

Editorials

Good Job On Culture Series

Brevard College has a lot of good things going for it. There are two very good things in particular which THE CLARION would like to commend at this time.

The first of these is the Life and Culture Series. Not only does the attending student get a half-hour credit, but the student also gets the chance to be exposed to happenings which he/she has never had the chance to experience. In a sense the participating student is being given credit for recreation.

In the past semester the students were given a good selection of events. The offerings ranged from Carole Simpson to Cecile Licad to Flamenco Dancers.

This semester's series started off on a good note with the National Shakespeare Company's production of Hamlet. Judging from the audience's response to the show, one must admit that it was an overwhelming success.

Nine more events are scheduled for this semester including an opera, a performance of mime, an Iranian folksinger and a play.

The second thing which THE CLARION would like to commend is the Art and Film Series. This is a series of films chosen by Dr. Wood and shown on random Tuesday nights. For some students attendance at these films brings extra credit while for others it brings appreciation for a time well spent.

THE CLARION would like to extend its appreciation for these cultural opportunities and urge all students to take advantage of them. Keep up the good work.

Registration Numbers Picked At Random

by Duncan Rawls

Students who registered a couple of Tuesdays ago know the difficulties that receiving a late registration number entails.

Brevard has had its present system of selecting numbers since 1971. Most of the numbers are picked at random. You may be a winner or you may come up on the wrong end.

Sophomores are given earlier numbers because they need certain classes to complete their degrees. Big Sisters (who help with registration) and new entering students get priority numbers. Athletes get top

numbers so they can arrange their schedule to make room for practice.

There were 605 students registering this semester compared to 675 last semester. So if you got 605, just be thankful that you didn't get 675 last semester.

If you pre-registered late last semester, you were given a late registration number. So, people, get your pre-registration forms in on time the next time around and maybe you will get a lucky number. A late registration number may squeeze you out of the one class you really want next semester.



STUDENTS take time out for snowball fights.

Conversation Proves Thought Provoking

Recently a conversation was overheard which was very thought provoking. The conversation was between two students and dealt with the recent production of Hamlet.

One student (a music major) was talking about what he had found as the biggest flaw in the play. His particular gripe was that he didn't think that the music was quite up to par.

The other student (an art major) stated that he thought the set was the biggest problem with the show.

Both students discoursed on the subject for a few minutes and although neither changed his mind both let their thoughts flow freely in an exchange of ideas. It was this exchange of ideas which was so beautiful.

Two people...two totally different ideas, but each willing to discuss his idea and to listen to an opposing viewpoint. That is what really counted. Too often we are not willing to voice our opinions or listen to those who think differently than we do.

Maybe if we all tried a little harder a greater tie of understanding might be bound.

The moral of this story is **SPEAK OUT...AND LISTEN.**

To those students who participated in the French-Swiss Ski College course, Jan. 7-12:

As I was checking out of the Con. Ed. Center at Appalachian State on Jan. 12, the manager told me we were the "best college group" they had had all year. That speaks highly of you as individuals and as a group. I hope you all had as good a time as I did and that all your bruises, bumps, and other red badges of courage are mending quickly. Think more snow.

Many Thanks,
Ms. Barnhill

Jon Young Bids Adieu

Whenever it comes time to write another article for the newspaper, I find the search for an idea extremely perturbing. It seems that my brain just does not want to cooperate with my pen, and I end up tearing every strand of my hair out in frustration. Of course, I eventually do come up with a fairly satisfying thought on an acceptable subject, but not without many devious, unprintable ideas popping up first.

Because let's face it; there are simply too many subjects to write about which are not exactly appetizing to this college administration. These articles, however, are of significant importance to not only me, but I am sure to many others.

It is hard to detail any particular subject of which I am thinking, but oftentimes (not always, mind you) I would like nothing better than to physically tear apart in words some aspect of the world, education in general, or simply a local personality whom I would rather forget.

In this aspect of criticism, I do not at all mean to debauch or persecute any institution or individual which does appear to have some redeeming qualities. But if done in a proper, respectful way, I personally see no harm in constructive criticism.

Then I lean back and think about this for a moment. Would I enjoy seeing my name under fire in a newspaper? If I had this criticism coming, I am not so sure I would readily object. But the critic had better know what he's talking about, with examples and hardbiting facts to back him up. Otherwise, that person will be facing a lot of disturbing questions as to why he cannot think of an explanation for his criticism.

All I am trying to do here is reiterate the notion that we do indeed have a right to say what we feel. And if a certain authoritative group dislikes our ideas, then they better do something to change our minds.

Editor's Note: The following resignation was received at the same time as the above article:

Dear Debi,

Due to unforeseen circumstances beyond my control, I am submitting my resignation in relation to this newspaper. I have a heavier schedule than I realized and it would not be wise, in my opinion (for whatever that's worth) to continue as a member of the staff. I am sure you will understand.

Sincerely,
Jon Young

B.C. Catalog Informative?

by Debi Crane

The spring semester's registration gave me a good excuse (as good as any) to get out that ever present handbook of good old B.C. — that is the college catalog.

While flipping through its pages I must admit that I had to stop and give an occasional chuckle as I read over a few items which in my haste as a first semester freshman I had overlooked. Here I present to you a few of what I consider the more delectable pieces.

1. The handbook takes no less than 37 words to make a statement about pets on the campus. One wonders if the mere statement "No pets allowed" would not be sufficient. (After all, "Please don't feed the bears" has worked pretty well for the park service).

2. The handbook mentions the fact that vehicle privileges might be revoked if the student fails to demonstrate a courteous and responsible attitude toward the ticketing officer. This leads to a couple of questions. One is just how nice you can be to a guy who is about to charge you \$7.50, and another is exactly what constitutes a courteous and responsible attitude...responsible to whom...you, your car, the curb, the officer?

3. Under the section dealing with the dining area I found the following sentence. "Shoes and shirts which cover the entire body must always be worn." Needless to say I would like to see either a shirt or a shoe (or both) which would even begin to cover the body of the average sized B.C. student.

4. As far as the section on campus disorder goes I must tell my fellow students that they must plan their "acts of celebration". I hate to tell you this but that probably means (technically) no panty raids, toga parties, keg parties, etc., unless you first check with someone in authority. Unless, of course, you are not celebrating but you are actually mourning.

The list could go on and on, but unfortunately I have neither the time nor the space to continue. So here I must end. I close with the suggestion that if you ever get bored and need a few good laughs look, not to Saturday Night Live but instead to your catalog.

THE CLARION

Brevard College, Brevard N. C. 28712

Published during the college session by students of Brevard College. The opinions expressed in this periodical are those of editorial board and not necessarily those of the college.

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