

COMMENT

By Odell Salmon

Off-Sides

Thursday night of last week an incident occurred that should not occur in a small college. Two



major extra-curricular events, the annual intra-society basketball game and a debate, were conducted so that they were in direct conflict.

Both events were in line with literary work; one was sponsored, directed, and performed entirely by members of all four societies. The other was not under the auspices of the societies, but debating is a project of the societies. Even the following night one society had a debate. The debaters are society members. Developing the art of speaking, debating, and intelligent listening are prime factors of the literary society.

In the first place the society officials, especially those on the athletic committees, should not have scheduled this game on a night which had been filled by another function, especially a debate. In a small school it is unfair to schedule conflicting events when it is evident that the last scheduled affair will draw the mass from the other event.

Only a small portion of the student body will attend a debate, yet it should be the duty of the societies to encourage debating. They have. But this interference turned the tables.

We are inclined to believe that there should not be a recurrence of such.

R. S. V. P.

In the Library a few days ago Margaret Wilson left a note book at one of the tables while she attended a class. On the cover in large writing were the letters R. S. V. P. We know this to mean "Respond, if you please."

Margaret could mean several things (or nothing at all) by writing these formal letters on her note book. Yet it is best to think that she meant the owner would like to have the book returned in case she lost it.

Foot-Note

Why should some people be so busy that they never have time

to do all that they eagerly desire to do and others never have anything to do except gripe for something to do?

So They Say

W. R. Hearst: "A picture (in a newspaper) is worth a thousand words."

Publisher: "Let other publishers support my writers; I'll give them fame."

Miss Smith: "The purer a man the purer his God becomes."

Dean of Poets

Edward Markham is dean of American poets; yet not long ago a New York court declared him incapable of managing his estate because of old age.

Thousands of people were eager to hear the trial of this beloved man who wrote the immortal poem, "The Man With A Hoe." But only a small group were able to get into the little court house, and throughout they eagerly had their eyes directed to a man they undoubtedly loved and honored.

The trial proceeded, during which Mr. Markham appeared not to have an interest beyond apparently scribbling on a paper. Many, many times the court begged to see that paper, for they thought that famous man was writing a poem. Yet when that paper was produced, it was blank.

As the old man walked from the court-house, he mumbled to himself the most famous lines ever written about the man who has become aged and worn by honest toil and service.

Pictures in Vogue

For the past three weeks one has noticed many pictures passing from hand to hand at the dining table, on the campus, or in the class room. Most of these pictures were made in the dormitory rooms.

This gives a true insight into college life, for in most pictures are views of books, magazines, and pictures found in the college student's room.

Too, this shows an interest in the art of photography. Possibly the Photo-Nature Club has inculcated a taste for this remarkable practice in those who like photography and can afford the cost of it as a hobby.

For Students

By chance I ran into a rather amusing and somewhat sound list of things that a college boy and girl must (or should) decide while in school. From this sheet I cite the most interesting to students.

"Cut out drugs, root and branch -- especially alcohol and nicotine in any form."

"If you are in a co-ed college, do not be familiar with friends of the opposite sex. Public exhibition of personal interest in such a friend cheapens you and makes onlookers sick. Learn to be cordial and friendly without being coarse or familiar."

The entire list is a treatise of advice to the college student. Reading this list gives one the feeling that it is a "pretty good list"; but, as the author said of others, he is somewhat too familiar.

On Alcohol

Those who studied freshman English last year likely recalled an essay in the April issue of the *Atlantic* entitled "Alcohol and the Driver" when I. R. Binford gave his dramatic and impressive talk at assembly last week.

Mrs. Coltrane has placed her April issue of the *Atlantic* on reserve in the library (someone has taken the library copy) and we suggest that you again - freshmen probably for the first time - read Curtis Billings' article.

Forum

Dear Editor:

The Music Department of Brevard College is doing some excellent work which many of the students do not know about. The latest development is the selection of a travelling choir, which consists of twenty students who will give concerts throughout the middle and western parts of the state. We are very proud of this group who represent our college.

Sincerely yours,
Mary Fern Coble

Dear Editor:

Since coming to Brevard College in 1935, I have been a constant member of the Music Department. Therefore I feel qualified to understand both its assets

and its liabilities. We have two very fine, well-trained instructors in the department, Miss Irene Clay and Mrs. Jack S. Dendy.

The concert choir of the College is typical of the work which is being done, and to be a member requires faithful work and ability. Since the choir visits representative cities, we are striving to make it the best possible. We have not the needed equipment for a progressive program of music. Our greatest need is a music hall and auditorium which would provide badly-needed space for instruction and performances.

With the assets which we already have and the cooperation of our many friends, I see a brilliant future for the Music Department of Brevard College.

Sincerely yours,
Mary McLarty

Disappointment

When I am all alone, will it be wrong

To think of all the things we used to do

To dream again, to sing once more each song

We sang when you loved me and I loved you?

Oh no, those songs would only bitter be,

And lingering in my heart, a minor tune

Would bring once more the lovely memory

Of whirling sparks mad dance up towards the moon.

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THE CLARION

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