

The Five Shortest Minutes Of The Day

By TREVA MITCHELL

The corridor is empty and quiet. Only the droning of a teacher's voice breaks the monotonous silence. The wind whistles around the corners of the old building. All else is still.

Suddenly, the peaceful spell is broken as the air is pierced with a shrill ring. Books slam shut, desks scrape the floor, and doors pop open. A huge wave of humanity spills out of classrooms and flows down the stairs, much as water streams over a fall. Pounding feet, combined with the noise of two hundred voices sounding off at once, raises to a dull roar.

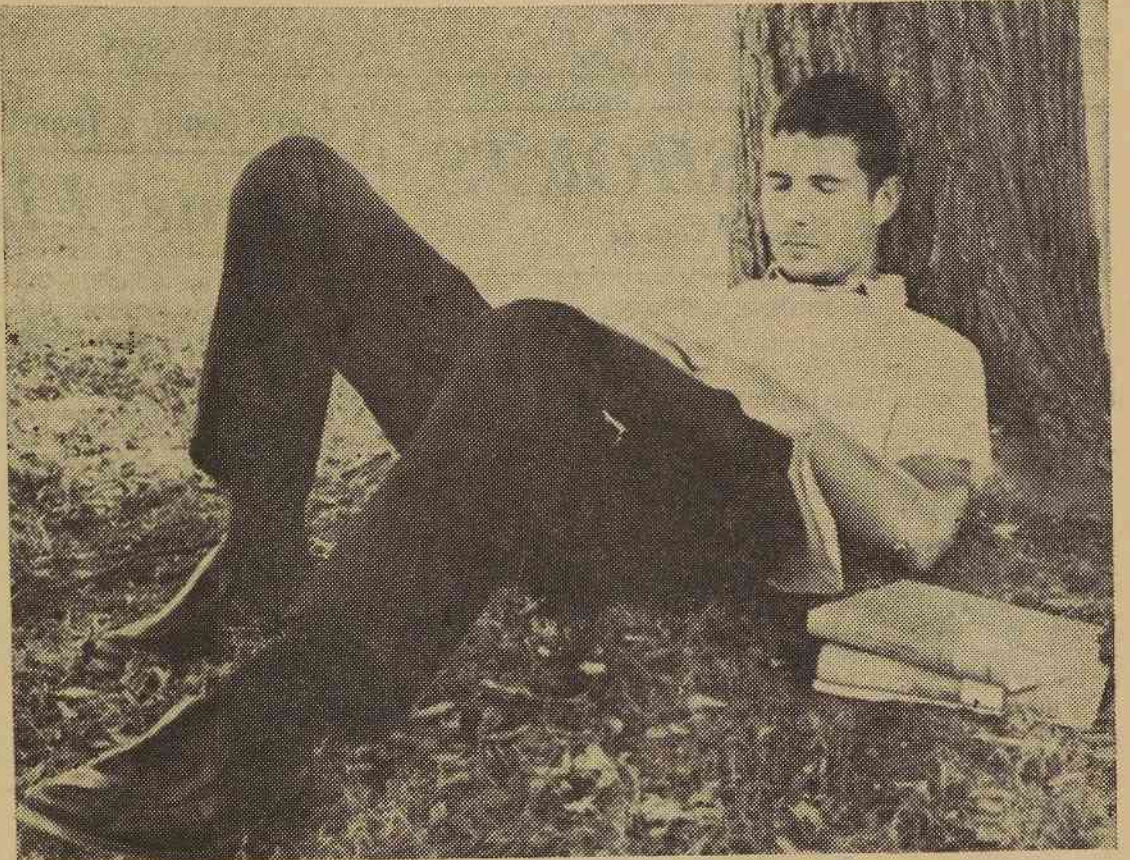
Friend greets friend; girl smiles at boy. In one corner, two girls giggle about some silly thing that girls giggle about. Beside the water cooler, another couple, surrounded by swarms of people, has a heated argument over something insignificant. All will be forgiven in three minutes.

There is a steady opening and closing of the doors; young people stream in and out. Cool drafts of air sweep in.

As suddenly as it all began, it is all over. A bell peals somewhere within the confines of the hall, and the crowd pushes and surges this way and that. Students sort themselves into classrooms and tuck themselves neatly away. Doors close gently behind them.

Five minutes have passed since the first peal of the bell. The hall is again silent. Sunlight streams through the doors and strikes the floor in odd patterns. The only signs of five minutes of chaos are a torn scrap of paper that flutters to the floor, and a solitary, forgotten student who drowns beneath a tree on the campus.

The wind beats a tattoo about the old building. All else is quiet.



ITS SO EASY when the autumn sun is warm and all is quiet. At least it was for Robert Ferry.

NEWS BRIEFS

Approximately 20 members of the Westminster Fellowship visited the Presbyterian Home for Children at Black Mountain on Sunday, October 27. The group toured the dormitory and grounds, met the staff and children, and served refreshments.

"We feel that the trip was profitable," stated Margaret Davidson, the secretary, "for, in addition to thoroughly enjoying it, we discussed several possible projects for the year."

The M.S.F. started their year off, recreationwise, with a retreat to the cabin of adviser, Mr. Miles.

The program of the last meeting consisted of a very spirited discussion on the United Nations led by Steve Clark. This discussion will be continued, with a comprehensive description of the organization of the U.N., at the next meeting. Everyone is invited.

Socially the M.S.F. has made tentative plans to hold a "folk dance" on November 16. Mrs. Sader, well known to most sop-

homores as an A-1 folk dance leader, will lead this dance in the college barn. Fun is in store, so everyone come.

The music department has planned two student recitals for the month of November. Both of these recitals will be held in the Methodist church. The first recital, on November 8, will be an informal one and will begin at 6:30. The second recital, on November 23, will be formal and will start at 8:00.

On November 10, at 4:00 P.M., the Brevard Methodist Church will receive its first visiting recitalist of the year. The organist will be Max Smith, Professor of Church Music, Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary, Wake Forest, North Carolina.

The Women's House Council recently elected the freshman assistant hall proctors. The girls sharing this title are Sandy Haire, Treva Mitchell, Deanna Young, Athena Brown, Kitty Brown, Norma Shaw, and Kathy Hanna.

The sophomore hall proctors are Marian Staley, Artie Spry, Margaret Davidson, Jane Hoke, Linda Edwards, Nell Gardner, and Sue Rising.

Officers of the Women's House Council are Pris Dalway, president; Doris Lance, vice president; Margaret Harris, secretary. Jane Martin and Dona Vaughn represent the Student Government Association.

Brevard Jewelers

Opposite Court House
Corner Main and Broad

COMPLIMENTS OF

AUSTIN STUDIO

Your Photo and Record
Center

Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf

By ROBIN MAY

One of the most recent successes on the stage has been the masterpiece of a young man named Edward Albee.

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? is a play that may be classed with the best of Tennessee Williams or Lillian Hellman. It is Albee's compassionate exploration into the complexities of marital interdependence. It is a savagely humorous, but horribly sad, study of a man and wife who need each other to destroy each other.

The plot of WHO'S AFRAID is indescribable. In fact, there is no plot. It is merely a frus-

trated journey. The couple's common frustrations, which spurred the beginning of the journey, make the hope and heroism of an ordinary plot impossible.

George, a college history professor, and his wife Martha, a woman of a spirit and intelligence that have long since been destroyed by drink — are a middle-aged couple existing hopelessly under the burden of inescapable childlessness. In one shocking, detestable evening, picked from a never ending chain of scourging days and nights, the contempt shown for

woman in the bombardment of hate is only slightly greater than the contempt for man.

The end of their journey is finally reached in a jolting halt when Martha is freed from her delusions of ideal motherhood.

The underlying theme of their frustrations is sex. But in WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? Albee is not preoccupied with sexuality. In the bitter exchange of taunts, he displays the truth of the human condition. In the words of critic Marya Mannes, "Somewhere in all this carnage there is love. Or if not love, then its close cousin, need."

Please Meet Mr. Henderson

(Continued from Page Two)

of the Dunn's Rock Masonic Lodge, and is now serving his

twenty-ninth year as secretary. He has been a member of the Asheville Consistory since October, 1943. He has held such posts as Venerable Master of the Lodge of Perfection, Wise Master, Buncombe chapter Rose Croix, Commander Asheville Council of Kadosh, and Master of Kadosh of the Asheville Consistory. He has also been elected Knight Commander, Court of Honor, and Scottish Rite Ambassador of Good Will for Transylvania County.

Ever since 1944, when he was created a Noble of the Mystic Shrine in Oasis Temple, Charlotte, Henderson has been a consistent booster of the Temple's growth. He has received several citations for his unselfish service on behalf of the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children. As a charter member of the Transylvania Shrine Club, he was named "Shriner of the Month" in December, 1953, by

the Desert Dust, a monthly Shrine publication.

He is now Ambassador to Oasis Temple for the Brevard area.

Public Views

(Continued From Page One)

address by Dr. George L. Simpson, Jr., an official of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

The group was welcomed by Austin Hogsed, Mayor of Rosman. Special music for the program was furnished by the Brevard High School Band.

Joke of the Week

A little boy is walking down the street crying bitterly, so a man walks up to him and says, "What's the trouble, son—anything wrong?"

Among sobs the little boy replies: "My mother lost her psychology book and she's using her own judgement now."

PAT'S SHOE MART

Winn-Dixie Building

Firefighters

(Continued From Page One)

under control.

Mr. Jim Beavers, who was present at the fire, expressed appreciation for the large turnout of firefighters from Brevard College.

Al's Drive-In

and
College Hangout
Behind Winn-Dixie

PARSONS

JEWELRY AND GIFTS
Fine Jewelry, Gifts and
Watch Repairing
30 E. Main

MORRIS

PHARMACY

Your Family Drug Store
Corner Main and Broad



Robert Mitchum
Elsa Martinelli
Jack Hawkins

Coming Nov. 6 & 7
In Color

"THE ROBE"

with
Richard Burton
Jean Simmons

MACFIE'S
Rexall Drugs

Fountain Service
Cosmetics
Prescriptions