

SOUVENIR SNAPSHOTS OF SUMMER IN EUROPE

bullets in the bull's-eye

By TOM TARGETT



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

- Laverne Brady James Waggoner Co-Editors
Tom Targett Associate Editor
Curt Welborne Associate Editor
Cooper Walker Art Editor
Heuben Askew Staff Photographer
Luther N. Byrd Faculty Advisor

BUSINESS BOARD

- Jack Lindley Business Manager
Bill Burke Circulation Manager
Carl E. Owen Printing Advisor
Douglas Edwards Press Operator

SPORTS STAFF

- Gary Sears Sports Editor
Mike Kauseo Asst. Sports Editor
Carlton Livingston Intramural Sports

REPORTERS

- Reuben Askew Staff Photographer
Luther Barnes Ronnie McIntyre
Frank Bonds Thomas Madren
Winfred Bray Don Pennington
Stanley Bunch Loula Rangel
Doris Christman Bill Simmons
Ann Kearns Arlene Stafford
Wayne Vestal

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1953

CLASS ATTENDANCE

Why is it that an education is the one thing for which students are willing to pay without receiving anything?

The recent action of the faculty regarding class attendance was a move made to combat "cut-outs," a disease that is near-fatal to some students.

Cutting has the direct effect of lowering the academic records of the college. In the area of academic standards, there is much that needs to be done by all parties concerned.

In some more liberal schools in this country and in many European schools, students are not required to attend classes. Each student works on his own level, or speed, and asks for an examination when he feels he is ready for it.

Evidently, the faculty was not misled by the records of some of the over-cutting students to assume that Elon students are following this plan of study.

It might be wise, however, for some faculty members to re-examine their methods of presentation and find out if the courses in question are so very non-interesting and non-difficult as to facilitate non-attendance.—BRADY

LOVE

If I speak in the tongues of Phillips Brooks or Emerson and have not love, I am a clanging gong or a noisy cymbal. And though I have the gift of all A's with honors, and under all logic and system, and if I have all faith so as to skip chapel or classes, but have not love, I am nothing.

Love is patient and kind to teachers, classmates, and roommates; love is not boastful of athletic ability or jealous of campus fame; it is not arrogant or rude to faculty or housemothers. Love never insists on its own way; it is not resentful or irritable during examination week; it never rejoices in cheating on tests, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all results, accepts all constructive criticism, takes advantage of all good things, endures all bad breaks.

Love never ceases; but for athletic standing, it will fade away; for honors, they shall cease; as for knowledge, it shall vanish away. When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became aware of the fact of becoming a potential man, I put away childish ways. For now we apprehend faintly, but then in the light of wisdom. Now we are apt to know enough to get by our quarter examinations; then we shall understand fully, even as we have been fully understood. And now abide fame, talent, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.—WAGGONER.

jottings from here and there

By JAMES WAGGONER



My friend, why not cheer up? Your looks are against you. Why, you look as cold as an iceberg. You look as sad as a funeral director. You look as grave as a tombstone. You look as though you had made a poor investment, or as though you had lost your best friend. Cheer up!

Wouldn't it be amazing to see each of us develop a cheerful mood and make it lasting and permanent? Many of us have a tendency not to feel well, look well, act well, simply because we do not enter eagerly into college life.

Now it is evident that one cannot force anything down a person's throat. However, one can offer suggestions, and from there on out it is up to us. How true it is that society robs us of health, comfort, personality, individuality and self. And after it robs us of those character traits, it gives in return just a skeleton of a smile.

Yes, society tells us how to eat, what to eat, what to wear, how long we should sleep, where to go, what organizations to join, how to think, what to think and what to believe. Observe, if you please, that by society we mean the neutralizing effect of average men and things.

Why don't we find the center of our own being and develop our own temperamental mood and make it permanent? Why eat onions if they don't agree with you? Why listen to music that doesn't thrill you? Why live in a narrow circle that will finally close about you? The ant seeks food and finds it. This tiny creature knows what he wants and isn't satisfied until he gets it. Why not express your likes and dislikes? Why spend time in fads, fashions, games and sports which find in you no response?

Each of us is possessed of dual natures—the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde elements—and one will dominate. The pessimist is positive that something is going to happen, and he doesn't care what happens "so long as it does not happen to him." Poor fellow, he's afraid to put his money in the bank, for he is positive that the bank president (the crook) will do everything he can to get his money; he's afraid to go to the grocery store, for he knows the grocer just wants his money and doesn't care whether he dies of poison or not. He's afraid to plant a garden, for he knows nothing will grow. In other words, nothing is going his way, so he never tries anything. Poor guy, he needs a shot of Optimism.

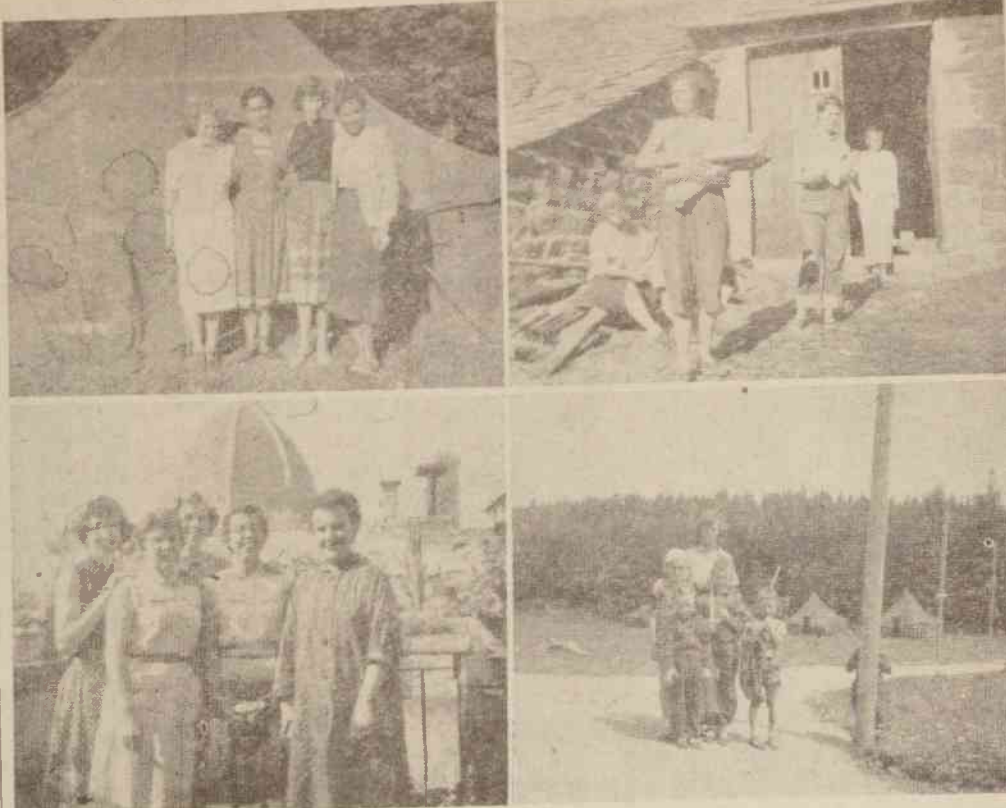
Overwork brings depression, and depression results in pessimism. Remember, every ship has its load line, and there's danger when one sinks below that load line. Loss of sleep is cause for depression, for sleep is nature's medicine. Over-feeding is another depressing trait, for a dull fire is usually the result of too much fuel. Over-eating means under-thinking.

On the other hand, optimism is that character trait that makes one expect the best, hope for the best, work for the best, and believe always that the best will come to pass. The fact is substantially true that "the same sun that make the optimist's grass grow makes the pessimist's weeds grow faster."

What can be more intelligible than for us to gather in carpets of character that pave the way into every phase of campus life? Time has great value. Duty always appears with obligation. Perseverance demands success. Example always leaves an influence. We must be sure we are right and then stand, stand fast, stand firm, stand erect, stand alone. Where there's no progress, there's retrogression; where there's no light, there's darkness; where there is no hope, there is despair.

Ambition, cheerfulness, concentration, determination, enthusiasm, honesty, refinement, self-reliance, tact, wisdom, zeal; the can't-give-up, never-surrender spirit; the hustling habit; and their kin are the cobblestones of character that pave the road to success.

We must seek to develop the best that is in us. We must strive to attain those qualities without which our progress will be retarded. We can know always that when we have prepared ourselves to the fullest, we can be victorious over any task that is set before us. Emerson says, "He who thinks success, has turned his back on failures." Let's aim high and cheer up, for it's not as bad as you think.



Souvenirs of a pleasant and interesting summer are presented above from the collection which Laverne Brady, author of the accompanying article, brought back from her trip to Europe during the past summer. Upper left is a group of tentmate girls snapped against a background of one of the tents, including (left to right) Mary a 23-year-old nurse from England; Henriette, a 23-year-old French girl who hopes to teach Greek and Latin in college; Laverne, Elon's contribution to the group; Phoebe, a senior from the University of California. Top right is a shot taken during an overnight trip, during which the group slept in the haymow of this stone barn. Ann, a Dutch girl, brings out the bread; Helen, from New Jersey, aids in the breakfast preparation; Carl, from Switzerland, apparently has nothing to do; and Cathy, from Wilmington, N. C., is busy with her sleeping bag. Lower left is a picture taken during a trip to Florence, Italy, with the Florence Cathedral providing the background for five American work campers, including (left to right) Laverne from North Carolina, Charlotte from Iowa, Jinny from Michigan, Betty from Kansas and Frances from Illinois, with Jinny and Frances being travelling companions of Laverne through most of the summer. Lower right is a shot of Laverne, who tried to line up the camp director's children for a "family portrait," only to find that the youngest one would not come from behind the post.

To Europe As A Work Camper...

By LAVERNE BRADY

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a second installment of an interesting account of experiences in Europe this past summer, told by Laverne Brady in excerpts from letters written home during the trip).

Paris, France Dear Folks,

We find Paris an interesting place. Frances and I were walking in the direction of the Arc de Triomphe, when we met a group of students who had just completed their baccalaureate exams. The students, who were about seventeen to twenty years of age, were having a riotous time.

At the time we saw them they were engaged in a fracas with the policemen, and the policemen were acting as juvenile as the kids. They flailed anyone who came near with their caps. One of them grabbed me by the arm and pushed me out of his way. The students would taunt them so the cops would give chase, and the girls were also as active as the boys.

When we learned that the students were headed in the same di-

rection as we were, Frances and I changed our minds about crossing the city and returned to the safety of our own room.

Rome, Italy Greetings Again,

It was beyond my hopes that I would get to Rome, but Frances and I left our luggage with Jinny, and we had a day and one-half in Rome.

We went first to the Colosseum, and I was really thrilled as I stood looking around at the place where Nero sat, the cross erected in honor of the martyrs, the places for the lion pits, and the magnificence of that portion of the structure that is still standing.

We moved on to the Appian Way and stopped at the St. Sebastian Catacombs. There were nine miles of underground passage ways where people were buried, and we saw the place where Peter and Paul were buried for fifty years before their bodies were moved.

We asked the guide whether the Romans of old knew that the Christians were having their meetings in the Catacombs, and he told us that surely they did, but that

there was a Roman law at that time which forbade any police activity in a grave yard.

Le Chambon-sur-Lignon, France Again Hello,

After a lovely trip through the Italian and French Riviieras, we are now at camp. We were the first to arrive, and we were glad for the opportunity to wash clothes. I washed everything I had except the things I was wearing.

This is Saturday, and today we began our first day of work. The work went surprisingly well for the first morning. The weather was nice and cool, and we hit no rocks. At three we returned to work, and it was tiresome this time.

SUNDAY: We went to church in the village. The people dress rather strangely for church. With few exceptions, everyone wears what he wore during the week. I don't know whether this is due to poverty or indifference. There were several tourists attending in shorts.

(To Be Continued)

Another Kind Of Menace

By CURT WELBONRE

The enthusiastic applause following the recent chapel talk by the speaker purporting to have as his mission the saving of America from the "gigantic Communist conspiracy" should serve as a grim reminder that we had better begin making our judgements on the basis of fact rather than on meaningless epithets.

If the speaker had confined himself to a factual discussion of just what and who is involved in this conspiracy, what is designed to achieve and what, specifically, we can each do to thwart it, we all could have agreed, disagreed, or gone home and thought it over, depending upon the cogency of his presentation and its relation to our own thoughts and experience.

The essence of the speaker's remarks was, "I love America and I hate Communism." On this we are all in solid agreement. Or are we? If that statement means, "I love everything about America and hate everything about Communism," chances are we would all disagree, for no two essays on "What America means to me" would be exactly alike. Ditto for treatises on Communism. For this

reason it is imperative that each of determine precisely what we mean when we sing "God Bless America." It is even more urgent that we know what we mean when we call a thing "un-American."

For example, a current epithet is "creeping Socialism." This is always identified with un-Americanism, Socialism is indeed un-American in the sense that our country is not a Socialistic state. However, Socialism is decidedly not un-American in the sense that certain Socialistic ways of doing things are unconstitutional or opposed to the American way of life. If this were the case we would throw our Social Security program out the window and place the postal service in the hands of private business tomorrow.

Another good example of the way some people discredit things which they personally don't like is the irresponsible equation of Socialized medicine with "creeping Socialism" and thence to Communism and un-Americanism. This method is resorted to regularly, not only by those whose vested interest would be jeopardized by a program of Socialized medicine, but also by many whose only ob-

jection to such a program is that they sincerely do not think it would be good for the country.

This intentional identification of Socialized medicine with "un-Americanism," which is repeated by many thousands who haven't really thought about it at all, has become so rampant that many people think that to advocate such a program is to play directly into the hands of the Kremlin! As a matter of fact there are still a few quite-respectable Americans who sincerely believe Socialized medicine to be one of the natural goals of an enlightened democracy.

Please do not construe this as an appeal for Socialized Medicine, per se. This article appeals only for the universal recognition of the constitutional right of every American to voice whatever ideological opinion he might sincerely hold.

The danger in branding things we don't like as "un-American" is that if enough people come to agree on their dislikes, they will not oppose the removal or squelching of "un-American" people or things by extra-constitutional means. This has happened (Continued on Page Four)

Sigma Phi really led the cheering at the Catawba game in Salisbury... The student body treasury shows a balance of \$203 as the end of the quarter nears... Lou Knott, the only pledge of Tau Zeta sorority, left the campus for home because of an ailing back... Hope she's back in school in time for initiation in the spring... A certain prof., in calling the roll after chapel period, queried, "Where's everyone?"... From the back of the class came the loud and clear reply, "They're still sleeping..." The best initiation stunt was pulled by Alpha Pi... Their neophytes were selling life insurance policies not payable upon death... The music department has been celebrating National Frito Week... Helen Craven was promotion manager... The Elon Choir is to have a "Parent's Day" on Sunday for parents of members of the choir... Despite the snowy weather last Thursday evening, there was an excellent crowd present for Prof. J. Sweat's recital.

If you want to hear some hair-raising tales about the problems of teaching, then talk to Mary Lee Farlow... Ann Wilkins, who has the leading role in the Elon Player Production of "Glass Menagerie," is engaged to Stan Bunch... Judging from the reports... Homecoming weekend was the biggest in recent years... From the books of the parade, there appeared to be over \$100,000 worth of convertibles... The Day Students won first prize for the best float... They became first owners of the trophy given by Sigma Mu Sigma... Woody Stoffel has the appointments to Chow Hall Committee ready... Remember, one dollar fine for each violation... Better watch that breaking line... The fire drill scheduled for West Dorm at four in the morning was called off... Reason: Snow... Sadie Hawkins dance was outstanding... Laverne Brady as Mammy Yokum would have made Al Capp proud... Her get-up consisted in part of Glenn Varney's boots and Holland Taylor's curved pipe... Have you seen the gold dust quartet on the campus?... Mary fine books have been added to the library from the private collection of the late Dr. Robert Lee House... He was long prominent in affairs of the Southern Convention of the Congregational Christian Church... Was editor of "The Christian Sun"... The Philosophy and Religion Departments are establishing a seminar room on the second floor of Carlton Library... Congratulations to York Brannock on winning the Ned F. Brannock award... Dr. Smith is now serving his Alma Mater for the twenty-third consecutive year as president... North Dorm really came through with the best decorations among the men's dorms... Plans are in the making for an inter-frat bid night weekend... What do you think about a winter dance?... A cleverly written summons for Helen Craven was placed on the choir bulletin board by a certain John Meb Frito... Prof. John Westmoreland was quipped... He believed it was necessary to bail someone out... It appears that Meb is the cause of quite a few tricks... The lights are on in the gym at night now... Coach Mathis is getting another championship cage squad ready... We hope... Those at the Homecoming Ball were interested in seeing representatives of many of Elon's early graduating classes... You should have seen Dr. Ned Brannock, Class of '99, having his picture "took" with Norma Roberts, Class of '53... There has been some mention of hanging flags from the various North State Conference colleges in the gym for the basketball games... 'Twould add a bit of color at least... A good project for those concerned... Be sure to see the Elon Players' first show of the year... It promises to be well worth your time... There were certainly hosts of old grads back on campus for Homecoming... Everywhere you turned you saw them.

DATING AT ELON (It Ain't What It Usta Be) There appears to be quite some confusion concerning the procedure to be followed in securing a date with one of the fair sex. I have it from good authority that the young men DO NOT NEED to do the following: 1. Have fingerprints taken. 2. Produce photographs (either profile or full face. 3. Submit a Loyalty Oath to Senator McCarthy. 4. Show a credit rating. 5. Submit a birth certificate (being present is prima facie evidence of birth). 6. Submit letters of recommendation from the Dean of Men.