

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.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1953

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

The unfortunate burning of Prof. A. L. Hook's home last Friday night brought to the mind of the dormitory students the problem of safety in case of fire, and members of our Inter-Dormitory Council can serve their fellow students immeasurably by conducting a thorough check-up on the number and location of fire extinguishers.

We may observe three facts from the accounts of last Friday night's fire. (1) Although the fire was burning in the next room, the Hooks needed to be awakened. (2) The local fire alarm shrilled for twenty minutes and failed to arouse many of the sleeping students. (3) There is available only a volunteer fire department, none of which is on night-time duty.

The greatest danger appears to be in failure to awaken sound-sleeping students. During the panic of a fire, some students may not be awakened by other fleeing students. So, let us use foresight and meet the need for a separate fire alarm in each dormitory.—T. T.

CHAPEL

The need to worship God seems to us, as students of a Christian college, self-evident. We have the opportunity to worship Him in our chapel gatherings for Wednesday and Friday. The crux of our problem is, "Do we use this time for worship of God?"

The noisy entrance . . . the automatic drone of the Doxology . . . the hymn . . . the barely audible talk . . . another hymn (optional if the speaker is lengthy) . . . the benediction . . . the dash for the door. Where is the spirit of worshipping God?

Students need today a feeling of actually worshipping God. Is it that the order of service is outmoded for the spiritual needs of the student? Are the leaders' feeling with the students an experience of actually worshipping God? Or has the worship of God degenerated into an orientation program cloaked behind biblical passages?

If the order of service is not achieving a worshipful atmosphere, it would seem advisable to change it.—T. T.

POST TRIBUTUM

Last summer an office light blinked out. A moment later a key clicked in a lock. Usually this meant another day's work done, but that night it was as a conductor who places his baton on the stand and walks into the wings out of sight but not out of the minds and hearts of his fellow workers and witnesses of his labors.

Many of us have experienced his thoughts, deeds and many kindnesses. The highest tribute we can pay Dean D. J. Bowden is that he is a Christian Teacher in the fullest meaning of the phrase.

"For this we bless you most,
 You gave much,
 And knew not you gave at all."
 . . . T. T.

bullets in the bull's-eye

By TOM TARGETT



Have you heard about the frosh co-ed who at breakfast one morning looked at a fried egg, smiled sweetly at Joe Morris and said, "I'd rather have mine scrambled." . . . The dances in West Dorm parlor seem to be a huge success . . . Louis Groot is entering the University of Amsterdam this fall to study English . . . Mike Moffo was back on campus last weekend . . . He's stationed at Camp Gordon in Georgia . . . The Biology Department recently received a donation from the girls in West Dorm . . . one old bat . . . Uncle Sam sent out many greeting cards this summer to men of Elon . . . Walt Harding, Frank Waff, Johnny Hunter, Bill Andrews, Bob Hayes, Eddie Hoyle, and Don Graff . . . all got invitations . . . Lynn Cashion, ex-president of student body, is now a disc jockey in Sanford . . . Mrs. Betty Smith is now drama director at Averett College in Danville, Va. . . The Oscar Hollands have a baby daughter, "Kim," born August 20th. . . From a column in the Temple University Press . . .

Freshman—"What do you mean by slinging the bull?"
 Sophomore—"To sling the bull is to prevent the professor from realizing that you're saying nothing in a great many words."

Junior—"To sling the bull is to say little in a great many words, so as to give the impression that you are familiar with whatever the text is covering."

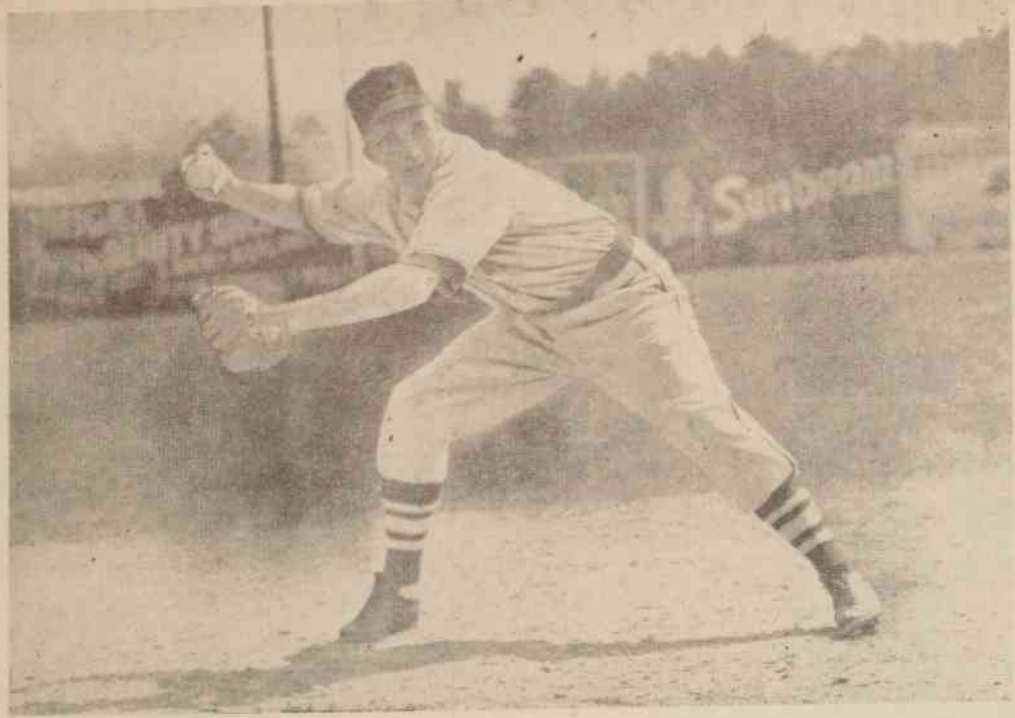
Senior—"To sling the bull is to say as much as possible in well chosen words so as to convey the impression that you are familiar with the material under examination, in spite of the fact that you have been unable to devote sufficient effort to study adequately an unduly difficult assignment."

The Duke Ambassadors to play for Home Coming . . . I've had a sneak preview of the plans . . . Great! . . . Let's get behind the committee and put the plans into reality . . . Don't forget the date, Oct. 31 . . . Might as well get your dates lined up now . . . Jack James and Holland Taylor came back from a fishing trip one weekend last summer with a tale of how they caught more than 400 fish . . . Wow! . . .

But, that's what they said . . . Prof. Reynolds has the big one that didn't get away, all mounted and hanging in The Grill for all to see . . . Summer romances which blossomed in Yellowstone National Park are Bob Phelps and Meryle Mauldin, Doug Edwards and Ann Stoddard . . . The Players are busy working on their first production . . . "The Glass Menagerie" . . . "Air Raid" is being heard once again as frosh girls hit the dirt . . . Only thirty students have failed to pay their student body fees . . . Everyone is pleased that the new revisions of the constitution have passed . . . Many points of discrimination have been erased . . . Do you notice the lack of upper classmen on the campus? . . . The new hair styles for boys change every day . . . First they were Mohawks, and now they look like Buddhist monks.

Did you know that North Dorm was the first coed gym in the South? . . . If you want to learn to Rumba, be sure to see Hilda Alejandre or Marissa Caussade . . . The girls from South of the Border can really show how its done . . . If you missed the slides of Laverne Brady's trip to France you missed a treat . . . It has happened . . . Emmy Lou Sockwell is engaged . . . "For Whom The Bell Told" . . . Lulu Bunker and Gerald White . . . Jean Nunnemaker and Jack James . . . Shirley Swank and George Chapman . . . Jean Tew is now taking some night courses . . . The vesper services Monday and Wednesday nights are successful . . . The Phi Psi Chi staff is hard at work . . . If you have any advertisement leads be sure to tell York Brannock . . . Students got together in summer school and gave Dean Bowden a handsome brief case as a going-away present . . . The Student Legislature allotted \$275 for the Home Coming Ball and \$25 for the Entertainment Committee . . . Would it be possible to have the clock set? . . . Our campus still suffers from Suitcaseitis . . . Does anyone know a good remedy? . . . This weekend is our first home game . . . Let's support the team . . . If you value your fenders, don't park around the Islands in back of Alamaance . . . Allee Cole has her driving license now . . . Michigan State Normal News comes up with a new definition of colleges . . . That paper says, "Colleges are institutions which sometimes lower entrance requirements with an end in view . . . not to mention promising tackles and backs."

FORMER ELON SPORTS STAR DIES IN WRECK



Billy Rakes, a former Elon sports star from Fieldale, Va., who captained the Christian baseball team through the 1952 season, met his death in an automobile accident, which occurred near Franklin, Va., early on Saturday morning, August 15th, while he and a party of friends were enroute to the beach.

Honored In His Own Home Town . . .

Somewhere there is found an old adage that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," but that ancient saying was never spoken in reference to Billy Rakes, former Christian sports star and Elon graduate of the Class of 1952, for the stocky little speedster was loved by all and almost idolized by the youngsters of his own home town.

No recent graduate of Elon College has been more popular with his college than was Billy Rakes during the four years he spent beneath Old Elo's classic oaks, but few of the Elon faculty and few of the students knew the grip which Billy held upon the heart-strings of the people of Fieldale, Va., the little town in which he grew to manhood.

Indeed, it is doubtful whether even the people of Fieldale itself realized the place which Billy Rakes held in their hearts and in the life of the town until the little

athletic star met his untimely death in an automobile accident near Franklin, Va., early on the morning of August 15th.

A feeling of profound shock settled over Fieldale when the news reached the little Virginia town that Billy Rakes was dead, and then friends began recalling to themselves and to each other the many kind and friendly things that he had done during the all-too-short twenty-four years of his life.

One of those many true friends recalled how Billy had begun, when barely big enough to lug the load of papers, to carry a paper route and turn his earnings over to his widowed mother. That friend recalled, too, the smile and the ever-present politeness with which Billy met everyone, traits that earned him many friends.

Anyone in Fieldale can tell you of the dashing play that made Billy a basketball and baseball

hero during his high school days, and he carried that speed on to earn new honors in prep school at Hargrave and still later here on Elon's own Fighting Christian teams, where he was ever a favorite with cage and diamond fans.

After graduation here at Elon in 1952, young Rakes went back home to teach and coach in his old high school, and friends tell how he was never too busy to stop for a chat or a bit of a game with the youngsters on the vacant lots; and they tell that, on the day that he lay for the last time in his home in his beloved Fieldale, there were dozens of those youthful friends and admirers who stood in the yard and cried tears as bitter as if their own fathers were dead.

More indicative, perhaps, of the true kindness of Billy Rakes' nature, is the story of how—even with his own chores at home and

(Continued on Page Four)

Infanticide . . . In Reverse

By CURT WELBORNE

How some normally mature and intelligent people can be changed into hollow-headed idiots the minute they get behind the wheel of a car probably gives psychiatrists nightmares.

Whatever the cause of this phenomenon—the thrill of speed, the sense of power, or simply the irresistible urge to show off—it costs lives daily. The pathetic part is that many of those killed are pedestrians, whose only crime is being unable to run fast enough to keep out from under the wheels of a monster shrieking around a blind corner of an intersection or through stop signs and lights.

If we treated the rights of others as callously in our social contacts as we do on the road (behind the protection of a couple of tons of mobilized metal) we would have our noses flattened several times a day.

Yes, it takes a real big deal behind the wheel to make people scatter like chickens on a cross-walk, crowd other motorists out of their lanes (there are many exciting ways to do this) and make right-of-ways where none normally exist.

At first thought it is easy to attribute lethally inconsiderate driving habits to ignorance or simple feeble-mindedness, but it has already been noted that drivers are normally intelligent in most other respects. Even those two-wheel hot rod boys have to know enough to read the E's, X's and Z's on license test eye-charts—and write their names. It is this department's view that inconsiderate driving is born of infantilism, pure and unadulterated.

If this strikes you as being an over-simplification, compare the facial expression of a driver in a jet-propelled, tire-squalling take-off at a crowded intersection with

that of a three-year-old scratching off on his mama's broom. If the similarity of the rapt physiognomies doesn't convince you, then listen carefully to the neighbor's boy's vocal motor and tire noises while he's playing cops and robbers. Ring true?

Yes, a great deal of this tire-squealing, motor-racing, inconsiderate driving is nothing more than a game played by big-limbed kids of assorted ages from 16 up. Just how exciting these lovable children can make the game can be ascertained by totaling up the score in dead and maimed in the newspaper—any issue. The game is played 24 hours a day, with double and triple headers on Sundays and holidays.

What can be done about it? Probably nothing. After all, "kids will be kids."—You remember that axiom, and we live by axioms; saves the wear and fear of thinking.

Education of drivers? Hah! Many learn nothing from serious injury to themselves in accidents caused by their puerile acts. This is not fatalism; it's realism. But cheer up! There are some positive steps we can take to protect ourselves. In the public interest, we list them below:

FOR PEDESTRIANS

1. Treat all automobiles in sight as if each were operated by a screaming idiot. In many cases you'll be right.
2. Never be so naive as to pay attention to stop lights at intersections. Few motorists do.
3. Learn to estimate the distance, speed and flight pattern of automobiles. There are many tell-tale signs and signals such as tire noises on rounding corners (e-e-e-r-e-e-k), tire noises on take-off (r-a-a-a-ekk!), screams of pedestrians snagged on bumpers (vary with age, sex, etc.), and the various types of muffler sounds (Hol-

lywood, gutted, straight, rusted-out, etc.) NOTE: By careful study of the Doppler effect, one can become quite clever at estimating time-of-arrival, point-of-contact and much other useful stuff.

4. (A) In making your escape from an onrushing car, always remember to run at right angles to the path of vehicle. (The study of geometry will prove beneficial in this respect.)

(B) While walking always have an escape route and sanctuary in mind at all times. Rough, obstacle-filled terrain is best for escape from low-slung cars. Jeeps and T-Models offer special problems. Large buildings and concrete abutments make the best stopping places. Always keep them between you and the car. Watch for flying glass.

5. Always carry complete identification with you at all times—name, address, next of kin, and blood type. (Don't forget the Rh factor.) NOTE: Most hospitals require verification of your hospital insurance before admission. Many insurance policies of this type are not too bulky (being written mostly in small print) and can be carried easily on the person.

6. The decoy method of escape is used by some pedestrians, although it is admittedly not too ethical. Basically it consists of observing all the above rules and, in addition, making sure you always walk with someone else. This way, when danger threatens, you can always run away from your companion. Chances are, the car will be attracted to him instead of you. (Odds increase with more companions. However, in large crowds stay outside of the group to avoid falling over them in flight.)

FOR MOTORISTS

1. There is no hope for motorists.
2. Good luck.

jottings from here and there

By JAMES WAGONER



(EDITOR'S NOTE: The writer, who contributed this column to the Maroon and Gold this week, transferred to Elon from Temple College of Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he was editor-in-chief of the "Temple Times", the college newspaper of that institution.)

Amid so much that is uncertain, there is one thing sure; Elon College will give in return what one offers to Elon. As I entered the gates into the campus of Elon this thought came to me, and I realized then that one must have a goal in the beginning for continuing his education, and surely the grave is not that goal.

My first impression came from former president of the Elon student body—Roger Gibbs. His warm welcome made me feel at home. He gave me information about the school, such as the accreditation, the well-trained faculty, the specialized training for work in various fields of life, the natural beauty of the campus, the fully equipped buildings, and the extra-curricular activities.

He then escorted me through the beautiful colonnades of Elon to observe the campus, to the Mooney Building, the Science Building, the Carlton Library, and the Whitley Auditorium. These, too, left their impressions.

I learned that small classes made it possible to have closer contact with students and faculty.

All of this information gave me a "shot-in-the-arm" of enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is a magic key, without which few people open doors to happiness and success. I needed to possess this inherent quality of enthusiasm. I am unable to imagine a Lou Gehrig without enthusiasm for a great game—or an Abraham Lincoln without enthusiasm for the highest of ideals. So, I

considered its meaning in every area of college life, and quickly recognized its magic quality as a secret of worthy accomplishment. With enthusiasm any task could be done with less effort. Webster defines enthusiasm as "divine possession or inspiration." This plus quality can make possible success and satisfaction in college.

Strange as it may seem, as I thought on these things, I could not truthfully say, "I have no opportunity to do something, get something, achieve something." I discovered then that I now have possibilities which are greater than I had contemplated. I saw that Elon can offer days filled with opportunities and my task is to make the most of each.

I strived to get my thinking straight: to get an objective; to know where I wanted to go. I asked God to give me faith in myself, in my own abilities. The door of opportunity is opened and it is up to me to attain the key of efficiency, which will permit me entrance into nearly every scholastic room of the Elon household.

Yes, Elon College made its impression on me and now it's up to me to make an impression on Elon College.

This is my opportunity unlimited! This is the best hour of my life. Just think, there's always room at the top of the highest mountain, and I have the same opportunity to scale the mountain top. Success will not come to me; I must labor to reach it. It is up to me to attain it. This is clearly perceived by the great essayist Emerson when he penned, "He who thinks success, has turned his back on failure."

Thus I concluded—J. W.—Look ahead! Gaze out into the future! Set your goal far afield! Never retreat! Attempt to make each today exceed each yesterday. AWAKE! Be ambitious! You have not lost the battle. SUCCESS is yours. Take it.