

Blue Ridge Parkway Is First "Auto Park"

Only Great Highway Constructed Solely for Tourists—No Commercial Vehicles, No Signboards or Hot Dog Stands, But Plenty of Scenery and Picnic Grounds

The American motorist has created the new highway, the new hostelry, and the new resort. Now he has created the new park. The Blue Ridge Parkway, rapidly nearing completion, in reality will be the first "automobile park"—a park 500 miles long, with almost every facility, landscape, and turnout carefully calculated to serve the motoring tourist. Within a year or two the Parkway, connecting Shenandoah and Great Smokies National Parks, will be completed and fully open to traffic.

Because man changes his appetences faster than he can alter the terrain above him, the

first automobile park was delayed in realization. But now the old-time picnic park, with its tortuous rutty road leading to a point of interest is giving way to an ideal boulevard which will permit easy and rapid transit to interesting and comfortable stops, and spectacular riding in between.

The new Blue Ridge Parkway represents man's consummate mastery of his environment. Never before have mountains bowed so graciously to the reigning hand of the engineer. And never before had the engineer envisioned such a dream with the "automobile" as its central figure. Heretofore, parks were built for

people—this park, different in all respects, is built solely for the automobile.

Motorists' Paradise
The mountain-top highway, now in its third year of construction, will be a motorists' paradise. Opening hitherto inaccessible mountain regions, it will unfold vistas of grandeur within easy view of the most casual motorist.

Still further concessions to the beleaguered motorist will be made in this "happy hunting ground" of automobile nomads. The pampered tourist will not be distracted from the scenery by unsightly signboards, or signboards of any sort, for that matter. No hot-dog stands will cause him to hesitate, no cold drink emporiums plead with him to stop and refresh. Filling stations will be scarce and out of sight. Trucks will not be permitted on this sky-high parkway along which happy motorists will glide above the clouds at altitudes formerly attained only by airplanes.

Built for Pleasure
The Blue Ridge Parkway is the most unusual road project in

Uncle Dave



Uncle Dave Masten has been a faithful employee of Chatham Manufacturing Company for more than thirty years. He is the son of the late Col. William Masten who was one of the first employees of the original Elkin Woolen Mills under the management of the late Mr. Alexander Chatham.

American history, and as such it marks a milestone in the progress of American motoring. Discarding the usual search for utilitarian and economical grading, the first aim of engineers has been to build this boulevard for pleasure. They have draped it along the tops of the highest ridges, and with reckless abandon flung it across the deepest chasms.

The road itself is only a part of the 500-mile elongated park, however. Areas alongside the highway are being acquired for dedication to public pleasure, and will average 100 acres a mile. In addition, the state is negotiating for scenic easements averaging 50 acres a mile. These easements permit land to remain in private ownership for normal agricultural use but forbid the owner to place billboards, unsightly structures, or refuse adjacent to the Parkway. This provides, in short, an insulation of beauty for the motorist.

This roadside development will turn the 500-mile road into a serpentine vacation resort, beginning and ending in two vast reservoirs of natural woodland—the Shenandoah and Great Smoky National Parks. Work is already under way in North Carolina on two of the roadside development areas where the Parkway bulges out to provide recreation centers for travelers. These will be reached by winding roads leading from the scenic highway to a parking space, stone furnaces, tables and benches hewn from forest logs, and cold water piped from mountain springs. From these recreation centers, the motorist follows the winding road and eventually comes back into the main highway.

THE BRIDGE

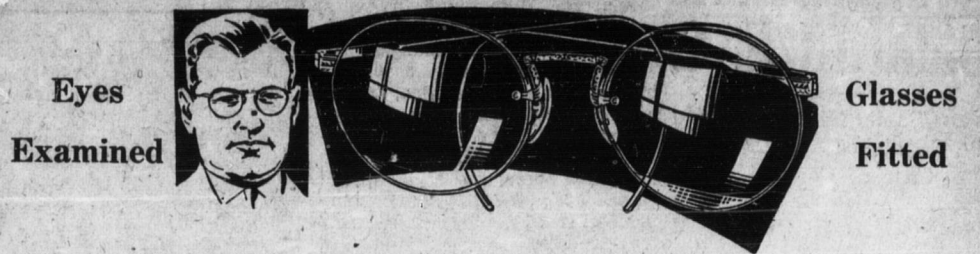
An old man traveling a lone highway,
Came on an evening cold and gray
To a chasm vast and deep and wide,
Through which there flowed a sullen tide.

The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
For the sullen stream held no fear for him;
He turned when he reached the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," cried a pilgrim near,
"You waste your strength with your building here;
Your journey will end with the fading day,
And you never again will pass this way.
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build a bridge at eventide?"

And the builder raised his old gray head,
"Good friend, on the path I've come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet will pass this way.
"This stream which has been naught to me,
To that fair lad may a pitfall be;
He, too, must pass in the twilight dim,
And so I am building a bridge for him."

Sympathizer—Poor little fellow! Where did that cruel boy hit you?
Little Boy—Boo hoo! We was havin' a naval battle and he torpedoed me in the engine room.



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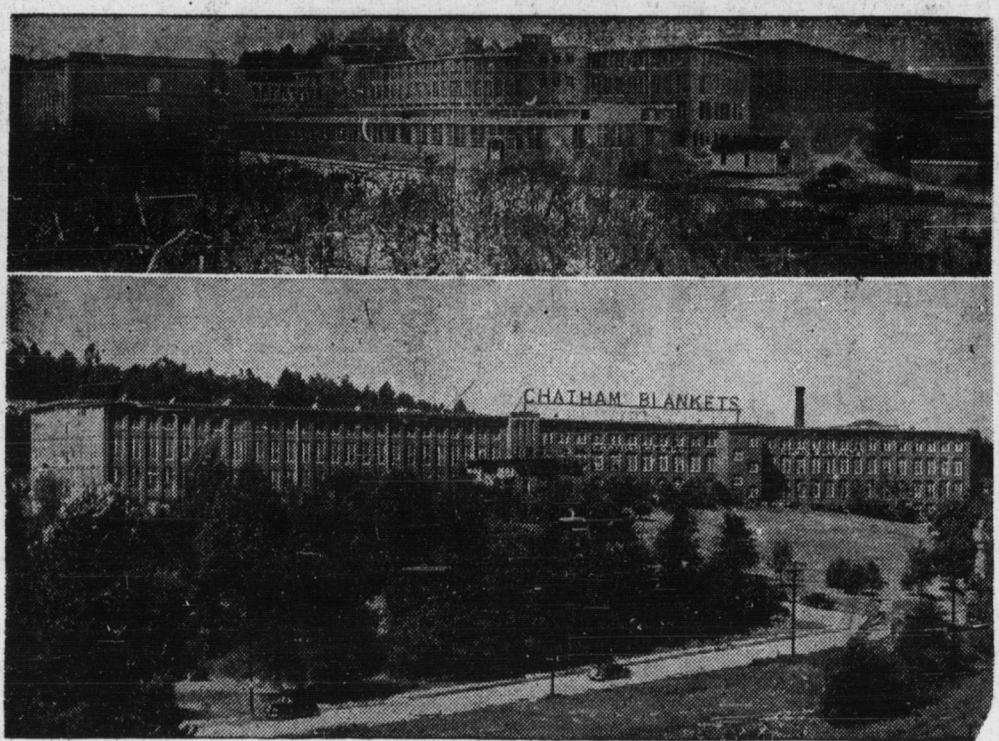
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