

Chairs Missing

The Drama Department has reported that two arm-chairs and a make-up chair, used as production props, have been recently stolen.

Drama Department coordinator Mr. Sam Cope says the three items were taken from the basement of the Barn Theatre just before spring break, and have not yet been returned. No one in the department knows exactly who stole these items or when they were stolen.

Several drama students explained that the make-up chair in particular was a gift given to Mr. Cope from the crew of a past production, and that it holds sentimental value for the director.

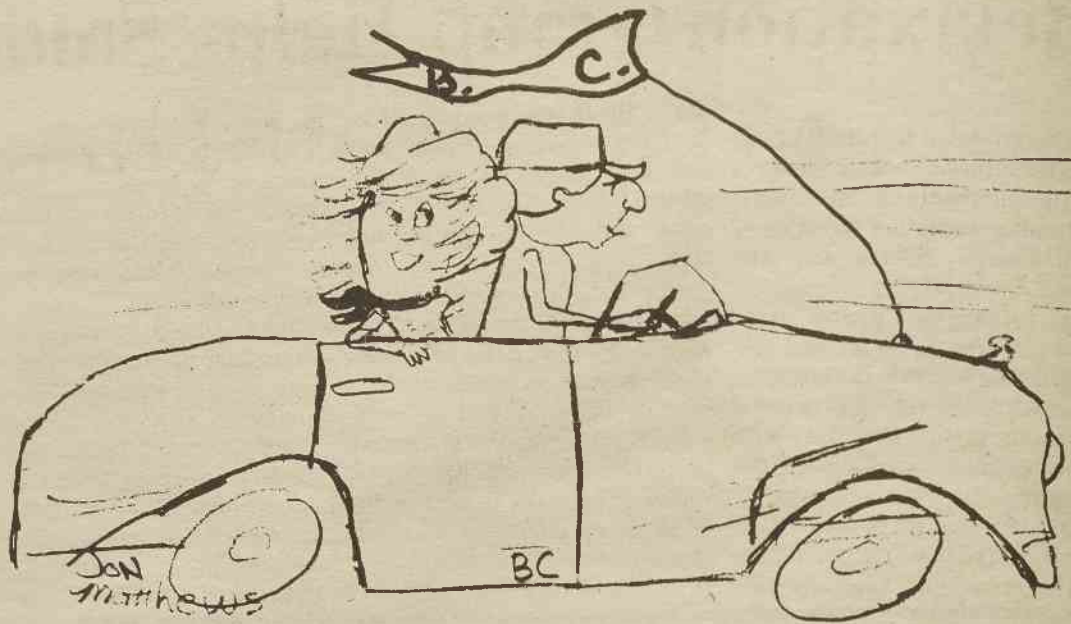
The Clarion finds it unfortunate that there are students at Brevard College who haven't completely grasped the difference between right and wrong. Just about everyone has the basic idea at least. The problem is that some apparently find it difficult to match deed and thought.

Lucky for Brevard College, such students with this problem are few in number.

But those few inapt people who find it necessary to steal from others quite effectively manage to tarnish the great majority of students who work positively to better themselves and the college. And that's good for no one. Too bad.

Maybe these few students will realize that what they've gained from their acts (in this case, some comfortable chairs) isn't worth the repercussion they impose on their fellow classmates.

We hope you get your chairs back, Mr. Cope.



Caution: College Drivers Can Pose Threat To Motorists

By Tim Wilkins

Make no mistake about it, I am a fantastic driver. In three years of driving I have been in only two accidents (the first one occurring when an inconsiderate scum pulled out in front of me while I was attempting a nap on a long lonely stretch of highway, and the second concerned a shapely blond which I refuse to comment on since her lawyers may read this article). Also, I am one of only eighteen Americans who can simultaneously chew gum, drink my favorite beverage, and change cassettes from Led Zeppelin to Neil Young without ever taking my eyes off of the road. And I am also one of the foremost authorities in the world on the procurement and collection of traffic tickets.

the highways and by-ways is known as Macho Drivers Syndrome. Some of the symptoms include an inability to drive under sixty-five mph, a compulsion to cruise endlessly down the same street, and a permanently gnarled hand from long hours of clutching a steering wheel.

Roadway Tips

Tip No. 1: The police officer is always right, even though most cops have terrible vision and their radars are always broken. And what does it matter if they set speed traps for innocent young drivers like you and me, the highway patrol has to have some fun too.

So what if the IQ of the average highway patrolman is commparable to a large rock? I've managed to teach my pet rocks some pretty neat tricks.

But I must admit one thing, cops are tough. Take for instance the time my cousin Cale was clocked at 110 mph in his Volkswagon. Now Cale (he never was too bright) told a pursuing officer that a Volkswagon couldn't do 110 mph if you pushed it off of a cliff. So the kind officer pushed both Cale and his car over Carson's Cliff to prove that Cale was wrong.

Tip No. 2: Always keep a well stocked cooler on hand. DDM (Driver's Dry Mouth) can be hazardous to your taste-buds. And always keep a spare pack of Dentyne taped under the dash just in case some curious officer questions your cure for DDM.

Tip No. 3: In the event that you do get a ticket, either cry or be inhumanly respectful towards the officer. (Your reaction depends on your sex, but then again, doesn't everything?)

Of course these tactics won't help you much if you were doing 100 mph in a 35 mph zone, and you just happen to have a "Down With The Pigs" bumpersticker on your car. In this event, be sure to send me a postcard from Sing-Sing for my collection.

College Drivers

These facts alone make me more than qualified to speak out on the most chilling, thrilling, and exciting of performers: the collegiate driver. Basically, collegiate drivers can be broken down into three categories: fast, faster, and female. Anyone who has a sister nearing the legal driving age can understand my apprehension towards female drivers.

Oh, don't get me wrong, in my completely unbiased opinion, girls have as much right to the road as males. I just think certain precautions should be taken, such as painting their car bright orange and equipping them with flashing neon lights reading, "Caution, Female Driver." Foam rubber bodies wouldn't be a bad idea (on the cars, of course, not the girls).

But before the ERA beats a path to my door to put my head in a better mousetrap, maybe I should say something about male drivers. Most male drivers are to be pitied; they suffer from an incredibly expensive disease which has very few cures. This scourge of

Editorial Photo



No, this isn't a crater found on some distant planet, it's an aged pothole located right here at Brevard College--and it's a roadway killer! Those BC motorists lucky enough to dodge this one (located on the drive below the music building en route to the gym and SU) risk damaging their autos on several others that lurk in our streets. Maintenance better do something soon before students begin to lose not only front-end axials, but whole cars!

The Clarion

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