

Goodbye, Uncle Tom

The past two years have been difficult in many parts of the South — and shocking to most of the rest of the world. They have not forgotten Little Rock, Memphis, and now there is New Orleans and the University of Georgia. But, as in all times of transition, we must adjust, accept, and continue.

Many of us are unconcerned with this problem of integration because it has not touched us — it is not vital in our concept of life. This is not a problem that we can relegate to the top shelf and forget; it is not a problem that can be settled within the courts, nor with burning crosses, nor with violence, nor with loud and angry voices. It can never be settled thus, because God created the Negro, just as we were created. He was created to walk in dignity, and because of this dignity abhors any and all proscriptions placed upon him because of race and color.

Man has many innate needs — hunger, thirst, fatigue — and strives to maintain an environment that will provide for these wants. But the Negro must wait until he reaches a "colored" restaurant before he can fulfill his hunger.

We are rapidly approaching adulthood — we will marry, have children. If we allow this problem to continue, keeping our nation, our government, our schools troubled with the turmoil what future can we expect? It is quite obvious that unless people understand the basic issues, millions of Americans will grow up believing that racial conflict is inevitable, many will approach maturity with a warped sense of what America and democracy are, or with a defeatist attitude about what such a society can do — socially, religiously, politically.

We are not pressed to yield any precious rights. We should be pressed to consider this problem and possible to yield some points of tradition and custom. As a college, Brevard has failed to present the basic issues of this conflict. The CLARION could have brought both the negative and affirmative issues to our attention: various organization could — and should — have brought the facts into an open forum within themselves. If this controversial issue is presented clearly and straight-forwardly, students will be more apt to evaluate their unconscious hierarchy of values. It is our responsibility to ourselves to evaluate our standards, to see which we really value most.

Our contemporary world is like a stream, rushing rapidly to the sea, picking up debris at every turn — doubly so after every storm, and carrying it rapidly onward. Some disintegrates. Some reaches the sea, and this gradually builds a delta at the mouth of the river.

We are each a stream, contributing our individual part to life — society, call it what you will — and if we carry the debris too far — if we allow these "hates" to block the free movement of the stream, it can cause a floor of irreparable damage.

There will be no "brotherhood by bayonet"; but the time is here for all people, teachers, ministers, lawyers, businessmen — all people in power to work toward a solution that will be the best for all people. It is time to appeal for an integrated spirit in humanity — so that no one will be forced to forego public education, the right to vote, the right to buy in a store, or worship in a church; so that no one, in Macon County, Georgia or elsewhere will have to say: "I am too old to be beaten up again."

"Tell Them"

The old man with the long white beard and the flowing gray robe picked up his scythe and, with slow, faltering steps, moved over to his rocking chair. It was almost January 1, 1961, and he had a task to perform. He somehow had to leave with a child—a baby—the knowledge of the way to fulfill the tremendous responsibilities that would be left with him.

The old man searched his tired mind for the proper words. He knew that the advice that his predecessor had given him would no longer be adequate. He sighed as he thought of the way these responsibilities had been handed, from year to year, from an old man to a baby. He knew that new advice had been given each year, for the world changed so rapidly and the men themselves had to change to keep up with it.

He looked over the Earth with dim eyes that squinted to see the things he knew were there.

That town in the southern part of America — the people there were throwing stones at children with dark skins. They threw bombs, too, at the houses where these children lived.

And that small country was slowly being consumed by the dictates and laws of the communist party. In some parts of this country, the freedom to worship as the people chose had already been taken away. Soon it would be like this over the entire country.

Then the old man looked at the Earth as a whole — billions of money — and power — mad, neurotic children who had never grown up.

But the time was drawing near. It was almost time for the old man to greet the rosy-cheeked, sparkling-eyed baby who would, in the short space of a year, be as old as the man now awaiting the child's arrival.

Again the old man squinted his eyes and searched the universe. Finally he saw a place where children played with joyful abandonment and intelligent youth ever advanced their knowledge. He saw adults who were living to advance the freedom they had and adults who were giving their lives to gain freedom. He saw hope and faith and a chance for a Brotherhood of Men under the Fatherhood of God. The place was called Earth.

At the stroke of midnight, the door opened and the baby came in. The old man showed him the sights he had just seen and mustered his last bit of strength to whisper, "Keep it this way. Make the people understand what they have and how easily they can lose it."

Wedding bells rang over the holidays for the following: Mrs. S. W. Brown, former Anna Williamson; Mrs. G. G. Steppe, former Nancy Norlander; and Burnitte Babb.

Thoughts of such were brought to mind and finger of these girls: Alice Barnhill, Pat Lindsay, Eleanor Trout, Mary Jo Warr, Dianne Wallace, Cathy Herpich, Cathy Cox, and Barbara Cranford. Best wishes in the days to come. (We all envy you.)



Fun? Jimmy Smith thinks it is — sometimes.

But having fun is hard when you can't walk. You can't reach things. You can't climb good. You can't go where other kids go.

Oh, you can push yourself around the house if you're lucky enough to have a makeshift go-cart. But how far can you really GO when you're born with a defective body?

Jimmy's too young to think about that, yet. But grown-ups should. They should know that medical science is working harder than ever before to build new lives for thousands of children born with serious birth defects. They should know it is the goal of the NEW MARCH OF DIMES to discover why birth defects happen in 1 out of 16 births, and to keep them from happening.

That's a big job. It will take knowledge, trained hands, hard work and money — the same ingredients that produced the polio vaccines. It takes the kind of help you give, when you say "Yes" to the NEW MARCH OF DIMES.



BIRTH DEFECTS • ARTHRITIS • POLIO

When You're Alone

By Vandalyn Brown

"It is so easy to be afraid," she said, and then she closed her eyes and starting rocking very slowly. She stayed in this position for so long that my thoughts strayed from our conversation to the reason I was here. This old woman had always been the person who, above all others, could help me regain the proper perspective when things didn't go the way I thought they should.

Now, in my habitual way of thinking my troubles were much worse than they really were, I had come to her feeling that the world — MY world — had ended. And it seemed to me that she had failed me this time. She was talking about being afraid, when I wanted her to say, "Do this, don't do that."

Then she smiled and said, "I only wish a person could have the wisdom that comes with age while he is still young. When one reaches my age, it is so easy to see that life must be lived if anything is to be gained from it. It is, of course, much easier to

merely exist, but it is impossible to only exist and be happy."

Again she paused, as though the things she was now telling me were the most precious things she had ever learned.

"It is easy to drift from one experience to another, giving nothing. But when you are my age, and have nothing, you will see that petty spites, selfishness, and fear of being hurt have made you miss life. You must give of your love, your humor, your understanding. You must fearlessly grasp new experiences and live every day as well as you can. It will be hard, because life brings sorrows and disappointments as well as joys and happiness. But with true living comes the strength to meet these.

"I cannot tell you what to do, even though I know you are more confused than you have ever been. You must find the answer in your own heart. Just remember that it is easy to be afraid, but you will gain life from living."

The Clarion Staff



Editor-in-Chief Vandalyn Brown
 Associate Editor Gene McGaha
 Business Manager Becky Sigmon
 Exchange Editor Barbara Ballew
 Feature Writers John Goins, Mary Ann Brown
 Photographer Reid Griffin
 Staff Writers and Typists Buddy Greene, Susi Hodges,
 Alice Barnhill, Carol Chaplin,
 Fran Jaquette, Sara Whit-
 mire, Jerry Tillotson, Shelba
 Jean McKee.