

Maroon And Gold

Edited and printed by students of Elon College. Published bi-weekly during the college year under the auspices of the Board of Publication.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Elon College, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Delivered by mail, \$1.50 the college year, 50c the quarter.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1953

WELCOME HOME, ALUMNI

Saturday will mark one of the biggest days on the year's calendar here at Elon College as hundreds of former students return to their alma mater to join with the students in the annual Homecoming festivities.

One of the "best Homecomings ever" is in store for both alumni and students, according to Phil Mann and Gary Sears, co-chairmen of the student committee for the event. A full program is mapped for all by Phil and Gary and their committee, which is working with the cooperation of Mrs. Scott Boyd, alumni secretary, who is general chairman for the Homecoming weekend.

I wish to extend a hearty welcome to all the alumni, who will return to find that Elon College has undergone many changes in recent years. Old grads who have been away from six to ten years or longer will find new construction projects completed; they'll find a new power plant, a new gymnasium dedicated to the alumni who died in World Wars I and II, and they'll find many other improvements that have taken place in recent years.

However, they'll find many things that they remember. They'll remember Dr. L. E. Smith, our president, and some of their professors and teachers, including Prof. J. W. Barney, Prof. A. L. Hook, Dr. Ned Brannock and Miss Lila Newman, all veterans of long service at Elon.

They'll find, too, that in spite of the many changes, the friendly spirit for which our college is noted has not changed. It is the same friendliness that they helped to establish and uphold during their years here, a tradition we are carrying on unchanged.

It is with that same friendly spirit that we welcome the alumni back home and hope sincerely that each and all will enjoy the reunion with old classmates and friends. We want them to go home with pride in the fact that they belong to a great alma mater, Elon College.

—WAGGONER

RELIGIOUS EMPHASIS

The Religious Emphasis Period, which ended recently, surpassed the expectations of those who were concerned about its success.

The program was set up so that the day students and faculty members who wished to join the dormitory students in participation could do so, and the general response from the students was better than it has been in the past.

Perhaps this is due in part to the cooperation of Dr. Smith, who arranged to have the beginning hour of classes delayed so that the students could attend morning meditations. He also requested that the faculty lighten the home-work assignments.

Prof. Boyd and Coach Varney contributed to the program by rearranging scheduled events so that conflicts could be avoided, and the organizations, fraternities and sororities gave up their regular meetings to avoid conflict.

It is good for this campus to see that a worthy program can succeed if it is given a chance, and what better cause could there be than Christianity.—BRADY.



the moving toe

... and having kicked, stumbles on.

By CURTIS WELBORNE

If I were a tobacco farmer I'm sure I'd hole up in the barn and hibernate with the black snakes come selling season each year and just let my worst enemy sell my weed for me. I know I could inflict no worse punishment on him than to subject him to the broadside slush thrown at the twist toasters year in and year out by warehouse owners, radio stations, newspapers, chambers of commerce, department stores and other interested parties on the receiving end of the annual big take. It's a fate worse than death, and the torture becomes more ingenious each season.

Imagine you've just finished curing a few barns of tobacco and are getting set to take it to the nearest town and sell it. Naturally you want the highest price you can get. You take it for granted that the price will depend upon the quality of the leaf which, you tell yourself, can be readily ascertained by the buyers who bid on your crop. But hold! Do not be deceived! You pick up the latest copy of the Noburg Times and read right there in black and white in a full-page ad that "Wylie's Warehouse can get you the top dollar!" "Don't be a sucker, Mr. Tobacco Farmer," cautions the ad. "Bring your crop where you know you'll get that top dollar!" Well, you think, that for me—that top dollar, I'm going to hustle my load of leaf over to Wylie's. But then you turn over the page of the Noburg Times and see a two-page ad that reads, "Open letter to our good farmer friends. Postleberry's Warehouse has a long reputation for providing for the every wish of our thousands of good farmer friends. Consult with any of your good farm friends and they will tell you that Postleberry's is the best friend they ever had! Besides, remember that Postleberry's can get you that top dollar!" Well, there's that top dollar again. I'll certainly take my crop to Postleberry. After all, there's nothing like being loved.

Soon you find yourself driving up the road to Noburg with your load of tobacco destined for Postleberry's and that friendly top dollar. Mighty friendly guy, that Postleberry. Might even invite him over for supper some night.

Thinking you might enjoy a few Ernest Tubbs songs while you bask in the Postleberry glow, you turn on the truck radio. Out of the loudspeaker comes: "Good afternoon, farm friends everywhere! This is Sam Saccharine speaking to you from Gooch Brothers friendly warehouse, where you always get that top dollar. A first sale has just ended here and I'm surrounded by a sea of smiling, happy faces of our good farmer friends from all over, who are sitting around fanning themselves with their big tobacco checks paid here at Gooch Brothers'. Now I'm going to step over here and chat with a few of our good farmer friends. How do you do, sir? May I ask your name?"

"Go right ahead."

"Very well. What is your name, sir?"

"Name of Jones. Ab Jones."

"Oh, wonderful! Fine name, Jones. Some of our finest farmer friends are named Jones. Tell me, Mr. Jones, what do you think of the fine service here at Gooch Brothers' friendly warehouse?"

"Well, I . . ."

"You bet you do, Mr. Jones! All our good farmer friends speak highly of the fine service at Gooch Brothers! And how did your crop see today, Mr. Smith . . . er, Jones?"

"Well, it . . ."

"You bet it did Mr. Adams! You always get that top dollar at Gooch Brothers! I suppose you're going to bring all the rest of your crop to Gooch Brothers?"

"Well, I . . ."

"You bet you will Mr. James! All our fine farmer friends always come back again and again to Gooch Brothers, where nothing is too good for our good farmer buddies! Remember that name: G-O-O-C-H! The farmer's best friend! You always get that top dollar with Gooch!"

Becoming somewhat puzzled about that ambulating top dollar and not hearing any Ernest Tubbs records anyway, (all good farmer friends love Ernest Tubbs) you turn off the radio and concentrate on making the right turn away from Postleberry's and toward Gooch's.

It's difficult to find the road markers because everywhere the green is cluttered with huge posters like

"SELL YOUR CROP IN NOBURG, THE CITY THAT LOVES YOU TO PIECES!" and

"BLATTLEY'S DEPT. STORE WELCOMES OUR GOOD FARMER FRIENDS! WAREHOUSE CHECKS CHEERFULLY"

(Continued on Page Four)

Four In Cast Of 'Glass Menagerie'



ANN WILKINS



JERRY LOY

Three veteran members of the Elon Players are included in the cast for Tennessee Williams' Broadway success, "The Glass Menagerie," which will be given in November as the first offering of the new campus dramatic season. Rounding out the cast of four is a freshman, who makes his local stage debut in this play.

Upper left is Ann Wilkins, of Suffolk, Va., who is cast as Amanda Wingfield, matriarch of an old southern family. She has played a number of roles with the Elon Players, her most notable performance being as Mathilda Rockwell in "January Thaw."

Upper right is Ann Stoddard, a sophomore from Braintree, Mass., who has the role of Laura Wingfield, shy daughter of Amanda, who prepossessed with her menagerie of glass animals. She made her Elon stage debut last winter with a fine performance as Caroline Van Brett in "The Double Door."

Lower left is Jerry Loy, a sophomore from Graham, who will have the part of Tom Wingfield, son of Amanda and the narrator chorus for the Williams' production. Loy is well remembered for his portrayal of Yank in "The Hasty Heart"

Lower right is Robert Walker, a freshman from Kirklint, Ind., who makes his initial appearance on an Elon stage in the role of Jim O'Connor, the Gentleman Caller, who brings complications with his invasion of the Wingfield home.



ANN STODDARD



ROBERT WALKER

bullets in the bull's-eye

By TOM TARGETT



Laurels for the best "Bid Night" solos go to Mary Lee Farlow and Joe "Croaker" Parker . . . Get your Homecoming Ball tickets now . . . Cheerleaders are really peppy this year . . . They're coached by Prof. Brashear . . . Kappa Psi boys have finished painting their frat room . . . Alpha Pi to begin work on same task, its room . . . Player show to be outstanding . . . Many new wrinkles in the staging . . . Glad to see so many students at the Jerome Hines concert . . . Religious Emphasis Week was truly outstanding event . . . Lefty Taylor, southpaw ace of two seasons back, on the campus for "Bid Night" weekend . . . He's stationed at Fort Bragg . . . Be sure to see the Passion Play . . . A chance of a lifetime . . . The Carolina Playmakers sold out for "Mister Roberts," their first production of the year . . . Had to schedule two extra performances to take care of the demand . . . North Dorm seems to have the jump on the rest of the dorms . . . They're working on decorations already . . . Club House also has a few plans hatching . . . Dean Danieley is a new papa . . . First faculty concert of the year on the way . . . Prof. Sweat's performance set for Nov. 5th. Has anyone seen the glove to the porch light of West Dorm . . . It's missing . . . Happened last "Bid Night" . . . Contrary to all reports, Elon is not the home for crippled and aged men . . . They're just basketball players undergoing the first week of practice . . . Sigma Phi took in the largest group of rushees . . . The Day Student Party, at the V.F.W. Hut was a good time for all . . . Pi Kappa leading the Sororities with an outstanding room . . . Pete Garber back on campus . . . He had a new addition . . . A handlebar mustache . . . Luke Groot studying English at the University of Amsterdam . . . It's a five-year course . . . Working in the book store the other day, I came upon a startling fact . . . There's 146 pennies in a pound . . . Thought you would like to know . . . Ping pong tournament to get underway soon . . . Looks as if Joe Harvey will have some stiff competition . . . Mrs. Boyd, alumni secretary, has really worked up some terrific plans for Homecoming . . . Not only will we see the Homecoming Queen of '53 . . . They're inviting queeas back from as far back as there was an Elon . . . The meetings of the Student Legislature are open to all spectators . . . The intramural contests between Elon and Guilford are now tied . . . Communion service was the outstanding feature of Religious Emphasis Week . . . The Choir singing from the rear balcony was impressive . . . The dean's social season had a recent up-swing . . . Many of the student body got invitations to his office . . . The night classes are the largest in recent history . . . Professor John Foster West has a new story in a magazine . . . Science fiction job . . . On sale at the drug store . . . The Ministerial Association had an overnight retreat . . . The night was chilly . . . However, it did not dent the spirit of things . . . The Biology lab has installed some new fluorescent lamps for the tables for better visibility . . . The better to see amoeba under the microscopes . . . The new arena at the State Fair is something to see . . . There is no visible support for the roof . . . The arena took first prize in architecture last year . . . Dave Maddox and Tommy Warren won seven teddy bears by shooting foul shots . . . Did you know that West Dorm has fire drills in the middle of the night? . . . Many fellows have been working at tearing down the charred remains of Prof. Hook's house . . . The Hooks planning to rebuild . . . Watch out when you pass through the West Gate . . . The crack is getting much larger . . . The foreign language department has new lab machines for audio teaching . . .

Reading East Carolina's TECO-ECHO and came across the following question, with the replies given to the East Carolina writer: Question was "Should a boy kiss a girl on their first date?" . . . Replies (names given on request) . . . Yes, but only lightly" . . . "I don't know" . . . "He's crazy if he doesn't try" . . . "Yes, definitely" . . . and that's public opinion in Pirate land.

Interesting advertisement in the WESTERN CAROLINIAN—designed to increase band membership at Cullowhee . . .

Travel Travel

SEE

Beautiful Elon College

FREE

Join The Catamount

BAND

To Europe As A Work Camper . . .

By LAVERNE BRADY

Aboard Ship

Dear Folks,

On the ninth of June we left the beautiful city of Quebec after driving to the dock in a blinding rainstorm and then having to wait in line three hours before boarding the ship. My living quarters remind me of those in a submarine. There are twenty-six of us in the same room. It really isn't bad, because most of us are headed for work camps, and our interests are the same.

We have the second sitting for breakfast at 8 o'clock. At 9:30 there is a worship program. At ten there is a lecture on some interesting topic. At 11 there is another lecture. Lunch is at 1 o'clock and at 2 and 3 there are language classes. I am taking intermediate French and beginner's German. At 4 there is tea, and then there is some free time before dinner at 7:30 in the evening. In the evenings there are movies, dancing and other forms of entertainment.

The other night there was a costume party. Pat Cox, a cheerleader at the University of Texas, her fiancé and I dressed as Hawaiians and a sailor. We had our dances and did a little song-and-dance routine. We won third prize!

One day we saw two icebergs. Everyone rushed up on deck with cameras. Last night we began to see lights on the coast of France. There were many boats around us. This morning we arrived at Le Havre.

When the ship came into the harbor, the crew began playing a German marching song. This made the French workers on the docks stare. You see, during the war the Germans had a stronghold at Le Havre, and the Allies bombed the city to get them out. The city and harbor are still in a state of bad repair. Then the German crew added insult to injury by playing a war song. The officers of the ship were angry because the crew was so tactless. A general feeling of tenseness prevailed.

London, England

Hello Again,

We're now in London. The first night here I secured rooms for eighteen of us. Most of them have gone on to Scotland or out into the English countryside.

I'm travelling with Jinny Wyman, from Michigan, a recent graduate of Albion College, and

EDITOR'S NOTE

Interesting experiences during a summer spent in a European work camp, sponsored by the World Council of Churches, are told in this first installment of an article by Laverne Brady, Elon College senior. She tells the story in excerpts from letters which she wrote home to her family during the months in which she travelled in various European nations.

Frances Laury, from Chicago, a young art teacher. It's amazing the way in which my plans have worked out for travel. I left home without knowing anyone, but there have been plenty of opportunities. On Sunday afternoon we went to Hyde Park and listened to orators. Great crowds gather there to watch and listen. There were ministers, priests, Pillar of Fire preachers, Salvation Army folk, locksters, atheists, Communists, and a South African Negro, who spoke of the English exploitation of South Africa.

People drift around until they find someone to whom they wish to listen. There are many questions coming from the crowd. Some are serious; others are in a whimsical decision. If the crowd doesn't like the speaker, then the listeners may begin to sing in an attempt to drown him out. It is extremely interesting to stand

EUROPEAN CAMPER



LAVERNE BRADY

in the crowds and listen to the British criticize themselves and America. Many remarks were made about McCarthy and the Rosenberg executions.

The crowds of people who flooded in from the country to see the decorations are unbelievable. Thousands of people surged in the streets. Some of the girls went down town, and it was all they could do to cling together.

As I was walking past Parliament yesterday, a policeman came rushing out and stopped pedestrian activity. I paused on the curb to see a celebrity. A black sedan came out. I peered into the car and there was Winston Churchill in the far corner, the one person in Parliament that I could have recognized.

In Westminster Abbey I saw the Stone of Scotland in King Edward's Chair, the coronation chair I followed the path through the Abbey that the Queen had followed not so long ago. It was very exciting!

That evening six of us went to Westminster Abbey for a play. The purpose of the play was to raise funds for repairs on the structure. It is in dire need of repair, and the British are worried for fear it will be lost if they do not repair it in the near future.

I wrote the first half of this letter in Regent's Park near Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum. I got very little writing done because I was so interested in things about me. The park itself was lovely, with walks full of nursemaids and carriages, little boys with neckties, gentlemen with black suits, black derbies and black umbrellas. It would appear that the English love their parks and that they love to walk.

The English have treated me royally. Every question I have asked has been answered with consideration. If I have looked puzzled, someone asked me if I needed help. People are extremely interested in our impression of England and are pleased if we like it.

(To Be Continued)