

# Maroon And Gold

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1953

## OURSELVES

### AND OUR HONOR SYSTEM

(A Guest Editorial)

To say that the student government of Elon College is at a crucial point is to say nothing new. Even if we have not heard this more than once, any one of us should be able to realize that this statement is true. But why? Surely we have good student material to draw from for leadership. We are not lacking in knowledge of how to proceed as citizens of a small government and as controllers of our own affairs. We have access to sympathetic and helpful advice.

Here is composed a varied student body; varied in ages, backgrounds, experiences, religious beliefs, and goals. If variety, then, is the spice of life and provides personalities with the extra something needed to make things "click," we really have a gold mine of possibilities. This mass of differences would seem to be a veritable wealth of clay, ready to be molded into whatever form we desire.

All of us no doubt, have benefited by associations here. A good many of us have been helped in the growing-up process by contact with other persons whom we might never have met otherwise. We can, as a student body, take mature views on important issues—whether we do or not is another question.

Again, why do we find ourselves confronted with a system which falls far short of what it could and should be? It seems to me that the reason we are in this stage is that we have forgotten that such virtues as honor, respect, truth, and decency were existing long before we ever came into being and found ways to avoid them.

A student government, like a chain, can not be any stronger than its weakest link. The Honor System here is an important link in the chain which is our student government, and the fate of the Honor System will definitely influence the fate of our student government. The two can not be separated.

The Honor Council is not an agency which will necessarily make Elon College a better place to be simply by frequent and ruthless use of its authority. It is true that a good many happenings are brought to the Council, and decisions are reached. However, it is with a view to the future of honor on Elon's campus and not with malice to any group or individual that such decisions are made.

Of course, it is hard and even impossible for everyone to agree on the need for an Honor Council and to respect the decisions of such a group. An ideal school, with reference to honor systems, would be one in which the students gradually could bring about a condition of conduct that would work its Honor Council out of a job. But we are not living in an ideal situation. Not one of us is perfect, and for every person who sincerely tries to live a clean, wholesome life, there may be some other



cash  
on the  
spot

By LYNN CASHION

We, as students of Elon College, owe a debt of gratitude to the Board of Trustees of our college, for its members have heard our petition for the abrogation of Compulsory Church and Sunday School and have rendered a ruling entirely favorable to the students' cause. They are truly leaders who lead with understanding and foresight.

However, I feel compelled to point out to my fellow students that the discarding of this 60-year-old rule does not by any means endorse absence from church. It has merely transferred the obligation of the individual student from a duty demanded by the college into a duty that the individual owes to himself or herself.

The Burlington Times-News, commenting in its editorial column on Wednesday afternoon of last week in regard to the action of the Board of Trustees, paid high tribute to the members of that body and praised the wisdom of their act. For the benefit of those who failed to see the editorial in the Burlington paper, I quote it below:

"Trustees of Elon College moved forward wisely and with understanding yesterday when they discarded a 60-year-old rule requiring students to attend Church and Sunday School every Sunday on the campus, when off campus, and to write an explanation of any circumstances preventing their attendance."

"Elon College is a Christian denominational school. It has emphasized Religious Education, as a character building structure, along with its progressive academic curriculums."

"Action of the trustees supports a resolution of protest adopted by the student legislature, addressed to the trustees on January 15."

"The resolution said forced attendance violates Christian principles because it deprives students of the private judgment and liberty of conscience."

"The resolution pointed out further, that the requirement was detrimental to the school's honor system because it encouraged students to forge attendance slips. Students who failed to attend services two Sundays were punished by the loss of an academic quarter hour."

"Rules and regulations that impose or seek to impose, church attendance defeat their purpose however well-founded in spiritual intent to be constructive. The freedom, liberty-loving American dislikes force in any form. He dislikes it more when it seeks to dictate his adherence to any religious ritual except of his own choice, or church attendance."

"There is a wholesome, inspirational uplift in the atmosphere of worship. But the appeal must be personal, voluntarily expressive of the desire, if it becomes fixed and comforting in the everyday life of the individual."

"Action of the trustees of Elon College removes the cause of one campus sin, bitterness against a regulation attempting force in the matter of church attendance and in many instances 'forgeries' indicating attendance to avoid penalties."

The present "freedom reigns" in the matter of church attendance on or off the campus should witness greater attendance, supplementing that who attend church and Sunday School regularly without compulsion by those who feel better about it now that they may decide for themselves. The student legislature should lend every possible encouragement to regular attendance by all."

person who looks for the opportunity to do what he and society know to be wrong.

It is necessary for this reason to have a body with the responsibility of trying to encourage right thinking, and to punish violators. Decisions which appear harsh to many people are not intended as such. The future policies of this college depend on what we do with challenges today. Whether or not Elon College will be respected in years to come depends upon the choices made by her student body now.

Far more important, though, than the existence of an Honor Council on the campus is the existence of honor and right-thinking in the minds and hearts of ourselves. We can do something about this, but it will require time—time to educate ourselves in holding high ideals and time to develop a better philosophy of conduct. When we come around to realizing that, after all, only those things which are good and right have been strong enough to last for years, then we may begin to think of ourselves as making progress in a way becoming to college students.—Judy Ingram.

# Something About Customs In Holland

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third and final article of a series of features written by an Elon exchange student from Holland.)

By LUUK GROUT

During my stay here at Elon I have had a chance to observe and take part in American college life, and I have been able to observe many things in the life of the people of the outside world, but I am anxious to learn more of everyday life in America.

With that in view, I plan during the coming summer to go to California to visit my Dutch girl friend, going by the southern route and returning with her by the northern route. I had dreamed of hitch-hiking to California, but everybody fell down with a thud and said that was something impossible for me to do. My parents are glad of that, but still it is a pity to think of all my dollars which I now have to spend on the bus.

## The Race Problem

Since I have not had a chance to talk with many of the colored people themselves, I have not learned much about the negro problem. Besides the good things which are done for them, there are other things. I simply cannot say, for instance, how much their housing, as I saw it in Charleston, shocked me.

It does not seem to me that they can be blamed too much for their morals, which are perhaps lower at times than those of the white people, because their chances for a higher education seem limited, and many people still seem to think that they have less rights in society than the rest of the population. Only a short time ago, for instance, I heard a bus driver say, "You colored people move to the back so the passengers can have a seat." However, I understand that this is a difficult problem that cannot be solved in a short time.

I could go on and on telling you of my impressions and opinions, now that I have been here nearly six months, but I am convinced that a year is too short to get to know everything, and I often wish that I did not have to leave in August. On the other hand, I'll be glad to see my family again, because I miss them much and often.

## Telling Of Holland

Before I quit I'll tell you something more of my own Holland, which is situated north of Belgium, west of Germany and opposite England. There is a saying that "God created the world with the exception of Holland, which was created by the Dutchmen themselves," and there is a lot of truth in it.

More than half of the country is below sea level, so the land, which is gradually reclaimed from

## SAFE FROM FLOOD

Since the publication of the preceding issue of the Maroon and Gold, Luuk Groot, who presents here the last of her articles concerning her experiences as a Fulbright exchange student, states that she has received news of her family and that the family escaped injuries and damage in the great floods that swept over much of Holland recently.

At the time the floods struck three weeks ago, she informed Maroon and Gold staff members that she felt that her home community would be far enough inland to escape the floods that struck when the winter storms broke the dikes in many places and loosed a ravaging wall of sea water to sweep over the country.

Such floods pose a tremendous problem for the Dutch people, who must reclaim the land from the sea and clear the soil of salt before crops will grow again. The author points out this problem in this article, in which she tells of efforts to rebuild the country after the German occupation during World War II.

the sea, has to be protected by dikes against the water. The recent floods are an example of the problem that always confronts the Dutch people. The windmills, which are often replaced by pumping stations now, have the task of keeping the land dry.

Except for a few hills in the east and south, the land is completely flat, so when we want to see mountains we have to go to other countries. I will probably get to see some mountains here in America. At least I hope so.

Holland is the most densely populated country in Europe. I'll mention some figures, for I notice that Americans seem fond of them. The Dutch area is only 13,025 square miles, and it has a population density of 769 to the square mile, compared with 49 to the square mile in the United States.

## Many Good Roads

There are many good roads all over Holland, and you see more bicycles than anywhere else. This is also due to the fact that distances are much shorter than in any other country.

One thing that has struck me after visiting other countries is the fact that everything looks so clean in Holland, the houses and the gardens in particular, and the gay, green meadows. One sees a great many very old towns with walls and big gateways, and when you enter those you feel as if you were back in the Middle Ages.

The Dutch climate is a sea climate, with mild winters and cool

summers. Right now it is snowing and freezing at home, and I miss it that I cannot go skating, straight over the wide lakes and along the canals between the snow-covered fields.

Holland is one of the oldest democracies, and it has for centuries been a haven of refuge for those who have had to flee their own countries for religious or political reasons. It is reigned over by Queen Juliana, but in fact, she has to obey the government completely.

## Wearing Wooden Shoes

Many people have asked me about the wooden shoes. Don't think that everybody wears them, for mostly the farmers and fishermen use them, that because they are warm, dry and comfortable. If you do not have feet too big, I'll be glad for you to try mine, which I brought with me. One also sees in some parts of the country the typical Dutch costumes. The one I brought, for instance, is worn in a fishing village at the coast. The younger people nowadays, however, prefer to wear the more usual and comfortable clothes, so the use of the old Dutch costumes is decreasing.

Our country is now recovered from the war, thanks to the working spirit of the people and to the help through the Marshall Plan, but the country was much damaged, not only by the bombs but also by the water. Just before the Germans retired they destroyed the dikes so that miles and miles of beautiful and fertile soil, with many farms and villages, was drowned, and it took several years before submerged land could be de-salted, a process which was necessary before we could use it again to build up our orchards and to grow vegetables such as wheat and potatoes.

## One Horrible Winter

In the horrible winter of 1944 the part of the country north of the big rivers where I live, which was not yet liberated by the First Canadian Army was systematically starved out by the Germans. The average caloric value of the food rations, which before the war had been about 3,000 calories per person daily, had by the spring of 1945 fallen to 400 calories. Finally on May 5, 1945 we were liberated.

I'll ask in closing if I perhaps, can put some of my books about Holland, many with pictures, in the Library, where they may be seen by all the students, for those who will show and tell things better than I can tell them.

I know that several facts and opinions which I have told you were not too well formed, but I hope you will forgive me and make clear the things with which you may disagree, and I hope, too, that you will ask me about any other things you want to know. I am sure I will be delighted to tell you as much as I can.

the  
moving finger  
writes

By MATT CURRIN

## O WIND THAT BLOWS

I  
O Wind that blows  
from out the dark  
and through the light,  
Blowing over hill and dale  
and through the countless  
days and nights  
That have no end.  
The day was clear  
and so the night that showed  
the full and starry sky  
that ran from earth up, up, up,  
and all around,  
The vast and infinite space,  
portraying life.  
Yes, all is clear on earth tonight.

## II

Whence does it come?  
Where does it go?  
That wind which calls to me and you  
in tones of bass and treble too,  
In tones so loud but yet so soft,  
O Wind, what song for me this night?

## III

I lift my eyes and there behold a cloud  
so dark and full of fear  
that I cry out,  
for what is this I see?  
The night was clear . . .  
but now its purity has become  
clouded with some dark thing.  
Is it real?  
Or is it something lodged in eyes  
that search and finally see?

The night was light and free and clear,  
but now it has a malignant thing  
Which seems to rock the sky,  
the earth  
and even life itself!  
The majestic tones once full and free,  
The very sounds of beauty and life  
I saw have now become a force,  
destroying all within its wake . . .  
The trees,  
The birds, and all that once  
was good and bad.  
My heart cries out . . .  
"What will become," I ask,  
"of all that once was clear?"

## IV

On blows the wind, but now a gale  
from mountain peak to ocean shore  
and shaking at the very core  
Of all things north and south . . .  
and even east and west.  
"Where will it end?  
Will its result cause  
death in every heart  
and pain in every breast?"

## V

O Light, when wilt thou shine  
and drive the darkness out of earth,  
and sky  
and ocean deep?  
But I behold a startling truth  
that Wind and War are one,  
And only time will prove that light  
can conquer dark.  
And then the sky that once was black  
grows thin in one small spot.  
And through that spot a flash of light  
comes flooding into view, for  
Light was ever Dark.

## VI

The dark had struck  
and seemingly had ended all  
that once was good and proud.  
But instant of time for man the light  
came through the dark.  
And in a swift and sudden flash . . .  
the dark was gone  
and light remained.  
And down on earth Man once again  
began to build  
the house, the store, the church.  
Yes, all was light again.  
The wind had come, the wind had gone,  
And drowning out the funeral dirge,  
the children's voices sang.



# A Line O' Type Or Two

By PATSY MELTON

storm, his head held high. The raindrops he had so callously disregarded beat upon him with savage intensity. His head lowered. What had a moment ago seemed unimportant was now a gigantic, irresistible force. The raindrops had become a stream, a river, a sea, and the powerful man drowned in the depths of a raindrop. Proud power fails. The eternal is.

Leroy is a clown, not in the circus sense of the word, but nevertheless, he is a clown. People go to him when they are depressed and Leroy makes them laugh and forget their troubles.

But to whom can Leroy turn when his heart is breaking? Who can understand a clown's suffering? He does not paint his face, but the eternal smile he wears is a mask, a cell, a dungeon from which there is no escape.

"Smile, Leroy, smile though a

knife is turning in your mind. Be gay and make us laugh! Who cares if you have a soul, a heart?" These are the words he hears day after day. Do you know Leroy?

The ugly duckling swam around the pond all alone. The other birds and the beasts all laughed at her because she was so funny looking. She didn't really mind their shunning her, for she knew that someday she would be a beautiful swan. She tried so hard and planned such a beautiful life for herself, and she was contented and happy for a time.

Then she grew up. No song came from her mouth and only a tear was there to brighten up her eye. She had tried too hard, planned too high. She had not developed into the lovely creature of her imagination. The other birds and beasts still laughed at her. She swam down the stream alone.