

**Gaither's, Jones, Bookstore:**

**THREE CHEERS!**

There is, it seems, always a time for a grumble, a grouch, or a gripe. But this is not it! Now, in the season of brotherly love, we issue three cheers for services rendered to us by Gaither's, the college bookstore, and Jones' news stand.

Needless to say, the CLARION has been struggling in the red since the year "one." This problem is one that the staff set out to remedy early this year. We're nearing accomplishment! The one way that we deemed a sure-fire means was to operate the dormant concession stand at the home football games. It worked!

But it wouldn't have!

It wouldn't have, had it not been for the cooperation of the three named businesses—in selling foods to us at cost—and, again, we echo our thanks to them—to Gaither's, bookstore, and Jones'—for their ready cooperation.

Things wouldn't be complete without thanking the student body for the fine support they offered. Too, the Athletic Association was kind in letting us use the stand. We need continued help in our endeavor to keep the CLARION bankbook stable.

THE CLARION STAFF,  
W. Ray Cain, Jr., Business Manager.

oOo

**Your Feet Are Too Heavy:**

**ONLY FAIRIES CAN WALK ON GRASS**

In the constitutional meetings many objections were voiced against the penalty for walking on the grass. Some said that it sounded babyish and that any college student should not have to be penalized for such a trivial thing. Others expressed the opinion that if a general request were issued that the students not walk on the grass, they certainly would not do it.

Such a request was issued, and the penalty was taken out of the demerit system. Regardless of this the students and faculty continue to walk on the grass; and that path by West Hall grows wider and wider.

**EXCHANGETTE COLUMN**

Editorial Comments . . . . .

**SILENCE IS GOLDEN**

Although the proverb is old and greatly unheeded these days, "Silence is golden"! How much can be accomplished in a peaceful atmosphere?

If all of us were quiet all the time, it certainly would be a dull world, but here on our campus, we have completely dismissed the word "quiet" from our thoughts and vocabulary.

When a telephone rings, there are at least a dozen others gathered around it besides the person who is talking, and each is anxious to send a message to the party at the other end of the line; as a result, the chatter grows louder

and louder until each one is shouting in order that he might be heard above everyone else. To add to the confusion, "Zana, Zana, Zana" is blaring forth from the shack loud enough to be heard all over the campus, and down the hall a radio is twanging its "corny commercials." On the second floor, a heightened conversation meets—one person is on the third floor, one on the first; after various attempts they finally understand one another, but by that time the whole dormitory has assembled the bits into a choice piece of gossip!

—THE INDIAN  
Newberry College,

Food gone up; ain't got no heat.  
Here I set with two cold feet  
Wish they'd pave that Barrack path.  
The dern bell's early; I'm late for math.  
Havin' fun—I don't know how!  
Food is good—eat like a cow!  
Don't hear nothin' but fuss and strife.  
Ma said that was college life.  
Hate to write that English theme.  
May just as well sit here and dream.  
Huh. I would if I wuz bold . . .  
Can't, 'cause I'm so doggoned cold.  
Guess I oughta get on the ball  
Get to class at old West Hall . . .  
Written "Hurriedly"

TOM FRESHMAN . . .

**AROUND THE CAMPUS WITH  
BONNIE HAWKINS**

Well, it won't be long now before all of us are going home for the holidays, leaving our Joes and Sals here on the campus, and taking up there where we left off last September. They say that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," but you can't tell us that old story unless, of course, you add that last phrase of that proverb which goes, "of somebody else." We'll all spend a happy vacation with the "ones we left behind" and then about January fourth, come back to the general routine here on the campus. Now that's really a double life for ya!

We know another old saying which goes like this: "Two's a company and three's a crowd." Now if there's any truth in this statement we'll betcha we know several couples on the campus who were pushed for room about the time of the Thanksgiving dance!

We thought you might be interested in a little bit of broadening news to take home with you in this issue of your superb paper (had to get that plug in; that's what we're hired for!) and ponder over it as a source of entertainment while you're taking that long bus trip home. Well, even if it is a short trip, this article won't be that long. You'll be able to read it before you get out of the city limits—that is, of course, if you don't try to make any sense out of it.

Our student body president and Alice Leggett were attractive as

well as efficient hosts at the Thanksgiving dance. This is more or less a new campus couple.

There was a birthday party in the rec hall the other night for Clarence Blythe and Carol Carter, and everything was as pretty as a picture. And that cake, it was a beauty all done up in pink and white icing. Here's a belated but sincere "Happy Birthday" wish for both of you.

One of our steadiest couples on the campus known to all as "Peanut" and "Max." The air moving above their heads is quiet once again, but don't breathe too deep. This might not last until the paper comes out. It must be true love or something of that nature, because, if you've ever noticed, they always manage to get things patched up after their violent quarrels.

Now, if you don't believe that some people on this campus are accomodating, just take a gander at the sudden two-somes which have sprung up so that we would have something with which to fill up this space. Recently we've seen the following couples together: Carol Carter and Mark Shuford, Nancy Medford and Tom Roberts, Barbara Hall and Jim Dillard, Earl Seckinger and Norma June Merritt, and Dottie Gay Rockwood and John Randall.

That telephone in Taylor Hall is a busy little instrument these days. We're just surprised that

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