

SAIRY LOU'S LETTERS

By
SHIRLEY PARSONS & BETSY NORTHROP

Dear Maw and Paw:

Hyar I am a settin' on the adage of this hyar bed a tryin' to scratch you a few lines. I hain't seed so many critters since Aunt Lizzie's funeral.

Well sir, Maw, whin I got cher some gal she ups and says she's my big sister. And I'e jest about to tell her right then and thar she wuz a liar. I turned, I did, to thet thar gal and asted her if she wuz frum Skunk Hollar and she sade she wuz frum some place called Thomas Pint, er Highville. Well, I hain't had time to find out no more about it, but I reckon that's awright. Ain't it Paw?

Wel, ater thet my big sister she hoped me unload all of my duds and thangs frum the wagon. Then I turned old Jeb and the wagon round, give him one whop, and sade, "Git home." Paw, has Zeb cum home yit?

Well, sir, atter everythang wuz settled we all troped over to whut they called a lunch rum. We had ter stand in line fer mite nigh ten minutes to git us somethin' to et. Hit reminded me uv a corn shuckin' like old Mose Thomas allus had. Maw, they warn't a thang fitten to et. That is, thangs like you cook — sich as pinto beans, collart greens, and corn pone, and to top it all off, they didn't have nary glass uv buttermilk!

They give a couply shindigs called ice breakers. But I hain't seed a bit uv that thar ice yit.

Well they had somethin' they called registrition day, whar we stode in line, and filled out some papers (they wuz all culors, cep-tin' red) and then we stood in line sum more. Thin, this fellar he ast me fer sum money, because it wuz he needed it. So I retched down in my stockin' and give him the money, cause he looked lak he needed it more'n I did. Whin I got all thet settled me and a whole passel went back to the dorm-it-tory whar I am now.

Wal, I guess I better hesh and git on with this hyar book larnin'..

Yours truly till whin,
Sairy Lou

Digressions

The time is 8 P. M., the day Oct. 2, 1956, the place a small room in Taylor Hall — on the table there is a shining black phonograph with a large circular dial, four books on creative writing — which haven't felt the warmth of a human hand in two weeks, a book of poetry by Robinson Jeffers, a thick greenish-blue book with a small rectangular blot of red on the cover, a pinkish bit of rubber with shining metal and a black brush, a Confederate flag, a dull looking book of brown containing every word in the English language, and a stack of records. The melancholy strains of La Boheme invade the stillness of the room as a baffled editor slumps dumbly over a borrowed typewriter. Tomorrow his paper goes to press. Sadly remembering the C- he received on his first theme, he wanders if his paper will flop. Is everything correct? Are the spelling and composition poor? His mood is as dark as the night outside the window. I know because I am he.

Then Schaudard arrives bringing food and wine. No longer this dreadful hunger tearing at the stomach and the heart; we can dance, eat, and be gay! But that is another world. This isn't Paris! This is Brevard, U. S. A. Or is it? Which is reality and which is evanescence? Hear the melodious loveliness? It has the wings of an angel and disappears through the paned glass window. My heart could too. It could swell and swell and swell with the music until it floated right out the window. I could ride a moonbeam over the Atlantic. See the bluish undulating hue down there? That must be God's tear as he weeps for humanity. Notice how it never stops weeping? And this must be his heart! — This city called Paris. Yes it is His heart! See that tiny trickle floating away to the blue, tremulous tear. I always knew tears were made in the heart! Oh Mimi! you too belong to the heart? You cry also? Your tears that mingle with the Seine's, flowing into God's own passionate weeping? Can you feel the worn cobblestone underfoot, Mimi? Rest upon it the smooth whiteness of your hand. Your heart beats so fast! Are you remembering all the people who have trodden where our hands now rest — all that was and is no more? Why they so oblivious to our hands, the cobblestone, and even the hearts which so furiously pound? You weep for them Mimi?

Dr. Coles Praises

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whose people don't worry as much about philosophy or literature as they do about where to park their cars. They recognized that while the attainments of science cannot wait for the systematizing of our understanding of social forces, neither can science continue its advance oblivious to these forces."

Dr. Coles concluded with this advice, "Let us sell short neither the liberal arts nor the small college. On the contrary, let us all join in proclaiming its many unique virtues and contributions".

Student Wins

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Brevard, he can review a fine record of academic, social and economical accomplishments.

CLUB FORMED

A new club has been formed for the purpose of extending a helping hand to freshman girls as they arrive on opening day and continue through their first year of college. This club has been named the Big Sisters and will sponsor several social events during the coming year. There are 11 members who were originally chosen according to the leadership, scholastic attainments, and personality traits they displayed last year. Jeanette Hoyle is the president of this club. The other members are: Carolyn Mitchum, Jeanette Miller, Keitha Cox, Violet Lindsey, Marge Long, Audrey Dickson, Sylvia Jones, Jane Ardrey, Sylvia Gardner, and Barbara Davis.

Or do you cry only for the beauty of tears? This heart of mine weeps also, Mimi. It weeps for no reason unless the heart was just made to cry. The beauty of things was made before the heart, Mimi. Therefore, the heart must have been made for weeping — an organ specifically designed to perpetuate continuous sorrow. There is happiness in sorrow, though Mimi. There is the quiet, final, disconsolate happiness. Why do you close your eyes? Do you seek such happiness Mimi? How will the dead taste their long sought treasure? Whisper in my ear, so close to your lips my dear, how will you taste it Mimi? You cannot answer because you are in the heart of God and I am in the bowels! But the universe is relative Mimi and death is merely another dimension. Mimi will not answer. She is no longer relative to anything. Small wonder God weeps!

Pertelote Staff Announced

Pertelote editor, Sue Jackson, has released the names of students who will staff the annual this year. They are Tommy Scott & Bill Prevett, co-business managers; Sondra Lynn Whisnant, secretary to the business managers, Nell Rogers, Janice Brown, Jimmy Callo-way, and Ann Lively, advertising; Dale Wright sophomore editor; Pat Guyer, freshman editor; Judy Kiser, snap shot editor; Roland Peacock, Photography editor; Robert Little, feature editor; Bill Cash-ion, layout manager; Linda Bolick and Patty Allison, literary staff; Gary Frick and Patricia Mintz, sports editors; Norma Rogers, Lib-by Canipe and Phyllis Vanhoy, typists; Claudia Ramsay and Clara Pruett, circulation; Opal Buchana, Jane Carole Hemphill, and Violet Lindsey, proofreaders; Suzanne Witter, art editor and Nancy Tillot-son, assistant art editor. Mrs. C. E. Roy will be the advisor to the staff.

Verse Solicited

Brevard College students, librarians, and teachers are invited to submit original verse to be considered for possible publication in the Annual Anthology of College Poetry, The Annual Anthology of Poetry Of Teachers And Librarians. Student manuscripts must be entered prior to Nov. 5, while teachers and librarians have until Jan. 1. Further information may be obtained in the Clarion office.

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