

Maroon and Gold

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1951

WHAT IS THE BEST REASON?

"Go, in the name of Jesus Christ."

This is a direct quotation taken from the end of a talk given to a small group of men about to embark on a mission a few years ago.

Was it a mission of mercy? Of aid and assistance to someone in peril or in need? Was it to carry Christianity to the pagan, or enlightenment to the ignorant?

Thousands upon thousands of people, if they could but speak today, would probably wryly agree that the latter comes closer to being true, for the words were spoken to the crew of the plane that was taking off from Tinian airfield to drop the first A-bomb on Hiroshima.

78,000 Japanese were killed by the bomb; thousands of others were, to say the least, somewhat enlightened.

All in the name of Jesus Christ. Strangely enough, meteorological records do not show that vomit poured down the heavens that day, but then, the celestial stomach must be considerably strong by dint of the numerous similar assaults it has sustained in the past.

Through all the pages of history we find that men have sallied forth to war with the name of their god or gods on their lips. The Crusades—the Holy Wars—the Inquisition—"for God and country"—the Kaiser, with his "mich und Gott"—every fool who is conned into believing that he is doing God's work by slaughtering his master's enemies.

It is about time we started being a little more honest in our murderous dealings with each other. It behooves us to call off all this old talk about knocking each other's brains out in the name of God.

Of course, there seems to be no obvious solution to the problem presented by a species that is hell-bent on its own extinction, but perhaps a start could be made if we stopped hypnotizing ourselves, quit kidding ourselves.

Why not kill in the name of the things that make us kill? Why not kill in the name of hate, fear, greed, stupidity? Why not admit that you want to kill someone because you want something that belongs to him, or because he wants something of yours? It is admittedly a silly reason to want to kill someone because you don't like his accent, his coloring, or his government, but at least you would be killing with a reason then.

Ah, but men tell themselves that it is not right to kill for such petty reasons. Man would rather be right than rational, therefore he perpetrates murder in the name of God, his father, thereby making it right.

And there are other high-sounding excuses for murder, which, paradoxically, can double as virtues when circumstances require. Count them off . . . liberty, free-

the yankee peddler

By BOB WRIGHT



Interestingly enough, this may be the end of a different quarter, but everyone's situation seems to be the same as it was at this time in the fall quarter.

About the most sought after thing on the campus last week was a ride to Statesville.

After watching Pryor of High Point mow down several hapless Catamounts in the first game of the tournament, a spectator was heard to remark, "Shucks, they oughta put blades on that boy and use him for abuldozer."

After the "fix" scandal a basketball player won't be able to pull a five dollar bill out of his wallet without being stared at accusingly.

To borrow a phrase from that idol of the airwaves from WFNS, we certainly got our "enjoys" out of the Elon victory over Appalachian.

With the last issue of the M&G a journalistic triumph was achieved. The cast of "Outward Bound" was able to read a review of the play before the first night curtains were pulled. How's that for spot news?

We understand that the underground press has made itself manifest again. This time its target was the Business curriculum for the spring quarter. Apparently most of its readers were very sympathetic toward the message.

Oyes, oyes, the first court (to our knowledge) in Elon College convened Saturday with Judge Roy Bean Johnson, the only law west of the Haw River, presiding.

Many campus residents wondered how Elon absorbed that invasion of High School seniors without bursting at the seams.

Headline: "Man To Give Blood On TV." Most men have to give blood to GET TV.

Headline: "Nation Told That Profiteers Will Be Punished." It will never happen. There aren't that many jails.

We hear that Elon opens its baseball season against Springfield College, better known as Muscle Institute in its neck of the woods. At long last an Elon score might appear in the Peddler's home town paper.

Hot off the grapevine: Rumor has it that the next Players' production will be "You Can't Take It With You." This show is about the only three ring circus ever to be contained in three acts. You should live so long if you miss this one!

dom. The American Way, Communistic Utopia, the Master Race, the preservation of Democracy, or Socialism, or Communism, or Vishnuism, or whatever else we wish to preserve at any given time.

Maybe if we got honest all of a sudden—and if we could stand the subsequent shock—we might yet be able to do something to end war, but as long as we can say, without even a blush, "Go, in the name of Jesus Christ" to wipe out someone who just happens to be an obstacle between us and our goal, as long as we can pass the buck by making a sacred mission out of our greatest crimes, as long as we can rationalize and reconcile our guilt, as long as we lie to ourselves, we have no hope for or right to a future that is anything but black.



Posing against a background of their own artistic creations the above photo shows Miss Lila Newman (left), popular Elon art teacher, with several of her students. The students, reading left to right, are as follows: SEATED—Phyllis Tucker and Becky Garrison. STANDING—Tony Diamond, Elna Doris Huey and John Holton.

Art Department Welcomes All...

By J.B. PICKARD

Elon's Art Department has often been referred to as the most exclusive department on our campus. 'Nothing,' says the instructor, Miss Lila Newman, 'could be further from the truth.' She informed me that the art classes are the most informal and casual on the campus. The pupils discuss and criticize each others work, and in so doing, help themselves to solve their own problems.

There is a friendly and pleasant atmosphere here that is unlike the strained silence that prevails in some of the more formal classes. The rooms of the art department are open to visitors at all times. Barely, we were informed, does an hour pass without one or more visitors dropping in to look around and watch the students at work. It was pointed out to us that students are welcomed at any hour to observe the methods and the finished work of the

art department.

A certificate may be obtained by a student in only three years, and a diploma requires but four years in this department. The department offers courses in water-color, oil, china painting and commercial art for any interested students.

China painting is a very popular subject and there are, at present, three students in the course. This course is not required of the art majors, although many of them enjoy taking it. There are many former students of the Elon Art Department who have been very successful as professionals in this field.

Elon had its second one-man exhibit last week. This exhibit, by Edwin Daniel, was received very favorably by the many students who were able to take advantage of the showing. Consisting largely of water-colors, the show also had a few examples of other media which gave ample

proof of the versatility of Mr. Daniels. The earlier exhibit, by the late Wautel Selden of Chapel Hill, was also well received.

The art department averages six exhibitions each year. Three of these are usually from the class and three from travelling exhibits. The local exhibits always draw large crowds and the average student is amazed to find that some of his fellow students are so talented.

The one regret of the art department is that every student does not take at least one quarter of art. Most of the students would derive great pleasure from this course, and if perhaps they did not all progress to the point of having one man exhibits they would at least gain a greater appreciation for the work of the other painters. A course of this type would also increase the enjoyment one might obtain from visits to the galleries and museums.

Elon Gets New Language Laboratory...

With the advent of a new language laboratory setup here at Elon College, a recorder and a small library of conversational records in various languages are now available to language students.

The equipment consists of a "Sound Mirror" tape recorder and phonograph, several dozen records, in various languages, of conversation, literature and songs, with conversational charts and other supplementary material. Also available is a record cutter (Presto disc cutter), sound film projectors, and film strip and slide projectors.

Mrs. Pearl MacDonald of the

French Department states the purpose of the new language lab as follows: "For practice, speech analysis, correction of pronunciation and diction by self criticism after comparison with recordings made by natives of the language being studied, the speech of other students and professors."

Following the successful methods in operation at many large universities, the labs will consist of afternoon work under the supervision of the professor. Mrs. MacDonald's labs will meet one afternoon each week, with special evening arrangements to be made for day students and others who may have difficulty in attending

the afternoon period.

Mr. W. K. Ivie, of the Spanish Department, will hold his lab periods one evening each week, conducting a series of practical Spanish exercises based on selected texts. Mr. Ivie, who has conducted such classes before, points out the value of being able to hear one's own voice.

As soon as money is available, states Mr. Ivie, a complete Spanish record library will be secured, which will be accessible to students in conjunction with their regular class work. As a great many of his students are commuting, he has not yet made definite



Foreign language takes on a new fascination for the above group of Elon students as they join with Mrs. Pearl McDonald, their French professor, in listening to recordings of the foreign language in their own voice. Seated beside the recording machine are Jane Boone (left) and Janice Goodman. In the background, left to right, are Dick Levine, Sheffield Abels, Mrs. McDonald and Reita Durham.

of cabbages and kings

By ED ENGLS



Well, the happy news of the year is that some of the local juvenile delinquents (society's name for small time hoodlums) have been dealt with, unexpectedly and delightfully, at the recent session of Elon College's municipal court. Now perhaps we will be able to have a cup of coffee in peace, without worrying about having the air let out of our tires, the girls will be able to walk downtown without having to listen to a lot of wise remarks, and the air will be a lot cleaner in general. Happy day!

Recently I found, much to my surprise, that the stock of records in the library is available to anyone who wants to take them out and listen to them. Like many people, I thought that only the music students had access to these records, but it seems that not only are they waiting there for everyone's use, but the librarians are all too eager to have students come in and take them out. Look 'em over . . . there are some for everyone's taste.

Once again the Elon Players have knocked themselves out to give Elon audiences excellent entertainment, only to be greeted with practically empty houses both nights during the showing of "Outward Bound." This is hard to understand. Why is it that a bunch of people will not come to see good shows, at a ridiculously low price, right here on the campus where they are convenient to all? What's wrong? Is it the Players or the audiences? Those who see the plays and are familiar with the high quality of the Players' productions believe the fault lies in the audiences, but any helping suggestions will be appreciated.

While strolling through the night down near the post office recently, I chanced upon a small piece of paper fluttering along the ground. As I bent to pick it up, I noticed the retreating figure of an Elon professor. Thinking he had dropped it, I called to him, but he didn't hear me; so now, not knowing who he was, I produce here the poem that appeared on the scrap of paper, in the hope that he may thereby recover his literary effort.

ODE TO A RETREATING HAIRLINE

Sad days are now upon me pressed,
And I must ever whine,
Because my scalp is quite unblest
By a permanent hairline.

Oh no, it keeps recoiling back
Like soldiers in retreat,
Fast-fleeing from time's search and
sack,
Towards a sad defeat,

hen no-man's land shall lie between
The veterans on age pension,
Who grouped behind upon my spine,
Shall stage their last convention,
And gaze across the gleaming dome,
With sad, nostalgic eyes;
This place that was one time their
home,
Will come their mournful cries.

While I shall look with eyes of care
At that bedraggled host,
And curse them for the few they are,
And fleeing from their post.

The paper was initialed at the bottom, with JFW. Who could it be?

The Peddler took time out last Friday to celebrate his birthday. His quote 24th unquote birthday. If he is 24 years old then I am a toe dancer.