

Welcome back

by Biar Orrell

You're eating massive amounts of home-coked food, shopping six days a week, and hanging out with the folks; and the next thing you know is you are sitting in a desk, in a class, in college taking notes.

Some of you are sophomores and are about to embark upon your last four months with Brevard College. For you that time may fly, and the days of the calendar may peel away like wet clothes before a hot shower.

Others of you are freshmen and have gotten the "hang" of college life and are feeling confident at BC. This semester will probably be a lot smoother and much more enjoyable for you.

As Clarion editor, I would like to welcome you back to this "land of the learning" and wish you good days, good snow fights, good fortunes, good karma, good grades and all that good stuff.

College life is our evolution from ignorance to knowledge, to earn more than a street degree. It is our vessel to interesting, provocative, secure futures. My advice: "Push it real good."

From the new kid on the block

by Elizabeth Scroggin

Well, here I am, finally in college. That's right, not only am I a new student at Brevard, but a first time college student as well. I suppose I should introduce myself.

My name is Elizabeth Scroggin, I'm 19 and from Tampa (I hear it now 'oh, no, another crazy Florida beach bum').

I can start off by telling you this, college is hard enough to adjust to without mom getting me up for class, cleaning my room, and my personal favorite, home cooked meals, but what in the world is all this white stuff on the ground? At first, I calmed myself with the thought that, it's just really clean sand, yeah, that's what it is.

WRONG, one misplaced step and I was on the ground. Not only is this snow cold and mushy, it offers absolutely no traction. Wonderful.

Fortunately, I wised up before I broke anything vital and traded my Reeboks in for snow boots, and oh, what a joy they are. Another sure fire way of looking attractive in snow besides falling in it.

Well, all this was certainly shocking enough for this beach bunny, but where in the name of plastic cash is a decent shopping mall? Yesterday my roommate and I got out the good ole' Visas and practiced saying 'charge it'. Talk about serious shopping withdraw. We even went down to the bookstore searching for a great bargain on bookbags — but it just wasn't the same.

On a more positive side, Brevard is so laid-back and peaceful it's amazing; in Tampa if you tried to walk across the street to go to the store you would mostly likely end up on the grill of a Mercedes.

The people here are really nice, too, I feel really at home, alright, I'll admit I was a little nervous at first. My mom had to threaten to carry me up to my room, but I decided to be grown up about it and settled for just holding her hand. Well, wouldn't you be a bit apprehensive about facing 600 people you've never met? Especially when everyone knew everyone but you? I thought so.

However, I understand it's the same way at the beginning of the year, the only benefit is everybody is walking around dazed and confused, as opposed to just one person walking around dazed, and confused, all alone and completely petrified. Which is worse? You tell me. Luckily, I ended up on a great hall and everyone was like a self-appointed welcome wagon lady.

(I was taken to dinner four times my first night.)

In my first three days I met more people and heard more advice on them than Phil Donahue could ever wish to put in one of his shows.

By the end of my third day I was feeling mighty well informed, yessiree, until I really got to know people, then I discovered that everyone's advice was based on how they were feeling about a person, good or bad, at the moment, not necessarily in general. So being the open-minded person that I am, I chose to find out for myself. By doing this I found myself pleasantly surprised, I've met some really nice people, and I'm still trying to meet the rest of them. So if you happen to see a curly-headed blond wandering around aimlessly in shorts and a t-shirt mumbling about the beach, it's probably me, in search of the rest of you, Brevardians.

Lastly, and unfortunately, my only big confusion, one that my roomie and I both share — (another Florida Flower Child) is that maybe we took a wrong turn somewhere, I mean, I could have sworn I was headed for the Bahamas when I left home January 4.

Oh well, maybe spring break. Until then, we'll tread through the snow, try to make it to class without mom's assistance and sit on Jones porch pretending it's a '62 Betram and our Diet Cokes are Bahama Mama's.

Maybe if we wish real hard, the snow will turn to sand and the surf will come in at six foot tips and we can surf to our hearts content. Unlikely, so happy sledding.

And my best wishes to my fellow new students:

Melissa Dow Adams, Miriam Stacey Aronson, Danielle Marie Benoit, William Sellar Boatright, John Henry William Bonitz, Scott Edwards Buck, William Barry Buxxe, LaRhonda Gail Creasman, Robin Carole Dellinger, Wesley Hamilton Dunkelberg, Thomas Leroy Herman, Jay Loring Hersey, Chesley Armonstrong Kennedy, Susan Angela Link, Angelo Miriel, Adam Glenn Musselwhite, William Robert Padgett, Gwendolyn Powell, Allston Stackhouse Reeves, Laura Katherine Russell, Edward Joseph Schneider, Elizabeth Ellen Scroggins, Kevin Lee Stevenson, David Mitchell Still, Grant Andrew Thompson, Priscilla Denise Tinsley and Jeffrey Todd Turner.

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The Mellon Patch

I'll grow older

but I won't grow up

by Pat Mellon

Welcome. Welcome to the All New 1988 Pat Mellon Extravaganza. It's hip, it's hot, it's here, it's new, it's now, it's wow, it's today, it's exciting, it's what's happening...it's 1988, I'm anxious to get started. The electric energy and excitement is flowing out my pores in a river of optimism. I've got a good feeling about this one, sports-fans. This is going to be THE year. The year I succeed. The year I accomplish something. The year I get off my lazy butt and make something of myself. The year I put all of my energy and effort into leading a productive life and shaping my future. The year I get things into perspective and mature mentally.

Nah... Well, anyway, Christmas was fun. I went home to sunny Florida and did absolutely nothing for about three weeks. It's sad, but Christmas seems to be losing its flare with passing years. The number of gifts I receive seems to be decreasing with each jolly holiday that goes by. What used to be Big Wheels and G.I. Joe dolls are now sweaters and after-shave.

I'm not unappreciative, but I could use a new G.I. Joe (Mine's down to two limbs and a cracked torso).

I miss the magical Christmas of yesteryear. Decorating the tree, writing letters to Santa, watching Christmas Specials like "Frosty the Snowman" and "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer," leaving cookies and milk by the fireplace for his jolly fatness...it's all gone.

These days, we tend to have a tree-less Christmas. However, if some form of merry greenery finds its way into our living room, rest assured I had no part in it. And I know for a fact that Butkis, my pit-bull, ate all the Oreos we left on the fireplace. (I've yet to figure out how he drank the milk.) Also, I still watch those



shows, but I miss the innocence of youth. I guess it's all part of growing up.

When I was young, I couldn't figure out for the life of me, why anyone would want to wear boxer shorts. To me, that was like wearing your pajamas under your pants. But, wouldn't you know, I've become quite the boxer enthusiast. It was quite a leap up from my Aqua-man Underroos to my paisley boxers, but I'm adjusting. I guess it's all part of growing up.

I was at the grocery store the other day and saw a child crying because his mother was making him choose between the two breakfast cereals he wanted.

I stared, enviously. This kid's biggest worry is that he has to decide whether he wants Frosted Flakes or Lucky Charms in the morning.

I'm in a constant state of mental anguish trying to calculate the atomic mass of the chemical bond formed when sodium oxide combines with iron sulfate, and Scooter here is in misery because he has to pick a cereal.

I walked over to him, put my hand on his head, looked down at him, and said, "Don't worry. It gets worse."

It seems to me that the worst thing you can say to someone (barring profanity) is "Grow up!" How many times have you said something stupid or done something nutty, and had someone say, "Oh, grow up!?" Well, I've had my share of such demanding words, but growing up is inevitable. It's going to happen. Fight it.

People who say, "Oh, would you grow up?!" are generally discontented with their own sad lives and find it necessary to shun the free-spirits of society. I'm not saying "Don't grow up." I'm saying "Grow up at your pace." Don't grow up because someone tells you to. It'll happen.

I think I'll know I've grown up when I can go to a mall and not play a video game.