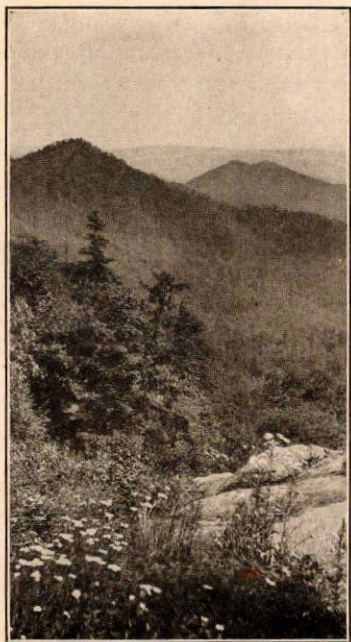




A GLIMPSE OF "THE LONESOME TRAIL."

Blowing Rock Country

or "OHWASSAH"—*the Land of God*

Like some fabled world, whose craggy heights were haunted with fairies, goblins and giants, so is this BLOWING ROCK COUNTRY a world unto itself, encircled by grim and vast God-made fortresses of dense forest and mighty ranges of rock-seamed peaks. In the liquid Indian language it might have been named "Ohwassah, the land of God."

Here, in a glorious climate, amid awe-inspiring splendors of Divine creation, visions of mighty truths dawn in our skeptical souls, and resolutions as lofty and immutable as the cloud-drenched mountain domes, are born in our worldly-crusted hearts.

It is here that man readjusts his attitude toward God. For he has neither reason nor logic, only solemn contemplation, for these wonderful testimonials of an invisible and inscrutable creation, which loom up as portentous and eternal monuments—an endless, ever-changing panorama of implacable heights, accentuated by deep-bosomed hollows, where the balsamic air races like wine in the blood, and the softening influence of golden lights and purple shadows all stand as impregnable barriers against the little confusions of an outside world.

It is here at Blowing Rock, which hangs on the very crest of the Blue Ridge, more than four thousand feet above sea level, when gazing far down upon the green sun-caressed valleys which lie, snug and protected, in the troughs of a rolling, pitching sea of mountains, that the scenic splendor, for which Western North Carolina is famous, spreads itself in its fullest glory.

Conceding the claims of tourists regarding the unforgettable scenery that flits past the car window as the train zig-zags through mountainous Western North Carolina, the truly rugged and majestic splendor of mountain scenery—the kind that puts a soul on the threshold of a new life and fills him with strength and new hopes, kindly affections and love of truth and all true things—lies beyond the stretch of steam and rails.

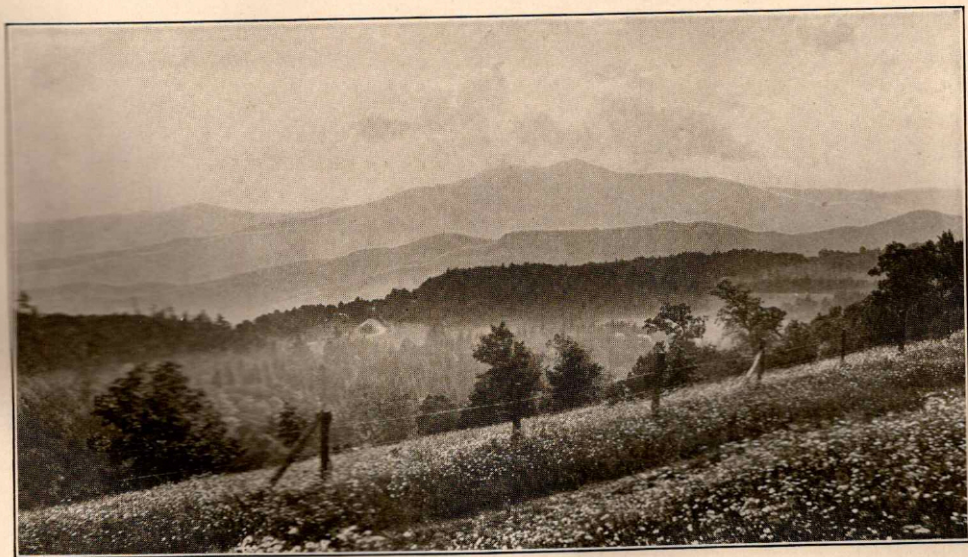
To reach *Ohwassah*, as in fanciful phrase we may term Blowing Rock, the visitor must leave the beaten path of travel and traffic at Hickory, N. C., and head for the picturesque town of Lenoir, lying twenty miles distant at the foot of the Blue Ridge. At this point the transfer is quickly made, under the courteous direction of Mr. F. C. Hanks, to comfortable and powerful motor cars, operated by the Blowing Rock Line, and under the charge of skillful and experienced chauffeurs, the ascent is begun.

The mountain huts that string the graded highway, as it unravels itself through the velvety softness of green foothills, have their tiny gardens of dahlias, nasturtiums and ferns; and these, in kindly friendliness, neighbor on patches of silk tasseled corn with no dividing fences.

Now and then more pretentious houses, fronted by close-clipped lawns of brilliant green, arrest attention; while here and there, on the bosom of long, sloping valleys, rough-hewn log cabins bespeak of isolated civilization.

And over it all the frowning outline of huge mountain ranges is visible in the distance, through rifts in the humble, vassal-like hills.

Through this hushed landscape, whose welling note of calm tranquility soothes tired eyes and itching nerves, the whinnying purr of the speeding car and its



SUN SINKING OVER "GRANDFATHER" AND HEART-SHAPED ROADWAY

occasional honk, honk, honk of warning, are the only sounds that break the serene solitude.

Before the scene loses its charm, and just a few rods before the second toll-gate is reached, with a splash and short plunge the car leaps the little rivulet that forms the head-waters of the Yadkin River.

From now on the view rapidly changes. The onrushing car plunges straight for dark-green curtained gaps. Currents of cooled air whip the face and brace the body with their invigorating freshness. The lungs fill with dry, crisp ozone. The perfume of wild flowers and concealed shrubbery and sweet running waters laden the atmosphere. Nature has lost her tranquil repose. Lowland slopes give way to yawning gorges and rock-jutting cliffs, as every foot of the climb now is upward, upward toward the clouds.

The scalloped curves of the splendid turnpike, twisting, squirming and bending at a thousand places, first along one side of the mountain and suddenly favoring the other, present a constantly changing panorama of scenic grandeur that is incomparable the world over.

Spectre-like, the waving tops of giant oaks and chestnuts, beckon from thousands of feet below; far distant roadways resemble pieces of yellow rope wound



THE "LONESOME PINE"

around immense cones of green; nestling valleys reveal themselves, threaded with streams and flanked with hillsides over which flitting shadows chase golden shafts of sunlight, and the wide encircling sweep of vigilant peaks stands out boldly against the background of an azure sky.

The wonderful beauty of it all! The soothing influence of some great unseen force makes its presence felt in one's soul and quiets all complainings therein.

As the coughing motor suddenly swings a curve over the crest of a high-lying ridge, with more than 4,300 feet elevation, the big, handsome Green Park Hotel, with wide verandas and white-pillared balconies, stands vividly outlined against the foliated side of Green Hill. Neatly painted and porched cottages, cozy and homelike, set well back in the picket-enclosed lawn and under the

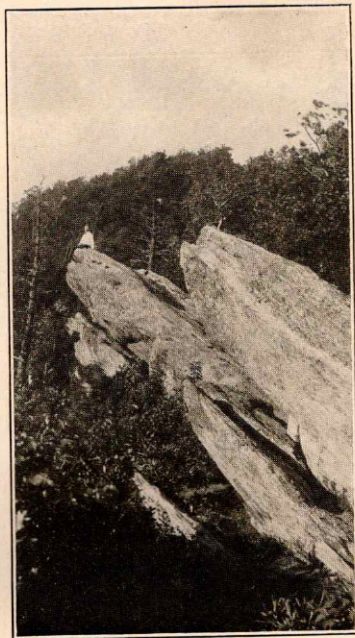


GREEN PARK HOTEL

protecting shelter of immense chestnuts. The whole world looks fresh and green at Green Park, and here will be found all the conveniences demanded by comfort-loving people—electric lights, private baths, hot and cold running water, garage, livery, sewerage, telephone and telegraph connections and post-office facilities.

Across the roadway, and perched high on a green-banked knoll, modern cottages overlook the hotel grounds, among them being the summer home of Mr. J. W. Cannon, President of the Cannon Mills, Concord, N. C.

Green Park is the gateway to the Blowing Rock country—"the land of God." It is but a short walk from here to the famous Rock itself—the pilgrim shrine of tourists from every corner of the civilized globe.

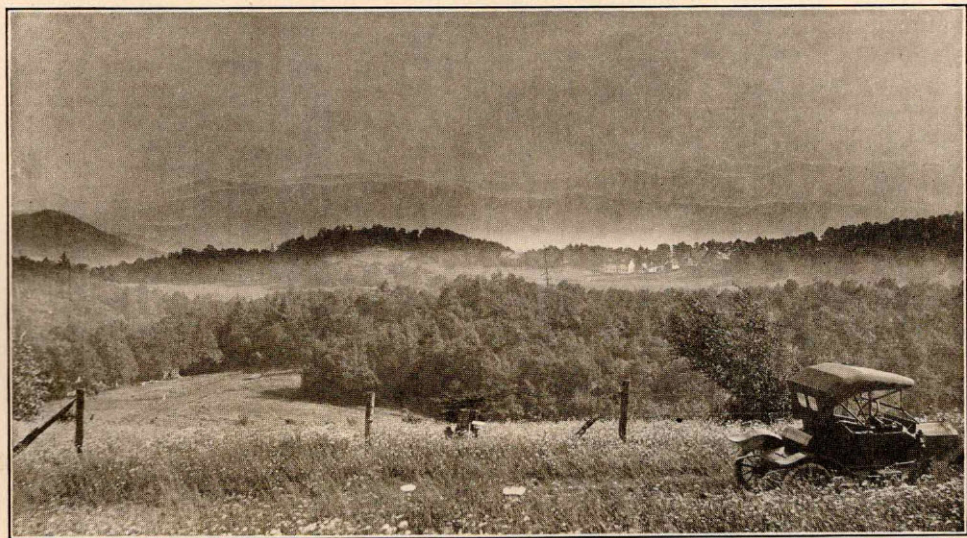


THE ROCK

This wonder of Nature is a monstrous shelf of rock, hurled out of the earth with brusque abruptness at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. Massive and grotesque is its outline as it overhangs a dizzy void of space, into which a thrown hat or handkerchief does not sink, but by some freakish impulse of Nature, is wafted back again.

Standing on the Rock the senses reel at the awful immensity of what the eye beholds—vast elemental space! The floor of this colossal green amphitheatre, stretching away mile after mile, is not carpeted with meek slumbering patches of tilled earth, but the bosom it raises to the beetling guardian crags is the dome of heavily-timbered forests and the cowering summits of lesser mountains—a scene of wild, disordered jungle of rock and tree that for centuries has defied the leveling hand of man.

Proudly reared behind the hotel is Green Hill, whose crowing top of belligerent green, makes it a distinguishable landmark fifteen miles away. A newly graded automobile road quickly carries one to this overlooking view, where tumbling masses of mountain ridges greet the eye on every side; and milk-white low-hanging cloudlets, like silvery mountain lakes, lie cradled in sombre hollows;



APPROACHING STORM SEEN FROM GREEN HILL—COTTAGES OF J. W. CANNON,
C. V. HENKEL, S. E. MC FADDEN, AND J. M. KNOX IN DISTANCE.

while to the east, from whence an amorous young sun tints the fleecy clouds overhead with burning blushes and paints the far away purple horizon with a crimson border, a glorious sunrise slowly unfolds across leagues of sleeping lowlands.

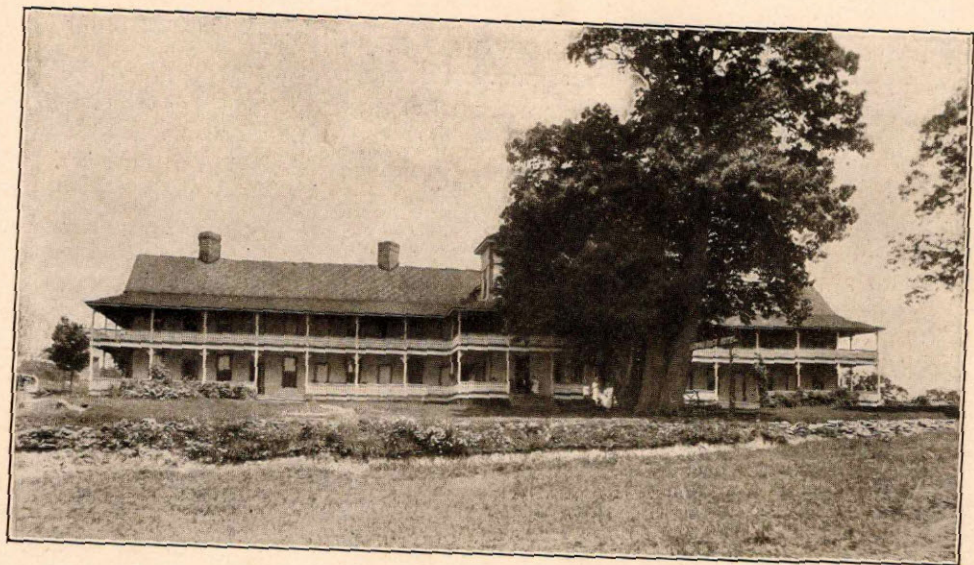
Back on the turnpike again, that swings northward toward the village of Blowing Rock, two miles distant, in sweeping curves, and its entire length girted by a shady laurel-lined pathway, there are many points of interest to halt the automobilist or pedestrian.

A little farther on, a broad, rock-walled entrance, topped with flowing rhododendron, leads steeply to the Grand View House—a large frame structure, under the management of Mrs. Weedon, that offers all the simple comforts of home-living. There is a magnificent mountain view from the porch of this boarding house, and from here also can be seen the brown streak of Lonesome Trail, which wanders for two miles in phantom stillness around precipitious cliffs down into deep shadowy ravines.

Once more the visitor quickly halts as the Blowing Rock Hotel, the property and summer home of Mrs. E. A. Taylor, standing white and stately, bursts into



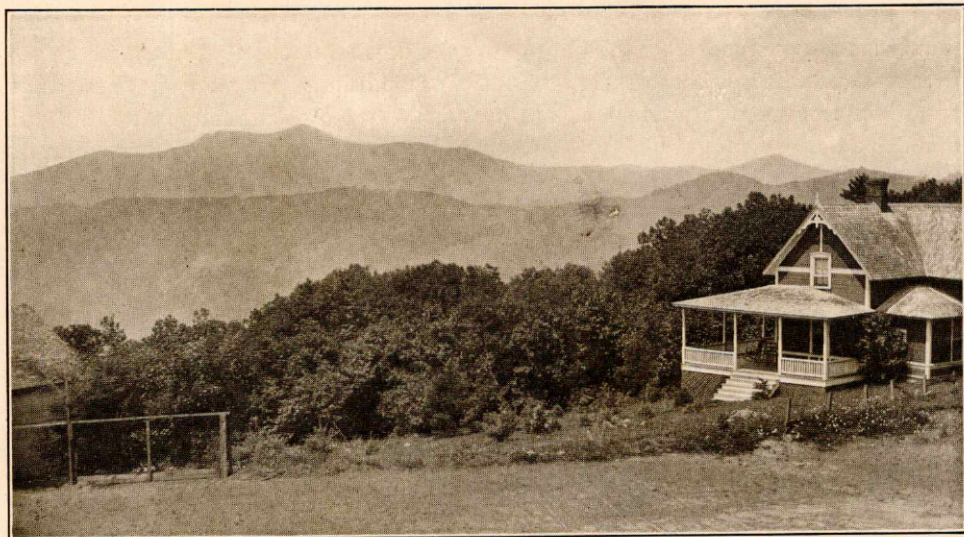
SCENE FROM VERANDA OF "GRAND VIEW HOUSE"



BLOWING ROCK HOTEL

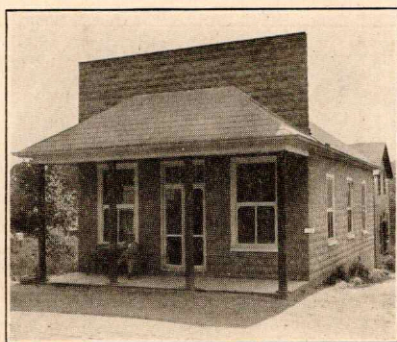
sight around a bend in the tree-ambushed highway. Under the wide-reaching shade of immense chestnuts, children romp and play in free and healthy abandon over an extensive area of green lawn. And here, with more than five hundred feet of rambling porch and veranda, views that cannot be surpassed for natural grandeur are continually being staged for the benefit of guests. Mr. Moore, the Manager, is ever at hand with a ready fund of information to point out those individual peaks which rivet attention because of their sheer and looming immobility. No better view can be obtained anywhere of the Grandfather Mountain, with its human face upturned to the heavens, nor of Table Rock, rising in remote space like a pyramid of old Egypt with Hawk's Bill just to the right, and the towering Blacks in the background. This hotel is modern in many respects, being lighted with acetylene gas, and equipped with bath rooms and a large ball room.

Leaving the Blowing Rock Hotel, seated high on the mountain side, the road slants downward, past the Tea Room perched like a bower of mating birds in some evergreen thicket, into the quiet, unpretentious mountain village of Blowing Rock. A number of well stocked merchandise stores, two drug stores, a reading room, the inevitable moving picture hall, and many pretty homes, peeking from behind vine-covered porches, give the visitor a satisfying and lasting impression.



GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN AND COTTAGE OF D. J. CRAIG
VIEW FROM BLOWING ROCK HOTEL

A recurring thought of business worries left behind is momentarily suggested by the aggressive poise of the stone building that quarters the Bank of Blowing Rock, where Mr. Sudderth, the courteous Cashier, greets visitors and extends them quick service for the dispatch of business.



BANK OF BLOWING ROCK

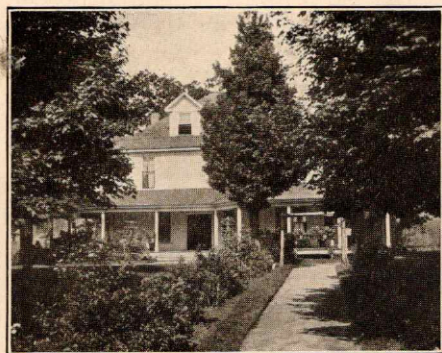
The Watauga Inn is situated in the heart of the village on a beautiful area of twenty acres, but so cloistered beneath the shade of a grove of sugar maples and hidden by rustic frameworks, around which ferns and flowers scramble in wild profusion with a rich medley of colors, so that its ample outlines and outlying cottages are barely visible to the passerby. Yet, so inviting is the place, with its flowered embroidered walks and rustic seats scattered about on the velvet lawn, that one must stop to drink in the quiet harmony of the surroundings, or to enjoy the play and banter on the tennis court in front of the hotel.

At night, when the electric lights filter through the maples from the broad

piazza, there is an atmosphere of warm hospitality about the Inn which causes it to be the favored resort of those who wish proximity to the village and where they can see and hear the sounds of happy, in-

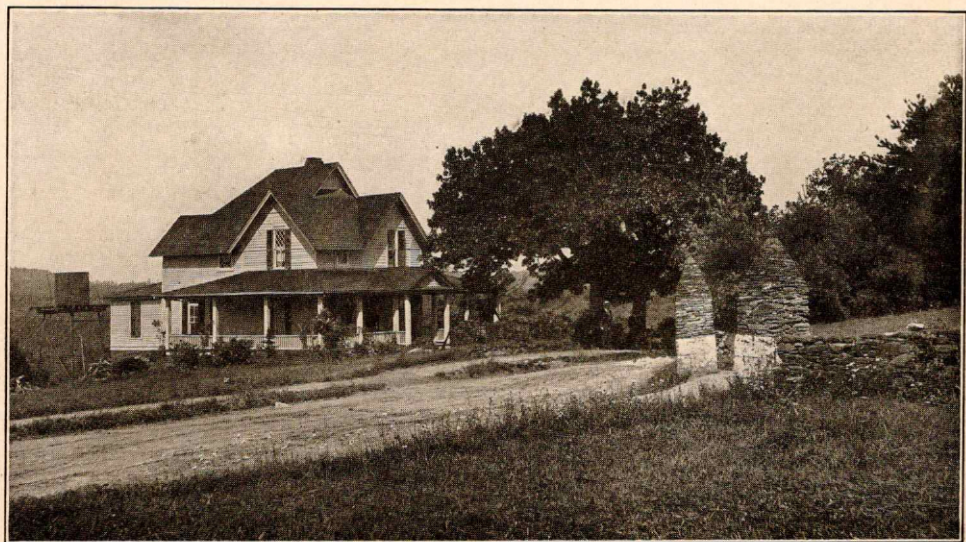


ANOTHER VIEW OF WATAUGA INN



THE WATAUGA INN

nocent village revelry. If Mr. Coffey, the genial proprietor, should ever decide to rename his hotel, a most suitable name would be, "The House of Good Fellowship."



COTTAGE OF L. P. HENKEL

Recreation

After getting comfortably located, the visitor seeks sources of recreation and amusement, and Blowing Rock never disappoints in either respect.

Dancing at the Green Park and Blowing Rock Hotels, with orchestra accompaniment, is a nightly attraction, at which all visitors to Blowing Rock are cordially invited; mountain climbing, either afoot or on horseback, appeals to many; the streams in this section are famous for their speckled trout and black bass; hundreds of time-worn trails, darkened to twilight shade and hushed, save to the cheery twitter of peeping birds, lead the stroller to secluded nooks of deep quietude, where jaded nerves are forged to calm relaxation. Tennis courts are here for the more vigorously inclined. A survey has been made on the Green Park property for a magnificent golf course, which will be ready for use during the season of 1916.

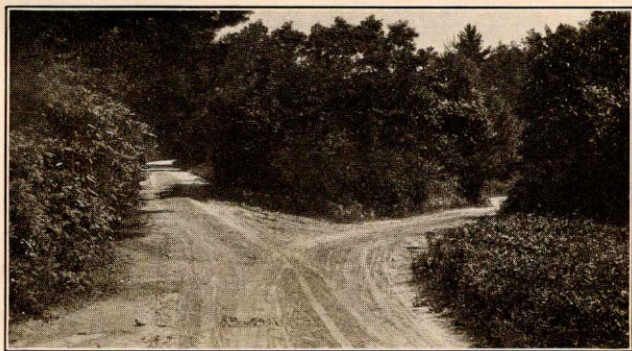
Horseback riding is enjoyed more at Blowing Rock than at any other summer resort in the mountains, and many are the bridle-paths which lead to summits of great scenic beauty—Flat Top Mountain, Rich Mountain, and the summer residence of Edward W. Hughes, of Charleston, S. C., that is built spider-wise on

one of the nearby peaks. A large stable of unusually fine saddle horses is maintained on the Green Park premises by Mr. George A. Fisher, of Salisbury, N. C. Carriages and fashionable surreys are also at hand, with experienced drivers, for those who care to drive over these fine mountain highways that have been graded to every point of interest at enormous cost.

Auto Roads

These truly splendid highways are bringing automobilists within a radius of two hundred miles to spend week-end trips at Blowing Rock. It should be the aim of every automobile owner within this radius to give encouragement to the men who are spending many thousands of dollars each year in the upkeep of these roads. The best way to lend such encouragement is for all those within striking distance to make frequent excursions, with their families, and spend a little time in this virgin world of soft splendors, of thrilling sunsets, and limitless mountain vistas.

One may motor far up the side of Grandfather Mountain, and view the stupendous expanse of scattered peaks, reared like conning towers over the purple tops of sprawling ridges and misty-golden vales.

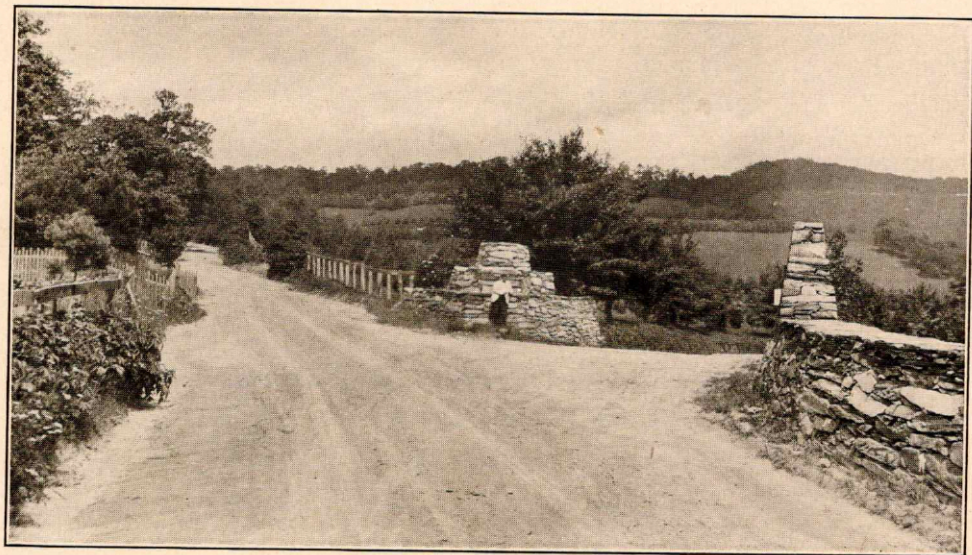


FORKING ROADWAYS

Another road meanders through the New River Valley, fringed with forest pine and rhododendron, with the little river making music at his feet. Or curiosity may lead one through the gorge of the Watauga River into the peaceful environs of Valle Crucis (Vale of the Cross), where the old-

fashioned spinning wheel and loom are still employed. Farther on the highway runs into the beautiful Banner Elk country, and to Elk Park on the Tennessee line.

Only ten miles distant from Blowing Rock, on a remarkable piece of graded turnpike, is the historic town of Boone, which was for many years the home of the famous pioneer, and it is here that a monument now evidences his memory. Here also the Appalachian Training School is located, and this is an objective



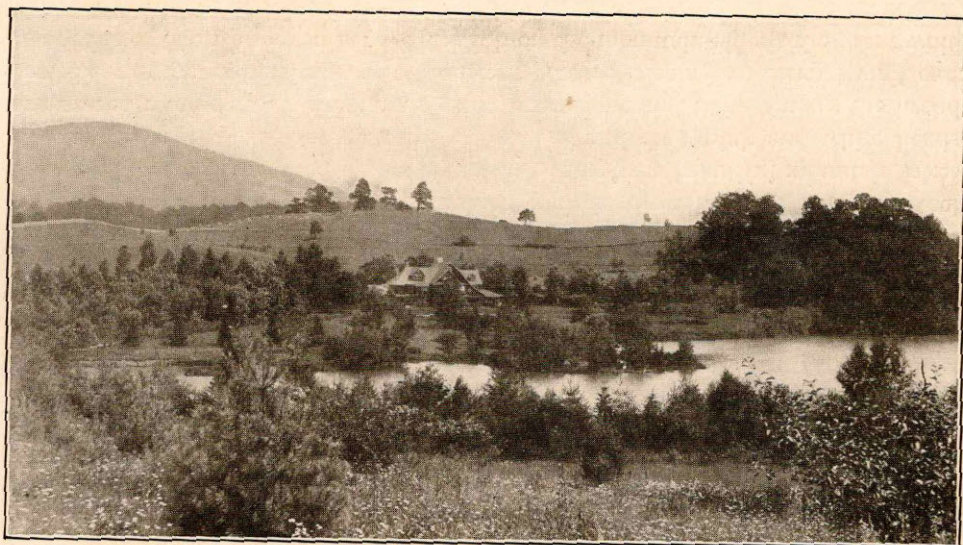
ENTRANCE TO HOME OF MRS. MOSES H. CONE

point of travel for many people who are interested in educational problems. Here is the country for the automobilist. Good roadways in every direction have been planned and constructed simply for the pleasure of automobiling.

Home of Mrs. Moses H. Cone

This royal domain lies at the edge of town. More than twenty-five miles of graded roads traverse it in spiral fashion from valley to mountain tops. These roads are kept in perfect condition and are graciously opened to the public by Mrs. Cone, the widow of the well known late Moses H. Cone, for the pleasures of horseback and carriage riding. Mr. Cone did more than any other man to tame and improve the wild savagery of these mountain lands.

The Flat Top Manor Orchards, which encircle the village of Blowing Rock from on high, were planted by his liberal hand; and the beautiful mountain lakes, over whose crystal surface graceful waterlillies nod their pink and white heads, are sacred reminders of his planning and execution; and there among the broad, fruit-bearing acres he sleeps, with constant Nature keeping an eternal vigil over the grave of one who loved her well. High on the mountain-side is the great white summer residence of Mrs. Cone—overlooking a scene of rugged, noble grandeur.

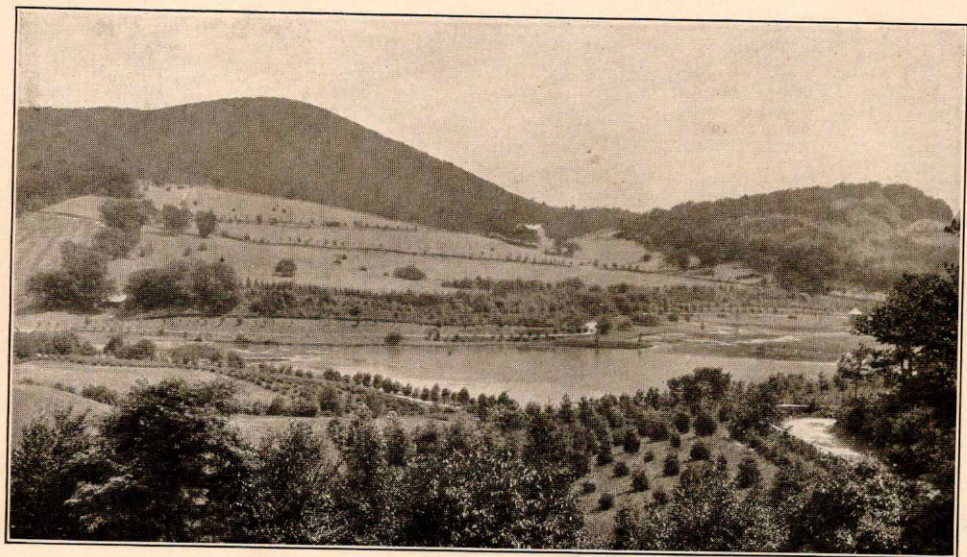


"CHEETOLA"—BEAUTIFUL VILLA AND LAKE

The Cheetola Estate

A short distance beyond the village, and reached over a driveway wandering through a labyrinth of trees, whose branches intertwine and form a continuous archway of shade and shelter over the smooth brown roadbed, Mr. Stringfellow's dream villa of Cheetola is painted in living colors.

Only a foolhardy pen would attempt a word picture of the soft lovely scene that modestly unwraps itself to the lovers of Nature who come to pay their homage. No jewel that ever bedecked the fair breast of a princess could be one-thousandth part so softly radiant as this gem-garden of flowers, lake and woodland that is clasped to the bosom of these mighty, isolated mountains; and as we stood on the brow of a clover clad hill and looked down on the smiling sylvan glory of the scene, with a cool evening breeze caressing the cheek and the perfume of the balsams filling the air with penetrating sweetness, we realized as never before the miracle of life, its goodness and sweet savors, and all the while some golden dream-face smiles an understanding message from out of the lengthening shadows. Oh, such unutterable soft loveliness!



OVERLOOKING THE CONE MANOR—A VIEW FROM THE YONAHLOSSEE TURNPIKE

The Yonahlossee

The Yonahlossee (bear trail) is the famous link of highway that connects Blowing Rock with Linville, twenty-two miles to the northwest.

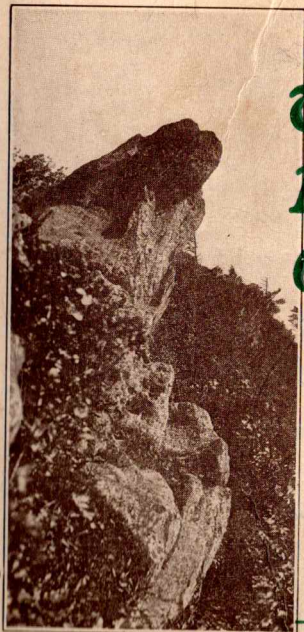
What the Regina Viarum (Queen of Roads) was to luxurious Rome, so is the Yonahlossee turnpike to the mountainous regions of Western North Carolina. Skirting the south side of Grandfather Mountain, it treads a rock-floor passageway through a vista of bold and rugged scenery, the like of which only exists in the Alps and our own Rockies.

As the turnpike nears old Grandfather, its wind-swept cliffs are scanned with animated interest. In many places it is completely shorn of foliage, leaving great unhidden scars for the spectator to ponder over. Huge boulders can be seen from car or carriage, hanging poised in mid-air with deadly menace to all below; and from the mouths of rock-cluttered, green-blanketed water-ways, of incredible steepness, miniature cascades come leaping with spluttering complaint across the roadway and disappear in the tangled ravines below.

The Leaning Rock, a solid pillar of stone, rises a hundred feet on the roadside—a heritage of the ages past to the countless centuries that follow.

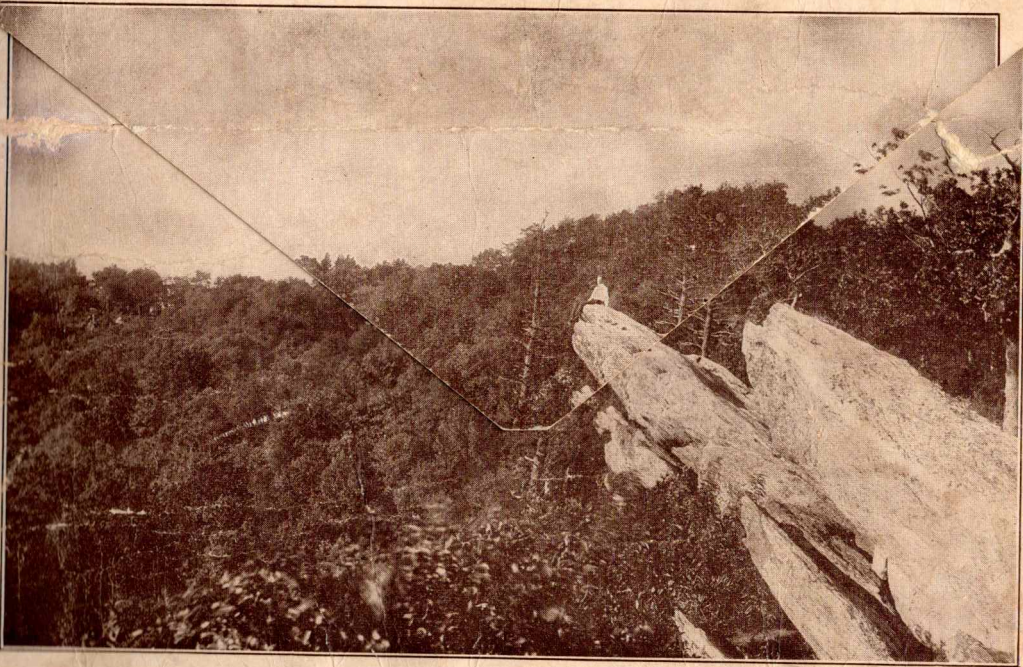
"OHWASSAH, THE LAND OF GOD"

The **BLOWING ROCK** **COUNTRY**



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In the Mountains of Western North Carolina



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QUEEN CITY PRINTING COMPANY
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

A Mountain Home is One of Your Dreams

You now have your choice of location, whether it is on an overlooking mountain brow, or tucked away in a forest of bright-colored rhododendron, or on the bank of a murmuring stream where barefoot children can play in its crystal waters.

We are sub-dividing a great tract of mountain land, close to the Green Park Hotel, into lots and villas of different areas to suit buyers, and offer them at very reasonable prices on terms that will be satisfactory.

*Excellent table board can be obtained at the Green Park
Hotel by those who wish relief from housekeeping cares.*

ELECTRIC LIGHTS, RUNNING WATER, SEWERAGE,
GRADED ROADWAYS and SIDEWALKS WILL SUPPLY
ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.

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