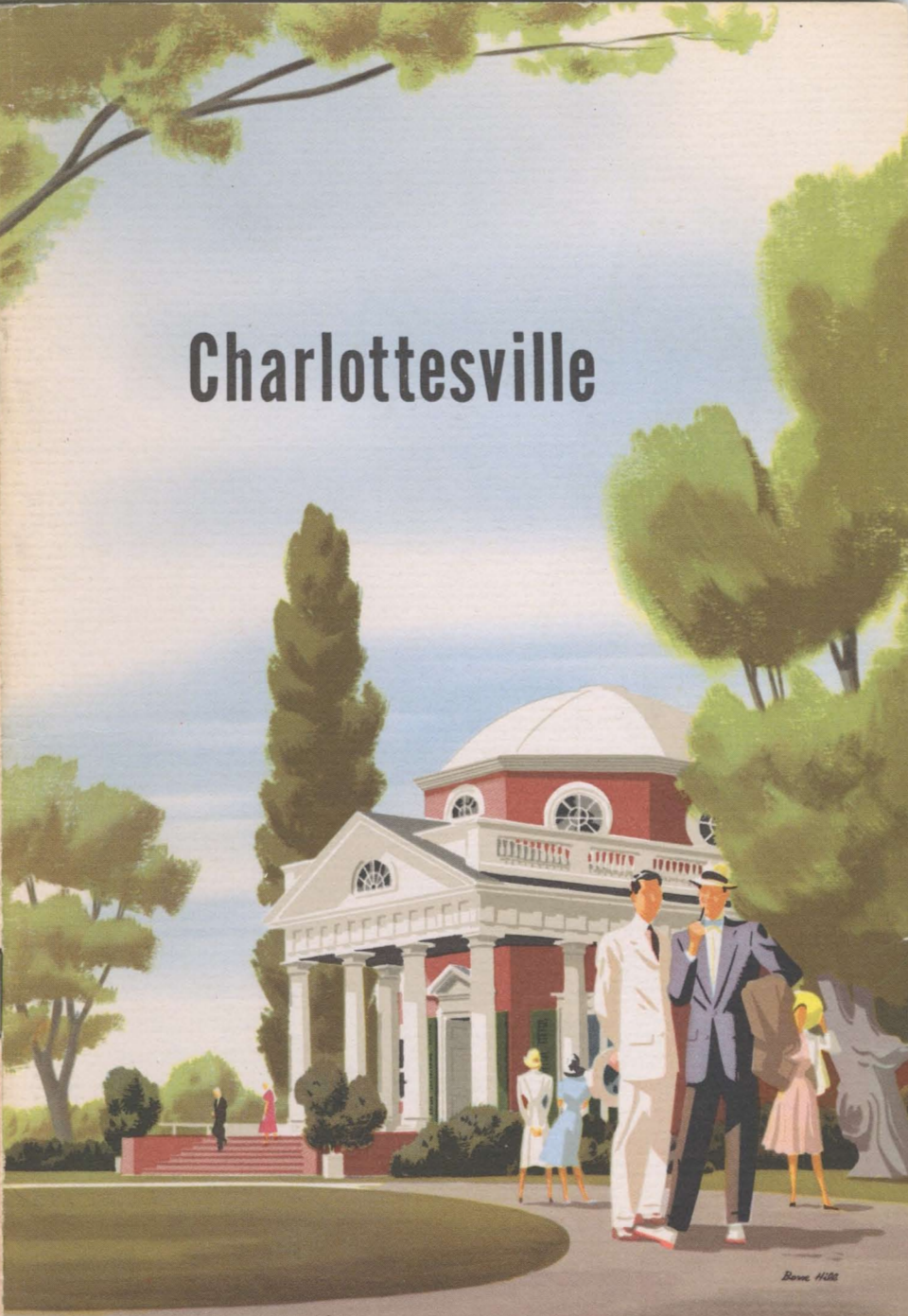


Charlottesville



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to Historic Charlottesville

Hop aboard a smooth-cruising, air-conditioned C&O train and let it carry you back to Charlottesville in old Virginy. There's lush comfort all the way as you lean back in a big, reclining, reserved seat. And there's good food aplenty for you in the spacious C&O diner. You'll glide swiftly over the shining steel rails along the banks of the broad Ohio River . . . sweep over the Blue Grass Regions of Kentucky, breeding grounds for America's finest horses . . . span the rugged New River Gorge and slice through the towering Blue Ridge Mountains. When you arrive you are thoroughly rested and ready for fun. You step off the train into the center of peaceful, charming Charlottesville.



The Land of the Free...

Charlottesville breathes freedom. You can sniff it in the clean blue air . . . you can feel its warmth rising from the soft brown earth . . . you can hear its whispered echoes through the halls and niches of this little city's famous shrines.

In the beginning, Charlottesville was not a vacation wonderland but a city of struggle and high purpose. Out of the Blue Ridge foothills, pioneer men sprang up tall and strong as the mountains around them. The brave adventurers, George Rogers Clark, Meriwether Lewis, and William Clark were Charlottesville men. They pierced the wilderness of the vast western reaches of the country to carve out the huge Northwest and Louisiana Territories. Half the states in the union owe their existence to the foresight of these three men.



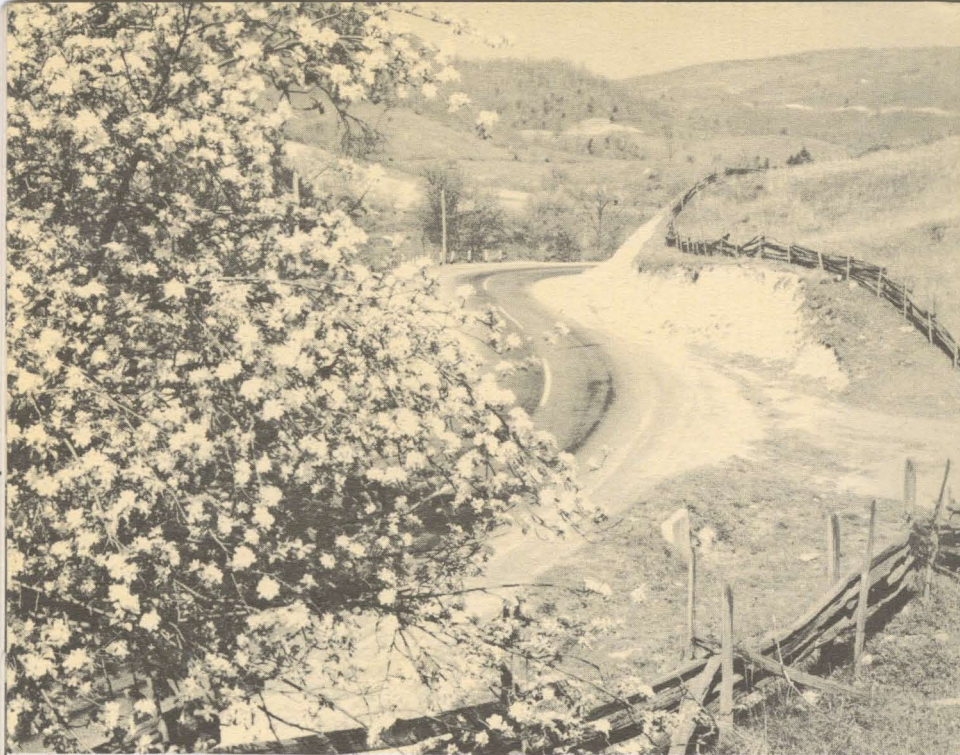


The Homes of the Brave...

Thomas Jefferson, Charlottesville's greatest son, was born close by and chose this peaceful city as the site for his fascinating plantation home—Monticello. Here the door is wide open awaiting your visit.



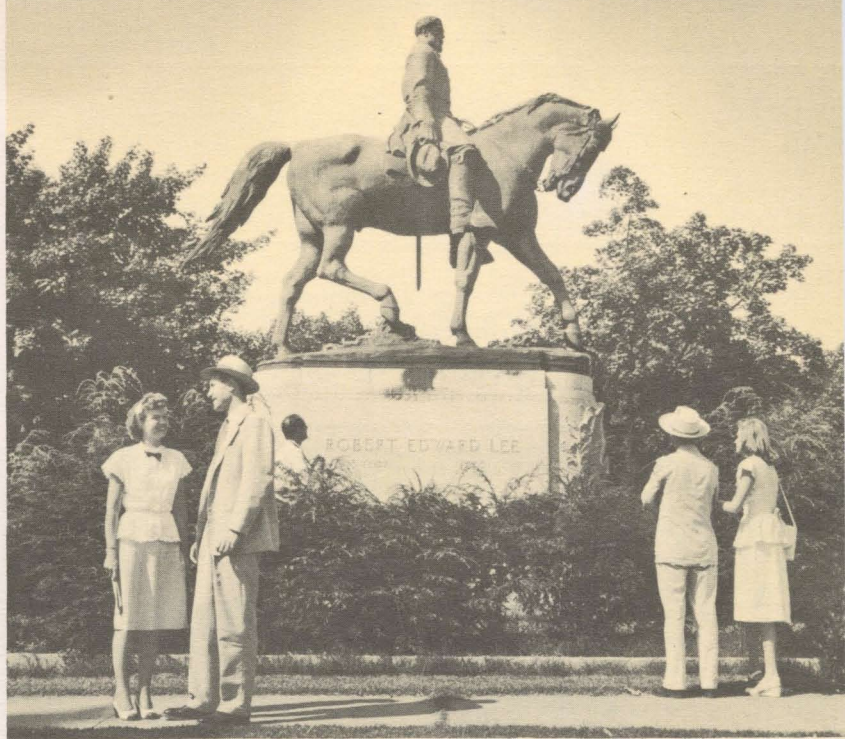
In fact, warm hospitality greets you everywhere in and around lovely Charlottesville . . . at the quiet home of James Monroe, Ash Lawn . . . in the honored halls of the University of Virginia where Woodrow Wilson and Edgar Allan Poe burned the midnight oil . . . and at historic old Michie Tavern, where Patrick Henry stopped frequently.



Carry Me Back...

The once-turbulent Colonial city snuggles among rolling, pillow-like hills where apple and peach trees bloom on the warm, green slopes. Here grows the Albemarle Pippin, Queen Victoria's favorite apple.

The neat rows of white houses along the tree-arched avenues give Charlottesville the appearance of a many-pavilioned garden. The cool, thick-shaded walks, the heady perfume of fruit blossoms, the simple majesty of the Colonial homes, and the open-hearted hospitality of its residents attract visitors who never leave.



Snapshots, Here and There...

It's a far cry from pounding modern city streets to strolling down the lanes and across the broad lawns of quiet old Charlottesville. Your camera will be clicking at every other step, for a visit here is a photographer's "field day." Great bronze figures of Lewis and Clark loom up in front of you. The statues of Stonewall Jackson and General Robert E. Lee stand against the sky and have you gazing upward and beyond to the days when this countryside was overrun with troops in blue and in gray.

Courthouse Closeup...

It's adventure—not a subpoena—that brings you to court in Charlottesville. A visit to the old Albemarle County Courthouse leads not to jail, but transports



you back one hundred and seventy years to the days when patriots shook the ancient brick walls with cries for freedom. As you walk through the time-honored rooms, you can almost hear the hoarse and urgent voices resounding still with angry shouts of "tyranny!" and "revolution!"

Men prayed here, too, in the wing that Jefferson was wont to call the "common temple." He often met his friends and followers, James Monroe and James Madison, at the old courthouse. Together they sought the aid and guidance of their Maker in planning for the future greatness of our country. The building's archives still contain some of the treasured correspondence of Thomas Jefferson — letters written by the same hand that so carefully drafted the Declaration of Independence.



Portrait of a Hero...

The Old Swan Tavern would have crumbled into oblivion long ago, but it has been preserved in memory of its daring early proprietor, Jack Jouett. Jack was taking an "innkeeper's night out" when fortunately he overheard the plans for Tarleton's raid at another Tavern. He rode a hard, fast forty miles to warn Jefferson of the approaching danger and the Great Democrat was able to escape to nearby Staunton. Jack Jouett's heroic ride that night in 1781 prevented the capture and imprisonment of one of our greatest leaders. The Old Swan Tavern is still here for you to enjoy, but old Jack is no longer with us—smiling and telling his famous story behind the bar.



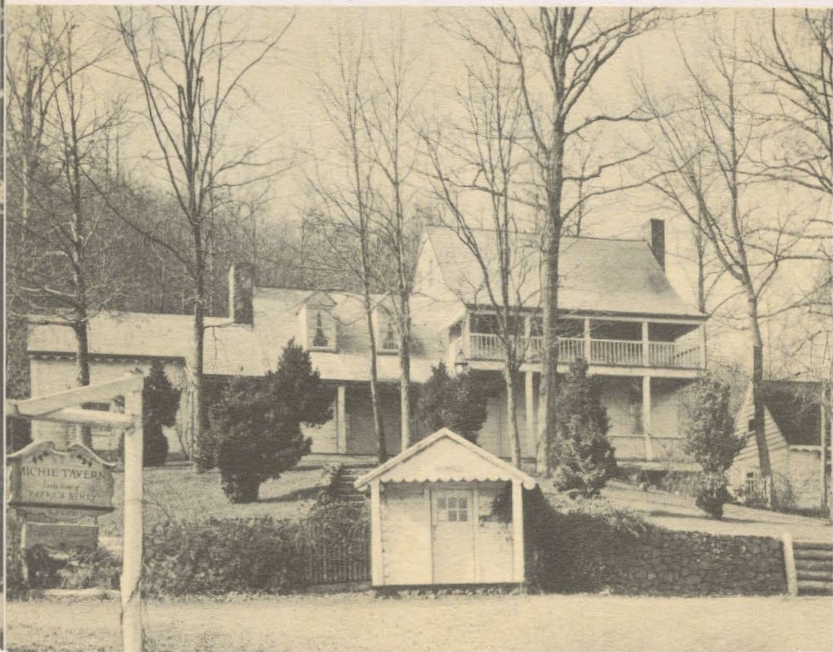


Costume Picture...

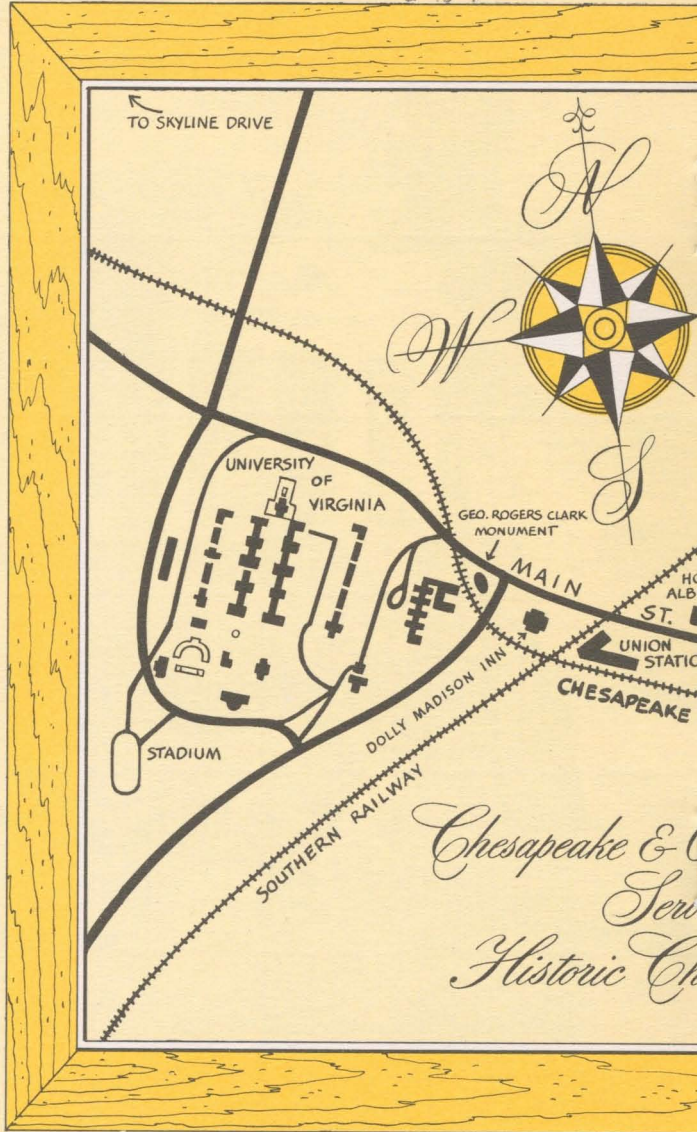
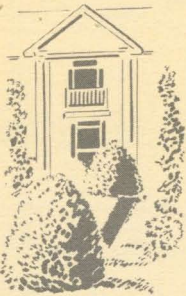
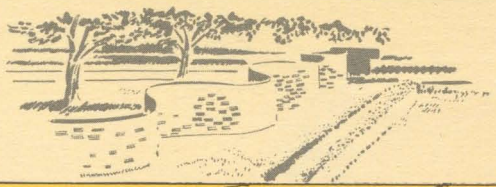
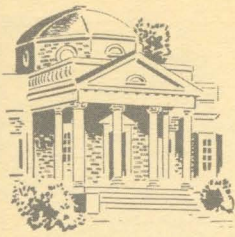
The light, shrill fife and the deep, rolling drums can still be heard at the Old Armory of the Monticello Guards. Here, on ceremonious occasions, the militia marches again in splendid, colorful array. You'll relive the days of the Revolution, when you see them pass with their shouldered muskets, cocked tricornered hats, white crossbelts, and knee breeches.

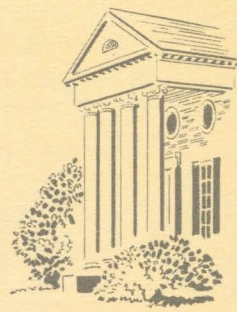
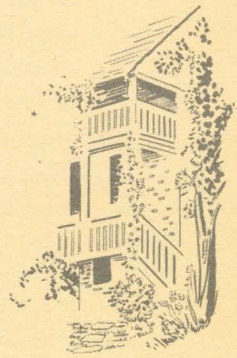
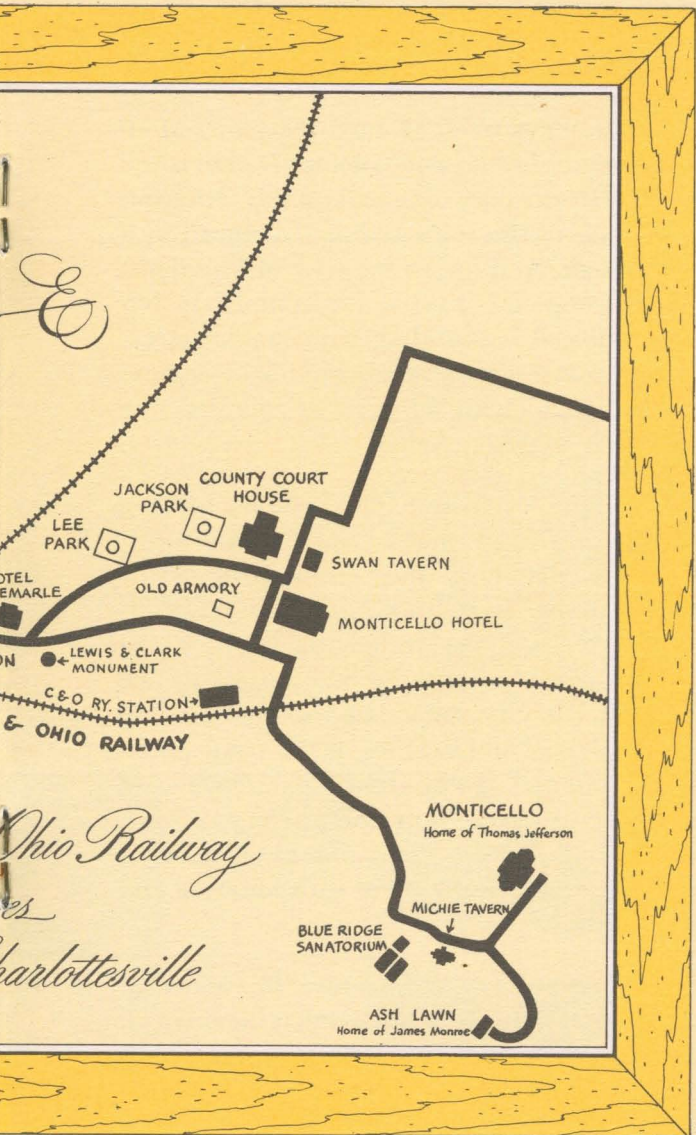
Friendly Tavern on the Way...

Here's where your trip reaches its peak in pleasure! Slowly the limousine you've stepped into pushes through wooded hills towards the magnificent home of Jefferson. Up you go, leaving behind the broad green valley that nestles its sleepy town. There on your right as you pass, is old Michie Tavern, youthful stamping ground of the fiery patriot, Patrick Henry . . . completely restored to its rich colonial atmosphere . . . rough bar . . . half-timbered tap room . . . pewter mugs, once well filled with ale . . . copper kettles hanging from the kitchen walls. It stands in quaint contrast to the polished beauty of the home you now approach. For there at the top of the hill . . . serene and stately . . . is Monticello.

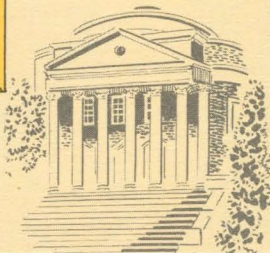








Ohio Railway
Charlottesville



Hobby House on the Hill...

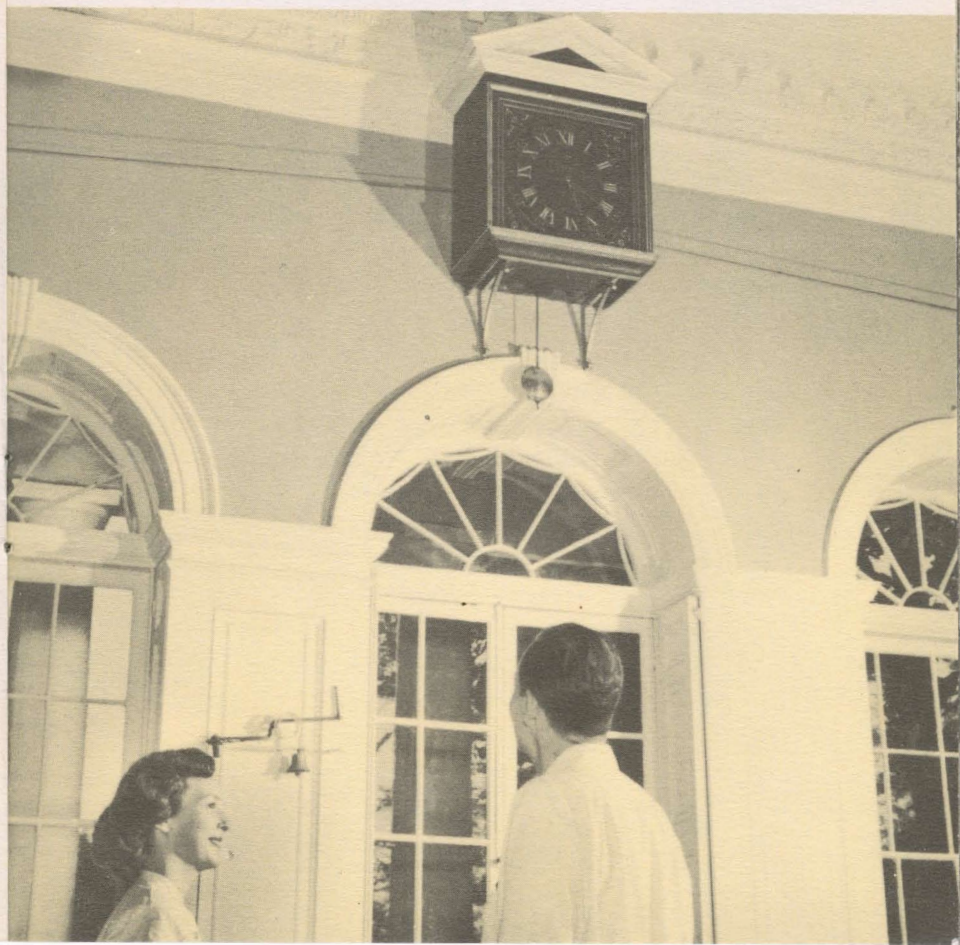
Set in a green frame of trees, Thomas Jefferson's Monticello is a study of beauty and comfort. There is the great Roman Doric portico, the familiar Jefferson dome . . . all part of this unusual home designed by a genius for *himself*. And he spared none of his talents in making it completely livable and completely Jefferson! He followed its building with mounting excitement, and was so anxious to bring his bride here that they braved a raging blizzard to complete the journey on their wedding night.

You'll be anxious, too, to explore the enchanting interior of this magnificent home. You'll walk through the main salon and down the central halls to the chambers, the dining room, and into Jefferson's study. How you'll marvel at the old ornate woodwork . . . the great arched alcoves . . . and the odd staircases. The stairs in Monticello give you an amusing insight into the perpetual drive and efficiency of the man, Jefferson. They are one way—going either up or down—and they permit the passage of only one person at a time. Purpose? To eliminate the temptation of members of the household to waste time there with loitering and idle chit-chat.

Thomas Jefferson loved architecture. But above all he loved gadgets. His house is the living museum of an inventive mind. In the dining room, for example, is the dumbwaiter he designed—running directly to the

wine cellar . . . full bottles rising up one side, empties streaming down the other. All through the house are delightful surprises . . . folding, street-car type doors . . . disappearing beds . . . the original one-arm lunch chairs.

And the big clock . . . you can't miss it! This double-faced phenomenon over the front door records the hours of the day, the days of the week, rings bells on the roof and does everything but light up at night.



This was the dream house of a truly great American, and the imprint of his genius still lingers in every room and in every graceful line of Monticello. Thomas Jefferson crowded the learning and the accomplishments of a dozen different professions into his stormy life. Yet his grave here is marked with a simple stone, and his own epitaph is a masterpiece of understatement:

"Here was buried
Thomas Jefferson

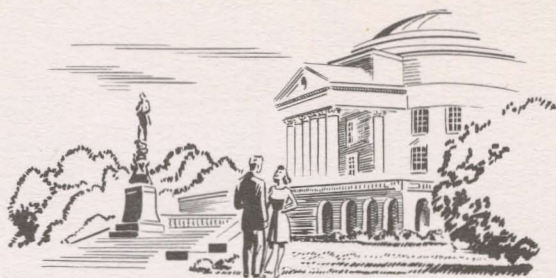
- Author of the Declaration of Independence, of
the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom
and Father of the University of Virginia."

Noble Neighbor...

It's a quick ride down and up again to the crest of the very next hill. Jefferson chose this site for the delicately landscaped Ash Lawn, home of his dear friend, James Monroe. Here you may wander through another charming old mansion and stroll on the sloping stretch of green grass before it. The terrace is studded with great ash trees and lofty Norwegian pines. The maze of boxwood gardens planted by Monroe long ago still flourishes. Their beauty has been enhanced by the tender care rendered them for more than a century. Ash Lawn was a sweet refuge for the hard-working author of the Monroe Doctrine. As neighbors, Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe were able to work intimately together, sharing their strengths and their ideas in the formation of a new country.



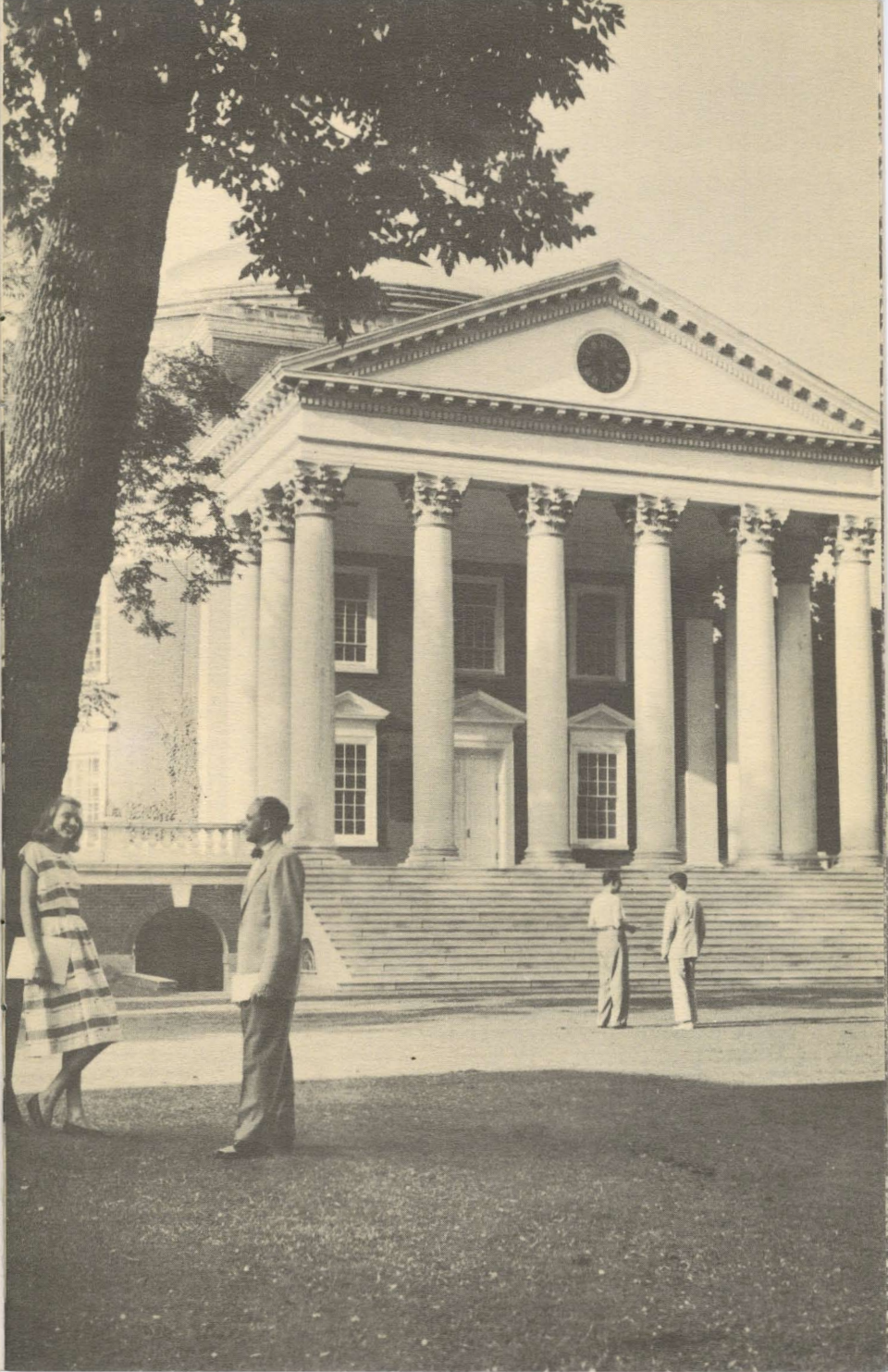
JAMES MONROE
1758-1831



*Where
Our Third President
was First Prexy...*

For more than thirty-six years Thomas Jefferson fought to establish the University of Virginia. Finally, with the help of Joseph Cabell, the bill passed the General Assembly in 1816 and the necessary funds were provided. There were only seven faculty members when the University first opened, and the student body numbered a mere forty. Now it stands, one of the finest schools in the South, and a living monument to its founder.

It's refreshing to tramp over the broad green Lawn, to mix with the carefree, hatless students, and to appraise the stately proportions of the buildings that line the quadrangles. Here is a perfect blend of classic colonial and modern architecture.



Giant ancient trees bend over neat, trimmed gardens to crisscross the campus with deep green shade and patches of floral brilliance. You'll follow the old serpentine walls that wind around the gardens. They are only one brick thick, styled this way by Jefferson to combine economy, strength, and graceful beauty.

In the center of the highest ground stands the magnificent Jefferson Rotunda—splendid and alone. The pantheon-like structure was first used as a library and was not completed until after Jefferson's death. Out front you'll look up at the famed Liberty Bell statue of Thomas Jefferson, first "prexy" of the University.

Here, at the University, you may visit the room once occupied by Edgar Allan Poe, the great literary genius. You'll see, as well, the college-day quarters of our famous World War president, Woodrow Wilson.

Thomas Jefferson was the Rector of this, his University, until his death. With the aid of James Monroe and James Madison he organized a liberal-education system that set the pattern for most of our present day institutions of higher learning. Here students could elect their own courses, and were tutored in music and art. And the "honor system" of discipline was established here in 1842.



Topping off
Your Trip at 3,000 Feet...

Carved out of the precipitous crags of the Blue Ridge Mountains is the wonder trail of the East—dramatic Skyline Drive. You'll motor out of Charlottesville and climb to an average elevation of 3,000 feet or more. The forest-trimmed, snakelike roadway follows the old Appalachian Indian Trail where hunters and guides could look across the rich valley of the Shenandoah, or look down on the rolling Piedmont region.

Actually you are winding your way through a rugged 107-mile National Park. Wild flowers, trees and all manner of bird and animal life thrive in this sky-high paradise. Excellent facilities for camping and picnicking, fine wooded trails for hiking and horse-back riding attract outdoor-lovers from all over the world. You may choose to spend a night at Big Meadows Lodge, operated by the Shenandoah National Park authorities. The huge cut-stone and chestnut-timbered lodge sits high on a mountain top and is surrounded by neat stone cottages, complete with open fireplaces and showers. Meals are excellent and everything about the place savors of mountain life.





Sherando Lake in George Washington National Forest

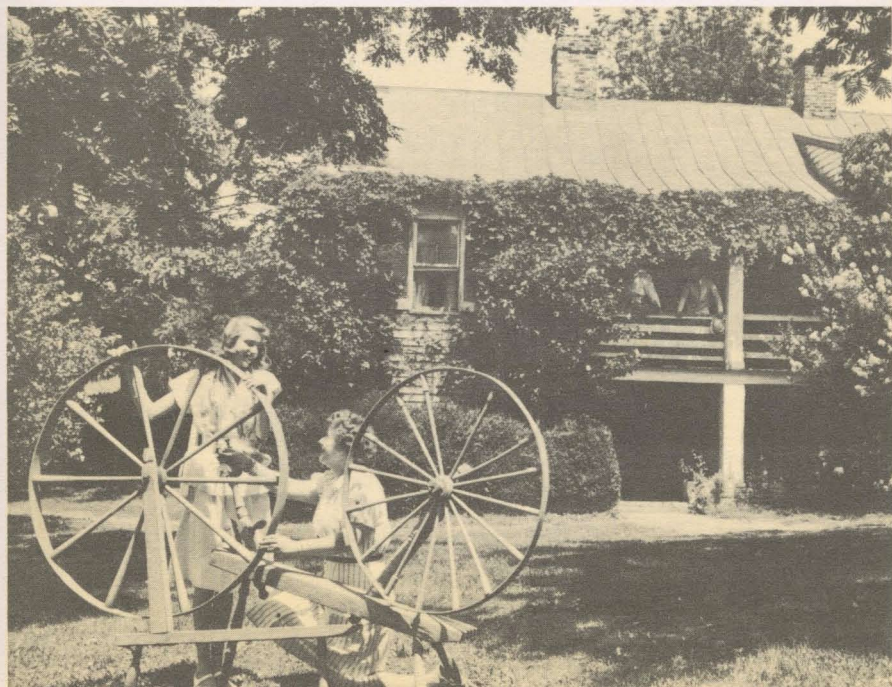
The Woodrow Wilson Birthplace





Stonewall Jackson Monument

Ash Lawn, Home of James Monroe





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