

THE CLARION

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One Falling Leaf

One falling leaf from a once-flaming tree
 Is drifting, gliding, somersaulting down,
 To fall at last among the other leaves.

When we in walking shuffle through the piles,
 We notice with a start the bare black boughs,

And say, among ourselves, "Why fall has come!"
 —Margaret Ryan

Another Chance

It isn't New Year's yet; but, in a sense, it is our New Year. It is our chance to start over, to begin anew, and to do our best. Many of us have made new resolutions in regard to our work for the coming quarter. We resolve to do our best and not let examinations find us unprepared as they perhaps did last week.

GREETINGS

"We greet the glad New Year

With strong, courageous heart

And putting all mistakes away

Resolve to do our part.

"To overcome all hindrances
 To make all weights our wings

And all our failures stepping-stones

To higher, better things."

"A man is never a prophet in his own pantry." --- Slesinger.

The Curse of Cleverness

Cleverness can be the most cruel weapon a person can wield against the tender sensibilities of his fellow man. Cleverness has many forms -- from brilliant witticism, through sharp sarcasm, to plain boorishness. Of course there are those clever people who write books or plays or poetry that is published, or who can manage a husband, a home, a bridge club and the Ladies' Aid Society all at once.

The clever person who uses acid sarcasm to gain his point is truly clever. He is able to say things about his neighbor through a veil of wit. Such cleverness is like a barbed arrow. It also has the power of a boomerang. Only too often it returns to the detriment of the original sender.

I hate the person who cultivates rude cleverness. He is the one who monopolizes a group with off-color jokes, mere silliness, and frequent reminders of his personal superiority. His is the type of cleverness which is soon tired of, except among those who know no better or who do not care. His type is tolerated for a moment and soon dropped.

Cleverness is a curse. To often a person, thought clever by others, develops immense conceit. A person who may have been so clever as to hold popular attention, soon becomes too sure and is dropped. Cleverness has the power to make a man; but, like the Midas touch, it may break him. Cleverness, used sparingly, is a boon to any dry conversation or dull group; but too much is merely an abomination.

—Margaret Ryan

Strength

Let come the snows of winter wild

Or gales with sleet and rain.

I shall not fear the cold and snow

Or storms upon the main.

Let come the night without a star;

Place murky darkness round

I shall not fear to tread the path

Until a road is found.

I only ask some heart to love,
 Some work, and some of play.

Then I'll withstand the fiercest gale

And never lose the way.

---A Freshman

Kaleidoscope

Human Interest-Comment-Events

By Odell Salmon

DISAPPOINTMENT IN LOVE

Centuries ago there was a famous artist who did a painting of Jesus. But before he began his painting it was necessary to find a person who most resembled Jesus in his manhood. A prolonged search in numerous places was made, and a man was found. That man was young, vigorous, serious, but loving and gentle in appearance and action. His whole countenance radiated love. The man was as the normal man of his age—in love with the intention of marrying.

Years passed from the time the painting of Jesus was made, and the same painter sought to make a painting of Judas; so again a wide search was made for a man to pose, one who closely resembled the most despicable character in all history. A haggard, worn, furtive-looking man was found for the sitting. When he was approached, he identified the man as the one who had asked him to pose as Jesus; but the painter did not recognize his model. He thought that they had never met. But the man told the artist that he was the same man who years before had posed as Jesus. He said that he had been in love with a girl who had forsaken him, who had taken his life and broken it in a love affair.

ANOTHER WAITER

Recently there was the heavy tax of one cent for each note imposed on all persons who desire to send communications while in the main dining hall. This fine in its accumulated sum—probably a thousand years hence—is to make a fund for superannuated and indigent waiters at Brevard College.

To present this matter in a meticulous argument we could write an editorial listing its weakness, but that seems hardly required. But we do suggest that another waiter be taken on to deliver all notes. This will relieve the strain (for that is what it is) on the regular waiters. After the note has been written, the writer can lift it into the air where it can be seen by the "delivery waiter." In a flash it will be away safely to its destination, with no burden of producing one cent.

FOOT-NOTES

Take care of your love letters while you are young, and they will take care of you when you are old.

There might be a better prime minister, say the English; but there cannot be a better king.

THE WAY OF A BACHELOR

Most bachelors make good, but few make five million dollars in twenty years. Noel Coward, now the most famous playwright and showman of the stage in America and England, has made good and good money. This author written about thirty successful plays and many musical productions since the war. He is an eccentric genius, yet he appeals to the public through his playing and acting. For several hours of life in modern circles, in unusual conditions, and in profound joy, I suggest that you live through some of his plays. Perhaps his best collection is "Play Parade."

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW QUARTER

During examination week a witty and clever person worked some words together that ran—"Thought for the week or (weak) --- Be Prepared." Perhaps to avoid the strain of mind and body that was very dominant last week, the thought for this week and all quarter is "Get Prepared."

WITTINESS vs. SOUNDNESS

In every group there are superficial people as well as sound-thinking people. Brevard--like most college camps--is resounding with wise-cracks a great deal; but the king of the jesters is Grover Boyd. Big, hale, and jolly Boyd answers to the name "Jeep" usually with a remark that brings laughter or certainly a grin. A bull session with this "witty-as-a-nitty" can take the blues away.

On the other hand is Bill Fowler, a quiet, smart, versatile fellow who can talk "real-sense" as efficiently and interesting as a graduate student at Duke.

Bill sets type in the print shop in spare time, decks with the crowd at a party by playing rufus with the piano, and thinks before he talks.