

The Highlander

Published Monthly by the Students of Biltmore College

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	TOMMY MOORE
Business Manager	PORTER GARLAND
Assistant Business Managers	BILL BARNARD CURTIS SORRELLS
Managing Editor	TOMMY MOORE
Circulation Manager	DELLA IZEN
Associate Editors—	JENNIE MAE HIMES DOROTHY POST NINA WILLIAMS
Faculty Advisers	MISS BRYAN MR. ROBERTS

Vol. 1. APRIL, 1935 No. 4

Athletics

Our College in the past could never be accused of being dominated by athletics, for that was the outstanding point of weakness. With the prospect of having a coach whose past record has proved an able one, we should have that weak point adequately repaired.

In spite of criticism of athletic systems in schools, it is only just to say in their defense that the advantages may be kept and the faults discarded. There is no reason to believe that our school will ever be dominated by a policy that places athletic attainments above those of scholarship. The happy medium—and the one that we confidently expect for Biltmore—is one in which athletics will provide an opportunity for the development of a sound body and provide an outlet for pride in our school. The presence of Biltmore athletic teams in competition next year will provide a common point of interest upon which all the members of the school may fasten their pride.

In our opinion, the aggressive athletic policy planned for next year is the most important move for the well-being of the college that has occurred in several years.

Loyalty

Mass production has been the great American contribution to industry, and through the influence of mass production the American people have been led to think in terms of enormous figures. Our minds dwell so constantly in the thin atmosphere of millions and billions that we have almost accepted as a truth that the larger a thing is the better it is. We judge worth by number. When a building is erected its makers attempt to make it higher than any other building. Bridges are built which exceed in length any previous bridge. Huge dams are built, and the government, in harmony with the times, hoists its expenditures higher each year. Even literature follows the general trend, for now the more words a book has, the greater the likelihood of it becoming a best-seller. If huge numbers can be attached to anything, it is then considered of great merit. Quantity has become synonymous with worth.

So it is with schools. Many people now look disdainfully upon small institutions and, entering large ones they are immediately lost in the great swarm of human beings. To them a small school is—well—to be viewed condescendingly. They see only the disadvantages and fail wholly to see the advantages.

Biltmore is a small school. We have no illusions about that. That it is a small school we should be neither proud of nor ashamed of. Rather, we should accept it as a fact and draw some conclusions from that fact. The consensus of opinions is that we need more students, not that we may enter the realm of great numbers, but that we may have a student body which can give us the advantages of a large school while still maintaining those of a small one.

To get those added students is where the element of loyalty enters. We judge a man by the quality of his work. In that way, then, each of us is a personal testimony for or against our college, with the emphasis in the past lying on for. Personal contacts influence the decisions of one enormously. Each of us has many personal contacts with those who must choose a college next year or the year after or sometime in the future. Let us then present the facts to those persons. Show them what we have done in the past and what we hope to do in the future. The graduates who go forth this year can exert an invaluable influence if they will only tell others of the college.

Our memory for historic details fails us, but we feel sure that the enrollment at Harvard was not five thousand the first year. We do not expect nor desire that Biltmore grow into an institution the size of Harvard, but we do hope that the loyalty of our students and alumni will guide more students to this college for the next year.

Dizzy Dictionary

Noose—What this paper needs.
Mist—What happens when you try to catch the bus.
Meter—What boys do as often as possible.
Escalator—O. K. You can ask her later.
Etch—Some people have a nicer name for it.
Datum—Masculine profession.
Cress—Where the masculine profession is practiced.
Daunt—You shouldn't never do that.
Lapse—They are rather comfortable.
Attest—We all dread them.
Askew—I ask you, is this column terrible?

Who's Who At Biltmore

Julian Brookshire, well known member of the freshman class at Biltmore, was born in Asheville, N. C., in 1916.
He attended Hall Fletcher High School and was vice-president of the Senior Class there.
He likes music very much and at present is taking vocal lessons from Mr. Burnham and piano instruction from Mrs. Davis. Music is his chief hobby and he plans to be an operatic singer.
Mr. Brookshire also is talented as an actor, and has taken part in productions of both The Biltmore Dramatic Club and The Student Theatre.

DID YOU KNOW?

JENNIE MAE HIMES

That interest in Biltmore's future athletic program is spreading throughout the city and county . . . Ed Duckett's play, "Freedom," was considered by several critics to have more dramatic appeal than any other play presented in the recent Chapel Hill contests . . . Ted Gores has travelled through five states on a bicycle. He even started to the World War on a bike, but his vehicle collapsed in Lexington, Kentucky . . . of the senior class in a certain college that had twenty-five superlatives out of a class of twenty-eight members . . . that Mr. Roberts was voted the "best executive" in his graduating class at N. C. State . . . that according to the college catalogue: "Programs of interest, varying in nature, are presented from time to time at the weekly chapel meetings" . . . the latest student problem is to calculate how long "from time to time" is . . . that one-seventh of the sophomore class is married . . . our efficient librarian is taking a stenographic course at night . . . according to the third vote—in as many weeks—the sophomores will not wear caps and gowns at graduation . . . what the intricate designs a certain professor makes on the blackboard during lectures are . . . Bill Odum and Oliver Garner are the two best dressed men in the freshman class, Garner is the best dancer . . . Donald Williams will probably succeed Graham Ponder as the outstanding Sociology student in school . . . among the faculty, Miss Bryan seems to be most interested in her work . . . William Elijah Odom is the seventh generation of his family to bear the name Elijah . . . THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and TIME seem to be the favorite periodicals of the faculty . . . Mr. Thomas won the coveted Millikan scholarship and studied for a year at the California Institute of Technology under Dr. Millikan. He was also valedictorian of his class at State College . . . Mr. Murphy was a member of Sigma Nu Fraternity at Carolina and was a roommate of Erskine Caldwell, author of the famous play, "Tobacco Road."

EPIGRAPHICS

If you read editorials, do not be ashamed—it is your business if you wish to be different.

From the expression on their faces each morning, some of our students are taking courses in How To Be An Expert Night-Watchman.

We are still thinking of our student who decided he did not want his Bachelor's degree in anything, but took the Master's degree instead.

English students please note: Members of the casts of the recent Shakespearean plays passed their spare moments back stage by reading a dime **Detective Weekly**—Perhaps they were just getting information on how to commit all the murders in the play.

If the proceeds from the Shakespearean plays are to equip the athletic teams next year, Biltmore will startle its opponents with a nudist team. That might bring more students over.

We hear so much about relief

CHATTER

DOROTHY POST

My dear Publik. Oh yeah!

Well, you hard-boiled readers, it's no news, but: That bleery-eyed crowd that came struggling into school a few Mondays back was absolutely not the remnants of McDuff's Last Stand, but the sad, sad remains of a busfull of dog-tired Biltmore Players just home from dear old Chapel Hill. And when I say dog-tired, I mean dog-tired! My feet haven't hurt so bad since I was born. Well, anyway, we went, we walked, and we won!

The Biltmore brawl at the Vanderbilt (Graduate Ball, to you, Frosh,) on the 17th was a success, no end. More peepul. Everybody and everything was just perfect. The Collegians really played up a storm and did the deah, old Biltmore Club put on the dog. I ask you?

A great deal of distinction is reflecting upon "Our Tomater" lately. Another Demolay Senior Councilor selected from Biltmore's bouquet of Southern chivalry . . . With the latest message from La Carpenter comes the crack concerning last month's Chatter that so far as she knew Biltmore Romeos were not elusive. Wow! If she only know! . . . Did you know that the best looking men in Chapel Hill are ole Biltmore Grads? How we doin'? . . . One of the loveliest ladies being escorted hither and yon by a Biltmore swain is Miss Mary Lib Manley. Boyce Hoffmann's reason for living . . . Raymond Meyers has joined the ranks of the tired business men. Ford V-8's are his commodity . . . Roy McClintock will probably give Ga. Tech a fling next fall . . . There's mutiny in the ranks! Prof. Stevenson declares that there are some things that science cannot explain. For instance, why there are so many proposals on a moonlight night. What say, Prof. Murphy? . . . Speaking of crooners, and who did? School is over run with 'em. Berry, Richardson, Murphy, Cawood — and you should hear Baker hit the bottom on those smoky blues songs . . . McIntire will take off for Chapel Hill next fall. The lucky stiff! . . . Budding romance: M. Vaughan and a laddie named Love. Well, well, well, What's in a name? . . . Shelby Horton's bright crack that he wished it would turn warmer so his fancies could turn lightly to love! Who would have dreamed it?

workers that we think they might make relief maps for our history department where they are so badly needed.

It is not that you are lazy—there is just something else you would rather do at the moment.

Take all the knocks. One of them might be opportunity.

Pull might get you there, but you have to hang on yourself.

To the majority of students college means: "A way to prepare myself to make the best possible living with the smallest amount of work."

A sign has been posted in the library over many college catalogues which says, "Are you going to college?" Is the joke on the librarian or the school?

STUDENT OPINION

Editor of Highlander:

Now that tests are over, the grades have been made known, and report cards will soon be sent out, it seems rather disheartening to note the great number of failures and low grades being made. In all my classes the grades on the mid-term exams proved very disappointing to professors as well as discouraging to students. One member of the faculty said that of all the students she teaches, only one made A on the course.

Yet students seem to have time for all types of outside activities and entertainments. Even in the building the spirit of conscientious study does not prevail, and those rooms, including the library and the study-hall, which should be for study are in reality centers for social gatherings. Although it is necessary to have some play along with work, let us try to make Biltmore's Honor Roll grow.

—STUDENT.

Editor of Highlander:

The lot of a college professor is a hard one. And it's little compensation he receives for trying to grind some knowledge into the heads of adolescents who don't care anyway.

He has to read and study to keep ahead of those few students who are always springing catch questions to try to trip him up instead of studying the lesson he assigned them. Then he has to stand up in front of a bunch of smart alecky freshmen and try to impress a few facts on their smoothly polished brains. (As if college freshmen didn't know everything already). After he has talked himself hoarse and worn out his feet pacing the floor for emphasis, he asks a simple question and realizes that those brilliant, knowledge-hungry students have been paying about as much attention to him as an elephant does to the buzzing of a mosquito. Some are gazing out the window, some illustrating their notebooks, and the remainder seem to be in a sort of stupor, utterly oblivious of their surroundings.

Three times in fifteen minutes has our teacher repeated the answer to the aforementioned query. But when he asks the class to explain it—silence reigns supreme. Again he goes over it, point by point. And when he asks the same question five minutes later the response is the same—they don't know.

It's no wonder some college professors wear a perpetual expression of disgust.

—A STUDENT.

International Relations Club Meets

The International Relations Club met Tuesday night, April 16, at the home of Joel Olinger, 37 Robindale avenue.

Much interest in the present European crisis was displayed, and the members gave their opinions on different phases of the situation. The discussion was limited to no topic, but there was a general survey of present day international problems.

Those members present were Graham Ponder, chairman; Mary Anne Heyward, Porter Garland, Nina Williams, Peggy Current, Tommy Moore, Joel Olinger, and the faculty adviser, Mr. Thomas. Miss Cleo Ingle was a visitor.

After the discussions the enjoyable evening was ended when refreshments were served by the host.