

Maroon and Gold

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1952

WHEN FAITH IS LOST

John Greenleaf Whittier once wrote "When faith is lost, when honor dies, the Man is dead."

In our contemporary society only too often Man is tempted to become discouraged and disheartened, and when this occurs, life itself is hanging in the balance. We pick up our newspapers and read yellow journalism, we turn on our radios and hear news from around the world. We become discouraged. Why? Only too often the bad news is given to us, and the good news is overlooked in catering man's taste for blood and tears. This happens every hour, and many of us are tickled into believing that conditions are worse today than ever before in the history of the world.

If we look under this dark surface, we find that there are many good things left in our civilization. We may be surprised to find that the people of the Roman and Greek Empires felt that it was all over with the crumbling of their respective Empires. We know that the Barbarian Horde threatened to crush civilization, but it didn't.

And even more recently, the dark days of the Second World conflagration were brightened into victory for the Allied forces all over the globe. Then the old cycle began again: A dark and ominous cloud hangs over the Easter horizon, which has been called the greatest threat to the Christian World since the beginning of modern history. We met the aggressor once, and we can do it again. We must not lose faith in our ability to deal with the Communists. We can do it, and we shall do it.

Many of us expect the Communists to strike America through direct aggression, but the fact that we have overlooked is that the Communists have already struck deep within the heart of America through its dreaddest Fifth Column, which we heard so much about several years ago, but which we have strangely forgotten since then.

There is within a few miles of Elon College at Chapel Hill an active Communist Party, which recently sent some of the members of the Elon College student body a copy of their propagandist publication. We all laughed at it and dismissed it with a shrug of our shoulders; but there are people who might be influenced by such literature.

We must not lose faith in our ability, or, more important, in ourselves. We must promulgate the principles on which this nation was founded, and we must individually live up to those high principles. "When faith is lost, when honor dies, the Man is dead."

—M. C.



cash on the spot

By LYNN CASHION

I've always been a great athlete—at heart, and we athletes always get a bang out of reminiscing over our exploits in the realm of sports.

Did you notice that I said a BANG? As a matter of fact, I have been reminiscing today, and those mental flashbacks have BANGED me so hard that I'm sore in every bone and muscle at the very thought. Stick with me, fans, and you'll know why:

"Don't Give Up The Ship"

Somehow, those words of the immortal Perry at Lake Erie flashed through my mind in the midst of one of my great equestrian exploits.

One afternoon last year I donned my riding habit, took my daily dose of nerve, and ventured forth to the Alamance Riding Club. Upon arriving, (assuming an air of experience) I boldly ordered a five-gaited gelding and was led to the stable where the fiery steed lurked. I mounted and, with renewed vigor, rode into the yard.

Two lashes of my quirt, and we were off like a shot. Through the woods and over the dale, jumping fences and dodging branches, the stallion flew faster and faster. I called and screamed "mush," but the mongrel wouldn't stop. Desperately, I tried to remember how to operate the double bit, which I presumed to work on the principle of the emergency brake. Suddenly, I felt myself drop rudely against the saddle. The stirrups had snapped from the saddle under the pressure of my weight. In a fit of fright, I lost hold of the reins and grabbed the horse by the neck.

There I was, holding my ground with bulldog tenacity, and Admiral Perry never stuck more firmly to the deck of his ship than I clung to the plunging deck of that English saddle. It was under these conditions that I became aware of my bearings, for I had just seen a sign fly by which read "\$50 FINE FOR RIDING ON GOLF COURSE." By Jove, I realized then why someone kept yelling "four."

To throw the golf club attendants off the trail, I made a mad jump (I vow I wasn't thrown) from the horse's back, and with a three-point slide found myself clutching the whip in one hand and a horse-shoe in the other. In a daze, I picked up the remains of my habit and, hiking homeward, journeyed by the Bureau of Missing Animals to report the beast's disappearance.

"If At First You Don't Succeed, Try, Try Again!"

Barred from the riding academy, I sought a sport that would be more confining (geographically, that is!). Inspired, by a movie short, entitled "Mr. America," I turned to that discouraging sport called "weight lifting."

Dressed appropriately for the sport, I rushed timidly to the gym, ready to enter into the conflict of the elements. With bulging muscles (?), I battled with strange instruments called bar-bells. Never having had experience with anything other than doorbells, I realized that this was a case for mind-over-matter, and I wondered if the gym attendant was getting personal when he said something about dumb-bells.

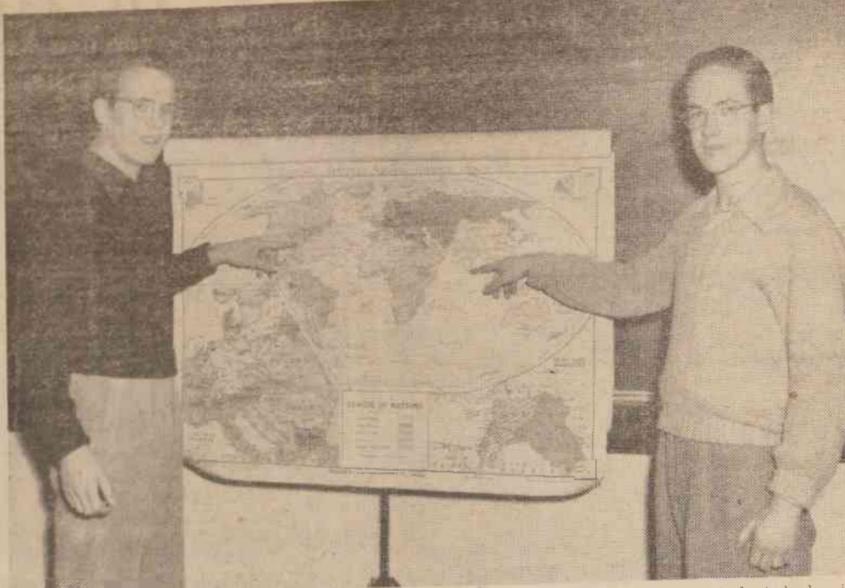
Stretching my legs to a 90-degree angle, stooping and summoning all my reserve strength, I jerked the 150-pound bar-bell into a position over my head. (That's not all that I jerked!) Staggering there under that "heavy, heavy over my head," I fell over backward to the floor with a bang, spraining my back and knocking loose two floor boards. I withdrew from the 1955 Mr. America Contest.

"Hope springs Eternal In the Human Breast"

A staunch believer in the old saying that "the hand is quicker than the eye," I entertained the thought of ping-pong, but, since hearing of Hank DeSimone's ankle injury in that rude sport, I have set aside any such intentions. Unless Coach "Doc" Mathis can find time for a few bouts of wrestling, it appears that I shall have to postpone my physical development program and join my fans in cheering for dear old Elon.

MAROON AND GOLD

IT'S A LONG WAY, EVEN ON THE MAP



Robert and Roger Phelps, brothers and fellow members of the Elon College student body, indicate above on a map of the world the long distance that separates them from their home. Robert (left) points to Elon on the map, while Roger (right) indicates on the same map the location of their home at Kodaikanal in southern India.

Across The World To College...

By MATT CURRIN

There are at least two students on the Elon College campus, Roger and Robert Phelps, who can't very well go home for weekends, for their home is in Kodaikanal, South India.

Both Roger and Bob were born in Kodaikanal, where their father is the principal of the Kodaikanal School. Roger was born on August 27, 1932, shortly after his parents arrived in South India, and Robert was born two years later on July 31st.

The Phelps family has lived in India since 1932, interrupted by several extended visits to the United States during the ensuing years. Roger and Robert studied in the United States and attended public schools in Washington, California, and Boston from 1944 until 1946.

Roger came to America a year ahead of his parents in 1950 and spent the summer at the home of his sister at Fort Smith, Ark., which has become their "home base" and then on to Elon College for the opening of school in the fall of 1950.

When asked why he had chosen Elon, Roger replied, "While we were in the States in 1946, we met Doris White, an Elon student, in Boston and she told us all about Elon and recommended it very highly. Several years later when I was trying to make the decision as to which school to attend in America I remembered what Doris had said about Elon and decided that Elon had what I wanted. I particularly wanted to attend a small college, and a denominational school appealed to me."

Roger is majoring in history

and is undecided as to a vocation. Robert, a freshman this year, has not chosen a major field yet, and like Roger, he too is undecided as to a career.

The town of Kodaikanal, in which Roger and Robert were born, reared, and educated is very different from the rest of India. They explained that it is almost like another section altogether. Kodaikanal has very little to do with the outside world. The school is the only important thing there, and the school is primarily a school for the sons and daughters of missionaries and businessmen who are living in Asia. Therefore, the town is not typical of India at all.

The school itself is much like any American secondary school, and the curriculum likewise is much the same. The majority of the teachers are American, even though the school nurse is from Austria, the school doctor is from Germany, one of the language teachers is from Czechoslovakia, the music department is Italian, and several of the teachers are from India.

The students themselves are also cosmopolitan. Some of them are the children of missionaries from scattered parts of the world, others are children of American and English businessmen, and some children come from as far as Arabia, Burma, Ceylon and countless other localities. Of course, the children from India are permitted to attend the school too, but the majority of them prefer the English curriculum, for many of them plan to continue their studies in English colleges and universities.

There are about two hundred

students in the school now, and the school is run by seven cooperative missions. Their father is under the American Board of Congregational Christian Churches in Boston, and he is a member of the Congregational Christian Church.

Robert who entered the freshman class at Elon this fall, says that India is a country in which almost anything can happen at any time. Communism is growing, but he does not feel that it is yet much of a threat. "The people are very nationalistic, and they are easily excited, which accounts for the prevalence of rioting. The majority of the Indians are very illiterate, and they don't know much about their government and seem to care less."

In comparing the Indian way of life with the American system, Roger and Robert agree that there is quite a vast difference. For instance over 70 per cent of the people of India are farmers, and the average farmer has in his possession a loin cloth, wooden plow, and two oxen.

European ideas and customs are beginning to change India to some extent. However, the dress of the common man is much like his ancestors. The more educated men are adopting the English sartorial customs, but the women are still retaining the old dress.

All in all, Roger and Robert Phelps feel that their life in India was wonderful, but both of them point out that, while they desire to return to India for visits from time to time, they do not want to live there. Both boys are happy at Elon College and are very glad that they decided to study here.

HERE'S THE SPOT THAT'S HOME TO ELON BROTHERS



The beautiful and picturesque scene above shows the home of Robert and Roger Phelps, the two brothers who have come all the way across the world to join the Elon student body. Highly interesting is the picture of the little Indian boy, astride the back of his water buffalo, which is wading water so deep as to hide most of its body.

of cabbages and kings

By ED ENGLER



HOGG'S FOLLY Or GEORGIA REVISITED By OGDEN SHRDLU

Well, Hollywood has done it again, yes it has, and gone and turned out a picture that not only would I not recommend to my friends, family, relatives, or in-laws, but not even to the neighbor's dog.

The name of the picture luckily escaped me just now, but I think it was something like "Kiss and Shrivel," or "The Five Little Peppers in Bellevue," and it was produced by Hollywood's fearless and obese young producer, Krudd E. Hogg.

I am happy to be able to say that I didn't get to see the picture, but I did manage to be around when the people started coming out.

And it occurred to me that if chagrin had an odor, and if the wind had been blowing toward Hollywood, it would have curled Mr. Hogg's snout.

For the moral of the picture seemed to be this:

If you are a beast or a harpy and are in danger of having to share your husband's kiss,

The thing to do is buy a ten cent book for a dollar which tells you how to use make up, contract your belly, do your hair in a bob,

And go right on being a slob.

No, Mr. Hogg, you may be fearless and fat,

But I'm afraid you are going to have to do better than that.

Until you get around to producing a picture that contains at least one idea.

Your audience will never include me. And speaking of ideas, Mr. Hogg, I have a cute one,

That will fill the theatres with appreciative audiences all the way from the West Coast to Route One.

The lead in this picture will have to be played by someone who can look nasty and oriental, like Don Ameche, For he is the son of a naturalized Japanese plumber named Obeche.

Now, Obeche's son, being a natural born American, just cannot bear the indelicate mingling of multicolored races. So he moves to Georgia, where people attach more importance to their fellow citizens' ancestry, and the color of their faces.

Having an I. Q. of about 27, he naturally becomes a politician and runs for governor of the state,

And of course he wins, being the most capable candidate.

So he buys a pair of red suspenders, shines his shoes and faces the press photographers without flinching,

Then votes himself an expense account so that he can travel around the countryside and give the joint a little class by attending all the neighborhood lynchings. Although mentally deficient,

He is, segregationally speaking, highly proficient,

And it is only a matter of months before he has reduced the Human Relations Department to a state of quite hysterical. Thereupon, satisfied, he retires to his vine covered cottage in the country and relaxes to the smell of sour mash and wisteria.

But here he makes a fatal mistake and turns on his television set to catch the Arthur Godfrey show,

And the shock of hearing a colored man's voice blend with that of a white right in his own living room makes him spew his grits out onto the rug like snow.

And he calls up Godfrey and complains (and this is why the part has to be played by Don Ameche),

And Godfrey just shrugs and says, "well, what can you expect from a son of that plumber Obeche?"