

Death of a familiar tree

As new leaves have appeared on many of the transplanted dogwood and willow oak trees about the campus, we have noticed with profound sadness that the great white oak by the old well and gazebo between Whitley and Carlton has not survived.

Last spring we looked on with horror as tree surgeons performed radical cutting of majestic limbs back to the trunk. That noble tree, the best of the oak family, must have seen far more students under its spreading shade than the reconstructed well-house served. For it had lived through at least a hundred summers.

What prompted the keeper of the trees around here to order this surgery when surely some trimming would have sufficed? What happened to the surgeon? Did he go berserk or take some peculiar pleasure in savage attacks with power saws? One cannot understand the objective when the tree was healthy, beautiful, and large. If it were crumpling the walks as its roots turned up bricks, or if it were a new home for beetles or in the way of a necessary building extension, we could understand perhaps.

But this. A kind of brutal sculpture, with stubby limbs uplifted, the great white oak has died.

The Carlton connection

A lack of office telephones for faculty members seems to us to be an example of false economy. This fact has been brought home to us this semester when we have had a seminar on third floor Carlton and had conferences with professors in that building.

We no more than settle down into a good discussion of a paper than the hall telephone jangles. The professor must either go answer the call or try to ignore the ringing. If he ignores it, the chances are that some other hard-pressed prof comes to the door to call your professor to answer. Or if your mentor chases off to see who is being called, he may find that it is for a teacher down the hall and across the stairs. If he goes for the teacher, and finds he is not there or is giving a music lesson, he is often asked by the caller to leave a note in the office about an urgent program. Off the professor must go with the message hastily scribbled on a scrap of paper to leave it in the proper office.

By this time the conference has been shot. The professor who ignores the call may be accused of being out of communication with the world.

If the college can afford telephones for every athletic coach and two telephones for every member of the administration, surely something can be done to make the fundamental work of professors a little more efficient. Austerity has its place, but surely not here.



"As you get older you learn your wants are less material."

Searching for a Virgin...Island

by Sam Moore

The sun shone; the tropical breezes whispered, and the water was emerald blue and as clear as window glass. Best of all, though, was the fact that we were there. Six of us made the "Virgin Island Experience," and it was great.

We left Elon on the morning of April 7, went to Atlanta and then on to San Juan, Puerto Rico, via Eastern, and that was the last time we saw a jet airplane until we returned a week later. The rest of our flying was in airplanes that looked older than we were. The pilots were all the "expatriated Americans" that Jimmy Buffet sings about, and they looked so laid back and relaxed about flying those old planes that our confidence level never fell below "somewhat shakey," no matter how bad the aircraft looked.

When we finally arrived at

St. John's Island, after having spent the night in a beautiful hotel on a close-by sister island, we were overcome at the sheer beauty of the place. The mountains rose nicely in contrast to the flat, blue sea, and our St. John's hotel, the Bethany, was atop one of the highest peaks. The view every night, while we ate our "Chef Boyardee" canned cuisine on our terrace, was a lot better than our food, but our fresh coconut *pina colodas*, heavy on the rum that costs only \$1.25 a fifth, put a pleasant taste back in our mouths, and more than compensated for the lacklustre eats.

Our daily schedule went something like this: We got up with the sun, got in our rented jeep, rode down to a suitable cove, lay out on the beach, snorkled the reefs, slept in a hammock, and finally returned to the hotel about four o'clock,

just in time for "happy hour" before dinner. It was a tough existence!

There were so many things that happened that I would like to recount to you, but it would take forever. Like the time the "Elon Women" rolled the sailors for drinks and bottles of booze and left them passed out at the bar. Our girls are in shape! The island "fish fry" where a steel band beat out the jungle boogie, and the natives went wild. The time I watched a mongoose eat a fellow's lunch, but didn't tell him because I'd never seen a mongoose before and wanted to watch. And the absolute thrill of picking your own bananas and papayas right off the trees, not to mention the coconuts. It truly is America's paradise and the SGA will be sponsoring the trip, cheaper, next year. See Janie Sellars.

Sam Moore's valedictory...

Students:

The elections are over, the year is over. It went too fast. I cannot say, however, that I am sorry to leave. The frustrations and agonies that I have felt everytime I butted my head on the conservative, dogmatic, pseudo-Christian, wall of resistance to change, have taken their toll, and I am tired. I do want to wish the new officers

— Tim, Bunny, and Todd — the best of luck. I hope they will learn as much as I did.

To you, the students, I say *nada*, for that is what you have said to me all year. As long as you sit with your thumbs up your nose and do nothing about the social and educational corruption at Elon, it will remain. So have fun the rest of your lives, as your college and

then your country rots away because of the non-activism and apathy of our generation. It is too bad that as a concerned student, I can name only 10 to 20 people that have helped me and suffered the indignities with me that should have enraged all.

Good bye, and I hope that if you do not change, you starve.

Sam Moore,
SGA President 1976-77

Up, up, and away goes Elon's tuition

Inflation and a dramatic surge in the costs of fuel have resulted in an increase in tuition and fees for the 1977-78 academic year at Elon College.

Tuition will be stepped up from \$1625 this year to \$1750 next year. Board, which is now \$640 per year, will go to \$672. Room rental will be increased from \$375 to \$400.

The new rates were approved by the Board of Trustees during the March meeting. An administration spokesman noted that the college is now seeking government funds for the renovation of campus housing for additional energy

conservation measures. Also, if legislation currently before the N.C. Legislature is passed, all

North Carolina students will receive an additional \$100 in tuition refund.

Bound Copies of the Pendulum

Bound copies of the *Pendulum* will be on sale at the end of the year. Loose copies of newspapers turn yellow, and the bound copies are a good, well protected record of the year's events. The bound editions will be sold at cost. Only a limited number will be bound. Anyone wishing to make sure he will get one, please notify a member of the *Pendulum* staff.

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