

Wits Of West

By JOYCE WEST

Witty West has about witted out, but . . .

Thanks, Dean Roberts, for everything: the corny jokes in class; the undivided attention given to each of us "dopes" here; the sincere interest you have in life and the remarkable way you present that devotion to us, your enraptured audience (even though we are a captive one); your sense of humor and appreciation of a good joke, even if it is on you; and last, but not most minute, your power of "pulling the right strings"—the strings that moved Brevard's fans from here to the tourney games last month — even those of us without "C" averages. We're all appreciation. Too bad, though — too bad, I mean, that you didn't pull the right strings to let Brevard bring home that net (the winner's net, that is). Bless your little tourney - going heart.

WATER, WATER everywhere, that is, except in the water fountain in the library. Another of Life's Ironies — you can hardly get to the library without swimming and then you can't get a drink of water when you get there . . . oh well, what next?

The Black Widow

Noted to be the most popular place on campus recently: the infirmary. What's wrong everybody? (Cough, choke, wheeze) Funniest Thing: the most over-used expression lately. "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" (Shelley just wasn't thinking of Brevard when he wrote that.) The answer is "Yes."

We not only have the Eternal Triangle on this campus, we have tetrahedrons, octagons, hexagons . . . "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and so is a sneeze, Dean Roberts tells us; please take it easy on that cough syrup, some of your students need it. Dean Roberts also declares the whooping crane is not extinct, thanks to "Tex" Rarig.

O. K., boys, let's admit the truth — who thought the sprinkler system in Taylor was just a hallway shower?? The Black Widow Knows: that many, many members of us went home and other places this weekend, mostly other places; the MSF invaded Lake Junaluska; second-floor

Let's Talk About SEX!

By A. GEENE

(Dedicated to Sigmund Freud, of course)

It has been brought to my attention that there is a most vital topic — one which inevitably concerns each person most profoundly during his or her lifetime — a topic which inspires volumes of books, hundreds of discussions, a lot of marriages, a lot of divorces, etc., etc. You get the idea. The thing that is so alarming is the fact that, in the search for news of any shape, form, or description on this campus, our staff has somehow neglected a subject which is always news — SEX.

That's right! It's a big three-letter word. It's big because it gets attention, makes millions for Italian actresses, keeps psychologists baffled, and encourages the sale of Jantzen swimsuits.

There it is, that word SEX. There's just no getting around it. Why, then, do we whisper about it? Discuss it behind closed doors? Worry about its presence or absence? For example, this is a typical introduction of that censored topic:

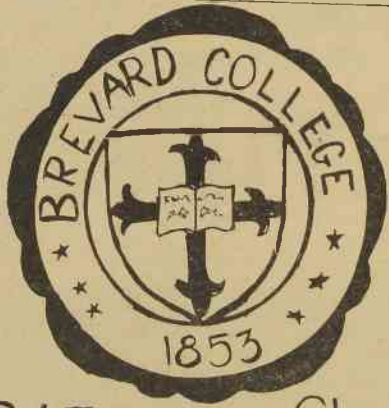
A person enters the room wearing the determined expression of the Grim Reaper and surveys his audience. Silence. A few trivial matters are mentioned. More silence. Then he takes a deep breath and courageously announces, "My subject for tonight will be (long pause) SEX!" The audience, of course, gasps in horror. A few faint.

This is a prime example of a malady which exists today: Pseudosexaphobia. (Which means, everybody wants to know, but nobody has the nerve to ask). And this, my friends, is a problem. Have you ever noticed that everybody knows? That nobody says? Do you realize that many experts who scream about being frank and objective are only Class "A" bullshooters?

That is exactly why I felt inspired to write a really direct article on this subject — someday when I have the time and the paper has the space, that is — it is my calling to do away with dictionary terms, lengthy but meaningless explanations, and shadowy concepts surrounding SEX. We must be down-to-earth and factual. Please do not be shocked. It's really an old subject. So let's face the issue. It's hard to tolerate people who just ramble about that word SEX and never really say anything!

girls gloat about their volleyball game with basement girls.

Western Carolina J.C



1963

Champs

Lost - - - Sportsmanship

It's interesting to sit on the sidelines at a game and watch not only the participants in that game, but the people who are watching them. The funny thing about it is that you notice that the guys who use the biggest curse words — the loudest and longest — are those who have never participated in varsity competition. It's amazing how much "know how" they have about the rules of the game, the way the game should be played, and what's wrong with the way it's being done. With some of the know-it-all knowledge that some fans possess, they'll probably either be signed up next year to play for Penn State or be elected Coach of the Year for the ACC.

A team is made of average guys who take the same chemistry or history tests that everybody else does, who eat in the same cafeteria, who play ping pong with the same beat-up paddles, who brush their teeth with a brush and Colgate (probably), and who get tired and sleepy just like anybody else. A team has members who like to date and probably "Make out" just as much as any guy, who can eat as many hamburgers as any All-American boy, and who probably gets just as mad at the referees as any fan does. Training in sportsmanship (an old-fashioned term as far as most people are concerned) has taught them to keep their remarks to themselves.

Surely, sometimes they look like they're going to knock a referee down, but they usually don't. So why should a fan whose interest in the game is usually just a passing fancy (it probably means no more to him than a couple of dollars) lose his temper and resort to profanity and "Boos," when the players remain calm?

A winner needs a lot of support, but a losing team needs more. Fans should have one specific purpose in mind — to support the team.

If a team has a losing streak or a few bad breaks, it doesn't need the scorn of the fans to remind it of its loss. Besides, those guys that lost are the same ones that will win the next time.

Now spectators have certain privileges—specifically those of free thought and speech, and the right to voice those thoughts wherever they please. But, please, Brevardians, let's be good winners, if that means anything to anybody anymore!

J. W.

How About Some ACTION!

It is time for some action! What has been holding up the activities in the social organizations on campus? Is the height of the activities only two dances a year and an initiation? What about the picnics, hayrides, sock hops and parties? Was this merely propaganda to influence students to join the clubs at the beginning of the year?

We have the students and facilities here at Brevard to live up to the social ambitions of each individual. Why not take advantage of our opportunities and begin scheduling social events in order to eliminate idle and dull weekends?

The Delphian Society has taken the first step in activating the social program by scheduling a dance in the CCB for March 23.

It is up to the students to encourage more activities. We must speak to the officers of the clubs and let them know that we need and want a better social life. I challenge the officers of these organizations to present a valid excuse for the dormant conditions the clubs have observed for the past six months. T. L.

The Monkey Who Was Afraid To Hang By His Tail

By STEPHENS CLARK

Then as now, most of the monkeys lived in the jungle. They hung by their tails in the trees and played all day and were generally happy. Then one day, a certain monkey, who was smarter than the rest, said to himself, "What would happen if my tail should break? Why I should fall!" And that is how it all started.

The smarter monkey climbed down the tree and stood on the ground. "Hey," he yelled at the other monkeys, "what would happen if your tail broke?" All the monkeys looked at each other and then they looked back at the smarter one. "Why we would fall," they said. The smarter monkey nodded his head wisely a few times and walked away, and all the other monkeys climbed down and followed him. Never again did any of the monkeys hang by their tails.

Many years later all the monkeys were down by the river. They were crossing the river on an old tree which had fallen across the water. As the monkeys were crossing, a certain monkey who was smarter than the rest, said to himself, "What if I should lose my balance? Why I should fall in the water!" So as soon as the smarter monkey was safe on the bank he said to the others, "What would happen if you lost your balance?" The rest of the monkeys looked to each other and then at the smarter one. "Why we would fall in the water!" So the monkeys never again crossed the river.

So it went, year after year, with one of the smarter monkeys finding some danger in life and warning the others. After a long time all the monkeys just sat in front of their caves and did nothing, and were generally unhappy.

Then one day, one of the younger monkeys climbed a tree and hung by his tail. "Get down," his mother said. "Don't you know that your tail might break and you would fall?" The little monkey looked at his mother, who was smarter than he, and then said to himself, "Some day, when I grow up I'll hang by my tail."

But he never did.

Messer Promoted

Mr. C. A. Butterworth, Jr., Business Manager of Brevard College, acknowledges the following changes and assignments in personnel effective as of March 1, 1963:

Mr. Marshall Messer has been promoted to the position of Manager of the college store, which includes the prime responsibility for the mail service.

Mrs. Laverne T. McCall was promoted to the college store as assistant, with the prime responsibility for the soda fountain and sundry items sales.

Mrs. Irma Monteith will handle all requisitions for textbooks by faculty members until further notice.

Mr. Clarence A. Goldsmith has been promoted to the position of supervisor of house-keeping.

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