

CANOEING

Canoeing this year at French Broad has been, as in previous years, one of the main features of camp. The boys have had more opportunity to enjoy the oars this season than ever before — thanks to the canoe committee headed by Mr. Genovar and to the three new canoes. The weather has been ideal and hence the trips to Asheville have been unusually successful. The boy who comes to camp and does not take the Asheville trip simply cannot realize what he has missed. There can be no more thrilling experience to a boy than "taking the rapids" in an "old town." The water has been very low all summer — a condition which makes the trips much more exciting and enjoyable.

The campers leave the landing at Camp at 10 A. M., and arrive at Horseshoe about 2 in the afternoon where they stop to stretch their joints, refresh themselves with chocolates and cold drinks, eat lunch, and take on water for the pull to Skyland. Gee! but the paddling from Camp to Horse shoe does get the boy's "mus." This is the hardest part of the trip, but none the less enjoyable. There is not a mile of the whole distance that one cannot look on some side and enjoy a perfect picture of mountain grandeur.

One who has taken the Asheville trip can never forget the thrill of approaching the rapids at Buck Shoals and Long Shoals. There are times, when the water is low, that the "helms man" has every opportunity to show his presence of mind and good judgment in choosing the channel. And sometimes he finds that he has erred for it is nothing unusual to get "stuck on the rocks and have to push off." And to hear the keel scrape on the rocks makes each separate hair stand on end for the boy who is enjoying the experience for the first time. All kinds of dreadful pictures of shipwreck rise up in his mind only to be instantly swept away upon entering the large, lazy, peaceful waters below the rapids.

Just before sunset, the party reach Skyland, where they pull canoes on shore, eat a hearty supper prepared by "Speed Boy" (and who can prepare a meal for a group of hungry boys like speed?) and spend the night. About 6 o'clock in the morning the camp is all set, the boys enjoy another piping hot meal and are off on the last lap of the trip, arriving at Asheville about 9 o'clock in the morning, and if the fog is not too heavy, the Vanderbilt Mansion on the starboard side may be seen towering in the morning sun and commanding a wonderful view of the French Broad River, just a few miles above the city "In the Land of the Sky."

Upon arriving in Asheville the fellows clean up a bit and dress "variously" in "town" clothes, visit the points of interest, eat a hearty and wholesome dinner, catch the train for camp and arrive home again declaring that it was the best trip "ever."

So much for the Asheville trip; but this article would not be complete without mentioning the fact that

through Major Raines' generosity in the use of his truck, the boys have every opportunity of taking the twelve mile loop and the four mile loop above camp — and practically every camper has made the loops one or more times — and the "loop" is not a bad trip either.

So as Prof. Vernaelde would say, "Let's give three rousing cheers for the can-oo trip — with accent on the "can."

**THE HIKE OF THE SEASON
SEEING BIG PISGAH**

Mountain climbing offers at all times the greatest interest and pleasure to camp life; and of all the wonderful sightseeing hikes made by our campers, seeing big Pisgah is the climax. For years it has been the ambition of French Broad Camp to make a pilgrimage to the king of peaks in this section; and so this season the idea has been attained; and barring the invalid, the lame and the blind, an exodus of the whole camp went on a three-day hike.

Leaving camp at six o'clock on Saturday morning, Aug. 11, our party hiked to Pisgah Forest Station, a distance of four miles, when we took reserved seats on flat cars running on the Carr Lumber Co. R. R. Since our journey by train was during the day and of short duration no Pullman or dining service was required. After a most interesting and comfortable ride of eight miles, we reached our destination by train, where we resumed our journey on foot.

The trail we took led us thru a beautiful forest, over a mountain and down a valley to the well known "Pink Beds." Here a rest was given along with a bounteous luncheon.

Cheerful and buoyant again, as hungry boys are after a hearty meal, we took our way over a beautiful mountain road winding upward, giving glimpses here and there into distant valleys and over various ranges.

After 7 more miles of tramping, and on nearing our permanent camping site, each member of our party provided himself with some dead timbers for mighty bonfires. Our camp was some 3 or 4 miles from the top of Pisgah, and so our first day's hike came to an end with a distance of 21 or 22 miles.

As soon as camp was made, our party broke up into smaller groups and berry-picking became the feature of the day. Near by camp is a mountain famed for large, luscious blueberries, and it is safe to say few were preserved, but many "canned." Supper was soon followed by call to quarters, and as there was more comfort to be had under cover, than without, little opposition was made to early retirement.

Sunday dawned bright and clear and early risers reported a marvelous view from the nearby peak.

Breakfast was followed by a short church service; the camp as a whole then began the ascent of Big Pisgah. At times the way was steep and rocky but never difficult, so that the least was able to reach the top. Over the wonderful outlook fully repaid

for all exertion. For miles in every direction one could see range after range. While at times clouds obscured the distant view, still that seemed to enhance the charm, for now and then we seemed to be between layers of clouds of silver splendor, with the higher peaks peeping thru.

After luncheon some of our party enjoyed a hike to the elk and buffalo park.

We broke camp on Monday and it was decided to make the return trip by foot, so small parties grouped themselves and followed their desires as to speed. Coming down we passed thru clouds and ere the valley was reached every one was slightly damp. But with sunshine and the thought of a good dinner on reaching camp, no discontent was noticeable.

There is no question but that this is the success of the season in the way of hikes. No pains were spared on the part of the camp management and every member of the hiking party to make it interesting and pleasant, and the feature of the hike was the time allowed, so that no one felt it a hardship.

As pioneers in this movement of an all-camp hike to Pisgah we urge that similar ones be planned for the coming season. With greetings to Major Raines for arrangements for so much pleasure, we unite in saying: "On to Pisgah again!"

RANKING WEST POINT CADET

Charles Barrett, Former "Buck" Private, Honor Man of Class of 1922 at Great Academy.

From a "buck private in the rear rank" in 1917 to the highest ranking cadet at West Point is the record of Charles J. Barrett, "honor man" of the 1922 class at the military academy.



In Memory of Hero Dead.

Each tree bears a gold star. A hero's name, the name of the unit and branch of service to which he was attached are engraved on each star.

The trees were planted on Arbor day by members of the American Legion. Many of the mothers of the men in whose memory the trees stand helped place the gold stars on the European sycamores, sweet gums and green oaks that line either side of the parkway.

Statistics prove that human irritability increases as the summer temperature mounts. Keeping cool mentally as well as physically is one of the special needs of the season.

Experience is not only an expensive teacher, but an inefficient one as well.

Women's fashions are a great boon to paragraphers; they are so suggestive.

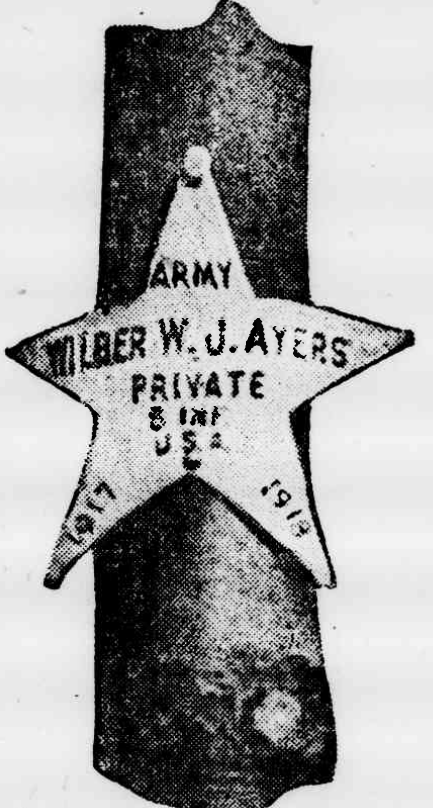
The AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

STARS ON MEMORIAL TREES

Living Monuments to 308 of Missouri's Hero Dead Line the Famous King's Highway.

Living memorials, sheltering those who come their way, always serving, 308 pleasant shade trees along King's highway in St. Louis stand as a monument to 308 Missouri lads who gave their lives during the World war.



In Memory of Hero Dead.

Each tree bears a gold star. A hero's name, the name of the unit and branch of service to which he was attached are engraved on each star.

The trees were planted on Arbor day by members of the American Legion. Many of the mothers of the men in whose memory the trees stand helped place the gold stars on the European sycamores, sweet gums and green oaks that line either side of the parkway.

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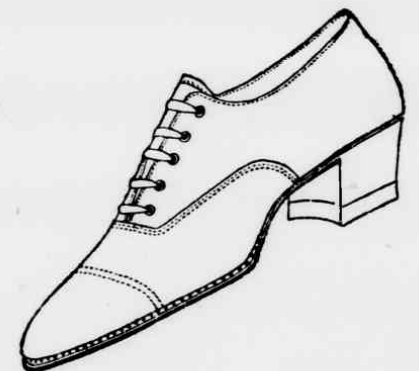
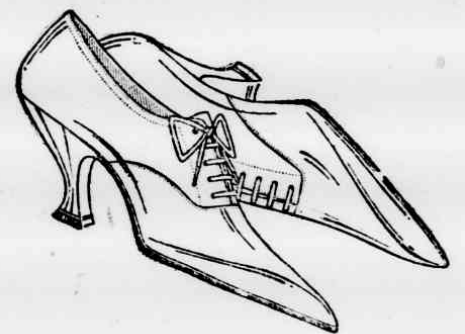
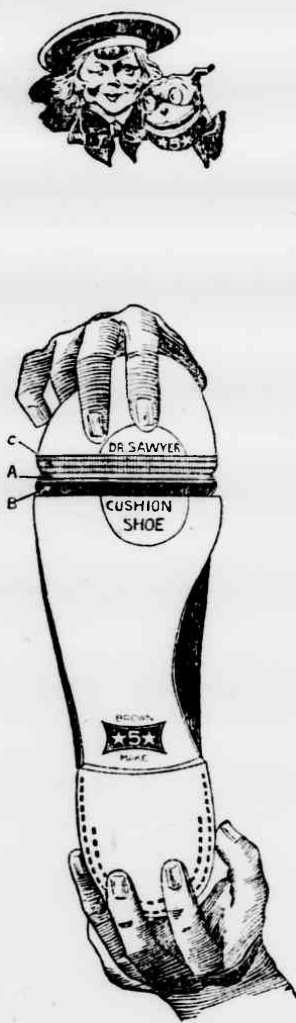
Shoes For All The Family

Our line of ladies and children's shoes are now in our shelves, and a stronger line is not to be had. They are made by the Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis, and have a reputation that is known from Coast to Coast.

To tell you that we carry the famous Buster Brown shoe for children is enough said about our children's line. And for the line of men's and women's shoes that we have, we want you to come in and inspect them for yourselves. We ask the women that have out-door work to do, to ask to see our heavy shoes, known as the "Stump of the World." They will keep your feet dry and warm.

When buying shoes, let us warn you against buying "Factory Rejects." They are the highest price shoes you can buy in the long run.

A word to the wise is sufficient.



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