

United States Recovers From Traumatic Week

For the nation and especially President Reagan, the week of October 22-28 was most agonizing. The U.S. Marine peacekeeping forces in Lebanon were attacked, with over 200 Marines killed. Two days later, U.S. troops invaded Grenada. On Saturday, there was a worldwide protest against deployment of U.S. nuclear missiles in Western Europe. On that same day in Augusta, Georgia, Charlie Harris took several hostages in an attempt to speak to the President. Fortunately, he was captured and no one was injured.

Around 6:20 Sunday morning, a four-story building at the Beirut Airport serving as Marine headquarters was demolished by terrorists. Inside were sleeping Marines unaware of the gray Mercedes truck loaded with explosives coming toward them. Moments later a similar incident occurred at the French peacekeeping headquarters. This event stunned and confused Americans, but there was more to come.

At 6 p.m. Monday, President Reagan signed a directive authorizing military action in Grenada. At 9:07 a.m. Tuesday, President Reagan went on TV to explain the situation in Grenada. He stated that the purpose of the action was "to protect our own citizens, to facilitate the evacuation of those who want to leave, and to help in the restoration of democratic institutions in Grenada."

By Wednesday the death toll in Lebanon was 219, and 6 servicemen were reported killed in Grenada.

On Thursday night, Reagan once again addressed the nation. He maintained his determination to keep Marines in Beirut and defended the invasion of Grenada by mentioning the U.S. troops, capture of stashes of Cuban weapons.

The week of October 22-28 was full of strife, fear confusion, and grief. Let us all hope and pray that it will be a long time before we go through a week as devastating as that one.

Rumors, Gossip Out Of Hand On BC Campus

By Lisa Funk

Gossip has been referred to as many things: "shooting the bull", "heard it through the grapevine", or "a little bird told me." But, when one gets right down to it, gossip is the act of talking about others. This kind of talk can be damaging to people, and nine times out of ten the information is not true.

The gossip around Brevard has apparently gotten out of hand. For example, there was a rumor going around Brevard about one, six, or eight murders that were to be committed on Halloween Night at a Western Carolina

School. Then this story turned into a so-called "prediction" by psychic Jeanne Dixon. This senseless fabrication got extremely out of hand and scared half the girls into leaving campus or bunking together. This rumor is mild compared to some of the "things" that are said about people. This sort of immaturity can hurt a person's reputation as well as emotional well being.

As part of the student body, I feel that we should help each other. Please help to "clean-up" Brevard campus by stopping gossip before it stops you.

First Female Resident In Green Dormitory To Arrive Next Year

What's a nice girl like that doing in a place like this?

Ask Marina Wirfel, who will be one of the new faces to appear on the Brevard College campus at the start of next semester. Miss Wirfel, however, will not be one of the new students — she'll be a new wife.

According to John Delaney, Resident Tutor of Green Dorm, he and Miss Wirfel will be married early next year and will plan

to live in Green Dorm for the spring semester. "Marina will add a new interest in the dorm," says Delaney.

Miss Wirfel, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is presently a senior at Rice University in Houston. Mr. Delaney is from Cork, Ireland, and was a student at Brevard before returning to occupy his present position.

The couple will be married in Pittsburgh.



Dreaded "Sophomore Syndrome" Attacks BC Upperclassmen

By Paige Dickens

I was talking with several of my friends in the cafeteria the other day during lunch.

One of my friends said, "You look really wiped out."

The other then added, "Yeah, those circles under your eyes keep getting darker."

Well, I wasn't about to let them get away without a few remarks from me. "Take a look at yourself. I'm not the only one. Both of you have been grouchy and uptight for days."

After a few silent moments, we all agreed that we were suffering

the same symptoms of the dreaded "Sophomore Syndrome."

The "Sophomore Syndrome" can be quite serious. Its causes include worries about transferring, graduation requirements, and any number of aggravations and other irritations.

Psychologically speaking, the stage of life the average sophomore is one of the unmistakable confusion and apprehension. What lies ahead? Which direction should I follow?

Sophomores must face such perils as choosing whether or not

to continue their education; if so, where will they go; once there, what will be their major.

At no other point in life has the sophomore student been exposed to such a vast amount of recently acquired knowledge. Burdens are heavy and sympathies are few. Study hours are later and free time is less frequent.

This is not to say that all sophomores experience any or all of these problems, only to warn freshmen: Wait until next year, your days of major decisions and nights of no sleep await you.

Memories Remain After Thanksgiving

By Patsy Gazaleh

Turkey with dressing, pumpkin pies, and sweet potatoes. This scene brings back memories of Thanksgiving and trips to grandmother's house. Thanksgiving is a time of happiness and get-together with families and friends.

When I was young, I can remember going to my grandmother's and smelling the sweet smells of her cooking homemade

biscuits and sweet potato pies. All my cousins and I would play while the adults reminisced. It was always interesting to hear the stories they had time to tell.

After they had remembered their childhoods for a while, grandmother and my aunts and Mom would start bringing out the food and setting the table. (Of course we kids are always ready to eat.) The adults would come to

the table and after the blessing was said and everyone had decid-

ed which way the food was going to be passed, we would begin the big meal. Everyone would eat and eat, then eat some more. The kids were always the first to leave the table and then run outside to play. The men would go outside (if it was still warm) and begin talking all over again while the women cleared the table. When the women were finished, they would come outside and call everyone together. My grandfather owned several huge pecan trees and this was the time for us to begin picking up pecans. After everyone had picked all the pecans we could, we would head back inside. It was time to eat again. We would eat what was left over from the big meal. By this time it would be late and everyone would start packing up and heading for our different homes. Those times at grandmother's house were memorable and a joy to remember. They will be with me always. Thanksgiving is a time to remember. A time to enjoy. Take some time to remember your happy Thanksgivings.

Staff Box

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