

Freshman Frustrations

STUDENTS ECALL AGONY OF FIRST WEEK

For inexperienced freshman and even old pros like the sophomores, registration week is terrifying, confusing, aggravating, hilarious. But, perhaps fun. No young person ever doubts the fact that he is a full-blooded college student after a few days of following instructions such as these: Students numbering 600 to 700 assemble in room 104 in the north end of the basement of the Dover Library behind the left of the Hamrick Building at 9:00 Wednesday morning. Punch a hole beside what you would like to do most and one beside what you would like least to do. Punch three holes if you change your mind. When you punch all the holes, go back and count the ones in the little circles and fill them in on the tally sheet. This test is not timed so please work as quickly as possible. You have been given a thirty minute test sheet containing eighty multiple-guess questions of which you will solve as many as possible in the allotted time, so start working. The fun of registration week begins when conflicts arise in the instructions. For example, one area of social conduct of opposite sexes, namely hand-holding in public, was frowned upon by a college authority and was sanctioned by a prominent local figure. Some of our freshman have written their impressions of registration week; read them and see if they are similar to yours.

Roy Yarbrough — Since my name was in the Q through Z group, Tuesday of Orientation Week was a breeze. I saw a film and heard Dr. Allen lecture on correct study habits. My impression of Tuesday was that college wasn't so bad. Then the longest day of the week came. On Wednesday morning we took three tests. My rear finger was worn to the bone from punching that last test. Wednesday was frustration day.

Barbara Bates—Everyone told me that college would be rough and strange, but I didn't know the extent of it. Everything is in such a rush that there is no time for getting behind. I am late to class, and absent if I were to be absent for any reason I would be tempted to quit because I know I would have missed so much and it would be rough catching up.

Margaret Greene — During my Orientation week at Gardner-Webb College I found myself impatient quite often, confused, and utterly bored at times. I was always waiting for something or somebody. I inspected the campus thoroughly, met new friends, made decided opinions about my new environment, and completely inspected the Snack Shop. This would be my hideaway. I was beginning to find places in which to make use of my free time. On Monday I found myself in my free time in the library. I do find myself at the Snack Shop occasionally, but it's quite different. I'm rushing about so that I can get to look at my lesson for the next class before my lunchtime is a memory.

Patti McSwain — I must think for myself! I must do my own work, and the work is not laid out specifically in a book. My mind must remain in constant operation, always in concentration. The teacher may call on me at any minute; I may be asked to prepare a lengthy paper in the short hour of one class period. Homework assignments require long hours of study. The threatening blank paper awaits the arrival of words; an opened book lies packed with learning and begs to be removed of its heavy burden. This is what it means to be in college!

Dianne Washburn — I learned very early in Orientation Week that college is a fast moving place; therefore I had to be fast moving too. Even though I was running from one building to another, I had to take time out to speak to people. Here at Gardner-Webb people are especially friendly. I also learned that I have to study, read and listen much more than ever before. I agree that if I drop a pencil during a lecture when I'm trying to take notes that I am automatically a weak being. There are rewards though. If I didn't work I wouldn't enjoy studying.

Rachel Murphy — "My name is Rachel. What is your name? Where are you from?" I don't believe I have heard of that town. What town is it near? What are you ma-

joining in? Whom did you get for English?" Day by day and in line after line, the students would carry on conversation something like this during Orientation Week. Even if frustration did get me down, there was always someone interesting to talk to, someone new to meet, or someone's new ideas to listen to.

Morie Pender — During the dilemma of Orientation Week, I wondered if I would ever get a class, much less see a teacher or get the right books. Once I learned a few college terms, I felt much better. For example "Hapy" is not the real name of a girls' dorm; it's really Hoey. Anthony-Padgett-Young. I agree fully, however, with the people who gave it that nickname. "OMG" on our schedules, I soon discovered was not a Latin word or a teacher's initials. The language of college is quite confusing; it is also confusing when two students try to occupy one chapel seat. One problem that still troubles me is the fact that there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and can't seem to stretch them any.

Whitney Covington — Orientation Week is a week of steady work. I can say one thing; it takes someone with an intelligent mind and to get through this week is registering. When I first started to register I knew that I would do something wrong, but it seems so far that everything has worked out right.

Virginia McSwain — The first day I came to Gardner-Webb I was surprised at the amiability of everyone. During Orientation Week someone always kept our spirits up when it seemed like eternities standing in those long lines. The teachers were very cooperative although I am sure they found it very trying helping us to arrange and rearrange our schedules.

Tommy Hope — College is different! To start with, I had never heard of standing in line for hours to pay someone almost five hundred dollars. I just hadn't heard of it because always if I had money in my hand someone gladly spent it on things I didn't want. These classes began and the real adjustment began. I am living with books and asking myself occasionally, "Why didn't I study harder in high school?"

John McGee — The leap from home to college is much bigger than I expected. At home most of my decisions were made for me. I find that I am alone, yet not alone at all. It is as though six hundred and fifty other people were put in a desert and were told to find our own separate ways out. One thing we do don't have in college, which I knew we didn't have, but I thought could get along better without are mothers. I have ironed more wrinkles into shirts than I iron out. I have ruined three good pairs of socks at the coin laundry, and I miss those good old homecooked meals, which I complained about at home.

John Waldrop — Gardner-Webb's program of orientation was better than Furman's in some ways but far short in others. As soon as the freshman arrived at Furman, he was given a rat hat. Next the freshman was given a tour of the campus. All buildings and their uses were explained by qualified persons. This was about the only place where Gardner-Webb fell down. Gardner-Webb's method of registration was much better than Furman's. The use of the registration numbers is much better, especially when your name ends with W.

Rosemary Howard — The week of orientation was a week of little sleep. I went to bed at 11:30 and got up at 6:00 to make the breakfast line. The first week was a hectic one, but I know how much I would have missed if I had not participated in it. It was just as fulfilling as it was tiring.

Clara Davis — I am having trouble and a struggle getting adjusted to college life. After being out of school for twelve years I have trouble studying. I don't know how to get for letting my mind lag for twelve years. Having two children makes college life more difficult but then I think again both of my children are in school and it is fun to sit down and study with them. The first week of college I would sit frozen to my desk, afraid that the teacher would ask me a question. I felt so out of place with the

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