

THE HIGHLANDER

A Literary Newspaper Published By The Students of
Biltmore College.

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MAY, 1938

Love, Hope, And Admiration

Hope, Love, and Admiration are closely related, so much so, that at times, they are difficult to separate.

What do the lower classes of the world today have to hope for—be it war, peace, famine, plenteousness, depression, prosperity, a living death or a dying life? We shall try to impart to you my opinion of how Ruskin really considered his three material and immaterial things and how he would consider them today.

* * * The air was smoky, the sun scarcely discernible, the noisy bustle and pass-you-by hum of a great city filled the dirty, dingy, grey streets and echoed from the shabby, broken down houses, which lined both sides of the narrow alley. At the end of the street was a huge pile of trash which had been gathering for ages. Around this pile of many and diverse objects played a little boy and his sister. They tossed a rusty can around and threw pebbles at each other. The dirt on which they sat was positively filthy. A pool of stagnant, mosquito-breeding water lay before them. Soot and carbon, the smell of old rags burning, garlic and stale meat cooking, all give into the air a foul, unhealthy odor—

Can that small boy or girl ever have true hope, love, or admiration? Can they raise their heads above the tragic, unexcusable, whirl pool in which they are doomed by fate to live, or will they be jerked under, deeper and deeper? Can they live in such an atmosphere and ever possess true morals, sincere feelings or feel a wonderful intellectual growth within them? What do they have to look forward to—starvation, dissipation, neglect, evil, a bare existence? At the end of a long day they flop into bed—despair, sorrow, fleeting joy, no ambition or true admiration—maybe looking up to and admiring the corner-drug cow boy, the gambler down street in Jake's Bar or some other disreputable character. Oh, is there any hope!

But alas! for these poor dogs, and thanks be to Him for the country,

the open hills and plains and God's world.

* * * The sun rose loyally upon row after row of corn, field after field of waving grain, orchards, green pastures and cool streams. At the well back of the house a small bay and his sister drank deeply of the sparkling, clear water, and splashed each other. Their faces were merry and gay, their whole appearance a joyful one, full of life and energy. They made mud pies and built castles and roads all morning and took long walks to the fields to watch their father plow the long furrows.—We shall ask somewhat the same questions again. Do they not have hope, a loyal love, a staunch heart, and soul, fully capable of admiration? I shall answer "yes."

It is indeed a wonderful thing to rise early in the morning, to feel the dews upon one's bare feet, to lie in the shade of a majestic oak, to watch the domestic animals and birds at work, to work hard and sweat much, tanned by the summer suns and refreshed by its rains, to splash merrily in the open, foamy surf of the ocean, to gallop madly on moon-lit nights along shade paths. to look upon a sea of blossoms.

How can anyone ever have Ruskin's three immaterial things without first having had the three material things? Not to have felt the early morning breeze upon one's nearly bare body is not to have felt the strength and power which comes from hope. Not to have seen the clear moon tint the world in silvery shades is not to have felt the emotion and vivid thrill which comes from love, and lastly, not to have seen great works of arts and heard great performances by eminent persons is not to have felt the inspiration and moral building up which comes from true admiration.

And so in our opinion these great three, Love, Hope, and Admiration, are absolutely essential in the successful growth of a nation, and in the growth of the people which must make up that nation. Let us breathe fresh air, drink pure water, use good earth to the best advantage and die happy.

BILTMORE UNCENSORED

After being bribed (one coca-cola) by "Corky" to warn Helen of her bespectacled friend I hereby do so.

And do you know—yes, and with a girl to. Fred Sales, quiet, studious, and driver of a Ford was seen with an unknown entering a local cinema.

This business of Christine and George has even me worried. Why, they have even neglected their studies.

Then there is Eileen Smith— "Pop" Morgan said she had the most dramatic talent at Biltmore with Robert (no relation to cinema-actor Steele) Steele running a close second. Surprised?

Hubert Solomon when not with Harriet Allen keeps company, entertains, and listens to Burton (the See ME man) Kinney.

After Ray Crane gets from under the influence of the new flame from Lee Edwards it is reported that he will return to Atlanta, Georgia to a cute little thing there. Anyway, Ray dates one girl steadily here and writes another there daily. You know—"Whatta man Crane".

J. D. Howell, ticket taker of the carnival was proposed to by one of the girls in the Hawaiian show. Nope he didn't accept. "Tarzan" Lyerly would not have liked that.

Jael Alston—smart man from Biltmore—since becoming affiliated with the Hounde Club received telegrams and longdistance calls regularly. Yes, Jael says he is the brains behind the club.

Merril, a professor at Biltmore, buys a new car, and runs from the weaker sex. It is currently reported that the little man has some seven proposals for holy matrimony but declined all.

Below and across you will find . . . maybe your name and maybe your ambition and maybe your nickname . . . we don't know because maybe you won't find anything.

McCall "Clarence", hobby, biting his nails; ambition, beat a drum.

Sutton "Andy", hobby, D. A. R.; ambition, to re-fight the Civil War. Smith "George", hobby, Christine P.; ambition, make a speech.

Dykeman "Wilma", hobby, Chatter; ambition, to get laryngitis.

Holcombe "Lynn", hobby, walking; ambition, to teach.

Groves "Pinkney", hobby, Boris

Karloff; ambition, debate with Stalin.

Ponder "Christine", hobby, George S.; ambition, to be shy.

Rosen "Ida", hobby, spike heels; ambition, to grow.

Ivy "Doc", hobby, talking; ambition, to marry.

Starnes "Margaret", hobby, Ray Richardson; ambition, to go to Chapel Hill.

Flannery "Felice", hobby, smiling; ambition, to get plumb.

Caldwell "George", hobby, stuttering; ambition, to graduate.

Edwards "Mary", hobby, Bill Jackson; ambition, to marry.

Allport "Adele", hobby, writing notes in sociology; ambition, to be able to concentrate.

Roberts "Duck", hobby, boxing; ambition, to grow taller than Ida Rosen.

Steel "Bob", hobby, Felice Flannery; ambition, to play Camillie.

Stanberry "James", hobby, economics; ambition, to be a doctor.

Williams "Nina", hobby, having brain children; ambition, to graduate.

Keith "Jim", hobby, "I"; ambition, to be president.

Alston "Leonard", hobby, "Hounde Club"; ambition, to marry.

Hines "Evelyn", hobby, history; ambition, to teach.

Crane "Ray", hobby, reducing his waist line; ambition, to write.

Sales "Phillip", hobby, chemistry; ambition, to reduce his ego.

Sales "Fred", hobby, women; ambition, to be divorced.

Crawford "Jack", hobby, making speeches; ambition, to be listened to.

Allen "Janice", hobby, laughing; ambition, to teach.

Burleson "Lorraine", hobby, flirting; ambition, to marry.

Duncan "Joe", hobby, radio; ambition, to talk face to face with one of the "Seven Draws".

Totherow "Clark", hobby, studying; ambition, to have as much sense as Sutton.

Parker "J. V.", hobby, talking; ambition, to teach.

Derault "Nancy", hobby, N. C. C. W.; ambition, to marry.

Kilgo "Douglas", hobby, movies; ambition, to be a "Tarzan".

Allen "Grover", hobby, international situation; ambition, to get all the foreigners out of it.

THE PURE OPTIMIST

You know, there isn't a happier person on earth than a pure optimist. He seems to have such a cheery outlook on life. You may think he is silly and foolish to trust in pure luck to make everything come out for the best. You may think he will end up with nothing in his pockets and an equal amount in his stomach. And he may. But he will still be cheerful and happy.

But he is not the best kind of optimist. He is the true kind. The best kind is the sensible optimist. He believes that "what has happened, has happened and there isn't anything he or anybody else can do to change it." He does not let useless worry impair his abilities or destroy his equable disposition. However, he does not lie around and wait for his life to turn out to be a successful prosperous one of its own accord. He does his best to see if he cannot better his own condition. If things chance to go against him, he does not sit back and bemoan his fate and live off of the government. He will say, "Well, what is, is, and there's no use worrying about it," and come right back and try again. That's the best kind of optimist.

Dienices, the Spartan, when told

the Persian arrows would darken the sun over Thermopylae, said, "So much the better; we shall fight in the shade." There was an optimist. He was facing sure death before an enemy that "covered the whole country like locusts" and he could see something humorous in the instrument of his death.

Lincoln was much of the optimist, especially before the Civil War. Though his assurance often wavered, he had a great faith that everything would eventually turn out for the best. And, but for an assassin's bullet, it might have.

I expect the Lord was in an optimistic mood when He made Adam and then put Eve there under that apple tree with him. I can't see why He would have made them at all if He hadn't been kind of trustful about how His plans would turn out.

So, you see, right from the beginning, optimism has played an important part in the making of history. Why, what if Archimedes, or Caesar, or Napoleon, or Wellington, or Washington, or Pershing, or Foch had said, "Oh, this can never be done. There's no use going on. I'm going to quit trying to do something that can never be completed." Well, they didn't and today we remember

Homespun Philosophy

T'other day, I heerd a feller say that he didn't have no keer fer th' mount'ns an' thut he'd be plumb glad when he could git 'way from them. Now, I make 'llowance for th' fac' that he hadn' lived all his life in th' mount'ns but thut didn' keep me from thinkin' thut I couldn't see no reason for enybody not likin' th' mount'ns.

T' begin with, we'uns down here don' hardly ever have eny o' those troubles thut people on th' plains er th' coast er th' big cities have. We don' have no bad floods, earthquakes, dust storms, ner hurricanes, an' yuh never hear o' eny strikes ner labor troubles botherin' us d'rectly down here. So yuh see how we ought t'have a much quieter an' happier life than we would enywhere else.

Then thur's th' beauty o' mount'ns. I'll grant yohu thut thur's a heap a beauty in th' blue o' th' sea, er th' green o' th' plain, er th' lights o' a big city at nights but who wants t' look at th' same blue sea, th' same green plain, er th' same city lights ever'day er night? Now, up here in th' Blue Ridge we'uns can climb eny one o' hundreds o' mount'ns and, as th' poet feller sez, "an ever-changing vista unfolds below us" as we turn 'round.

So, yohu see, thar's a heap o' goodness an' happiness comin' jus' from living in the mount'ns. But yohu got t'look fer it. Take what 'Fess' Merrill was sayin' not long 'go in biol'gy class. Yohu know he b'lieves a lot in findin' out things by obs'vation. Well, he was talkin' 'bout what th' high heels women are wearin' does t' their feet an' he says as how he'd noticed their ankles wobblin' with ever' step cause all their weight was on their toes. Now, I don' know if he got that inf'mation from pure sci'ntific obs'vation but least-aways he was noticin' whut was goin' on 'round him. An' thet's what I'm gettin' at. Allus notice what's goin' on 'round yohu an' yohu'll surely find a lot o' good thut yuh didn't know was there afore. 'Course it d'pends on how yuh look at it whether a lady's ankle is good er bad.

Youth Speaks

Life in general is dismal . . . wars and more wars . . . economic strife—abject poverty in the shadows of great churches that cost millions to build . . . strikes that border on open wor between labor and capital . . . no room left for individuality—too many conventions that cause people to do things because they are afraid of public opinion . . . life has ceased to be something to live or appreciate; but something we must be hurried through . . . Credits certifying that one has an education can be bought just as easily as one buys an automobile—Colleges have become mills!

Words that a conservative youth has come to dislike; Social degenerate; Dipsomaniac; Unions and Communism; National Debt; Japan; Naziism; Italy; Russia; Divorce; Supreme Court; and being a democratic youth—Maine and Vermont.

their faith in the ability of things to come out for the best through the application of a little good hard work.