

priced operation. The younger boys, John and George, grew up in the hotel business and followed this career throughout their lives. John was for many years proprietor of the Eeseola Lodge at Linville, North Carolina, high in the Smokies, and George owned and managed a resort hotel in Spring Lake, New Jersey, and in his final years lived through the winter in the family home adjacent to the Hollywood Hotel in Southern Pines.

After World War II, vacation patterns had changed, and the old hotels in Southern Pines fell on hard times. Today the community is surrounded by huge golf resorts. The Pottle boys and their mother tried to keep the Hollywood going against difficult odds. The last time we stayed there was in 1954, when I drove my parents and Aunt Mary Ferguson down in my '52 DeSoto sedan. Still maintaining the integrity of the operation, John and George Pottle talked about building a motel on the property along Route 1. That didn't happen, and I think they closed the hotel a few years later. Driving through in 1964, it was boarded up. In 1983, the hotel had been razed, but I had a short visit with George Pottle at his home on one corner of the property. The Highland House at Jefferson Highlands was torn down or burned in the 1960s or before, but for many years thereafter an old wooden sign tacked to a tree along U.S. Route 2 still read "Highland House."

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, March 17, 2008

**A Winter Trip to Sunny California:** For the first 10 days of February 1957, I visited California to call on three friends, do some sightseeing, and enjoy the mild winter climate. As a travel agent, a rental car and lodgings were free, but domestic airlines would not give agents a discount (foreign carriers would give complimentary trips off-season). I flew from Washington to Los Angeles on a night tourist flight for a one-way fare of \$160. This was a few years before the advent of commercial jet airplanes, and the night flight on an American Airlines DC-6 stopped at Love Field in Dallas en route.

As dawn broke over Arizona, I told the stewardess I was a travel agent and asked if I could visit the cockpit. In a moment, she came back and invited me up. The captain was an older man nearing retirement, and the co-pilot told me we were flying with one of the pioneer American Airline pilots, his number 45 designating he was the 45<sup>th</sup> pilot American had hired. He circled over Palm Springs, situated against a mountain, before we landed at Los Angeles about 7 A.M. I transferred to a new Hilton Hotel in downtown Los Angeles and enjoyed a Gray Line Tour (also free to agents) of Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, etc., on a beautiful day.

The next day I picked up a '56 Plymouth with bald tires from the Avis agency, which I was to drop in San Francisco about eight days later. I planned to visit Bill and Peggy Carr in their new home in Pacific Palisades; they had occupied our third-floor apartment at Auburn Heights during World War II when he was a captain in the Air Transport Command, flying out of New Castle Air Base. I called, and Peggy said to come on out. When I knocked on the door, she invited me in and told me Bill had been killed the day before in an air crash; he was a test pilot for Douglas Aircraft. I felt terrible and asked what I could do for her. She said it would be a big help if I would take her 11-year-old son, Dick, for the day. We went to the Port of Los Angeles, where I had a pass to board one of the Matson Line's new ships, the *Monterey*, about to go into service between California and Australia-New Zealand. I felt awkward to spend the night in the Carr home, but she insisted. The next morning, I said goodbye and headed for San Diego and then back to Disneyland.

Disneyland was 1½ years old, and it was off-season. I had a great time, especially talking to the steam railroad people and those who ran the *Mark Twain* steamboat. Someone told me I should go to Walt Disney's home about 10 miles away where he had a 1½-inch-scale steam railroad (this was three years before the building of the first Auburn Valley Railroad). I didn't have nerve enough to do that, so I went to Knott's Berry Farm, where they were running a three-foot gauge steam train from Colorado and several Cretors steam popcorn wagons. Then I visited an old army buddy, John Longley, in Porterville, California, where an excellent full breakfast cost 88 cents. John passed away about four months ago.

I wanted to visit Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks, adjacent to one another in the Sierras south of Yosemite. Rain turned to snow above 4,000 feet, and when I reached Giant Forest Lodge in Sequoia at about 7,000 feet elevation, it was coming down an inch every five minutes. No one seemed to be around, but I was undaunted and headed onward toward Kings Canyon. Soon I was driving in snow nearly a foot deep with bald tires (and of course only rear wheel drive). Ascending a very long and steady grade, I finally lost traction and had to stop. I couldn't start again, and there may not have been anyone within 10 miles. I decided to reverse to the bottom of the grade, which was nearly two miles back. Taking it very easy and holding my breath, the second time I made it, went over the highest point, and started to descend toward Fresno in the valley. Below 4,000 feet, it was raining again, and this persisted as I drove to Merced and into Yosemite Valley. I stayed at the wonderful Ahwahnee Hotel with its huge fireplaces keeping the lobby warm.

The last couple of days were spent in the Bay area, where I stayed at the old Palace Hotel on Market Street in San Francisco. Liking movies as I did, I saw *Oklahoma* for the very first time at a theater near the hotel. On a Sunday, I drove to Sunnyvale and visited an old Roswell (New Mexico) friend, Anthony Rippo and met his wife, Ollie, and their five-year-old son David for the first time. Before I turned in the car, I crossed the Bay and visited Barney Becker at the former Doble Steam Car factory in Emeryville. Unfortunately, he had not driven his F-model Doble to work that day from his home in Walnut Creek, as he did frequently. Again on an