

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEPARTMENT OF
PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR MEN
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

While on my way to my home in Kansas City, Missouri for the Christmas vacation (December, 1940) I had a very interesting, although tragic, experience.

I had left Los Angeles on Friday, December 13 (!!!) and started driving east. The weather was ideal across California and Arizona, except for some snow at Winslow and Flagstaff, Arizona. Several days before they had a thirty-inch snow-fall at these places.

After leaving Flagstaff the weather was perfect clear on past Gallup, New Mexico about one hundred miles. There I started encountering snow, but the highways were clear and so it did not prove a handicap.

About twenty-five miles west of Albuquerque, New Mexico nasty weather set in with a vengeance. Two days previous a heavy sleet storm had descended upon the country and coated everything with a sheet of ice. This storm evidently had swept diagonally in a northeasterly direction across the country as I never did run out of it until I was a few miles from Lawrence, and then I think that the snow had merely covered it up.

The highway was so slick from this sleet that a speed in excess of twenty-five miles per hour was next to suicidal. As I look back now, I feel as if fifteen miles per hour would have been a very fast rate. It was so slick that in negotiating the curves on the highway you had to be exceedingly careful. If you went around them too fast, you skidded over the outer edge; if you tried to go too slow, you would slide down into the inside of the curve due to the bank of the road. I have driven on slick pavement before, but never nothing like that--and I never want to again.