

Editorial Page

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Prejudices Must End

GUEST EDITORIAL
By Milton Rankin

Today the world stands at one of the most critical points in the history of mankind. With military takeovers, communist dominations, and revolutionary uprisings, it now seems highly improbable that man can sit alone quietly and refrain from any form of idealism for meeting these demands that aggression now shouts. Thus, this is by no means a time only for ideas and solutions. It is a time whereas each individual must put aside his foolish prejudices and construct new and better ideas that will not only be of value to him, but at the same time, will prove as an advantage to all mankind.

Perhaps some will argue that the only possible way that this task can be accomplished is for the U. S. to take the first step, as she has often done in the past. However, this is by no means an implication that the U. S. must continue to assume the role as World Detective. Rather, it is to say that the United States must transfer from world affairs to problems here at home. For, if we as a free people are to

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Parking Problem At McLarty

A parking problem that is inconveniencing many members of the faculty exist in the area to the side of the new McLarty - Goodson building. At the front entrance to the school a sign in bold lettering states that the area is for faculty and visitor parking only. Apparently many students of Brevard College have either failed to see the notice or have ignored it in order to have convenient parking locations for themselves.

Many students using these spaces illegally have even failed to procure automobile permits from the college and are thereby susceptible to fines that are imposed for late registration of vehicles. Regardless of whether they are registered or not any automobiles belonging to students and parked in the faculty-visitor area beside the McLarty - Goodson Building are liable to at least a one - dollar parking ticket. Also, regardless of the tickets issued for parking offenses, these students are causing needless trouble for professors, especially women professors, who are having to park in areas that are long distances away or perhaps undesignated for them.

This situation can be remedied either through strict policing of the area concerned or through student cooperation in containing their vehicles to the proper areas. The latter solution has a better sound to it.

The CLARION

The VOICE of Brevard College

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Letters To The Editor

1970 marks the fifty - second anniversary of the ending of the war to end all wars. Over ten million soliders died in all of the war, but it seems we didn't kill enough of the warped minded murderers who were ravaging Europe, for the weird ideas of hate, violence, rape, death, and glory still exist even today. It's a lucky break for our side though, judging from the encouragement masterfully designed by the world leaders today; WAR is fun. It is true that we still have wars today, but most of them are not termed as crisis. The thrill of gunfire, conquering small villages, capturing deserted hills, is ever present. But nothing can beat the smell of the swamps or the pain of losing a leg or even two legs to generate tremendous excitement over the POSSIBILITY of going off to war. Ask your average American paraplegic.

Yes, a few more American boys pick up the saber of honor every year. There is even talk among government (whose government I'm not quite sure yet but have faith) officials to enact a draft system, to be known as T.H.E.O.S., the hazardous equal opportunity system to provide more American boys with the aesthetic experience of death. In fact, to show just how far this war craze has gone, there is a rumor around that a wealthy weapons manufacturer is sponsoring a contest to send ten winning boys to Viet Nam, the only requirements being that they be truly American and can write convincingly in twenty-five words or less, "Why I want to DIE." You girls who feel left out of the game, don't worry the fad will soon die out.

Just think what will happen if we can get every one to just hate someone for a short time each day, soon one huge death movement will really start moving. But time is running out and the air is too clean to provide the background for such a program. We must destroy environmental tendency to survive and exist

What's The Problem?

The SOCIAL BOARD has worked long and hard this year trying to set up activities which interest the students. The factor that appears so puzzling is "Why aren't these events attended?"

There have been quite a few good movies this year, some well attended, others not so well attended. The Social Board also was willing to sponsor buses to Lenoir for the basketball tournament, and there was no response. At the beginning of the year the Social Board planned a hayride and a cook-out, and four students showed up. Recently they sponsored the "Strawberry Alarm Clock." There were more high school students present than college students.

The Social Board has tried to please the students. They try to produce what interests the students. Is it that the activities are not what is wanted, or are we, the students, not interested enough to attend? Why not speak out about what you want if you are not pleased, so that those on the Social Board will know what the interests are?

by consciously fighting peaceful movements in America. Let's get it on AMERICA, kill everybody, and rape the world. For information on how you can prevent this insane killing from continuing write:

The Student Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam
1029 Vermont Ave. N.W.
Washington, D. C. America

Anonymous

Reflections

BY PAUL SIMS
EDITOR

Feelings of exalted omnipotence began in the young man's belly and like a flood of warm fingers oozed upward through his body. As he broke away from the massive group standing on the shoreline his mind was a kaleidoscope of flowing, undulating colors and shapes, occasionally overwhelmed by his vision as he looked out across the sands bathed in purple night, but more often intoxicated by what his eyes saw and yet didn't really see.

The wind was like a velvet hand that coaxed and ushered him farther from the group. The sands beneath his floating feet (that were lighter than feathers) began to shift and wiggle until the mounds were gelatinous things of alternating gold and yellow colors, rising and falling and oozing in the night. His feet no longer had weight. His arms were no longer flesh and bone, but wings that screamed in the wind. His eyes looked down and the mounds were falling away, their flowing beautiful shapes becoming distant and unclear. He reached out and touched the moon with his wings and a shower of sparks exploded in the sky all around and made his skin tingle where they touched him.

He opened his mouth and a sound like the sweetest violin blended with the wind and curled around his body like a warm protective shield. Then his mouth opened again, but this time the sound was a low deep moan like the dying gurgles of an ugly, vulgar pervert. He looked up and the sounds he saw were black as pitch and spreading into a huge hole. At the edges of the hole were huge, glistening lips that opened and closed and called his name. Deep in the depths of

the sole he could see a movement like the tentacles of an octopus, waving back and forth and gleaming in the murky, purple light.

As he screamed again and again, the wind screamed back and his wings dissolved. His arms became rigid and he fell forward into the hold; his arms were helpless to resist. For an eternity he fell as he watched the horrible lips opening and closing and waiting. As the hole closed over him, the lips clutched and pulled, the tentacles began to strangle him and the faintest sounds of sea and wind were abruptly lost. The tentacles squeezed while the horrible lips made a terrible moaning slobbering sound. Like a thousand tons on each side the tentacles squeezed until his bones began to crunch and snap and protrude. There was the rapid beating of a heart; now it was faster, ever faster, faster, faster. His body was nothing beneath the fantastic pressure. The heart beat faster, faster. The pressure crushed him, tons upon tons over his body. Faster, faster, faster beat the heart. Pressure was crushing, mashing the body, chest, and heart. Suddenly the heart exploded; the hole vanished.

Under the purple sky of a moonlight night a body lay still and silent on the sand just up from the breaking waves. About 200 yards down the beach stood the group, friends of the body. They saw him fall, but they knew he was just freaking out on herione. What they didn't know was that he had just freaked out of the world. He needed a stronger fix" they had told him. He needed a stronger fix." He was fixed all right; fixed for good.

