Well, you have me at a disadvantage here. If your eyes met this page at the top of this column, you already know my name, and the especially keen among you would probably be able to point me out on a crowded sidewalk. A crowded, black-and-white sidewalk. But I know nothing about you, gentle reader.

I would hope that, by the end of this semester, that will not be true. This year the editorial staff behind your Bison newspaper is determined to get to know you, and not in the way some of you probably suspect Harding is trying to get to know you (we don’t comb through your Facebook albums looking for red Solo cups). We want you to come to us. This is a campus newspaper, and as our little slice of campus is barely larger than an Armstrong dorm room (with a blessedly different set of odors), I am asking you, the reader, to compensate.

Now, we are not advocating or ceding any ground to the idea of “citizen journalism.” Even if you have no love for the professional press, please respect the fact that we spend years learning how to responsibly wield our power, just as dentists spend years learning all the ins, outs, stabs and drills of their trade. And the idea of “citizen dentistry” should scare you.

What we are advocating is an open, two-way relationship between the readers and the creators of The Bison. The members of the editorial staff can’t capture the entire Harding experience from our cramped little office above the Student Center, so we are putting our heads together (not literally; those guys could have swine flu) and thinking of ways to use you as our eyes and ears.

For example, if you’ll turn the page back to 2a and let your eyes fall to the bottom, you’ll see a new feature called #MyBison. Your name, or at least your Twitter username, could be printed there in our next issue. If you’ve already been swept away by the tides of peer pressure and started Tweeting, just add #MyBison to your Tweets. It lets us find you, read your thoughts and get 140 more characters of insight into what it’s like to be a Harding student. And if we especially enjoy your insight, we’ll give you your 15 centimeters of fame by publishing your Tweet.

And let us not forget the Web site! Don’t tell me you’ve never read something in our paper that’s roused such ire in you that you scribble your grievances all over the sports section with a Sharpie. I’ve seen your work. But you should be aware that thebisonnews.com has all of our stories from the print edition (plus some Web-exclusive content) AND a comment feature. It would be my own special version of Christmas morning to log on to the Web site and find a long list of responses from students sitting under my story. Journalists eat that stuff up, and it gives our readers a medium to let us know what they want us to cover ­– besides just coming to the office and talking to us. Please do that, too. Bring coffee.

We may implement new ideas as the weeks roll on and we feel like shaking things up. The theme, however, will remain consistent: making The Bison an actual student newspaper, for all students. This idea will only work as well as you want it to. I’m not asking you, gentle reader, to learn the ways of 24-hour work days and all the office inside jokes. You don’t need to meet the Love Lobster. All you need to do is open up and share your story with us. We are your Bison staff, your neighbors. We are you.