

Maroon And Gold

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1953

OF CHAPEL PROGRAMS

Why can't our chapel programs be more informative and inspirational? They seem to have fallen into the same "rut" as they have in years past. True, it is an extremely arduous task to prepare a varied and interesting program, but I believe it can be done.

For example, why not have outstanding speakers from varied fields, such as humorists and news commentators along with the religious speakers. The more variety there is to the program, the more interesting they will be to the listeners, and that is certainly what is needed to solve the chapel committee's problem of getting more students to come to chapel and to keep them coming.

Of course, when the student body behaves as it often does, a person cannot expect too much. It is a situation in which the actions of a few students brand the whole student body as a group of immature and childish people who have not matured intellectually.

Perhaps we cannot expect to have interesting programs when the word gets around outside the campus of actions in chapel. No visitor is going to give his time and effort to a group of persons who do not appreciate him or what he has to say. I doubt if there is a person in this institution who would go anywhere as a guest speaker, knowing that his audience would tell him he was not welcome. Yet, that's the impression that many of our guest speakers must get when they walk on the platform at chapel time.

This behavior problem seemingly arises from resentment of the compulsory chapel rule, but the fact should be made clear to new students that chapel at Elon is compulsory, and if any student does not wish to comply with that rule, then he or she should not plan to enter this institution. When any person goes to any public place, he accepts the rules and regulations that are set up by the governing body at that place. Elon College is no exception. It is a Christian college, chartered to render service to people with Christian ideals, and those people, after all, are the ones who support this school.

It would be a nice gesture in every way if everyone would make a New Year's resolution to give each speaker his or her complete attention, forgetting all this agitation against the administration. It would mean improved spirit and improve student-faculty relation, all of which would create a friendlier, and homier atmosphere on the campus and would most certainly improve the attitude of many outsiders toward Elon. After all, the campus is home to a sizeable number of people, not just an institution of higher learning.—Rhodes.



cash on the spot

By LYNN CASHLON

I trust that everyone had a big Christmas, that Santa visited the "Boys In East Dorm," and that we all are back at dear ol' Elon with our New Year's resolutions. It's a pity that we couldn't have all been together to celebrate the New Year, but the boys of East Dorm celebrated before leaving for the holidays. In fact, they celebrated enough for the next two New Years.

Your columnist would like to call to your attention the fact that Vesper Services are held in Whitley Chapel every Wednesday evening from 6:15 to 7:00 o'clock. The altar is appropriately decorated for the occasion each time, and there is organ music for a background for your meditation. So far, there has been exceptionally good attendance, considering that the only publicity given the services has been one lonesome and very attractive poster, which has taken its place in the Rotunda each Wednesday, and only on Wednesdays. You can go to the services and leave when you must, at your own will. Since so many students have shown their appreciation for these services, we felt that our Vesper Services should be given more publicity for the benefit of those students who have passed through the Rotunda without noticing the poster.

There is a so-called Beau Brummel EDITORIAL, number two hundred twenty-four, on the Student Government office bulletin board which reads, "When you know you are doing your job perfectly . . . look for ways to improve it . . . or someone else will."

That brings to mind the need for your suggestions for a better Student Government. No doubt that the old saying, two heads are better than one, is more than just a proverb. You surely have thought of things to do for the student body that would make for better life on the campus. Your ideas are important and are needed by your student government officers. Whenever you strike upon a good idea, don't throw it aside to be neglected. Bring it to the attention of your representatives in the government and they will see what can be done. They will appreciate your advice and suggestions more than you realize. Put on those Thinking Caps!

Did you know that we have an "Alma Mater" here at Elon? Well, we have! And it is a very pretty song too. We haven't sung it so far this year, but rumbling around the Music Department the other day, we ran across a copy. We're going to dig it out the first chance we get and teach it to you, if we can still sing it. You'll really like it and enjoy singing it, for it is a very beautiful song. 'Twould make good singing for the ball game for the rest of the year.

And speaking of ball games, Elon's quintet is really something to watch. We have had some of the most exciting games in the history of the college this school year, and there are many more to come. Some of you freshmen probably didn't know that Elon's basketball team went to the nationals last year in Kansas City, after winning out in the NAIB tournament. Yes sir, and that team is back doing even a better job this year. There are a lot of home games left for the rest of the season, so check the schedules and come on out to the games. Don't miss a game, and above all, let the team know you are there by cheering.

Saw ol' Ken Jacobs around the campus the other day. He is home from Korea and is planning on returning to this institution of higher learning next quarter.

There's a graduate of Elon who is now in the service of his country in Korea. Many of you knew and will remember "Mac" MacCracken for the wonderful personality he contributed to our student body. He received his degree from Elon last year and went straight into the army. His many friends will be glad to see him when he returns home in April of this year. Until then, however, "Mac" would like to hear from his old classmates and friends, and for their convenience, here is his address for the remainder of his army life:

Cpl. Malcolm W. McCracken, U. S. 53065759, 45th Signal Co., APO 86, C-O Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Looking Backward Ninety Years . . .

By MATT CURRIN

At the beginning of the New Year, when most of us are looking toward the future, the Maroon and Gold has been looking with interest at the past through the medium of a 90-year-old newspaper, which Mrs. Pearl McDonald, of the Elon College French faculty, kindly loaned to the newspaper staff. The paper is an issue of "The Greensborough Patriot" for Thursday, June 19, 1872.

Reading back into the past through the medium of the printed page, we cannot help being amused at the great change in newspaper make-up and journalistic jargon. There were no headlines, other than small single-line titles, and the manner of headline stories was very different from present style.

For instance, this is how a death story was written at that time. "Died — In the city of Memphis, Tenn., on the 16th of March, 1862, William J. Adams, son of George Adams, esq., in the twentieth year of age. His afflictions were severe and protracted, yet he bore them without a murmur. He was a brave and patriotic soldier, a kind and loving brother, and beloved by all who knew him. He left a fond father, mother and sisters to mourn his loss, yet they will meet him where parting is no more."

Now, we are not laughing at the death of Mr. Adams, but we do wish to call your attention to peculiar expressions and phraseology used. Another death story ends thus: "His only child, about two months old, preceded him to the spirit land only a few days. He leaves behind a widowed and afflicted mother, a devoted wife and an only sister, besides many relatives and friends to mourn his loss. I would say to his friends, 'Mourn not as those who have no hope!'"

The advertisements in those "good ol' days" were just as interesting as the death stories. For example, there was an announcement that "Professor F. B. Maurice, Graduate in Letters and Laws of the University of France, wishes to form classes for ladies and gentlemen, or give private lessons at the residence of the pupils." How unusual that a Frenchman asked to come into the private residences of the ladies to teach. However, the Frenchmen were not the only ones offering such attention, for J. W. Howlett and Son, Dentists, announced that "ladies

will be waited on at their residences if desired."

Even though the "Patriot" was only four printed sheets, the majority of the columns were concerned with the War Between the States, which was then in its second year. There were rewards offered for deserters from the Confederate army, one of them reading thus:

"I will pay a reward of Thirty Dollars each for the apprehension or delivery to me at Camp Mangum, near Raleigh, N. C., of George Alexander, Richard H. Kirkman and Alfred Mendenhall, men who are deserters from my company. Signed, David Scott, Captain, 53 Reg."

The punishment for desertion was most severe, as witnessed another story, which was entitled "Sentenced to Be Shot, etc." It read: "The sentence was that each of them should have his head shaved, be branded on the thigh with the letter D, and be drummed out of camp. The third prisoner, whose name is John Squires, was found guilty of attempting to desert to the enemy and sentenced to be shot to death in the usual manner on Monday."

There were also rewards offered for runaway slaves. One read in part that "George formerly belonged to Mr. Sam Bethel, of Caswell County, and is supposed to be in his former neighborhood. The above reward (\$50 will be given if said negro is confined in jail so that I can get him again."

Among the items concerning the Confederacy and the Civil War was a notice that "President Davis arrived in Raleigh on Sunday afternoon for a brief visit to his family. The President very properly, at this juncture, came without parade and with no herald of his coming, but as an unostentatious citizen in discharge of ordinary duties." It was interesting to note that Abraham Lincoln was referred to only as "Lincoln," while Jefferson Davis was honored with the title of "MORE — MORE — MORE — President" before his name.

There was also an item in the paper on the fall of Memphis, an account of the death of General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson, which had occurred only a few weeks before.

The Civil War caused most of the colleges in the South to close, but the University of North Carolina kept its doors open. The war's effect on that institution,

however, was shown by an account of the University commencement of 1862, which stated that "Twenty-four young gentlemen received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Chapel Hill last week. Of these only sixteen were present to receive their Diplomas and Bibles. The rest were, where all the class will shortly be, serving their country bravely and skillfully in the ranks of the Confederacy."

The story also stated that "there were only five of the fifty-seven Trustees of the University present at the commencement, and in the graduating class there were only twenty-four of the original one hundred twenty-five. Only one parent of a graduate was present, and not one lady came to the Commencement." The program itself disclosed that the valedictorian and salutatorian delivered their addresses in Latin. Special recognition was given one young senior who "had been absent from only one recitation and from no other duty of the 5,000 recitations required in a four-year course at the University."

The student orators were the main feature of the commencement, and not even the Weather Man could bother them. The paper stated that "Although the nights were dark, the lightning was blinding, the thunder startling, the rain in torrents, and the auditors few and far between, the competitors in declamation from the Freshman and Sophomore Classes stood to their posts and bore themselves bravely."

There were other colleges still in operation in this area in 1862, but they were girls' institutions. The old paper included advertisements for Greensborough Female College (now Greensboro College), High Point Female Seminary and Jamestown Female College, and it was interesting to see the courses in the curriculum of these schools. Included were courses in Embroidery, Oriental Painting and the making of Flowers, Wax Flowers, Feather Flowers and Wax Fruit.

Each of the advertisements listed the costs of an education at these schools, with room and board listed at \$1.75 to \$2.50 per week. Each of the special courses had its own price, but it was indicated that a student might take a full scholastic load with a total cost of slightly more than \$100 for sessions of five months length, such cost including board and room.

the moving finger writes

By MATT CURRIN



GOOD WORK, ALPHA PI

I want to take this space and opportunity to congratulate and thank Alpha Pi Delta fraternity particularly and also the students of the college for supporting the Christmas party for the Orphanage children, held under the sponsorship and leadership of Alpha Pi. This, I think, is one of the most wonderful undertakings ever sponsored on the Elon campus.

I think Alpha Pi should be particularly commended since it was that organization that inaugurated this party which has now become an annual event, and also Ralph Edwards should again be given his dues for having conceived the idea in 1947.

Even though other fraternities, sororities, organizations, individuals and groups participated in this undertaking, I took the leadership of the Alpha Pi boys to make it a success. They took the responsibility of sponsoring the party again this year and making sure all things were in order. It was a gigantic task, and it was well done.

I'm sure that everyone was well rewarded for his work when on Wednesday night, December 17th, the party brought so much happiness to our young friends over at the Elon Orphanage.

Dr. Truitt, who is "father" to the 81 children, might well be quoted here. "No one stands so straight as he who stoops to help a child."

In the last issue of the Maroon and Gold, which was the Christmas issue, our associate editor, Jimmy Rhodes, wrote the editorial on "Commercial Christmas." Due to some slip his name was omitted the end of the column, and I would like to give him credit. He did quite a swell job, and we have received quite a few excellent comments. Our thanks to Jimmy for those timely comments.

They tell me that an unofficial source reports from Washington that Harry Truman has finally had to give up all hope of writing the book which he has said he would produce after he "retires" from active duty.

The reason is that General MacArthur, president of Remington-Rand, won't let him have a typewriter.

Did you know . . . If you had started on January 1 in the year 1236 and spent ONE MILLION DOLLARS EVERY DAY of every year since that time, it would still take you until May 8, 1953, to spend as much money as the U. S. Government has collected in taxes since World War II ended.

Those of you who saw the recent movie "Washington Story" may remember the story retold here. I'm not exactly sure I can re-write it as it was told, but here is the general idea:

A Wise Man from the East was wandering across a fertile plain and upon seeing a lonely shepherd he stopped. The Wise Man held up before the shepherd a piece of clear glass and asked, "What do you see?"

The shepherd looked through the clear glass and replied, "I see the rich, green valley, and in the distance a huge mountain towering above us like a great god. I see rich fields, and here and there are scattered houses. I see children at play. I see magnificent trees and beautiful flowers. The sky is blue and there are a few fluffy clouds hinging lazily in the cool morning sky."

The Wise Man removed the clear glass and held before him a mirror and asked the shepherd, "Now what do you see?"

The shepherd replied, "I see only myself."

Then the Wise Man answered, "What a difference a little silver makes."



A Line O' Type Or Two

By PATSY MELTON

is being run over by them. I was talking to a friend the other day and he mentioned the fact that so many of the Blivises were coming down with a mysterious disease. He diagnosed it as skevels, but I totally disagree. If it were skevels, the Grejols would be affected, and I haven't seen one that looked even slightly bewozed. Of course there are so many Beowezan sticks these days that they are probably immunized. I don't think there's any cause for alarm.

Ah, the music building is a wonderful place! You sit in a corner, quietly listening, and just as you become interested in Grieg's 2nd Piano Concerto, a soprano starts to peal, "I think I can, La la la." At the moment you start to think that perhaps she can, the organ roars on, and then a tenor starts on "E lucevan le stelle." Two-thirds of the music majors evidently practice yoga. If not, how on earth do you account for the powers of concentration that are evident in that hall. "Hello, hello, and how are you?"

If you've heard this oldy, just turn on over to the sports page. 'cause I intend to relate that sad tale entitled "I Had Eighteen Bottles," which I picked up from some of my reading. I had eighteen bottles of whiskey in my cellar and was

Ah, for the castles of Spain! And as we rode along the dark roadway, thoughts raced through my mind, bringing gay memories, sad memories, melancholy. I thought of you, and you, and you—and here and there a tear fell for some lost moment, some forsaken opportunity. Between the tears, a smile for a moment, a smile for a moment, a smile for a moment, a smile for a moment, a smile for a moment. New Year's Eve. Oh, lost!

A Thought To Ponder (From A. Noonie Moose)

The ash from a cigarette Flicks for a moment and dies— That flares for an instant and it's dark—

A star in forgotten skies, An infinity without regret. Such bravado to exist at all! Such conceit to glow and burn Mid darkened ashes in a battered urn

Supported by a crumbling wall Standing and waiting its time to fall. Its brief hour to glow and burn Upon a planet, also bound To fall upon some lonely ground.

Have you noticed all the Blivises running around? The place