

## From The Fish Tank



R. Shawn Lewis  
Managing Editor

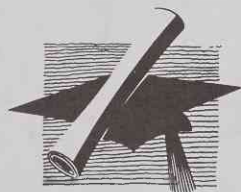
As my illustrious (?) career here at Gardner-Webb quickly grinds to a halt, I feel obligated to share a few fond memories of the not-so-distant past. Residence life, or wildlife, whatever the case may be, has always been an enjoyable thought in the caverns of my mind. If the walls of Lutz-Yelton dorm could speak, I would probably not be here right now. Those cinder blocks have been witness to a generation of Red Rockers, Beat Sheep, and Horsemen. I am the last of these. What does holding this distinction mean? No more red underwear wrestling matches, no more Studio 308 recording sessions, and definitely, no more gatherings at the porcelain. A generation of Wad, Lois, Danielsahn, Scuzzy, El Toro, Pogo, and now, Flounder has come to pass. Yes, this is a sad moment for all mankind, but yet oddly enough, a happy time for the Fishman.

It is now that future generations of Rockers, Beat Sheep, and Horsemen can rise up and face the evil that lurks deep inside the walls of Lutz-Yeltonia. Take pride, men; smite the foes that be.

While residence life is chock full of life-changing memories, I can also remember a time when *The Pilot*, which is very near and dear to my heart for obvious reasons, came out once a month. This newspaper has come a long way, but it still has a very long way to go. Being a weekly publication is not an easy task; next year's staff will have their work cut out for them. However, under the direction of the soon-to-be fishclone, Dawn E. Camp, I think that *The Pilot* will fare okay. You, too, have a job to do for *The Pilot*: report the news to staff members, editors, etc. This paper can only be as good as you want it to be. Please don't let the paper die; the weary souls of editors past will come back and haunt you (or at least make prank phone calls at 3:30 a.m. on your honeymoon).

A few final remarks before I shut down the tank for the last time. Shannon: I wish you the best of everything; your time has come to shine. Stowe: old boy, you did the best you could, but I still splice commas. Thanks, I owe you. Dawn E. Camp: ask not what your campus can do for you, but what you can do for your campus (figure it out and give me a call). J. Lynn S. Britt: Don't forget to turn off your curling iron (signed J.L. Britt). Kathy Henson: some day you'll realize that we tend to be on the same side-good luck with *Reflections*. Richard Drye: I thought of something you've never done; waterski nude holding on to the back of Flipper. M. Allen Setzer: I'm really a nice guy, you know. Gardner-Webb College: reach for the stars and you just might get them. And finally, Pamala Dawn: you've made my life complete; may I do the same to yours. I love you.

Always remember that no matter where you go, there you are. Thank you all.



## TO THE EDITOR:

I want to offer congratulations and thanks for the tremendous effort which I know is going into *The Pilot* of late. The paper's appearance is eye-catching and clean looking, the paper is coming out more frequently, and the stories being covered are informative and useful for the campus community.

I know how hard it is to put out a good looking paper with a limited staff, especially at the end of a busy semester. I join you in urging every student on campus who has any interest or curiosity at all about journalism to come to the Pub House and get involved. To get involved with the paper could be life changing or just a resume item, but it would be rewarding for anyone who did it.

Dennis P. Quinn  
Associate Professor of English

## Save the Earth

By Kathy Henson  
Co-Editor

April is here again. Isn't it wonderful? The grass is green again, and the trees have little baby leaves on them. Flowers are popping up everywhere, and people are starting to shed their winter clothing. You sit in class, and even if it's interesting, you can't help staring out the window and wishing you could grab a blanket and head out to bask in the rays of the smiling sun.

The problem is, we take it for granted that spring is always going to come bringing fresh air, sunshine, and every color of the rainbow with it. I'm afraid few people in my generation give much thought to the health of good old Mother Earth, who gives us so much. But landfills are getting crowded, the ozone layer is wearing thin causing an increase in skin cancer, and fish are dying in our rivers. It's time for our generation to get concerned. Mother Earth is sick, but if she is treated now, she can survive. We hope you observed Earth Day on April 22.

Earth Day was first observed in 1970. Millions of people participated in rallies and other activities which helped lead to the passage of the Clean Air Act and the creation of the Environmental Protection Agency. However, most of us weren't even in school in 1970, and only in the last eight or 10 years have we been old enough to be concerned. Well, our time has come. The 20th Anniversary of Earth Day promises to be one of the biggest celebrations ever, with such goals as a global ban on chlorofluorocarbons found in styrofoam, preservation of our forests, a ban on non-recyclable and non-biodegradable products, and the creation of an international agency to protect common global resources (oceans, atmosphere) from international threats. Also, a joint Russian-Chinese-American team will climb Mt. Everest to clean up the trash from preceding expeditions.

If you don't know any rallies to go to, there are other ways you can get involved: recycle aluminum cans (we're collecting them in Decker), plant a tree, stop buying products in non-recyclable or non-biodegradable containers, and write your representatives about your concerns. Here on campus you can help by picking up pieces of trash you happen to pass, and by limiting your use of paper napkins and styrofoam cups in the cafeteria. If we don't do these things voluntarily now, we'll end up doing them by force later. And don't just do it on April 22. Every day should be Earth Day.

## As I See It

By Randy Gambrell

As young adults, we realize now why our parents had many of the rules that we were forced to comply with. If your parents were like mine, failure to comply was met with swift and sure punishment. All societies and subgroups of societies have rules which members of those groups have to follow. Surely this is necessary to maintain order and give direction. Gardner-Webb College is no different. The rules, which are set forth in our handbook, allow us to coexist in the setting of our community. Along with the rules, the punishment is also set forth for the breaking of these rules. Each student receives a copy of this before coming to Gardner-Webb (or at least shortly thereafter). I feel that it is safe to assume that we all know what we're getting ourselves into before coming to Gardner-Webb.

Two years ago I had the privilege to work as a Resident Assistant and Resident Director in one of Gardner-Webb's campus dorms. During those two years, there were countless times that rule violations were observed and reported, with little or nothing being done about it. In talking with fellow students, I understand that much of the same practice exists today. I point no blame at any individual or official of Gardner-Webb College. But I do ask, if these rules are important enough to establish, why not enforce them? I think that everyone should be informed of what is expected of him/her at Gardner-Webb College, and when those expectations are not met, let them reap their rewards. If these rules are not important enough to enforce, they should be taken out of the handbook, and we should quit living under the pretense that we are following these rules.

### THE PILOT

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Letters from the students, faculty, and staff of the Gardner-Webb College are welcome. Please place any letters in the box located outside the Pub. House.

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