

Brevard Sports

Probably no one was as pleasantly surprised at the beginning of school as was Coach Leighton Martin. Looking around, he found that all twelve of the freshmen members of last year's varsity had returned for their second year at Brevard. Back to wear the Blue and White in the basketball wars were: Forwards Bruce Guy, Jerry Haas, Ross Wingo, and Bob Sims; Centers Munsey Millaway and Tom Higgins; Guards Jim Ingle, Vance Link, David Cudd, Steve Mitchell, and Mickey Beam.

In the 1955-56 season Brevard finished second in the Western Carolinas Junior College Athletic conference basketball standings. Powerful North Greenville, the nation's fourth ranked team in junior college basketball, was first, finishing the season undefeated in conference play. Considering how far the inexperienced Toradoes of last year went with only two returnees from the 1954-55 squad, one wonders just how far this year's team can go with a dozen men back and a group of promising freshmen on hand.

Coach Martin, in his first year at Brevard last year, proved himself to be a shrewd and able leader with the ability to make the most of the material he has on hand. This year, B'vard has the material. We eagerly look forward to the period around Dec. 1, when we will meet the B'vard College Toradoes formally.



PETER FORD
Displays Talent

Pianist, composer, and newest faculty member of the Brevard College music department, Mr. Peter Ford, opened this year's series of recitals Sept. 28, with a brilliant and accomplished interpretation of "Chaconne". From the titilative "Chaconne", Mr. Ford moved into the somber melancholy of Liszt's "Funerailles", overwhelming his audience with a powerful and impassioned interpretation. Seemly intent upon continually amazing his heterogeneous audience, the tall young man next displayed two original compositions amid ripples of excited approval. In these he depicted a satire on a realization of a prelude by Bach in the style of Prokofieff circa 1912 and a pseudo-transcription of a Bach fugue in a style reminiscent of Liszt-Busoni.

Accompanied by Mrs. Louise Miller, Mr. Ford next presented his final and most moving piece: "Totentanz". Originally composed as a Roman Catholic Requiem Mass, this piece, as interpreted by Mr. Ford, yet retains the power to transform and elevate the emotions. The solemnity and the pomp, as incompatible as life and death, combined to ask the heart that age old question, from which the only safe refuge is Montaigne's well put question of "What know I?"

Matriarchy

From the time of embryogenetic development until death has brought darkness to our yearning eyes, we seek and openly solicit motherly approval. This desire is universal, but has attained the quintessence of consumation only in the United States of America. In this country only, has matriarchy so firmly entrenched itself in the economical, political, and social life of a people. American youths begin their search for "a girl just like mom simultaneously with the donning of their first peg-pants, their first Hollywood haircut, and the adornment of their first pimply face with the Rock Hudson expression of complacent superiority. They later marry this Cinderella and promptly lead her into a new home furnished with so many electrical devices that she may wash dishes, curl her hair, and watch television while washing the clothes her husband will hang on the line. She does no work, is afraid to have babies, and her insipid personality does not allow her the pursuit of intellectual endeavors. What does she do for amusement? She buys only bread which is wrapped in pinks and blues, speaks only in euphemisms, votes only for the candidates with sex appeal, and further experiments with her favorite pets — the cat, dog, and man. She pads her breast with artificial contraptions, wears dresses specifically designed to create a false impression, wear stockings to hide the complexion of her leg and high heel shoes to compliment her ankle. She invariably turns the light down low, not to soften the affect, but to hide the hideous lines which might be discovered on so close a scrutiny. She is an emotional animal not intended for intellectual aspirations; yet she has forced her way into every American college where she does nothing but distract. She receives her spouse's paycheck unopened and buys his shirts as she doe her dog's. With the balance of this paycheck, she has a thousand scientists working around the clock in order that she might go on living long after she serves any logical purpose, and is now engaged in telling man he is inferior to her. The insurance companies, in order to placate the buying power of America, have assured her that she is correct in this assumption and have in turn raised our premiums.

It behooves every red-blooded American man, therefore, to join with me in this most critical of campaigns: to exterminate all wo-

That Hidden Car

The problem is your car. It has four wheels, the revolution of which are determined by the depression or recession of the accelerator. The depression and recession of this accelerator is determined in kind by the amount of pressure exerted by a very large foot, which is connected at a 180 degree angle to a usually very skinny leg. This skinny leg is connected to the trunk of the body, whose predominant feature invariably is a huge bay window. Now, there sitting atop this glorious attribute of nature is a head. Scientists tell us that this head houses a small organ called the brain, which may be and usually is, of varying sizes. This brain invented the car. It attempts to drive the car; it has been trying to do so now for about thirty-five years. It will, in all probability, take longer for this brain to learn to operate the car than it took to invent it.

At any rate, it has been found that the brain of a first semester college freshmen has not developed to the degree which allows operation of a car while going to school. It has been ruled, therefore, by the Administration and Student Council, that first semester students at Brevard shall neither keep nor operate cars on the campus of Brevard College or within the town of Brevard. It is a very simple rule. It applies to all and must be observed by all!

A man does not go into the army a sergeant He goes in as a pvt-1, the lowest organism that crawls over the face of the earth He later becomes a pfc, then a cpl, and then at last that envied position—a "sarge". This composition is called RHIP or "rank has it's privileges". If you prove that you are a mature person and are diligent enough to earn a C average at the end of your first semester — you may then drive your car.

Until that time occurs, it would be greatly appreciated, I am sure, if you would quietly ship, push, or pedal your hidden car home. In consolation you may keep pictures of your car next to your girl's in the wallet, in the breast pocket over the heart, or in the soles of your shoes to pad those aching feet.

Every sophomore in Brevard College has undergone the rule you are now encountering. This specific rule and more, have taught him compassion. You now have his compassion; but the intellect is the ruler of the world. This is a world of trials, trivialities, and sacrifice. You are now encountering a triviality. Treat it as such. You can live without that car!

men when they reach the age of sixty and to keep my mother from reading this article!

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