

The Last Male Stronghold? It's Going . . . Going . . .

The word is out that the women are preparing to invade one of the last strongholds of the American male: cigar smoking. In fact one prominent American cigar manufacturing company is already anticipating this breakthrough and is advertising a special, slenderized, filtertip cigar "that even the women can smoke." But that doesn't change the fact that it still feels and smells like one of the big fat stogies enjoyed by males for years.

Can you imagine the effect the women could have on the cigar industry? Just imagine (if you can) a typical T.V. commercial: "And now this special Queen Edward Cigar, Ladies, is guaranteed to smoke cleaner, smoother, and lighter than your regular brand of cigarettes. And witness too that it contains no harmful tars or nicotine to give you that "midriff bulge." It also comes in striking pastel colors, plus this new line of glowing red, celestial blue, and blushing pink . . ." Sickening!

Impossible? Well, in one European country the women are not waiting for the new slenderized version: they're puffing the big fat stogies right alongside the men!

Next thing we know the women will be in the poolhalls with the men shooting pool on "blushing pink" pool tables with cigar ashes scattered all over the place.

Can The Pot Call The Kettle Black?

"Let he that is without sin among you cast the first stone." These words have echoed down through the ages to hit the world of today squarely between the eyes.

During Religious Emphasis week Rev. Howard Wilkinson of Duke University vividly brought to our attention the fact that there is discrimination in the United States. This we knew already. Mr. Wilkinson brought this fact home by referring to the remarks of foreign visitors to our country: "What are you doing about racial discrimination in the United States? What good is this thing called democracy if it allows such prejudice? Now Russia promises. . ." How long are we in the United States going to put up with such a one-sided argument?

Though it may seem a breach of diplomatic courtesy for him to ask such an impertinent question, yet it is conceivable that Mr. Wilkinson might have answered their question with a question of his own: "What are you doing about racial discrimination in your country? . . . Undeniably the United States does not hold a monopoly on racial prejudice: Russia, too, has her problems. Can the pot call the kettle black?"

Music Notes

Sunday, March 18, the College Choir and the Methodist Church Senior Choir will combine voices during the 11:00 A. M. service. They will sing "The Invisible Fire" by Cecil Effinger.

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The Asheville Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Thomas Cousins will perform Tues-

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I think
I should've
STUDIED
MORE FOR
THESE
BLASTED
MID TERMS



LORRAINE MARTIN

What impressed you most about Rr. Howard Wilkinson's speeches?

Jeanne Cleary — The ones I heard had very little in them for college students. They seemed more appropriate for a church.

Marilyn Wilson — The fact that he could talk without the use of notes.

Juanita McKee — I enjoyed them, but I can't say what impression they left on me.

Emma Kate Osteen — They were true to life.

June Wells — His ideas about education.

Bob Spencer — The fact that he had something to say.

Robert Edwards — His real deep thinking on problems of modern times.

Charles Gibbons — He was a very good speaker and some of our services proved to be very worthwhile, especially the communion.

Chaplain Roy — His practical interpretation and application of the gospel for our day.

Joel Stevenson — They were too long, and the discussion periods never seemed to get off the ground.

Ruth Pool — What I enjoyed most was a discussion on these topics: "Does God Limit Himself?", and "Does a Personal God and a Historical God Contradict?"

Faith And Begorra! What We Need Is A Shamrock

Faith and begorra! St. Patrick's Day is upon us! The time for the wearing of the shamrock from the old sod is tomorrow, March 17. The world is due to burst forth in the green of springtime and the green of the Irish.

St. Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland, for he was the first Christian missionary to Ireland. He is credited with many wondrous miracles.

St. Patrick used the shamrock in explaining the Trinity to the Irish. He told them that the Trinity was like the three-leaved plant in that they were both three but on one stem.

The St. Patrick's Day Parade is an annual celebration in many cities the world over. This is a time when those of Irish descent, and those who only pretend to be, are able to show a fondness for the country from which they came.

The Irish in America is one of the few minority groups to ever achieve a genuine popularity in the feelings of protestant America. Most Americans admire the Irish for their quick wit, their intelligence, and their ability to remain themselves.

So tomorrow wear your green proudly, because the number one Irishman in the United States, President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, will be wearing it too. May the luck of the Irish be with him and with us all.

Gene Beasley

day, March 20, at 8:15 P.M. in the David Millard Jr. High School. Mr. Cousin's "Sinai" for orchestra and chorus will be played as the feature of the evening.

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Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Miller will perform in a joint Faculty Recital on Friday, March 23, at 8:15 P.M. Mr. Miller has chosen selections from Remau, Bartok and Mozart, and Mrs. Miller has selected pieces from Chopin. All members of the faculty and student body are invited to attend this recital, to be held in the CCB Auditorium.

Kampus Komment

By JOHN GOINS

Take a fish out of water, and what do you have? A dead fish . . . Take the roses off a rose-bush, and what do you have? A bush full of thorns . . . Take eggs away from bacon, and what do you have? Bacon . . . Take rain away from Brevard, and what do you have? Unnatural weather . . . Take a journalist away from his newspaper, and what do you have? An unhappy man . . . it's good to be working again.

FASHION NOTES: While everyone in America was watching Colonel Glenn soar through space, Moscow radio came out with the startling announcement that Soviet fashion designers would soon raise the hems on dresses to a point two to two and a half inches below the knees. Now that's what I call dirty propaganda—! What male would pay any attention to Glenn when he stands the chance of seeing the shinbone of some Russian beauty? But looking at it objectively, we must concede that is a step in the right direction; of course, there is such a thing as too much progress, and I think we've just about reached that point in women's dresses at Brevard. Next thing we know the women will have the men back wearing "Bloomers" and knee britches!

A CLARION SPRING BOUQUET TO: The robins, who have been here since the last of February, sticking it out through snow, rain, sleet, and rock-throwing college students.

THE END: "Nothing," declared the chemistry professor with finality, "that the mind of man can conceive of is impossible."

"Professor," a small voice piped up from the rear of the room. "Did you ever try to strike a match on a marshmallow?"

Little Things

By LORRAINE MARTIN

The world moves fast around me
While I stand all alone,
As I turn and look about me
I find that time has flown.

I feel so unimportant,
As useless as the breeze
That goes along its aimless way
While singing through the trees.

But if a tiny ripple
Is all that I should be,
Then let me be a ripple
Upon a mighty sea.

Or if a tiny piece of earth
Is all I'm to possess,
Then let me be a mountain
With white clouds on my crest.

I may be a little drop of dew
Upon a budding rose.
Then let me shine with diamond's hue,
As the sunlight comes and goes.

If I'm to be a blade of grass
Among clover blossoms white,
Then let me stand both straight
and proud
And make a meadow bright.

For the world would be so bleak
and bare
Without these little things.
They're the clay that moulds
humanity,
The joy that all life brings.