

Be A Booster for Southern Indiana

If there has ever been a more beautiful Autumn than this one I do not recall it. The rains that came just before the leaves began to turn kept them upon the trees and permitted the change of color to come while the trees were full and complete. In consequence the country about here has been unusually gorgeous as to coloring because of the greater-than usual masses of it.

And the variety of color seems to be more pronounced than usual. The gradations of shades from pale yellow to orange, and from pure rose to wine reds have been complete, and there have even been shades of purple I have never seen before. Then there is the polished bronze of the oaks and the magnolias and the numerous greens and blues of the pines and firs.

On a still and windless day many of the low branching trees remind one of gigantic birds resting for a time upon the ground and spreading their many hued plumes for the admiration of those who care to gaze at their magnificence. The days when the trees are at their absolute best are not many, for rains and frosts shake the leaves to the ground and wind brings about a havoc that is ruinous.

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And in connection with the above let me add that one of our levelheaded citizens, who believes that the month of October in southern Indiana can not be surpassed in beauty by many places in the United States, think[s] we should declare a holiday during the most glorious part of the month and celebrate.

His idea would be to find a good slogan appropriate for the time, and use it upon all letters sent out, all advertising matter used previous to and during the holidays, and thus call to the attention of the motoring world at large the fact that we have on display, at this time of the year, the most beautiful and breath taking scenery to be found anywhere.

And there are so many ways to get at it and into it. The road to Leavenworth is magnificent with color – the hills around Edwardsville will make you gasp and the roads to Madison and Vevay pass through some of the most entrancing stretch of color that could be produced by any section of our land. Even the short trip out State street pike and over the hills north through Borden to Salem will make you glad to be alive and to be living in southern Indiana, where such Autumns are possible.

Now this publicity idea is a good one, why not act upon it? Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia have rhododendron week in the Spring, at which time tourists from all over the country come to see these beautiful mountain flowers in

bloom and great festivals are held in the mountain districts. The tourists thus attracted not only spread the news of the states in which these festivals are held and bring back a greater number of visitors next year, but they leave a very considerable lot of money in the districts through which they pass.

The fact that we are near the river where early morning mists and fogs add their magic to the charm of the Autumn landscape, gives the idea even greater worth. These mists hang above the river in the early morning hours until pierced by the sun, and the colors they add to the landscape are amazing.

They run to grays, lavenders and blues, and as they roll up over the hills into the clouds above they remind you of nothing so much as the rising of a great velvet curtain upon a magnificent pageant of gorgeous colors and vast proportions.

It is really a shame that we cannot get all the lovers of beauty in this part of the world out to southern Indiana in October, in order that they might enthuse with us who are fortunate enough to live where such beauty is to be had for the looking.

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I thought I was through with this panegyric, but it seems I am not and there is more to be said. So I had better say it and get it out of my system.

I have written exclusively of October in our river-border counties, but there is hardly less beauty in the Spring months, and those of Summer offer a variety that is hard to equal. In the Winter there is great and austere majesty in the bared hills with their thousands of trees rising tower-like against the gray sky and the shifting blankets of snow held in the sheltered nooks and crannies of their sides.

In the Winter months the color is unbelievably beautiful. Then the gayety of Autumn is gone and in its place there are refinements of quiet tones that blend together in unforgettable harmonies. To see the hills beyond hills at Edwardsville, or the peaceful stretch of the river at Hanover on a Winter day is to look upon two of the most exquisite pages of Mother Nature's book, etched during her most poetic period.

Points of scenic interest out of New Albany.

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To Corydon and Leavenworth Rd. 62

To Paoli and West Baden Rd. 150

To Salem via Borden Rd. 60

To Salem via Palmyra Rd. 150 turn right at Palmyra
on Rd. 35

Take Old Vincennes Road to see Clark's Valley.

Spickert Knobs via Green Valley road.

Kiwanis Trail for wonderful view from hills.

State Forest Reserve Rd. 31

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