



FROM UP THERE, it's a long way down. Chet Reid of Rockledge, Fla., surveys the situation during the "trust fall" at Brevard College's Freshman Outing to Camp Greenville Saturday. Then he takes the

plunge, and is grateful when caught by his new friends. It was all a part of the "challenge course" designed to bond the freshmen through group problem-solving interdependence. (BC photo by Jock Lauterer)

BC Freshman Outing was an unforgettable experience

by Selena Lauterer

It was the most terrifying thing I've ever done.

Looking back into the sea of arms, I realized they were the only thing between me and the hard tile floor. Before, when

standing on solid ground, I thought of how easy the fall looked from the supporters' point of view.

I thought it would be no problem. But now, taking my turn, standing on the ping-pong table, I could feel my legs begin to

take form of jello and my palms began to sweat.

I knew that the eleven girls on my hall would support me. Nevertheless, my heart was a flutter. The instructor told me to wrap my hands around my shoulders and

blindly I obeyed. I was going to have to go through with it, no matter what. I squeezed my eyes shut, dug my fingernails into my skin and let go.

Down, down, I fell. It felt like forever. It felt like forever until I could feel the thin arms cradle me and heard the whoops of joy for our accomplishments.

It was a team effort that we succeeded in and we had only known each other for four days.

The "Trust Fall" was just one of the tests we went through at the freshman outing at Camp Greenville on August 22, 1987.

We continued to go on to swing Tarzan style across a parana-infested river as well as take a bucket of nitroglycerin with us...then to climb a wall individually, get through a tire strung up in a door way, and to get all 11 people onto a small square box within five minutes.

Yes, we did these one by one, but also together as friends and as confidants with a mission.

Nancy Fox, who lives in East Jones, says this of Camp Greenville: "It was such a bonding experience and it really established the freshman class." Jennifer Wells of West Beam thought that, "It brought us closer. I know that afterward I could go to these people for help, or just to talk to. You sure couldn't go to a big university and get that kind of experience."

We all learned so much about each person there and soon facades began to break down first impression of the first day. The Camp Greenville experience was a gap we filled and a trust fall we all endured.



THE HUMAN KNOT— was just one of the problem-solving games that freshmen had to encounter. Here a group of freshmen girls work out the tangle.