ECLARION

Editorial

What is responsibility?

by April Woods

What is the definition of responsibility?

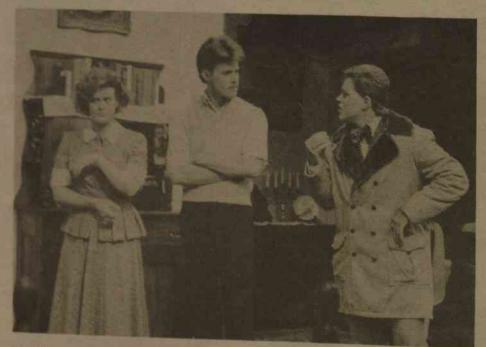
If you are interested in hearing what the the definition is not, you might want to ask the individuals who destroyed furniture, windows, pictures, and other objects in the Quality Inn the night of the Spring Formal. I suppose you could also ask those individuals who watched the destruction and did nothing to stop it.

If you are interested in hearing what the definition of responsibility is, you might want to ask some of the others who attended the dance, and perhaps even some of the people who called hotel security (not that it apparently did any good) to try to stop the damage.

Neither is it the responsibility of the school administrators to babysit students, tucking them into bed at night to insure that no rules are breached, especially at an off-campus event.

The administration has undergone great pains to make the Uniform Guidelines and point sysytem here at BC fair. In fact, the point system for next year is supposed to be more lenient because school officials feel that the students were prepared to handle bigger responsibilities.

It would be a shame for a few discontented troublemakers to ruin the reputation for responsibility the rest of the student body has earned.



Mr. Paravicini (Robert McRoberts) mystifies inn-owners Giles and Mollie Ralston (Jeff Rice and Kellye Price) in the recent Drama Department production of Agatha Christie's thriller, "The Mousetrap," which played to packed houses in the Barn Theatre. (BC photo by Eric Klingensmith)

The editor's opinion

Farewell to a special place

by Bonnie Davis

No Doc Wood or Truesdale English essay could possibly be so difficult to write as this traditional, farewell salute as Clarion editor. But if I could muddle through their essays, I can certainly do so in my last spotlight in print.

If you had asked me two weeks ago how I felt about leaving BC, my immediate response was a jump for joy—I couldn't wait to get out of here. But just in the last few days as graduation draws closer, feelings of nostalgia, regret, and sadness have begun to steal over me.

For the first time, I've really understood why Brevard is such a special place and why it will be hard to leave. What makes BC the place it is is simply this—the people! It's doubtful that we'll encounter the same caring, family atmosphere again that Brevard has provided.

Granted, Brevard has its flaws and isn't quite as it appears in the glossy pamphlets, but for the most part, BC is so much more than what can possibly be depicted in a few short pages and pictures. What the glossy pictures never tell us is that people at BC are real and that they care, and I feel that we students have occasionally forgotten that over the course of the year.

All it takes is a few short words to let these people know how much we've appreciated them and valued their help—it's not much to ask in return.

The Mellon Patch

Please send your money, my Rolex is in the shop

by Pat Mellon

A few weeks ago, I was watching television as I do every day to inform myself of current issues and better myself as an intellectual college student. Bugs Bunny wasn't on, so I stopped the channel on the news.

Apparently, TV evangelist Jim Bakker has been a naughty little evangelist. It seems His Holy Righteousness had an affair a few years back.

I wondered why a saint like Bakker would do something so evil and hypocritical.

Enter Tammy Bakker.

Now, let's look at Tammy Bakker...but not for too long.

Tammy Bakker looks like Pat Sajak on hormones. In fact, Sajak reportedly stopped wearing make-up on his show, fearing that one day a contestant might ask to play for eternal life in the Bonus Round.

Tammy's previous job, playing rhythm guitar for Twisted Sister, fell through when the other band members found out that her make-up doesn't come off.

So Jim resigned as president and host of the PTL talk show, and he and Tammy were exiled to their \$450,000 home in California. I should suffer that way. Then there's Oral Roberts. His parents were poor and couldn't afford to give him a real name. Oral was concerned for himself because he said the Almightly told him to raise eight million dollars or he'd bring him to heaven. Now, that's entertainment.

So, Oral goes public, pleading and crying to viewers across the country to send him their money. Sounds ridiculous, right? Well, evidently there are enough gullible people out there to fill a small country.

There for a while it looked as if Oral would fall too short. Apparently, just weeks before Oral's deadline (no pun intended), he was one million plus dollars shy of the eight million mark God had asked for. Oral was worried.

But wait. One of those gullible folk is a millionaire dog-track owner in Florida. Jerry Collins galdly gave Oral the 1.3 million he needed. Collins, however, was later quoted in a Miami newspaper as saying, "I don't care about Oral Roberts. I think he belongs in a mental home." Touche, Jerry.

Well. Oral got his money and the Bakkers are doing fine as well. It was just really funny to see this sort of thing on television. After all Oral, K-Tel only wants \$9.99 for "Slim Whitman's Heavy Metal

BC students honored

Brevard College students were honored for athletic and scholastic achievement in two ceremonies Tuesday and Wednesday.

Top BC athletes from the school year 1986-87 were named at the annual All-Sports Banquet held in the cafeteria Tuesday night.

Outstanding BC scholastic achievers received awards and citations at the annual Awards Day ceremonies held Wednesday morning in the College gymnasium

Due to deadline restrictions, the Clarion is unable to publish the names of the winners