

The Clarion

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Gene Houck
 News Editor Wayne Kernodle
 Sports Editor Earle Brinkley

REPORTERS

Bill Dunnagan
 Florence Spillman
 Ardeyne Burton
 Mildred Maxwell
 Gloria Martin
 Juanita Kays

Mary Ruth Snow

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Oswald Parks
 Typists Eileen Payseur
 Carroll Cook

Faculty Advisers: Kin McNeill and Mrs. E. J. Coltrane

Published bi-weekly by the students of Brevard College

Among Ourselves

This is an era that is marked by the growth in importance and content of activities in physical education in general and athletic sports in particular. While the inter-school, inter-collegiate, and the professional games are given emphasis in the press and in public thought, intramural sports are still holding their place in the physical education program. Although intramural sports and work in the gymnasium have been subordinated to the varsity games, who benefits most? Do students who play for the fun of competing with their fellow students benefit more than a player who is on the varsity? Of course he does. It is tremendously worth while to the intramural players; they gain the qualities of loyalty, self-sacrifice, devotion to a cause, courage, and good sportsmanship, all of which are portrayed in our games.

Mr. Roberts deserves special commendation for the comprehensive program of home athletics he has developed.

The Whispering Of The Highway

I often feel the call of the highway. While going to sleep, while walking down the street, or even while in class, I feel a longing to be again by the side of the road. I feel a longing to see new scenes and faces. I want to see the world from behind that Chrysler's windshield, or I want to be riding in that Ford. When you see me standing by the roadside with my handbag, don't call me a bum. I have an urge to travel. I want to see as much of this country as possible. I travel over this, and neighboring states in comfort and without any of the worries a motorist has. I am a hitch-hiker.

I became a hitch-hiker about three years ago while attending high school. I lived eight miles from the school and went on a school bus to and from school. I liked this bus system very well, but I had one objection to it. The bus always left the school house about five minutes after the bell rang. This system did not give me a chance to whisper sweet sayings in my girl's ear or to loaf even one minute after school was out.

One bright clear afternoon I resolved to see how long the bus would wait for me. I didn't think the driver would risk starting off without me, but he did. I was very much surprised and angered because he valued my presence no more than that. There was only one thing to do. I did it and went walking down the road. I was disgusted with school, the world, and myself, when an inspiration struck me. There was plenty of traffic on the road, for cars had been passing me in an almost continuous procession since I had left the schoolhouse. I remembered how I had seen other boys thumbing, and I got my hand out of my pocket and eagerly waited for another car to come. I had hardly got ready, when I saw a new Pontiac coming toward me.

I started with my thumb on one side, gave it a long graceful swing in the direction I wanted to go, and ended it quivering behind my back on the other side. To my great surprise the car

What Will The Harvest Be?

What end do we propose to work for? Is our college work an end within itself or is it a means to an end? Are we in college just for the prestige and distinction to be gained from having been in college? Are we here for a concrete purpose or to drift aimlessly with the tide? These are the questions we should answer sincerely and honestly to those inner selves that are so often beguiled. That inner self should clamor for recognition and that recognition should be a realistic portrayal of the direction to be taken by the exterior. In the final analysis, what is to be the result of our efforts here? What will the harvest be?

stopped. I stopped dead still wondering which way to run. I compromised and ran toward the car. The motorist took me to within a half mile of my home. I arrived there only ten minutes after the school bus had passed by.

At first I did not realize the wonderful possibilities and opportunities that hitch-hiking offered. A week after my first thrilling adventure in the field of hitch-hiking I missed the bus again. This time I did not walk one step but stood in front of the school and thumbed. My English teacher picked me up and we passed the school bus before we had gone far. I lived a mile farther down the road from his house, so the bus won the race.

I then realized that I had the urge. I felt the call of the highway. I felt a desire to travel in class and comfort at high speeds without a care in the world. I often began to feel restless and dissatisfied. The only cure for this kind of sickness is a small hand bag with a change of clothing in it and a broad strip of concrete stretching across the plains, ascending the mountains, crossing the streams and finally curving out of sight in the far off mists. Even now as I am writing this, memories flood my soul and fill me with a longing. Perhaps I soon shall be standing by the side of the road with my thumb ready and a hopeful expression on my face.

MUSINGS

It's a crisis! It's a panic! It's a strike! It's a famine! Or at least an unenlightened bystander would probably think this to be the situation if he should suddenly be thrown in the midst of a mob of oatmeal cookie addicts in one of their raids on the eat-drink-and-mail dispensary. Really, the advocates--demolishers perhaps--of more and better oatmeal cookies are rapidly growing in number. It seems that this particular product is describing itself a definite position in the sustenance annals of campus life.

It's great to be in college. There is never anything to do: one's most difficult problem is deciding what to do on Saturday night. A person's mind usually gets rusty on account of having nothing to do to keep it oiled. The teachers could easily remedy this situation if they would open up and give us some assignments. They evade the issue with "Well, class, I am edified with your work; you have been a good class this month and I won't give you any outside studying to do."

The bookstore is threatening to go out of business because students are so nonchalant about getting their mail. They never care whether they get it or not--in fact they won't even wait around the bookstore counter for fear that it will jinx them into having some.

Sourceless and incoherent, but puissant, quotations: "If you had a brain, it would be lonesome."... "Speakers who shoot at nothing hit just exactly that."... "The world does move, but as a rule only when some one kicks it."... "Figures won't lie but fools and liars will figure."... "Hell is a place where dutiful souls are eternally tied to mates who scornfully sniff at everything they do."

Such terms as "preparedness," "first line of defense," and "international crisis" are heard so often that they sometimes fail to register their vital significance, the only reaction they produce being a slovenly awareness that a peril exists.