

The Brushy Mountains

By REV. ROBERT S. MOORE
(Providence, R. I.)

It is difficult to write of the Brushy Mountains and not use superlatives entirely in speaking of their beauty, their friendliness and all that go to give them permanent charm and lasting attractiveness.

They constitute, what it seems

to me, the greatest asset that the county of Wilkes in the State of North Carolina possesses and they are an abiding treasure that shall persist until time is no more.

Whether seen in the spring when clad in the leafy costume of variegated green, or in the summer when the foliage and the

Pageant To Include Redskins



The historical pageant to be staged at the fairgrounds July 1, 2, 3 and 4th as a part of North Wilkesboro's 50th anniversary celebration will portray the history of this spot back beyond the coming of the white man. The above scene from the pageant shows the first white settlers in a more or less friendly meeting with the Cherokee Indians, who once roamed the woods where the city of North Wilkesboro now stands.

flowers make of the summits and the slopes a land of enchantment and of high dreams, in the autumn when like an army with banners and in dress whose high colors give a setting than which there is nothing more warm and colorful, or in the stillness of winter when the trees stand in naked strength and the summits of the mountains become an altitude of glory, they are unlike any mountain range in America.

If one would see the beauty of western North Carolina, let him climb as he will if a real mountain lover the lofty Pores Knob, and looking westward at sunset gaze on the prospect that is before him. He will know what beauty is as never before, and stand dumb and entranced before the radiance of sky and the majesty of earth. Words and comment will be out of place as he makes his obeisance before the splendor of the heavens of the strength of the everlasting hills.

Goethe once said "on every height there lies repose," but some cloud crowned peaks are bare and solitary and forbidding, and fatigue and exhaustion claim as victims those who tread their summits, but the Brushies are like friends and their companionship and high places bring no languor, no extreme weariness, but rather they bring a touch of healing and a sense of peace.

In their clear atmosphere health and strength may be had

for the asking, the weariness that brings refreshing sleep may be found by him who will walk their fragrant paths, and better than all a quiet of soul is their gift to any who will open his heart to the entrance of their beneficent spirit.

To the man torn and worn and anxious to escape from the persistence of things which threaten him body and soul, they offer a refuge in which he may find security; the song of birds, the odor of flowers, the stately trees and the murmur of brooks will do more to loosen the bonds of his captivity than all the materia medica between the Blue Ridge and the Great Wall of China; the Brushies can minister to anxious souls and give courage to hearts that faint. To the man hale and hearty there are happy hunting grounds in which he may go in search of interest and adventure. If his mind has the botanic turn, he walks across that are carpeted with flowers many and various; if he be inclined to theology, the Brushies can show him how in the beginning God created the heavens and earth; and if he care for astronomy, let him set up his class and watch this atmosphere unvitiated by fog or smoke or dust, let him watch how the inscrutable stars still climb the ancient heavens.

Women and children who climb the Brushies enter another gate that gives entrance into a paradise of birds and flowers and arboreal beauty. Does your child know what it means to awake in the morning to the song of the mocking bird, to play under mighty trees without the ever present menace of that modern juggernaut, the automobile, threatening life and limb? Does the mother of the child know the gladness of a silent night undisturbed by raucous sounds and uncoursed by the rash lights which with impertinent stare pierce through all cloaks and protections?

For not the least of Brushy Mountain blessings are the beauty and peace of her star-decked nights, solemn and still unbroken quiet and then the pipe of a half awakened bird or the far off bark of the fox.

By day or by night their beauty grows on one and such is their magic spell that far from them they call with insistent and persuasive voice and we are not satisfied until again we see their strength and their grandeur.

They are easy of access from the eastern cities and why their gracious slopes are not covered by thousands of summer homes I do not understand unless their very existence is unknown. Once seen they are always carried in the memory and once known they are always loved.

In summer cooler than the lowlands, in winter warmer than the valleys, they call to you to come and from their Pisgah's tops see beauty and know health and fine strength.

The mountains are not capricious and variable like the sea, not tumultuous and lashed into fury by the storm; the clouds may hide them and the winds may smite but their heads are among the stars and their breasts are laden with happiness for men. You may exhort me to see Naples and die but I say unto you, see the Brushies and live.

Some time stand on the good road near the Mountain Crest Orchards and tell me if any view this side of the Rockies is comparable with the scene that presents itself as you look on the strength and height of the Blue Ridge from Niggerhead to Grandfather, or at night look down on the lights of the Wilkesboros as they flash like a radiant necklace in the valley of the Yadkin.

See the world from the Brushies and you will have faith in the future.

One hundred and ten motorists in this state were arrested last month for failing to stop before entering a highway from a side road.

Gone With The Wind

By JACK FARVER
(In Toombs County Democrat, Lyons, Ga.)

Katherine Scarlett O'Hara was was our hero. A winsome wench with a figure like a marble statue, and a head as hard: Gerald O'Hara was her pa. By nature he was most animal-like. Proud as a peacock, he roared like a lion, and rode like a dog-and-pony show. After Sherman came, he was as crazy as a bedbug.

Scarlett was in love with Ashley Wilkes, who was in love with his cousin, Melanie, who was in love with Ashley, and so they were married. (Ashley and Melanie in case you're getting confused.) This irritated Scarlett no end, and so in quick succession she married for spite and cash, respectively, a couple of fellers whose names we didn't get. But then, neither did Scarlett for long.

The other major characters were Rhett Butler, Belle Watling, and a colored lady exactly like the one on the flapjack box. Rhett, who was somewhat strangely reminiscent of Clark Gable, was a cross between Jesse James and Little Boy Blue. If Rhett had joined the Lost Cause in the second reel, instead of after the intermission, the Confederacy would have won the war. . . . And Belle—you'd have loved Belle. Everybody did. During the siege of Atlanta only three things were running—Belle's place, Prissy's nose, and the laundry that kept Rhett's white suits snow-white.

Melanie's baby arrived about the same time Sherman did. Both were equally welcome to Scarlett. It was, so far as our painstaking search has revealed, the first baby ever born in Technicolor.

Anyway, the South lost the war again in the picture. (What could you expect with a lot Yankee producers?) And Scarlett married Rhett to get even with him. Their married life was just like sitting in hellfire, and listening to the heavenly choir. Finally, after

Melanie died, Scarlett realized that she didn't love Ashley, but Rhett, Scarlett was as changeable as a baby's underwear. However, Rhett had had enough of her foolishness, and when she told him, he says, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."

Neither, by this time, did the audience. They were glad to see the end, their own having become number than somewhat.

Men should be eternally grateful that they don't understand women.

MOLD

Bliss mold caused more damage to Johnston county tobacco plant beds this year than ever before, growers are reporting to M. A. Morgan, farm agent of the State College Extension Service.

TREES
During the 1933-40 planting season, 1,085,000 forest tree seedlings were planted on 875 acres of land subject to erosion in Buncombe, Madison, and Yancey counties.

WELCOME

• T O •

50th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION JUNE 30 JULY 1-4

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50th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION JUNE 30 JULY 1-4

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Five Big Days Of Entertainment

Since the days of 50 years ago, much has been accomplished through persistent effort and co-operation of the people who have made up our population. There has been no let-up in our efforts toward success in our various undertakings . . . better churches, schools, roads, and civic activities to help along any worthy cause. We are indeed proud to be numbered among North Wilkesboro's business firms, and pledge our continued support to its progress.

We are happy, also, to possess the knowledge that our business has been instrumental in providing protection to hundreds of business firms and private property owners throughout the past 40 years. We are in position to offer complete insurance protection in practically all lines of business, and invite your inquiries. We'll gladly assist you in making an appraisal of your property, and recommend the correct amount and kind of insurance which you should carry.

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50th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION JUNE 30 JULY 1-4

We are proud of the accomplishments of our town and county, and join in extending our welcome to you as we celebrate our 50th Anniversary. And we are also proud of the splendid support we have received from the people of this section during the past 50 years we have been privileged to be a part of the business life of this section. Come . . . let's all Celebrate!

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50th Anniversary CELEBRATION JUNE 30 JULY 1-4

Not only is this event a Celebration, but a town-wide opportunity for savings in the various lines offered by our business firms, and we, too, will share our profits on these days to the extent of offering reductions worth while on practically every item in stock. We suggest: Come, see—buy, and you'll surely SAVE!

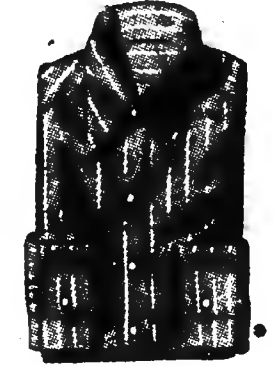
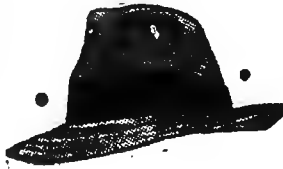
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