

THE CAMPUS CRIER

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Editorial...

How many friends do you have? One? Two? or, are you one of those rare individuals who can boast three or more good friends. When you read this hold up one finger to represent each friend. If you are honest one hand will stay in your pocket.

"Now this is a sorry situation," you say. "I can do better than that." Well no one will argue with you. Everybody agrees that you can, that is, you can if you try. How many of your fellow students do you think would care one way or the other whether you came to school another day or not? The answer will amaze you.

Look around and pick out a person at random and decide why he should care. Did you give him something today? Did you give him a nod of recognition this morning; or a smile; or just a few words? Did you help to make his day a little more pleasant. Now you know why he doesn't care. It gives you a funny feeling to know that you mean nothing to people, doesn't it?

THE BARD

What Shakespeare would have said about a Hangover:

Shall I compare thee to a fiend from Hell?

Thou art more savage and more obdurate,

Thy cloven hoofs beat on my brain pell-mell

When those sweet dreams of beer and gin abate.

Sometimes too hot the eye of Heaven shines

And my brain cooks, yet it is cold as clay

Compared to that great searing pain the wines

of yesternight leave burning here today.

But all thy tyrannous plans shall go for naught,

Thy picks and hammers crumble as the dust,

In thine arch-fore, brave Bromo Seltzer bought

Last night in Campus Drug I place my trust.

For fifty cents is but a trifling fee

To hire the warrior that brings death to thee.

—Coleman Younger,
Missouri "Showme"

Help Keep Our Campus Clean

THE ENGINEER

Behold ye that wonder of men, the ENGINEER.

Lo, he riseth and stayeth up late, often he greeteth the rising sun and the setting moon. Ye know him by the circles beneath his eyes and the slide rule in his hand.

He loveth, indeed, the damsel which he claspeth to his bosom, but she hath a longing look; for her heart would break.

Though he admireth her carriage, it is but for the skeletal structure and the stress thereof; though he praiseth her grace, it is but for the mechanics concerned.

Verily, he stroketh her tresses tensile strength thereof; he foldeth her hand to estimate the thermal generation therefrom.

Yea, though they walk through the Forests of Hort, she shall fear no evil, for the curse is upon him; he babbleth unceasingly of vapor pressures, dynamos, steam tables, thermodynamics, and logarithms.

He is a slave to his learning, he ruineth his health and eyes with much learning; he overloadeth his brain. He windeth up in an apprenticeship of twenty-and-five shekels per week, ordered around by some two-bit commerce student.

—Penn State Froth.

OVER THE COFFEE CUP

By MAC

Now here's the way I look at it — if our boys had just been a wee bit hotter out at the Enka gym the other night, poor Ol' Campbell would have been a gone duck, and I mean REAL GONE. Still, the Bulldogs came so close to chewing them up that it was no laughing matter—for the Camels. . . . I can't help feeling that the cheering from the sidelines did a great deal to pep up the game. I hardly see how there have been any better cheering, but maybe if we had yelled one more time there at the end, the boys could have managed somehow to eliminate that narrow margin which threw us out of the tournament.

However, that's all water under the bridge. We're proud of the showing made by the Bulldogs during the last season, but we're also anticipating a rip-roarin' time when the baseball season starts.

I hear the Dramatics department is taking a trip down to Chapel Hill come spring. The A-B players have always made a good showing down at the dramatics festival, and are sure to do so again this year.

Guess what I heard the other night? — the official photographer of The Campus Crier and The Summit, serenading (on his guitar) a pretty red-head. Where? —at The Weepers meeting, while everyone else was playing The Game!

By the way, The Weepers are throwing a big one soon—a banquet and dance for all radio, journalism and dramatics students and their dates. At cinco pesos per couple it should be good.

Clubs To Sponsor Banquet - Dance

"The Weepers." Journalism Club of Asheville-Biltmore, in cooperation with the Radio and Speech Departments, plans to sponsor a semi-formal banquet and dance which will be held March 12th.

The club plans to make this dance the most elaborate of the year. Dr. and Mrs. Glenn L. Bushy will be honored guests. Plans are being made to have a guest speaker.

A location for the dance has not yet been established.

Committees for invitations and decorations have been chosen.

Not How Many, Just When

Snows may snow and March winds may blow but when is your birthday? We know!

Birthday greetings to June Dougherty on the 1st and to "Herm" better known as Robert Pressley on the 2nd. A big Happy Birthday on the 12th to Robert Colkitt, Gwendolyn Dalton, and Jack Milbee.

To anyone we may have overlooked and to all we say, "Best wishes and many happy returns of the day."—HD.

MARTHA'S BONES

The Human Anatomy students are analyzing systems of the human body. "Martha's" bones enable them to gain knowledge of the skeleton. When a Pre-med. is asked to define the cranium he immediately answers in detail. "The cranium is one of many bones comprising the magnificent framework of the human body. Its specific location is in the head. Better known as the skull, it is precisely that part of the skull which encloses the brain."

The embalmed cats numerous students have been grimacing at are the means of studying muscles. Later on in the semester the circulatory system will be dissected. The students hope to reassert the theory that arteries are actually red and veins are blue. They plan to count the red and white corpuscles in an average circulatory system. Should you want to have your blood typed around the end of the semester just see one of our future bonafide MD's.

"Boys," said the clergyman to the Sunday School class, "you must learn never to lose your tempers under the most vexing circumstances. To illustrate, while I've been talking, a fly has landed on my nose; I do not swear, I do not blaspheme, I merely say, "Go away fly!" "DAMN, IT'S A BEE!"

Maidens Lament:

He tells me he's sorry
For all the things he's done.
Why should he feel sorry?
I had a lot of fun.

If you're man (mean) enough to do it, I can suggest a wonderful way to get even with a neighbor who plays his radio until 2 a.m. Call him up at 4 a.m. and tell him how much you enjoyed it.