of the mountain sand dunes. Down—ever down, and slipping around a perfect "S" curve you dart out on to the straight stretches of Scotts Valley.

Ranch house and dairy, farm house and ranch, poultry plant and farm—this, with a superb highway running between, comprises the prosperous and beauteous entry through the rural districts to Santa Cruz—who, like the gem city that she is, spreads out before the motorist from his position on the final hill, under the "Welcome" portals at the city limits—her feet bathed in the waters of Monterey bay, her back touching mountain and woodland, river and dell, redwood forest and hill village.
Ready at Last for All.

Santa Cruz is ready. The new concrete way, "a boulevard across

the mountains," a thoroughfare fit for a king, is ready. And we say "Come!"

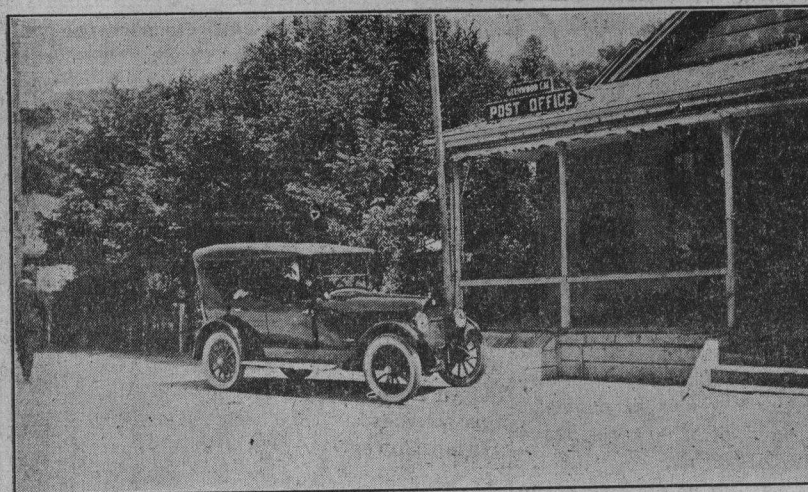
We can say "Come" as we know the man who made the highway possible would speak it if he was but here. The shocking and untimely passing of Supervisor James A. Harvey, chairman of the board of supervisors, and the man so largely instrumental in putting the highway through, has steeped us all in gloom. That he, of all, could not go over, could not take active part in presenting the fruits of his labors to the county and state is lamentable beyond description.

That "the highway is open" is becoming rapidly known, as attested by the increasing volume of traffic which on last Sunday was, to put it mildly, Immense.

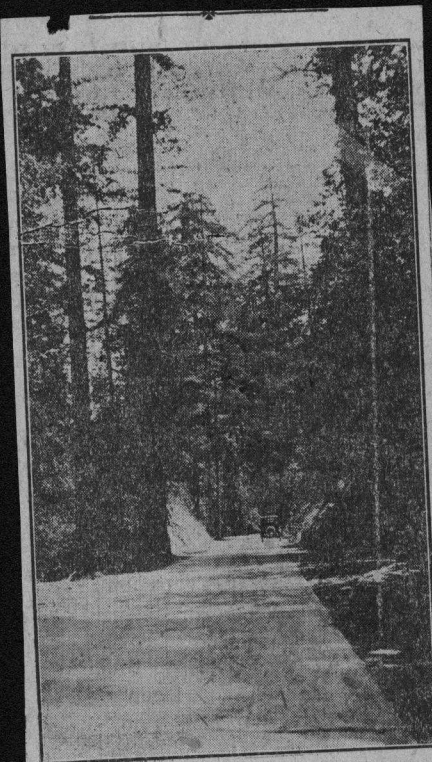
The gasoline procession will continue henceforward to flow toward Santa Cruz, which once more has a place in the sun.

Seventy-six miles from San Francisco via Sunnyvale and Saratoga; thirty-five miles from San Jose; twenty-four and one-half miles from Los Gatos; twelve miles from Glenwood. That's Santa Cruz.

The miles are short. The highway is superb. Santa Cruz is ready.



GLENWOOD POST OFFICE, HOME PLACE OF THE LATE CHAC. C. MARTIN, WHOSE RIGHT-OF-WAY GIFT HELPED TO MAKE THE NEW MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY A REALITY. SPECIAL SIX STUDEBAKER WITH MRS. GEORGE A. HART AT THE WHEEL IN THE FOREGROUND.



ONE OF THE FEW STRAIGHT-STRETCHES ON THE NEW GLENWOOD HIGHWAY. STUDEBAKER CAR APPROACHING MCKIERNAN'S AMONG THE TOWERING REDWOODS.