

Editorial Page
 THE CLARION
 May 2, 1978

*Best Of Luck
 To The Class Of '78*

**Hate Goes
 Hand In Hand
 With Love**

Do We Really Want To Leave?

Cathy Varner

Graduation is approaching and, as exams begin, sophomore thoughts are turning to the problem of how best to spend the time between the end of exams and graduation. For many it is a trip to the beach, a trip home — maybe with a friend, or any of a number of possibilities. How many, though, have sat down and really thought about what graduation means?

We have seen many important happenings in world and American events. We have been witness to revolution, evolution, scandal, the Panama Canal, crashes and crises. We have seen the deaths of people close to us and of those not so close. We have seen much, but have we really seen what has happened to us at Brevard?

We came here two years ago as wide-eyed, uncertain freshmen. Many of us had never lived away from home, and we were a little frightened of our new freedom and independence. New roommates, registration, new teachers and classes — all contributed toward making us somewhat bewildered. Much of this was evident as we walked into the cafeteria for the first time with nervous smiles on our faces. The first day of classes was seen as an obstacle and we stayed close to the new friends we had made. We gave each other much needed support.

Our freshman year was one of learning — learning in class, learning to be responsible for ourselves, learning to be friends, learning to be ourselves. That was a very important year in terms of growth and maturity. The next year, however, brought a new kind of growth.

Our sophomore year tended to be one of more active involvement in the school, the community, and the dorms. This was a year of social growth. We made new friends and renewed old acquaintances from the year before. As we moved into the dorms, we noticed the frightened looks of the freshmen and laughed until we remembered that we had been the same way barely a year ago. Our loud laughter and talk was heard throughout the school as we met again. We had become more outgoing and confident in ourselves. Many of us did not realize at the time, that once the year was over, we would not see many of our friends again. However, now that graduation is in the near future, we being to see what is happening.

Once we step down from the platform with diploma in hand, we are no longer part of Brevard College except as alumni. We are no longer students but are graduates. Teachers and friends congratulate us, but the occasion is sad. As we stand amidst the crowds of well-wishers and good-bye sayers, we look around and realize that we are seeing people for the last time. Once we leave the gymnasium, everyone will be in his own world as he prepares to leave Brevard for a new life. We are ending a life that has become important to us. In a sense, graduation is the death of our Brevard life.

Here we learned, here we grew, here we began to understand the complexities of life and the world around us. People have influenced us and our actions, people have made deep impressions upon our lives — people that we will never forget. College has been a time of conflict and although we may have wished to escape time and time again, now that the time for our release has come, we look around and don't want to leave. "I am a part of all that I have met" (Tennyson) and at Brevard we have met many things and we have met them unflinchingly in order to learn and grow from them "Experience is the best teacher" and here we have experienced much — here we have experienced life.

The future is vague and uncertain, but the past is clear and concrete. The time has come for us to release the past and confront the future which we must meet as we met the challenge of Brevard College — with the determination to succeed.

Good-bye Brevard, and thank you.

Jon Young
 I hate you, I hate this. I hate that. I hate vegetables. I hate math. I hate cats. I hate Bach. I hate Jimmy Carter. I hate rain. I hate Hemingway. I hate teachers. I hate, hate, hate!

Hate. A nice little word, isn't it? In most cases, it is used to mean "I hate..." Sometimes it is used as an oxymoron: Someone you love to hate. When a person becomes frightened, he says: "I hate it when you do that." Or it can be used to describe any number of things; hate letters and hate groups, for example. Why does this one word have such a loose meaning in today's society? WE say this four-letter word so much that it has lost its true meaning, which is that of "an intense hostility and aversion," as Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary says. No one appears to think anymore, it would seem. How can anybody actually mean what he says, for an apology is almost assured later. "Hate" is picked up by small children almost as soon as they learn to speak. And they say it once, and they cannot drop its ugliness because we, as adults, continue to let it fly.

Would it not be a beautiful thing if, one day in the near future, that word had no meaning in our vocabulary any longer. It follows, then, that the feeling of hatred would vanish, also. And then everything would be wonderfully fantastic...or would it? Is "hate" perhaps a word to describe and/or let out our hostilities? Do we not, in fact, need the word and the feeling when problems arise? No one can be totally happy all the time, because life is full of both happiness and sadness. Perhaps love and hate are indeed the great equalizers. Could it be that no one can have love without hate, and hate without love? Do they not go hand in hand?

I believe so. Sometimes it is even fun to hate, as long as we know what we are thinking and feeling — as long as we know how to control it. So just remember, next time you have an argument with someone very close and your mouth goes out of control, tell him-her "I may hate you now, but I still love you."



Thank You, Mrs. Martinson

SUL Plans New Attack

Scott Shepherd

A meeting of the S.U.L. was held at 9:00 p.m. on April 17, which was called to present a new plan of attack to try and overcome the lack of attendance and participation by the elected representatives.

The old constitution was dropped until a new one can be written next year. Next year's constitution will be fitted to this year's adopted representative structure. The new structure was designed to get people involved. Since the president and vice-

president are usually people who are more active and like being involved in their work, the S.U.L. has given them more voting power. There will be more representatives, from the dorms and on-campus organizations.

Next year's representatives will have a minimum required grade point average. For the senators the minimum will be a 2.0 and for the president a 2.3 will be needed. Much debate went on about the required averages. This went from one extreme of

having no requirement at all to requiring a 2.5 for the president.

I believe very strongly that the S.U.L. has moved in the right direction by dropping the old constitution. Something drastic had to be done and I am glad to see it.

I would like to give my thanks to the few dedicated people who held what was left of the S.U.L. together and I give the best of luck to those who have accepted the challenge next year.

THE CLARION
 Brevard, N. C. 28712

Member of Associated Collegiate Press and Intercollegiate Press, Three-time winner of ACP's First-Class Rating. Published during the college session by students of Brevard College. The opinions expressed in this periodical are those of the editorial board and not necessarily those of the college.

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