



JULY 1936  
HIKE SUPERVISOR—A. G. ROTH

JULY 4-5  
THREE FORKS

Here is our chance to explore a wild and primitive part of the Smokies where the foot of man has passed through only on hunting and fishing trips and never with the idea of making a home.

Leaving Smokemont we drive up Bradley Fork on the new CCC road about 5 miles to within  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles of the top of Hughes Ridge. From here a majestic view of the North Carolina side of the state line can be seen. The steep descent on the other side of the ridge leads us to a swift mountain stream where we can fill our canteens before beginning the climb up the remaining mountain. From the balsam-covered summit we look far down into the Valley of Three Forks.

Emerging from the wild variety of virgin timber we follow a trout-filled stream through the hemlocks and laurel until it empties into Ravens Fork. A wilder stream can rarely be found, as it winds its way through deep gorges to the edge of the Indian Reservation. Following the trail that leads up the river we come into a wide clearing entirely surrounded by mountains. Tall balsam and spruce outline the ridge above and extend down to the very door of a picturesque log cabin built by hunters on the

bank above the stream. Just around the bend is Three Forks. Three streams emerge from the thick forest and rush together to form the source of Raven Fork. Here in a clear deep pool,—we take a dip to refresh our lagging spirits.

Short hikes can be made from here and there is also a good trail up the back side of Guyot. For those who bring tents there will be ample camping space by the side of the cabin.

Leaders: CHARLES GIBSON (3-3210)  
WILEY THOMAS, Jr. (2-5394)  
MARY GAMBLE (Alcoa)

JULY 29

WATERMELON PARTY AT RUSSELL FORD'S  
(BIG FEAST)

Answer This One:

At the foot of a hill is a little green and white house and the inside of the house is red and a lot of little black men live in the house.

Now if you can't answer to this one, come and "C" what is to "B" on the night of July 29. Take this tip from me—if you would be wise, don't try to disguise, just come in your club outfit.

PLACE:—Russell Ford's home on Ford Valley Road off the Smoky Mountain Highway.

Details will be sent you later.

Leaders: RUSSELL FORD (3-5207)  
DELLA A. WELLS (2-7010)  
H. DEWEY PETERS (2-1498)

THE PINE  
(A Wish)

*May I grow like the pine on the crest of  
the hill*

*With plumed head to the sky.*

*Straight and strong as a rapier blade*

*May I be as gallant and unafraid*

*As I watch the clouds go by.*

—Bessie Rainer Ford