

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

Edited by
G. C. DONOVAN, '17
Alumni General Secretary

INDIA THROUGH ELON EYES

(The following extracts were taken from a letter from Rev. J. F. Minnis, '19, to an Elon friend. Rev. Mr. Minnis is the first missionary sent to India by the Mission Board of the Methodist Protestant church. Address, Care Methodist Protestant Mission, Dhulia, West Khandesh, India.)

My wife was ill on the way over and had to be taken to a hospital as soon as we came. We were very fortunate in going to the best doctor in this country, and the operation (for appendicitis) was very successful.

On November 25 we arrived for the first time at Dhulia. We stayed there only ten days, but in that time we learned to love our people. We have two nice little schools with 125 pupils and 10 teachers. As is the custom, the schools are not together but one on one side of the road and the other across in another compound. Besides the two schools we have a settlement out four miles from Dhulia. This settlement is made up of 14 families who have been brought to the light as we have it in Christianity.

The government gave us a tract of land (100 acres) on which to build this settlement. The people came from a criminal tribe. Now you may wonder what a criminal tribe is. It is a tribe of people who make a living by stealing and robbing. The tribe is a dangerous tribe and in places there are thousands of them in great barbed-wire fences somewhat like the ones which were used during the war for prisoners. Now these men are peace loving people.

To add to this, we have about twenty Indian workers, about equally divided between preachers and Bible women. These people work all the time among the villages telling of the great love of which you and I have always known. So far we have no church building, but have all told 125 members. Our field is about 40 miles square (I think) and has about 130,000 people within the bounds. There are besides us three other American people at the station.

The Climate

A word about the climate. As you know, this is in the torrid zone. We have on the plains where our mission is, no cold weather, but it does get cool at night during the three or four winter months (November to March). The sun is always hot and very dangerous. We have to wear very heavy hats. They are made of cork or paper to make them as light as possible. One of mine is about three-quarters of an inch in thickness. If we were to go out without a hat for a single minute it might give us a very bad headache. Even with an umbrella we must keep the head covered. But we know about the sun and never go out without our hats. Then, too, nearly everything is painted or whitewashed white, so we have to wear shaded glasses, as the glare is very hard on the eyes.

The weather is cooler here than at our station, as we are higher here (1900 feet). It has been very comfortable so far and in the house it is delightful. Soon the hot winds will come and we shall have to move to the hills which are about 70 miles from here. For instance, to show how cool the weather is at night—last night I slept under four blankets, two heavy and two light. Yes, we have beds just like you have, (single beds), with mosquito netting over us so we will not be tormented all night.

Food and Animals

All our drinking water is boiled, also all the milk. We do not use cow milk, as they give too little to fool with, but use the buffalo's milk. The cow looks almost like our cows except on some at the front shoulders there is a hump. The buffalo is a great animal with horns long enough to make them look very dangerous. I have seen them with horns three feet long. They are

black as a crow. Crows here are not black all over, but have a small patch of blue or silver grey on the breast. The dogs have just as many fleas and bark just as much. The cat frightens one just as bad as any you hear at home. The hen looks like a leghorn and is just as good to a Methodist preacher as any in North Carolina. The horses are small and as a rule can trot, as the saying goes, all day under the shade of a tree.

People, Buildings, Etc.

The people have complexions differing from almost white to almost midnight black. There are the extremely rich and the extremely poor. One of the nicest homes I have ever seen was here, and I am sure the poorest one could imagine is here. There is little timber, so the houses are of stone, brick or mud—in some cases grass or straw. They are covered with grass or tile. We foreigners have to have better homes for protection from the sun and rain. Europeans (all white people) have thick walls of brick or stone, stone or tile floors and high ceilings.

The oxen is the beast of burden in the places where we have been. They use as a rule two to a cart. Though today is Sunday they have passed all day, not as many but a plenty. Next door is a new house being built and the noise can be heard this minute.

Our food is about the same as yours, except we have fresh vegetables and no pig. The hog is never kept, but some run wild. The cow is worshiped by some people.

Our system of meals is like that of England, I think. We eat four times instead of three. The Indians do not eat like us—not the same food. They have a lot of rice and put peppers in until it is as hot as fire. They eat with their fingers and use their same fingers to clean their teeth. After each meal I see the servants take each a small pot of water and get on a stone or wall and clean their teeth.

I haven't told about the religions, as it would take a long time to do so and time will not allow. Then, too, I know little about these religions, as they worship nearly everything under the sun and some worship the sun.



TEN YEARS SINCE

If you will allow me the steering-wheel for a minute and permit me to drive up hill and down, through mud and on the level, driving my machine in any direction that I may choose, without having subject in particular, I shall be glad to imagine myself back at dear Old Elon College in the spring of 1913. Yes, I belong to that class of '13. There were eleven of us. One of us has passed over the river, the others are scattered. But "Daddy" them were some days back in the year we were seniors. It is true that 1913 is passed and we can never call it back, but the year with its lucky and plucky '13 was not in vain. That was the year that the "Phipsic!" was born. Our class had the honor of being the first to sign up 100 per cent on the Alumni Building Fund. We may be scattered—we are scattered—but "Daddy" we love our Alma Mater—Old Elon College. We cannot forget those old days. The old well, the old band-stand, the old crooked oak on the campus, and "Possum Ave." They are real to us. We can never forget them, even if we should try. But, "Daddy," did you know that on January 18, God sent a blessing to the Christian Church in disguise. In faith I see a bigger and better Elon. Dr. Harper never knew how much our people thought of Elon until this blessing in disguise came upon us. The more we do for any institution, organization, or even an individual for that matter, the more we love it. It is true that it was heart-breaking to read in the papers that Elon College's main building was burned, but I see as a result an Elon College that is a credit to our

Church and an honor to those who through sacrifice make possible our institution, modern and well equipped in every particular. Surely our faithful Board of Trustees would not have it otherwise. I beg to remain as ever,
Yours truly,
"The Baby Preacher of '13."

WHO AND WHERE

Grady Pritchard, former student, runs a haberdashery at Chapel Hill. He is also a football coach.

A Lucius Lincoln, '07, may be addressed at 536 Shirley Avenue, Norfolk, Va.

Clyde Cahill is with the construction forces working on the new buildings.

Ruth Johnson, '16, is teaching at Fuquay Springs, N. C.

Prof. T. E. Powell, Jr., '19, has returned from his honeymoon to Roanoke, Va.

Rev. J. V. Knight, '15, may be addressed at Edenton, N. C.

Rev. A. T. Banks, '13, has moved from Richmond, Va. to Cherryville, N. C. Mrs. Banks was Miss Jewel Michael, '12.

Prof. W. J. Cotten, '15, motored to Roanoke, Va., last week.

Hollis Atkinson, '17, spent part of the winter touring Florida.

We are glad to see a number of the alumni dropping in for the ball games. Come when you can. The remaining games on the home field are as follows: April 17, Guilford; April 18, Lynchburg; April 27, Lenoir; and May 2, Davidson.

WERE YOU HERE WHEN—

The Psihobelians had never had a hall? The East was a girl's dormitory and the Society met first in one room, then another. Meetings were informal, bathrobes and bed room slippers were in order. The programs outraged progressive members. One poem that was given frequently began "I had a little dog and his name was Snuff."

Sophomores Enjoy Senior Privileges

Tuesday Becomes Memorable Day for Sophomores—General Rejoicing.

One of the greatest days in the life of any college class, at least to the girls of the class, is Senior Day.

Last Monday afternoon the seniors called a meeting of their sister class, the sophomores, in the reception hall of West Dormitory, and informed them that on the following day, Tuesday, all senior privileges, rings, derbies, and canes would be turned over to them for one whole period of twenty-four hours. It was a time of much rejoicing for the sophomores.

On Tuesday the sophomores made full use of their granted privileges and a grand display of their senior regalia. At any time during the day one might see groups of sophomore girls coming in from a stroll off the campus or down town at the post-office, drug store, or cafe. One hardly realized just how many canes and derbies there were on the campus until the sophomore boys made their display of them Tuesday. The 1923 class rings were exhibited to the gaze of everyone.

At the hour for luncheon the seniors were forced to admit the fact that the sophomores could make even more noise and commotion at the senior table in the college dining hall than they themselves could.

It is not worth while to mention the fact of the midnight oil that was used by the sophomore girls; nor are the visits from the senior boys made to the freshmen boys worthy of mention.

Senior Day is a day that comes only once in the life of a college class, and this always to the sophomores; and Senior Day of Tuesday, April 10, is one which will be long remembered by the class of '25.

A Jack London memorial in the form of a library of books dealing with the West is being sponsored by an Oakland, California, club. The building, built of stone and steel, will be located near London's ranch home at Glen Ellen, California.

ELON COLLEGE

ALMA MATER

For Full Particulars Address

PRESIDENT W. A. HARPER, ELON COLLEGE, N. C.

To The Whole Business---Student Body and Faculty

We wish you success and happiness in this the New Year, and if there is anything that we may do to help make it so—

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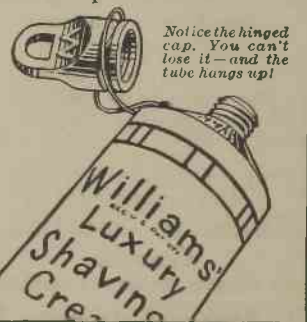
Tell your physics prof. that this cap defies gravity

SHAVING cream caps have an uncanny habit of chumming with gravity. That's why the Williams' Hinged Cap shown here is so remarkable. You can't persuade it to roll down a drain pipe. It refuses to go near the bathroom floor. In brief, it defies all previous laws governing the behavior of shaving cream caps.

Williams' Shaving Cream, in the same way, upsets all traditions about shaving. First of all, it exceeds every known speed limit for softening the beard. You can get your face ready for shaving in less time with Williams' than with any shaving cream you ever used.

In the second place, Williams' has a positive effect for good on the skin. Your face, with the wholesome care which Williams' gives, is kept in better condition and made more comfortable.

Test out these advantages which Williams' offers. Start with Williams' to-morrow and see what a time saver it is and how it helps make shaving more enjoyable.



Williams' Shaving Cream

Bonnie-B hair nets and powder puffs for the girls on sale at the College Store.

Why worry with the old style pencil when you can buy a "Pal" at the College Store for 50 cents?