

We Dedicate

This last edition of the Clarion is dedicated to Mrs. Ena Kate Sigmon, Clarion advisor, without whom the job would have been impossible. She has advised us, corrected us when we were wrong and praised us when we were right — which wasn't too often. She has consistently gone above and beyond the call of duty to see that each issue got to press. She has soothed our ruffled feathers when anyone criticized us in what we thought was an unjust manner. And on occasion, she has ruffled our feathers when we got lazy, or did something out of line. Above all, she has managed to keep peace in the Clarion office when the Editor and Assistant Editor differed in opinion.

For these, and many other reasons, we dedicate this issue to Mrs. Sigmon

Thanks . . . All Of You

Well, this is it for me. The last edition of the Clarion is headed for the press. This edition will wind up a year of hard work for many people: Mrs. Sigmon, whose efforts and guidance have made each edition possible; Benji, whose aid with the editorials and the layout work has been invaluable; the staff writers who have always come through when the going got rough. And there are those who have been in the background, those without whom each issue would never have made it to press: Mr. Henry Henderson, who has somehow always been able to create a newspaper from what looked like complete chaos to me; Mr. Roland Jones, who never once threatened to kill us when we came in with late stories to be run on the linotype; and the pressmen at The TIMES office who ran off each issue of the Clarion.

I would like to thank Jim Rickards, who drew the cartoons for the Clarion each week and Rory McManus, who got some of the worst assignments to do because I knew that she'd get them done. (Public Opinion polls are no fun!)

My thanks go also to the students who aided with their opinions, their letters, and their editorials.

To Mr. Alan Wallace and Mr. Glenn Hardesty, we express our appreciation for acting as Clarion photographers when we couldn't find a student photographer.

As for myself, I can say only two words: I tried.

Pertelotes Arrive, Alive And Clucking!

The 1965 Pertelotes arrived in Brevard on May 12, very much alive and clucking. The new yearbooks were grabbed by students who had been looking forward for some time to their arrival.

Under the editorship of Miss Monica Driscoll, the yearbooks represent much hard work and some superhuman effort.

They are indeed something of which we can be proud. They

represent, in pictorial detail, life on the college campus. Packed full of true-to-life pictures, the yearbooks are prized student possessions, and will be valuable keepsakes in the years to come.

Our thanks to Monica and staff, and Mrs. Roy, for a job well done.

Your work, sweat and tears have paid off.

The Clarion Staff



EDITOR ----- Treva Mitchell
 ASSISTANT EDITOR ----- Benji Sullivan
 BUSINESS MANAGER ----- Larry Hall
 SPORTS EDITOR ----- Wes Howe
 CARTOONIST ----- Jim Rickards
 TYPISTS AND REPORTERS ----- Diane Warman
 Rory McManus, Deanna Young, David Drum, John Gosnell, Lynn Gold

Letter From The Editor

Dear Benji:

I would like to write you a nice letter full of advice and helpful little hints. But since you already "know everything," I won't waste space here.

I will say this: be good to Mrs. Sigmon. It's going to be bad enough for her next year, as she tries to get you out of trouble every time you write something that somebody doesn't like, which will probably be quite frequent in your case.

You do not refer to her as "Mama Kate." She is "Mrs. Sigmon," and don't you forget it, or you could very well wind up in hot water because of that.

Your grand idea of printing a Clarion every week sounds absolutely absurd to me, but if you think you can do it, by all means, go ahead.

I will bow my head in silent prayer for you every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. And remember, if you spend so much time working on the Clarion that you flunk out of school, you can always come to Carolina. They take anything.

With best wishes (you'll need them),
 Treva Mitchell

Confetti '65 Is Now Here

by Dean E. E. Roberts

Under the capable captaincy of Mr. Louis Miles, manned by members of his English 16 (Creative Writing) class, the good ship *Confetti* undertook her maiden voyage in the spring of 1962. Plagued by the rocks of financing, the pertinacity of printers, the calms of creative apathy, and every other tornadoic and nautical hardship conceivable, the brave ship has managed, nonetheless, to stay afloat year after year. The fourth edition has now made safe harbor and is by far the most titanic effort to date. However, her captain has chosen to forsake her for the landlocked follies of Paris, and she seems destined to lie for a year or two in drydock. Though unwritten in her pages, this edition of *Confetti IV* sings, for all who know her captain, the sad song of *ave atque vale* — hail and farewell!

Confetti IV is a good production. Printed by multilith on Eagle-A Quality Text Blue Laid paper, and numbering 116 pages, the volume is high-lighted by the art work of Vernon M. Arnold. These drawings will elicit comment for they are not usual. Pencil sketches, printed in red ink, the drawings are marked by a careless gawkiness and dramatic limning. They sometimes lack the intensity of the stories they preface (a notable instance occurs on page 89), but the overall facility of the drawings, as in the pertinent poignancy of the sketch on page 79, is considerable.

The prose selections, more appropriately labeled exempla than short stories, are arranged alphabetically, begin the volume, and constitute generally the most exciting element of the book. Deserving of particular mention are Drum's "Lonnie's Power" and White's "Returning Thunder." The first is original in conception and is kept balanced by a muted facetiousness. Mr. White's story is remarkable for its poetry and technical mastery of the flash-back device.

All stories are notable for setting, and several handle dialogue in a professional and convincing fashion. Especially worthy in this respect are the stories by Hardesty, Maugans, Snyder, and Sullivan. The best example of characterization by dialogue occurs in Warman's "July".

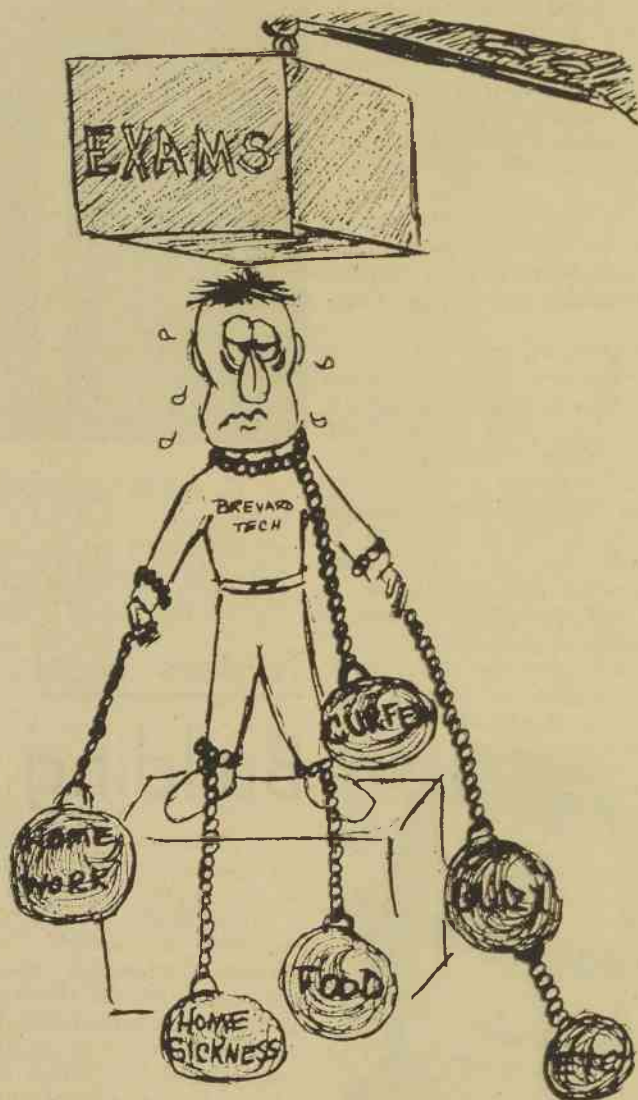
Generally, I found the poetry selection inferior to past performances. Sullivan's "The Lone Leaf Falls" sustains itself well in spite of metrical awkwardness here and there. The image of life hiding behind crooked arms I found particularly apt. "While I Lay Victim" is flawed by carnality but ends beautifully.

The best use of rhyme occurs in Warman's sonnet, "A Heart Awakened Never More Can Sleep." What could have

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of life that will make my memoirs a best-seller.

Benji Sullivan
 P.S. If you get bored writing for the *Daily Tar Heel* next year, drop by and we might let you work on a real newspaper. Please bring personal references and a recommendation from your last employer.



JIM RICKARDS

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Mitchell:

Just thought I'd sit down and drop you a few lines in a parting vein. I would say a parting of the ways; but if we ever had the same path, I never knew it. It has certainly been nice putting the paper out for you this year. I guess it has been enjoyable; I know it has been pleasurable at infuriating times.

Mama Kate and I are going to miss (?) you next year. We didn't know what we were going to do with all the deadwood gone, so we decided to come out with the CLARION every week instead of once every two weeks. I for one, am going to miss having someone who gives orders that I can ignore.

I doubt if our readers realize how much you have molded the CLARION. The evolution, dynamic changes, etc., have taken place inside the secrecy of the

staff. This has been a year of tedious artistry not unlike a sculptor in clay. I hope that we can have the paper back to normal in two years, but that is an optimistic outlook.

There is also the popular misconception that you and I are engaged in a feud. I would like to clear this up. I have no misgivings or tidings of ill will about our relationship this year. Certainly we have had our disagreements, but I expected that when I took a place on the staff. One cannot deal with a semi-illiterate, bone-headed, venom-spewing person such as yourself and expect no adversities to develop. The fact that I was always right has not bothered me in the least. I realized the type barbarism I was dealing with from the first.

To sum it up, I would not change nor alter one moment of the past year. It is this type