

Fatal "Last Chances" Cause Highway Deaths

By LORRAINE MARTIN

As the holiday season nears, thousands of people will leave their homes to visit friends and relatives many miles away. With today's modern transportation, the amount of travel time has been greatly reduced.

But as speed and size increase, an important factor still remains which all too many drivers fail to take into consideration. Of these many thousands who will leave their homes, hundreds will never reach their destination. Why? Because some drivers seem to "forget" the all too important rules of safety. They feel they must take that extra chance with the hope of eluding the policeman. For many, this "chance" has been their last.

At the local hospitals, staff members, will be briefed as to what to expect in the coming hours. Preparations will be made for emergency cases. A battle will be waged for the life of man. Whether it will be won or lost depends upon the seriousness of the situation. Far too many families have had a happy holiday changed into tragic nightmare all because some reckless driver took his final and fatal "last chance."

Not only is reckless driving a sign of immaturity — it is also the trademark of a thoughtless and inconsiderate person as well. If you do not value your life, just remember that perhaps the other fellow values his.

Chapel - - Is It Worth It?

By JOYCE WEST

I feel compelled to represent a minority group of whom I am one, in a controversial issue — the policy of chapel meetings on Wednesday. I have been skeptical about the situation from its initiation at the beginning of the year, but felt it was unwise and uncalled for to criticize the policy before it had been executed and observed in action. Until Wednesday, December 5, the programs had been interesting, brief, and rewarding in their appeal. They had been varied in subject matter and in presentation. "The Story of the Creation" led by Oscar Smith was an exceptionally well-planned and eye-catching performance. It is not the programs themselves I wish to attack, but the time of assembly. The movie "Martin Luther" on December 5 which lasted for one hour and fifty minutes was unduly long.

With the emphases that are placed on scholastic endeavors at Brevard, I can not visualize the chapel-committee's reasoning in captivating an audience for that length of time.

A survey of scheduled tests for the following day revealed that there were at least four tests — biology, psychology, shorthand, and English Literature — involving approximately 150 members of the student body. The student body was not informed of the length nor the nature of the program until the morning of the Fourth, thus being unable to rearrange or prepare their schedules to fit the situation.

I realize that this one extreme example was an exception to the rule, but the process of dressing for supper and having to wait until 6:45 to attend a service lasting thirty or forty minutes is inconvenient. It takes on the average of an hour to two hours to dress, eat, wait, and attend the assembly. By the time we reassemble ourselves in our rooms or at the library, it is 7:30 or later.

You might say, arrange your schedule so that you can study some other time, but that is impossible, with classes until four on Wednesday and three classes the following day. It is inconceivable to spend the prescribed two hours on each subject.

I believe that the meetings on Mondays or Fridays would reach the same end result as a stiff, required meeting on Wednesday.

The Wednesday program excludes announcements, which I believe deserve the attention that they received last year. Some of the disunity and chaos on campus can be attributed to the fact that there are no verbal announcements and reminders of important meetings.

Those of us who feel that chapel meetings on Wednesday interrupt with studying procedures, want to be heard. We appeal to the administration, the chapel committee, the faculty, to let us have a more direct voice concerning chapel arrangements.

Of Consideration

Fondly Dedicated to
JONATHAN SWIFT
by Ann Greene

As you will immediately realize, this issue of consideration is of utmost concern to all mankind; but I will speak in particular of my fellow students and our state at the present, endeavoring, of course, to express a general consensus of opinion.

We would like for the whole world to know — and we think this is an appropriate opening statement — that our total opinions in regard to matters of consideration are as follows:

1. We don't like to be considered considerate; therefore —
2. We rebel against it, and make a lot of noise about it, and conclude that —
3. WE ARE AGIN IT!

We feel that these conclusions are well thought out and are exceedingly proper, natural, and reasonable ideas. Since explanation seems to be necessary for those few who do not, for some unknown reason, understand our righteous indignation, we will (out of the kindness of our hearts) tell you why we support these conclusions.

It is ridiculous to assume that we should be "polite and thoughtful" in attitude toward our superiors. After all, there are 400 of us and not one tenth as many of them. Anyway, as everybody knows, our superiors seem to think they have some authority over us, and we certainly don't want to lower ourselves to comply to such a disgusting thing as authority.

Then there is this unheard-of matter of being "considerate" to visitors, such as people who are performing for our lyceum programs. Now let's be reasonable. Surely no one expects us to enjoy a required-attendance program. We don't care how interesting it is, we will not lower our ideals. We refuse to enjoy it, because — well, because it's against our principles, that's why. To continue this tedious, elementary explanation, I must say that no exceptions will be made in case a few dozen, or half, or even three-fourths of our members should happen (accidentally, of course) to be paying attention to such programs. This is utter nonsense; and if all 400 of us don't love every golden minute, then the whole thing will just have to go.

Last, and certainly not least, I shall speak of the matter of "consideration" as it is shown among our members. This is absolutely prohibited. We don't want anyone to feel restrained. Such silly matters as opening doors for others, or thanking someone for a favor, or actually trying to avoid running people down on your way to lunch, are completely out of the question. As you know, fellow students, the most you can expect in return for such thoughtfulness is appreciation, friendship, and good will — little unimportant things like that.

Some poor, unenlightened soul asked me a few days ago how we could maintain our ideas of "consideration" and still stand to live with each other. Well, I just laughed. You know, some people actually believe that college students should be expected to act like adults!!

Isn't that ridiculous?



Wits Of West

By JOYCE WEST

It was the night before Christmas and all through the dorm, vacant! . . . Frosty the Snowman had a very shiny nose and all of the other reindeer used to call him "snowman" . . . Rudolf the Red Nose Reindeer was a very happy soul with a corn-cob pipe and a button nose and two eyes made out of coal . . . All I want for Christmas is a jingle bell with two front two teeth . . . Dashing through the rain with Santa Claus kissing mommy underneath the Christmas tree . . . Oh, Mistletoe, oh mistletoe, how lovely are thy results . . . On Prancer, On Dasher, On Clyde, you'd better be good, you'd better not cry, I'm telling you why: Christmas is coming soon now you dear old bank, whisper what the credit cards will bring, tell me if they can't . . . Upon the housetop, reindeer pause, out jumps people laughing, children singing oh, there's no place like home for the holiday, no matter how far away your Blue Christmas is while you're deaming of a White one . . . On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me, Silver Bells, Silver Bells dressed in a Winter Wonderland . . . Jolly Old Saint Nick, lean your ear this way, don't you tell a single soul what I'm going to say: We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas (oops, one

too many) . . . A day or two ago, I thought I'd take a ride, and soon Miss reindeer was seated by my side jingling all the way . . . In the meadow we will build a snowman and pretend that he's under the mistletoe . . . Not a creature was stirring not even dad with vision of sugar plums and fruitcake prancing before the electric train . . . Here comes Santa Claus, here comes Santa Claus — he's whizzing o'er the highways and zooming up the roads, in a shiny new sports car delivering his loads. As he jumped from his "clyde" he gave a wee chuckle, He was dressed in a raincoat with mad-dress buckles. He stopped at each dorm for only a minute, and emptied his sack of the stuff that was in it. He stepped on the gas and put it in gear, And drove o'er the mountain singing with cheer. And I heard him exclaim as he went on his way: "Merry Christmas, Dean, students and all, I wish I could stay."

It's Christmas time in the city and at "Brevard Tech," and in the air there's a feeling of tests as students crying, people clashing, meeting book after book. On every dorm floor you'll hear: Home, home, oh, there's no place like home! And Home, Here We Come! Drive happily, Party safely, and be a statistic in a happy new year. Should old acquaintance be forgotten? Holly no!

JULIE'S JARGON

By JULIE HAYNIE

The annual Christmas at Home affair was certainly a big success, with the girls of Jones Hall playing hostess to the faculty and boys of Taylor and Green Halls. Mrs. D. should be congratulated on her creativeness in arranging the decorations in the parlor of Jones.

It certainly is hard to keep track of the days. A person never knows whether it's Sunday or Monday. For example, take Johnny "Pic" Turner who scrambled out of bed Sunday morning thinking he had an 8:00 Religion class! He ran over to Dunham Hall and found to his surprise that the doors were locked . . . well, at least you've got to say he's eager to learn.

Did you know that King Kong lives on 2nd floor Green Hall? Well, he does and the "king" happens to be Tom Peramble. Tom put on a performance the

other night for the Co-Ed Theater when they presented a double feature horror show. But before the show started, there was a twist contest and Jerry Lathan of 3rd floor Green won. Congratulations, Chubby!

You'd never guess what faculty members were playing scooter hockey in the barn after the Brevard vs. Asheville - Biltmore game. It was Mr. Keeter and Mr. Cantrell. Fun, huh, boys?

Jones Hall has their own Elvis Presley. She's none other than Sue Rising, who bought a guitar and is plugging along with the help of Dino Jevons.

Ellyn Connors has a weakness . . . the littlest angel.

That's all for this year. And as the old saying goes — have a cool yule and a frantic first. Remember only 10 more shopping days until Christmas.

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