

## Dear Eddie...

Hey kids, I'm back! I don't know about you guys, but I had a really weird break. I got hit in the head with a snowball, so I haven't been feeling like myself lately. Oh well, I guess it doesn't matter. Let's read a letter.

Dear Eddie,

I'm really tired of hearing about how we need more visitation. I think that we have enough visitation as it is. I don't want a bunch of guys wandering around my hall all week long. Aren't the weekends bad enough? If people don't like the rules here, why don't they just leave?

Yours truly,  
Unhappy in HAPY

Ouch, my head hurts. Where was I? Oh yeah, you've got to be kidding me! I'm 20 years old and I can't have visitation during the week? Trust me, you'd get over it if there were guys in your hall during the week. Who knows, you might even get a date out of it...Well, maybe not. But, if you're that self-conscious about being seen in your towel, maybe you've got bigger problems to worry about.

And while people don't necessarily like the rules here, they can't just leave, either. Even if I wanted to leave, my stupid classes wouldn't transfer out of here. So, since I'm here, let's change some rules and let the students on this campus prove that they are adults!

So, to wrap it up...I don't know. Send letters, hate-mail, or money to campus box 265, and I'll sort through it. See ya later.

## A letter to the Editor...

I would like to introduce a new club that was realized last semester: S.A.V.E. (Students Sharing and Applying Visions Enthusiastically). We are a club organized by Dr. Johnnie Hamrick and Professor Lynn Keeter based on a need of non-traditional students.

We are non-traditional in that we have family responsibilities. Attending Gardner-Webb as a parent and/or spouse has some difficulties involved.

This club is an opportunity for non-traditional students to meet other non-traditional students on campus from different departments, striving for "the vision" (dream of graduating with a degree).

We meet once a month on the third Thursday at 9:30 a.m. in Craig 102. Refreshments are served, an agenda is followed, and friends are made. Upcoming guest speakers include Lynn Keeter and Abigail Kalaf.

We encourage non-traditional students to come and make new friends. My favorite expression is "Make new friends, but keep the old, One is Silver and the other is Gold."

- Kathy Greene

## The Honor Code: Just trust us!

an editorial by B.J. Johnson  
staff writer

When I came to school in the fall, I was asked to sign an honor code saying that I would not cheat in any way on any work turned into the university. I felt it was a little petty, but I signed the honor code. I felt signing the document would be sufficient evidence that I would not cheat. Obviously the administration did not agree.

I was in class at the beginning of this semester and I got a syllabus just like I do in every class. On this syllabus were a couple of paragraphs on not cheating. When I asked the professor about putting this on the syllabus, he said the order from upstairs is that every syllabus must have something pertaining to not cheating. All I could think of was why I signed

an honor code if cheating is going to keep being thrown in my face.

In another instance, I was speaking with an athlete on campus and he said he was not allowed to miss a test and could not participate in a team function because he had to take a test. This is reasonable, but the reason given was that if he took the test early or late, he could give or receive hints on the test. I asked him if he signed the honor code. He responded, "yes."

The university makes me sign an honor code saying I will not cheat, and my word should mean something. If an honor code is going to be in place at Gardner-Webb University, then the faculty and staff should take it seriously and not keep shoving honesty down my throat.

I signed the honor code and I meant it. I will not cheat. Treat me like a man and take my word for what it is - my word.

## Pilot Advisor confesses everything

by Dr. Gayle Price

Whew! Talk about pressure.

Publishing a student newspaper involves learning all about journalism--including the need for absolute accuracy in everything we print so the public can trust us--but real learning involves making mistakes. And when what we are learning is how to produce a real newspaper, our educational mistakes are up for public scrutiny--and public ridicule.

But that's okay. Another part of learning to be a journalist, professionals in the field have told us, is developing a thick skin, so we really appreciate our readers feeling free to use us for verbal target practice. Uh, yeah. Yes. We're sure. We really do.

We needed to know that in our first issue last semester, we had indicated in "What's Inside" on page one that an article on page six was on page seven. We needed to know that we had spelled Mauney Dorm with our ears instead of our brains (as Mooney Dorm). We needed to know that in the second issue (when we almost didn't make deadline) we had let far too many typos slip by.

We usually know these things already (just a minute or two past too late, of course), but we want to hear them from you, anyway, because it means you're reading. And the worst thing that can happen to us is for you to stop doing that.

The most embarrassing bloopers all seemed to appear in the last issue, however. Thanks to one reader (from the Divinity School, not coincidentally) for pointing out that Baptist pastors are called, not appointed, as one article had stated, and that Da Vinci, not Michelangelo, painted the Last Supper.

The mistake this advisor is really red-faced over, however, it is not a little student mistake I let slip by. It is a big one I **personally committed**. In the front page story on the automation of Gardner-Webb's library, I **personally** made the notation that identified it as the O. Max Gardner Library rather than the John R. Dover Library.

All the student writer had done is failed to identify which library she was talking about (a little problem, easy to fix). Unfortunately, I fixed it--Wrong! Have I been in the library enough to know its name? Yes. Where was my brain in the seconds it took me to write in that mistake while doing some instructional proofreading? I have no idea.

So I just wanted to set the record straight, and especially to let everyone know that the dolt was **not** the fine student reporter who wrote the story. It was her teacher.

And to the observant library staff member who wrote us an incisive letter, in the form of Juvenalian satire, pointing out our (my) inexcusable error, I'd like to extend an invitation: How would you like to write "Dear Eddie"?

## Notice:

Janet Jones, the Pilot editor, is on leave. She is taking a semester off from school because of a serious illness in her family.

In her absence the paper will be co-edited by Karen Brower and Randy Capps.