

Gardner-Webb University

THE PILOT

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Special Edition

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Reader's views

The Pilot appreciates the viewpoints of the student body and faculty of Gardner-Webb. Over the course of this academic year, we hope that you, the reader, will use this page to express your views on the issues concerning life and learning at G-WU and the nation.

We are continuing the **Barkin' Bulldog** column. For the next **Barkin' Bulldog**, we would like your opinion on G-WU communications.

Do you like the service? Does G-WU communications offer you the services that you need? Does the plan actually save you money? How do you feel about the mandatory participation that is required by each resident?

Write your response down and drop it in the campus mail addressed to *The Pilot*, box 5103. You may also leave a message on our machine at ext. 4389, Monday and Thursday from 6 p.m. - 9 p.m., or use the new **Pilot Box** in the cafeteria. Editorial letters, as well as **Barkin' Bulldog** responses, may be written and placed in the **Pilot Box** also.

We would also like your views on any other issues which are facing G-WU. Editorial letters may be addressed to *The Pilot*, box 5103, or given to the editor.

Clubs, organizations, and other groups on campus are encouraged to send announcements of upcoming events and happenings to *The Pilot* so that we may give G-WU the full coverage which our school deserves.

We would like to thank you in advance for your cooperation in order that we may serve Gardner-Webb, and the surrounding community, in a more efficient and comprehensive manor.

The Pilot Editorial Policy

The *Pilot's* policy for letters to the Editor requires that all letters be signed by the writer(s). Names may be withheld only with consent of *The Pilot's* Editorial Board.

The Pilot reserves the right not to publish articles which are defamatory in nature. Views expressed in editorials are not necessarily those of *The Pilot*. We also reserve the right to edit letters for brevity and clarity.

Letters from students, faculty, and staff of Gardner-Webb University are welcome. Please place letter in campus mail addressed to *The Pilot*, box 5103.

Advertising Policy

The Pilot reserves the right to refuse any advertisement deemed detrimental to the Christian nature of this institution. Rates are \$3 per column inch. For further information, please contact *The Pilot* at ext. 4389 or through campus mail at box 5103.

Editor's Letter - A welcome and a preview

Welcome to Gardner-Webb freshmen and welcome back upperclassmen. Just when you thought the summer would last forever, here we are back at good ol' G-WU.

This should be an eventful year at the Webb. It is our first full year as a university, and our athletic department will now compete in the NCAA division II. Also, this year's freshman class is the largest ever at G-W.

We do not wish to become anachronistic here at *The Pilot*, so you will see new features and a new look for the paper this year along with our regular coverage of G-W.

Scattered throughout this issue are tidbits of information that new students may find helpful in their first weeks at school. Also, returning students should find some interest-

ing, and helpful, stuff also.

A new feature in *The Pilot* will be our "A Look Back" column where we rummage through old issues and bring you some nostalgic moments from G-W's past to celebrated this being our first full year as a university.

We have made a commitment here at *The Pilot* to make this newspaper a publication worthy of your time to consume it and worthy of the effort that the staff makes to churn the paper out.

Once again, welcome back to the pages of *The Pilot*. It is our goal that we will be a constant companion to you this year and that we will enlighten you, as well quench your insatiable thirst for knowledge of the goings on at Gardner-Webb University.

SGA president welcomes students

Fellow Students,

On behalf of the Student Government Association, I would like to welcome you to Gardner-Webb University.

In my three years here at the Webb, I have encountered many wonderful experiences, and I wish the same will be true for you.

This is a very special institution, and I don't think you could have chosen a better school in which to achieve your higher education. At Gardner-Webb University, you have the opportunity to develop your own unique personality and character, which might not be attainable anywhere else.

I hope that during the upcoming year you will seek to become an active member of the student body.

If you have any concerns or questions during the year, please don't hesitate to seek out your student government officers. We are here to serve and assist you, and we look forward to doing so.

Kevin Cloer



SGA Officers for '93-'94

Pictured above from left to right:

- Jeff Price, vice president
- Crystal Higgins, secretary
- Kevin Cloer, president
- Telesa Wilson, treasurer
- Mark Dixon, SEA chair

THE PILOT Takes A Look Back . . .

Past Orientations - The 50's

It was 3:30 a.m. when Freshmen were awakened by screaming, squealing sophomores. It was bloodcurdling to wake up hearing them screaming, "Rats!"

We had just landed back on the floor after a 'big scare' when our Big Sister opened the door. At once she pounced on us. After Big Sister had put the girls' skirts on wrong side out and upside down, put hose and tennis shoes on our feet, tied socks in our hair, and put socks on our hands, she wrote "Rat" all over our faces and poured dime store perfume in our hair. The rats were then lead to the lobby where we waited for our fellow rat escorts to pick us up for a two hour hike.

At about 4 a.m., the boys came to the girl's dorm to pick up their dates. They were less fortunate then the girls because some of them still had on their pajamas. The other boys had their shirts and trousers on wrong side out and backward. As soon as the door opened, the smell of asafetida hit our nostrils. The most honorable sophomore boys had put it in the boy's hair, together with axle grease and powder. "Rat" was also written on their faces.

Our kind upperclassmen, playing cupid, put each girl rat with a boy rat, and started us on our two-hour hike, while we sang "I'm a Rat Just Now." Their every wish was our command, and every time we displeased them, the boys had to do push-ups, while his girl friend touched her toes.

The rats were lead in a double line to the homes of our faculty friends where we serenaded them until they woke up and answered the door. Then, a rat couple lead us in fifteen rals for our faculty friends.

It was about 6 a.m. when we came stumbling

back to our rat holes. The sophomores were so kind as to let us rest peacefully in our nest until they came back to take us to breakfast.

After we had carried the sophomores' trays to the table, and given them anything on our own trays that they happened to want, we were allowed to nibble a square meal with our knives. Between bites, we ran back and forth to the counter, getting second cups of coffee for our upperclassmen.

Breakfast over, we carried their books and escorted them to their classes. One asset of being a Rat was being able to dismiss a class under the orders of a sophomore.

At lunch time, the girls had to wear hats and carry large pocket books to the cafeteria. Between nibbles, we ran all over the cafeteria insulting our teachers, asking boys for dates, and proposing to some of them. This was one day we could speak our minds, although we didn't mean a thing we said.

At 1:30 p.m., the boys were allowed to wash off all the grease paint and be human beings again, but the unlucky girls had to remain rats. We were allowed to wear blue jeans and socks with bedroom shoes, which was all very well and good, but the shower caps weren't too comfortable.

The grand finale of a very exciting, unforgettable day was "Rat Court," which was held in the E. B. Hamrick Building at 8 p.m. Several girls were called to the stand for flirting with the boys and were pronounced guilty. For their punishment they had to play the ukulele and sing "Louella." Others had to give various recitations and dance etc.

This evening proved to be very entertaining and was the perfect end to an altogether perfect day.

This is an actual article from The Pilot archives.