

# Letters To The Editor

## Sig Eps need not have lost their home

### To the Editor:

I am writing this letter to inform the Elon student body and faculty about the effects of the Sigma Phi Epsilon charter being returned to the school on March 5, 1998.

By giving up their charter, the eleven brothers living in the fraternity house on campus were kicked out of our living quarters and were told that we had one working day to find new residence (which was later extended upon request and the request being deemed acceptable).

We were told that since this was Greek living only, we had to move either off campus or into a

dorm. Students had to miss their Friday classes to look for new housing.

The school elected to throw 11 students out, return a combined \$14,000 and let the house sit empty for the remainder of the year, rather than let us stay in our home.

So, what does this mean to you? Athletic coaches: They gave up a potential full scholarship, new uniforms, equipment, etc.

Professors: Five years of new textbooks, supplies, scholarship money, bonus pay, etc.

Students: Improved cafeteria conditions and food, a comedian or band for the year, a commencement

speaker, new fitness center equipment, and the list goes on.

The school gave up all of these benefits and put 11 students out of their home in the process. This was not a decision that was looking out for the best interests of the Elon student body.

To all the students and faculty that have extended your support, a place to stay, posters and letters, a free class, I want to thank you all.

To the Elon administration, your antipathy has hurt a lot more than my 40 brothers.

Sincerely,  
Sean Loren

Mad about something? Write a Letter to the Editor

# Taking the road less traveled by

"When a defining moment comes along you define the moment, or the moment defines you."

-Tin Cup

We all do a number of dumb things throughout our lives. As for myself, I've lost count.

It was a bright autumn morning when I walked across the lawn towards the dirt road that led back to town. I disturbed the freshly formed dew, leaving dark imprints in the place of my tiptoeing feet.

As the haze on the horizon slowly began to burn off from the heavenly rays, I knew it was going to be an Indian summer, giving me one last opportunity to play with the ghost of summer's splendor.

It was mid-October, and finally Fall Break, and most of my homework was already done. The leaves in the mountains would soon be reaching their full-colored peak—the rich oranges and warm reds of the maples.

When I was a young child, my family and I use to make the short drive into the Adirondacks, bringing a picnic along to eat, sitting on the lakes' rim.

I'm not sure which of the lakes we went to, but I still haven't forgotten a single twig at that site. I've always wanted to return there, perhaps someday with my own children.

Taking advantage of such a

rare occurrence as good weather, my two best friends, John and Chris, decided to join me in a little expedition to the closest range.

Just beyond Whiteface and Labrador Mountain, there lies the summit of Bear Mountain. I'd never been there before, but was anxious for a new adventure.

We arrived there about noon and started our trek, with only one map and a couple

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granola bars, wanting to pack light to stay cool. We were by no means experienced hikers, but it wasn't like we were rock climbing. It was only a day trip and we would surely make it back to the car by nightfall.

It was a fairly easy hike at first, following the trail just as the map indicated, and we enjoyed the next couple hours just talking and catching up. I had journeyed on this ridge once before, so I was confident of our time and direction.

Over this crest was a large, wooded valley separating us from the handle of Bear Mountain. It would take the rest of the day to get there and back, but for some reason it never entered my mind whether it was possible or not.

I just knew it was an obstacle I wanted to climb; it was something I had to prove. Not to my friends and not to the listeners of my future stories, but rather my ego; to reconfirm my dominance of mind over matter. I was sure I had mastered the science.

We continued down the path until until we reached a bend in the passage. I was sure I knew a better way of getting there, cutting through a thick cluster of spruces, a small clearing, and then some more maples, much like the ones that stood around me at this

crossroads.

Both John and Chris disagreed though, saying they'd rather stay safe and stick to the map. I had always fancied myself as having a good sense of direction, so I decided to stand fast with my decision and go my quicker way, hopefully beating them to the top.

They laughed and told me they would meet me back at the car, voting to stay on track, despite my decision. We came to hike together, but this new unspoken competition seemed worthwhile.

I returned their chuckle and pressed on, now through the denser wood, off the beaten course.

## Pendulum coverage of baseball lacking

### To the Editor:

I am not one to complain about things much, but I feel that there is a lack of coverage athletically in the spring.

There hasn't been a good article written about the baseball team in the last three issues.

I am a member of the baseball team, and my argument may be biased, but the students here at Elon really support baseball. You should come out to a game some time and see how many people are there.

So as a senior in my last year of ever playing baseball I would like to pick up the school paper every week and see an article about our team.

I don't know why this school shuns our team. In case you haven't noticed we have experienced some success in the last two years and the students here should be aware

of that.

Week in and week out Jeff Wirick takes up a whole page with some article that no one really wants to read. Cover the sports here at Elon.

I am pleased to see your coverage of softball the last two weeks, they are deserving as well.

This week you had the editors' Final Four picks take up an entire page. Is that really necessary? Even in the spring, football gets more articles than baseball does. How does that work?

Please consider my request. There are eight seniors on our team this year, many of us playing for the last time. It would be nice to pick up the paper and read about our team sometimes.

Thank you for your time and hopefully your concern.

Sincerely,  
Todd Wirt

"In my experience, you never really know how you're going to handle a problem until you actually have it."

-Daniel Quinn (Ishmael)

I walked for a good three hours, noticing the grade of the slope unchanged. It was difficult to see where the mountain had been, as the branches and leaves choked out most of the light reaching the ground.

I thought about turning around and heading back, but with my recent observation, I couldn't be sure which way was back.

The intensity of the glowing treetops started to fade and the temperature dropped quickly as if a winter draft had just been pulled through an open door in the cellar. It was definitely fall again, yet I couldn't have been sure what had just chilled my spine.

I was alone and I was starting to get hungry, as I hadn't packed anymore food than what we would eat this afternoon. I had long finished the granola bars and comically thought about the trees.

Wasn't it bark which I had been eating before? At least that's what it looked like. I remembered my father teaching me about these woods when I was little.

He taught me the word Adirondack itself was an Indian name meaning "one who eats

bark." I was hungry, but there wasn't a chance in hell I was eating a tree.

The night came quickly as I searched and found a suitable nest for the darkness. I wasn't really scared of the situation, rather reflective. I had a lot of time that night, staring at the cold, clear sky through the skirts of the pines, pondering one fact that I knew for sure. Had I been given the chance to choose again, I would have made the same decision. I had to try.

I realized I was one of those people that needed to make the same mistake repetitively until I get it right. Perhaps it was my nature, maybe just a fault.

I found my way out the next morning, after the sun rose and I had a better bearing on direction. But it wasn't until I spent a long, moonlit wait in the mountains, thinking about my decision to be different.

I was proud of myself in a sense; satisfied with a ruling I lived my life by.

I left something in the woods that night. It was everything in me that only just followed, or observed, or conformed.

Sure I still make the same stupid mistakes as I did before, but as Edna St. Vincent Millay once wrote: "It is not true that life is one damn thing after another...It's one damn thing over and over."

