

Who Says We Were Beaten?

So we lost 12 conference games. What of it? We lost 11 varsity squad members, too, but we didn't quit or give up, did we? We kept on playing the best we could. We finished the season with a team that wasn't licked.

We think this and so does Coach Andrews. "The fight our gang put up at Lees-McRae," says the coach, "shows what kind of spirit the team had. They went in there to win that ball game, and they fought to win it—all the way."

We can't say we won, and no one can say we quit. So we lost 12 conference games, but we weren't whipped.

Tornadoes Grateful For College Support

The Brevard College Tornadoes wish to thank the college for the new white uniforms and new white shoes. The cagers are proud of their colors and are proud of the way in which the college has backed them in all tilts.

The Brevard gym, one of the best throughout the Junior College Circuit, has to its credit good lights, floor, and plenty of room on the sides and behind the backboards. That's another thing the boys and girls are grateful for.

The coaches of the opposing teams and the officials commented on the white uniforms and how neatly the cagers of Brevard were dressed. One of the reasons for this was because each set of uniforms was cleaned before each game. The shoes were cleaned before every other game. This not only promotes good looks, but also good health.

In closing, the boys wanted to say "Thanks for everything."

James Addison Jones Library
Brevard College
February 26, 1951

Dear Students:

We can't figure it out. Are you too good for us? Too good to associate with us? If you think not, why do you leave us in these dark shelves for years, without taking us down, or without even saying hello as you pass through the stacks.

By now you are wondering who I am, so I will introduce my friends and me. I am **Abraham Lincoln**. You celebrated my birthday last week, but you really don't like me. The only friend I have here is **JOE JACK WELLS**, who read me in March of 1950.

How you neglect me seems all the more strange, considering my friend Sandburg, who wrote me, lives just down the road in your neighboring village of Hendersonville. But maybe a Yankee shouldn't complain. My friend Bob Lee, a shelf or so above, isn't doing so much better for company than I am.

I suppose the worst case here is Osler. It seems odd that the greatest of all surgeons should be ill himself from lack of attention when there are so many prospective doctors and nurses on the campus. **EARL BLACK**, won't you please read Cushing's **LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM OSLER**? Cushing, you know, is a great doctor too, and I am sure he can help you in your future work.

My friend over there on the fiction shelf disturbing us with his howling is Thomas Wolfe. He is furious because his only friend at Brevard college has moved away. Only **MR. HOLLOWAY** has found time to read **YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN**. And he has gone. I know that this is a very good book, because only yesterday Tom told me so himself. It never gets dusty in other libraries. You know, of course, that Tom Wolfe is Asheville's No. 1 ex-citizen.

This all makes me wonder what is wrong here—is it us, or is it you?

When I was your age I walked nine miles to get a book. You have to reach only nine inches to get one. Why don't you do it—more often?

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN,

Who Is The Man Of Distinction?

DEAD MEN MAKE NO SALES

Is This Man-kind Or A Kind Of Man?

Sitting down to a popular magazine these days is next-worst thing to sitting down to a bar. Fumes from whiskey ads reek from every other page. Catch phrases such as "Famous as America's **Luxury Blend**" and "Have More Fun With Rum!"—each brand of poison pictured has its special snare. But the villain of them all is Mr. Man of Distinction.

Wealthy enough to afford a two-page spread in our leading magazines, our MAN displays himself in wine silk robe lounging in his ultragenteel living room. Every alcoholic inch of him a gentleman, he is drinking a gentleman's drink.

Duped by this ad or others equally seductive, too many readers become distinguished after a sharply different fashion: one misjudges a fast turn and bleeds to death in his windshield. Another chops his wife to bits, then shoots himself. And so it goes. THESE distinguished gentlemen rate short notices in the dailies. The magazine ads, of course, ignore them. Dead men do not advertise their distinctions. Nor do they drink.

NO NEWS; NO CLARION

The reporters on THE CLARION staff are nothing but red-blooded American guys and gals trying to get along in the world, but youse people (students and faculty alike) make getting along increasingly difficult.

Why?

You should hear the sob stories that this reporter hears when running down a story:

"I'm too busy now"; or, "I'll tell you all about it tomorrow"; or, "I just don't know a thing."

Such stories are really quite heartbreaking. Still reporters have deadlines to meet. And those deadlines have to be met if the paper goes out on time. So, if you want publicity, advertisements, announcements of club activities or such, come and tell us about them. We meet Monday through Friday at 2:30 p. m. in THE CLARION offices in the basement of Taylor Hall. If a reporter calls on you, give him the facts the first time he asks.

Following are CLARION deadlines: March 7, April 4, April 18, and May 9.

We must have your copy on or before these dates.

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