

## EDITORIAL PAGE

PAGE TWO THE CLARION NOVEMBER 11, 1966

### While We Play...

What price freedom? Our peers fight in far-off lands so that we may have the right to study or dance or laugh. They fight for a cause we laugh at, a leader we ridicule, and a people we disparage. These boys live among bullets, fear, and death, while we are harried by such terrible things as no date for the dance, a test, or a snub by our best friends.

Would we be willing to fight with these men or to send them off to war as do their mothers and sweethearts? Could we leave our maze of books and papers to strengthen freedom for someone else?

Could we say with Nathan Hale, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country."? Or will we be selfish and cowardly, and be willing to let our best friend fight and die for us, to lay down his life for us, and continue on in our nonchalant manner.

### Time Is Fast Aflyin'

The doors of Brevard College classrooms have admitted students and instructors for about seven weeks now. That means we are nearly 1/4 of the way through our current school year.

Just think! We sophomores have so little time left; soon it'll be Christmas, then spring vacation, and finally graduation — three big events to fill our thoughts and crowd out lesser details.

We must, however, remember one important detail — to apply to that senior college while there is still time to be accepted. When we think of all the students who transfer to a four-year school, we realize the need for an early application.

APPLY NOW! Beat the rush — make sure you can get in "your" school!

### Cry Foul

What is this world they tell us we will inherit? A man who recommends ax-handles as a solution to our race problems may govern Georgia, an actor is elected to Congress, Christian love is tempered by political expediency, as we fight a war of containment in a country that needs no war. Our churches are civic clubs, our religion is ritual.

Have we gone mad?

Consider puny man building weapons capable of destroying himself, all with the realization that their use would wipe out every living thing on this small ball. Consider, too, the statement of the KKK: "We will wipe out violence if we have to kill every nigger in North Carolina to do it." And consider, Reader, the row upon row of soul-destroying suburban developments; the America we are supposed to defend.

What are we?

We punish the insane, the addict, the poor in the name of Justice. Service to one's country is measured in the number of people one kills, treason is refusal to murder.

Russia represses, America depresses, and China starves (though she now has a bomb).

One puny voice doesn't mean much. But it will save that person's soul from this giant debasement, so I have a statement: "Straighten up World. I refuse to inherit you. I will withdraw my love and my pity, and my concern. I will not be a part of the torture and slow assassination of God. Straighten up, World."

Paul Allen

## The Clarion

EDITOR ..... Jenny Munro

BUSINESS MANAGERS .. Jeanette Baldwin, Judy Caldwell

STAFF ..... Paul Allen, Barbara Kimzey,  
Tom Wolfe, Paul Otterness, Mike Henry, Randy Alexander, Jim Alderman, Mercedes Miguel, Sharon Parker, Margaret Loony, Robert Tucker

SPONSOR ..... Mrs. Ena Kate Sigmon

To Whom It May Concern

### Tis Better To Have Lived

By: Barbara Kimzey

For the past several weeks, I have heard mentioned the word "goal" among faculty members, the administration, and students. It is a set standard that all colleges students should have. I became interested in the word simply because conformity is dull. I found the word to mean "the end toward which effort is directed." Since most effort is directed toward some end, I wondered what the reason for my having a goal would be. Is a goal merely a target at which to throw drafts of the future? Is a goal a dream which has minor possibilities? Is a goal an outlined plan of what I wish my future to be? These questions kept zooming through my mind. I found the answers to these questions quite unreal and yet the answers seem to fit what others wanted me to have.

As I continued to ponder this distressing four letter word I remembered something that I had over-looked before — a simple quotation from Leo Rosten, "The purpose of life is to matter, to count, to stand for something — to have it make some difference that you lived at all." "Goal, I thought, and back to Webster's definition I went — "the end toward which effort is directed." It seemed clearer now — the effort to matter, to count, to stand for something, today — to, as all must, a final death, but also to an eternity of knowing that it made some difference that you lived at all. And thus, a "goal" could not be formed yesterday and met today or formed today and met tomorrow. A goal is a life. A life of living each day as it comes closer to an end and then living on into eternity in the hearts of others as a person who made living a "goal".

### Peace Is Attainable For 25,000 Dollars

The International Lions Club through the local Brevard Lion Club is sponsoring an essay contest entitled **Peace Is Attainable**.

The Grand Price winner will receive a \$25,000 personal educational and/or career-assistance grant to be administered by the Association of Lions Clubs.

The Geographical Division winners will receive a \$1,000 cash prize, a gold medal, discussion award plaque and an expense paid trip to the Lions International 50th Anniversary Convention in 1967 in Chicago.

There is a \$50. prize on the local level and students are urged to see Chaplain Roy or Dr. Robert Jeffers if they are interested. Each of these men have detailed information and complete rules for the contest. The deadline for entries is December 10, 1966.

The CLARION wishes to congratulate the Bosts on their addition, Brooke Danielle, to the future student body of Brevard College, and Mrs. Kenerly on the birth of her grandson, Michael Kenerly Stevenson.

### Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor,

We, the residents of Lena Sue Beam Dorm not only are proud because we are the newest addition to Brevard but also that we are pioneers. We are the first class to live in Beam; therefore, our ideals and beliefs will begin the tradition of Beam Dorm. We feel the following ideals will become our tradition.

We respect and care for our new home, and, therefore, want to preserve it the way we found it for others who will come after us.

We are all members of a family and treat others as we ourselves like to be treated. We believe that our dorm should not only be a comfortable place to live but more essentially a quiet place to study.

Finally we maintain an atmosphere to which parents and visitors can come without witnessing scenes they would not see in their own home.

Sincerely,

The first residents of  
Lena Sue Beam

### Baptists Plan Fun In Snow

Have you been on a hayride or a picnic held recently?

Later this year (actually, with the first good snowfall) the B. S. U. plans a sleighing party. In the spring a hike to sliding Rock is the main event. Also they are going to Appalachian State College to meet with the Baptist group there.

The sponsors of the group are Mr. Cantrell and Mr. Holcombe. The officers are Sandy Lucas, President; Jo Ann Pace, Vice-President; and Charlotte Hicks, Secretary.

The club plans to offer discussions to strengthen each

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### But-Does He Mean It?

John King, high-flying vice-president of S.G.A., is an excellent mechanic, practical joker, and poker-face liar.

He is also a housekeeper who causes Mrs. Walker to marvel. She once gave him a room inspection slip with only two words written on it; "Disaster Area." John and his roommate cleaned the room, and then countered with a sign reading "The Pig Pen — Open under old management."

As vice-president of the freshman class last year, he showed his talent for organization in the planning of the spring dance. John, who rarely takes credit for anything, just says "we prayed a lot, and somehow it got done." Students, however, had enough faith in his ability to elect him S.G.A. vice-president this year.

It might be mentioned that John holds the record for the shortest campaign speech in the history of the school. When he ran for vice-president, he stood up and said, "I'll make it short. I'd just like to be able to raise a little (Cain) without having to sign a list. Thank you." That was it. Period. And it won him the election.

John combined a hobby and a low budget this summer and came up with the "sexiest" (a quote from an unnamed female) little red M. G. ever to grace Green Hall's parking lot. He and a friend restored it to mint condition in their spare time.

All right, so what else is new? John's parents just bought a plane, which is nice, since John is a licensed pilot, and plans to turn "pro" after graduation. He charters a plane from nearby airports on weekends and has been known to dust off the dorms a few times, as a purely civic gesture.

John believes in humor as a means of clearing the air, and

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A RED M.G. and a dark haired girl — John King is recognized by these two "people."