

NEW YORK TIMES HAS INTERESTING ARTICLE ABOUT CAROLINA MOUNTAINS

Phenomenon of Blowing Rock Excites Imagination of National Park Committee on Visit. Beauty of Entire Mountain Section Casts Charm on Party. Bulwinkle's Horses Loses Shoe.

(Henry Belk in New York Times.) Come other years not so far away and citizens of New York will have to trek 3,000 miles across the continent to reach a national park with its free camp sites, mountain scenery, natural phenomena, glorious sunsets, water falls, and climate to match. Come that time and an easy three-day automobile ride from the city will bring one in Southern Appalachian National park. To the less romantic who prefer the pullman car, a twenty-hour journey will bring the same destination.

Congress has approved a bill providing for a national park in the Southern Appalachians, and in the past few weeks the committee appointed to decide upon a site—headed by Congressman H. W. Temple, of Pennsylvania—made a tour of the mountain regions of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and other Southern states that they might find the best location for the proposed park.

Members of this committee assert that there are natural phenomena in the region inspected which will rival in their way, if not surpass, the phenomena of Yellowstone or Yosemite Parks.

A ball of fire that appears from nowhere to cross a mountain face and disappear into nothingness—Peaks piled chaotically as if by giants in a frenzy. A towering mountain that resembles a huge and benign grandfather reflecting on the way of the world beneath him. A rock from which it is impossible to throw one's hat. A river that shouts with a cannon voice as it drops 1700 feet in five miles. Innumerable waterfalls that tumble in a

fashion that recalls New York's own Niagara. These are some of the sights which the committee experienced as it examined what North Carolina had to offer in the way of a site. Their experience in North Carolina was repeated in other states visited, but not to the same degree of effect.

In the dead of the night members of the committee stood spellbound on Jonas Ridge as a eerie light appeared on Rattlesnake. Known as Brown mountain and moved unwaveringly across the mountain to disappear on the other side. Thus the light has been showing itself uncannily for years past. Of the thousands of people who have marveled at the light, some claim that it is a ball of fire that flares before the face of the mountain, others that it is a cold and transparent light. Many have attempted to solve its riddle, scientists of note among them, but all have failed.

Each year brings a new so-called solution to the light. It is a reflection from the locomotive headlights on the Southern railway miles away was a theory given credence until it was demonstrated that a locomotive was not passing each time the light appeared. Others have held that the light is the reflection from moonshiners' stills hidden in the mountain cove. All explanations have yet proved untenable in the end. But the light continues its hair-raising visits.

Blowing Rock is a phenomenon of a different kind. Standing on the brink of the Rock which dominates the valley hundreds of feet below, members of the committee—individually and collectively—attempted to throw newspapers over the brim. The papers

came fluttering back. "But that is paper, heavier things would go tumbling down," said a member of the party, starting his panama hat in the direction of the green valley far below.

For the space of ten feet the hat was pulled downward by Mr. Newton's law. Then the spirit of the Rock manifested its power. Slowly and more slowly the hat fell, then wavered, stopped, and came back to its owner above. In a moment the entire party were finding boyish pleasure in bobbing their hats over the cliff.

From the Rock they gained a view of the country for miles around. Peaks poked their heads from 3,000 to 5,000 feet into the sky, all enshrouded in a dark, misty blue, luring in its appeal. The most conspicuous figures on the horizon is Grandfather mountain, so named because its outline presents the exact likeness of a dignified old grandfather—beard and all.

Grandfather is 5,950 feet high and its top is often shrouded in cool, majestic moving clouds while the sun shines brightly a few hundred feet above. When the park committee visited the top a forty-mile gale was sweeping the surface. The stiff wind however, did not stop them from catching their breath in ecstasy at the mile on-mile mountain scenery spread out before them.

Bears are plentiful on the mountain, according to Roderick McKee, a tenant who guided the party to the top of the peak. He told how his brother had recently captured three cubs and was domesticating them. Wildcats, wild turkeys, pheasants and squirrels make the mountain their home. Mountain trout—which have never known the sportsman's fly—abound in the streams.

Near Grandfather the party visited Linville Falls, where a mountain stream plunges several hundred feet in a beauty that recalls Niagara. Nature plays one of her most astounding feats here the Linville River falling 1700 feet in five miles. Innumerable cataracts leap from level to level—gray and sparkling with all the colors of the rainbow on a sunny day—somber misty, and thoughtful on a cloudy day. A magnificent gorge follows the route of the precipitous falling off of the river. Through this gorge the water rushes and boils until it finally reaches the Catawba Valley and wanders to the Atlantic, a placid, slow-moving stream.

Here the committee beheld the watershed of Eastern America. A rivulet welling from one side high on Grandfather meanders to join the Ohio and then the Mississippi, to end finally in the Gulf of Mexico. A rivulet welling from the other side starts a journey which ends in the Atlantic near Wilmington, North Carolina.

To William C. Gregg, of Hackensack, N. J., a member of the site committee, is due credit for discovering a new marvel of nature in the Linville country. Several weeks before the committee was scheduled to make its tour Gregg made a personal inspection in order to advise with the four other members as to the best route to take.

Alone, and thrilling to the beauty around him, the Hackensack man rode along a high ridge in the direction of Lake Pinnacle and Marion, North Carolina. Hawks Bill mountain, blue-capped and misty, loomed before him, and as his eye took in the outline of a particular cliff to the mountain, he was startled with its likeness to the profile of a woman with a wreath on her brow. Bold and distinct, every feature perfect, the mountain goddess was lined against the blue sky.

Inquiry among the older inhabitants of the section failed to reveal that the outline of the woman had been previously noted. As a result of his discovery Mr. Gregg had the privilege of naming it and decided upon "Linville Goddess."

Later other members, going by horseback on the ridge which gives a clear view of impressive Linville gorge were loud in their exclamation of wonder at the features of the "Goddess."

The ascent of Roan Mountain in the town of Bakersville was perhaps the hardest job which the committee did on its tour. Bakersville itself would make ideal color for a Western thriller of the cowboy, firearm, and fighting type. A dejected rutted street sprawls for a quarter of a mile between a row of wooden buildings, creaky and dilapidated in the main. Two miles away is a station of the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio railway—which is climbing over the Blue Ridge in a county of scenic beauty employs more than a dozen tunnels in less than as many miles. The climate is ideal and the country does not know that golf links, tennis, and tourists exist except in story-books and magazines.

Eleven miles from this picturesque little town is the top of Roan Mountain, among the highest in Eastern America. This mountain heads heavenward 6,313 feet.

The party left Bakersville in Fords, and for five miles traveled over one of the roughest mountain roads—or better, trails—imaginable. Huge gullies cut by swift-rushing mountain streams; boulders half as large as the little cars; the sinuous curves of Rock creek—all these had to be negotiated. The Fords jolted their occupants as they had never jolted before. Up and up toiled the sputtering cars, past unrolling panoramas of mountain and valley, past Round Ball, Little Ball and Grassy ridge. At the end of the fifth mile the road gave out in a despairing gasp and the party was forced to take to the backs of horses and mules.

Here is here the scramble really began. The six miles to the top were cov-

ered in three hours—two miles an hour—through a forest of balsam, spruce, and tamarack. The boulders which had been big, increased to double proportion and the animals, at times floundered perilously for footing. Where the rises at times were steep so as to make it impossible for a horse or mule to carry them up, the rider dismounted, tied a short rope to the saddle, and allowed himself literally to be towed. The top of the mountain gives a broad plateau covered with acres and acres of rhododendron or mountain laurel. To see a mountain of this plant in bloom with its color that defies description is a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

The view afforded from this point sweeps for miles in unexcelled splendor. Inhabitants say that parts of five states can be seen from here, North Carolina, in which the mountain is located, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia.

Here the natives had prepared a "square" meal for the party. Ravenous is about the only word that will describe the way a fellow feels after a mountain climb, lusting for hours, as huge piles of fried chicken, honey, cheese, sandwiches and apples, proved in diminishing ratio. Hot coffee was served as drink. Every item on the menu—excepting the coffee—was a product of the homes and farms of the country.

On the way down, the mule bearing Congressman Bulwinkle, of Gastonia, North Carolina, cast a shoe. "Har, sur, I'm git holt of him," drawled a native who accompanied the party, coming forward to assist the confused congressman. From one pocket of this man pulled a hammer, from another, nails, and started a blacksmith shop right there on the mountain side.

Meantime Congressman Bulwinkle had mounted another mule only to have the saddle girth break. A narrow leather band was substituted. This however, did not work satisfactorily, for the saddle was eternally slipping down in the direction of the mule's head, forcing the congressman to adopt the ludicrous attitude of embracing the creature.

The trip up the mountain had been begun early Saturday morning. It was late Sunday afternoon when the party returned to Bakersville.

But the road up Roan mountain is not representative or characteristic of the system that connects points of interest, in North Carolina at least. A system of hardsurfaced, graded roads winds in and out of the mountains. They present curves which will test the nerve, but they are wide and safe, if taken at a sane speed. On one side, time and time again, the motorist can enjoy the novelty of a sheer mountain wall and on the other a drop of several hundred feet. Hard surface roads penetrate the North Carolina mountains in numerous places.

While the national parks of the far West have attracted their thousands over a period of years now, the site which the committee will select as a result of their tour, will mark the first undertaking of its nature in the east. It will mean the opening of an entirely new playground for the eastern seaboard.

Many Large Concerns Do Business In N. C.

Approximately 7,500 domestic and 500 foreign corporations are doing business in North Carolina, according to the latest list gathered by Secretary of State W. N. Everett from the records of his office.

Ane hundred and eighty-nine domestic corporations have an authorized capitalization of \$1,000,000 or more. The Hanes Knitting company of Winston-Salem, with \$12,000,000 capitalization, the Cannon Manufacturing company of Kannapolis, \$12,000,000 capitalization; the Cabarrus Cotton mills, \$7,000,000 and the Durham Hosiery mills, \$10,000,000 are among the largest local corporations. Chimney Rock Mountain, Inc., although having paid in capital of only \$5,000 has an authorized capitalization of \$12,500,000.

The larger tobacco companies operating plants in North Carolina are incorporated under the laws of other states, so that they are listed as foreign corporations. The Brown-Williamson Tobacco company of Winston-Salem, with a \$5,600,000 capitalization, is among the largest of the North Carolina incorporated tobacco manufacturers.

The Sandwich Industry.

The making of sandwiches to feed the myriads of hungry New Yorkers at the noon-day lunch has become as thoroughly standardized as one of Henry Ford's flivver factories.

In one sandwich factory where 12,000 artocities are wrapped in oil paper each night, 16 people, many of them girls, turn out the noon-time specialties on a production basis.

One cuts bread, another butters it, another slips a bit of meat, cheese, or both on the bread, another builds a top on the sandwich with a second piece of bread and the last wraps it. Several crews work feverishly through the long hours of the night and early in the morning, delivery wagons take the food to the service stations throughout the city.

Saw it for the First Time.

Strolling along the quays of New York harbor an Irishman came across the wooden barricade placed around the enclosure where emigrants suspected of suffering from contagious diseases are isolated.

"Phwat's this boarding for?" he inquired of a bystander.

"O" was the reply, "that's to keep out fever and things like that, you know."

"Indade," said Pat. "O've after heard of the board of health, but, he jabbers, it's the first time O've seen it."

YOUR WINTER GARMENTS DRY CLEANED

Will Add Much To Your Appearance This Fall.

Ladies Suits, Dresses, Skirts, Sweaters, Etc.

Men's Suits, Overcoats, Fancy Vests, Etc.

WHITEWAY DRY CLEANING CO.
CLEANERS — DYERS
PHONE 105.

HOTEL ST. JAMES
TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY
Just off Broadway at 109-113 West 45th St.

Much favored by women traveling without escort. "Sunshine in every room."

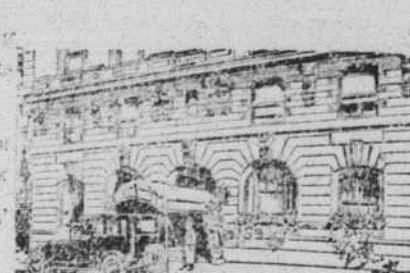
An hotel of quiet dignity having the atmosphere and appointments of a well conditioned home.

40 Theatres, all principal shops and churches, 3 to 5 minutes walk

2 minutes of all subways "L" roads, surface cars, bus lines

Within 3 minutes Grand Central, 5 minutes Pennsylvania Ter-Grand Postal for Rates and Booklets

W. Johnson Quinn, President



Any Car is a Better Car if nothing but

TEXACO GASOLINE

THE VOLATILE GAS

is ever fed to the tank: Better in mileage, upkeep, flexibility, pick-up and power.

Fill up at

DEDMONDS FILLING STATION

Shelby, N. C.



SPECIFY HOME PRODUCTS

Ask your groceryman for Bost's Bread and Cakes. They are sold on a money-back guarantee if not satisfactory.

Our products are delivered to the grocers twice daily. Demand them fresh. Rolls Made Morning and Evening. Get them at the Bakery.

BOST BAKERY
Phone 158. Shelby, N. C.

CONCRETE SPECIALISTS

Not only do we do general concrete work but manufacture and sell building blocks, roofing tile, concrete drain pipe, window and door sills, etc.

We handle at all times complete line of lime, plaster, cement, structural steel.

Located corner of N. Washington and Hudson streets.

Z. B. WEATHERS & SONS
Phone 192, Box 538.

ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

WHERE THE ENTIRE WORLD MAY SEE.

Is the place to Advertise... Why not buy a sign on the fence around the County Fair Grounds? Highway tourists can't help but see it every day, and thousands will read it during the fair this fall.

Half the cost for the sign will go to the Fair Association. Select your space and have your sign painted today.

Buying a space helps the Fair and your business.

I. F. SAMPSON
506 W. Warren St. County Fair Grounds.

ALL ABOARD FOR EVANS E. McBRAYER'S CLOTHING EMPORIUM

Where Quality Folks Buy Quality Clothes, Hats, Shoes, Shirts, and

All that's new and stylish marked at prices that make sales quickly.

20 years in the Clothing game.

NOW—It's Economy to Trade Your Old Tires For FULL-SIZE Firestone BALLOON GUM-DIPPED CORDS



BECAUSE Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords reduce your repair bills and lower fuel costs, increase tire mileage, car life and the resale value of your car.

These are strong statements but are backed by actual facts. Balloon-equipped test cars and taxicabs have now been driven over 5,300,000 miles, under Firestone supervision and show reduction in fuel consumption, and less delay, because of fewer punctures and quicker starts and stops.

Many leading automobile makers have standardized on these full-size Balloons—pioneered by Firestone and made practical and economical through the special Firestone gum-dipping process.

Over 100,000 motorists are today using and enjoying the satisfaction of genuine, full-size Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords. In fact, in three months the sales of Firestone Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords increased 590%.

Have your car equipped now—for comfort and for the safety of driving this Fall and Winter. Be prepared for mud holes, frozen ruts, dangerous snow and ice. We can equip your car immediately at the new low prices now in effect.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Doggett Brothers
Shelby, N. C.

Bettis-Austell Co.
Earl, N. C.

Lorin E. Hoyle
Boyles & Sons
J. E. Champion Co.
Lawndale, N. C.

AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE ITS OWN RUBBER...