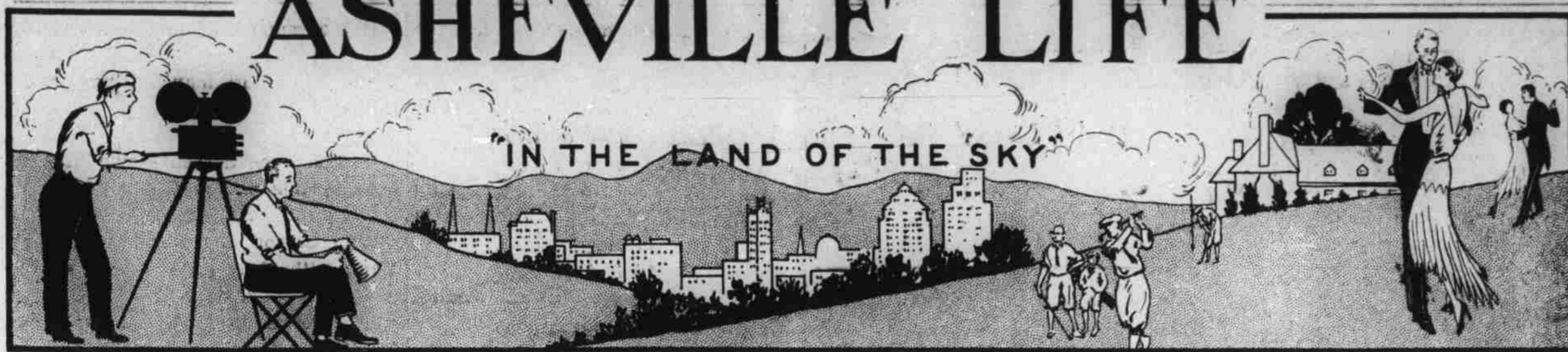


ASHEVILLE LIFE



Dedicated to "Wally" Van Ashe and His "Gang."

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CABIN LOVE NEST REVEALED

THE GREEN GODDESS

By Wallace Van Ashe

"There she is now—look, she's going to dive—gosh isn't she a wow!"

Jeffrey Lansdowne had heard Tubby Whitfield wax enthusiastic on the subject of women before, so he turned without enthusiasm for a glance at Tubby's round pink face before he allowed his eyes to follow the direction of the boy's pointing finger across the sun-splashed pool to the diving tower.

Poised at the tip of the topmost springboard was a girl, a slim, lissom creature in an emerald green swimming suit. As he looked, she left the board lightly, floated upward in a graceful arc before she flashed like an arrow of vivid green and velvety whiteness into the water.

Lansdowne watched without breathing until the girl re-appeared on the surface of the water and struck out with long, graceful strokes for the opposite side of the pool.

"Gosh," Tubby's enthusiasm rendered him inarticulate, "Gosh—"

Lansdowne's eyes followed the slim figure until she disappeared in the crowd on the opposite edge. One dive, that was all—and she was gone. Over the heads of the gay throng he could see the soft purple of the mountains. A hush had fallen over the crowd when the girl in the green bathing suit appeared. Her departure was followed by an excited buzz of conversation. The younger set at the Asheville Country Club was not in the habit of being hushed. Lansdowne, a comparative stranger, sensed that the pause had been an unconscious tribute to perfection.

"Gosh," Tubby's voice held the quality of awe that comes to one who has been privileged to gaze upon a goddess. "Gosh—isn't she a wow?"

TUBBY WAS eighteen and impressionable for all his six feet of brawn and muscle. If he worshipped from afar it was because he could not get closer. Just now his goddess was very much afar. The ludicrous expression of rapture on the soft, pink countenance brought a smile to Lansdowne's thin lips. He was not much older than Tubby in years, but ages older in experience.

"Yes, Tubby," he said, gently, "she is a wow."

"Who is she?"

The expression of ineffable sadness that rested upon Tubby's cherubic countenance, deepened.

"Her name," he grinned sheepishly, is Jean Lanton—she seems to be pretty well satisfied with it."

"Jean Lanton," Lansdowne repeated softly, "that's a pretty name, Tubby."

For once Tubby was subdued. Lansdowne, picturing the boy's helplessness with a girl like that, smiled. Jean Lanton, vivid, alive, tantalizing could easily handle the puppy-like advances of Tubby Whitfield.

"Of course I don't take the stock the mater does in family names—but then what's wrong with Whitfield anyway?"

CUPID MAKES WHOOPEE AND LEAFY COVES SEE REVELRY

Survey Reveals Mountain Lodges Are Popular For Week Ends

Nestling in the solitude of mountain coves that will shortly bloom into gardens filled with the matchless splendor of rhododendron and the wild exotic beauty of flaming azaleas, thousands of log cabin lodges are proving popular with the younger set for week-end parties, honeymoon couples and those who know the charm of Western North Carolina's most famous beverage, mountain dew.

Securely hidden in their waxen leafed kingdoms, filled with the cloyingly sweet odor of mountain laurel and the pungent aroma of balsam needles, these cabins are one of Asheville's least known but most potent attractions for the young folks who are tired of stuffy drawing rooms and endless dancing.

Closed with the coming of winter, many of these attractive lodges await only the life-giving impulse of spring to become the scene of

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Support the Festival

Mid-June the time, this year when the wild rhododendron gardens scattered over the mountain slopes in the vicinity of the city will be at the height of their colorful glory, has been set as the time for the Third Annual Rhododendron Festival. The festival, which has come to be known as the most colorful celebration held in the south, is expected to attract this year, one of the largest throngs of visitors ever entertained in Asheville.

The date of the Festival is set in accordance with the advance of the blooming season of the wild mountain shrubs which in June, color entire mountain sides with their massed flowers. Principal shrubs which attract the attention of visitors during the June flowering season, are the rhododendron which in its three principal varieties ranges in color from white to purple, the mountain laurel, a mass of pink blooms and the azaleas which presents a riot of color from pure white to deep, flaming orange.

Foresters and botanists predict, that the mountain shrubs this year will be unusually gorgeous in the abundance of their bloom as judged by the appearance of the early blooming varieties. The wild gardens which cover large areas of the mountain summits and slopes near the city, may be reached by visitors over the network of fine highways which radiate from the city through the surrounding mountain region.

Plans for the 1930 Rhododendron Festival are already being made and officials predict that the event this year will be one of the most interesting and colorful celebrations ever held in Asheville. Growing in popularity from year to year, the event in June is expected to attract an even greater national notice than was accorded the two previous annual Festivals.

In the pause that followed Tubby's sigh, was plainly audible. Lansdowne asked another question.

the boy demanded in a flash of belligerence.

(continued on page 7, col. 1)

AN INVITATION

ASHEVILLE LIFE invites YOU—its readers—to send in short news items, particularly stories on social events of Asheville and vicinity. Look over the pages of this issue and you will see the kind of items we want. Your cooperation will be of great assistance to us in getting out bigger and better editions of ASHEVILLE LIFE.

Address all communications to the Editor, Box 1098, Asheville, N. C.