

Three Down; One To Go

One election is over. The officers elected are very capable ones, and we think they will carry out their offices with a deep sense of responsibility. The main post, however, remains unfilled. The President of the student body is certainly the most important office held by a student. Before any student casts his ballot in the coming election for president of the student body, he must consider many things: The attitude, capability, and integrity of the candidates are only a few.

Another thing one must keep in mind is the fact that the other offices have been filled; therefore, the person elected to guide the student council must be one that is respected and one that can get along with the officers already elected.

The fact that the most important office remains unfilled should arouse much interest and excitement. The incentive to elect the best qualified person should bring everyone to the polls on election day.

Let's Do Our Part

This strange substance recently planted around the campus is concrete, my dear fellow students. Long have we waited for an event such as this; our thanks goes to the administration and others involved.

Now that we have this welcomed addition to our campus, let us all use it in the proper manner. The grass is becoming greener and thicker; let's give it a chance to become even more greener and thicker.

The beauty of the campus means a great deal to all concerned; we should therefore avoid walking on the grass and littering the campus with debris. Let us have a campus that we can all be proud of.

So True Today

In the year 1835, a noted French humanist and traveler, Alexis de Toqueville, wrote an article concerning world affairs of that day; we think this article could just as well have been written today. Toqueville wrote:

There are at the present time two great nations in the world, which started from different points, but seem to tend toward the same end. I allude to the Russians and the Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed; and whilst the attention of mankind was directed elsewhere, they have suddenly placed themselves in the front rank among the nations, and the world learned of their existence and their greatness at almost the same time.

All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and they have only to maintain their power; but these are still in the act of growth. All the others have stopped, or continue to advance with extreme difficulty; these alone are proceeding with ease and celerity along a path to which no limit can be perceived. The American struggles against the obstacles which nature oppose to him; the adversaries of the Russian are men. The former combats the wildness and savage life; the latter, civilization, with all its arms. The conquests of the American are therefore gained by the plowshare; those of the Russian by the sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided strength and common sense of the people; the Russian centers all the authority of society in a single arm. The principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting points are different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems marked out by the will of heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe.

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BY KAY JOHNSON

From A Bird's Eye

Now that Easter has passed on to another yesterday, we gals no longer need to face that early morning dilemma — "cottons or wintners?" — but can meander around in fresh, summery cottons without feeling even a little tad of guilt every time a cool breeze blows!

Is it my imagination or does it seem to you, too, that dogwood trees always wait until Easter to fully open their blossoms? Perhaps this thought came to me again because of the tall glass vase on the dresser facing my bed — branching out with sprays of pure white dogwood—which seem to be more dense by their reelection in the mirror behind them.

In the room with me and the dogwood are six slim white beds—two of them filled with sleeping sore throats. Bobbie and Foxie simply turned over and gave up. The empty corner bed with the rumpled covers was earlied today occupied by a sunburn . . . Bibba finally crept and winced out into the drizzly world, taking each excruciatingly painful and sun-seared step very slowly. But, she just laughed — 'cause she did look so well-done! I'm beginning to think that if the girls' dorm isn't—then the infirmary is — the most popular place around campus — and I don't believe it's because of the softness of the beds either! The real "because" peeped in on us a few minutes ago with a blanket on either arm — afraid we wouldn't be warm enough — and spread one gently on my bed and the other on Barbara's. The "Dr." here runs the very most hospitable hospital—and it is always so—whether one drops by for a pill, a spray, a night's lodging or just to say hello! Speaking of sunburn, it is quite obvious as to the way many "schtu-dents" spent their Easter weekend! By the way, girls are sure 'nuff at a disadvantage this spring since they took away the "back yard"

The Easter Bunny (ole sly Tom

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Is it true, sir, that students have to be in their seats in their appropriate classes by five minutes after the hour? Is it also true, sir, that three tardies constitute a cut? If this is so, then may I ask, why do several professors sometimes keep their classes past the dismissal bell which allows students only five minutes to make their next class? It may be, sir, that my feeling about this is cockeyed, but it seems to me that five minutes is not an overly long time to go from one class to another and when a professor takes up part of this time to make an assignment or finish a lecture, this time is appreciably cut down. If it wouldn't be too much trouble, Mr. Editor, would you please bring this problem to the attention of the faculty who are, I'm sure, a fair minded group, and who would, in the future, help their loyal students avoid tardiness or at least tell us how we can avoid this problem in the future.

Sincerely yours,
An Antiprocrastinator

Professor In The Spotlight

Miss Lucille Smith, head of the English department at Brevard College, has been chosen professor of the month.

She received her B. A. and M. A. at the University of Georgia, and did work at the University of Chicago in history and English. For a while she taught in a private girls school, but she decided that she would like a change, so she went to Washington, D. C., and secured a position with the Treasury Department of the United States. She missed working with students, though, and when she was given an opportunity to act as a representative of the North Carolina Business Women's Council, she accepted work at Brevard Institute, which was at this time a missionary school sponsored by the Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. Later she taught at Weaver College in Weaverville.

According to Miss Smith, there have been many changes on our campus since she first came. Most of the old buildings have been done away with, and our faculty, staff, and student body have all increased.

When Old West Hall stood on Brevard College campus, and the women teachers lived in the Women's Residence Hall, Miss Smith held the position of Dean of Women. She held this position for about fifteen years.

Today Miss Smith holds classes in freshman English and English Literature. In past years she has taken an active part in dramatics, and civic clubs; she has served as advisor to annuals; and is presently advisor to the Mnemosyneans. Her hobby is painting with oil, although she has done some water color painting.

Two Attend Student Council Convention

Brevard College sent two representatives to the South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia Student Council Convention held at Hollins College, Hollins, Virginia.

Friday was the big day, with the discussion groups beginning at 9:30 and lasting to 5:30. A luncheon was given by Hollins College in honor of the delegates. To top off a perfect day, there was a banquet held Friday night with all the delegates attending.

Every school had different ideas and different problems; these ideas and problems were discussed and exchanged. The two delegates from Brevard received a great many ideas which they hope will help Brevard to have a better Student Council.

himself) came calling on Barbara Haley with a diamond egg . . . Aw shucks, what about that? Congratulations and very best wishes are also quite in order for Becky Orr who a couple of weeks ago became Mrs. Bob Hale.

Would you like to see something beautiful? Sometime soon when you have a spare moment, climb the stairs up to the fourth floor of the Ad. building and take a long panoramic look through one of the screenless windows facing the true campus. Look at the campus itself first, and then train your eyes on the tawny-topped trees—and the many shades of green ones, the dark, rich furrowed fields and the pumpkin-tinted ones, the smooth green hills dotted here and there with pines, the colorful, rolling bushy mountains — occasionally spotted by cloud shadows, and serving as a backdrop for it all—the blue that is the sky.