

THE CLARION

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Washing Glasses At Virginia Lodge

By Daphne Teague

We say, "Let's excuse ourselves from the table and hurry through washing those glasses and silver." Well, up we get and away to the kitchen.

Can anyone see the dish pan? No, it is never in its proper place. Where could it possibly be this time? Oh, yes, over there it is, full of apple sauce. Nothing else can be done until it is emptied and washed. That is easy. It's over in no time. So here we are on our way to the faucet for water. We have to wait for our turn only three minutes. What? No soap? Where could it possibly be? Yesterday it was on the back porch, but today it's in the pantry.

Let's be on our way to the dining room with our dish water. Oh, please excuse us! So sorry we spilled water on you! We didn't know anyone was coming through the door. We must go back to the kitchen for more water. Finally we reach the dining room without any serious mishap.

We proceed to pick up a glass and wash it with great care; but when we start to put it in our rinsing water, there's none there. First you stand on one foot and then on the other; here at last comes our co-worker with rinsing water. Things go along smoothly until, without warning, Miss Binford comes along. Her sight gives one the sinking feeling one has when she dreams of being run over by a train. Seeing her reminds us that we are supposed to have changed our dish water twice anyway.

After changing the water, we finish the silver and glasses peacefully. While putting away the dish pan we think, "A very complicated task has been completed, and there are only two more times it must be done today."

"The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like the potato—the only good belonging to him is underground."—Sir Thomas Overby.

Table Manners

No table manners? Why how absurd-of course we have-not! We may know what to do and how to do it, but we don't seem to be practicing what we preach. At any rate that's the way it looks to the faculty and outsiders, and even to us if we stop to think about it.

This idea of throwing bread and napkins around the table, eating before your hostess starts, reaching for food rather than asking for it, eating fast, and jumping into chairs before helping some of the fairer sex into theirs wouldn't go over so big in our own homes. A lot of the Brevard-invented phrases could be cut out, too! "Pass the lard, or cold cream." "Any more slop?" and "Quit hogging the bread!" SOME of us have weak stomachs.

Poor table manners can take charm away from the most beautiful woman, and whether or not a boy watches his "P's and Q's" at the table either makes or breaks him with a girl. So there you are! Let's cut the comedy and get down to some cleaner, more proper, and more polite ways at the table. After all we are not children!

Resolutions

I found these resolutions hanging on the door of one of the rooms in the dormitory; and, after reading them carefully, I decided that it would be a splendid idea to have them in every room on the campus. With that thought in mind, and with the permission of the person who posted them, I'm passing them on to you:

"I will try to be popular at school this year.

I will not be catty, jealous, or snobbish.

I will try not to think of myself all the time.

I will widen my interests so that I can talk to anyone.

I will acquire at least one new accomplishment.

I will practice good manners—even on my own family.

I will make the most of what good looks I have."

Genius

The ability to go on when ordinary men say the battle is lost.
 The faith one has when no one else can see a reason for it.

The vision to see the rainbow before the storm is over.

The will power to go on struggling after strength is gone.

--Selected

Kaleidoscope

Human Interest Comment Events

By Evelyn Swaringen

Have patience this week and please be merciful while I struggle with this column. I'm pinching for the editor, who is at present recuperating from a very bad cold, in hopes that a little change like this will cause you to appreciate his writing more.

It's considerably colder now. Winter coats are beginning to make their appearance, and we are all becoming more settled in our rooms—or are we?

Congratulations to the football boys for the game Saturday! The boys are getting set now for the big Home-Coming game with Belmont Abbey. By the way, people, be sure to write all your friends and relatives and former students of your acquaintance and tell them about home-coming. We want to make it a big day in our history. And, freshmen, if you think you won't enjoy coming back, you're wrong. Just stick around, and you'll have as big a time as anybody.

I must not omit—

SO THEY SAY

Martha Warren: "The most most modernistic thing around here is the mud-baths they give us."

Marshall Houts: (Upon losing the third consecutive bet on the World Series) For all the good I'm doing, I'd just as well return to the parsonage in Ooletawah."

On the front page of a beauty magazine: "The eyes have it—and them that has—gits."

Professor: "The only thing about the honor system is that the faculty have the honor and the students have the system."

POEM

"I draw the line at kissing;
 She said in accents fine.
 He was a football hero,
 So he crossed the line."

Do you like pie? The girls in West Hall have learned their lesson and will never "bite" again. We should have known something was wrong when Lois Andrew got so generous as to pass a cream pie all around in the dormitory. But some of us are still a little slow about catching on, and we have to feel—eh Sara and Doris?

I'm still wondering whom Matt was thinking about at the Biltmore game when he was holding his raincoat sleeve so close to his

face and gazing so lovingly at the sky.

Midge is having a little trouble convincing Miss Shore that she's in love. We wonder!

Incidentally, we were all glad to see Bostic and Coffey.

Did you know that:—

The editor is intensely griped by the above phrase? That "The Magnificent Obsession" was based on "Matthew", Chapter 6? That mystery books were asked for more at the libraries by preachers and lawyers than by any other people? That Sunday was Mr. Andrew's birthday?

Lou Belle Boyd: "Say, has Marcus Rose gone home?"

Bill Rusher: "I don't know. He hadn't the last time I saw him."

And that was the truth, but these—well, we just hope that the students will forgive us if we use their names. It's all in fun.

Mr. Trowbridge: "Miss Berryhill, give me the formula for water."

W.B.B. "Yes sir, HIJKLMNO."

Mr. T. "Now you know that isn't right."

W.B.B. "But just yesterday you said it was H to O."

Sarah Baker: "Martha, do know how old Miss Smith is?"

Martha: "No, I don't; but she must be pretty old, because she said she taught Shakespeare and Browning."

Helen Parrish: "Bernice, your clothes look as if they've been slept in".

Brantley: "Well, I've been to Bible."

Mr. Trowbridge: "Mr. Fink, what does HNO₃ signify?"

"Buck" Fink: "Well, ah, ea'r, ah, I've got it on the tip of my tongue."

Mr. T. "Well, you'd better spit it out. It's NITRIC ACID."

And do you suppose that Mr. Webster would approve of the following definitions?

Eloquent big elephant
 Contest female count
 Pheasant a poor guy
 Artery where an artist works
 Shoulder man in the army
 Willow lady whose husband is dead

Alien someone who is always sick

Vein my attempts at humor

We'd like to tell the faculty that we certainly appreciated the two half-holidays.