

THE OAK FARCE

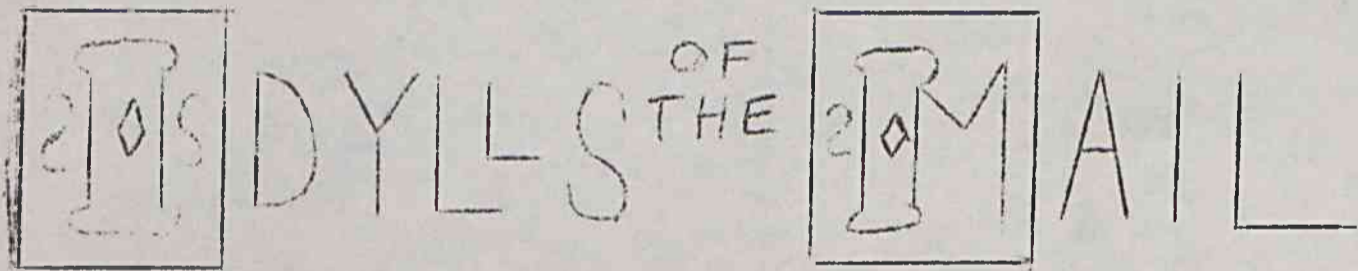
by Dale Morrison and Greg Craig

Of late there have been many new things happening and appearing on campus. If one should contemplate upon them while watching the sunset filter through East Dormitory, the most amazing thing he finds is the growth of a new species of plant. This plant is called Parkinus Lotus, from which can be derived the everyday name: "parking lot."

Yes, these new plants are growing in ever more abundance. You can find them flowering with cars near all the dormitories, and more are starting to take root near the new student center. By the time the new library is built, there will probably be more of these found on campus than oak trees. Perhaps a new name for the college will be the overall result. (By the way, does anyone know the Hebrew word for "parking lot"?)

It should be pointed out, however, that the college has done its best to thwart these aggressive plants. For example: the one growing near the site of the future library was somehow prematurely injured and never reached maturity or the asphalt stage. This summer the college instigated a new plan and theory for destroying these "lots". Learning that the "parking lots" go through a cycle in which the first stage is called "knocking a hole through the wall" or the "driveway stage," Elon is attempting to strangle them. That's right. The college rebuilt the wall around the McEwen "parking lot" and hopes within a year to have forced this small "lot" to stop growing entirely.

We hope, if the college's plan works out right, that the "parking lots" will stop growing, and one will still be able to find grass growing on the campus.



by Beth Rountree
with Emily Anderson and Barbara Sutton

Like most students, as the summer days slipped into autumn ones, I began to long for another Elon year of academic concentration and political and social freedom. My impatience mounted as time passed, till at last I bade farewell to home in order to return to the Elon fortress.

As I entered the hallowed portals leading to Elon, I had expectations of a new, improved Elon. I couldn't wait to partake of the splendor of the new student center which I had heard so much about. I restrained myself only long enough to unpack and renew old acquaintances. Then the moment arrived. Like a fair maiden in quest of a knight, I rushed to view that majestic castle of my dreams—the promised student center.

As I came within sight of that mighty edifice, I was overwhelmed by its splendor. But as my steps drew me closer, I saw that there was something dreadfully wrong. This building did not at all resemble the paintings I had seen the year before. But I was not to be defeated so easily. I wanted to see if I had any mail in my brand-new postal box, so I jumped