

Maroon And Gold

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

- Gary Thompson Editor-in-Chief
- Ann Stoddard Assistant Editor
- Gary Thompson Feature Editor
- Neil Johnson Art Editor
- Reuben Askew Staff Photographer
- Luther N. Byrd Faculty Advisor

BUSINESS BOARD

- Jack Lindley Business Manager
- Ann Stoddard Circulation Manager
- Carl E. Owen Printing Advisor
- Robert Somers Press Operator

SPORTS STAFF

- Bill Walker Sports Editor

REPORTERS

- Judith Clark John McGowan
- Walter Edmonds Dot Perkins
- Glenn Garrett Garieta Vestal
- Sylvia Grady Louis Wilkins
- George Hall Yvonne Winstead

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1956

WE NEED YOUR AID

To those of you who condescend to read so lowly an article as an editorial, let me urge you to take the few words written here in all seriousness. It has been said that the young American generation is irresponsible and carefree. But lately we have begun to realize that there are things to be done by us—big things, important things which will aid civilization in its advance to higher levels.

Here at Elon we have a lovely campus, a cooperative administration, and a democratic faculty—all to make our life on this campus a happy one. We have various college activities which are sponsored for our benefit. Their success depends on us. Our social events are enjoyable only if the members of the student body cooperate. These are all things done for us, to help us in every way possible; but there is the adage, "You can't receive without giving something in return."

One organization on the campus which offers an excellent opportunity to everyone to do his part is the STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. The most important task of this group at present is the raising of \$2000 for our BURNED-OUT BROTHERS OF SOUTH. The fact that you have to pay your fraternity dues or that you are in need of a hair cut seems small in comparison with the tremendous amount of work to be done by the SCA. Your help is needed. It is such a small thing to you and requires so little effort—yet this money means a great deal to the BURNED-OUT BROTHERS OF SOUTH. —GBT.

MAY DAY COMETH

May Day, with all its pageantry, is rapidly arriving on the scene. Over in Memorial Gymnasium, Mrs. Griffin is busy in preparation of the event. The girl participants are going to Burlington having their evening dresses fitted. The boys are looking around for dinner jackets. These people are spending many hours to make this May Day a success. Plans are complete for a talent show on Friday night preceding the May Day festivities that are set for Saturday. The theme of the program will review many popular dances of the 20th century. On Saturday night a dance will be held as the climax of the May week-end. Let's everyone attend to see the fruits of all these labors.—LEB.

HOLD THAT TRASH

This is a reminder about the appearance of our campus. It concerns the thoughtlessness of students who throw all kinds of trash upon the ground instead of in the cans where they belong. Apparently there is no pride in the upkeep of our campus.

It seems to us as though a sense of cleanliness should prevail in every person; but unfortunately, this is not the case. Either folks are too careless, too lazy, or both, to hold onto their trash for those few extra steps from the place where they usually toss it aside to the nearest trash receptacle.

Perhaps we need even more receptacles and signs along the walks. Wouldn't it be better to clutter up our campus with receptacles than with scraps of paper? Or would it? Why can't we just remember that our beautiful campus would look better without too many of either the receptacles or the trash?

We do have a beautiful campus when it's kept clean. Why not help Nature in its work and refrain from marring her beauty. It doesn't require much effort on our part—just a little thoughtfulness.

It would also help out if each of us did his own part in picking up trash left about by more thoughtless persons. The bit of additional exercise would probably do us a lot of good. —GBT.



Sounding Off

By LARRY BARNES

Every time that I thumb through files of old MAROON and GOLD copies, I can't help but feel a sense of wonderment and awe at those students who once trod the portals of Elon. I would like to extract from these papers of yesteryear a few lines or so and pass them on to you.

This excerpt was taken out of the March 14, 1936 issue. The title of the article read "Movement Is Started To Educate Negroes In Night School Here". It reads this way:

"In a little Baptist church situated off the railroad track—not far from the Elon Campus has started a movement to educate the Negroes of our community. With mild interest stimulated more out of sheer curiosity and mild amusement, it is being viewed upon and discussed among our circles."

"There is some doubt if the thought has occurred that in this movement might lie the embryo for a definite social adjustment. Perhaps some view it as being radical, but with a little thought it must be recognized as being sound and sane. There are certain laws of social existence that must be aided for the betterment of all and the community in which we live, and it is with this view in mind that such a movement has been started."

"The ages of pupils range greatly, but their enthusiasm and eagerness to learn is on a level. Some of the pupils have never been to school in their life. Some of them have gone for one or two years."

Some twenty years later, this very article printed in the halcyon year of '36 is coming true for the Negroid race.

In the very same issue, a schedule of the fall football team was announced. It reads, "Opening the year against N. C. State College's Wolfpack at Raleigh Saturday afternoon, September 19, Elon's Fighting Christians football club will face one of the toughest assignments ever scheduled here when the gridiron campaign gets underway next fall."

The complete schedule for that year follows—

- Sept. 19—N. C. State at Raleigh
 - Sept. 26 — Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.
 - Oct. 2 — George Washington University at Washington, D.C. (night)
 - Oct. 10 — West Chester State Teachers College at West Chester, Pa.
 - Oct. 17 — LaSalle College at Philadelphia, Pa.
 - Oct. 24 — Duke University "B" team at Elon
 - Oct. 30 — Naval Apprentice at Newport News, Va. (night)
 - Nov. 7 — Lenoir-Rhyne College at Elon (homecoming)
 - Nov. 14 — Emory and Henry at Emory, Va.
 - Nov. 26 — Guilford College at Greensboro
 - Dec. 5 — Catawba College at Salisbury
- Elon had a very good club that year, winning 6 while losing 5 games against a really rugged schedule.

Harking back to the annum of 1928, I note that a Loving Cup was awarded to social fraternities. It reads like this — "The Sigma Phi Beta Social Club has been awarded the scholarship Loving Cup for the spring semester of 1928."

"The winning of this cup by one of the social clubs means that social club has made the highest scholastic average during the last semester . . . The Alpha Pi Delta Social Club held the Loving Cup last semester and stood in second place for this semester."

Jumping forward to the year 1942, on Saturday, October 3, I find that war clouds loomed black and heavy over the campus. This item was taken from "Rambling" by Charlie Mann — "This year we return knowing that we shall have no football team to cheer on to victory. We shall miss the pep meetings, the send-offs, and most of all, the games. No new thrills will we experience this year, but we shall hold dear those of the past. The thrills of the Catawba game we shall long remember. The running of Jack Boone, whom we find hard to describe in elaborate terms; but in a simple and full way, he was a great guy. The kick block by Curry Bryan will go down in Elon history as a moment that will not be soon forgotten. It was a great team that day, which though faced with defeat, fought on and when things looked darkest snatched victory for their own. That fighting team shall never be forgotten."

THIS WAS HOME FOR TUNNICLIFFES IN INDIA



The home in which the Tunnicliffes lived while at the tobacco compound in India is pictured here, along with a group of Indian laborers in native dress and the carts and bullocks which were the usual means of transporting the tobacco and other products from place to place. It is interesting to note the profusion of flowers that adorn the Tunnicliffe home.

In Which One Learns That . . . Indian Tobaccoist Lives Varied Life

By MRS. DARTHA TUNNICLIFFE

CHAPTER THREE

The story continues further the experiences in India of Mrs. Darthe Tunnicliffe, member of the Elon English faculty, and of her husband who is now an Elon student. She tells more interesting facts about their life on an English tobacco compound in India, describing how vegetables and drinking water often had to be transported from many miles away. She also tells of the difficulties they encountered with insects and snakes, which infested the region about their home.

and snakes. Little gray scorpions used to scurry over the walls and across the floor during certain seasons of the year. Outside in holes lived great black monsters, some of them five to six inches long. No matter where one walked in the compound one always watched the ground for scorpions and for snakes. One forenoon while sitting on the veranda, we saw a huge snake gliding down the path towards the tennis court. A shout brought everyone with sticks, tennis rackets, and stones. Though we raced down the path hoping to find and kill it, the snake had disappeared. We beat the grass in the area in which it had last been seen, but could not find it. Accordingly we sent off to a village for two professional snake hunters, who arrived the next morning.

Indian Snake Hunters

In India there are two types of snake hunters that I have met. There may be many other kinds, for India's customs are as varied as her peoples. The two types that I know are the professional charmers and those who hunt snakes to sell or to kill. The charmer makes use of his reed pipe to disturb the snake; when he finds it he puts it in his basket. The two men who came to find our snake were hunters; with rattles and sticks they covered the area we indicated.

All that they managed to disturb there were a couple of six inch black scorpions which emerged angrily from their holes. These were seized behind the poison sack on the tail, around which the hunters tied a piece of string, and were then proudly led to us, the men knowing full well that they would be told to remove their captive at once.

With a grin the hunters returned to their business, tiptoeing about the grass, sniffing as they went. In a short while they ran their quarry to earth in a pile of rocks behind the garage, captured it, and presented it for our inspection, holding it below the head, coiled up like a rope. It was a silvery five foot cobra, lighter in color than any I had yet seen, the common cobra being brown or black. When the men had killed and skinned the deadly creature, they presented the skin to us,

demanding their pay, and went their way.

Probably the thing that did keep our compound almost free of snakes was the family of mongooses that lived in the false roofing of the front veranda. They would not let us make pets of them, but, as they climbed the bougainvillea vines to get to their entrance hole, they would pause to peer at us and to watch us with interest. They did not seem to be afraid; they just were not the sociable type of mongooses. We did not molest them, nor they us. We were aware of them only at times when they seemed to be playing at bowls or skittles above us. Some evenings there would be a rushing and thumping of feet overhead, accompanied by numerous inexplicable bangs as though a heavy wooden ball had fallen within the false roofing.

Moonlit Nights Lovely

Nights in Kommur were always lovely, but full moon nights were the most enchanting of all. The moon was so bright that we were tempted once to try a game of tennis. It was not too successful an attempt; shots became wild or were missed entirely. Consequently, we ended the evening by sitting on the court with the sores of two Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, following them, as we sang, with the aid of only the moonlight. The full moon in India generally gives enough light by which one may read without any other aid. The night-watchmen (called Chaukidars), who made the rounds of the depot and the compound from six in the evening until dawn, stolidly plodded past us, studiously paying no attention.

The night-watchman was a feature of every depot. He went by the front of our house every twenty minutes, and if wakeful, we would hear him regularly, sandals and club clicking on the gravel, the handle of the lantern he carried squeaking as it swung by his side. He punched sundry time-clocks on his rounds, turning the tape into the depot office each morning.

Another night sound to which one became accustomed was more musical than the shuffle of the night-watchman's feet. During the selling season the farmers brought their tobacco to the depot in carts. Some arrived at dusk to stay for the night so as to be first on the buying court. Others would arrive at dawn, so that all through the night one would hear the bells of the bullocks, tinkling along the cart tracks or over the stubble fields as the carts covered on the depot. If one cared to get up to look, the sight of long lines of twinkling lanterns swinging underneath the rear of each cart was rewarding.

Types Of Tobacco

Various indigenous types of tobacco have been cultivated in India for a very long time, but it is only in comparatively recent years that the Virginian type was

the quidnunc

By GARY THOMPSON



Staffs may come and staffs may go, But mine is a permanent job, you know. When all the editors have passed on I'll still be spreading gossip about Elon. Who am I? You should know. None other than the Quidnunc— And here I go!

Not Scandal Just Plain Facts

I have been kicking in the gutter of despair during the past three weeks in this Christian institution. The ONLY KINDRED SPIRIT I could find proved to be a huge COCK ROACH which lived in the dusty, west corner of my room. He usually sat and stared gloomily out at me from under the floor board. Night after night we exchanged glance for glance and finally came to the conclusion inaudible, that all is futile. I christened him Hamlet because of his outlook of complete hopelessness. In spite of feeding him from the college dining hall, he has improved. Now both writer and Hamlet are doing much better, thank you.

CONGRATULATIONS

to Larry Barnes and the new student body officers

to Miss Jean Cannady, who was second runner-up in the annual "Miss Burlington" contest recently. Jean came to Elon from W. C. U. N. C. this year.

to Nick Thompson and Gilbert Watts of the Elon baseballers. They both have been the main stays for the Christians thus far this season.

A sudden, unexpected touch of spring like the one experienced this past week makes you feel as if you will never be the same. You feel all cozy and warm inside, and even Dr. Brown's German class seems to be shorter. The rich warm odor of the earth makes you want to do things only squirrels were prepared by nature to do—such as climb trees and sit on a limb and stare wild-eyed at God's world. Oh! it's good to be alive even with an unhappy outlook on life like mine.

Coming soon to a Burlington Show House is the Cinema PICNIC. It's William Inge's play about a husky athlete (William Holden) who bounces around a small town like a loose ball, while the ladies (Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak) fumble excitedly for possession. A must for the movie lover.

John N. Frederick, (he's Yogi's uncle) of Charlotte, N. C. is a candidate for State Insurance Commissioner. Know he would appreciate your vote.

On Traffic Safety

In 1955, more than fifteen thousand individuals didn't return home after the pleasures of the weekend. According to figures recently published by the Safety Service of the Travelers Insurance Companies of Hartford, Connecticut, 15,730 Americans were killed in weekend traffic accidents.

Of last year's traffic fatalities, more than one-fifth occurred on Saturday.

The reasons for this record number of weekend highway fatalities lie in the motoring habits of the American public. Every highway in the nation has its Saturday share of that portion of America bound and determined to arrive at its weekend destination in time for dinner, even if the trip's last sixty miles must be covered in an hour flat. Too frequently, the strain and fatigue of distant driving are ignored in anticipation of ample relaxation at the journey's end.

Then, too, our highways continue to be filled with those drivers who idea of relaxation is an extra drink or two "for the road".

Millions of dollars have been spent by Federal, state and municipal authorities in an effort to provide better and safer roads. Additional millions are spent by insurance companies and other private organizations for programs of safety education.

Nevertheless, the weekends of 1955 saw more persons killed and injured on our highways than ever before. It wasn't the fault of the road systems; it wasn't the fault of safety education campaigns. It was the fault of pleasure-seeking individuals striving to go too far, too fast, for a week-end's enjoyment.

How to reduce this record total of killed and injured? What is desperately required is the immediate, unceasing cooperation of every American in possession of a driver's permit.

An aroused awareness of the weekend highway peril, plus continued realization of this danger is the only way to reduce the weekend fatality figures for 1956.

(Continued on Page Four)