

A TEACHERS COLLEGE IN THE OPEN COUNTRY

(Continued From Page 3)

Whiteside Mountain and the one to the George Vanderbilt Estate. Tomorrow we are making what I consider the outstanding trip of them all—the one to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. One feature of this trip will be a nine-mile hike to the top of Mount LeConte. We have made arrangements for forty. Those who have not made arrangements will do so at the office. We leave the Joyner Building promptly at 8 A. M. (Applause.)
 NED: Miss Dorothy Moore will now sing for us, with Mrs. Gulley accompanying.
 DOROTHY: I shall sing Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" (Sings. Applause.)
 NED: The Double Quartet will give us a number. Mrs. Gulley at the piano.
 QUARTET: (Sing 1 minute to 1½ minutes, music dying away) "Tyrolienne", by Bullard.

SCENE IV. TRIP TO THE PARK.

Episode 1. Leaving the Campus

MISS BENTON: Is everybody ready? Charles, are the lunches all in the cars?
 MORGAN: Yes, Miss Benton, everything is ready.
 J. C.: All aboard! All aboard for the Park!
 HUGH: Carolyn, you are afraid J. C. he'll get lost in the woods.
 J.C.: Ye-a-h! you don't have to go to the woods to get lost. You're already lost.
 BELLE: I hope everybody has a good time. Good-bye! Good-bye!
 MANY VOICES: Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye! (Simulate bus going away)
 RUTH: Boy, I wish I could go with them. Don't you, Claude?
 CLAUDE: I sure do. I've never been to the Great Smokies.

Theme Song

Episode 2. Arrival at Newfound Gap

MORGAN: Well, here's where we get off, is it Miss Benton?
 BENTON: This is Newfound Gap, in the Smokies.
 CAROLYN: Wasn't that some climb! I wonder how high we are now, Miss Benton?
 BENTON: The gap here is slightly over five thousand feet above sea level. But wait till we reach Mount LeConte: that's nearly 6,600 feet high.
 BELLE: Talk about climbing! Look! The view from here is good enough for me. That's simply gorgeous! Don't you think so, Hugh?
 HUGH: It couldn't be better. Say, Miss Benton, is that Tennessee just across this gap?
 BENTON: Yes, that's Tennessee.
 DOT: Did you see the Indian Squaws as we came through the Cherokee Reservation?
 J. C.: Yes, especially the one with a papoose on her back.
 BELLE: Are we within the Great Smoky Mountains National Park now, Mr. Morgan?
 MORGAN: Indeed we are.
 RUTH: Where does this road to the left lead to, Miss Benton?
 BENTON: That's the Appalachian road to Clingman's Dome—7 miles out. It's the highest peak in this section, higher than Mount LeConte. We'll take that drive on the next trip to the Park.
 J. C.: Fine! I'll be right there.
 BENTON: Is everybody ready to travel? Remember, we've nine miles out to LeConte and nine miles back. Take your time. Don't rush. We don't want anybody getting out on the way. Boys, do you have the lunches?

Theme Song

Episode 3. On the Way Up

BETTY: Homes, what does that sign say?
 HOMES: "200 yards to Look Our Point".
 BETTY: Let's see everything there is to see.
 JACK: Come on, girls, I'll help you up this steep place. Give me your hand, Margaret. (Pause.)
 MISS MURPHY: Oh, did you ever see such a view? Mountains, mountains, as far as the eye can see! All covered with forests.
 SCHACHNER: And this gorge! It looks like it's a mile deep!
 MISS M.: Folks, look at this peak to our right. I wonder what that is.
 Jack: I don't know, Miss Murphy, unless it is Mount Guyot or Clingman's Dome, it's so high.
 BETTY: And just think, all the mountains before us are in North Carolina.
 HOMES: And I doubt seriously that we can see one fourth of all the North Carolina mountains. Remember, Virginia is three or four hundred miles from here, and nearly every foot of that distance is mountainous.
 BILLY: No wonder that people come to these mountains by the thousands to spend the summer.
 SCHACHNER: Do you all know R. F. Jarrett's recent song, "The Carolina Mountains"?
 SEVERAL VOICES: Yes, let's sing it. (They sing about one stanza, being suddenly interrupted.)
 JANE: Oh, Look! Do you see that hawk sailing beneath us?
 MARGARET: Oh, its back shines like polished copper. Watch it circle.
 SHOCK: Say, I don't believe that's a hawk. That looks like an eagle to me.
 JANE: An eagle! Let me have that field glass, Homes. (Pause). I can't see through these glasses, Shock, see if you can.
 SHOCK: Yes, that's an eagle, a bald eagle. I saw one once in Virginia.
 JANE: They say the bald eagle is almost an extinct bird in America. I certainly hope there are a few left in this Park that will be safe from the rifle of gunners. (Bird call during conversation, also during pause.)
 BILLY: Listen! Did you hear that bird?
 (Voice hallowing in the distance)
 J. MARVIN: They're calling us. We must be going.
 BILLY: How much farther is it to the top?
 HOMES: About six miles.
 BILLY (Whistling): Whew! and my legs are nearly gone.
 J. MARVIN: Say, there's one thing which interests me about these mountains.
 BETTY: What's that, Marvin?
 J. MARVIN: Geologists tell us that the Appalachians are among the oldest mountains in the world.
 SHOCK: Well, boy, you ought to know, for you were here when they were born. (Laughter) Come on, let's catch up with the crowd.

Theme Song

Episode 4. At Spring by the Trail

CAROLYN: Hey, you-all, hurry up, here's a spring by the trail with the coldest water you ever tasted.
 SEVERAL VOICES: (From distance) Claude: Coming-up—Irene: Hooray! for I'm literally famished.
 DOT: Well, glory be! Water at last. Let me have a drink, please.
 J. C.: Dot, have a drink, Carolyn, how about you, and you, Belle? (Tinkling of cups heard).
 BELLE: It certainly was thoughtful of you, J. C., to bring a cup

along with you.

JOHNNY: I'll declare, it seems that Providence must have placed this spring here on purpose, to refresh tired hikers.
 CAROLYN: Yes, I'm sure, Johnny, that Providence knew that, in May, 1936, a crowd from Cullowhee, N. C., would come along tired and famished for a cold drink.
 JOHNNY: Now, Carolyn, you would be funny and make my perfectly nice speech ridiculous.
 DOT: Say, you folks look around you and take a peek at nature. Have you seen those great beds of ferns down there and the rocks with moss all over them?
 BELLE: Oh, these trilliums! Look at them, won't you! White, red, purple—all colors. I never saw such variety.
 J. C.: And these trees! Thousands of them. What massive trunks! See the three big spruces down there? and the twin poplars? I like a poplar tree.
 DOT: Did you know that Joyce Kilmer got his inspiration from a poplar or tulip tree? "I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree" (Humming)
 J. C.: Let's sing it, Dot. (Dot and Carolyn sing. Others hum).
 NED: Say, you know that Joyce Kilmer was a soldier in the World War. I read somewhere the other day that the Government has set aside 15,000 acres in the Nantahala National Forest—almost in sight yonder—in honor of him. They say this 15,000 acres embrace hundreds of large tulip trees.
 RUTH: Well, isn't that appropriate?
 HUGH: (Quoting): "The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned to hew the shaft or lay the architrave—"
 JOHNNY: Fellow citizens, I hear the call of the wild. Before Hugh gets too poetic, let's be trudging on toward LeConte.
 IRENE: How much farther is it?
 CLAUDE: It's four miles, my dear, or near it. Brace up; you'll make it.
 IRENE: Well, you may have to carry me. I didn't know I could get so tired.

Theme Song

Episode 5. On the Summit

(Voice heard yodelling in the distance)

MORGAN: Hey, come on up. The view is simply glorious.
 SHOCK: Well, this is the top, is it? It must be the top of the world. By George! Isn't it great? Hurry up, you'll miss some of this. It's worth climbing a hundred miles to see.
 BILLY: Here, Shock, give me a lift—Uh!—and something to sit on. I'll view the scenery when I get a few breaths and rest my feet.
 JACK: Billy, have you tuckered out?
 HOMES: Where's Miss Benton? I tell you, she's a good sport, to undertake hikes like this.
 SHOCK: She seems to enjoy it as much as any of us.
 MARGARET: There she is now, Mr. Morgan, with the rest of the party.
 BETTY: Isn't it great, Margaret, that the weather is so fine? We can see for miles. Hardly a cloud.
 J. MARVIN: Mr. Morgan, how high did Miss Benton say this peak is?
 MORGAN: Recent surveys show it to be 6,593 feet.
 J. MARVIN: What is that peak way across there? It looks as high as LeConte.
 MORGAN: Wait a minute; don't ask me so many questions. Here, Miss Benton, you are our bureau of information. Tell Marvin what that peak is to the southwest yonder.
 BENTON: That's Clingman's Dome. It is forty-nine feet higher than LeConte, and ten miles distant the way the bird flies.
 JANE: O, I can't take it all in at once. It's so grand, so impressive.
 HOMES: Miss Benton, what is that range of mountains far away to the southwest—yonder?
 BENTON: That is the Blue Ridge, the eastern member of the three parallel ranges which make up the Southern Appalachians. The Blue Ridge extends more than a thousand miles, from Northern Georgia to Pennsylvania. You know, of course that we are now in the Smokies, the central parallel range of the Appalachians. To the west are the Cumberlands. Between those ranges are many cross ridges and interlocking mountains. Yonder to the east, for instance, are the Balsam Mountains, tying the Blue Ridge and the Smokies together. You recall that some of you, in coming to Cullowhee, passed through the Balsam Gap. A little farther to the right, in the foreground, are the Coweas. Farther to the west are the Nantahalas.
 JACK: Miss Benton, it looks as if we can see several river basins from here. Tell us about them.
 BENTON: Well, we came down the Tuckasegee River as we came on this morning. You can see the gorges through which it passes yonder toward the Blue Ridge. At the Cherokee Indian Reservation we were coming up the Oconalufita. Far to the right, somewhat behind Clingman's Dome, is the Nantahala River. To the left, beyond the Balsams, is the Pigeon River. Farther away, the French Broad. Far off yonder—almost directly south—in the mountains of Macon County, the Little Tennessee River takes its rise. Now, turn and face the west! Here's the Tennessee River basin. All the North Carolina rivers mentioned are tributary to the Tennessee. The Holston River to the right is also a tributary of the Tennessee.
 HOMES: I'll declare, this is worth a month of classroom teaching in Geography.
 BILLY: I should say it is.
 BENTON: Now, I suspect you are all hungry and ready for lunch. I know I am. Just across this little depression, and beyond the crest of that little eminence yonder, is a spring. We'll eat our lunch there.
 JANE: O. K., but let us take one more good look at this gorgeous scenery before we leave.
 BETTY: Look at the colors in the ravines and gorges—lavender and blue and purple.
 HOMES: I never expected to see so much beauty in one day.

Theme Song

Episode 6. Near Spring

JOHNNY: Well, I feel refreshed after that lunch and rest.
 IRENE: You know I feel perfectly rested. I'm not a bit tired.
 CLAUDE: I hate to leave this spot. I'm afraid I'll never get to come back.
 JOHNNY: You bet your life I'm coming back, if I live.
 RUTH: Isn't it wonderful that the College arranges these trips for us? We hardly realize how valuable these trips are in our education. Don't you think so, Mr. Morgan?
 MORGAN: You know, I was thinking, while Miss Benton was pointing out that vast mountain territory from the peak up there, that Western Carolina Teachers College is the most fortunately-located college in America. Why, Cullowhee is right in the center of all this natural beauty. Isn't that an educational challenge? I have often heard President Hunter speak of Cullowhee's unique situation—how does he say it? "The only State Teachers College in America right out in the open country".
 DOT: Yes, that's Mr. Hunter all right.
 CAROLYN: Look yonder at those tinted clouds gathering in the west! The sun has already begun to paint his beautiful colors.
 BELLE: That scene reminds me of John Charles McNeill's "Sunset". You know he was our North Carolina poet. Let's see, how

does the poem go:

"Hills, wrapped in grey, standing along the crest;
 Clouds, dimly-lighted, gathering slowly;
 The star of Peace at watch above the crest;
 Oh, holy! holy! holy!"

HUGH: I think I know what the Psalmist meant when he said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help".
 CAROLYN: You know, I have often thought how direct experience with nature reveals the meaning of many a piece of literature which would otherwise remain obscure.
 BENTON: Well, travelers, I hate to say it, but it's time we were getting off this mountain, if we don't want darkness to catch us in the Smokies.
 SEVERAL VOICES:
 SHOCK: Ready to travel!
 CLAUDE: Well, we've seen an eye-ful this day.
 JOHNNY: Good-bye, old Mountain!
 SEVERAL: Good-bye, LeConte!

Theme Song

Episode 7. Back at Gap

BENTON: Mr. Morgan, has everybody returned to the Gap? We don't want to lose anybody.
 MORGAN: Yes, Miss Benton, I think all your babes are out of the woods, safe and sound.
 IRENE: Well, I don't know about being sound. My feet are awfully tired.
 BILLY: Mine are, too, Irene, but I wouldn't have missed this trip for anything I know.
 HOMES: Neither would I, Billy. But a good bath, some rubbing, alcohol and a sound night's sleep, and sore feet and legs will be ancient history.

(Sound of car heard approaching)

HUGH: I wonder who that is?
 J. C.: Why, it's President Hunter and Dean Bird.
 MANY VOICES: Heigh! Heigh! Kah! Kah! Kah!—That's the spirit! Aren't they good sports? etc.
 DEAN: Well, you folks seem to have plenty of life in you yet. I thought some of you might be to carry home.
 JACK: Billy and Irene came near carrying in, Dean Bird, but I think they are all right now.
 BETTY: President Hunter, the views up there are magnificent, wonderful. Some of us were talking, as we came down the trail, of the educational value of these trips. We've wondered if the College would find it possible to foster more trips like this—more field trips in Botany, Geology and Geography, you know.
 PRESIDENT: Well, now, Betty, you wouldn't want us to substitute field trips for classroom work. I'm beginning to fear that you would prefer fun to real educative experiences.
 BETTY: No-o-o, President Hunter. But this sort of experience is part of a real education—surely it is.
 CAROLYN: Yes, field trips make classroom instruction more more. They make it richer.
 PRESIDENT: Now, girls, you're double-teaming on me. It isn't fair. But I'll give in. I'm more convinced than ever that grand minds do run in the same channel. Our Curriculum Committee has been in session this afternoon. Ask Dean Bird what we talked about.
 DEAN: The very thing we've been discussing was the matter of a fuller enrichment of our curricula. Everybody wants more courses which will meet the challenge of our rural environment. Betty, you would make a good member of the Curriculum Committee. We are planning, as soon as feasible, to introduce more courses in Botany and Geography, and to add courses in Geology and perhaps in Forestry and Landscaping. We felt, too, that additional courses in Social Sciences—Rural Sociology, Economic Geography, field trips and social surveys, should be introduced. The immediate plan now is, to give the whole educational offering of the Summer School a special emphasis. We plan to stress field trips and many courses will have a strong out-of-door, rural-life emphasis. We are engaging experts in Rural Life to help us in the Summer School.
 RUTH: Go-o-od!
 DEAN: But now I've got a real secret to tell you. Don't get excited. Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Bird and Dean Albright conceived the notion that at least one or two of you might be hungry after climbing to LeConte. They're now at the camping place down the mountain; and when President Hunter and I left a few minutes ago, I looked as if bacon, eggs, weiners and hot coffee might be ready by the time we get back.
 MANY VOICES: Ray! Ray! Ray!—Hot dog!—Supper ready! etc.
 NED: (Calling from distance): Just a minute! Hold your breath! Come over here and look at the colors as the sun sets in the west. (Pause).
 JANE: O-o-h! Just look!
 MARGARET: It's glorious!

ALL SINGING (Dorothy leading): "Day is Dying in the West"

(As song dies away, cars start up)

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