

# Maroon and Gold

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## THOUGHTS

To master one's self is the greatest mastery.  
—Seneca.

A generous prayer is never presented in vain.  
—R. L. Stevenson, THE MERRY MEN.

To do nothing is the way to be nothing.  
Nathanael Howe,  
PROVERBS FOR COMMON LIFE.

Change is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better.  
—Rev. Richard Hooker.

We are no more responsible for the evil thoughts that pass through our minds than a scarecrow for the birds which fly over the seedplot he has to guard. The sole responsibility in each case is to prevent them from settling.  
—John Charlton Collins,  
MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

True love and friendship are the same.  
—James Thompson.

### THE LIBERALS

The announcement in student chapel the other day that a liberal political party was being organized on campus created quite a bit of excitement. It was stated, we believe, that the party was being formed for the purpose of providing the college with true democratic student government in opposition to government imposed on the student body through elections "framed" by the fraternities, sororities, or any social or political group desiring only to serve its own ends. In other words, the Liberal Party claims it will give the campus an organization which favors student government run for the benefit of all students and not merely for the benefit of a minority group.

We think the idea of a political party based on such a noble principle is the best thing that has happened to Elon since the end of the war. It shows that there are at least some students, among us who are aware of the ideals handed down to us in the Constitution of our country, and who realize the importance of keeping a "democratic" government democratic.

If the Liberal Party is conducted in the true spirit in which we believe its leaders founded it; if it will push the election of the men best qualified for the jobs, whether or not they have any political or social affiliation, then our student body may be benefitted greatly.

Someone has said that determining the best man for a job is only a matter of opinion. We agree. But the important thing to bear in mind is that the opinion of a disinterested group, weighing only a candidate's qualifications through his proven ability, is more likely to hit on the right man than is the opinion of another group prejudiced in favor of one of its own candidates.

In any case, if the Liberals can bring to Elon a student government carried on by the officers most capable in the eyes of a disinterested majority, we stand behind them all the way—and so ought every man and woman on campus who believes in democratic justice.

### A LITTLE WORD

There are certain problems prevalent at Elon the solution of which we believe would be of benefit to administration and student body alike, and we feel that it is the duty of a free press to bring these problems into limelight whenever the situation demands quick action, or whenever a possible remedy can be effected.

One such problem which has been called to our attention on numerous occasions, and which we ourselves have frequently confronted by, has greatly puzzled us in the past: the rule that the word "dance" must not appear in newspaper stories, on posters, or in announcements advertising such functions, but that they must be disguised by the use of such misnomers as "reception" or "party."

This may seem a petty subject over which to raise any hue and cry, but the fact remains that the very existence of such a rule is having a detrimental effect on the college. The detriment may not be apparent on the surface, but it exists, nevertheless, in the minds of those students who have become aware of the presence of the offending rule; consequently our pride in our college demands that the question be raised here and now, at a time when relaxation of the rule, or a satisfactory explanation of it for the wondering students, might do some good.

We realize that in raising the issue we are breaking the rule itself, and are taking advantage of our position as editor of this newspaper. However, whether or not this article may be considered an abuse of the privileges delegated to us, we want it known that we feel it would be neglecting a higher duty to leave such matters fomenting. If this paper can do anything toward mutually aiding the school and its students, it will have served its purpose well.

Regarding the word "dance," the students wish first of all to know why such a word should be obnoxious if the function it describes is openly permitted to take place at this Christian college. If dancing were as un-Christian and immoral as the existence of the present rule seems to suggest, there would be no dances here. In other words, the very fact that this form of entertainment is permitted should be enough to remove the stigma from the one word describing it truthfully. To irked students, therefore, allowing the dances and forbidding open mention of them may well appear hypocritical.

Secondly, the students think the rule old-fashioned, the relic of a bygone day when dancing was not a part of the social life at Elon. They believe that the rule was perpetuated by the administration, first out of deference to any members of the Church who might not have approved introduction of the pastime to the college; then as tradition, without any realization that it might someday harm the school in the eyes of the students.

Without question there exist certain customs and traditions at Elon which give our college much of its attractiveness, but we are inclined to think, too, that some traditions lose their charm after a period of time, and that they can become more harmful than not.

There is the picture: The students, including this editor, believe a spade should be called a spade, especially in these realistic times when there is a great need for truth. Either dancing here should be called dancing, or it should not be allowed at all. One thing we know—the student body is in favor of it, and there ought to be more dances than we've been getting, whether called by their real name or not.

## College Humor

Beneath this narrow mound' of clay  
Lies Verona Dan'ls  
Who early in the month of May  
Removed her winter flannels.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, the other that they haven't any business.

An intoxicated Elonite asked a pedestrian, "I shay, which ish the other side of the shreet?"  
"Why, over there," was the answer.  
"Shtrange. I was jus' over there an' a gentlem'n shaid it wash over here."

Coach: "What's his name?"  
Manager: "Osscowinsinski."  
Coach: "Put him on the first team. Boy, now I can get even with the newspapers."

Frances Branson: "What becomes of a ball player when his eyesight begins to fail?"  
Lou Savini: "They make an umpire of him."

"I understand," said one young woman to another, "that at your church you are having very small congregations. Is that so?"

"Yes," answered the other, "so small that every time our preacher says 'Dearly Beloved' you feel as if you had received a proposal!"

The gum-chewing girl  
And the cud-chewing cow  
Are somewhat alike,  
Yet different somehow,  
And what is the difference?  
I think I know now—  
It's the clear, thoughtful look  
On the face of the cow.

Thought for the week: Stealing a kiss may be petty larceny, but sometimes it's grand.

A professor once figured out why so many professors are absent-minded. He forgot the answer.

Teacher: "George, how would you punctuate this sentence—'Mary walked out on the beach in her new bathing suit!'"

George: "I'd make a dash after Mary."

—The Twig.



Elon's Easter parade was a colorful affair, they say. Some stayed, but most departed for more exciting places . . . The Virgilina pack left en masse Friday, and some of them didn't get back 'til Monday night. 'Tis the SPIRIT of the place, you know!

Al Gravette and others were seen at Virginia Osburn's dance Easter week-end. The cocktail hour was enjoyed by all . . . (Corny, what?)

Home claimed the presence of many of the absentees . . . Veazy walked out of New Market with an "angel on her shoulder" . . . Shirley Woods explored the wonders of South Carolina . . . Dot Brinkley journeyed home with Ruth Dunn . . . Atalita stayed to cheer the lonely.

Spring's here and so is l'amour. Miss Hardy works overtime trying to budge lingering couples from West Dorm steps at "curfew" time. We hear Miss Hardy has spring fever: she's painting her bedroom passionate purple.

Incidentally, who was the brave soul who retrieved that lovely piece of lace-trimmed lingerie from the cedar tree in front of West? Give that gal four silver dollars: to buy a better clothesline, that is!

Question of the week: What was it that Gayle left with Mack on Easter Monday? Why does Nancy Eller get so starry-eyed when someone mentions DUSTY ROADS?

Local yokels of Ossipee are noticing Price's attentions to Lib Busick. He was bombarded with firecrackers.

The campus is finally aroused from its mental lethargy to witness a long-needed political upheaval. Vernon Phelps announced the creation of the new independent Liberal Party at Elon. His moving speech was well calculated to make people stop and think for a change. From fraternity and sorority corners we hear cries of "radicals" . . . We once heard that a radical was anyone whose opinion differed from ours, eh? A new democratic era born of the past has finally arrived at Elon . . . to stay, we hope.

## Poet's Column

### MY PRAYER

By John Willis Bracey  
For mercies, Lord, which never cease,  
For love so freely given,  
For life, for friends, for joy and peace,  
For hopes of bliss in Heaven,  
Mere word can ne'er the debt repay  
For blessings mine to share.  
Lord, teach me yet a better way  
And make my life a prayer.

For tasks thou givest me to do,  
For strength my load to bear,  
For beckoning fields and pastures new,  
For prospects bright and fair,  
In gratitude to Thee I turn  
For all Thy love and care.  
Help me, dear Lord, Thy will to learn  
And make my life a prayer.

A prayer of faith, of hope, and cheer,  
A witness every day  
Of Thy protecting Presence near  
Along life's rugged way;  
And when for me life's race is run,  
May I the gurdion wear.  
Forgive me, dear Lord, the work undone,  
Accept, dear Lord, my prayer.

### ELON

(Elon is a Hebrew word whose primary meaning is "oak-tree or oak-grove," and whose derivative meaning is "strength.")

A mighty tree uprooted,  
With arms spread far and wide,  
Prostrate in the forest lay  
Recumbent on its side.

The northern blasts had come  
With rushing, surging pace;  
The tree, with scanty rootage,  
Lay fallen in its place.

The neighboring oaks stood nigh,  
Unharm'd by Boreas' sweep,  
With strength in every fiber,  
With roots and rootlets deep.

Midst mighty oaks located,  
From whence, Elon, thy name,  
Thus may it e'er be granted  
Thy growth may be the same.

While glorious thy deeds,  
And choice thy finest fruits,  
Yet may the strength abide,  
Deep buried in thy roots.

With deep and wide-spread rootlets,  
With vigor from source divine,  
So may an unseen power  
Be ever, ever thine.

J. Allen Hunter.



The Little Wun is all wrapped up in a pile of books in preparation for the impending comprehensive examination. Yours truly has been asked to do her column. I don't mind for she gets the blame for all that appears in this column.

We think it would be nothing more than just plain fair to give some of those persons whose names have never appeared in this column before, an opportunity to express themselves in print. They appear below under the names the Little Wun gave them

Calvin "O, how I love myself" Milam: "Her I JILTED HIM CLUB already has more members than all fraternities combined."

Ace "Bunny" Harrell: "I think I should say what a jar of deodorant would say if it could speak: MUM is the word."

Tom "Missionary" Fulghum: "If I were Verdalee, I would wear that little green and white checkered gym suit all of the time."

We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate our baseball club on the nice work they have been doing lately; these re-organized Liberals who seem to be responsible for an increase in school interest (politically).

The ice-cream rabbit we had for Sunday dinner was very nice but, after having seen the movie, "Song of the South," we found it rather difficult to bite his little "haid blumb off."

Most of the fellows like the girls but Ed Nash is seen mostly with "Min."

Ah, yes! Spring has finally shown itself and we can be reasonably sure there will be no more snow. The grass has commenced to turn green and the trees are budding. The most vivid sign however, was the galaxy of new Easter bonnets displayed at church Sunday. They certainly were elaborate, with all the ribbons, feathers, nets, and flowers.

Ray Day: "Those old light wires are dangerous. One of them fell on a student last year and killed him."

Ed Nash: "How shocking!"

Miscellaneous: Fred Hoffman is wearing a pretty new necktie; George Theodore Parker has retrieved his celibate standing.

Perhaps it would be fitting, at this time, to warn the little boys who are bad little boys, that a band of masked ruffians are roaming the country-side armed with scissors. Their purpose is to clip the curly locks of people who talk all of the time without having anything to say.

"You better watch out!  
You better not cry!  
You're bound to lose your hair  
By-and-by."

Verdalee, what is the story on that mysterious mumbling we hear from you lately? All we are able to decipher is, "Why! I received an orchid last year." If we can be of any assistance—

Frances St. Clair is becoming rather tired of telling her students at the high school, "Well, let's look it up together."

What does Missouri have that Elon can't match? Politically speaking.

Two drunks were standing at a bar. A horse galloped in and ordered a Martini.

"We have no olives," said the bartender, and the horse galloped out.

"That's the most amazing thing I've ever seen!" exclaimed one drunk.

Replied the bartender: "Why, that's not so unusual; a lot of people don't have olives."

## Carolina Bouquets

With Spring's March gales blown into the Cavalier state far to the "Nawth," southern gentlemen from Carolina can begin to hunt cool, mossy places and jugs of persimmon beer for thirsty moments.

And thinking of cooling the fevered brow will remind some of the girls of Miss Vanda Whicker, of Winston-Salem and the Appalachian Mountaineers, who puts the campus femmes through their gymnastic drills. But we are not here to remark on the strenuous life they lead in her classes. That we opine, is what those classes should produce.

We came just to remark in passing that Miss Whicker has given us work of general excellence all year; and to her the MAROON AND GOLD presents an imaginative but very, very "Booful" Bouquet of June roses—for her cheerful vivacity, her genuine friendliness, and the smile that matches the roses.

Also, it is a pleasant duty to recognize the value of a fellow from away up Nawth—Vernon Phelps of Virginia. (We Southerners don't really feel superior, geographically, but we like to remind ourselves that we're from the "Deep South, Suh.")

Mr. Phelps has done a good many fine things, and in all departed himself as a gentleman and a scholar. But what we most commend is his political front. A downright Liberal he is, and we like that. Never thought we'd live to see one again, and darned if he didn't produce two hundred, just like rabbits from a hat. Here, boy,, take these Golden Glow tulips to the gen-mun.