

# View Point

by David Johnson

The field of journalism has a number of unusual aspects to it, one of which is the opportunity for the journalist to write his own printable obituary. Naturally, I'm not yet in any great hurry to leave this planet (it's still the best of all possible worlds, you know), but, as a member of the Class of 1968, I cannot help but feel a sense of bereavement for our college life, which is soon to expire. Thus, I offer the following eulogy in place of an editorial.

Those of us who first came here in September of 1964 have had to adjust to innumerable changes in four years; in many ways, the Elon we knew at that time no longer even exists. Some of the familiar landmarks of my freshmen year—East Dorm, the Student Union, the SGA office, South Dorm, the senate chamber, the switchboard—have either changed or completely disappeared. The Long Student Center, Hook-Brannock-Barney dorms, and the new library were only dreams in 1964, awaiting the rash building boom which now threatens to continue indefinitely. On the other hand, some things—cafeteria food, administrative foot-dragging, standards of teaching—have not changed very much.