

THE CLARION

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The Editor's Opinion ...

Where am I !?

by Lorrie A. Diaz
Clarion Editor

Nervous, frustrated and disoriented, she stops dead in her tracks. She steps a few feet to the left, to the right, to the left again, her face a whirlwind of confusion. She is a freshman, just moved into West Beam several hours ago. She cannot for the life of her recall which side of the building it is on. Quickly she scans her memory. Is it to the right or left, east or west? Oh God, why can't I remember? She looks around the busy lobby and again thinks. She takes little notice of my pleasant gaze or that of the others occupying the lobby area: parents, students, Resident Directors and Assistants.

She then proceeds to blurt out her question: "Where am I?" Her voice is jittery with fear, anxiety and a suppressed laughter. Amid the silent confusion, her savior a resident director, points her in the right direction. West Beam. There. I can go to my room now. But I've just made a total idiot out of myself! Freshman! Oh God, I'm a freshman! She disappears down the stairwell to the basement.

Chaos. The one word to describe your first couple of days in college. I chuckle to myself as I reflect on my first day here at Brevard. What a day! Whew! I'm glad that it has been over and done with for a whole year now. Past. It is now a part of my past to smile upon with bittersweet feelings.

College is by no means a piece of cake to conquer. In fact the first couple of weeks can feel like a boxing match versus Mike Tyson. Never fear, brave souls. It does get easier. Mastering the system here at BC takes a little patience and enthusiasm.

On that note, welcome, everyone, to a fine institution — Brevard College. This is one of the best if not the best junior college in the U.S. The administration, faculty and staff excel in areas such as academic expertise, a generous attitude in assistance and an overall pleasant atmosphere. We are all very lucky to be here. As the year progresses, I hope that BC will prove itself as an admirable establishment. Where can you look you may be asking? Glance around you. The BC spirit surrounds you; look in the mirror — you are the newest addition to the BC family.

Commentary

Food for thought

by Charles Koory

As a returning sophomore, I have noticed several changes that have happened around BC campus. The new student union building is coming right along. The building would probably be up by now, if the men were allowed one more coffee break, and more time for a lunch break.

The student affairs office is now in the old Stamey hall. If you get sick and throw up your stomach lining, you go to the student affairs office. If you get written up by your friendly RD, you go to the student affairs office to face some creative form of capital punishment, or maybe you just pay a fine.

One of the biggest changes that I have noticed, has been the change in the Albert G. Myers dining hall. Entering the haven of food service, I noticed pictures of various people doing various things. I think the guy with the tuba is my personal favorite. It exemplifies the Brevard College experience, and it is a true inspiration in my life.

Entering the main dining room I noticed a couple of things that were different. There was a different lady hassling me for my ID and there was new plush carpet on either side of the walkway. Once past the lady I proceeded onward to get my food. The dining hall was serving breakfast. Breakfast is the best meal of the day. It is always pretty consistent. You can eat cereal, or something like ham, sausage, or eggs. I love eggs! There is also a very nice lady who gets your food for you. It is a good way to start your day.

Lunch is a total turn-around. You have to be a little daring to eat lunch in the dining hall. I was really looking forward to my first lunch at BC. I figured the new carpet and the new pictures would maybe increase the quality of the food. Boy, oh boy, I was wrong. It was finally my turn to get food. So I asked, "What is that stuff?"

The lady replied, "That is country fried steak." In the back of my mind I knew they would be serving veal for dinner. I got the country fried steak and some vegetable stuff. I went to get dessert at the new Gretel bake shop. Gee whiz, they sure do look like the same old desserts. I want to know who this Gretel chick is. I also want to know how she manages to make flat cheese cake. After I had finished eating half of my meal, regretful thoughts of not getting a salad entered my mind.



The day rolled on and dinner-time arrived. Sure enough, veal was the entree. I had a salad. I proceeded to ask a complete stranger what they had eaten. They replied, "huh?". So I went to another stranger what they had eaten. They replied "I had the noodle stuff."

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