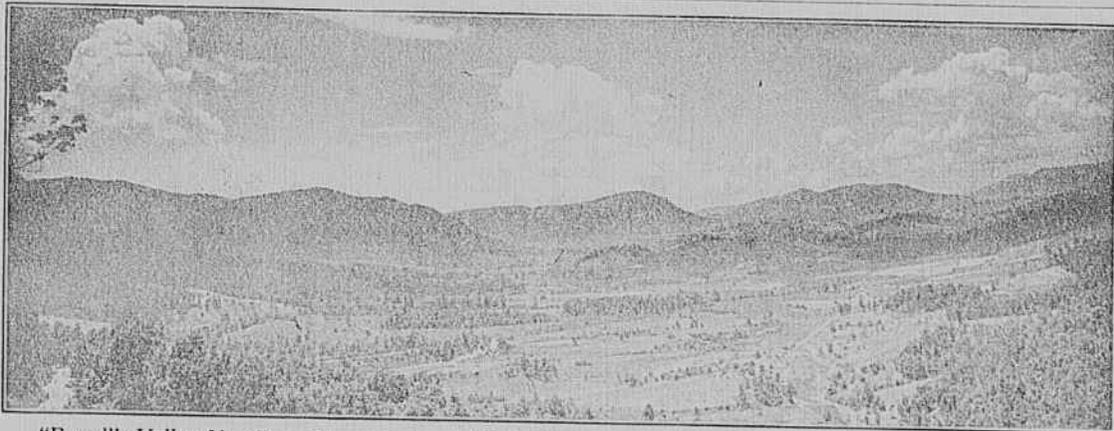


A NATIONAL PLAYGROUND OF TOMORROW

From the North, South, East and West the Nation's Highways Are Crawling Into the High Knob Country. Just A Mere Tomorrow Away This Miracle of Playground and Treasure Laden Land Will Swarm With Pilgrims From the Four Corners of the Earth.

WHERE Virginia drives its narrow wedge-like southwestern point into the mountain fastness of Kentucky and Tennessee Nature has dumped a great natural playground to cover the miracle of coal and iron beneath. Not satisfied with the bewildering confusion of multicolored ranges which pile one upon the other in an endless fantasmagoria of light and shadow, this same benevolent Nature hid a billion tons of coal and iron in the caverns below. This juxtaposition of wealth and beauty, of industrial hub and universal playground, gives the mountain counties of Virginia a unique place among the wonder gardens of America. Ten years ago it was an isolated wilderness shut off from the outside world, a bit of American Arabian Nights waiting for a modern Aladdin road builder to sweep away the barriers which walled it in from the world beyond. From the north, south, east and west the Nation's highways are crawling into this wilderness. Just a mere tomorrow away this miracle of playground and treasure laden land will swarm with pilgrims from the four corners of the earth.

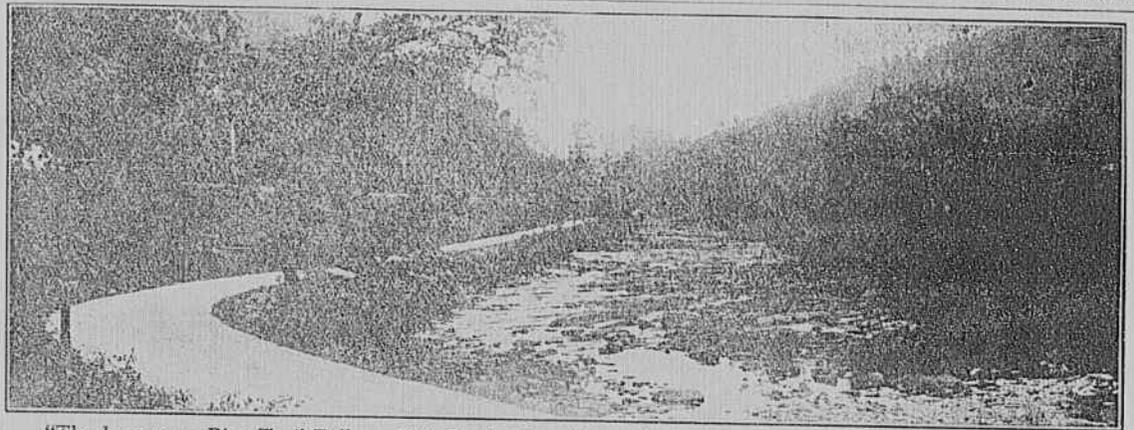


"Powell's Valley Unrolls in Clean Greens and Soft Blues, a Fairy Land Vestibule to the Courts of Silence Around High Knob."

breed Indian, made his famous raids into Powell's Valley, his route from Chillicothe, Ohio, circled the base of High Knob. From the summit of the Knob he could spot signal fires for miles on end. Then, as today, the country was the haunt of wild things. The blue grass plateau afforded excellent grazing for his horses, and the coves and valleys abounded with game and fish. That was almost a century past, yet one can sit on the Knob today and see a flashing shadow which is a deer, or a black, slowly moving silhouette the experienced eye recognizes for a clumsy bear. The trout flash above the lake, and brilliantly feathered birds are ever on the wing. Lifting the eye to the west the weird topsy-turvy roof of Kentucky is visible in a veil of blue shadows; away to the northwest the slashed and gutted skyline of West Virginia rises like a phantom nether world; due south, and like a page from an outlandish fairy tale, Tennessee rolls away in haunting loneliness; over there to the southeast North Carolina dreams in changing light and shadow. It is the top of Virginia, reflecting the glory of forest and wilderness, lake and the river, past and present.

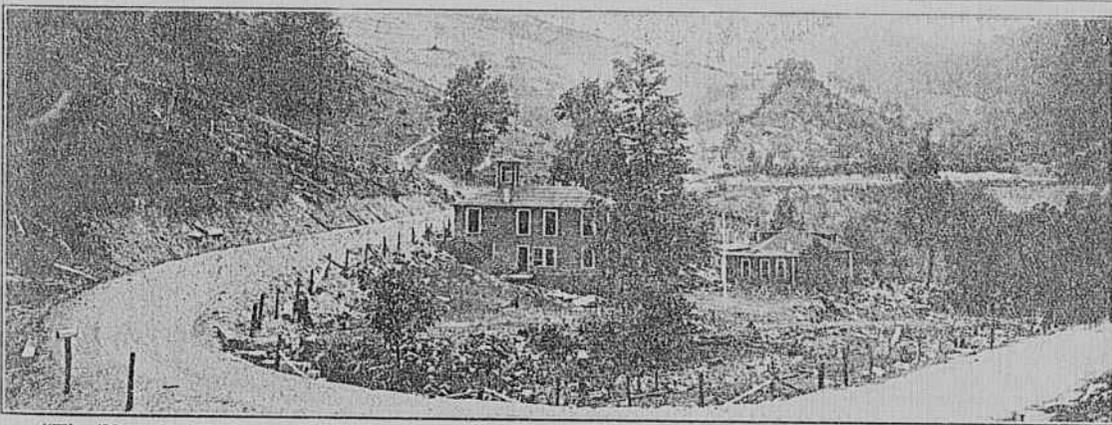
in undulating acres of treeless tablelands. On either side of this plateau yawning gulfs fall away and become a part of the awful glory of thousands of impassable acres, studied with peaks which slash sunset clouds to threads, and numb the senses with the awe-compelling riot of color. From the center of this tableland the panorama is visible. It might have been formed for the gods to view the spectacle of their handiwork from. Today it could be turned into a dozen 72-hole golf courses, a hundred tennis courts, and there would still be room left for a score of delightful summer resorts.

By the summer of 1925, over continuous, first class hard surface roads, this point can be reached in less than a day's ride by automobile from Asheville and Hot Springs, North Carolina; from Knoxville, Morristown, Johnson City, Kingsport and Lafollette, Tennessee; from Roanoke



"The Lonesome Pine Trail Follows This Storied Land from the Breaks of the Big Sandy to the Very Foot of High Knob—the Heart of it All."

A National Playground of Tomorrow
Rising above this fairy land, High Knob pushes its blunt, cone-shaped nose into the very clouds as if it were standing guard over the rich deposits of coal and iron below. It looms like a gigantic bird, hanging between sky and land, over glorious isolation and busy, thriving industry. Not more than five miles below a world mart roars to the magic of commerce as it fills the empty coal bins of the Nation. One knows it is down there in those vestibule-like valleys which lead to this court of silence, yet one can hear no tell-tale sign of civilization on this top of Southwest Virginia. It is a miracle of isolation set down in the very heart of activity. Within the range of the naked eye a hundred thousand



"The 'Hoot Owl Hollow Mission' Stands Under the Very Shadow of High Knob, the Last Sign of Habitation on the Upward Climb."

Down in the valleys modern America pushes steadily forward, obliterating the last great land marks of yesterday. Here above it, framed in an exquisite picture, Virginia's last frontier awaits the kindly act of preservation. The topographical anatomy of the knob country is interesting to note. In the original upheaval the gods must have been in a benign mood when they tossed this wonder land carelessly down. The Knob rises like a huge sapphire above the duller greens and blues. From tip to base it sinks away in gentle, grassy slopes to form a wide plateau which rolls onward

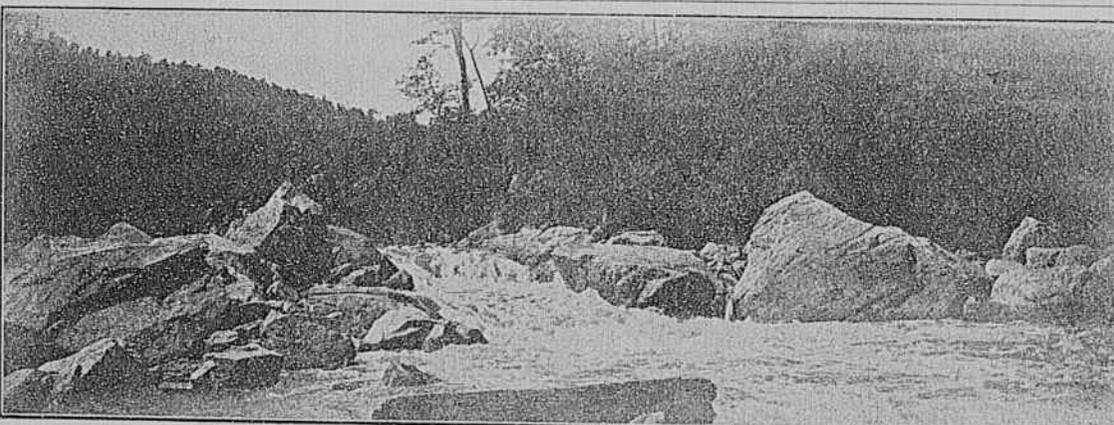
It Holds the Secrets of Yesterday
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and Bristol, Virginia; from Bluefield and Huntington, West Virginia; from Middlesboro, Lexington, Winchester, Cattlesburg and Ashland, Kentucky; and from Fronton, Ohio. From these cities good roads lead to all parts of the United States. It is less than two hours' ride from stations on four big trunk line railroads, the Norfolk & Western, the Louisville & Nashville, the Southern and the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio.

Tourists following these routes must first pass through a land of romance before they finally arrive at the foot of High Knob. Every inch of it has been made famous by John Fox, Jr., author of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." The early rush to the gold fields of the west is not more colorful than the rush to Virginia's coal fields in the eighties. Here the growing pains of a new land left sparkling romance in its wake. The mountainer and the "furriner" fought the grim battle of law and order. The whole world knows the story of how the "furriners" gained their foothold, and how the mountain men, outnumbered, but undefeated, retreated into the fastness of their hills where they live to this day hardly aware of the strides progress has made just over the ridge.

Along The Trail

The Lonesome Pine Trail follows this storied land from the breaks of the Big Sandy to the very foot of High Knob—the heart of it all. From this point dozens of trips can be made to points of interest. The coal camps, nestling like miniature empires of industry, can be found in all their new-old picturesque oddness in almost any "holler." These camps are models of modern efficiency, and above them the spell of romance hovers like a veil. No night is so dark but what the tree-lined sil-



"A Paradise of All 'Brothers of the Angle' In the Very Heart of the Knob Country."

human being mill about in invisible activity. A smoke screen boils up from a battery of coke ovens; a locomotive shrieks unheard, and the rumble of turning wheels is lost in infinite silence. At one's feet a pristine forest rolls away in unbroken glory. A few hundred yards from the summit of the Knob a sky-blue lake mirrors green, flower-dotted ravines which rise in precipitous slopes to the very timberline. Everywhere the color scheme seems to be clean greens and soft blues. When the morning sun veils it in shadow, the Knob glowers with a dull bronze, and at sunset glows with a vivid pink; but when the sinking sun casts its full beams over that isolated world the great peaks glitter with metallic red, orange, and electric blue. At this hour it looks what it really is—a treasure house of metals, both precious and useful. When Benge, the renegade half-