

Maroon and Gold

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The Race Question

One of the big issues of the country is the racial problem. Everyone knows that, but who is willing to do anything about it? Very few are willing to inconvenience themselves in any manner at all in order to alleviate the strained relations. Formost among the racial problems is that between the Negroes and Whites, but there is also a very noticeable hatred for the Jews.

The Negro situation has been aggravated rather than improved in sections of the country, partly because of their complex and partly because of ours. Something must be done by both parties to overcome this difference between our people. We are one people, whether we desire to admit it or not. All of us are human beings, with the same right to inhabit the earth, ride on streetcars, attend movies, go to college, and do anything else that is within the limits of the law. But we who first invaded this land, slaughtered, raped, and otherwise humiliated its rightful owners went further and imported another race as slaves. They were not considered a slave people, but rather as animals. Now that we have come to the startling realization that they are people even as we, and further realize that they are the possessors of souls and all of the other things belonging to humanity except equality, it's high time we give them equality; guarantee them equality and make certain it is not violated. There is no justification for the jackass statement 'send them back to Africa' which we often hear. They did not ask to be brought here. They have been in the front lines during two wars for the defense of our country. They were largely responsible for the progress made in the early development of colonial America. Why does our country ignore the disgraceful manner in which the problem has been handled?

The argument always ends when someone defends his prejudice by advancing the old, old story, "I don't wish to be near them; they stink! Such a remark may or may not be justified. While we have been around many of both races, we have found some Negroes who were without odor and some Whites who were with it. At any rate, the Negro has been held back to the extent that some have not seen very many cakes of soap. They have not had the educational advantages necessary to cause them to realize the importance of cleanliness, and until they are allowed to educate themselves in our education-

al institutions, some will doubtless go on in ignorance of some of the social blunders they have been guilty of committing.

In one town in eastern North Carolina, we have observed for years the tragedy of small Negro children walking several miles each morning to avail themselves of an inadequate grammar school education, while the white children of the same area were encouraged to attend by a warm school bus to ride in. And we call ourselves a Christian people! In fact, we have heard one of our students ask whether it is necessary to recognize the Negro as an equal in order to be a Christian. Well, is it?

The educated Negroes cause no trouble. They are, we imagine, as well qualified for good people as we are. Why must we blame the race for the crime of one Negro, when the white race has been guilty of far more crime than the Negroes? And don't try to tell us it is because of the greater number, because it is not. They have more justification for crime than we do, however, because they are insulted daily by "Jim Crow laws" and a whole bunch of malarky on democracy, or whatever it is which allows the white populace to continue to roll up the Negro's sidewalk at sundown, force him to the rear of public halls in our national capital, give him years of imprisonment for trivial crimes that white men pay their way out of with a few paltry dollars, make examples of him in public lynchings! Why do we not come to our senses and correct this wrong? Until we do educate them, open the doors of our state universities and colleges, we can not expect to solve the disgraceful problem. The time is at hand when we can no longer run away from the situation; we must face it. If we face it as we should, there will be no need for us to outline the boundaries of convention to the Negro. He will be capable of finding his place alone; and, as a citizen of the United States with the rights of a citizen in the eyes of both black and white, he will keep his place, and we shall keep ours.

ED. NOTE: The editor realizes while writing this that it will not please most of the student body and faculty. However, it may give you an incentive to express your views through the "Letter to the Editor" column, which welcomes such opinions and criticism.

On Several Things

O to be in Elon, now that spring is near! Of course, there is every possibility of several more snows before that best of all seasons arrives, but we are happy to have a few days of fair weather and the prospects of an opportunity to break out in some of those clothes we haven't been wearing to death. Honestly, we sometimes feel that we are known as "the poor soul who has but one pair of trousers". Most of us have two suits, but one of them is for summertime.

And while we are discussing clothes we are wondering whether the arrival of warm weather will bring a new style in women's dresses. The length has us particularly worried. It is an interesting subject to ponder upon. Will a spring dress contain more or less yardage? Not that we care how long, or how short the new mode will require them to be, but simply that if they become any longer, that old question of whether "the clothes make the person....?" will be a good one. And the optimists could judge more accurately if they were able to see more of a person; whereas, the pessimists are wondering if the time will arrive when a lady will be disgraced if she allows her ankle to show in public.

Now that it is warm enough to wear our summer clothes and cool enough to wear our winter clothes, perhaps we shouldn't have so many cuts caused by waiting to get our suit from the cleaners.

If you are wondering why the editorial page has been set in narrow columns this issue, it is because of difficulties with our linotype. This machine which has served us more or less faithfully for many years, is rather temperamental. Having reached the advanced age of 44 she is inclined to take things easy unless she is in the proper mood. If she doesn't want to print wide columns, she just doesn't do it.

T'aint Necessarily So

By Jackie Gaskins

It is a good thing that this column is due at the time it is, for if it had to appear any later, I'm awfully afraid it would show up missing. For, in case you haven't realized it yet, now is the time of the quarter when everyone must study - including me. So while you may, you had better take a good look at people with books in front of their faces 'cause this phenomenon occurs only at the end of the quarter. This week is what might be called "hibernation week."

While this era is in progress, I hope you will have time to read the little bit of gossip that has accumulated during the past two weeks. Of course, this isn't all the gossip, for that "stuff" has a habit of hiding from me, especially when I'm looking for it.

It seems that the current fad on campus is to obtain engagement rings. Rachael Beachum is not one to be left behind in such an interesting activity - so, congratulations to Rachael Beachum and Homer Perry.

For the past two weeks the campus has been overrun with a group of idiotic students. When I say "idiotic" I mean exactly that. What other class of people go around so stupidly dressed and not speaking? Why, naturally, the pledgees! I assume that it wasn't too hard for them to take for most of them are still living.

"Spring is sprung,
 The grass is riz,
 Wonder where
 The flowers is?"

It is a day for rejoicing for one, Betty Benton. As everyone on campus should know by now, she has finished her thesis, and is she ever proud! Congratulations, Betty.

Well, it will soon be time for another quarter to start. With this in mind, I can't help but wonder whether Aggie Vaughan will be back with us or not. How's about it, Aggie?

Next quarter, I'm sure, Elon is going to miss Janice Frazier. How could we help but miss her? Who else on campus can talk like Janice? Who else can act as crazy as she does? You see, Janice, we can't help but miss you. Don't take it too hard, Janice; I'm just paying back for initiation week. Pome dedicated to a deserted maiden:

"My love is gone,
 He done me dirt.
 I never knew
 He were a flirt.
 To those who love,
 Let I forbid,
 Lest they be done -
 Like I been did."

If there are any correct grammatical constructions in the above poem, something is wrong, 'cause there ain't supposed to be any.

That is about all the news that I can scrape up at the present time, and I feel duty calling - by duty, I mean that I have an unfinished funny book to master. Happy landings, and I hope to see most of you fair students back next quarter.

IT'S SNOWING AGAIN

Willie R. Madren

I was gazing out the window today at noon,
 And thinking of love's sweet refrain;
 But my thoughts were interrupted soon,
 When someone said
 "It's snowing again!"
 Outside the snow was slowly falling,
 Covering the shrubs with cold white stain;
 It seems that I could hear them calling,
 "Look, fellows,
 It's snowing again!"
 Maybe the snow will soon stop blowing,
 And I can get back to love's old refrain;
 Back to our work we will be going,
 But at the present time,
 "It's snowing again."

Truth And Travesty

By Ted Parker

.....and the wind blew and the dust flew! As the horizon rises slowly to meet the setting sun, we bid farewell to beloved Elon, land of books and blackboards, men and women, physics and philosophy, German and geology, love and laissez-faire. Some will return after a much needed rest, some will never return as students, and others.... Heh! Heh!

Now to recount the saga of Two-gun Lentz, that routin', tootin', rarin' son of the saddle, who, in a moment of emergency, came to the rescue with out hesitation or thought for personal safety.

An auto carrying four of our basketball team was clipping along the highway toward Wilson. In the front seat Chuck Lentz and Ed Drew were chatting happily, while the rear seat was monopolized by Bill Hopkins and Lacy "Tricks" Ganes.

Suddenly the conscious three were alerted by the sight of a team of mule tearing madly up the hill ahead with a highly perturbed colored man running after them a good thirty yards behind. Ed Drew, driving, stepped on the gas and drew abreast of the wagon whereupon both he and Chuck, being of the bravest, decided to go to the rescue simultaneously, leaving the auto to its own devices. Chuck, however, was on the nearest side and was on the running board before Ed was, whereupon Ed scrambled back in and rescued the auto. Poising for a moment on the running board, Chuck did a "Douglas Fairbanks" to the bed of the thundering wagon and sprawled into a ton of fresh manure. Nothing daunted by this experience, he fought his way to the seat of the wagon, where he endeavored to reach the reins, which had dropped between the traces.

Meanwhile, the auto was running abreast of the wagon. Lacy or "Tricks" as he is better known, had awakened and was wondering at the spectacle, while Bill Hopkins, that mischievous little rascal, was leaning out of the car window, yelling "Giddy -ap! Giddy-ap!"

Chuck, persevering as only he can, finally captured the reins by dint of some more daring athletics, and in his best Texas draw shouted "Whoa!" At this the mules promptly came to a halt, more from exhaustion than Chuck's masterful technique. There was much cheering and backslapping, and the grateful colored man was presented with his vagrant jackasses. The only things missing were a sunset, a girl, a ten-gallon hat, and, of course, mood music.

During the late snow, "Peanut" Bain had the audacity to throw a huge snowball at John "Dimples" Zurlis. Having a tendency to "obey that impulse", John immediately threw a half-nelson on "Peanut" and she hit the snow faster than a strafed dogface, whereupon John proceeded to pour on her until she looked a great deal like the woman someone built in front of West during Hell Week. It seems, girls, that "Dimples" is no man to tamper with.

"Hink" Ward, swearing revenge upon the ones who caused gossip to be spread about him in last issue, related a choice morsel concerning John Taylor, which might be entitled "John's Other Love". Get set for a portion of "Treatment S". The following is some of the dialogue reconstructed from the story recounted by "Hink":

"Hello, Honey, what are you doing out of bed so early in the afternoon? I'm afraid you'll chill your sweet little tootsies."
 "Let's dispense with this unnecessary chatter, John. I have only one thing to say—quote—It's quits with us—unquote."
 "B-but, Darling, what is it? Is it someone else? Confide in me—I'll try to understand."
 "There is nothing to be explained. I say again, 'It's quits'."
 "No! No! Don't go—!"
 And poor, deluded, heartbroken John Taylor turned his face into the fearful future with nothing to console him but five or six other girls.

Miscellany:
 Edna Burke and Mary Brown are going mad trying to figure out the cryptic letter series: N-R-A. If you read, are in the know, and are brave

Roses and Thorns

By Hal McDiarmid

Here's your harbinger of evil and bringer of good tidings again, speaking from the same old stand. I have been looking forward eagerly since last issue, hoping someone would give me some ideas for this column, but so far I haven't heard a word from any source.

Before I get down to the business of backslapping and throat cutting, I would like to repeat any wish that any of you who know of some worthy or unworthy affair that should be brought to light, please tell me in person or write me a note concerning it. This would help me to give you a better column, I know. So—good folks—let me hear from you.

Heading our list this week is a chap who is rapidly making a name for himself on this campus and on other campuses of the North State Conference as a team supporter without peer. His rapid fine delivery starts when the game starts, and stops when the game stops. He may take it easy during the rest periods, but from the moment the game is resumed until action is halted by the officials at the close of the game his voice is easily heard above that of the of the combined crowd. He may not be as large in stature as "Tarzan" Morris, the famous alumnus of the University of North Carolina, but he has just as good a pair of lungs!

Students from other campuses have commented on his abilities, and I'm happy to acknowledge them and pass them on to you, most of whom already know him. He may not be as large in stature as "Tarzan" Morris, the famous alumnus of the University of North Carolina, but he has just as good a pair of lungs!

To the leather-lunged gentleman from Brown Summit, Muril T. Hughes, we offer a rousing "well done" and a cup of sassafras tea to oil those vocal cords! We need several hundred like you Muril! (Some of you will remember Muril as the bewhiskered guy whose portrait appeared in last year's April Fool edition of the M & G.)

With all apologies to Ed Mulford, while on the sports theme, I would like to comment on the sportsmanship shown this year at the basketball games. There were entirely too many boos and other unsportsmanlike gestures used this season. Sometimes the officiating was not so good (in my humble opinion, but overall it was pretty good. I found myself booing on a couple of occasions and didn't feel so good about it. Let's try in the future to control ourselves and leave off these verbal outbursts.

Well, exams are almost upon us; so I guess I'd better get busy and start reviewing. I'd like to offer an orchid to all of our professors (in the hope they'll be lenient come exam time). Good luck to all of you in the coming trials. Buenos dias, amigos.

enough, give them the answer. A new parlor game has lately become the rage and is sweeping the college campuses of the nation. If you are interested, the only known exponents of the pastime here at Elon are: Fred Hoffman, Vic Strader, and Fred Schoffner. If approached cautiously and in the right manner, they might divulge the rudiments of "Car-Car".

Floyd Benton budding artist and sibs painter extraordinary, was lettering a sign in the window of one of the local establishments the other day. As the people passed they would pause and stare in amazement or wave their hands and jeer, trying to distract his attention. The tight-lipped, imperturbable Floyd, however, would merely raise an eyebrow and stare back until the passerby left, and then chuckle through his teeth. The finished product is indeed a thing of beauty.

In passing we dedicate to "Moon" Everett the motto:

"I'm feeling mighty low".

In some sections of Australia, the annual rate of evaporation is 15 times that of the average rainfall.

China is believed to have been the birthplace of the orange plant.

For No Good Reason

By Frank Orringer

Since Monday was Washington's birthday, your reporter decided to celebrate by interviewing several outstanding students concerning their thoughts on the Father of his country. Taking the chapel period as the best time to find students in the Alameda Building, the reporter stationed himself near the east entrance and asked several students this question, "What do you think of Washington?" Following is a representative sampling of the answers:

Eleanor Argenbright, an English major—"In thinking of Washington leave us not forget this. He seen his duty and he done it."

Worth Womble, physical education major—"Washington? Personally, I don't think they will finish better than fourth this year."

Jane McCauley, President of S. C. A.—"Sorry, bub, I never speak to strange men."

Baxter Twiddy, President of Ministerial Association—"So that's why the post office is closed today."

Alton Wright, President of I.R.C.—"Washington is all right, but there is a lot more to do in New York."

With the organization of classes for the spring quarter, the problem of finding the proper classroom will again arise. Every quarter many students miss their first classes because of inability to locate the classroom. This is an unnecessary waste of time because the rooms are numbered by a system which is both logical and simple, once you have mastered the plan. For the benefit of all bewildered students, your reporter will demonstrate how this system works.

First, let me say that the system was worked out by Prof. Menu Faddit, a member of the mathematics department at the time the building was erected. Prof. Faddit later achieved nation wide recognition with his book, "How to Make a Lawn Mower out of a Thousand Old Razor Blades."

His task in numbering the rooms was somewhat complicated by the fact that the workman engaged to tack the numbers on the doors couldn't count above five. Prof. Faddit, a man of great resources took this into consideration by using only the digits one to five. For numbers above five, the digits were doubled. Thus the numbers run one, two, three, four, five, eleven, twenty-two, thirty-three, etc. Number forty-four is missing, as the workman ran out of fours; so he put two fives on that door, upside down.

On entering the building from the west side, the music room to the right is number one. Opposite this room is classroom number two. Simple isn't it. Next is Mr. Dunlap's classroom which has two doors. One is number three and the other number seven; so to simplify matters, number five, halfway between seven and three was taken for the number of that classroom.

The day student girls' room has no number as the workman finished Mr. Dunlap's room on Saturday and forgot about the girls' room on Monday when he returned. So he started with the bookstore. It seems he had a bad weekend.

Classrooms on the second floor follow the same plan as those on the first except that each room is designated by the square of the number of the room below it. For instance, the Howells classroom, which is above Mr. Dunlap's (number five, you recall) is the square of five, or twenty-five. To find a room on the second floor, go to the room on the first floor just beneath it, square the number of that room, and there you have it. Or do you?

The large lecture room on the second floor, where Miss Keen holds forth, was considered too big for one number; so it is room sixty-five, eleven, thirty-two.

To find a room on the third floor simply find the numbers of the two rooms below it, add those numbers, and divide by three. If the quotient is not a whole number, you probably have the wrong building.