

Maroon And Gold

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1953

THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE

This is truly an age of mysteries, and the Mysteries of life are many and perplexing. They cause fear, worry, disillusionment, and wonder to reign in many a heart. The heartaches and problems of our civilization are hard to bear.

We see our friends die on the bloody field of battle in war-torn Korea. We feel the pangs of disease and death all about us. Perhaps we even at times cry out as Christ did upon the cross, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me." When these things occur, and occur they will in the future as they have in the past, we must look beyond the present and into the Eternal and realize, perhaps more significantly than anything else, that God is sovereign and supreme, and that even though things seem hard to bear the light will break through. For after all, is it not true that "after the rain comes sunshine."

This fundamental truth, which is challenged by some liberals even on our own campus, goes back to the beginning of time. "In the beginning there was nothing but God. He created all things, and in so doing is sovereign and supreme, complete in power and holiness.

As we thumb through our Old Testament, we see time and time again where God drew the veil aside between the Infinite and the earthly. We actually see God, then as now, operating in the historical process, using human life in His eternal purpose for life. Our hearts beat fast with joy when we realize that there is an eternal purpose for every human life and every event, even though our tear-filled eyes may not see it at times.

Perhaps in this stage of the game when we seniors leave Elon to take our place in the affairs of men, we may ask ourselves if God actually cares for us. The answer is "Yes." We see the supreme revelation of when God actually drew the veil aside and stepped out onto the stage of life in the form of his only begotten Son, who came to free man from the sins of Adam and teach the Truth of life, death, and of the mysteries of life, how to trust in God and wait patiently for Him.

Now, today in our civilization we are, I think, face to face with the most serious problem ever to threaten the American nation. This threat is not Communism, rather it is the growing malignancy of wretched Liberalism, which will, if not defeated, wreck the world and destroy all that we are and ever hope to be. Liberalism dares to defy the sovereignty of God, the holiness of the Christian religion, and turn it into merely an ethical way of life.

We need the strength of fundamental religion and the return to the unbending faith of the Calvinists who settled our nation.

Therefore, when the questions of life, the Mysteries of life, become so great that we feel the burdens too hard to bear; when we feel we are forsaken and lost; when the pangs of our own war-torn world are shaking the very foundations of all that is decent and good; let us remember that no matter where we may wander in the years to come, we are after all in the protecting hands of the Almighty.—CURRIN.

bullets in the bull's-eye

By TOM TARGETT



WORKING DEPARTMENT: Bobby Stewart, Jimmy Dalton, Charlie Swicegood, and Sherrill Hall have offers to play ball in Nova Scotia. Nice summer work. . . . George Barron transfers to Duke this summer. There's talk about new drapes for Whitley Auditorium. . . . Tommy Madren elected president of the Ministerial Association. . . . Phil Mann in putting lights on cupola crossed wires, resulting in a short circuit for the siren. . . . Some profs used this as excuse to increase the time exposure of their subject on their sterling studious students who clock classes. . . . Basketball tryouts underway. . . . Jimmy Rhodes to wed this summer. . . . Tau Zetas to spend week at Ocean Drive Beach, S. C. after commencement. . . . Dr. Smith traveled 30,000 miles since Sept. collecting \$300,000 in cash and pledges for Elon. . . . Jimmy Luke to work in bookstore next year. . . . California to be popular summer retreat for Elonites. . . . Dean Black, Hazel Walker, Luuk Groot to spend vacation there. . . . Mal Bennett looked like a "Jim Thorpe" at the North State Conference track meet. . . . International flavor to spice incoming freshman class. . . . Applications from: Violet Zarou and Leila Khoury in Ramallah, Jordan. . . . Yang Ki Seuck, Korea. . . . Atalita Chegwin, Barranquilla, Colombia, South America. . . . Sorry to hear that Luuk Groot is returning home in August. . . . Paul and Dot Shepherd announce birth of baby boy, 7 lbs. 12 oz. in weight, Dot worked in bookstore part of the year. . . . Jimmy Rhodes to be soloist in the choir's presentation of Brahms' "Requiem" at commencement. . . . Having heard a request for an editorial on the Honor System, I feel that the following quotation is ample. . . . "Under the Honor System you are on your honor not to cheat, steal or lie; and if you see another student doing so, you are on your honor to report him to the Honor Council." . . . "Nuf said! Now, we need a little action. . . . Roger Phelps to be editor of the Phi Psi Cli. . . . York Brannock to be his business manager. . . . The choir had a "Roarin' Twenties" party. . . . Gad what taste they had in clothes back then. . . . After reading the Colonades, Who is Janet Forester Welch?? . . . The initials JFW look familiar!!! . . . Clubhouse mascot: Mevrage "Meb" Jernigan. . . . The boys are looking for a home for this peppy pup. . . . Hats off to Mrs. McDonald and her French students for the painting of their classroom. . . . Players to have banquet. . . . their last official function under their director, Elizabeth R. Smith. . . . Hers has been a job well done. . . . A small but appreciative audience attended the "Meb" Jernigan concert. . . . I was disappointed that "Meb" wasn't there, but thankful that Joe Baige and Judy Chadwick substituted in the clinch. . . . Jr. Class had a picnic at Moonclon. . . . Building up some class spirit. . . . Jack James caught a 5 lb. 2 oz. bass at the college pond last week. . . . Need a few more fish that size and have them served on Friday night. . . . Jerry Loy painting the Alpha Psi Omega room. . . . Clean-up Day work is still going on. . . . Clubhouse in process of painting roof. . . . A. H. Patterson elected president of Day Students. . . . Couldn't have picked a better man.

Borrowed Items

Thumbnail definitions of political philosophy.

SOCIALISM—You have two cows—you give one to your neighbor.

COMMUNISM—You have two cows—the government takes both and gives you the milk.

FASCISM—You have two cows—the government takes both and sells you the milk.

NAZISM—You have two cows—the government takes both and shoots you.

NEW DEALISM—You have two cows—the government takes both, shoots one, milks the other and throws the milk away.

CAPITALISM—You have two cows—you sell one and buy a bull. (From the Maroon and Gold '49).

PREDICTIONS: That the rising Soph class will fall into line with the classes past and have the usual unorganized "Rat Week" next fall. . . . That frats and sororities will consider getting big name band for a Pan Hellenic dance. . . . Godwin will not run for pres. next year. . . . At the request of the VP, Prof. Danleley briefed the legislaturer of the ways of parliamentary procedure. . . . After which, they then dispensed with parliamentary rules. . . . Happy summer to all!

SEVEN OUTSTANDING MEN TO RECEIVE HONORARY DEGREES AT COMMENCEMENT



REV. CHESTER ALEXANDER



REV. WILLIAM L. CLEGG



REV. EDWARD W. W. LEWIS



REV. HENRY E. ROBINSON

Seven eminent men in the fields of theology, music and business will receive honorary degrees from Elon College at the forthcoming 1953 commencement, one of the seven degrees being deferred from last year due to the inability of the recipient to attend the commencement last spring. Five of this group are ministers, three of them being pastors of churches in Burlington. Those to be honored follow:

REV. CHESTER ALEXANDER (top left), pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Burlington, a native of South Carolina and a graduate of The Citadel and the Union Theological Seminary. He has held several pastorates in North Carolina and numerous church offices.

REV. WILLIAM L. CLEGG (center left), pastor of the Front Street Methodist Church in Burlington, a native of North Carolina and a graduate of Duke University. He has held pastorates and figured prominently in Methodist activities in the state since 1924.

REV. HENRY E. ROBINSON (bottom left), pastor of the Congregational Christian Church of Burlington, a native of Texas and graduate of Rice Institute and Hartford Seminary. He held pastorates in New England before coming to Burlington in 1950.

REV. EDWARD W. W. LEWIS (top right), pastor of United Congregational Church in Norwich, Conn., a graduate of Ohio University and Harvard. He has held several pastorates in New England. He is to preach the Baccalaureate sermon Sunday.

REV. GEORGE G. PARKER (third right), member of faculty of New England Conservatory of Music, graduate of Columbia and of music schools in America and abroad, who is well known as both a teacher and composer of music.

HON. HARRY L. OLDEN (bottom right), of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has been highly successful in business and a leader in the civic life of his city for many years. His degree was carried over from last year.



REV. EDWARD W. W. LEWIS



REV. GEORGE G. PARKER



PROF. DAVID BARNETT



HON. HARRY L. OLDEN



the moving finger writes

By MATT CURRIN

WHISPERS OF THE SOUL

It is a difficult job to write "30" to this column. There are so many things that I have wanted to say over the past two years, and suddenly I realize that this is it. And then, too, it is difficult not to sound sentimental. Writing should be the expressions of one's heart, the innermost part of a man, and perhaps even the whispers of his soul.

Over the years the lectures, classes, books have all meant a great deal to all of us; but, more than these, the influence of people about us who actually live their faith, people like Prof. Hook who preach the most powerful sermons of all. . . . sermons without words. These are Whispers of the Soul.

We walk through the halls and out past the ivy-covered colonnades, and now we realize that in a little while we shall be scattered over the land as autumn leaves are blown about by the winds. These years have been formative years, and yet what years are not? Measured in terms of chronology, four years is not so very long. But measured in terms of development and pleasure, these years for us have been a lifetime.

Many things will live in our memory forever. Many things here at Elon have changed the entire course of human life, it did mine and perhaps many others. Most of us will not realize until many years later how much an imprint Elon has made on our lives and on the Whispers of our Souls.

What will live in our dreams about Elon? Well, the ivy hanging lazily from the colonnades, the broken light at the entrance to Alamance, the sound of the siren at 8:00 or 12:20, the last minute cancellation of a Student Legislature meeting, the awe-inspiring Christmas rendition of "The Messiah," committee meetings of all shapes and sizes at all times of the day and night, John Westmoreland parading through the halls of Alamance in a trail of smoke, the leak in Whitley, the pound of the gavel in student chapter spaghetti in the dining hall, a casual drip from the fountain after retreating from the library, the warm and understanding manner of Professor Barney, the "fish stories" of Dr. Reynolds, Prof. Hook working with some strange contraption, Dr. Smith's greetings to the student body in the fall, Dr. Howell checking on books in the bookstore, coffee between classes. . . . all these things are everyday now, but in the years to come they will spell Elon.

We are all indebted to those here at Elon and to all those who have gone before us. To Dr. Will Long, who dreamed of Elon in 1888; to Dr. William Allan Harper, who built the five main buildings; to Dr. Smith, who paid for them and has led Elon for over twenty years; to Dr. Brannock, Prof. Hook, Prof. Barney, Miss Lila Newman, and Mrs. Oma Johnson, who have long been here at Elon, giving of their lives for Christian education—larger than most of us are old.

The inspiration of seeing about us those magnificent souls, who dedicated their lives to Christian education so many years ago and who have stuck with Elon through thick and thin, we say "Thank you." When we think of these five faculty members, who in the dark days of the late 'Twenties and early 'Thirties loved Elon and were so dedicated to the principles on which she was founded that they were willing to work without pay in order to help keep her doors open, we say "Thank you."

If all of us could only be as sincere, as dedicated, as unselfish as Prof. Hook, Prof. Barney, Dr. Brannock, Miss Lila Newman and Mrs. Oma Johnson. And at this Commencement of 1953, as we of the senior class leave Elon, we shall never forget these people, who, together with Dr. Smith, have made the dream of Elon our dream and a part of us.

These are all sermons without words, and they are preached by so many so often that seldom do we realize that we have been listening all along.

And for the future. . . . Elon will never die, she will live in our hearts and in our deeds forever. And so, goodbye; but first let the words of William Cullen Bryant declare our hope for the future:

"He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky
 thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread
 alone,
 Will lead my steps aright."
 And therefore, for the last and final time:

"The Moving Finger Writes,
 And having writ, moves on."

A Line O' Type Or Two

By PATSY MELTON



What "X"? Whose Gorkle?
 Time hung heavy on the roses
 and the nun's sobs sounded like
 elephants snuffling peanuts up
 their trunks.

The whole day was purple.
 Have you ever?

What trunks? Whose nuns?
 The cats walked by two by two
 and Jepson picked up his
 razor. Shaving cats is such a
 waste.

What cats? Whose shave?
 * * *

Owed To A Dying
 Belt Buckle

The days have skirts
 and who are we to say
 if fleas wear skirts
 and sidewalks run away?
 Our time is nearly up.
 O, gray and wooly beast,
 Don't spit in the silver cup,

wait for the train at least.
 We sicken on cornsilks,
 our palm branches miscon-
 strue
 the fact that a cow milks
 her own Pettigrew.

The End
 (The author, Murgatrued Mo-
 zart, was forced to omit three
 stanzas because she could not
 spell the word "Jumbo".)

* * *
 A horse screamed, "Rope".
 * * *

Written On
 A Rotten Grapefruit Peel
 Gather ye eyeballs while ye
 may.

Tin roofs won't last,
 And yellow Mondays soon
 will lay
 Green Plymouths from the
 past.