



photo by Jill Avett

Dorm rooms reflect the lives of B.C. students.

College Life Grows As Time Passes

By Jill Avett

It was August 22, 1983, a very hot summer's day. I was standing in a bare dorm room looking out the window. Five minutes earlier I had said good-bye to my family, but now I was here, and they were on the way home--without me. This was it, college. I'm the oldest of four children and I felt like the first fledgling leaving the nest. I wasn't quite sure my wings would work, but with some encouragement from my parents, I had jumped.

That bare room became filled, like my life here at Brevard. There were friends, a roommate, an advisor, and teachers to help me along the way. College, an experience I had been doubtful of, turned out to be enlightening and fun. A wise person once said that "ninety percent of what you learn in college doesn't come from books." That couldn't have been more true. During the first few weeks of college I learned a great deal about myself and others my age. There have been and will be tough times (who invented the exam, anyway?), but it's something I wouldn't miss for the world.

Don't Forget One Last Word

By Jane Roberts

Something needs to be said. We all feel it. It's everywhere. It's in the realization that we "may never pass this way again." Oh sure, we'll be back, but it won't be the same; it won't be "this way." Right now this is all ours: our cafeteria, our S.U., our overdue library books, our creek, our plastic chairs. Yes, even the premature grey hairs on the heads of our teachers and our R.T.'s are our fault, and we are proud of it.

But something needs to be said. The potential for sentimentality is devastating--why, the words could potentially be as mushy as our "short-cuts through life" in the grass after the perpetual rain. I will, however, forego that route and simply say that by and large we, the wild and weary sophomores, agree that life here at B.C. (Big City) has been one of the most, well...greatest, actually, um--an experience. And one that will not easily, if ever, be dismissed.

So what needs to be said? Well, if we ask Jeremy Campbell, "What do you say?" he knows it's got to be either "please" or "thank-you." Perhaps this is a case fitting into the "thank-you" category. But to whom do we express our gratitude? To our teachers, for pulling us as much as they pushed us? To the Lord, for leading us here and/or helping us through? To our friends, for "being there" and our roommates, for putting up with our "being there"? To ourselves, for surviving?

In any case, something definitely needs to be said and it can't wait. You may not know what it is, but when you feel it, don't ignore it. Scribble it in a yearbook. Blurt it out in a wild exclamation. Put it in a poem. Mumble it to your math teacher. Say it in a hug. But whatever you do, don't wait for a ten-year reunion, for by then those unspoken words will have haunted you like the lyrics of an awful song that you can't erase from your mind. Something needs to be said. Say it!

Sophs Leave Legacy

I, Julie Chason, do bequeath my job in Office Services to Jamie Pope and anyone else who loves the smell of paper and the feel of ink on their fingers. To Mr. Fisher, I leave my corner desk for sleeping. And to all my Rosman friends and Dr. Wood I leave one another.

I, Christine Parker, leave the memories of room 229 in Jones to whoever may be the next to occupy it. Every mark on the floor and dent in the ceiling holds some special memory. To Mr. Cope and my fellow classmates of the last few plays I leave my unique klutziness and the ability to say lines totally backwards giving them new meaning. We had some fun times together.

I, Jeffrey Andrew Moore, being of ill mind and thin body ain't leavin' nuttin' to any one of you folks comin' back to Brevard next year. I is takin' it all wid me. But I is leavin' Dok Wud my filin' sitem, and my prufreadin' ability, and dirty jokes. Gudbie everbody.

I, Nina Shafer, being of warped mind and tiny body do hereby leave the following: To the Student Ambassadors and Admissions staff I leave 10,000 campus tours to be given on rainy days to girls wearing moon boots with

red leg warmers. To Cheryl Joyce, my roomie, I leave the room and lots of tears and memories. Love you babe. To the "lobby crowd" I leave many more late night chats. To Brevard College I leave my duck shoes and umbrella.

I, Christine Pellicio, in somewhat stable mind and body, bequeath to the soccer players their friend,

tantly permitted to participate in their Epicurean Bacchanalia--take good care of him! To Madame LaStrange, Senora Ashbrook, Dean Wray, Bill Gash, Ed Cunningham, President Martinson, Doc Wood, Mr. Burger, and all the others who helped me get accepted and receive scholarships for next year, I give my deepest thanks and appreciation. To all my friends--freshmen, sophomores, teachers, and faculty--I leave my best wishes for success next year. Whatever the future holds, a part of my heart will always be left here at Brevard.

I, Jane Roberts, being of frazzled mind and weary body, do hereby leave to Mr. Chamlee all of my rough drafts of unfinished poems, to Doc Wood some remarkably expressive glances, to Judy McDonald a life-time friendship,

and to Laura Campbell and all the new R.A.'s lots of prayers, aspirin, good luck, and fond memories.

I, Teresa R. Allison, hereby bequeath Economics 201-2 to anyone who can stay awake, my job in the mailroom to anyone who has a fetish for paper cuts, and my seat in front of the TV in the S.U. to Tina Holland and Cindy Hall, who enjoy soaps as much as I do.

I, Frank Herman Justice, bequeath my orange softball to Greg Frady, my pet spiders in Box 365 to anyone who will feed them and change the air daily, and my James Bond umbrella to Caryn Clause.

I, Lynda Ferrell, being of sound mind and body do hereby will Kathy Simmons a year's supply of sardines and mustard. To Doc Wood, an entire photo album of John Shuler in various positions, or better yet, I leave you John Shuler! To Mr. Cope, a year's supply of "smut" jokes to share with casts to come. To Don McGinnis, a year's supply of "Cooter Soup" and a life-size poster of Wally Cleaver.

I, Dave Beam, do hereby bequeath one slightly used guitar pick and hours of procrastinating to Andy (Stay out of the middle of things!). I leave the laughs to Stephanie and the hard work to anyone willing. I'll take the memories and good friends with me! P.S. Thanks Chuck!

I, Lisa Funk, being of educated mind and small body hereby will the following: to Cheryl Joyce, my "sister", more tears to be remembered; to Mr. Jackson and Mr. Hammond, my "GAPPER" friendship forever; to Mr. Chamlee, Rick Springfield season tickets; to Curtis Layman, a seat on "our" pink plane; to my parents, all my love; and to all my friends here at Brevard College, I leave a friendship never to be forgotten.

Controversy Over Smoking Continues

By Nancy Jorgensen

For as long as one can remember, there has been an ongoing argument for the right to smoke. It seems the only thing one hears today is the complaint of smoke in their food or cancer in their lungs. The finger always points to the smoker who is only doing about the last thing on campus they enjoy--smoking. Is there a peaceful solution to this controversial problem? Yes!

Smoking and non-smoking sections are practically everywhere now. So what's the problem? Smokers and non-smokers have equally fought for their right to smoke and it is their responsibility to stay with their decision or suffer the consequences.

It is only when rules are bent and lack of respect is shown that problems arise. Both smokers and non-smokers suffer for it: non-smokers with smoke in their faces and smokers with a lot of unnecessary hassles!

Religion Classes Add to Education

Americans have recently been questioning whether or not their children should be forced to participate in prayer in the public school system. On a higher level, many colleges and universities, Brevard College among them, stipulate that students must pass a certain number of religion classes to meet graduation requirements. Just how important is the study of religion to one's education?

The argument could be made that time spent in religion classes might better be spent on more "substantial" subjects like math or English. Are these classes really more important than religious studies, or do they just seem to be? Certainly, the main purpose of attending college is to better prepare oneself for the job market, but it is not the only purpose.

Of course, one could also argue that the study of art or music is a waste of time (with apologies to fine arts majors). These courses

are offered to the general student body because of their aesthetic value. Religious studies, too, are of value. The purpose of music and art is to improve and beautify our surroundings--as well as to educate. They are not essential, but they add a great deal to the quality of our lives. Religious studies serve the same purpose. Just as the study of math and English expands our minds, the study of religion not only educates us, but has an immediate application to our lives outside the classroom as well.

The real problem lies not with compulsory religious studies, but with compulsory belief. College is not church. Religion teachers are not here to preach to students, but to instruct them in the study of a piece of literature. The interpretation of that literature lies with the student.

So why are religion classes required? Probably because if they were not, most of us would never get around to taking one.

Zednik to Become Phi Theta Kappa Sponsor

By Jane Roberts

Recently, Mrs. Margaret Zednik, instructor of German, logic, and philosophy, accepted the invitation to join Dr. Clara Wood and Mr. Randy Jackson as sponsors of Phi Theta Kappa. She is impressed with the organization's "combined emphasis on both academic excellence and leadership" and hopes to promote P.T.K.'s further involvement with social and service activities. She also anticipates a great potential for the

club's interaction with the campus at large.

Wednesday, April 18, a formal induction was held in the Weaver Room with President Martinson attending. These newly elected officers are President Caryn Clause, Vice-President Richard Ledbetter, Recording Secretary Jill Kildall, and Treasurer Kristie Cothman. The offices of Corresponding Secretary and Recorder have not yet been filled.