

# Grandmother came to BC on butter and egg money

by Libby Enloe  
Clarion Reporter

My mother doesn't have to sell butter and eggs to pay for my tuition here at Brevard College but her mother's mother did.

For \$285 my grandmother, Mary Quince Poteat, got a college education. Grandmother loved BC. She often told my mother stories about "...the good old days at Brevard," as a member of the class of 1939.

One of mom's favorite stories is the one about the Sunday suit grandmother brought with her to BC. The Poteats weren't rich people. Instead of great-grandmother having to buy grandmother's suit, she made her one. What's so special about that? Grandmother's suit was pieced together from her brother's old tuxedo. The story goes that this suit, "...made quite a fashion statement with its satin lapels and all the other girls on campus wanted one just like it."

Not only did my grandmother attend BC but my mother did also. Now that I'm here, I get the "Well, you know when I was here in 1959..."

I don't mind. I love to hear the stories of what BC was like 30 years ago.

I found mom's 1959 Pertelote. What a culture shock! The student's then looked so mature. Will our children say the same of us 30 years from now?

Tuition in 1958-1959 was \$720 a year. BC had a dress code back then. Girls weren't allowed to wear jeans or shorts to class, the cafeteria or off campus before 1 p.m. They weren't allowed to wear shorts or jeans at all on Sundays.

Mother said, "some of my favorite memories of Brevard College are of studying pipe organ with handsome Dr. Adams.

Another organ student named 'Radar' played at the Episcopal Church uptown. Radar used to 'requisition' wine from the church and hold communion in the men's dorm."

Mother wasn't exactly a perfect scholar either. "My suite-mate, Pat Grey, and I used to dress up like nuns and go door-to-door in Jones with a flashlight and wake people up to say rosaries over them with our pearls... We could be a sacreligious bunch, sometimes," she admits, "but there were no drugs and particularly no alcohol."

We think our visitation rules are strict; when mother was here "we had a 7 p.m. curfew during the week unless there was a basketball game, and we had to sign out every time we left campus, event to walk up to Gaither's for a hamburger."

Campus life was very structured. "Even the 'panty raids' were orchestrated, she said. "We knew the boys were going to do it, and we'd make it easier for them by throwing our underwear out the window."

Conduct in the dorms was strictly observed. There were quiet hours. From 7:30 to 9:30 each evening, Monday through Thursday, there was to be no "...loud talking, laughing, radios or record players..."

And get this, girls; NO SHOWERS. "No moving from room to room without permission from your hall proctor, (or RA). You may at the beginning of quiet hour go to another room provided no more than three are in a room and provided hall proctors on each hall are notified." This next rule is a killer "..."no telephone calls except for emergencies." That's not all. "You are to be in your room by 10:30 each evening, Monday through Friday; 11:30 on Saturday, and 11:45 on Sunday night...no showers may be taken after these hours...lights must be out at 11:30."

"Each girl is responsible for the care of her room..." Demerits were given to students who didn't keep their rooms clean. My mother should know. This past Homecoming, a woman she went to school with came up to her and said, "You're 'Fish', (Mom's nickname at BC) aren't you? I remember now. You were the one who always got the demerits for having such a messy room!"

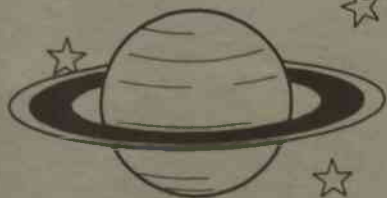
Strange, after 30 years that's how mom's classmates remember her. The next time she fusses at me for "living in a disaster area," I'll remind her of those demerits.

Times have changed here at BC. Some things have gotten better over the years. Some things have gotten worse. I've only been here a few months but I've already some lasting memories. Mother is so happy I'm here. She says that grandmother would be happy too. I hope so.



Libby Enloe with her mom, Mary Ann Enloe of Hazelwood. Libby represents the third generation in her family to attend Brevard College. A lot has changed here since her grandmother attended years ago.

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