

Maroon and Gold

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PARTHIAN SHOT

Within the next week another four months will have been swallowed by eternity and another semester's battle will have been fought and won by the more diligent.

It has been quite enjoyable these past months to be able to express one's views unhampered by either criticism or rebuttal, though we are sure that had these editorials been read by more than a select few, there would have been much conflict between the editor and the proletariat.

In retrospect.
 Early in the term, we mentioned the stupidity of the destructive members of our society—the waterbaggers, the washing-machine vandals, and the thieves. Either the words were ignored or the culprits realized where they stood, for not one word was said in retaliation—anonymous-ly or otherwise.

And then we mentioned the tightwads who had so little foresight that they would not pay their student body dues. No excuses were made concerning why they did not pay, even after the benefits were explained in full. Even today, nearly half the student body are slack in their dues. One of the things of which we are proud, and in which we would like to believe we had a hand, is the greater interest that has been shown in student government. Attendance at governing bodies has become progressively better, and the students are beginning to have something to say at last.

Another thing that delights us is the fact that the chow line bucking has dwindled to an almost negligible minimum. However, there is still no valid excuse for a certain situation that continues to prevail—that of the dining hall not preparing enough food for the entire student body. When a person must stand for nearly an hour at the end of a line, and then be shortstopped as he reaches his goal so that he must wait another half-hour, his morale begins to dwindle and bad tempers take over. Something can be done!

Well, fret not, children—soon you will leave Elon after your tour of duty and find yourselves in the midst of a great and wondrous world. All will be delightful—your every care will be banished, someone will protect and feed you, and that ever-present necessity, money, will flow into your hands unceasingly with a minimum of effort on your part. The good life is yours for the asking and the vicissitudes of college life will soon be forgotten in the welter of future pleasures—Ah yes!

Again let us ask, for those who remain, the support of the students in publishing this newspaper—reporters and writers are

... with a shovel

By JOAN BOLWELL

It's a little late, but we wish each and all a Happy New year. There are numerous resolutions made that will be broken, or were broken Saturday night. You put on a fine show, Rodney.

Jean Abel got the surprise of her life when Platt, thru no fault of his own, entered the wrong dorm . . . We hear Bob De Joseph is serving turkey dinners, with all the fixin's . . .

What happened to Jerry Fields; guess she was a bit stronger than he expected . . . All-nite jam sessions are trying to be held on third-floor West . . . Marianne Pittard was presented with a phono from her beau . . .

Jesse, why don't you help deliver mail to Ladies' Hall any more? . . . Is you is, or is you ain't my baby . . . "Three Musketeers" has inspired sword play among the girls, except that brooms are used . . . Was Jean Pitman's face red at the game the other nite. She didn't know that Gailher's parents were sitting in back of her . . . She'll learn.

Fred Hoffman took the first step toward marriage. Wonder who'll cook . . . There have been more break-ups and make-ups in the romance department . . . five marriages over the holidays. Three of the new husbands are in Dr. Bowden's Marriage and the Family class—humm . . . What has happened to everyone? Too much holiday? Wake up all you weary citizens, the New Year has begun . . . The sun is shining; where is the snow? I've a touch of spring fever.

Lacala was a new profession. Didn't know you were so handy with a mop and pail and at Carolina . . . Who knows who the two distinguished-looking gentlemen were standing on the corner Saturday morning? We may reclassify Jeff Davis . . . Sue and George have found out it is much cheaper by hitchhiking, and more fun . . . Rather embarrassing situation, wasn't it, Sugah? . . . Another wreck this week. What is the jinx on all these cars?

The Chink is walking again . . . Rubinate is better off at Elon; too much high living in N. Y. . . Who hit Bob Williams in the eye? Lón't you know that steak is expensive?

Wal, frans, 'nuf said. Loads of luck on those beloved exams. Cheerio!

M and G Quiz

1. What disc-jockey is a hog about "be-bop?"
2. Who is the widely-traveled student who recently married?
3. What former Elon student did Dr. and Mrs. Sloan meet in their tropical travels?
4. What famous novel is being produced for radio by Elonites?
5. What did Harvey Foushee get for five cartons of cigarettes and \$2.50?
6. Who will be the new editor of M&G?
7. Give the name of the Elon Players' next production.
8. Who started all these letters to the editor?
9. How many newly-weds are in the class Marriage and the Family?
10. Name one of the Orphanage boys who received a bicycle? for Christmas?

still needed desperately to relieve the pressure on the present staff—you have no idea of the joy experienced by the editors at the sight of a wealth of copy.

And now we must part, my beloved, to the melancholy strains of the song of the swan, accompanied by the voice of the turtle and the articulate oyster. The grackle sounds his cry o'er the rooftops as we embrace in one more lingering farewell under O'Kelly's massive arch.
 Ta-ta!

rodomontade rampant

By ROBERT RUBINATE

Have you heard of that tremendous stuff That startles into life the quiet dead? I drank it til I thought I had enough. I can't remember how I got to bed. —Baring.

When Monday morning came around to start classes, the condition of the students on hand was nothing short of hilarious. What can a body do to deflate so completely in two weeks?

The Dining Hall offers a new choice—take it or leave it.

Dailey Frederick, a resident of East, was recently viewing his chances to transfer to another school as a freshman to keep from becoming an institution here. After weighing both sides of his argument he was quick to add: "Besides, with as many credits as I have, how can they refuse me?"

Where did Jeff Davis get that hat? Harry Farmer and Davis had a little difficulty on the way back to school. Apparently the bus company misplaced their luggage. After one look at that horse-blanket Farmer dragged out of his suitcase, maybe it would have been better for all had the gear remained lost.

For a moment we thought that Elon had heavily favored Hanes last Thursday, the 7th. Good game anyway, guys.

Zurlis and McClenny did a better job of refereeing the previous game.

Every now and then we get a glimpse of Jerry Dominick as he flashes by astride his scooter. Rumor has it that he is planning to drive it to his home in Philly in the near future. Dress warm, pal. It gets cold in them thar hills.

Where does one go to shoot a respectable round of pool? That establishment in Greensboro is loaded with hoods.

letters to the editor

Dear Editor:
 As long as I have been at Elon there has always been the complaining of different students toward the things that go on about the campus. Every one has the right to express his or her opinion, so after being at Elon for two years I have chosen to speak my piece now.

A certain head waiter in the mess hall wrote a very interesting letter to the editor about the conduct of the students. No one seems to have any manners or raising except the "Von Hoffman" around these parts, so I suggest we all go home and learn the three easy methods of respecting "humble servants."

I can't blame the people for complaining about the food because I myself have to trudge to the grill to get food (real food) for my faithful stomach which has taken such a beating. I don't want to blame any one certain person for the way the mess hall is being run, because I have seen good food come from the kitchen. Why it can't always be is still a mystery to me.

Some people would say, "If you don't like things as they are, why don't you go home?" Sometimes I wonder, but I like it here and I hate to hear others talk about the place in a raw manner. Of course I know that a certain student has to stand up for the dining hall; he gets paid for it. If Mr. (I used the word loosely) H. would improve instead of talk, and also mind his own business and let people alone this world would be a much better place to live, and the dining hall would be better off.

You, "VON," have played football and unless you were brain and no muscle you also got hungry, but we still find you in the position to get fat. After all, everyone isn't perfect, but to some people (those with two left feet) you can't get it clear. Maybe it's the muscle, I don't know.

What kind of world do we live in? You can't even stand in chow line ahead of time without hearing remarks from those who are so bored with their fellow students. Do you really count that chewing gum, or is it the flavor you're interested in?

I should like to close my rebuttal by saying: You serve the chow, keep the line moving, and no one will be insulted or embarrassed, but maybe every one will be enlightened.

Your Fellow Student,
Ed. Watkins.

Editor's Note: Though the foregoing is not so pleasingly vituperative as the letters of Mr. Hoffman, it is indeed good to know that someone has been roused from his lethargy. Next?

Red Monroe, Gay Impersario Of WCOG's "Night Owl Club," Okay With Elon Owls

Monroe Spins The Platters From 11:30 P. M. To 1:00 A. M. Daily

By HARVEY FOUSHEE

"Greetings, gates! All you campus cuties and college cats—this is the old smoe, Red Monroe, bringing you this nightly session of the Night Owl Club—music from 11:30 till 1:00."

Using this greeting, John "Red" Monroe, better known as "the smoe," opens each session of the Night Owl Club. It is heard each night over WCOG, Greensboro's newest ABC affiliate station.

Red hails from New York City, born there May 21, 1923. He attended school in New York and finished his college work at the Professional School of the American Theater of Dramatic Art.

While associated with the school, red studied under Dr. Eric Barnouw, who is now writer of the Theater Guild script.

The smoe started radio work when he was 17—over WNEW, New York. Here he worked for Martin Block and his Disc Jockey show.

Later he became the announcer for the Eddie Condon Show in 1945, and, before he finally wised up and came south, he did his talking through a typewriter while he handled publicity for Stan Kenton, King Cole Trio, Sam Donohough and The Ravens.



"Red" Monroe, shellac spinner for Night Owls, proudly displays an album featuring the new 'be-bop.'

In 1947, WCOG's disturber of the peace struck out on his own to lend a hand in getting WFNS in Burlington started. From there he moved to Greensboro to the 1320 spot on the dial with WCOG.

In addition to his Night Owl Club, Red also handles "The Carnival of Music" show. This program is sponsored by the Harvey West Music Store, where any recording played by Red can be obtained with a reasonable chunk of U. S. currency.

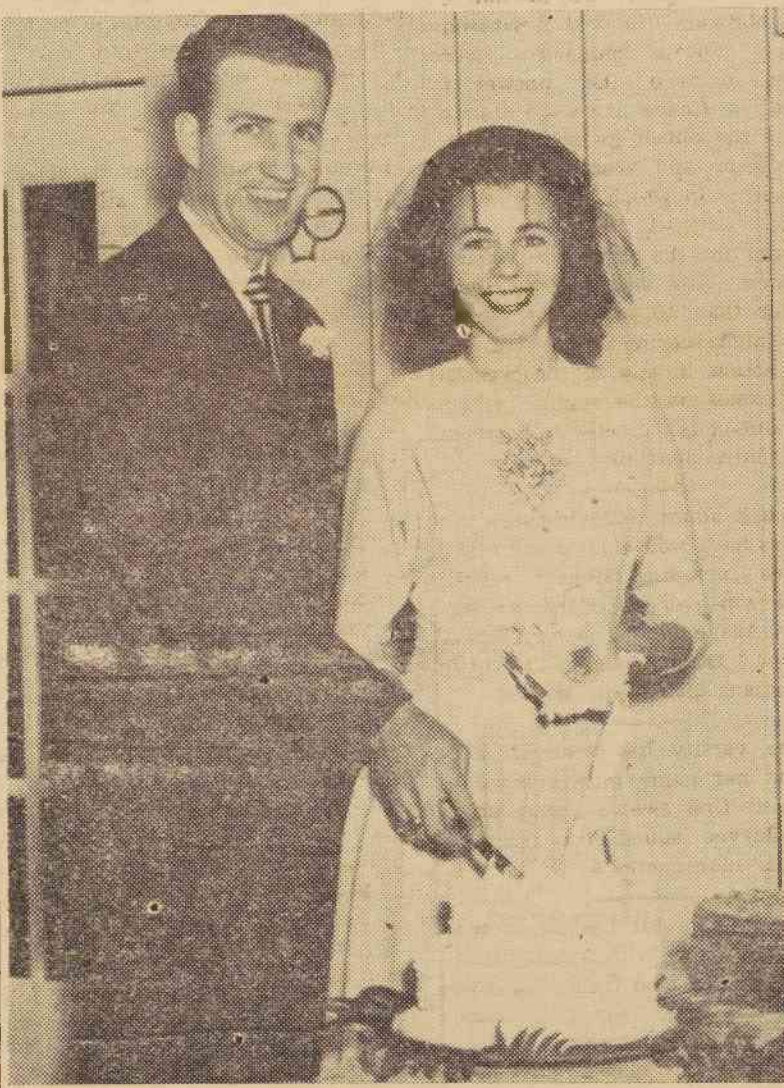
Red's Night Owl show affords him a cross section of his listeners likes and dislikes. He is promoting jazz, as only he can, with Dizzy Gillespie, "The Be Bop King." His show is very informal, and Red has issued an invitation

to yours truly to be on his Friday night show.

Smoe takes unto himself a bride this year. She is Miss Marie Johnson of Reidsville. What this has to do with Be Bop and night owls we aren't sure, but maybe a guy is getting hep when he falls.

While his night show is a telephone request show, Red swears that he will give preference to all cards postmarked Elon College.

Any combo currently boarding on-campus has an invitation to appear on his Saturday night shows when he strikes up the big jam session of the week. Drop him a line and go on over to the studio, which is next to the Carolina Theatre in Greensboro.



James Parker, Dot Jones Are Now Mr.-Mrs.

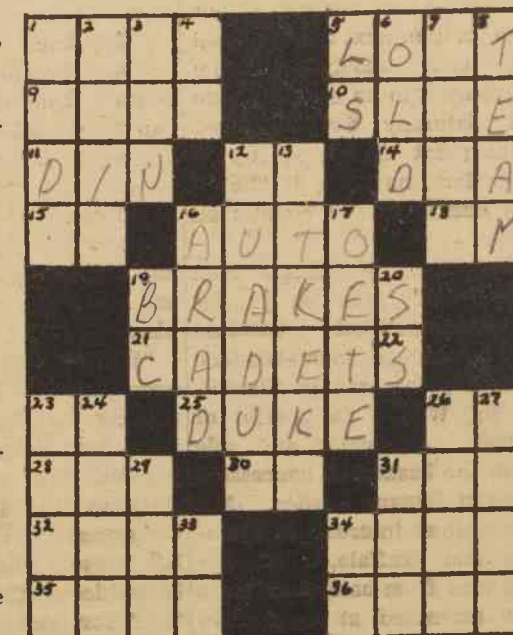
James H. Parker and the former Miss Dorothy May Jones were married Saturday, Dec. 18, in an informal ceremony in Whitley Auditorium. Dr. D. J. Bowden performed the double-ring ceremony.

A reception was held after the wedding at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Bowden.

So now it's Dot and Jimmie Parker.

KAMPUS KROSSWORD

- Across:**
1. Elbn forward.
 5. "—, and by the wind-grieved ghost . . ."—T. Wolfe.
 9. Plural possessive pronoun.
 10. Small wild plum.
 11. Noise.
 12. A disease.
 14. Prefex for through.
 15. Preposition.
 16. Catch.
 18. One of Great Lakes (abbr.).
 19. Elon forward (1st name initial and last name).
 21. Military students.
 22. Linking verb.
 24. French for mother.
 25. Blue Devil's school (abbr.).
 27. Elon center (first name).
 29. American playwright (initials).
 30. Mans name.
 31. Vivacity.
 33. Varsity guard.
 34. American military award (abbr.).
 35. One who mimics.
- Down:**
1. Large bird, now extinct.
 2. A fellow from the sticks.
 3. Northern sea eagle of the Old World.
 4. He wrote: "Frailty, thy name is woman" (initials).
 5. Captain of baseball.
 6. Antiquated.
 7. To strain.
 8. A group of athletes.
 12. One who exchanges.
 13. Makers of bread.
 16. A type of vehicle.
 17. Boy's nickname.
 19. "Take your choice, but take . . ."
 20. German military group.
 22. To lose blood (past tense).
 23. Snakelike fish (plural).
 25. Heap of drifted sanc.
 26. One who uses.
 28. An idit.
 30. Space.
 32. Varsity guard (initials).
 33. A state (abbr.).



Handwritten note: Why diagram