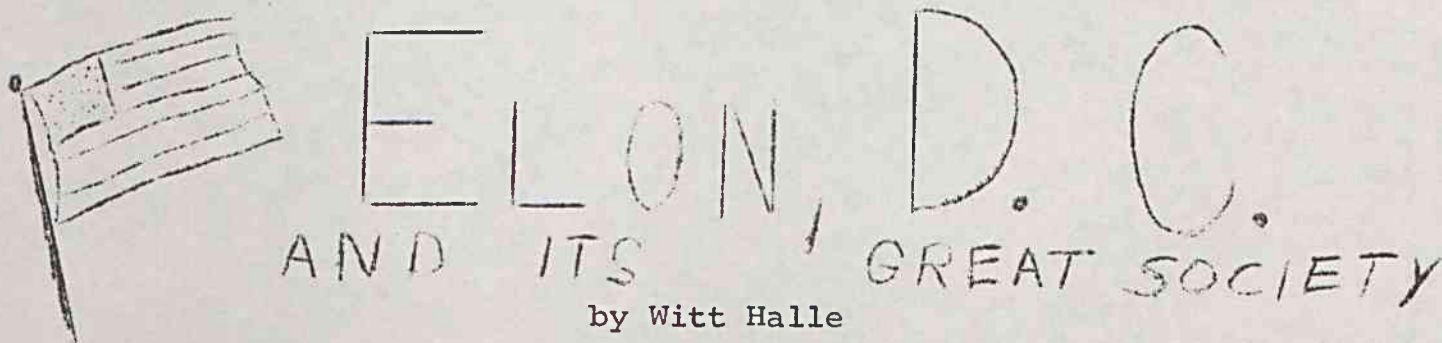


can go to a game, but what he does at the game determines whether he is a fan or a chump. If you go to the game with your chippy (that's a girl, for you ignorant gorillas, and a gorilla is a boy, for you ignorant chip-pies), this is fine. That gets two people to the game instead of just one, but when you do finally get there you moon over each other and pray for the end so you can find a dark, secluded spot. This is a terrible attitude and not only makes the students look bad, but also the school you represent.

At a recent game, I witnessed the poorest fan reaction in my short but successful career as a spectator. Not only did our fans cheer like they were at a morgue, but they also stood only when C. V. May, Jr. (our beloved S.G.A. president) screamed and yelled "Rise, Christians, rise!" Some freshmen—and regrettably some upperclassmen—gave him looks as if to question his sanity. Well, I do not question Mr. May's sanity; I question yours. Have you ever heard of a football or basketball fan bursting his lungs due to vociferous yelling? No, you say. Well, neither have I. So what if you lose your voice for a couple of days, at least you could say you were a 100% down-to-earth Fighting Christian.

Have you ever heard an opposing coach say "They have six points before we arrive"? Why? The reasoning behind this is sound. The home crowd is usually larger than the visitors (not at Elon home games, though) and the players are spurred into giving a top-flight account of themselves. While the opposing players are let down because of poor support. In other words, your vocal cords may mean the difference between victory and defeat. So ditch your chippy (or gorilla, if you're a girl) from one side, and the mug or aluminum can from the other, and get out there and spur the Fighting Christians on to victory. Take pride in the name ELON. Make other people wish they had our spirit, and turn "supernatural and immaterial" into "ardent loyalty and devotion."



And so starts a new year at the new and improved Elon, a year in which the principle purpose seems to be the emulation of the Great Society's slogan of pay more and get less. The problem is that Elon outdoes the federal government. In a year when the past has already burned away and the present and the future rise out of the rubble, dust and soot of new buildings and "conveniences," Elon witnesses not so much a change for the better, but change for the pocket.

As usual there are sundry complaints about inedible comestibles. But this year, student ire is heightened by raised food prices which seemed to bring a corresponding drop in quality and variety of the food. One just wonders how many days hamburgers of one kind or another have been served in one form or another. Is this the improvement for our money nurtured by the Great Society of Elon? One doubts it.

While we were away, a computer system was installed to simplify registration. Did it ease the time involvement of students? No, it did not. Perhaps we are getting poor food because the food service did a special favor for the Great Society of Elon and helped install the IBM system at their cost. One doubts this also—they have too large a contract with Purina Dog Chow. As it is, the computers can be put in collation with growing bureaucracy in Washington: while we are all reduced to numbers at our own expense, the bureaucrats do their best to increase the numbers so as to increase the amount of numbers they can control. But that brings up another question: just what are they controlling? The Great Society of Elon increased the enrollment again, when only last year there were too many freshmen for them to handle adequately. They built a new dorm, but are there new classrooms