

Woman Asserts Privilege

I came, I saw, I wrote . . . and naturally, being a woman, I tried to change everything that I didn't like.

It's been said that journalism is two per cent inspiration and ninety-eight per cent perspiration, but keeping in line with my policies, I would like to change that to: Journalism is one per cent inspiration, one per cent duration, one per cent improve-the-world-attitude, and 100 per cent perspiration; but the rewards have been worth it.

A review of the crises faced this year: destruction of student lounge property, cafeteria menus, chapel schedules, abolition of Reading Days, and required assemblies, indicate the role that the **Clarion** has attempted to assume—bringing results, we hope—during the year.

To Mr. John Anderson, editor of the **Transylvania Times**; Mr. Henry Henderson, the Mechanical Supervisor of the **Times**; and the other members of the **Times** staff go my sincere appreciation for their patience which has often meant the difference between publication and no publication.

I want to especially thank Ted Lee, Randy McKnight, and Gene Ingram for their energetic moral and journalistic support before they left Brevard and the rest of the behind-the-scene workers, the staff members, for their invaluable help during the past year.

Mrs. Ena Kate Sigmon, the faculty advisor of the **Clarion**, seldom hears favorable comments or thanks for the long hours she devotes to the class; but her guidance, her steadying influence, and her interest has kept this news medium alive.

The **Clarion** has been the source of some of my greatest joys, yet mingled with acute failures that I am only too aware of.

By being editor, I have become acquainted with many of you that I would not otherwise have had the opportunity to know. Thank you for your support and for entrusting the editorship to me; I hope that you will place that same trust and sponsorship in Miss Cheryl Greene, next year's editor—it really helps.

It is hard to leave wanting to do so much more, but time waits for no one—not even an editor.

—Joyce West, Editor

Progress Moves Man

Of all the things that we may be concerned with, Progress is a factor that has been with man since his beginning. Without Progress, man would soon have no reason for existing.

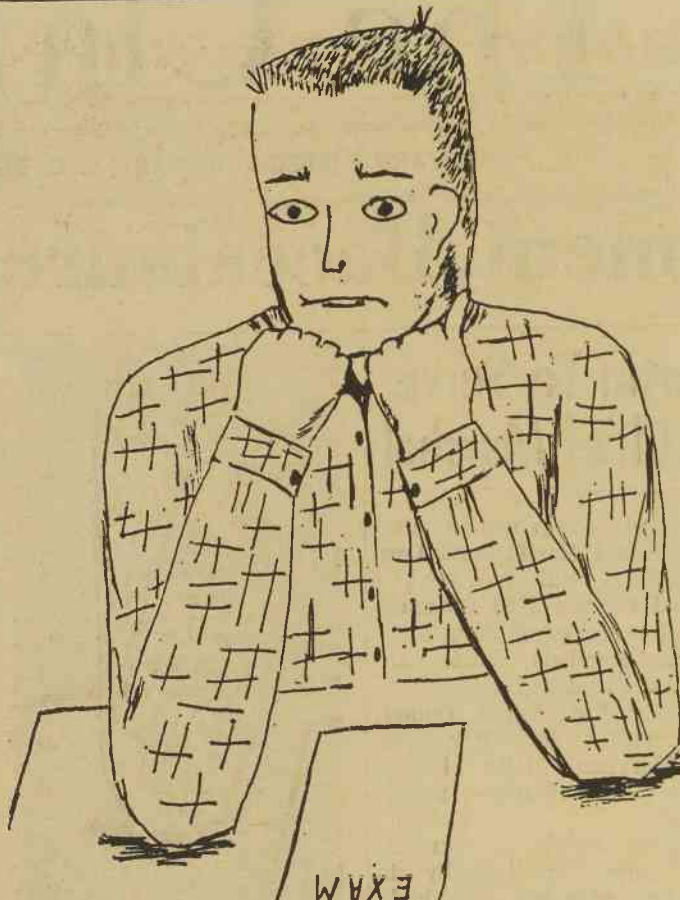
Our **Clarion** this year, as well as in past years, has crossed new thresholds and achieved new goals. It has adhered to the belief that a college newspaper must represent the school and the students and present their opinions. As long as we can continue to hold to this purpose, I am sure we will continue to progress.

Very often we see the hands of the clock that signify the time of day, but pay little heed to the mainspring that makes it tick. The mainspring of our newspaper this year has been Joyce West. Joyce has put more than a little inspiration and work into every issue that has been printed; I am proud to have been on her staff.

If any of you who are returning next year are interested in writing for the **Clarion**, the opportunities are unlimited. There are many positions to be filled, and I am sure you will find the experiences rewarding.

I appreciate very much the confidence placed in me; I assure you that I will do my best as editor of the **Clarion**.

—Cheryl Greene



Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
To heck with exams, I'm going to bed.

CALL FOR COMPLAINTS

By ANN GREENE

Any suggestions, students? Wait! Let me get my pen . . . Talk a little slower, will you? . . .

Each fall, a representative group of students arrive on campus early to lay the groundwork for the school year. The students and faculty "hash over" the issues, report the criticisms, suggest the remedies, and make whatever changes they can.

The workshop would be very beneficial; but, in effect, the one I attended last fall seemed rather sluggish. You would think that a group of students who have had a summer to relax and regain perspective would be overflowing with enthusiastic suggestions. Instead, the summer interlude must have had an opposite effect: no one seemed to be able to elaborate on What's-Wrong-With-Brevard like they did last year . . . Where have all the petitioners gone? What did we really have to gripe about last year? There was something, I know . . . Just can't

remember what it was all about anyway!

I am standing on my soapbox, calling out in a loud, clear voice, "Any complaints?" There is just one request. Please make your complaint in this form: (1) What's wrong, and (2) What can be done about it.

These suggestions will be given to the students who will represent you at the workshop next year. The suggestion box will be provided in the soda shop. Complaints, anyone?

Wits of West

JOYCE WEST

Ah, the time is almost here, and I for one couldn't be happier to be packing my bus load of junk and heading for good old Stanley.

I gladly return "my chair" in the library to be used by some skirt size "22" freshman next year; I resign my standing room in the cafeteria to anyone with "7½" feet; my chapel seat (Last row by the window) goes to anyone with 20-20 vision or a pair of good glasses; and my chair in RDH's class goes, without charge, to anyone, and I mean anyone, who cares to accept the challenge.

I leave Dean Robert's jokes, corny or not; Mrs. Munro's "perfection recipe"; Miss Creek more's parasites and worm; Mrs. D's cheery "good night girls"; Mr. Fisher's "So be it", and "yes, indeed"; Mr. Perez's "Miss East"; Miss Reigel's "Bonjour la classe"; Mrs. Sigmon's choice "lit pops"; Mr. Howe's "Put away your little books and get out your little paper"; Mrs. Harris' theory on the "way to keep a man"; and the basement girls' "shut up, West" with mixed emotions of relief and regret. Relief that I shall never see most of them again and regret that I'll never see most of them again.

It is the end . . . and witty West has really witted out, but one last word, as is a woman's undisputed (well, almost) privilege: "Ef you strike a thorn or rose, keep-a-going. Ef it hails or ef it snows, keep-a-going. Ain't no use to sit and whine just cause there ain't no fish on your line. Bait your hook and keep-a-trying, keep-a-going . . ."

West closes off the brain, zips up the lip, crawls into the sheet, pulls up the bed, raises the window down, and empties the pen

Gee, I'm Getting A DEGREE, I Hope

by Pat Otterness

I received a terrible shock last night when my roomy told me that exams started today. I thought surely the House Council would forbid the use of exams this semester. Especially after last semester's poor results. If we aren't able to use exams properly, then we shouldn't be allowed to use them at all.

I changed a number of my plans for the future when I came to Brevard. I had to give up the idea of putting bubble bath in the lily pool, and I finally despaired of ever finding a stapler large enough to staple my demerits together.

Now that graduation is approaching, I'm getting all excited. I had a pretty good average until I discovered that you are

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Greene Will Edit Clarion

Cheryl Greene, a freshman from Bryson City, N. C., has been named editor of the **Clarion** for next year.

Cheryl served on the Student Council, was in the National Honor Society, a marshal, Salutatorian, and was elected "Most Likely to Succeed" of her senior class at Swain County High School.

She is presently publicity manager of the BSU, a Big Sister, a member of Phi Theta Kappa, and on the Dean's List. She is majoring in art.



Jones Accepts Yearbook Job

Richard Jones, who was layout manager and faculty editor for this year's **Pertelote**, has accepted the position as Editor of the annual for next year.

Richard is from Latiobe, Pennsylvania, but he decided to attend high school in Brandon, Florida. At Brandon High, he was active in the Student Council, a member of the National Honor Society, and President of the Future Teachers Association. In addition, he was in the Hall of Fame, whose members

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The Clarion Staff



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- PHOTOGRAPHER ----- Gil Coan
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