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Tarheels, in this modern age of miracles, can get saddle sores right in their own living room from a wide choice of television westerns.

That's nothing to crow about. Sixty years ago natives were privileged to see in the flesh the first of all westerns, and its famed originator, Buffalo Bill.

William Frederick Cody was his real name, but long before he dreamed of visiting North Carolina with a tent show that only included hundreds of cowboys, scouts and Indians but the incomparable Annie Oakley, he had been dubbed Buffalo Bill for keeps.

For 20 years before his death in 1917, he toured America and Europe, reaping a fortune. Like that more recent showman, Michael Todd, Cody spent his money as fast as he made it, or faster.

Fortunately for him, he did buy considerable acreage in Wyoming and Nebraska, and founded the town of Cody at the eastern entrance of Yellowstone Park. His tomb is a vault that was dynamited out of solid rock on the top of Lookout Mountain, near Denver.

Some of the western stars on television today probably wouldn't know a steer if they met him face to face, but the performers brought to the State by Buffalo Bill were part and parcel of a great American era.

Cody was the last of a line of noted scouts that included Daniel Boone, Davey Crockett and a venturesome gent known only as "Wild Bill." Born in Iowa, Buffalo Bill had done an awful lot of living before he finally arrived as a crafty, middle-aged entertainer.

Newspapers were few and far between, but folks hereabouts were already well informed of his glamorous career. What they didn't know, Cody's press agent filled in with hectic advance ballyboos that had everybody in a tizzy weeks before the big performance.

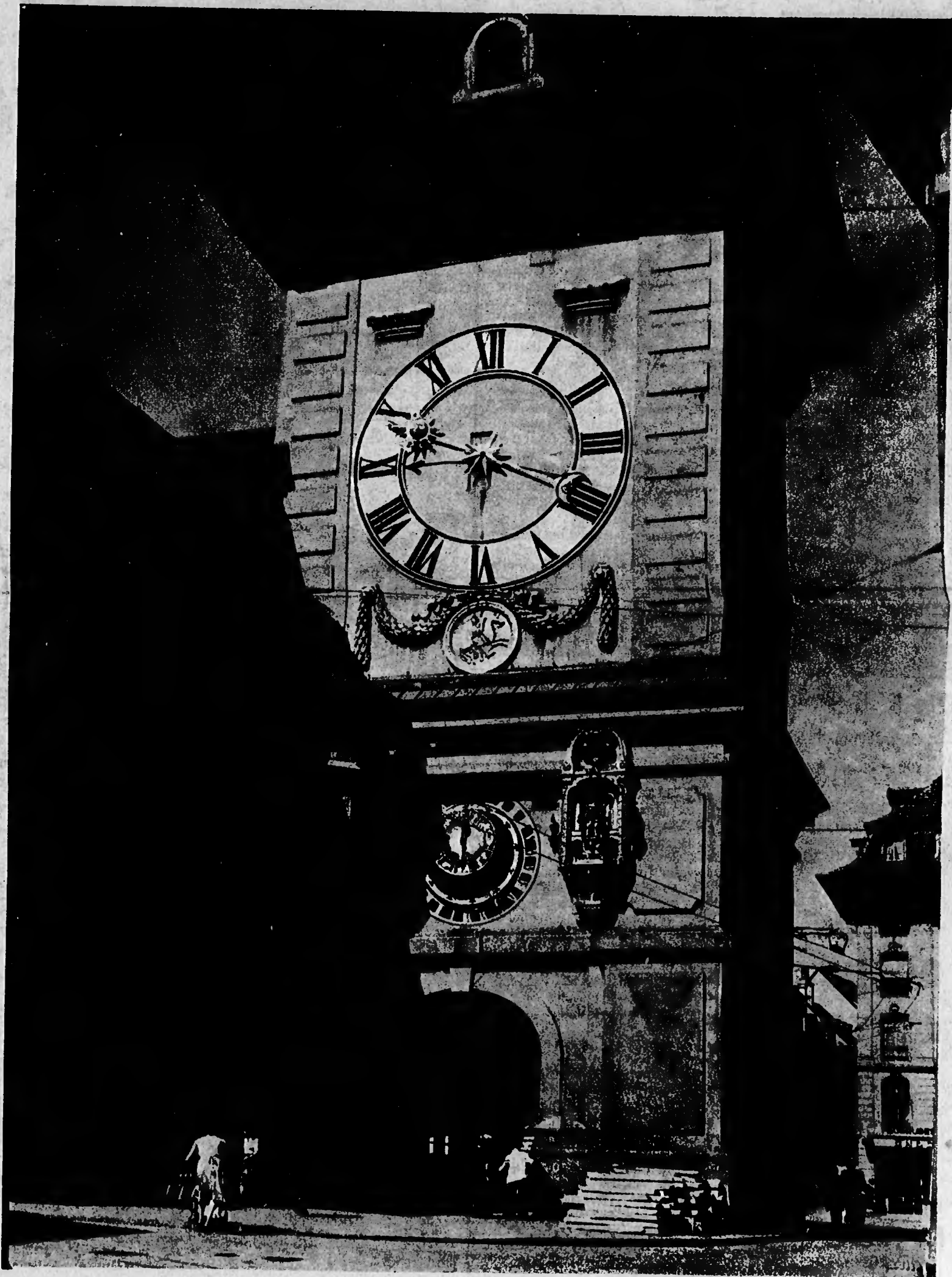
Unlike most cases of exploitation, Buffalo Bill was just as amazing as the billboards proclaimed him to be. Amazing not only for his feats of the past, but as the star of his own show.

Orphaned at the age of 11 when his father was stabbed to death, he became the original hot-rod teenager as a rider for the Pony Express. No one along the 1,950 miles from St. Joseph, Mo., to Sacramento, Calif., was as daring on board a nag.

Before long the plains and Indian habits were an open book to him. He scouted for the Yankees in the War Between the States, fought later against the Sioux and Cheyennes, and killed Chief Yellow Hand of the Cheyennes in man to man combat.

How did he get the name of Buffalo Bill? That was strictly business. He signed a contract to furnish fresh buffalo meat for laborers who were putting down the track of the Kansas-Pacific railroad. His claim that he killed 4,800 buffaloes in a single year, and 69 in a single day, was never denied.

Yes, Cody was the real thing, and those who crowded his big tent for a look at him were well aware of the fact. Not content with just a look, they bought his



IN LATE OCTOBER—Far across the sea, the famed clock tower in our mother city, Bern, Switzerland, welcomes the warming touch of a bright morning sun. Much larger and more reliable than our own temperamental timepiece at City Hall here, the clock in the Swiss Capital not only keeps natives and visitors informed, but entertains them at the noon hour with an assortment of mechanical figures that step forth to put on their own special show. Swiss watches are

known around the world for the exactness and efficiency of their inner workings, but bigger creations are no less carefully designed. Thanks to Dame Nature, New Bern's clock tower is similarly blessed with the morning sun, when dawn breaks over the Neuse a block away. And though the bears on our tower don't move like Bern's, they wear a grin, rain or shine, or is it a grimace?