

## The Clarion

The Brevard College Weekly

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## What Can College Give Me?

Although this question may seem selfish, either we or our families have considered that something of value can be obtained from college life, or we would not be here now. The answer to this query depends a great deal upon what we intend to give to the college. Are we going to loaf through without expending any effort, or are going to put the most into and get the most out of it that is possible? Shall we accept all the help we can receive and return nothing, or shall we determine that all our talents are going to be exercised to the fullest extent for the benefit of our college, that each of us is going to prove a vital and influential unit in its structure, and that it will be a little better for our having attended it.

## What Is Your Creed?

Every person thinks differently but somewhat along the same channels. Every student here is living a little differently from the others, but our goals are approximately the same. Every civilized man lives and thinks differently from others, but all have a common cause to gain and end to face. Living, then, with a common cause necessitates a creed or standard by which we ought to shape our lives.

Many are not conscious that they have a creed; but all disciplinary moral, or spiritual decisions are based either directly or indirectly on their creed. Many take a certain definite stand on a matter and say, "That's just the way I'm built." In reality that is their

creed. The person with a noble standard which he incessantly observes will likely be a jump or two ahead.

When you pass judgement on some one by expounding that you admire his or her moral policies, congenial disposition, or brilliance, you can say that he or she has a worthwhile creed. No man can be better than his creed. You see getting ahead or even just getting along requires a creed built on helping others, forgetting the faults of others, bridling your tongue when an angry word would hurt, or smiling rather than passing snap judgement upon a person a course which might otherwise result in remorse, shunning the sloughs in which the foolish wallow, and studying to obtain great knowledge and understanding.

## Hills

By Leighton Presson

I love the hills,  
Enveloped in autumnal beauty,  
Forever silent and strong,  
As eternal as God,  
Staunch columns  
Supporting the blue infinity.

I love the hills,  
Laid out in October's wrap,  
A mantle as gay as Joseph's  
Yet bespeaking calm dignity;  
A swift departure  
From man's somber shroud.

I love the hills,  
So peaceful and quiet,  
Giant sentinels  
Who love their charge,  
Guarding the valley  
That lies between them.

I love the hills  
When nature spreads  
A splendor of color everywhere  
To gladden the sight,  
When hemlocks whisper  
A song of the past.

I love the hills  
With their frowning rocks  
(Like a stern father  
Teaching his wayward child,  
Echoing lessons  
As old as the sun.

I love the hills,  
Guiding each turbulent stream  
As it dances and laughs through life  
(As every youth would,  
Coaxing its fanciful flight  
To the narrow path.

I love the hills  
Now shrouded in autumnal beauty,  
Facing the blackness of winter  
With sacred courage  
When, robbed of their lovely plumage,  
They stand forsaken.

I love the hills  
Though shorn of October's glory,  
Standing in dreary coldness,

## Tuccoa Lucille Smith

By John Hoyle

Tuccoa Lucille Smith, A. B., M. A., Dean of Women, and Guardian Angel of West Hall was born at Decatur, Georgia, December 7, 18--. She is the oldest of five children born to Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Smith. At the age of six Miss Tuccoa moved from Decatur to Columbus, Georgia. When sixteen years of age she was graduated from Columbus High School with all honors as valedictorian. The fall after graduation Miss Smith entered Georgia State College at Milledge. On completing two years there she taught for three years in the grammar schools of that state. Miss Smith then entered the University of Chicago, where she studied for two years. After the two years in Chicago she accepted a position as instructor at Columbus Seminary for girls. While there she taught English, French, Spanish, geography, history, and what have you? At the outbreak of the World War Miss Smith went to Washington and there worked for a few years in connection with the Treasury Department. In 1921 Miss Smith joined the faculty of Brevard Institute and in 1924 became a member of the faculty of Weaver College as head of the English Department. Her last three years at Weaver she acted as Dean of Women of the original "Biddie Coop." She joined the faculty of Brevard College in the fall of '34 and has had her heart and hands full of Brevard College ever since.

She received her A. B. and M. A. degrees through summer school work at Georgia State College for Women. Her favorite poet is Browning; her favorite poem "Rabbi Ben Ezra," her greatest pride and job are her "biddies," but she loves to see the boys around too. Miss Smith's interests are divided among dramatics, football, art and love affairs of the students. At football games she yells like an Apache and gives the students a first class example of real school spirit. Her greatest ambition is to have a rustic log cabin atop a near-by hill so that lovers from the campus might stroll up on moonlight nights and rest undisturbed on the cool vine-shaded porch.

[Note: This is the third in a series of biographical sketches of the members of the faculty.]

A frowning mass of ugliness  
Stretching gaunt arms to heaven  
In supplication.

Patronize our Advertisers  
as they are reliable firms.

Snappy Sport Wear for College  
Girls is our Hobby.

**The Nobby Shoppe**

Brevard's Only Exclusive Shoppe for Women

## Still Nameless

I'm still wanting a name suitable for this piece of scribbling commonly known as a column. Some one suggested that I see Miss Fewell and ask her the name of some of the conglomerations she prepares for our lunches and christen this column with that name. However, I want more ideas. Please submit your ideas to either the editor-in-chief or the associate editors.

Well! I've heard of girls doing queer things when they're in love, but I'd never heard of this before. Tissie McKinney washed and pressed her shoe strings before the Boiling Springs game. But yet when she was talking to the "football hero", they seemed so engrossed in looking into each other's eyes I hardly see how he could have noticed her shoe strings.

Since last week's column I've found that my room-mate is not the only one who would like to engage in fishing as a sport. What IS this attraction, Odell?

It seemed good to see Phil Brooks out to the Boiling Springs' game, but we wish it could have been under different circumstances. A speedy recovery to you, Phil.

Few people have the carefree air that Harriet Rhinehardt has or the man-of-the-world look of Ed Powell.

R. D. was feeding Vick's cough drops to Madeline Farthing at the game last Friday. Are you feeling better or worse, Madeline?

Just forty days until Christmas. Shirley Temple wants the Dionne Quintupletes. What do you want?

## Clubs

### Fireside

Ivey Allison had charge of the program of the Fireside club and made a most interesting talk on the history of home life. Elizabeth Craft gave the Scripture reading and led in prayer. Louise Jenkins also gave a talk on the Biltmore estate in Asheville. There were fifteen members, five of them being new members.

### International Relations

At the meeting of the International Relation club on Friday night a program was presented of the social life of various countries. The Italo-Ethiopian situation was informally discussed. Mr. Cathey talked on the origin of the organization and urged the members to do extensive outside reading.

### Travel

The program of the Marco Polo Travel club was planned by Vivian Kreeger. Lallah May Edwards talked on the history and geography of Ethiopia, and Rena Morgan discussed the people and their customs. Miss Binford told about the

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