

Editorials

Do a good deed--it won't kill you

Sarah Rogers
Campus Life Editor

The other day I did a good deed. I was at Wally World when I saw a stray dog lingering outside of my favorite hangout. He looked so sad and lonely. So, I went inside and bought him a hamburger. When I came back outside, he was gone. First making sure that no one was around that I knew so as not to ruin my image as a typically rude and unpleasant person, I then raced to my car and spent thirty minutes driving around the parking lot searching for my mutt in vain.

My roommate, who merely thought that we were making a routine trip to Wal-Mart, was not amused by my attempt at humanity. "You're crazy," she said. "But at least you tried." That is exactly right, I thought. At least I gave it my best shot. So, even though

my good deed wasn't completely successful, I did more than most people would have done in the same situation.

And with that single experience, my new lifestyle as a good deed doer began. The next morning I spent fifteen minutes talking to Dot, the woman who cleans the bathrooms in my dorm. (See last month's editorial for more on Dot).

Afterwards, I went to Hardees and ordered the usual--a chicken biscuit with ketchup. I decided it was the best chicken biscuit that I had ever eaten. So, I called Hardees and told them to keep up the good work.

On my way to class I passed my ex-boyfriend and smiled at him. It wasn't one of those nasty, fake smiles either. It was a real one.

In Ethics I complimented Mr. Woodruff on his new haircut but recommended that he not wear his navy blue road-runner print tie with the pastel striped button down.

In the mailroom I didn't curse my family and friends for not sending me mail for the third week in a row. And I even cut out geological related news articles from the newspaper for Ms.

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Pittman so that she won't think that I sleep with my eyes open everyday in her class.

Certainly, there was no stopping me. I was on a roll. I was busy doing good deeds, and the ironic thing about it was that it was actually a lot of fun and made me feel much better about myself. Then I wondered why more people

don't partake in good deeds. Is it that underlying fear that if we open ourselves up to others we might be rejected? It's possible, but highly unlikely I realized. Everyone likes to be complimented in one way or another. It doesn't hurt anything, and it helps life to pass by a lot more smoothly. In Sociology, Steve Martin said that when people recognize and speak to one another a human bond is formed. That Steve Martin's a smart guy, you know!

My point is (since I'm sure you were wondering) that we have been labeled as Generation X - a group of losers expected to do nothing with our lives. A lot of us are, but certainly not everyone. If we all did something nice for, say, three people a week, imagine how much nicer our college and, inevitably, the world could be. So, call your mother, say thanks to the ladies in the cafeteria, and please tell Mr. Woodruff when he isn't matching.

Newspaper is more than just print

Rhonda L. Parker
Editor

Another late night at a computer, the image of columns burning into your retinas. All of a sudden, a scream erupts from someone in the room who looks up, bleary-eyed, and says, "I found a misspelled word."

Welcome to the world of the newspaper staff.

For the last issue (October 4), we stayed up until 7am, trying to perfect the little things, correcting major errors, and generally killing ourselves to put this paper together.

What really bugs me is that some people either don't care about the paper, or they decide that it's not important enough to waste their time with, so they automatically throw it in the trash.

What they don't realize is all of the blood, sweat, and tears that go into this publication--not to mention the money we spend to get it printed.

We work on this newspaper because we want to--not because we're getting paid to do this. We enjoy putting this publication together and seeing it distributed to everyone. But we don't enjoy seeing our work go unappreciated.

Think about how much you might miss if you didn't read the newspaper. What if this campus didn't have a newspaper, or any means of representation in the media world?

Many people take the existence of this newspaper for granted. Oh, well, it's just a campus newspaper, right? It's not like anyone really puts forth a lot of effort. Wrong!

"We do not enjoy seeing our work going unappreciated"

This newspaper is the result of many hours of hard work and dedication. As I'm typing this, about six people are working on laying out pages and making everything perfect for our deadline in eight hours.

Remember that as you throw this issue in the trash.

The Clarion Editorial Policy

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Letters are welcome and appreciated, and all letters must contain author's name and signature.

Letters can be deposited at the Clarion office, MG 104.

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