

Editorial

Why are you at BC?

By Lorrie A. Diaz
Clarion Editor

Boredom. According to popular belief and word of mouth, that word seems to describe more than just the social aspects of life here at Brevard College. I am tired of hearing of the "social boredom" that plagues so many of the students. I'd like to address the opposite side of this ongoing dilemma. The academic aspect of BC is my whole point. If you are bored with your classes and if academics are not one of your top priorities, maybe you should take a closer look as to why you are in college to begin with.

Why are you in college? I thought of all the possible reasons. To party? (probably at the top of the list). To learn? (probably at the bottom of the list, unfortunately). To earn a degree? To appease your parents? Because there is nothing better to do? To get out of the house? Because you have no choice? For the delicious gourmet meals? (nice try). To spend your parents money? To secure a good job? To become a mature, sane adult? To meet new people? For the personal satisfaction of the whole situation? To build character? Which one of these is/are your reason(s) for being here? Realistically, it can be (believe it or not) and perhaps should be a little bit of all these reasons.

For someone to expect of us total dedication to academics is absolutely ludicrous not to mention extremely unrealistic. Nevertheless, to give a minimum of effort towards your education is just as ludicrous and also fatal as far as your future is concerned.

I agree that much of the information we are learning may only serve as good and intelligent conversational pieces but let's face it: all of us would like to have a successful job or career secured under our belts. However, in today's degree demanding world, some form of higher education is necessary, unless you want to work for peanuts (and who wants to be an elephant in today's world anyway?).

Keep in mind that we are all here for a specific purpose of our own, yet we all share that common bond, on one level or another: that of being at BC for an education. Remind yourself of this next time you are discouraged with your grades, or your teachers, etc. We need BC just as BC needs us.

Letter to the Editor

On textbook costs

November 2, 1989

To the Clarion:

I offer this material not as an argument but simply as some additional information concerning textbook costs, information which students here may not be aware of and may find of interest. I do not know how and may find of interest. I do not know how and may find of interest. I do not know how and may find of interest.

Joyce Jackson

P.S.: This summer I paid \$45 for one skinny little book for one course I took at Western Carolina University. I said, "Ouch!" but I ended up really liking the book, if not the price.

Sample of Estimated Book Costs at Various Institutions, November 1989 (all figures are from current catalogs)
UNC-Charlotte (p.50): \$120-200/semester
UNC-Greensboro (p. 393): \$200-250/year
Clemson University (p. 23): \$125-200/semester
Gardner-Webb College (p. 35): \$200-250/semester
Chowan College (p. 35): \$350/year

Also of interest:
The current Greenville Technical and Community College catalog (p. 33) states that in most cases, the bookstore will pay 50% of the original price for used hardbacks and 40% for used paperbacks.

THE CLARION

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I bet a lot of you out there in Brevard land were wondering what happened to COON DOG'S CORNER in the last edition of the last paper. Well, I was taking a little break to collect berries, eggs and such. It is going to be a cold winter, and I wouldn't want my little coondogs to starve.

Besides, something has happened that has stirred something deep inside of me. No, I am not pregnant, and yes I am being intentionally vague. Those of you who periodically read the Clarion will know what I am talking about by the end of the article.

The other day I had quite and enjoyable experience. I was having lunch with my friends, when one of my friends finds a cockroach in his salad. I was eating some shepherds pie at the time, and it was ooooo

so good. For some mysterious reason though I lost my appetite. Maybe I was just full, or maybe it was the cockroach, I really don't know. Not able to eat any more, I thought to myself, "Could this food go to a good cause?" Now here is an idea, "I will mail food to Ethiopia." Then I figured naww, because when you are starving to death you have to go on a liquid diet because you can't digest solid foods. The food would probably be pretty rude by the time it got there. So I just regretfully took it back to the place where the uneaten food goes. Someone said something to me that I couldn't quite get a grip on; they said, "Why doesn't the school just not charge us the money that goes into paying ARA for the food service? I mean I could go to the store and buy food, and make better stuff than what they are feeding me."

I said "What are you talkin' about dude? The food is oooo so great here." That was the end of that, so I went off to play with my plutonium. We toss a big hunk of radioactive plutonium around, and see whose hair falls off first. Nuclear waste is a real problem that needs to be dealt with. But being the meager college student that I am, I have decided to leave that problem up to the EPA, and the companies that put that stuff there in the first place.

I sometimes smoke when I drink Kool-Aid and Pepsi, but I don't smoke on a regular basis. For some weird reason I had the strong desire to smoke a cigg and walk to the McLarty-Goodson building. Some of my friends were talking about the parking situation, and my friend who drives a Cadillac was saying that he just couldn't find a space. My advice to him was give the car to the nearest charity, because we could get anywhere we needed to go on this campus by walking there. I suggested if we needed to get anywhere far away, we could do something that is about as safe as playing with radioactive plutonium; hitchhike dude!

After classes I went outside and I saw security writing a parking ticket and putting it on my friends' Cadillac. I really do have nothing to say about security. Even though I have already said one thing about them. The whole scene kind of bummed

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