

Viewpoint

Indecision among seniors is common

Graduation is quickly approaching. Most likely, the general consensus is that many seniors are uncertain, scared and a bit anxious about what lies ahead.

Is there life after Elon? Of course there is. *What* it is, is another story. Come May 18, seniors will receive their diplomas, that piece of paper that represents four years of blood, sweat and tears. But let's not forget all the love and laughter that went right along with it.

Some seniors may be fortunate to already have landed that "first" job. Others have not and have no idea what they'll be doing the day after graduation.

Indecision is normal. Seniors are not expected to have their lives mapped out or every step planned to perfection. It might help them to feel a bit more secure about what lies ahead, but it isn't mandatory.

After graduation, the alumni of Elon College will have many choices. Seniors will have the option of choosing which road to follow. And they may take as long as they need.

Life has a process and everything happens for a reason. Seniors will survive. People tell them, "Wait until you get into the real world." Well, they're here.

Seniors have many options available to them. For example:

- locate your first job immediately if available and if that is what you desire.
- use the time after graduation as a transition period - why rush it?
- work part-time as you continue to pursue a job in your chosen career field.

The door is open. Walk through it... at your own pace.

The Pendulum

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The Pendulum, founded in 1974, is published by Elon College students each Thursday during regular school terms. The Pendulum welcomes your opinions, with letters limited to about 250 words, if possible. Letters must be signed and a phone number given for verification. Deadline for submissions is 5 p.m. Monday.

Suffering the loss of a love: cat will always be part of the family

My cat died.

Pardon me for being blunt, but reality must surface sometime. Let me reflect.

The phone rang at 7 a.m. My mom was on the other end, calling from Chicago. She was supposed to be on vacation, I thought.

"Kel, I have some bad news." Not good. "Wendell died yesterday."

"What?!" Tears flooded down my face as I tried to shake the sleep from my body. This couldn't be happening, I thought. I just had a picture of him enlarged and I hung it on the wall above my desk. I looked at it as my mother's words were fading in and out.

Her last words were, "Thank you for giving him to me." I remembered when I brought him home.

It was the day after my cat, Spook, got hit by a car. I looked in the paper. It read: free kittens, to a good home.

My neighbor went with me to pick one out. The house was covered with cats. Wendell was crawling on the mantle. Not an unusual behavior for him.

Kelly Potter



"Wendell was a reject. Someone picked him out, took him home and then returned him."

"That's the one," I said. "No, that one." I couldn't decide.

My neighbor, a purely objective outsider said, "Take them both."

A smile spread across my face, then I remembered that my mom would kill me. The lady of the house said, "If it doesn't work out, bring one back, it's okay."

"Great," I thought. "No problem."

This is how Wendell and Cagney came to be. I brought

both of them home and my mom could not resist. Two cats, two strikingly different personalities.

As we grew to know and love him, we saw Wendell grow out of his shell and turn into a very warm, loyal companion. Cagney, on the other hand, remained skiddish and independent.

Wendell was a reject. Someone picked him out, took him home and then returned him. When he came to live with us, we had to gain his trust.

Wendell soon became king of the kitchen. He ate anything that was in his sight. Cagney soon learned to eat when he had the chance or starve.

Nowadays, Cagney doesn't know what to do with himself. He has complete freedom now and our total undivided attention. I think he misses Wendell in his own little cat way. They were like brothers after all.

Wendell, like many cats, was a part of our family. We've had cats come and go, but none have been as special or as unique as he.

It's all the same when you suffer the loss of a love.

Choice of commencement speaker offends student

To the Editor:

I hate to knit-pick, but jeeze, I'm not even a senior and Furman Moseley as Commencement speaker offends me.

Mr. Moseley is the president of Simpson Timber, Simpson Paper, and he's in plastics too! His paper company recently built a multi-million dollar pulp plant in South America.

Is it appropriate for someone who invests in the destruction of trees to speak to Elon's graduating seniors? Maybe so? I suppose as long as you're successful in business (no matter what it is that

"In this day and age, I'd like to believe a better choice could have been made."

you do) is all that's really important. Everyone knows we need trees, especially the ones in South America!

According to Takoma Washington Greenpeace, Simpson Paper makes white paper bags.

The significance of this is in the bleaching process required. Mr.

Moseley's paper plants in Takoma and Seattle are responsible for polluting the ocean and atmosphere with chlorine gas and other toxic wastes (All info is documented). Paper companies in

the Pacific North West are the number one polluters of that area's oceans and streams.

With all due respect, Furman might be a nice guy (no excuse).

In this day and age, I'd like to believe a better choice could have been made.

William Moss
Sophomore