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## THEME

### WILLIAM CODY ("Buffalo Bill")

When I first saw Buffalo Bill's hunting lodge in Yellowstone Park, I had never heard of his fame as a horseman and Indian hunter, therefore I paid no attention to the place where he had lived for many years. Later, when I had read of his many adventures, I was sorry that I had not noticed such an interesting place. Then I had the chance to go back.

The preface of the entire Shoshone Canyon was enough to make me want to stay there forever. On the side of the trail I saw a small, clear mountain stream between deep moss covered banks. As the water slowed up for a moment or two I saw the reflection of the blue sky and beautiful green pine trees in the stream. I walked farther up the trail that led into the mountains where Buffalo Bill loved to hunt. Then I saw the house.

It was entirely surrounded by larkspur that seemed to be a part of the sky. As I walked through the lovely mass of blue, I reached the house soon after I expected, and the antlers over the front door told me what I might expect inside. There were fourteen rooms hardly planned at all, for they seemed spread over the entire place, yet it embodied the carefree lives of the owners. The walls were covered with trophies, beautiful skins, Indian heads and Indian baskets and the real western outdoors was accentuated by the rustic furniture. The old chair in front of the large fireplace, where Buffalo Bill often sat and thought of his daring adventures, fascinated me. I wondered if I could dream of such things.

The enormous forest of pine trees seemed to part for the trail up to the hunting grounds, and made me want to penetrate the deep coolness and shade, and dream that I were in the past with the Indians and Buffalo Bill.

He was an extraordinary character. There are many people who are as brave as he was, and yet they do not have the initiative to carry out their wishes. I have deep respect for anyone who can stay on a horse as well as he did. Toward the end of his life, when he was over eighty, he seemed to ride like he had been done before, which would have to be remarkably well. It was a wonderful sight to see him on his white horse, with white hair and beard blowing in the wind. He was a very quiet man, and loved the outdoors, especially his hunting. Much time in the Shoshone Canyon. His life was rather sad, yet he had a smile for everyone. When I had seen him, he had an intensely interesting expression on his face, that made me want to talk to him and hear of his younger life.

But I had time to think more. I discovered that my party had left me, and that I must make my horse hurry back. But I looked over my shoulder, just as the sun was setting, in time to see the gold and red and blue of the sky blended with the blue larkspur and brown log cabin, with the background of tall green trees. I had a longing to live there.

—Marjorie Biesel.

The Technician has the following to say concerning "The Hauler": "Watch out for him! Carolina hauls The Baccarat; Texas University The Texas Hauler, Georgia Tech turns loose a bunch of Yellow Jackets each month, and now State College is going to turn The Hauler out to lead the pack."

When you define liberty you limit it and when you limit it you destroy it. —Brand Whitlock.

## ACADEMY NEWS

Saturday night, October 23, the Eleventh Grade gave a winner round in the hall for the members of the Academy faculty and student body. After the winner round, there was a clever faculty take-off, followed by a wondrously amusing. The members of the Eleventh Grade proved themselves very capable hostesses and everyone enjoyed the winner round.

The Academy Y. W. C. A. meeting for Sunday, October 24, was unusually interesting. Dr. J. Kenneth Pfohl with the members of his family, accompanied by Miss Isabel Wenzel gave a delightful musical program. The following selections were given:

March Romance.  
Our Secretly Solomn Thought.  
Orchestra.  
He Knows the Way—Miss Biesel Pfohl.  
Sabbath Calm—Orchestra.  
Lamento—Harp, Ruth Pfohl, Levere—Orchestra.  
The Way of Peace.  
I Trust in God.  
Dr. J. Kenneth Pfohl.  
Choral—James Pfohl.

## AT LEISURE

### MUSIC

The world is filled with music, its sounds are in the air. Joyful songs and melodies surround me everywhere.

God's nature shows me music. The flowers sing to me. Rippling brooks and silver streams All play in harmony.

Life speaks to me of music. Life with its smiles and tears, Its strains of joy and sorrow That meet us through the years. —Emily Sargent.

LAST: Large brown Hall. Poustin Pen between dining room and English class room. Lardner McCarthy, J. Lohman Hall.

## Athletics

A meeting of the Athletic Association was called on Wednesday afternoon, October twenty-seventh, at half past one, for the purpose of electing a head for soccer, which sport is to be offered this year. Anne Hainston was unanimously elected to fill this position, for which she is well-fitted by reason of former athletic achievements. A second item of business was presented by the president of the association who asked whether the members wished to order small basketballs bearing class numbers, to be worn for the first game on Thanksgiving Day. It was unanimously voted that the basketballs be ordered. There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

The class in rhythmic and clogging, formed by Miss Torbert, is being held regularly on Tuesday and Friday evenings at quarter of seven. The first part of the hour is taken up with rhythmic, which, though fascinating in themselves, are made more attractive by the fact that they are done in costume and bare-footed. Apart from the very real pleasure derived from the rhythmic, they are beneficial in that they develop grace and suppleness of body.

Clogging is very popular, and several faculty members as well as students are showing great interest in learning it. Miss Torbert is a very efficient director, and good music is provided to accompany the dancing.

Editor's Note: This is an account of the camping trip by two members of the party.

The girls of the Athletic Council, with Mr. and Mrs. Long as chaperones and Miss Torbert as a guest, left Salem College Saturday afternoon for a week-end camp in the mountains. They arrived at the camp and then the work began. Everyone collected wood for the camp fire. Then "Dunc" McAnnally and Dot Ragan set to work peeling onions and the moisture falling from their eyes caused poor Sarah Turlington to run for shelter so that she would not ruin the shape of her new winter hat. Supper was finally ready, only because of the reputation of consuming the most weiners, as well as onions and coals. No one could settle the dispute since everyone was too busy partaking herself.

After supper there were visitors, members of a camping party of Winston-Salem who had the audacity to say that they only had to follow the ones in order to find our camp which goes to prove that they could locate onions.

After the party call, the camp settled down to what they thought was peaceful slumber. However "Bet" Rondthaler seemed highly amused something and then, on letting the rest of the party know about it by her characteristic laugh, Charlotte Sills, being, of extremely proportions, was unable to find a place large enough for her girlish figure and insisted on telling her troubles to everyone there, and finally ended by sleeping in front of the fire. Sue Luckenbach was of the opinion that the fire could not burn without her attention and was constantly arguing with Sarah Bell about the person responsible for pulling off the cover.

The night passed and with its passing, the girls awoke with new zeal. Margie Biesel with her feet encased in lead boots, was permanently placed, since the shoes could not be moved. With effort she soon was able to move around. After breakfast, the party were exploring, with the exception of "Tab" Currier and "Dunc" McAnnally, who thought the covering of blankets was much better than exploring. Tony's Den came around and was the subject of much awe when the story concerning it was told. From there, the hikers started for Moore's Knob.

When Moore's Knob was finally reached, lunch was eaten and the girls started back down. When they got about half way down the mountain, Rachel Phillips having slid about half that distance through the mud, it was discovered that Dot Frazier, Charlotte Sills, and Miss Torbert were not of the party. Yells and yodels got no reply so Mr. Long started the rest on to camp, while he went back to find the missing ones. He met them coming in. They had been walking around in circles on top of the mountain hunting for the trail down.

This excitement being over and everybody partially dry, work was begun on breaking up camp. The only mishap so far was the girls Underwood, in her eagerness to get dry, burnt the top of her sock. Everything was packed so the camp started out. Mr. Long and Mary Audrey Stough acting in the capacity of pack horses bearing the heaviest provisions on their mainly shoulders.

The truck was waiting on the main highway and everybody piled in—a wet, bedraggled, but happy crowd. They came back to school to the tune of "Ninety Nine Bottles Hanging on the Wall" and sang any other song anybody could suggest. They arrived at school in absolute safety. The only serious tragedy of the whole trip was that Miss Torbert's red blanket faded on her coat.

The Trip Had, as a part of its program of surveys on conditions about the campus, is conducting an investigation on the distribution of students' time. Girls have been given the freshmen and sophomores, on which they are to keep for a week an accurate account of the time they spend on athletics, business, social, religious and educational activities.

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