

# 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, \$.50 the quarter.

### EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-In-Chief ..... Ted Parker  
 Feature Editor ..... Frances Newton  
 Sports Editor ..... Rocco Sileo  
 Assistant Sports Editor ..... George Stanley  
 Dramatics Editor ..... Bob Wright  
 Staff Photographer ..... Harvey Foushee

### BUSINESS BOARD

Business Manager ..... Evelyn Moore  
 Circulation Manager ..... Martha Veazey  
 Advisor ..... Hoyle S. Bruton  
 Printer ..... B. G. Frick  
 Makeup Man ..... Gray Hackney  
 Press Man ..... Worth Womble  
 Typist ..... Faye Cline

### COLUMNISTS

Miriam Bolwell, Robert Rubinate,  
 Jennings Berry

### REPORTERS

Sam Jenkins, William C. Ivey, John Blanchard, Rosamond Bromley, William Livesay, John Vance, Doris White, Howard Hodnett, John Bolwell, Elizabeth Hoffman, Jean Pittman, Verona Danielely.

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY  
**National Advertising Service, Inc.**  
 College Publishers Rep. Executive  
 420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.  
 CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1948

### CRY ROGUE!

Into even the most congenial of environments can come the elements of depravity and deceit. Through the predatory instincts of possibly only one person there has come to Elon a general atmosphere of distrust wherein each of us looks askance at his fellow man.

When we first arrived at this campus a locked door was a comparative rarity. One could leave his valuables lying about unattended for an indefinite time without a thought of its being pilfered. The air of friendliness was then genuine, not merely a matter of tradition.

Lock that door, put your wallet under your pillow, hide what jewelry you may have, and post a guard while you shower or pay a call to another room—we have a thief among us! The appellation "thief," in itself, is much too mild. This is the foulest type of thief, one who will take the belongings of his associates. The ultimate in low cunning and rotten chicanery, he will, when not plying his nefarious trade, fawn upon his dupe, flattering him with attention, speaking pleasantly in chance meeting, and otherwise building for himself a bulwark of responsibility.

Not only do we suffer directly from the attacks of this hell-born atrocity, but the school of which we are a part may become smudged in name through such a manifestation of corruption. As a result, each of us who graduate from Elon may be branded with a stigma, so we must, in some way, tear this cancer from our flesh lest the body die.

Thief, hear us! Should you be apprehended in your villany, hasten from the fear of death into the arms of protective authority, for many are the students who would justifiably do bodily harm unto you. By this we do not mean a slap on the wrist. This warning comes merely as a gesture from a heart so generous that it could pity the physical misery of even the filthiest and most polluted form of squirming life.

#### Student Body Dues

Let's go, tightwads! Loosen the death-grip on that mouldy old dollar bill and present it to your treasurer. You can't ride through life forever on the generosity of others.

We've heard your gripes and your moanings about the lack of social life on this campus. "Why can't we have some good parties?" you say. Since when could we have an enjoyable party without spending some money? And where do you think the money is coming from—charity?

Out of a possible 800 students, only a few over 400 have come through with the necessary. The students know the benefits of the fund, yet nearly half of them either choose to ignore it or are negligent of their own interests.

Don't wait! For a better student body organization, pay up today.

# rodomontade rampant

By ROBERT RUBINATE

Have been noticing the glum looks on the faces of many Elon's collegiates. Perhaps the appearance of grades has something to do with this showing of remorse. In our random time while lollying we came upon a paragraph by Edward Sanford Martin titled "A Father to His Freshman Son:" "Your mind, like your body, is a thing whereof the powers are developed by effort. Unless you train your body you can't be an athlete, and unless you train your mind you can't be much of a scholar."

Did ol' Geegee Parks get the lead in Angel Street? The reader will have to pardon this column's risible manner. We will simply have to be on hand opening night if only to hear Geegees' broad English "A."

While nosing around the sidewalks in a ceaseless effort to find the out-of-the-ordinary, we were lucky enough to watch, unobserved, as Long Tom Skinker and roommate Basil Seymour scurried into a waiting automobile and zoomed away for their weekly dancing lesson in Burlington.

That barn dance had a nice come-out alright, but a "caller" was sorely needed. This was overlooked by the majority present, however, and a good time was had by all.

Wish we could buy a pair of boots like the pair we saw at the dance that night. Hear tell they were imported.

Intellectual interlude. . . . He who floats with the current, who does not guide himself according to high principles, who has no ideals, no convictions—such a man is a mere article of the world's furniture—a thing moved instead of a living moving being.

Geography 15 had a good laugh the other day when Doc Johnson, while lecturing on the subject of coffee, sidetracked for a moment to note that every man, woman and child drinks himself on coffee (the United States drinks approximately one-half the world's supply of coffee) and considers it a part of the everyday routine, and yet those very people will swear that to sip a glass of wine would be just short of committing suicide.

Hear tell that Robert "Chips" Chabalco was up to his axle in mud while on his way home from the Duke-Wake Forest game. Did we count four fair maidens in the rear seat, mister Chabalco?

Ran into Burlington Saturday to view "Red River." Would like to say that this humble person was direly in need of a routin', tootin' western of grade "A" stock.

Walked into the Hood restaurant in Greensboro last week and who do you think we found off in a corner? None other than Shack and a right pert blonde.

Hear the Choir will travel to Norfolk and surrounding areas in February. New York will be a stop on the spring tour to Boston and the choristers are hoping to hit the Metropole over the weekend.

At this printing, R. D. dutifully selects Elon over Guilford in the Turkey battle.

# . . . with a shovel

By MIRIAM BOLWELL

Hello, you exam-weary, brain-sore, jail-mates. Have you heard the latest? At the shower Mrs. Huff gave for Lib Jernigan we all heard squeals of delight from Jean Harris when she found the "Old Maid's Thimble" in her piece of cake. Is that something to be happy about? Ellen Spivey put her piece of wedding cake under her pillow and dreamed about four or five men.

Who is the lucky girl who has finally hooked that handsome man with the grey convertible? He took her home last weekend. Must be pretty serious when he wants to meet her parents. How about that, Flinchum?

We have been wondering what the S. R. C. is. Gurley Ritter and Scoop Scott are charter members, but it must be some sort of secret society, because they won't divulge.

The Sadie Hawkins day race turned out to be quite the thing. Congratulations to Jimmie Horn for a real job as "Marryin' Sam." Wonder how a certain Ho-Be will like it if he finds out that his girl was "ketch'd" by Max "la-deda" Neese.

Though bare and leafless, the oak still has many visitors, since there are many new romances on the campus. Cary Grant and his new leading lady; Nash ("are you coming") Parker and Marjorie. Cowles Spivey must like the name "John," or is it pure coincidence? But even the attractions of the Oak are not enough for Martin Conroy. Enjoy the Fall German at Carolina, Martin?

In the "Third floor breakfast club" Edna Falwell is chief cook. Hear she is pretty good. You ought to change your major from Spanish to home economics, fat.

At Lib's wedding, names got twisted in the receiving line. Jean Meredith and Emmett were introduced as Mr. and Mrs.

Barbara Haynes should know by now that she must be in at five minutes of eleven instead of three minutes past—or was Calvin Milam's watch slow?

Fred Vaughn received some handcuffs in the mail. What were they for and why?

Hope this stuff has lifted your spirits. Gotta go now. Happy Thanksgiving.

# thinking it over

By JENNINGS BERRY

Since Thanksgiving is soon to make an appearance on the calendar, let us silently and fiendishly sneak to the shadows of some of these perspicacious people and, tapping them on the shoulder, shout in their ears the question, "What does Thanksgiving mean to you?"

Recovering from the shock of this sudden outburst, Fred Hoffman dreamily licks his chops and says, "Thanksgiving, Gee, it tastes good—when it is?"

Leaping three feet into the wild blue yonder and clicking his tapped heels, Vic Strader exclaims, "Yipee! no trig, philosophy, English or geology, and (moan!) no femininity." Shall we say that in this inspired soul the meaning is vividly evident?

Maxine Abercrombie: "This is so sudden!"

DeSimone clenches his fists and growls through his teeth, "Guilford'll regret the day."

Bill Scott glances at his shoes, and then with a knowing gleam declares, "The presupposition is that Thanksgiving is the time of non nobis Domine."

Following is the account of the field-day of the limousine in the north parking lot.

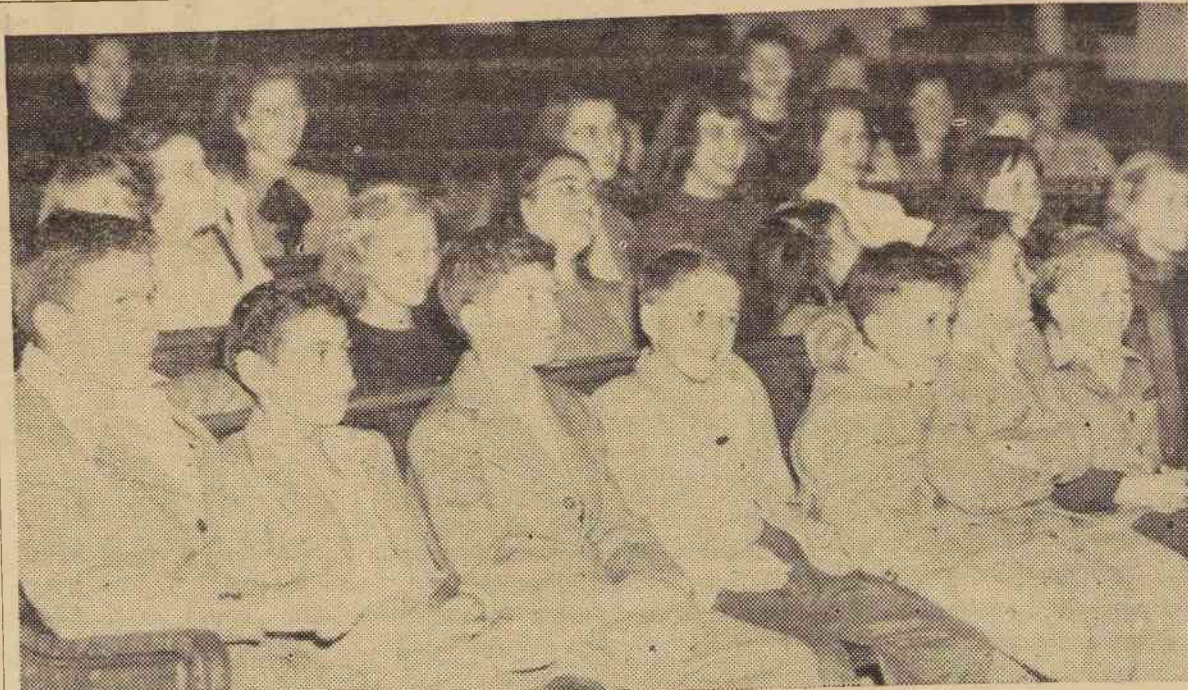
It is a cold, somber day before the Thanksgiving holidays, and the silence is as maddening as a shrill prolonged note in an unfinished symphony.

At ten seconds past 12:20 two doors burst from their hinges on the north entrance to the Administration Building as the first assault of day students pounds the pavement, each in eager anticipation of being the first to steer his one-hundred ten horses out the gate.

The fusillade of roaring cylinders is now like thunder in a barrel.

There is a nerve-grating grind as gears attempt to mesh in ultra-rapidity, a screech of tires and the mass move as molten metal to the one outlet. But alas, it is not molten. There is now a horrible clanging and a sickening scraping, a "sounding of brass and a tinkling of cymbals" multiplied ten thousand times—and all is again quiet. The only escaping auto is the sly "Little Snyder."

The rest remain to ponder the rules issued concerning the parking of these mid-gret locomotives. But, heh! heh! it's too late.



# "What A Life" Big Hit With Orphans

By BOB WRIGHT

The first performance of "What A Life" given by the Elon Players was a matinee Nov. 2 for approximately 100 young theatre goers from the Elon Christian Orphanage.

Of the four performances of this production given by the Players, this first matinee was easily the one enjoyed most by the cast. Although the youngsters from

the Orphanage far from filled Whitley Auditorium, they made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. They followed the misadventures of Henry Aldrich with an appreciation in which one could sense a note of sympathy for the unfortunate Henry.

Every time Elon College plays host to the children from the Orphanage, the students enjoy the occasion as much as the children.

All members of the cast and stage crew agreed that they were a grand little audience, and that they were looking forward to playing for them again the next time a suitable play was ready for presentation.

The Christmas party of the Orphanage children is the next occasion for them to be guests of the students. This is one affair in which all members of the student body may participate.

### INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER

By HARVEY FOUSHEE

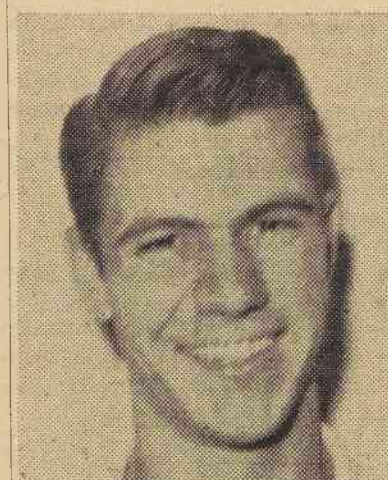
# "Why Are You Thankful?"



Mildred Sharpe, left: "It's something hard to express in words without giving it much thought. I'm thankful because our family always gets together for the noon meal."



Sugah Moore, right: "I'm thankful because mid-term exams are over. I think I passed one of them."



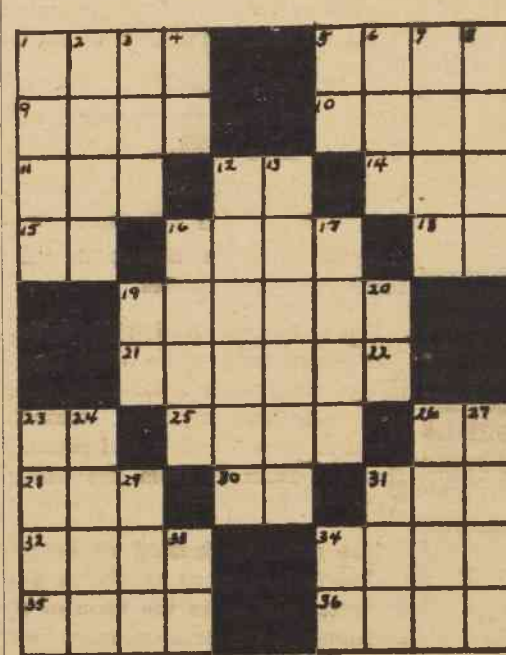
Jerry Lea, left: "I'm thankful because after mid-terms I need a little vacation."



Coach Jim Mallory, right: "We all should be thankful we live in the U.S.A. I'll be even more thankful when we take Guilford."

# M and G Quiz

- For whose benefit was an epitaph placed on the main entrance to Alamance?
- Name one of the leads cast for "Angel Street."
- Who is the author of "The Gospel Unlimited?"
- What student married last Friday?
- Name the oldest Christian Church in N. Car.
- Who is the ex-Elon grid star who coaches Henderson high school?
- What football teams clash at College Park this afternoon?
- Name the Intramural touch football champs.
- Who now holds a vice-presidency in the N. C. Education Association?
- Who is Elon's "Mr. Bong?"



### ACROSS

- A North Carolina college founded in 1889.
- A freshman football player.
- Identical.
- Elon professor of romance languages.
- A resort with mineral springs.
- Abbreviation for a southern state.
- Mother of man.
- Author of "The Raven" (initials).

### DOWN

- Latin for "to be."
- Mongoloid of northern Scandinavia.
- First name of Elon librarian.
- French particle.
- U. S. soldier.
- Poetical form for "night."
- French for "dream."

### Kampus Krossword

- A hearing in court (law).
- An Elon end from Greensboro.
- Changes.
- Author of "The Book of Martyrs."
- A way by which children count in games.
- Pronoun used in editorials.
- A college degree.
- A river in England.
- Part of hyphenated word naming a drink.
- Preposition.
- Assistant football coach.
- French article (plural).
- Suffix used to form adjectives.
- Exclamation.
- Professor of English (initials).

There isn't much difference between sight and vision, except when you make the mistake of calling a woman one when you mean the other.

A visitor once remarked at the promiscuous array of books lying around Mark Twain's study. "You see," said Twain, "it's so difficult to borrow shelves."