

Dorm residents in hot water

by Bonnie Davis

Beginning last summer, Green and Taylor dorms have undergone some renovation and construction projects, supposedly to improve the conditions of the two dorms.

Yes, the dorms do look pretty spiffy with their new coats of paint in spirited blue and white Tornado colors. Other such assets like phone booths, new beds, and refinished furniture are greatly appreciated too. And what about that patio connecting the two dorms together? It's supposed to be a place for students and dorm residents to socially interact, but has only just been finished in time to enjoy it for the approaching cold weather.

The board of trustees allocated a whopping \$250,000 for the improvements of Green and Taylor dorms, and they certainly needed it. However, it's incomprehensible why some of this money was used to replace doors on the outside of the dorms instead of putting up new doors on the bathroom stalls that had none to begin with.

The bathrooms of these dorms have been sorely neglected and are in desperate need of repairs and improvements. Complaints from dorm residents include poor drainage, mildewed ceilings, and inconsistent water temperatures of the showers ranging from hot to scalding. When a toilet is flushed in basement Green, those in the showers on the third floor feel the effects.

Granted that the money allocated by the trustees was used for some badly needed internal changes, but before a patio for social interaction was built, shouldn't something have been done about the bathroom problems? It's been realized that these problems have not gone unnoticed by the college, but the big question is: "When is something going to be done about it?"

Residents of Green and Taylor should enjoy the scalding water now, because when the temperature soon drops below thirty degrees something will probably go wrong with the water heater. Then they'll be taking cold showers while wishing for the good ol' days when they were getting burned.

The Mellon Patch

The final score: Glass Door - 1, Pat Mellon - 0

by Pat Mellon

My name is Pat Mellon. I'm 19 years old and I'm a freshman this year at Brevard. I like Brevard and I'm having fun. I like the majority of my teachers, and with a couple of exceptions the babes are doing me right, and I've made a lot of friends. But something happened last week that ruined my near-perfect record. I'm going to tell you about it. Don't laugh.

One Tuesday night around 11:15, I was in the lobby watching television. I looked at my watch and noticed that it was well into biscuit-time at Hardee's. I was hungry, and since I do have a weekly biscuit quota, I decided to go.

I walked to the door and extended my leg

to open it (primarily for efficiency purposes—my leg is longer than my arm and I knew the door would be open a good .17 of a second quicker if I used my foot.) The door shattered and the falling glass engulfed my defenseless leg.

I stared down at the rattling pile, and then up at the crowd, unaware that blood was pouring out of my leg. I walked back into the lobby in a daze, and several of the Lobbyists helped me to the couch.

One girl, upon viewing my leg, screamed something about a Ginsu commercial and fled frantically, but the others gathered by my side. For a moment, I was touched, just to know that all of these people cared about my well-being. But, then they all

Costanza's World

by Chris Costanza



started talking about my leg and passing money.

Then someone wheeled a chalkboard in with my odds of living written on the top. They all started making bets, while keeping a close eye on me for any signs of life-decrease.

I wasn't pleased.

The blackboard showed 70/30 odds, and the crowd's enthusiasm grew with passing seconds. I began to worry. All I could think about was this commercial I had seen a few days earlier about cemetery plots. Someone suggested I go to the hospital, and I blessed him. The bookie heard this and changed the odds.

The crowd roared and I started to get up from the couch to go out to my car, when suddenly, like a bullet slicing crisp air, Sarah exploded onto the lawn in her car. Then, with dignity and authority, she instructed four of the male gamblers to pick me up and put me in the car. She didn't have to tell them twice. She then roared onto the pavement in a manner paralled only by Superheroes.

We arrived at the doc's in a heartbeat, and a babe in white met us at the door with a wheelchair. She wheeled me inside and I was placed on a table and told to wait. My eyes scanned the room, and I wasn't pleased. I saw needles, I saw medicine, and there on the desk was this month's issue of "Amputation Illustrated," opened to an article titled "101 Ways to Chop Off Pat Mellon's leg."

Several minutes passed before a man

entered the room. He walked past the table, looked at my leg, introduced himself, and then asked me what happened. "Well Doc," I started, "It's like this..." He stopped me and told me that he wasn't the doctor, he was the nurse. I looked at him. "Fine," I responded. "It's like this, Nurse," I emphasized, "I was in my dorm a little while ago and I got up to leave and..." I told him the whole gruesome tale.

He paused, scratched his head and said, "Well, we're gonna have to stitch it up." He continued. "I'll have to shave it."

He fumbled through a couple of drawers and after about 5 minutes, produced a razor. I refrained from applauding. He shaved the area around the wound and cleaned it. I requested some aftershave, but was refused. He got up to leave and on the way out, he said, "The doctor will be here shortly." Sure enough, a minute or so later the door opened again and in walked the doc.

He asked me the routine-questions—how old are you? where do you live? what's your blood-type? what did you have for lunch? if you had a turtle, what would you name it? His list seemed endless. Finally, after I confessed to shoplifting when I was 13, he got down to business.

"Are you allergic to anything, son?" I squinted. "Dad, is that you?" He wasn't amused.

"Uh, yes sir. Penicillin..." I paused, "...and pain." He didn't hear me.

He walked across the room to a drawer

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