

Quality Education

"Quality Education" . . . What is it? Do we have it? Can we have it? The answer to the questions can be found but may vary according to the individual.

First, let us explore the possible definitions of Quality Education. We think of education as a person's studying, writing, searching, evaluating, observing, and storing the products of effort in his mind prior to going forth into society to work in a field he has chosen. Our educational program is built around these thoughts.

However, our educational program cannot be classified according to its quality because its quality is not revealed until the individual uses his fundamental education. The program begins to build, to mold, to shape a youth through elementary school, high school, and college. When the best teachers, books, and methods are employed to instill the marks recognized as education, the individual is said to have received the best education available; however, he has been prepared to enter society with only the fundamental knowledges of an educated society, and has received what is classified as a degree, "of higher learning." But in order to receive such a degree it seems that it should be mandatory for the individual to search, listen, to observe, to evaluate, all that he has studied, and also to investigate further the principles required to make a man capable of being classified as wise, rational, and filled with a certain amount of knowledge. He should be led to sense a difference between more education and Quality Education.

To go further, the individual needs educational institution with people who try to teach their students how they are to do their jobs or work and who radiate an attitude of understanding and educating themselves. Too often our own educators fall short of having a "true education" of their own.

To summarize what we want Quality Education to mean is impossible, for we are still searching for Quality Education. We reap what we sow; therefore, man needs to sow **everything worthwhile** in life and plant, and nourish and reproduce his ideals until they satisfy the hidden hopes of men, their unvoiced thoughts, their God-given rights, and their needs for understanding. Then we reap what is Quality Education, not the mere salary of a doctor or lawyer, an engineer or building a personal empire, a private haven of wealth, not a feeling of greed, jealousy, or hate.

In short, Quality Education is learning how to use all the humane resources we possess in the effort to obtain knowledge. In turn, wisdom is the result of our knowledge, or rather, the result of the use of our humane resources. Quality Education . . . only a few men have such a thing. Although all can have it, few ever will.

The Clarion

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STUDENT SPEAKS OUT

Just who are we in this great big rut? About 550 students who have the courage to say "we want freedoms — longer hours, more liberal drinking rules, no chapel . . . FREEDOM!"

Five hundred and fifty students, minus a very small minority, who have confused the term freedom with the term free-for-all.

We want freedom! Okay, the way to get it is to make placards and form a march — not entirely to support or draw attention to our cause, but to terrorize children, and insult the administration as well as our own intelligence.

Five hundred and fifty students who stand as a body outside of Jones Hall and cheer for more liberal rules which will make us look — note I say look — more mature. Unfortunately, words written on a paper that has been approved by the College Council cannot be stamped or Xeroxed into our souls. No, we have to work for maturity, and suffer for maturity.

When Brevard's mighty five fifty go out for something they want, they expect to get it for nothing. That's right, something for nothing. Our parents pay approximately \$2,000 for our two-year stay here — that's something, but as evidenced by our behavior, we aren't getting anything for it.

Lord knows, the teachers have tried. That can be seen by the amount of work we're given. But are we really trying?

I work in the library six hours a week; every hour the number of students in the library are counted. The most I have ever counted is 24, — this evening after Chapel, the count was 77 — 77 out of 550,

that's nothing! Yet we want longer library hours; who's going to use them?

The church tries to give us something, but we take absolutely nothing.

When I was in high school, we had required assemblies every week. The programs were not always enjoyable nor agreeable, but we had the courtesy, even more, the self-respect to listen. By listening we learned — took something.

At Brevard College we have required chapel once a week. We are being given something, but we don't have enough courtesy or self-respect to take it. You don't think so? Well, explain, rationally, your (you the 550!) conduct during Religious Emphasis Week and chapel!

Most students didn't give Rev. Mr. Finlator a chance. I feel sorry for you. You've missed one of the greatest experiences and challenges of your whole life. Rev. Mr. Finlator's sermons so infuriated, so insulted me, made me so discontent, that I started to think. I haven't done that for years! Obviously neither has the Fabulous Five Fifty.

Mr. Finlator didn't say, "little promising college students, search your precious souls while you are here at Brevard, and when you come off this mountain maybe the world conditions will have reached a point where you can be helpful." Oh no. He looked those of us who were brave enough to attend his sermon and told it to us "like it is."

We're nothing but a bunch of cowards, hiding in these hills, using our talents in misguided channels, afraid of the world. Afraid of the misery around us. Afraid of all the dangers and evils we are being instrumental in creating. Brothers and sis-

ters, there's a world down there now — and unless we get off our high horses and look at things as they are, and do something NOW, there may not be a world down or up here!

As for chapel, well that's the purpose of this outcry. I was so sickened by the children in Durham auditorium this evening, that I was ashamed to be counted as one of them. We had one of the best chapel services of the semester, but the five hundred and fifty bodies present were not willing to receive anything. They didn't want to get anything out of the service, so they made a point of not allowing anyone to get their money's worth.

Why are we so afraid of reality? We want our reality? We want our reality at Brevard College to be different, but we're afraid to face it as it is; if we can't face it now, what about later?

We look at ourselves and see adult bodies, but when the lights go out (as in chapel) we show we don't have adult minds. I have not heard such rude, uncalled for, obscene remarks and actions since grammar school. I'm glad Mr. Cort wasn't Director of Admissions when we applied to Brevard. If he had been, very few of us could or would have been accepted for our maturity, honesty and spirituality.

We cry for freedom — yet we conform with our peers.

We want freedom — but we don't even know what we're doing or where we're heading.

We say we want freedom—but if somebody tells us we're "cool" because we stamp and cheer and boo, and hiss in chapel, We say "right baby, I'm with you!"

We cry freedom!" yet we aren't even involved with life.

We want freedom — but we can't even help others; we just care about the all-important, self-sufficient "I."

So you see, whether we believe it or not, we're lost — lost amid all the opportunities presented to us. Isn't it about time we found the courage and initiative to find out just who we are in this great big rut, and then live by the standards we set for ourselves.

Jane Kimball

Patience Not A Virtue

(ACP) — While patience may be regarded as virtuous by the older generation, it is not a virtue coveted by the growing student generation, says the Ball State News of Ball State University in Muncie, Ind.

The newspaper's editorial continued:

History, in many cases, reveals the futility of patience.

"Be patient," the elder statesmen of four generations said to the enslaved Negro. "You will have your day." So the Negro was patient. And "his day" was put off until tomorrow.

The main hope for the student generation lies in its rejection of the belief that patience will be rewarded by "the gift of a better day."

"Listen to all that protest," says the older generation which fights wars, domestic and foreign, from their desks. "There's no respect for age. These students are irresponsible. They make a mockery of freedom."

Freedom does demand responsibility. But responsibility also requires freedom and a

voice in the course of events. If an individual's life is put in jeopardy for a cause, then he has a right to question responsibility the reasoning that says his dying is necessary.

The same holds true in a university. If an individual is getting a second-rate education, he has the right to demand something better. If he is treated like a child in the determination of important policies that affect his campus life and as a "young adult" in the less important areas, he should be able to actively seek a cure to this administrative schizophrenia.

If he's a second-class citizen in the campus community because of age, race, or the length of his hair, he should question the middle-aged, closely-cropped, white administration which says this role is best for him.

If the individual chooses to wait for academic reform to descend from Mount Olympus, he must be patient.

Things come to those who wait, but only those things which aren't very important.

"Observe your student government in action. Attend the weekly meetings of the SGA."

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