

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.

EDITORIAL BOARD

- Matt Currin Editor-in-Chief
- Lynn Cashion Associate Editor
- James Rhodes Assistant Editor
- Patsy Melton Music Editor
- Cooper Walker Art Editor
- Reuben Askew Staff Photographer
- Luther N. Byrd Faculty Advisor

BUSINESS BOARD

- James Rhodes Business Manager
- Joe Brankley Circulation Manager
- Lynn Cashion Press Operator

SPORTS STAFF

- Gary Sears Sports Editor
- Mike Rauseo Asst. Sports Editor
- Don Merrimon Sports Assistant

REPORTERS

- Ronnie Black Bill Renn
- Doris Chrismon Bobby Rogers
- David Crowle John Roberts
- Ervin Durham Lillian Trogdon
- Cletus Peacock Wendell Trogdon
- Carroll Reid John Truitt

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1953

THE MAN OF VISION

Who is The Man of Vision? What is he? Someone once wrote "When there is no vision the people perish." This is quite true.

The Man of Vision walks with both feet planted firmly on the ground and with eyes focused on something beyond the stars. He realizes the Eternal purposefulness of the universe and his place in the sun.

Whittier once wrote, "When Faith is lost, when honor dies, the man is dead." Therefore, this Man of Vision is a man of honor, of integrity, of devotion. He has faith in God, faith in man, and faith in himself. When faith is left out, doom takes over.

It is essential that our Man of Vision stand up for what he believes to be right no matter who may disagree—this is his duty. A person is worth nothing if he does not stand for something. And it is even worse when a person stands for something and does not have the strength nor the will to maintain his position. Our very life and struggle for existence depend on what our position is and how well we represent what we believe.

The Man of Vision must practice what he preaches every day of his life. There is no room for hypocrisy in the characteristics which mark the Man of Vision. Hypocrisy is a grave sin and one which is practiced in abundance.

The Man of Vision recognizes the fundamental goodness in all mankind. He recognizes bodily limitations and spiritual eternity. The individual is the acme of the creative process. Moral law is the law of God and human experience has demonstrated that it is an irrevocable and immutable as natural law.

Therefore, the Man of Vision is a man who is forgiving and understanding. He is that one who is in every sense of the word a friend. He does not spread false rumors or preach false doctrines.

The Man of Vision does not compromise. No, he does not compromise with anyone and certainly not with himself. Compromise is ruled out by determination and positiveness. He who is sure of his stand never compromises. He who compromises sells his usefulness, his purposefulness and his own strength. There can be no compromise with truth, no compromise with right, no compromise with purpose.

This, then, is the Man of Vision. Have you seen him around lately?—Currin.



cash
on the
spot

By LYNN CASHION

The other night, after my usual hard day's work, I dragged my weary bones up three flights of stairs to my humble abode in North Dorm. (That's the dorm with the central ventilation at no extra charge.) As customary, I retreated down the stairs (three flights) for my cold shower (they might as well have only one faucet). Returning to my room, I donned my dressing robe and settled back in my easy chair with my favorite pipe for half an hour of turning to my room, I donned my dressing seemed no time until the clock chimed to announce the time in the wee hours . . . long past my regular time of retirement.

I returned the Rubykat to its resting place in my library, blew out the lamp and retired to my boudoir for the night. After adjusting the pillows and counterpane, I stretched on my feather mattress and enjoyed a relaxing yawn that relieved every muscle of my weary body, which candidly hinted that the Sandman was on the way. However, the blessing of sleep was not to be mine, for my mind began to wander, pondering over one thing and another. I realized then that I was in for another of those dreadful nights when problems of the day refused to vacate the mind and leave it to the peace it so richly deserves. After what seemed hours of deep thought over campus affairs, both domestic and foreign, I finally arrived at a state of complete exhaustion and then slipped away into a light but refreshing slumber.

After forty winks and as many vibrating snores, I fell suddenly from the clouds of sleep, and my now conscious mind sensed a peculiar and unfamiliar scratching in my sitting room. Who was in my suite? Curiosity and suspense, nerve-rackingly mingled, dared my trembling anatomy into the room whence came the noise. With a feeling that some weird beast might pounce upon my unprotected being, I fumbled nervously as I tried to light the oil lamp. My person was transfixed, perspiring nervously, as the illumination from my match cast a flickering light that was reflected in a pair of huge and glossy eyes, staring at me from behind the drapes at my window. To what beast did those shining eyes belong?

Suddenly the gleaming eyes disappeared, and by this time the match had burned down to my finger-tips and breathed its last. I had to act quickly, perhaps to protect my very life. F hurriedly, I struck another match and lighted the lamp, which threw a reassuring light throughout the room. My eyes glanced searchingly into every nook and corner, trying to focus on what might be my assassin. It was only seconds till I located my foe. There it was crouching beside the divan, and I summoned all my courage and strength to advance nearer, bravely thrusting the divan aside so the light could replace the shadows that enveloped the mysterious creature.

To my surprise and delight, there was my feared enemy crouching meekly, shivering as though it were as frightened of me as I had been of it . . . a harmless baby squirrel.

Having never encountered a squirrel at such close range, being skeptical of his temperament and dubious of personal contact, I found a box suitable for use as a trap. His gaze continued in an air of suspicion as I made a quick jump and slapped the box over him. Success was mine. The baby squirrel was captured, and I placed the box on my bureau and retired again to my sleeping chamber, highly pleased at the success of my trapping venture.

No sooner had I reclined comfortably on the bed once more than I heard the same scratching break the stillness of the night. Lighting the lamp once more, I found that the squirrel had gnawed his way to freedom. This time a towel was the means of abduction, but the little rascal bobbed his head from under the towel and deliberately attempted to masticate my index finger, and this convinced me that I should sever relations promptly with my little tormentor.

Indignantly, not to mention the pain in the turn of events, I raised the window and ejected the villain, and for the third and final time I retired to battle hopelessly with insomnia, assured of only one thing . . . there's something to that French proverb . . . Laissez Faire!

Life In America And At . . .

Elon Seen Through European Eyes

By LUUK GROOT

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of a series of articles by an Elon exchange student from Holland.)

When I arrived on the Elon campus as one of the Fulbright exchange students, I had to adjust myself to a great many things. The meals were one thing. At home they are rather different. The basis of our breakfast is bread, converted into a sort of open-faced sandwich, known as a "boterham." On the bread goes first the butter, which is mostly margarine, and the cheese, jam, peanut butter or other things of that kind. It is eaten, not as a sandwich, but with knife and fork. There is no fruit juice on the table, but we usually drink tea, sometimes with a little milk in it.

On Sunday there will be an egg, because they are too expensive for everyday. At about 11 o'clock we have our mid-morning cup of coffee. Our coffee is prepared with a small amount of concentrated coffee and a larger amount of boiled milk. Actually coffee was the last thing that was still rationed, but since January, 1952, it has been off coupons. We are very pleased now with our cup of coffee, although it is expensive. I think it is something about being imported and costing dollars.

Lunch is another "boterham" meal, solidly resting on a bread foundation, accompanied by either coffee or milk, and in the afternoon about 4 o'clock we have tea. Dinner is the one hot meal of the day, when there is a big quantity of potatoes, vegetables, and only once or twice a week we have meat. There is no bread at all at this meal. Later in the evening we have another cup of coffee.

Table Manners Differ

We eat all the time with fork and knife together and no hands under the table. In the beginning, while learning to eat as you do, I chased my food all over the plate with my fork, but finally I got used to eating as you do. I wonder what mother will say when I come home, eating in an American way. Then I will have to change manners again.

Another thing that struck me were the many billboards everywhere which spoil the beautiful scenery, and the commercials on the radio which don't add much to the programs, if I may say so. In Holland, as in most European countries, we pay each year a little tax for the radio so we can do without commercials.

We have four radio societies, all four in my home town sharing the facilities of the two transmitters. Furthermore, we have another station on the short-wave band, which broadcasts overseas. In

NO FLOOD NEWS

Luuk Groot, Elon student from Holland, who is the author of this article, had not at this writing received any news from her home as to whether the storms and floods that harassed the Netherlands last week had done any damage at her home town of Hilversum.

Press dispatches told of dikes broken and large areas of Holland flooded, with hundreds reported dead. However, the Elon transfer student stated that she believed that her home in central Holland would be far enough inland to escape the ravaging floods.

most of the homes is a radio, but not usually more than one. We can also hear the programs of all the other European countries.

There are here in America far more modern conveniences such as television, washers, refrigerators, radios and cars. I don't say that we don't have them, but not in such a large amount, and you should realize that you should be very grateful for those things.

The cities I have seen thus far do not seem to give as much attention as ours do to beautification, probably because America is still a young country and building with more attention to speed than to beauty. Where most of our houses are built of stone with a roof of colored tiles, most of the houses here are built of wood.

I had expected the homes here to be more modernly furnished in this modern country, but I found instead that Americans seem to cherish antique things, simply because they are a couple of hundred years old and without noticing whether they are really beautiful. I hope you don't mind that I tell these things, perhaps I can't yet judge, and my opinion may be wrong.

Americans Are Friendly

The people I have met thus far are extremely nice and friendly. In the beginning I could tell in the least how old the girls were, because they use already make-up in the beginning of high school, while we in Holland begin this mostly at the age of seventeen or eighteen.

The girls in the South are rather much different from those in the North, especially on account of sports, of which most of the girls are not very fond. The sports which are popular at home are field hockey, rowing, skating, tennis, volley ball, soccer, swimming, sailing, soft ball, ping pong and others. When you are used to doing those things almost every day, you miss it an awful lot.



A Line O' Type Or Two

By PATSY MELTON

Restless and ceaseless while gods converse
On fate and chance Who can tell
To what retreat it might repair?
O weary, haunted, damned soul.
What is thy rest? Where is thy goal?
X.
I know both life and what it is to die.
And I know what it is to walk with pain,
For you are gone, and only thoughts remain.
You they sing and you they magnify.
You they laugh and you — I only
And walk alone down some dreary lane
To watch my life lie dying in the rain
That falls from out the lightning-ravaged sky.
You are gone, and what is left to me?
What is there when very life fled?
For when you went, with you

Further, the girls over here do more smoking, perhaps because it cost less than at home. In Holland cigarettes cost 75 cents per pack, but the imported American and British cigarettes are at least twice as much.

The English language was not hard for me to learn, perhaps because the American influence is so great in Western Europe. I found French and German much harder than English, but when I came down South I really could not understand the southern drawl, but now I don't notice it anymore, and maybe I even speak to you all with a southern drawl myself.

Schools Are Different

The school system in Holland is quite different from the American system. Our elementary school last six years, and the children go to school when they are six. Then you choose your high school, which last four or six years. The six-year schools compare with something like your high school and junior college together. I went to a school like that.

You have to take all the courses that are given, but you can define in a way the kind of study you want to do when you choose your school, because each school offers different courses. In my school you could choose again between two directions in your fourth year, one direction offering more languages and the other more science and mathematics. My sister, for example, is in a school where you choose twice once among four directions in the second year and again between two directions in the fifth year. You specialize more the older you get. Still, I think I prefer more freedom in the choice of courses.

Almost all the schools are co-educational, except a few girls schools, and many are supported by the government. After finishing at one of these schools you can enter one of the universities. Our university students never live on campus. Instead, they live in boarding houses in town. Our university students, too, are developed to a more mature level, most of them not entering until they are already eighteen years old.

No Daily Assignments

No homework or exercises for every day are to be checked. The professor gives a certain amount of material to be studied, and it is not obligatory to attend lectures. When you think you have the material, the professor gives you an examination, so it depends a great deal on you how fast you advance.

One might say that American colleges adapt themselves to the level of the student, while in

(Continued on Page Four)

the
moving finger
writes

By MATT CURRIN



The following letter was written by an Elon alumnus, William H. Maness, to an Elon freshman who was seriously considering leaving school to enlist in the Air Corps. Mr. Maness writes as one who knows, for he was himself a distinguished Navy flier in the Pacific Theater throughout World War II, and this letter is published with his consent because we feel that it deserves the attention of every thinking student. The letter follows:

"I am quite disgraced to hear that you are considering abandoning a civilian education in favor of a military experiment (because that is what it is), but I fully understand the patriotic and economic considerations that prompted you to make that decision. I've travelled the same road myself and experienced those same impulses, but fortunately for me they came after I had completed my four years of college education.

Now, if you will, sit down and reason with me along these lines. In the world in which we live today we have come to place achievement and success on a level, with and in terms of income and economic gain. You are ambitious, young, energetic and smart, and yet you are experiencing a feeling of frustration because, with all of these abilities, you cannot measure up to achievement and success on the false standards in the world about you.

No doubt you would like to be economically independent and free from the necessity of calling on your family for money. Therefore, you are grasping for quick independence, a short cut to apparent success by our false standards, which can be temporarily achieved in the present world crisis, when attention is focused on naval and military activities.

But you must see beyond the next two to five years in order to set your life on a course that will take you to lasting achievement and success, whatever the crisis may be.

You know a little about building. You've seen them lay the foundations of houses cut here in our neighborhood, and the usual foundation is concrete, four to six inches thick and eighteen to twenty inches wide. That is enough foundation for a one-story house, but in our lives we seek to build more than one-story houses. We must lay a foundation for a skyscraper, because that is the potential that you have in you if you lay the proper foundation.

If you have ever watched the building of a skyscraper, you have observed that before the building begins to go up above the level of the ground and towards the sky, the engineers spend weeks and months going down into the ground in the unspectacular job of finding a firm foundation of bed rock on which to begin. Oh sure, the people in the street do not measure the achievement of the engineers and the contractors until they begin to see the building rise above the ground, but such a building could not stand if it were not for the foundation in bed rock.

What I'm trying to say to you is that a four-year college education is the bed rock on which any lasting achievement and success must be built. These four years are the times when you are digging down in order to lay a foundation upon which you can build success. By and large, its routine is unspectacular and frustrating at times, but it can be fun and exciting too when it is viewed as an engineering problem.

In the world in which we live today we cannot build a lasting success without the foundation of a college education. One of the principal criticisms that has been directed towards a college education is that when a person gets out he is qualified in general but not qualified for any specific thing. That is what makes the Air Force appeal to you so much now, because you can see quick achievement and quick success, but without that basic A.B. degree your success will be short-lived, and in terms of years as you grow older you will reach a point beyond which you will find it difficult or impossible to go.

There may come a time when you will be forced to abandon your college education, but the further you go before you are called to serve your country, the better chance you will have to get at least your A.B. degree before answering the call.

(Continued on Page Four)