

Welcome To The Holiday Highlands . . . Blowing Rock, Boone, Linville

VISITOR



We Hope the Pictures and Stories in These Pages Will Intrigue . . . and That You Will Find Helpful Information About Services and Attractions That Will Make Your Visit a Most Enjoyable One.

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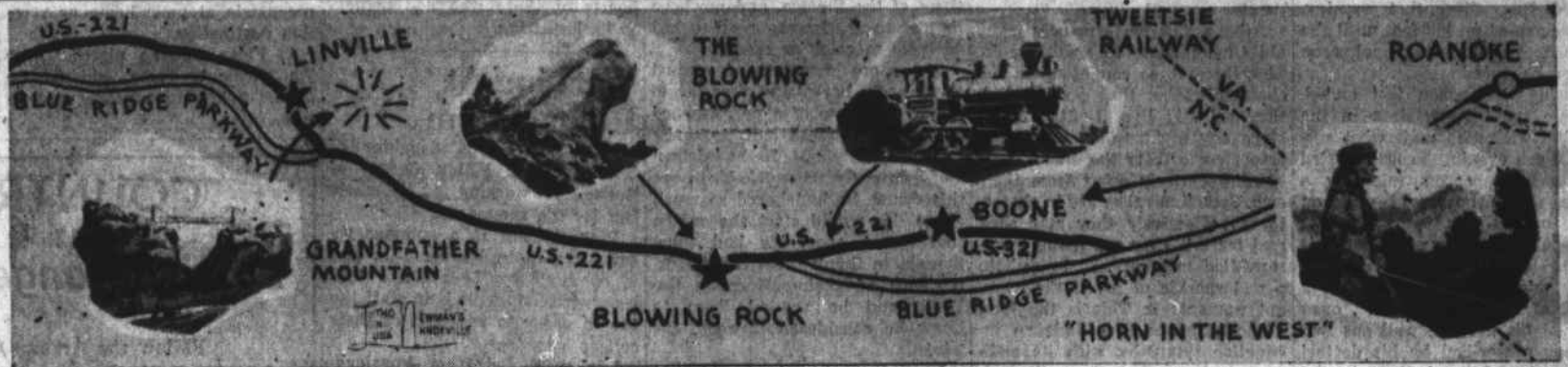
Blowing Rock Offers Varied Park Program

The Town of Blowing Rock is now providing a varied recreational program for the public at the town park. The park is open from 9:00 a. m. until 9:00 p. m. Monday through Saturday, and from 1:00 p. m. until 6:00 p. m. on Sunday.

The Town is in the process of pouring concrete in the basement of the American Legion Building where indoor activities, such as ping pong, will be played. Also, the maintenance department has inspected and repaired all playground equipment, thereby, insuring the safety of the children who use them.

HALTS HOLDUP

Des Moines, Iowa—A service station attendant, Richard Renozo, routed a holdup man by squirting him with a carbon dioxide fire extinguisher.



THERE'S ANOTHER WORLD BEHIND THE SET

Behind The Scenes Drama Of 'Horn In The West' Influences Its Stage Presentation

By RALPH TUGMAN

"All the world's a stage," wrote the Bard of Avon, and the lines became immortal, forever a simple definition of man's journey from the cradle to the great beyond.

They stand as evidence of the astute author's grasp of the essence of things about him. A lesser vision, and he might have tried instead to define the stage. Here, even the great Shakespeare might have faltered. There does not seem to be any simple, single line definition.

All the world may be a single stage, but in turn, each stage is a complexity of worlds in itself—even the most amateurish becomes at least two worlds—the world hidden from view behind stage trappings, and the world garishly exposed between the footlights and the backdrop.

One feels it with the first step behind the "iron curtain" that falls between the two worlds. It emanates from the very walls and fixtures of every dressing room. It hovers, benignly, about the catwalks and rigging, its presence filling every nook and cranny from the stage door to the highest hung sandbag in the fly loft, entwined among the lives that people the backstage as surely as the stage lines are entwined about the pins that anchor them.

It is made of the fragments of every dream that someone dreamed as he sat beside the glaring bulbs and wandered into the make-believe world through every cracked mirror that ever hung on a dressing room wall. It can be felt by any life who invades backstage. It can belong only to those who in turn belong to it. It belonged to Pavlova and Sarah Bernhardt . . . and to an understudy who never went on. It is the world of the man on the flying trapeze . . . it belongs, too, to the obscure little guy with painted face and baggy pants who made a million kids laugh all over the world. It is a world that requires two emblems to symbolize it . . . one mask of laughter, and one of tears.

You can feel it backstage at the Daniel Boone Theatre, where Kermit Hunter's Horn in the West is in rehearsal for its ninth season. Mingling backstage with its cast members, one clearly feels a prescience that he instinctively knows is born of the living drama that plays itself out, season after season, behind the scenes.

Sometimes it is a comedy. Again it may be a love story. It may be a story of success . . . or of failure. It may be a drama of tenderness . . . or one of irony. Always it is real, and warm and intensely alive.

It may have its being entirely apart from the drama on stage . . . but almost irrevocably it spreads its influence to the footlights and colors each performance. Sometimes the audience may sense it—sometimes it is so entirely "inside" that the audience remains untouched by it. Like the night when young Bill Hardy rushed his wife to the hospital just before curtain time, and anxiously went on stage to play his role as John Sevier. Word of the birth of his son reached backstage while Bill was before the audience in a scene. The next actor coming on stage promptly greeted him with "Well, John, I hear you're the father of a fine bouncy boy"—a total departure from Kermit Hunter's script, but one which told Bill Hardy he was a father . . . and the audience never suspected at all.

Perhaps the events which live longest and fondest in the memory of the people backstage are the simple "boners" or "fluffs" of fellow cast members. A typical one is the role of a young colony soldier who has lain wounded all night after a clash with the Regulators, and at the point of death cries out to Dr. Stuart for help. One night he missed his cue during the noise of battle, and only after the stage was fully lighted did he drop to the ground, in full view of the audience, and cried out "Dr. Stuart—Water! Water! I've been a-lyin' here all night!" The ripple of amusement that ran through the audience was echoed by real and hearty laughter behind the stage.

Humorously remembered backstage is the night Bill Ross, playing the lead role of Dr. Geoffrey Stuart, found his conduct challenged by his son as he gave aid to the wounded. In the script, Dr. Stuart draws himself up with full dignity and declares sternly, "But I'm a Doctor, Jack", thus letting his hypocritical oath place him above distinguishing between one side or another. On that night, Ross pompously declared, "But I'm an Indian, Jack!"

"Trixie" was a member of one of the early "Horn" casts. She was a horse—a very intelligent one, who learned her cue so well that a muffed line on stage would make her nervous. During the summer Trixie was blessed with a colt, and soon—as if on cue—the colt would join its mother on stage during performance and feed, to the delight of children in the audience.

Then there was Caesar, the temperamental hound, who—like many talented artists—was a real (continued on page two)

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