

Looking Into The Park From A Point Near Waynesville



From Heintooga, a Park point near Waynesville, one gets this view of the Park that is acclaimed as one of the most beautiful of the entire area. It is points of scenic interest like this that the Blue Ridge Parkway will open up.

Carolina Power Given Award For Report

The Carolina Power and Light Company has been notified that its two most recent annual reports have received national awards for excellence. The Public Utilities Advertising Association awarded the company honorable mention for its 1943 annual report, submitted in the 1944 contest in competition with all power companies in the nation serving 100,000 to 400,000 customers each. The "highest merit" award was received from the Financial World in its review of 1944 annual reports from various types of industries throughout the nation. The same report received honorable mention in an annual contest conducted by Ashton B. Collins of New York, originator of Reddy Kilowatt.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Francis, of Wilmington, are visiting relatives in Hatcher Cove.

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SNAP SHOTS

By Frances Gilbert Frazier Staff Writer

Somewhat you feel admiringly. Around you are mountains of such grandeur, enormity, dignity, and magnificence that you wonder who can look upon these works of Nature and still question a Creator. You look down, down, down, and a strange glory fills you; being, you simply cannot explain the reverence that rises in your heart. You stand in a world apart, a world so breathtaking that you hardly dare speak for fear the sound of your voice will dissipate the beauty of it all. It seems unreal yet you know it is there before you.

Only two sounds break the peaceful silence with which you are surrounded: the songs of the birds and the distant murmuring song of the mountain streams as they race along, millions of years to tumble gleefully over the rocks in their paths, then suddenly drop into iridescent waterfalls.

If you turn around, there are only two signs of man-made progress: the car in which you have ridden to this vantage point and the perfectly appointed well-kept road upon which you have traveled.

For you are standing on one of the many scenic locations in one of the most beautiful natural parks in this country, the Smoky Mountains National Park. In the far distance rise peak after peak each distinctly outlined with the shadowy lines that separate it from its neighbor, outlined as though a Master Hand had carefully edged each mountain with a lime pencil mark. The eye follows from one side to the other and the mind follows visualizing the blue-black

waves of a gigantic ocean, each wave tipped with the verdant coloring of the forests.

Perhaps we can speak with deeper feeling about the wonder of these mountains for we are from another state and have not grown up under their protective dignity. But there is one thing we can truthfully tell you and that is from now on until we pass into that never-returning trail, we are going to look upon these mountains the four seasons of the year and wonder in our soul which is the most beautiful and heart-satisfying of them.

In the fall there is nothing on earth that can compare with their glory and beauty; they dress up in their Paisley shawls and multi-colored raiment. Scarlet, gold, brown and yellow mingle into a pattern of indescribable beauty. One author eloquently described it as "an army in their gold and scarlet armor, marching up the mountain and then marching down again."

Then comes winter and it seems as though the overcoats of white ermine they are wearing are the most magnificent of all. One time we drove to Clingman's Dome immediately following a heavy snow storm. Right ahead of us was the snow shovel so we were amply protected from any danger. The snow piled on either side of the road froze immediately into bulwarks of safety and there was no danger of slipping down some mile or so into the soft luxury of a stream bed. As far as the excited eyes could see, there were decorated Christmas trees strung with Nature's trimmings made of frozen fog. The winds had whipped them out in a straight line, all with the wind and the sun rising from behind the tallest peak had painted them with all the colors of the rainbow. You would have to see this phenomenon yourself to appreciate what Nature can accomplish when she sets her mind to it.

Then comes Spring and Spring can certainly show up the mountains in their most beautiful best. Azalea, rhododendron, mountain laurel and the delicate background of greenery perfect a colossal bouquet. Birds everywhere and a soft balmy breeze that could be born in no other place quite so perfectly as a mountain peak.

Summer has a place all its own and the gorges hold first place with their never-ceasing waterfalls and the coolness that passes all understanding to the visitors who have come from sun-baked climes. Sometimes they come with doubt in their minds as to the veracity of "the blankets every night" slogan, but they depart, most unwillingly, confirming everything that has been said about the coolness of summer in the area of the Smokies and the warmth of the hospitality that has been extended from every side.

We sometimes wonder if the good folk up here fully and deeply appreciate these mountains. It is only natural that we get to look upon familiar surroundings with a more or less routine attitude. Perhaps a remark made the first summer we spent in Western North Carolina sank so far into our consciousness that we became a bit fearful they do not fully value the glory that is theirs. We were existing in a most gorgeous sunset and, turning to a native chap standing near, breathed out the question: "Don't you thrill beyond expression at the beauty of these sunsets?" To which he replied in the most approved please manner: "Heck! sunsets just mean quitting time to me."

The perfection of the highways, the scenic vantage points to be found all along the way, the trailways through the mountains and the serenity that takes one away from the tumult of this unsettled world make a trip through the Smoky Mountains National Park something to be packed away in soft tissues of memory forever, and tied with ribbons of forget-me-not blue.



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