

## Maroon and Gold

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1950

### A PRECIOUS THING

Many of you will think that what I am going to say has no place in a college paper. You may be right, but I will say it anyway; for I believe that a college student is just as much a citizen of the world as the next guy, and as such he should concern himself at least as much with the outside world as he does with campus affairs.

The world, it is pretty generally agreed, is in a pretty sorry mess. The reasons for this mess seem obvious, but no one seems to be able to devise any corrective methods.

Right now the most outstanding conflict is between the ideologies of America and the Soviet Union, with nations all over the world siding, somehow or other, with either us or the Soviets.

I guess you have all heard unthinking people suggest that to cure the ills of the world we must bomb Russia and Communism into oblivion. It would seem that a quick second thought would expose the folly of this idea, but it is amazing that so many people still cling to it. How infuriating it is to realize that people who don't think cannot—or will not—understand a simple truth which should be obvious: you don't blot out evil by killing men.

When everything is boiled down, why do men go to war, anyway? Lack of food? Not enough room to live in? Economical reasons in general? Nonsense. This may be why we THINK we fight, but how much food and living space was ever gained by war? And who can think of a nation whose economy was bettered by war?

Without spending nearly as much as we do for war, we could transplant whole populations and irrigate deserts; build great schools in the immensities of Africa, Siberia, Tibet; and carve magnificent cities out of jungles. These are physical problems, and they could be solved through cooperation. Not easily, I grant, but they could be solved.

Ultimately, it is ideas that cause men to go to war. You don't kill an idea with a cannon or a torpedo. No, not even with an atom bomb.

An idea or belief is destroyed only by getting into the mind of a man and showing him that his idea is inferior, or just plain wrong. That's quite a job, as any member of the faculty can tell you.

Had Christ planted his teachings into the hearts of men with the point of a sword, do you suppose we would be calling ourselves Christians today? I don't. People accepted Christianity because they chose to, not because they were forced to. Human nature just doesn't take to the business end of a sword.

## of cabbages and kings

By EDWARD ENGLS



A brand new column by a brand new columnist is, I suppose, a thing to be gazed upon with mild suspicion. Perhaps rightly so. But I assure you that nothing will take place in this column which will incur anyone's wrath, unless that is unavoidable, nor even anyone's displeasure, unless I find it necessary.

The title is, I would like to think, self-explanatory. I intend to write about cabbages and kings. Well, at least I will attempt to cover the things that may fall between those two categories. Admittedly, it would be dull to read about nothing but cabbages, which few people like anyway, and kings, with which few people have anything in common.

One very important fact about cabbages that I would like to bring up, however, is this: a good writer must recognize the smell of cabbage when he smells it, or he will never be able to write the Great American Novel. You must have noticed that when a writer is depicting a life of poverty he almost invariably has a heavy odor of boiling cabbage gumming up the atmosphere. It is little truths like that that make a novel great.

Re the editorial: you will please take note of the closing line. It says something to the effect of "... we are offered something..." Originally the line read "... we are GETTING something..." The editorial staff had quite an argument over which was the most accurate term to use. Nothing personal intended, of course, but some shoes will fit almost anyone.

Thank heaven the yankee peddler is back again this year. Good column. Only thing is, we see a lot of each other, and it is only the strictest sense of honor that keeps us from plagiarizing each other's material. Or perhaps I am just looking at this thing from my standpoint.

Any unsightly splotches on these pages will please be excused. They represent the blood of the Maroon and Gold staff, which has been flowing freely through the pores in our effort to get the first issue out.

Just got back from the initial reading of "The Man Who Came To Dinner." Without reservation I can say that it will be the funniest comedy to hit the Elon stage in many moons.

This stepped up age we live in: The fall term was less than a week old when already a student was heard swearing to turn over a new leaf.

The Fighting Christians look good in their workouts, so good that many sports writers are singling them out as prospective champs even before the season hits its stride. With the active support of the student body, there is no reason why the team should not fulfill predictions.

Even Christianity, which the western world has accepted as its philosophy, did not succeed when it swung its holy water-laden mace at the armies of Allah.

All this is elementary enough, and certainly not original nor profound, yet we tend to forget it at times. Without doubt we all feel at times the urge to destroy an enemy. But think back to the words George Bernard Shaw put into the mouth of a benevolent Caesar "... thus, murder shall always breed murder..."

If we must kill, why can't we kill hate, ignorance, lies?

This is not offered as a solution, but only as a plea. We, as college students, are being offered what the world is dying for the lack of: an education.

Please, let's not waste it.—E. E.

## the yankee peddler

By BOB WRIGHT



One Freshman commenting on Rat Week said that the wrong people were being called Rats.

Speck Harper, explaining to a Professor who didn't notice him come into class late: "I must have come in sideways, and you didn't see me."

If a Freshman can stand the first week at Elon College without suffering a breakdown, he is said to be oriented to our normal state of confusion.

The Players are starting the year off with a bang. The Man Who Came To Dinner is a howl of a good show.

Summer Soliloquy  
The grass ain't growed  
Since it was mowed.  
If it did grow,  
It don't show.  
And if it don't show,  
I ain't gonna mow.

The new Elon fight song is a step in the right direction. Now we'd like to see a REAL Alma Mater make an appearance on our scene. "Here's To Dear Ol' Elon" is not likely to give a retrospective alumnus a lump in his throat.

Then there's the one about the mother of the sweet young thing who wouldn't let the detective in until she found that his badge wasn't a fraternity pin.

We ran into an old timer this summer who claimed to remember a drought so bad that the trees were going to the dogs.

Join the Fighting Christian's caravan to Boone and watch the Elon Eleven knock the Mountaineers loose from their jugs.

Filched Funnies  
Prof. Reddish: What is a skeleton?  
Freshman: A stack of bones with all the people scraped off. (Ouch!)

A cowgirl married a handsome cowboy—Western Union (thass all).

If you want to remember things, tie a string around your finger. If you want to forget things, tie a rope around your neck.

Overheard in the Anatomy Lab.: "He's taking a pre-med course, but he'll never make a doctor—he hasn't even started smoking Camels yet."

Bulletin! Students are now allowed to keep Scotch in their rooms. (Just make sure it's a wee bit o' plaid on a coat-hanger and not a wee drop o' Johnny Walker in your dresser).

### COLLEGE SPIRIT

It's hats off to the Elon cheerleaders of 1950 for that rousing pep rally, which they staged last Friday night on the eve of the A.C.C. game, and a deep bow to Professor Westmoreland and his Elon band for their fine cooperation in the big pep meeting.

This pep meeting indicated that college spirit is on the rise at Elon, something which has been sadly needed, for the Fighting Christian teams feel it deeply when the students fail to rally behind them in their battles on the athletic field or court. The same new spirit was manifest, too, at the game.

The football squad is rated by sports writers and sportscasters of the state as one of the top favorites to cop the North State Conference title for the 1950 season, and all Elon students from the youngest freshman to the most staid and dignified senior owes it to the team, to the college and to themselves to join in this newly rising school spirit, which can and will make Elon a bigger and better college for all concerned.

## First Freshman Impressions.....

By HAPPIE WILSON

You are a Freshman! Your first look at your new home for the next four years comes on Tuesday, September 5th, at 3:15 o'clock. At first you are disappointed because unknowingly you have entered the back door. It probably takes you two days to discover the pictorial view of the real front of Alamance.

As you go into the Dean's office you are calmly, yet emphatically, told that at exactly 3:30 you are due to take an English placement test, followed an hour later by one in math.

At 5:30 you struggle out of the Alamance Building scared stiff, along with all the other poor freshmen. From there you are shoved along with the rest of the crowd into the cafeteria.

### Oh, So Shy!

Sooner or later you ascend to your room to begin the difficult task of unpacking. Sometimes you are fortunate in getting a roommate, and then you may not be. In either case you start off your new life by speaking to everyone, whether you know them or not. This at times proves difficult, as some of the boys and girls are very timid and shy. Especially the boys.

Around 8 o'clock that evening all freshmen gather in Whitley auditorium, that is if you can find the way, to hear Dean Bowden and the other members of the faculty welcome you to Elon.

### Confusion

Somewhere near 7:30 the next morning you stagger out of your dorm in hopes of finding your way to the cafeteria. Not knowing if you were right or wrong you follow the largest group. If you had the luck of the Irish you end up last in the chow line, but you realize that you will probably be doing the same all year.

This is to be your big day—registration. Now you are to meet some of the other students. What

a joke! You probably find yourself standing in one line after another, trying to figure out where you are.

There is so much confusion that day that all assemblies are called off, including the campus tour. Unless you have found a very obliging upper-classman, that is of the opposite sex, you probably have not seen all the campus. And if you don't ever find an obliging member of the opposite sex, chances are you never will.

### More Confusion

On Wednesday night as you settle on the long hard benches in Whitley you probably catch yourself wondering "Oh, murder, I wish I knew what for and how long we are to be here tonight." A member of every organization is here to welcome you into their group, that is, as long as you promise to work hard in it.

After all the speeches you feel like a lifelong student. Why, by this time, you can even find your way over to the Book Store alone.

The next day is Thursday, and the freshmen are beginning to miss home, that late sleep in the morning, and most of all some familiar face.

Those of you who are early risers and are lucky in chow line may attend Morning Watch, which is followed by another assembly in Whitley. This time Dean Bowden outlines the most important rules in your handbooks.

Miss Adams gives the girls a brief talk on Physical Education for women, in the Mooney Building, and outlines the games they will study during the year. This is the first indication you have that games are something to study. The boys receive their talk in Whitley.

### And More...

That night you are asked to attend a motion picture entitled "Elon in the News." The movie is shown, but the scheduled pep

is postponed until some unknown day. All of which causes added confusion.

Friday is "C" day. Classes begin! Now your teacher will discover what you are like, and you will find out what and who he is.

That night all students are invited to attend a semi-formal reception given by the faculty members. The reception you do not mind, but the very thought of digging out your formals sends cold chills up and down your spine.

After the reception all the students are given an opportunity to attend a dance on the third floor of Alamance Building. This you probably enjoy most of all that is, if you are a freshman girl.

All the girls sit on one side of the room while the boys fill the seats on the other side, and the upperclassmen dance.

### Not Enough Saturdays

Oh, Saturday at last! This is the lazy students' day. On Saturday mornings you can sleep as late as you like, and still stay out until 11:30 that night. (Wow!) To many freshmen comes the thought "Oh, what I wouldn't give for at least two Saturdays in every week."

On Monday comes the beginning of a new week and classes. By this time all the freshmen are probably so homesick that the very mention of home just automatically chokes them up.

All week you are scared stiff for fear that initiation will start. "What will happen?" you ask yourself over and over again. "Will they really treat us terrible, or how?" Yet, here it is Thursday, and nothing has happened.

Tomorrow is Friday, and the majority of you go home at last. Maybe you have been homesick for your family and friends for the past two weeks, but before this weekend is over you will be just as homesick for Elon and all your new-found friends and classmates. From now on Elon is home!

## Elon Student Spends Summer In Europe...

By MAX VESTAL

Europe is a magic word for most of us, and, even though I spent the past summer there, it still seems impossible to me. The trip proved highly interesting to me, and, like others who have gone, I can look back on many amusing incidents and on many wonders which I saw.

The variation in language often proves puzzling, and one of the boys innocently asked a London bobby to "please tell me what time that circus begins at Piccadilly?" He did not know that Piccadilly Circus is merely a point of intersection for several streets.

There are stories of the wonders of Paris and Rome and of the beautiful castles along the Rhine, and the splendors of the Riviera are legendary. I was fortunate, too, in going the right year to see the great Passion Play of Oberammergau, which is presented every ten years, but it is not of those things that I choose to tell. Instead, I tell of participation in a World Council of Churches work camp, which was far more than a vacation for me.

Baxter Twiddy, who graduated from Elon in May, was at such a work camp in Germany in 1949, and he liked the experience so much that he wanted to share it. Since he was president of the Youth Fellowship of the Southern Convention, he started collecting money to send another to one of the camps. The young people of the church cooperated splendidly, and \$600 was collected to send me to Europe and also enough more to send a young married couple to Puerto Rico. I was lucky to be chosen as the delegate, and I can never thank Baxter or the other young people enough.

There are six camps of the World Council in Europe, three in Germany, one in France, one in England and one at Agape in the north Italian Alps. It was to



MAX VESTAL

the latter that I was assigned, and I dare say that Agape is the most inspiring of all. Its very name is a Greek word meaning "love," not love of the sickening or sissy type, but love which "works together to accomplish something."

There was no sitting around and wishing, and I would hate to be the one to suggest to certain of the campers that they were sissies. Our team leader was a huge Italian who had spent six years as a paratrooper. He embodied an odd religious-political combination, for he was a Baptist and a Fascist.

This was typical of the campers, who came from 14 nations and many classes of people. Some people would say that they do not care to associate with such a group, but all were inspired by the words of Pastor Vinay, the Italian director of the camp, who said that "religion must fill the people's needs. If it is something to which they can never attain, it is worthless."

I spent the month of July at this camp, which is located a mile

high in the Alps in a valley cuddled by mountains that tower another 3,000 feet. These mountains, snow-capped and piercing the clouds, formed a beautiful picture and at the same time interesting obstacles to be climbed on Sundays.

The people, however, are now peaceful and were busy gathering their crops of hay, working exclusively with hand tools in fields that were often so steep that we had to crawl to their upper sides. The hay is mowed by hand and turned with wooden pitchforks, after which it is carried to the ancient storehouses on the backs of men and women. One day I saw an old woman holding an umbrella over her husband, who was mowing in the rain.

Living conditions were poor, compared with those we know at home, but one cannot complain when living around such people as those. The icy streams were public baths, which were not used often, for Europeans say that Americans must be terribly dirty to need a bath daily. However, from personal observation, I would say that they get as dirty as we do.

We were building an International Youth Center, which consisted of a large meeting hall, four dormitories and an outdoor chapel, and it was necessary to build a road from the village to the camp, a ten-minute walk up the side of the mountain. There were ten professional workers and about 100 campers, and we worked in teams of six or eight, digging rocks from the side of the mountain. Other crews were worked on the buildings themselves, which are built of native stone. The girls did some of this rough work, but their job was mostly the cooking and washing and cleaning camp. One day I picked up a broom and started sweeping, and the Italian boys

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