

# Maroon And Gold

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THURSDAY, APRIL, 1956

### VOTE IN THE FINALS

It is Spring. And Spring at Elon brings election day. Next Tuesday the finals in the elections will be held. On that day the students who are going to fill the student government and other offices next year will be chosen, presumably by you, the students. It is important to your welfare and success as a student body that the persons with ability, leadership, and dependability be elected to those positions.

You howl about wanting a good student government. You don't want too much administrative interference. You want to run the social life on campus, you want an Honor Council that will be for the student. And yet you don't go to the polls and elect the persons you feel are best suited to lead those organizations—you just sit back and grip about the way those elected carry on their duties.

Each time there has been an election this year, only a small per cent of the students voted, making the winners leaders of the minority. Apparently, the proverbial Elon voting spirit is dying. But you have one more opportunity this year to cast aside your indifference and help bring some of that old spirit into elections again. Take politics out of their crepe, dust them off, and use them. And don't forget to vote Tuesday.—GBT.

### REQUIEM

A flare—a flame—and it was gone! Only two short weeks ago South Dorm of "dear Ole Elon" yielded to the licking tongue of the fire demon and sang its swan song amid flaming colors.

It is only fitting that we should mention this incident in the Maroon and Gold because South Dorm had been the object of much discussing for several years. To some it was an eye-sore; to some a menace; and to others, a relic of by-gone days.

It had served its purpose! It had stood there for years and years; it had been a home for thousands of men who had come from far and near to make Elon their college; it had withstood the ravages of the element amazingly!

But its days of service were over. It had begun to weaken and decay, and it had become not only an unsightly object but also a dangerous one. It stood there only as a structure, very antiquated, very unattractive, and very perilous.

So South stands no longer. Yet in its passing, there is no grief or remorse, but only a memory of what used to be.—GBT

### WHAT GOOD WILL ONE VOTE DO?

Well, one vote has had a lot to do with a lot of things in this country.

Thomas Jefferson was elected president by one vote. So was John Quincy Adams. Rutherford B. Hayes was elected president by one vote. The first two were named in elections that went to the House of Representatives, and the Hayes election was a contested one that was referred to an electoral commission. It was there that he won by a single vote.

The man who cast the deciding vote for President Hayes was a congressman from Indiana, a lawyer who was himself elected to Congress by a margin of one vote. And that one vote for him was cast by a client of his who, although desperately ill, insisted on being taken to the polls to vote.

Just one vote gave statehood to California, Idaho, Oregon, Texas and Washington, and today all the millions living in those five states are Americans by just one vote.

Now you may say that one vote situation applies only to the past. Well, don't forget that the Draft Act of World War II passed the House by just one vote . . . and you can carry the "One Vote" history on.

There is no power like the power of the ballot.—FROM OUTLOOK MAGAZINE.



## Sounding Off

By LARRY BARNES

South Dorm now stands like an ominous charred skull, staring disdainfully at passers-by. No more will its ancient halls ring with the laughter of Elon students.

The Elon student body returned from the Easter holiday to find the South Dormitory gutted as a result of an early morning fire. By an act of God, only two students—Sam Brady and Chang Gill Kim—were in the building at the time the blaze broke out. As you well know, the remainder of the occupants of the building were away from the campus on spring vacation.

All of the twenty-four rooms in the familiar structure were damaged by fire, water or smoke, and since the return of the students from holidays last week the forty-seven men students who once lived in South have moved into different dorms. They have been interspersed in North, Carlton House and the third floor of the Christian Education Building. All of them suffered losses in the blaze, and I quizzed a couple of them as to what the fire did to them personally. Buck Flemming says—

"I lost all my good clothes, two summer suits, and about ten summer pants, and all my good white shirts, sport shirts, sweaters, one sport coat, two pairs of new shoes, and all of my bed covering. The only summer clothes that I have to my name are two pairs of Bermuda shorts. All my school books were lost. The only book I could find was the Holy Bible. These things are just a few that I have lost. I did not have any insurance on any of my things. So if the college does not pay anything I will lose just about everything I own.

"I have just bought all my summer clothes down here, and Easter I was going to carry all my winter clothes home. But now I have to wear my winter pants when it gets hot.

"Right now I own a total of eight pairs of pants. Three of these are wool pants, three khaki, and, of course, my Bermudas." Ashburn Kirby has this to relate about the fire—"The fire was a bad thing and some of us lost almost everything we had. We are all thankful to the good Lord that we were not in the building asleep because some of us would have been killed or possibly ruined for life. I saved my most treasured possession, tho'. It's my girl's picture. I was really sweating that thing out! I am now living in the "Greater Carlton House". I have a pretty nice room over there, but nothing here, almost not even West Dorm, could take the place of ole South."

I ran across a downcast Jim Calhoun in the Student Union. He took me out to the front of Mooney and showed me the scorched remains of his belongings. Spread on the grass lay 23 sports shirts, 3 or 4 suits, innumerable pairs of pants, some burned encyclopedias and other objects. Jim was really concerned over his encyclopedias. He had a complete set and not one was worthy of use. They were valued over \$100.00. What really worried him the most was the fact that they were not covered with insurance and he has not finished paying for them yet. I asked him what he figured he lost all toll. He replied with the eye-opening total of \$500.00.

An ironic twist of fate was played on Ray Whitley and Hugh City. Just the week before they had moved from another dormitory to South. Like so many others, they lost almost all they owned.

South was constructed around 1920 and was formerly used as a publishing house by the Southern Convention of Congregational Christian Churches before being converted to a dorm some 18 years ago.

### The Brighter Side

The Student Christian Association, along with the Ministerial Association, have come up with an original and commendable idea. They held a meeting recently to try and see if they could alleviate the present condition of the students of South Dormitory. These organizations plan to foster a fund raising campaign. They will ask the other students to pledge what they can in the form of monetary donations. It is up to us as fellow students and fellow Christians to give all the aid that is possible. We can dig down deep or we can be indifferent to the whole situation but—who knows? It could happen to your dormitory. That is a thought worth considering.

## FROM SUCH A POND THE TUNNICLIFFES GOT WATER



Much of the water used by residents of the back country of India comes from just such ponds or "tanks" as is pictured above. It was from this earthen "tank" that Mrs. Tunncliffe obtained water for all purposes except drinking. The drinking water was hauled from a pure source many miles away from the Tunncliffe home during all the period that they lived on the English tobacco compound. Such ponds also served as good hunting grounds for water birds, as described in the accompanying story.

### In Which It Is Shown That . . .

## Life Is Sometimes Rugged In India

By MRS. DARTH FA TUNNICLIFFE

### CHAPTER TWO

This is a continuation of the narration of the experiences of one of Elon's faculty members in faraway India. In the past issue of the Maroon and Gold Mrs. Tunncliffe recounted her experiences as a teacher in a girls' college in India. In this issue she describes the life which she and her husband lived in the Indian back-country, where he was employed with a large tobacco company. There were hardships, of course, but there were also things of almost indescribable beauty to be seen.

After I married I left Lady Doak College to move into a tobacco area some 250 miles north of Madras in the out-district of the Telugu country, now known as the Andhra District. The Depot, of which my husband was Branch Manager, was 26 miles from the railroad and was situated in a small man-made oasis in the middle of fields of tobacco, red pepper, and cholam. This last is a grain resembling wheat, but has a head three times the size and grows even taller than corn.

The depot was in the heart of a black cotton soil district; there were no roads leading to it. A dirt "trunk" road (a main thoroughfare) ran somewhere near it, and from this road we had to drive down cart tracks and over wadi-filled fields to reach our bungalow.

During the rains the soil of the area made any sort of locomotion almost impossible; we could not even walk outside our gravel-filled compound without sinking knee deep in mud. The trunk road itself, or that part of it in our area, partook of this muddiness, as well as being well broken up by wadis, which became swollen torrents during a rain. (A wadi is a rocky or sandy watercourse, dry except in the rainy season.) Vehicular traffic, even to the bullock cart, was at such times at a standstill.

### A Rugged Trip

A baby cyclone hit the area the day on which we were due to leave Madras for our new home. The tracks just below the town of Chirala, the main re-drying and packing center for the Indian Leaf Tobacco Development Company, were washed away. We were forced to remain in Madras for a week, a state of affairs which we did not mind. When we finally managed to reach Chirala it was another eight days before any roads were dry enough, any wadi low enough, to permit a car to get through.

Our depot, near the village of Kommur, was 26 miles from Chirala, a short journey which we took many times during dry weather. This time, however, we were obliged to travel a circuitous route. We circled the perimeter of the Kommur area for 80 miles, and spent five days on the road. That we eventually reached Kommur within five days is a tribute to my husband's driving ability. We were in trouble only twice, both times on the last lap of the journey when the mud had become so deep and slippery that there seemed to be no solid earth anywhere.

The first halt came in the middle of what was once the main street of a small village. From that dilemma we were rescued by the help of friendly villagers under the supervision of the Brahmin priest, who even helped in the pushing. The second halt, nearly

present), and three sheep. The sheep were a necessity. We were never certain that we would be able to get meat when we wanted it; and, as it was impossible to buy even mutton near us, we decided to keep our own. The difficulty came when we wanted to butcher the sheep. Everyone had made such pets of them that I invariably received requests to let the sheep live a little longer. For other meat, supposedly beef but more probably water buffalo, we had a standing order from Madras.

Our beef and butter used to come to us fortnightly from a distance of 250 miles. Occasionally the meat reached us in a decomposed state. There were no refrigerator cars on the trains; the meat and butter was packed in a box with sawdust and ice, the whole sewed up in gunny sacking. Should the train be late, or the parcel put off at the wrong station, meat and butter were inedible when they reached Kommur. These parcels of food and any mail that we received had to be brought to us by runner from Chirala. Kommur had no post office and no telephones. For any emergency we still had to rely on a runner, or make the journey ourselves by car.

### Eggs Were Scarce

Our chickens were not much of a success as egg producers. Indian chickens have not been trained to lay more than one egg every other day; furthermore, they seldom lay at the same time. The result was that we rarely got more than one egg a day. Instead we had to send to all surrounding villages within a radius of twelve miles for two dozen eggs. However, we did raise fowl to help our larder.

Variation in our diet was helped tremendously by the proximity of teal in the district. India is full of "tanks" (bodies of water about the size of our pond, natural or man-made to retain as much rain water as the lie of the land will permit—in effect, small reservoirs), at least one near every village, and many in the middle of fields for irrigation purposes. Teal, pin tail, spoonbill, and shovelers, as well as non-edible water birds, inhabited these tanks until they began to dry up.

One of our favorite recreations was to go out to the tanks in the early morning or late afternoon to shoot teal. Often, on getting word by runner of a sudden deluge of directors touring the district and planning to stay for a meal or for the night, we have snatched up our guns and gone out searching for teal. Luckily, they were almost always plentiful. My task was to steal upon them and fire into their midst (I used an air rifle) to raise them. At the other end of the tank were the rest of the hunters who shot as the birds circled over them.

(Continued on Page Four)

## the quidnunc

By GARY THOMPSON



Army Is Hunting For Theology Students  
The army is hunting for theology students who can qualify for second lieutenant commissions and assignments as chaplains to home-town Reserve and National Guard units.

The program is primarily for men in their first and second year at theological seminaries, since senior students may apply directly for first lieutenant commissions shortly before they're ordained.

As the Army sees it, the initial advantages to getting into the program are a chance to attend summer training and be paid for tension courses through the Chaplain School. An eventual advantage is a chance to supplement regular civilian income by taking part in Reserve affairs after being ordained and assigned to a church.

If you're a theology student, your first qualification for the program is that you be a full-time student at a recognized seminary, or be a senior at a recognized college or university planning to enter a seminary come fall.

You may also—  
Have completed 130 undergraduate semester hours at a recognized college or university.

Have the approval of your church denomination for the study of theology.

Be over 18, but not have reached your 30th birthday prior to your appointment.

Sign an agreement that you'll accept a commission as first lieutenant if you're offered one after you're ordained.

Agree to serve a minimum of two full years of active duty after you're appointed as a first lieutenant if the Army requires your services on active duty. (The Army says it now isn't in need of chaplains on active duty and chances are won't involuntarily call a Reserve unit chaplain unless a full or partial mobilization occurred.)

Meet the general requirements for appointment as a commissioned officer in the Army Reserve.

All young men who sign up in the program will be eligible to take the eight-week Summer course at the Chaplain School, either between your terms at the seminary or after graduation.

During your course at the school you will be paid \$677 if you have no dependents or \$711 if you have dependents. You'll receive a uniform allowance of \$290 after you have completed 14 days of the course and your travel expenses will be covered by the Army.

After your graduation from the seminary and you're assigned to a Reserve unit, you'll have the opportunity to earn from \$500 to \$1,000 a year as an active Reservist. Your assignment, incidentally, will be at or near your local parish.

If you're interested in the program and feel you're qualified, you should write to the office of the Chief of Chaplains, Department of the Army, the Pentagon, Washington 25, D. C., for application blanks and instructions.

### Bull Sessions

College customs and traditions change with the times, but the old-fashioned bull sessions survive them all. Any attempt to abolish them would be futile, but they could stand improvement. Perhaps a campaign for a higher type of bull session with a slogan to "Sling Constructive Bull" would be advisable.

The familiar bull session of today is anything but inspiring. A group of students assemble in a smoke-filled room and frequently discuss anything from the price of eggs to the best methods of bluffing the faculty, with ample time for consideration of other topics of conversation in between.

Nightly meetings at which gossip, slander, "gripping," and indecent jokes constitute the program are injurious not only to the participants, but also the persons being discussed. A person's reputation is not what he is but what other people think he is. Much unhappiness can be caused by unjust criticism and false accusation, and all too often it starts as a jest at a bull session. "If you can't say something nice about a person, say nothing at all."

Bull sessions could and should be scenes of worthwhile discussion. A person can train his mind in the right channels, or he may develop it in the wrong way. Do bull sessions, in the popular interpretation of the term, improve the mind or benefit anyone? If so, they are to be tolerated in moderation. If not, they are to be condemned.