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Shooting High

The greatest fault of Brevard College students is the lack of ambition—that is, the ambition to make of ourselves the personality which, according to our native capacities and abilities, we are intended to have. We are not grasping and modeling by the best in the *occupation for which we are preparing*, in morals, in literature, and in *thought*. We are being held in insignificance simply because we are not ambitious—because we are not shooting for the highest.

On first entering Brevard I made friends, as was normal. There was a distinctive friendship that I called my best; and naturally I wrote to my best friend—the man I most admire—about this relation. In return he only said, "Fine, if he is the *best* person there to have as a friend."

Nine of every ten men who become astounding successes began at the bottom, but all the while they were shooting high. America's most famous contemporary singer was under tremendous handicaps at the time he was our present age; but he knew what was there, and only physical misfortune would prevent him from reaching the top. The leading American playwright of today knew the time when it was a luxury to afford three square meals each day. The most successful living manufacturer was wearing overalls and wondering how to get the money to supply his mechanic shop when he was

Forum

Dear Editor:

The entire student body is watching interestedly the building program begun at our college. Anyone familiar with the interest of Brevard students in athletics will recognize the need for a gymnasium and an athletic field. But even these items must come second in importance to our library and infirmary. The students and their friends feel deeply the need for an infirmary and an adequate library. They feel that these developments will mean much to the continuation of Brevard College. Brevard College is destined to grow, and these proposed buildings are necessities. Let us hope for a continuation of the program.

Yours truly,
Mitchell Faulkner.

forty years old. Ambition that lasts for a few hours or days does not cause one to succeed.

Not long ago I heard a student lament because he had made only *B* on a intricate quiz. "I wanted an *A*," he said. Every day I read in the library, and there every day is a girl who studies for hours. She makes grades commensurate with the highest in school; her mind is keen and brilliant because she has cultivated it. A Professor of English in this school says *best* to her students more than any other word.

January third of this year I heard a student of the graduate school at Duke University advise one hundred young people to "shoot high" and get the best people for friendship, to accept only the *best* as the goal. England's greatest lyric poet had as his theme intellectual or absolute beauty. He even placed his goal for writing above what he could imagine.

Now the first step is to learn what is best, to become familiar with our purpose, then investigate thoroughly. A new step might cause the discontinuance of a friendship, but that will not restrain an ambitious person. The herd always follows the leader to better grazing grounds.

Willie was being measured for his first made to order suit of clothes. "Now, do you want the shoulders padded, little man?" inquired the tailor.

"Naw," said Willie, "pad the pants."

Kaleidoscope

Human Interest-Comment-Events

By Odell Salmon

WHAT DO YOU HEAR?

Many students here have a radio, and more have access to one at almost any hour of the day he has a vacant period and desires to be enchanted by a striking program. But what program does he hear?

It is said that a person stays at home not to listen to the radio but to hear a special or favorite program. And so it is with most students, for they are acquainted with the programs that are charging the air nearly all the hours of the day and night. They have their favorite programs.

It is true that most college students like a snappy, joyful, new, and original program, most of which is composed of the modern song hits, played by a first-rate orchestra which has a blues singer who can change the mood anytime. It seems that a swing-time, jazztime, and singtime program is the point at which the dial stops.

But there are other programs that have a greater value. Truly these are few, and spread over most of the day; but every person could hear one or more of these programs each day. For instance, in the line of current events or programs behind the news there come to the microphone Catherine Craven, Lowell Thomas, Boake Carter, Gabriel Heater, and a host of others who have programs that are practically always worth the time one would spend to hear them. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights there are superb dramas presented by capable and distinguished actors. The Columbia School of the Air is often interesting. These and many many others are well worth while.

ARE YOU INSURED?

In the United States there are sixty-four million life insurance policy-holders. Seven billion dollars are invested in cash, and it will take twenty billion to pay off these policies. Yet most of them are 100 per cent sound.

The United States has seven per cent of the world's population, and seventy per cent of the life insurance. More people are investing, regardless of the fact that science now makes life less

uncertain; and the old time questions—"What is your name?" "Where do you live?" and "what undertaker do you prefer?" are no longer asked when you are taken to the hospital.

A GOOD SUGGESTION

It seems to me that the American people are queer about the book they choose to buy and, consequently, about which book becomes the best-seller. Generally each season the best-seller is a long novel made up by the printer in such a form as to weigh about four pounds.

A recent editorial writer suggests that publishers demand that their printers make books from light-weight paper so that they will weigh one-fourth the amount they now weigh. His prediction is that the first volumes issued in this format will sell five million copies and that the publisher will "clean-up."

NEWS IN ONE NEWSPAPER

A large daily in New York City receives from all corners of the world more than 500,000 words every day for print in the paper. Space is so limited that it is possible to use only less than half of this material. Five hundred thousand words is the length of five modern novels.

Afterglow

Afterglow, like a faded blush,
Rests on the hills;
And a half expectant hush
The whole earth fills.
Afterglow, like a lingering
sigh,
Fades from the hills.
For the moon is rising high,
And the whole sky fills.

Limerick

There was a young man from
Brevard
Who slipped on a slick piece of
lard.
When he hit the ground,
It made a big sound;
And his rear the firmament
jarred.

—Margaret Ryan

If you expect to keep on selling,
you must keep on telling.