

Africa Is Not Tarzan

Clouding the beginning weeks of the new administration in Washington is the severe crisis in the Congo. To Americans, the riot in the United Nations was an abominable demonstration of the insurgent forces that Communism and propaganda instigate. The murder of Lumumba, political and revolutionary leader of the troops near Stanleyville, can not be rationalized to pacify the Congolese to any extent; and the horrible fact that he was murdered because of his rebellion, his dangerous power, cannot be alleviated.

We must rid ourselves of the idea that Africa is "Tarzan", or tom-toms or Dr. Livingston. It is a rich land, full of culture, some primitive, some new. The Africans have been thrust from an age of crude stone fools, into an age of mechanization — all in a few years.

We see millions of Africans awakening, suffering the pangs of birth as freedom tries to emerge from centuries of dormancy. The problems have been forced on many who had never heard of freedom, never had the opportunity of even a high school education. These problems are rapidly becoming our own — these problems of an almost-won freedom. The god of war, psychopathic and heartless, is becoming our problem.

It is our responsibility to bring these people from the ages of suppression, to educate them in the ways of freedom, and in the ways essential to integrated humanity.

Who should be free? Who deserves freedom? Go back with me . . . back to 1776. Ask yourself the question again. The world cannot sell Africa their desperate myths of freedom without strife and vigilance. We must aid them in building a free society; aid them with money, education, and understanding. Europe has long gotten much wealth from that country, and now they must help them. They must become part of the world community. We must feel as George Washington, who said he felt "Irresistibly excited whenever in any country I see an oppressed people unfurl the banner of freedom."

What Influence?

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Romans 14:21.

In the olden days, before the invention of the airplane, America was thought of as a huge island, virtually cut off from the rest of the world by two vast oceans. The other nations of the world neither knew about nor were concerned with the things that we, as Americans, did; We were responsible only to ourselves for our actions.

But in today's all-seeing world, where great distances are measured by hours rather than by miles, the things that we do have a far-reaching impact upon the world.

A missionary returning from Africa related this account: "Upon entering a native village, I asked to be led to their chief. After the formalities of greeting, I asked the chief if he had ever heard of Jesus Christ. His reply? "No, but I do know of Little Rock!"

A missionary, on furlough from Pakistan, states that the sit-in demonstrations in Greensboro, North Carolina, were headlines in Pakistan three days after they occurred.

Whether it is right or wrong to do a thing depends in part on the influence it will have on others. The beam from a lighthouse on the Danish Coast was out one night for a little over an hour. During that time four ships ran aground, and three of them sank. Later

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Appreciation

The shouting and the tumult are over; it is time for a sincere word of appreciation after all the wild cheers.

First, to Coach L. W. Martin — none of us realize the tremendous stress that a man of your profession labors under; the tensions that must be checked down with your morning toast, the long hours of work that keep you away from home and do not end even on so-called vacations, for there is recruiting to be done, the worries that keep you awake half the night, the tremendous responsibility of having over a dozen men under your care in a variety of situations. No words can be sufficient to thank you for fulfilling these duties in the exceptionally excellent way that you have done. You have been a gentleman in the truest sense of the word in all of the varied situations you have encountered, and you have given this same dignity and respect for the game and for the many persons involved to your players, along with excellent tutelage in playing basketball. This season has been victorious in more ways than one: it has seen a new high in sportsmanship and love of playing. It is indeed an honor to know you.

To the players — you have represented us well in every way, both on and off the court. You are the first team to ever receive the many laurels for which you have worked long and hard. For many months you have led two full lives — those of students and of good athletes. But you have not only led these lives in a half-way fashion; you have shown the same spirit in the classroom as on the practice court. You have sacrificed many personal pleasures in order to succeed. You are a squad of men that every Brevard College student, faculty member, and administrative official can point to with pride — "That's our team." You have very deservedly won first place in the conference, in the tournament, and in our hearts.

To the manager and every other person connected with the excellent record of this season — all the story cannot go into the headlines, so many of you have often been overlooked. However, without your effort and support the headlines could have read differently. With no recognition and little gratitude you have continued to do all that you could to help our team on its way. Thank you for doing your part.

The season is over, but the wonderful memories will linger. All of you have given to Brevard College and everyone here exciting thrills and a deep sense of pride, not only in your playing but in knowing you.

When You're Alone

By Vandalyn Brown

Individual worth — what is it? It brings to mind lessons in Sunday school that we heard long ago and phrases such as "Love thy brother as thyself." It makes us wonder fleetingly if perhaps we are wrong to shun certain persons because of their color, their beliefs, or their personal habits. But still we ask what it is. Stated simply, is individual worth not God's gift to man? God has bestowed upon every person a uniqueness of personality. Unfortunately, we often do not understand this and we only know someone is different from us without making any effort to see the lovely in the seemingly unlovely, the majestic in the seemingly minute.

There are many divergent needs and experiences in everyone about us, and only with patience and effort are we able to obtain the lucid insight necessary to reconcile these differences.

We search for those who are most like us, passing over those who have different opinions and thoughts. It seems easier this

way. But without differences there would be no progress, no reason to keep trying to find a better way.

And, contrary to the beliefs of many of us, every person has a part to play in the making of a better world. We all face decisions which are perplexing. True, the decisions we make may not have earth-shaking effects, but they may shape our world, the world of those about whom we care deeply. Every person's influence is felt in some way.

As students we have unusual opportunities to explore individual worth — the secret to the unfolding of the plan and purpose of creation. It is one of our responsibilities to do this exploring and to delve deeply into the mystery of human life. Our own individual worth — our gift from God — must make us realize that all of life, including baffling decisions, large responsibilities, and the fight to find our purpose, was given to us to live, fully and deeply. May we have the grace to open our hearts, our minds, our bodies, and our souls to accept the gift.

It was discovered that the trouble had been caused by a small beetle that had crawled into the acetylene burner, stopping the gas supply and putting out the light. A bug is not bad in himself. But if he causes harm, he is bad.

Kampus Komment

By JOHN GOINS

New faces . . . In case you've been wondering, the personalities that have been adding new beauty to our campus are student teachers from our next-door neighbor, Western Carolina. They're preparing for their future vocations by practicing on Brevard and surrounding high school students. Lucky students.

Safety first . . . seems to be the motto around campus as workmen add the finishing touches to our new fire alarm system. And for those who have been bragging that, "Not even dynamite could wake me up at 4 A. M.," just wait until you hear this fire alarm . . . it's louder than Elvis used to be before Uncle Sam clipped his hair.

More Kite Spring . . . and speaking of safety . . . maybe someone ought to replace the old kite string that's been holding up Dunham Hall fire escape for so many years. It's getting pretty rotten.

Clarion bouquets are awarded to: the fellows who skipped supper in order to fight a forest fire, and who, incidentally, received no pay for their efforts . . . the guys and gals who cooperated in cleaning out the lily pond. It was a job most people would shirk . . . the brave soul who stopped long enough to say "thank you" to Mrs. Buckner for the wholesome meals.

Clarion brick-bats go to: the little boys who haven't yet grown out of the "destructive stage" of their adolescent years, and thus cannot be trusted to be left alone in the student lounge . . . The I've-got-the-whole-world-on-my-back pessimist who is able to find fault with everything and everybody . . . The guys and gals who seem to think "he who laughs loudest laughs best."

Bravery . . . Martha: "I heard you had a fight with your roommate last night."

Linda: "Yes, I did. But when it was over she came crawling to me on her hands and knees."

Martha: "What did she say?"

Linda: "Come out from under that bed, you dirty coward!"

The living end: Mrs. Lobdell: "Doris, how far were you from the answer to the last question?"

Doris: "About two seats away."

Stevenson Is Memorialized In Ceremony

Dean J. J. Stevenson of Brevard College was memorialized during ceremonies at a chapel program March 17, 1961. An oil painting of the late dean by Harry Rood was presented to the college. Mr. Julius Harrill of Asheville, president of the Brevard College Alumni Association, presented the picture. In accepting the portrait, President Dr. Emmett K. McLarty Jr. expressed appreciation for the gift and paid tribute to Dean Stevenson who served on the Brevard faculty for 15 years until his death in July, 1959. Before joining the Brevard faculty in 1944, Dean Stevenson taught for 16 years at

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