

Travelers Continue Tour; View Texas Thru Window

by Carolyn Taylor

If anyone traveling thru Texas over the new Orleans-Denver route expects to see the Great West, with blazing gunfire, galloping horses, and 7 foot men, all as conjured up in the Hollywood westerns, she will be sadly disappointed. From where I sat, all day in a train, northern Texas is made up chiefly of green grass, low hills, and three-mile intermittent train stations.

Still, what Texas lacks in scenic beauty, Colorado more than doubly makes up for. We spent the Fourth of July in Denver. Surrounding Denver are the highest points of the Rocky Mountains. Perhaps an evidence of the ethereal beauty of these summits is a remark made by Janie Morris who rushed into the Ladies Restless Room, threw up the shades, and gazing out on the small mounds of grass uttered, "Ah, the Rockies!" We took a "real estate" tour through the residential section of Denver. It is a city law that Denver residents must keep their lawns in perfect order and on this holiday every man in Denver had a sprinkler system in full force. (I leaned out of the bus window to catch a glimpse of the U. S. Mint and got doused in the face by one of the aforementioned sprinklers.)

Advised by Janie Morris, who is an avid reader of the Chamber of Commerce pamphlets, four of us walked fourteen blocks to see the diamond-dust mirrors in the once famous Windsor Hotel. This Has-Been is located in the worse section of Denver and is now only a dilapidated, second-rate boarding house. We did, however, see the diamond-dust mirrors, which were brought to this hotel on the first train to go to Denver and which are probably the latest articles of furniture there.

We spent the weekend in Colorado Springs. Art students take notice, it is everything Mr. Evett said. Our group stayed in the Antler's Hotel; but not to be outdone, six of us hired a taxi and went to the luxurious, expensive, movie-starry, Broadmoor Hotel—for a swim. Saturday morning we all set out to Climb Pike's Peak—by car—and reached the summit, 14,500 feet, in 3 hours. Dizzily walking around in knee-deep snow, we took a look at five states which can be seen from this peak. The air is so thin there that one can't run but must walk in a rather peculiar fashion, consisting of stretching the arms out straight, holding the head at a 90 degree angle and daintily placing one foot two inches in front of the other. This is designed for perfect equilibrium but gave me a crick in the neck. At least ten people saw flying discs on the trip down the mountain. I, who miss everything, arrived at the station to leave for Salt Lake City with only a few souvenirs—a mushy snowball, a miniature of the Will Roger's memorial and a rock from the top of Pike's Peak.

Music Major Gets Scoops

by Margaret McCall

Flash! Dr. Vardell and Mr. Lerch are planning (and practicing for) an early fall joint-recital. This program will consist of sonatas for violin and piano. The date is not definite but the recital will be sometime in October.

Wonder of Wonders! Music Hall boasts four brand new pianos and thirty recently-tuned practice pianos. Each period there is a mad rush for No. 2, No. 5, No. 18, and the studios of Mrs. Ancombe, Miss Greider, and Dr. Vardell. The stragglers always have to take No. 11 or No. 11½.

Dum - - Dum - - Di - - Dum! Two members of the music faculty entered the coveted life of matrimony this summer. Nevermore let it said: "Miss Hill, how many practice hours do I have to make up?" May it always be: "Mrs. Wilson, please mark me up for six extra hours." Mrs. Albert Wilson, secretary of the School of Music, was the former Miss Betsy Hill of Winston-Salem. She is now making her home in the two-by-four office on the fourth floor of Memorial Hall.

Miss Louise Wood, who taught public school music courses and history of music, was married to Mr. Quentin Brown in June. Miss Margaret Vardell, another faculty member, played for the wedding.

Alumnae news! Becky Clapp has just arrived in New York, where she will study voice under Maestro Verna. She is now staying at the Henry Hudson Hotel.

Sara Haltiwanger has been in New York all summer and is studying at Juilliard. Rumor has it that she is practicing only nine hours a day!

Carolyn Furr, who graduated last year in piano, is now teaching third grade in Hiddenite, N. C. She says she is having a time with discipline.

Mrs. Gwen Yount, '47 voice major, passed through town Tuesday on her way to her new home in Augusta, Ga.

The winner and only entrant in last week's Musiquiz was Mary Porter Evans. She received a valuable prize. The correct answers were as follows: 1 (a); 2 (c); 3 (b); 4 (c); 5 (c).

Annual Salem Tour Will Be Held Sunday

Mrs. Howard Rondthaler will conduct a tour of the campus on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. for the new students and anyone else interested. The tour will begin on the front steps of the President's home. Mrs. Rondthaler will point out many of the old buildings on campus and around Salem Square, with particular emphasis on their historical background.

Girls Attend Methodist Meet

The Methodist Student Fellowship held its monthly dinner meeting tonight at the Centenary Methodist Church. After dinner Dr. Depp, Miss Mary Margret Johnson, and Ann Millikan talked briefly. Peggy Sue Taylor sang several selections. Salemites who desire rides to and from Centenary Methodist Church should meet in front of Clewell at 9:30 a. m.

Scourge To Strike Salem Soon

Those terrifying rumours that attained such magnanimous proportions have been confirmed. A scourge that has completely baffled and over-welcomed the worlds most renowned scientists, is heading straight for Salem's campus. Famous authorities as yet have been unable to estimate the date of the disaster due to the unusual and varied behavior of this species.

The only proved fact about it is that it starts thousands of miles away and travels with great al-

acuity, gathering momentum and force. Then with untold venom, flings its revenge on unsuspecting humans far and wide in the area designated by the invisible hand of fate.

According to mathematic calculations made by Professor Einstein a few hours ago, third floor Clewell will be the recipient of the destruction. Then flying fragments of unique shapes and forms will leave a trail of debris on our beloved campus.

In other words—Freshmen, **WATCH OUT**

Here's the one I'm really glad to put my name on ...
They Satisfy me

Joe DiMaggio

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