

## The Clarion

The Brevard College Weekly

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## Thanksgiving, For What?

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving. That is, it is the day set aside by our Pilgrim forefathers as a day of worship, meditation, and wholesome social relations. Approaching this holiday again, it is quite fitting that we consider our present conception of the occasion.

Frankly, but not proudly, we must confess that we have really lost the real significance. In today's observance of Thanksgiving most people absolutely disregard a worship or religious service of any kind, and may even fail to offer a simple prayer during the entire day. Instead, our minds are intensely set on a football game, a hunt, a perfect feast, or a special date. All of these are perfectly normal and without a doubt permissible, provided they are not the dominant interests of the day.

Every normal human being has a feeling of appreciation and gratitude; and that feeling is very often expressed, although sometimes unconsciously and in different ways, this of course depending on the individual. But whether our style be elegant, pleasing, or graceful, we should consider it nothing short of our duty to spend some time in recollection of and thanksgiving for our favors, whatever they may have been. If this worship is unfamiliar, it will be somewhat mechanical at first; but as time goes on we shall discover something noble and great in our hearts that we had not known was there.

Thanksgiving day is next  
Thursday, November 28th.  
Bosh! It's a holiday.

## Faculty Sketches Jack Stiles Dendy

By John Hoyle

Jack Stiles Dendy was born in Walhalla, South Carolina, September 29, 1909. Attended Walhalla Grammar School and was graduated from high school in the same town in 1926. Says that he played high school football occasionally. Entering Presbyterian College the fall after graduation, Jack made the boxing team, the rifle team, and tooted a trumpet in both the college band and the orchestra. Dendy is also a fraternity man, having been pledged ALT while at Presbyterian. During his college life he filled his summers with various adventures. He was instructor in woodcarving and basketry in a camp of slum kids one summer, and another summer found him sweating in the wheat fields of Kansas. Regardless of his outside activities he also found time to acquire "book learning" and thereby received his B.S. degree from Presbyterian in 1930. After graduation Dendy received a fellowship in zoology at U. N. C. He received his M. A. Degree from Carolina in '32 but returned in '33 to study natural history and "general education." Left there the next year and taught in the high school of Washington, North Carolina. In the fall of '34 Dendy joined the faculty of Brevard College as head of the biology department.

Dendy plans to make education his life work and also has a yen to be a naturalist. Has had two thrills he'll never forget, a boat trip from Charleston to New York and the "come to" after a knock-out blow in boxing. Delights in his hobbies of woodcarving and photography, and for poetry he clings to Mr. Kipling. Mr. Dendy also has a word of advice for biology students: "Just keep on digging—maybe you'll find a grub worm for experimental purposes."

## Vesper Service Decoration Committee

Some word of appreciation is due the vesper service decoration committee. For several weeks they have worked willingly and untiringly to make the stage in the auditorium so attractive that the students will take more interest in the programs. The committee is made up of Vivian Moore, Summers Maugans, and Sara King.

## My Tongue

By John Hoyle

With apologies to Edna St. Vincent Millay.

I wag my tongue at both ends,  
And sometimes with it bite.  
But, oh, my friends, and, ah, my  
foes,  
It gives me much delight.

## Brevard Home-Coming on Thanksgiving Day

What other time could be more appropriate for a college homecoming than Thanksgiving Day? For what could we be more thankful than our friends and the opportunity of being with them again? Surely the students who were at Brevard last year will be truly thankful to have our Brevard College to "come home" to next Thursday. Let's all get behind this movement for an enthusiastic Homecoming Day, for in doing so, we will be establishing a tradition in this college that future students here will appreciate and carry on.

Our football game with Mars Hill is going to be a great attraction in getting everybody together with real school spirit. And think how grand and glorious we are going to feel Thanksgiving night, after we've beat Mars Hill! By the way, that's just what we're going to do! Let's make this a Homecoming Day that will really be remembered!

## Who's Who on the Campus

President of the Council— Thomas Graham  
President of the Sophomore Class— Lloyd Parks  
President of the Freshman Class— James Rogers  
President of the Ciosophic Literary Society— Richard Queen  
President of the Euterian Literary Society— Ruth Sylvester  
President of the Delphian Literary Society— Robert Reinhardt  
President of the Mnemosynean Literary Society— Edith Beard  
President of the Methodist Club— Earl Pearson  
President of the Presbyterian Club— Charlotte Patton  
President of the Baptist Club— Thomas Graham  
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Assistant Dean in West Hall— Sara Lou Kiger  
Assistant Dean in Ross Hall— Vernon Tucker  
Assistant Dean in Town Hall— Leroy Lail  
Chief Cheer Leaders— Ferrell Young and Billie Bundy  
Night Watchman— Mazon Murphy  
Mail Man— Marshall Houtz  
Bell Ringer— Horace Raper  
Chairman of Boys' Midweek Devotionals— James Crouse  
Chairman of Girls' Midweek Devotionals— Donnie Patterson

## Succotash

I don't know whether the column will carry this name definitely or not. Anyway will call it this for the time being, and with such a name it can contain anything -- and then some.

Wonder if the people who rode to Biltmore on the truck have "thawed out" yet. And speaking of Biltmore, it was perfectly wonderful. Those who have been there have seen a sight, and those who have not have a sight to see.

Well, the week-end seems to have been a little upset. Instead of those "regular courting couples" there was Esther with Gibbs, Leighton with Ruth, John with Mary Jo, and Harriet with Ned. But, after all, there's nothing like a change.

Mrs. Coltrane's English students are about to feel that they are doomed. A research essay of between 1500-2500 words is not to be laughed at.

It's interesting to stand outside a class-room door and watch the expressions on people's faces as they take a test. Some of them have a puzzled undecided look, others write away with a very self-confident and self-satisfied air, while the majority have the totally blank look characteristic of many of us so called "students."

Few people can:  
Observe as much as Mrs. Coltrane.  
Chew gum like Pat Shackford.  
Look at you like Mr. Carlisle.  
Use that Southern drawl as effectively as Phil Brooks.

Manipulate their limbs like Mr. Buckner.  
Eat as much bread as Little Audrey.  
Hear as well as Miss Hayes and Miss Smith.

Imitate people as well as Donny.  
Laugh like Dan Williams (thank goodness!)

We're expecting a number of visitors here Thanksgiving for the "Home Coming Day." Folks, let's do all we can to show them they're welcome.

## Inheritance

By Leighton Presson

No more the driven slave is he,  
And bound no longer to the soil.  
His path is clear—his mind is free  
To spurn the endless empty toil,

To leave at least the beaten track,  
Nor brunt of fruitless labor bear;  
He sees within this smiling stack  
Of books a freedom and a stair.

Is not this thought enough to make  
His burning heart beat high and fast;  
His term is served, and he can take  
The road that leads to life at last.

## Accounts for Her Icy Tones

Jones took his aunt out riding,  
Though wintry was the breeze,  
He put her in the rumble seat,  
To watch his anti-freeze.

—Exchange