

THE CLARION  
Brevard College Weekly

MEMBER OF NORTH CAROLINA  
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## Are You Willing To Do Your Part?

Babe Ruth in an editorial on fame once wrote, "You often hear it said we haven't enough great leaders, but I think we haven't enough great followers." We think of Babe Ruth as the home-run king of sports and not as a philosopher, but I believe when he wrote this he was hitting hard on an idea well worth our consideration.

Leadership is essential in all walks of life. Without some one to go before and chart new courses we cannot make progress. Sometime ago, the editor of a college paper in this state received much publicity when he led the student body in a strike. However, his success lay in the students who followed him. Able followers made him a good leader.

While we are in school we have a splendid chance to show our ability as a follower. Let's be willing to get in line and do some real blocking for one of the best schools in this state. The U. S. Commissioner of Education, J. W. Studebaker, says, "Youth has proved it can think, even more efficiently, sometimes, than we whose minds are cluttered with customs or closed." Let's all do our small part to make this student body one that will measure up to this judgment.

With every shoulder to the wheel we can make a worthy record.

# LETTERS

By Odell Salmon

To Jim,

Incidentally, I find that I am just thirty minutes behind with my correspondence. It is now my usual retiring time, and this letter must be completed. Therefore I am thirty minutes behind, since the writing of this will not take longer.

It was fine to hear that you played a "tip-top" basket-ball game against M - - -. The *News* should have rated you in the rotogravure of sports for that final foul shot that won the game. But don't think what would have happened had you missed.

B - - - was here last week-end, and he brought a girl friend of his for me to date. Were it not for his loveliness and that she was a friend of his, I would have been completely disgusted; for all the poor simp could think and say was, "I" this, "we" that, "swing orchestra," etc. Girls with their tongue loose at both ends and mind (really not mind) on nothing are worse than the guy rooming over me who takes tap-dance lessons.

Faithfully,

To Ann,

My dearest lady-fair, you seem to have a frankness that is alluring rather than hateful. Certainly your last letter makes that characteristic more dominant.

It is fine that we are candid to each other, that we have complete faith in each other and in all our associations. A frivolous relation is rarely permanent; certainly it is never happy. All honesty is alike; but each dishonesty is different. There is complete beauty in truth.

Last night a freshman, glimmering with zeal, with whom I became associated earlier in the year, came by to tell me that he is in love with the prettiest girl in his class. He said that she was the cutest, prettiest, and wore the best clothes. He had heard that she was dumb on class; yet that made no differences. He thought she was infatuated with him also.

Too bad the boy has never "had it" before. But it is even worse that he believes love to be of the flesh only. There is never perfect love unless two souls are united for all eternity.

Ever yours and truly,

To Pop,

It seems that your son has become as busy as his father; especially is this true in correspondence, i. e. short and cold. You know your letters: "Son, you must be more careful about your studies; and it seems that every time you write there is a request for a ten or twenty spot. If you are not careful, you will have us selling the golf sticks to pay your, a-h-h 'incidentals' I believe you said."

But nevertheless, Dad, I am kept extremely busy; and if a boy's father writes only eight or ten lines, how can he expect his son to write a long, interesting letter? The chip is the same kind of wood as is the log.

The basket-ball team is having a good season--there was a lecturer here from Harvard last night--the debaters meet their main rival tonight--and,

Best wishes,

P. S. I read a picture of Lincoln; you know, the one on a five spot.

To Ann,

It is a rather pleasant atmosphere in which to begin conversation with you, and I regret to think that you will not receive this letter after a day. Then it will be morning, and you may have just gotten out of bed on the wrong side or did not know your psychology lesson. But if that be the case, do justice to my present feeling.

You are lucky because of your access to all the new books. Generally I must wait weeks before I even get to glance at some of the books I am most eager to read. You must write me your opinion of "Sharkenbroke." I am reading a batch of Lewis' novels. He is not the type of author I like to read, yet his books have a distinction and a special interest.

My English literature professor, about whom I have spoken so much, gave a magnificent discussion on Browning and his poetry this morning. In the class room she is a true ideal, and most of her deeds and associations outside the class room cause one to have a certain faith in her.

Ever yours and truly,

To Brother,  
The amount of times that you

write exhibits true brotherly devotion. I believe that I would "kickout" if you decided to write very six weeks instead of every two months.

I am happy that you are liking it at D--, and especially I am glad that you are "going to town" on the boxing team. I read of your bout last week-end. Too bad it took you three rounds to knock that boy out. I beg your pardon. I mean it was too bad that he cooled you in the second round. But don't be discouraged with that bout; he was a good fighter. You are still young in this game. I have followed your record in the paper, and you should have been here to see my rush for the paper this morning. I even got up in time to go to Sunday School. Maybe you should fight every week-end.

I have been extremely busy with the paper. It is no easy matter to handle a college newspaper. But this is my interest, and it gets my best efforts.

I am planning for you to visit me the week-end of the 6th. I'll find you a "good" date. I know the type that you want.

It is too bad that you could not come to school at Brevard; for you would make a perfect roommate, as you have been a perfect companion. Yet it is best that you attend the school where you can get the best training for your interest.

Faithfully,

## The Candle

The flame sways and dances  
Flickering luminous shades  
Of gold with a scarlet heart,  
Then fades.

A shadow aimlessly leaps and  
wanes,

The dusky counterpart  
Of the blue-tipped brilliance.

A slim circlet of smoke  
Clings to the crown of the flame  
As though held by invisible  
chains

Which cannot release.  
The shadows, the flame  
Leaped in a last dance of ec-  
stasy.

Between them they brake  
The chains, and the darkness  
concealed  
The unfeeling chill of candle-  
grease.

—Ryan