

The Pendulum

Established 1974

Webmail missed, Outlook dissed

This summer, students received a new e-mail password, an obscure combination of numbers and letters that is impossible to remember.

The new password is not to be confused with the old password - an obscure combination of mostly numbers that must be used on Ontrack and Blackboard.

Many students have noticed that when logging onto the system, they are often greeted with someone else's Microsoft Outlook inbox. They have also noticed that it takes forever to send or receive an e-mail.

Where do the e-mails go? Were they stolen by the e-mail monster? Were they read by someone else and then deleted? Or did they fall victim to Microsoft Outlook?

Word to the wise: If you are using a public computer in the library or computer labs make sure you exit Internet Explorer, or the next person who uses your computer can read your e-mail.

That's fine if you receive only junk mail about online casinos, but not so good if you actually use your e-mail account for anything important.

In this age of technology, e-mail can and should work well and be secure. It is important for the system to be up and running the first day of school so students come to depend on the Elon account.

If it takes two days to receive an e-mail, students may as well print it out, put a stamp on it and put it in the mailbox. Better yet, send it by Pony Express.

All students and faculty receive an Elon e-mail account to keep consistency in communication. If professors want to communicate via e-mail, they can send out a group list instead of sending to individual America Online or Hotmail accounts.

The new e-mail system does not seem very effective when President Leo Lambert has to call The Pendulum office to make sure an e-mail was received. Maybe Microsoft Outlook is just overloaded right now with all the increased traffic, but it will only get worse.

Webmail, how we miss you.

The Pendulum

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Each individual is entitled to one free copy.

My last first day of school

A senior's perspective on the end of academic career

When I was growing up, the first day of school was a special occasion for my family. My sister and I always stood by the back door with book bags loaded and lunches in hand to pose for the annual back-to-school picture.

We have 13 years of photographs that show the two of us wearing new outfits with a range of expressions from eager to anxious. Some years, we ran out the door to grab the bus or carpool, others we loaded the car and drove ourselves. But regardless of the mode of transportation, there was always a back-to-school photograph taken.

We haven't taken the back to school picture since I left for college, and on this night before the

beginning of my last semester in school, I crave that memory. I try to recall each of the 13 first days.

I remember the night - before ritual almost as well as the first day itself. I remember sitting on the kitchen floor, packing my book bag with new notebooks, fresh pencils and the required calculator, as I grew older. I remember laying awake in bed wondering how much harder this year would be than the last, if my friends would be in my classes and what the year would hold.

Each step of college has come with the realization that I am growing up, but now, it seems more real and much closer than I ever imagined it would be.

On my first day of my last year of school, my mom wasn't there to take the photograph of me heading out the door to my first day. She hasn't been there for the last three, but for some reason, now I miss our ritual. I suppose this week, she probably looked at the back door

longingly, wishing that her daughters were home for just one more back-to-school photo.

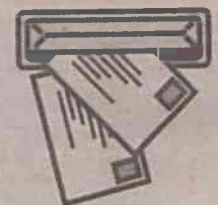
The photograph ritual was one of the things that defined us as a family - one of those simple moments that my sister and I shared with our parents. It was ours, and while it will remain ours, the next back-to-school photo will be taken when my children head to their first day of kindergarten. It isn't me anymore. I'm not a kid anymore.

But on that last night before the last first day of school, I packed my book bag with a new notebook and fresh pencils. I hung the ironed clothes on the closet door, with my shoes below them. But this year, I made sure my cell phone was in my book bag by the door, so I could call my mom before my last first day of school to tell her I love her and to thank her for recording those back-to-school memories.



Jennifer Guarino

MAILBOX



Elon's excessive use water too costly to continue

When I am at home and I look at my many perennial beds, flowers, grass and shrubs that are turning brown or dying because of a lack of water, I am very saddened. I become even sadder when I observe our university watering the grass and flowers on a regular basis.

This geographical area is in a

time of severe drought, and even though our immediate area is not under any mandated rationing, all of us should be aware of the need to conserve.

Water is a resource that is not unlimited and those of us who use wells realize that they may run dry at any time.

Surely our campus community

and our outside constituents would appreciate us as much for our sense of humane responsibility as for our beautiful campus.

Janie Brown,
HPLHP professor

Question of the Week

What are your thoughts on the astounding percentage of freshmen women? (75 percent) Tell us what you think and why.

Write us at pendulum@elon.edu.