

THE CAMPUS CRIER

Member Inter-Collegiate Press

Published twice monthly by students of Asheville-Biltmore College, Asheville, North Carolina.

Editorial and features in The Campus Crier reflect the opinions of the writers and do not claim to represent student or college opinion.

Smiley Courtney.....Editor in Chief

Jean Kennedy.....Associate Editor

Frances McIntyre.....Associate Editor

Peggy Crompton.....Associate Editor

Helen Dickerson, Feature Editor; Grant Owen, Frank Wamsley, Assistant Feature Editors; Henry Simpson, Sports Editor; Walter Baker, Business Manager; Harding Ellis, Advertising Manager; Jean Kennedy, Eugene Waldrop, Advertising Assistants; Billie Cobb, Circulation Manager; Eugene Waldrop, William Norton, Zora Reece, Clarence Towe, James Wilson, Harry Ballew, June Dougherty, Reporters.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER.....Frank Yow

Editorial...

WELCOME, NEW STUDENTS, to the Asheville-Biltmore Campus. Whatever it is that you want out of college, We of the Campus-Crier sincerely hope that your wants will come true. You have all heard of colleges which have had pasts. Well, we do not intend to be corny when we say that Asheville-Biltmore has certainly had a past. Many successful men have studied here, men who now hold responsible positions in this and other communities. As far as the present is concerned, you will find out about that in the next few weeks. The future—Who can say? We can say, however, that we students, the faculty, and responsible persons of this city have been, and will continue, bending our consistent and never ending efforts to the up-building of Asheville-Biltmore College. Won't you join us?

IT IS SURPRISING how many students do not know how the Campus-Crier happens to be handed to them every two weeks. Some know, and some have only a vague idea. The following paragraphs are presented for the benefit of both the old and new students.

A single issue of even a small paper like the Campus Crier entails a lot of hard work. The work usually begins at eleven o'clock during the advanced Journalism (Journalism 25 and 26) class.

Smiley says, "What has happened during the past two weeks that rates a story?"

Peggy, Frances, John, or Clarence quickly begin to relate the events that they are familiar with or have heard about. Of course it isn't always so simple, that is, just one person doing the talking. Sometimes everybody has been to a club meeting, attended a party or heard a rumor that needs to be chased and verified. It is during these sessions that chance listeners would think a whale of a hen party was in progress.

But then, material isn't always so easy to get either. In spite of all that happens on, or concerning, the campus, a worthy news story is hard to find.

It is during such trying times that Mr. Wooton, our instructor, who has been sitting back trying to see which of his students recognize a news story when they see one, comes to our aid.

When the brains of the class have been drained, and advertising has been discussed, argued over, (no, not fought over) it is about time for the bell. The rest of the period is taken up by discussing the technique of getting an interview with a prominent person, recognizing the value of a news story, debating make-up problems, or hunting a feature story for the next issue.

Even after all these headaches, the material for the paper isn't nearly in. At the one o'clock class Smiley reads the list of suggested stories that he has taken down in the first class, and asks for other suggestions.

All Journalism students are supposed to make a note of stories they come into contact with from day to day and hand them into the editor at every class period. Together with the material the editor has gathered himself, there is sometimes a sizable list on the future book. The classroom sessions, however, bring out an occasional gem of news that has been overlooked.

Then comes the moment when the student really earns the right to have his name on the mast-head of the Campus-Crier. Assignments are handed out. "June, a feature story on ———. Helen, Zora,

Jean, take them in order as I read them out. Simpson, Harding, there should be a good story on the last basketball game. Frank, Harry, Buddy, for which one would it be most convenient to see so-and-so? The rest of the assignments have been given to the eleven o'clock class. Buddy, how much advertising do we have for this issue? That's not enough. Harding, do you think you can get any more? We've got to have it." Frank, do you have any new pictures to turn in?"

From that day until the next class day the editor collects the written stories in the halls, on the campus, on his way to the drug store, and sometimes he finds one in the newspaper box in the office.

The editor and associate editors now prove whether or not they know anything about a paper. All the copy must be read, corrected, and some of it typed.

The printer is next in line. The editor takes it to the printers and makes arrangements to pick it up as soon as it is set into print and a proof prepared.

When the galley proofs (long single column sheets) are ready, the editor and associate editors paste up a dummy of the paper. That is: they cut the galley type out and arrange it on a dummy Campus-Crier just as they want it to appear when it comes off the press. This task takes from two to four hours.

The editor takes the dummy to the printers and, together with the make-up man, they prepare the type into a form which will fit into the press. This takes from one to four hours, depending on whether you are to receive a four page or a six page Campus-Crier.

When the form is ready for the press it is placed under the rollers and a sample copy is run. This, the editor checks carefully to guard against mistakes. Even with careful checking it is sometimes hard to detect all errors. When all necessary changes are made the press starts rolling and five hundred copies are run off. Only one side is run at a time and the pressman must wait for the ink to dry before backing it up.

When it comes off the press the Campus-Crier must be folded manually as the printer has no folding machine for our size paper. If it is a six page paper the middle sheet has to be inserted.

To one who is unfamiliar with the Journalism department it is hard to believe that so much work and time goes into every issue of your Campus-Crier.

OVER THE COFFEE CUP

By MAC

Ho-hum! I'm so tired. I don't think I'll write my column this week. Everybody already knows all the news, anyway . . . The only interesting thing that happened was the snow, and that was gone before I could enjoy it . . . Mr. Transou said he had only two bowls of snow cream. I didn't even have that much. . . . The folks at Oak Lodge must have thought there was a lunatic at large last Monday morning at 6 a.m. Mr. Wooton couldn't wait until a decent hour to get out and build a snowman.

Thank goodness registration is over. Some order is finally beginning to rise out of the confusion, although the report cards coming out did nothing to help the situation.

. . . Went to my first Hygiene class the other day. It isn't going to be so bad, considering that I have been putting off taking the course for the last year and a half.

. . . June, what's this I hear about you donating some equip-

Sandburg Cont.

(Continued from Page One)

ory here, to use the letter in his novel.

With Mr. Sandburg were his daughter, Helga Sandburg Toman, and her husband, his grand daughter, Paula Toman, and Mrs. Don Shoemaker of Asheville.

Mr. Sandburg has just returned to his home at East Flat Rock from a trip to New York.

ment to the Radio class? That's what I call real school spirit.

. . . The attic has become quite a popular place since the head of the Journalism Department went to all the trouble of making it livable, hasn't it?

. . . Is there anything in the world more heart-breaking than losing a hard-fought basketball game? Not in my opinion!

. . . Bob Colkitt wore a tie to school for three days last week, hoping to get his picture made. Too bad you had to go to all that trouble, Bob.

No coffee, that's what is the matter with me. Guess I'll go have a cup. See you later.

The little shepherd girl who cried "Wolf" was just wishing.