



Burger and Turtle: Dedicated Fans

Grenier

Burger Finds Turtles Safer Than Women

By Jane Williams

The following interview is designed to give the Brevard College student a better understanding of the famous Rosman-like instructor, Mr. Pete Burger.

Clarion: What has inspired you to build the weirdest reputation on campus? Are you making up for a shy childhood?

Burger: I wasn't aware that I had the weirdest reputation on campus. I always assumed that my behavior was normal. I wasn't kept in a shell (eent, eent, eent) as a child, but I was shy as a matter of fact. I still am.

Clarion: If you consider your behavior of the norm, how do you explain the turtles?

Burger: I envy their ability to withdraw into their shells when threatened, physically or otherwise. They are just fine fellows.

Clarion: Have you been physically or otherwise threatened here at Brevard College, that you should envy a turtle's shell?

Burger: Certainly, virtually every day.

Clarion: Besides what you have already mentioned, why are you so interested in turtles? Don't you find their personalities boring?

Burger: Oh no, it's safer to be attracted to turtles than other creatures, women for example. (Devilish laughter).

Clarion: So, Mr. Burger, although you have just cut your popularity in half, would you explain why you have put female homosapiens under a creature category?

Burger: Perhaps I should have said animals.

Clarion: You are doing nothing to resurface your dying popularity.

Burger: I don't see how my popularity (with turtles) could be injured, one bit.

Clarion: Because they can't read?

Burger: No, they can read, I just haven't said anything to offend those hard shelled creatures.

Clarion: O.K., let me ask you this. Obviously, you seem to be on the same level with turtles, do you have any knowledge of your ancestral blood?

Burger: No, but I'm sure it's largely reptilian.

Clarion: Then maybe we could also cover your reputation as a beast?

Burger: A Beast! With whom do I have such a reputation? Beast Indeed!!

Mr. Burger ended the interview laughing and stomping his feet on his desk.

A Spectacular Autumn

By Ken Chamlee

If anything good has come from the prolonged drought that still affects western North Carolina, it would have to be this year's beautiful array of fall colors. Due to the dry weather and a couple of good frosts, the leaves displayed greater variety and intensity than I have ever noticed. In Pisgah Forest, the drive up to the parkway was fifteen miles of kaleidoscopic fantasy. If you could squint your eyes out of focus (or in my case just take off your glasses), it was like a ride through an impressionistic painting, a softly surreal landscape. Huge maples, shimmering yellow, seemed to swirl with scarlet oaks; dogwoods and sourwoods flared with hues of red and peach. The early morning light, barely above the nearby ridge, threw long shadows that rippled continuously over the car, flashing starburst after starburst through backlit leaves.

At the Cradle of Forestry, the self-guiding trail silently impressed me with why men long ago wanted to preserve this forest, to learn how to replenish

as well as harvest. Just past the Pink Beds, the drive down Yellow Gap Road provided delight and despair. Large tear-shaped hickory leaves hang like drops of bullion above the road, but because of the excessive dryness, passing cars had thrown a blanket of pale brown dust over the laurel, rhododendron and ferns that grew nearby. Everywhere I drove the color was high, up in the trees, while the road remained neutral and irritating. Several miles in, a hillside catching shafts of light was covered solidly in crisp brown ferns. Although tinder dry, the brackens looked like an acre of curled hair waiting for a comb.

The real treat, though, was along the crest, up on the Blue Ridge Parkway. The early sun caught the rock walls that loom over the road and tunnel-mouths and etched out every crevice and imbedded spark of mica.

I found the sky such a deep blue that a polarizing filter for my photographs seemed excessive, unrealistic. In the Mount Pisgah

campground, clusters of bright red mountain ash berries decorated the loops. It was so quiet, so clear, that the normally silent rabbits, with their thick winter coats, were easily heard thumping about in the undergrowth.

For seven miles south of Wagon Road Gap, past Tunnel Gap where the migrating Monarch butterflies pass each September, past the tight horseshoe curve of Pounding Mill overlook with its 270 degree panorama, to the Graveyard Fields, where a tremendous fire once burned away everything, even the topsoil, so that fifty years later only small trees and bushes have taken hold, the colors were more vibrant and exciting than anywhere else. Every overlook was a postcard, each mile a slide show in itself. Against a background of rock and sky, the leaves dangerously drew my eyes from the road, magnetizing stares. These were the finest miles, the ones without compare.

We had it right here. All the brilliance and collage of color that makes autumn my favorite perennial show was right here. I spent two days in the Smokies over Fall break and most of the color I saw was in the line of cars backed three miles from Newfound Gap toward Cherokee.

I hope you got a chance to see some of it, get out and take a drive or hike. We were indeed lucky to have such a show virtually in our living rooms. And reruns are a long time away.

Life in Brevard

By Jon Young

Of the many and unendurable hardships we students face in college life there still remains a sweetened bit of solicitude in our souls to simply enjoy an entire weekend without the worry of the following week's class assignments. That time may be soon approaching with the arrival of Parents' Weekend, November 3-4. This is the opportune weekend when we, as unmanageable, rodents of the universal college slime (and if you don't liken to this unbiased description of a typical 18-20 year old, well Excuse Me!) await the arrival of our loving parents, eager to guide them on an exciting, roundabout tour of the wonderful city of Brevard.

For eating pleasure, Brevard offers a variety of dining establishments located conveniently in the heart of the city. Perhaps the best place is the Piranha Fish Club, where both you and the fish eat to your heart's delight. After dinner, you and your parents may actually speak with the head fish-chef, a remarkable little man who beams an uncanny resemblance to a goldfish due to the fact that he is constantly seen blowing bubbles through his nose.

On Sunday, your parents leave the campus of Brevard College knowing that surely colleges have grown up since their day, when fraternities swallowed fish and had weekly panty-raids on female dormitories.

For a delightful evening on the town, your parents and relatives may enjoy a film presentation at the local movie theater, the Co-Ed. Perhaps they would like to see the great classic, "Charlie McCarthy Meets Howdy Doody." On the other hand, BC's musical production, "Finian's Rainbow," will be given in Dunham Auditorium. Here parents may see their son or daughter commit the unforgiveable stage sin of echoing the biggest belch during a truly memorable love song ever heard in the history of the theater. This of course begins a chain reaction of belches throughout the rest of the cast of the play. Then the orchestra starts playing a concerto entitled "Belch in E minor." The audience, filled with parents from various parts of the state and country, naturally cannot help from doing the same unruly practice. Hopefully the play will not be completely ruined if the actors can stay in character, totally fooling the audience into submission.



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