

Maroon and Gold

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1950

START THINKING NOW

In the not too distant future lies the election of next year's student government officers. The importance of this event cannot be given too much stress, because the coming election is perhaps more important than that which launched our new campus government. Because of this, we have deemed it advisable to give editorial space to an early discussion of the impending election.

We would like to caution against that previous Elon custom of nominating the least logical candidates for the laugh which it will bring in chapel. It is not too early to start thinking about likely students who are capable of leadership in this new governmental organization we now have. The concern with which we regard the nomination of candidates this Spring will be an indication of the concern we have for our student government.

We would like to continue with a discussion of a few things we would like to see happen this Spring during nominations and elections. We would like to see a manifestation of campus citizenship that would surpass any similar activity which has taken place at Elon College.

We would like to see some real, constructive political activity on the campus for a change. It would be stimulating if several parties were represented at the nominations and the polling. There is nothing to prevent a sector of the student body from determining what they want in a candidate and then finding such a person and supporting him in a lively campaign.

We would like to see the unorganized students organize for the purpose of nominating a slate of officers. We would like to see this followed through with the appointment of a campaign manager and the launching of a political campaign with all the trimmings. We would like to see speeches made around the campus in support of the various candidates, giving concrete facts about what the candidates think and what they propose to do if elected. There would be no place for glittering generalities in such a campaign; concrete facts would have to be presented in order to stand the strain of competition.

A short time before election day a bi, or tri-partisan rally could be held, giving the students a chance to hear REAL

the yankee peddler

By BOB WRIGHT



Opening sentence in a Freshman's research paper: "Over 4000 years ago American archeologists opened an Egyptian's tomb. . . ." The professor's comment was, "It is later than you think."

Life's Little Drama Under the Colonnades

Scene 1

Time: At the close of the Winter quarter.

Student: Boy, if I get through this quarter I'm gonna really study next quarter. No more sweatin' it out for me.

Scene 2

Time: The start of the Spring quarter.

Same Student: What're all you guys hangin' around the dorm for?

C'mon, let's go to the show.

Cycle

Babies are born without any hair.

Old men's heads are just as bare.

So, twixt the cradle and the grave

There lies a haircut and a shave.

—Anon.

Overheard from a Shakespeare student:

"I don't mind all this work we're being assigned, but I feel as though I'm doing a horse out of a job."

Critique

The ultimate in banal slop

Is R. A. G. G. Rag Mopp.

Headline Hopping in The Greensboro Daily News

"Man Seriously Stabbed." Do they do that sort of thing in fun, too?

"Candidate Convicted Of Bootlegging."

Perhaps he was too busy running for Sheriff, to remember to run from the "revenoors."

"Randolph Election Board Faces New Eer Test." Now that's the kind of a test that would prove popular in some quarters around here.

"Red Spy Changes Mind Again; Will Go Home." Wonder if he'll be singing "Home, Sweet Home" as he leaves.

"State To Hire 30 More Men To Check Income Tax Evasion." Are you nervous, hmmm? Perhaps a good lawyer or a new tax return would help your troubled condition.

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browsing around

with

BILL SINCLAIR



Here I sit at the trusty old typewriter trying to pound out another column. Inspiration seems to have evaded me this time. I will have to bore you with this column for another quarter, hope you don't mind too much.

The other day I saw Ned Jones walking around as if in a stupor.

When I asked him what was wrong he said, "Da da da, the frizmus originates at the frezolis and terminates in the regimus anticus." Poor Ned, I knew that Biology lab would get him sooner or later.

The tale has been told. With report cards having been sent out there are some mighty sad faces and some mighty glad ones. The Dean's List appears in this issue.

Item for Family Relations: If they were asked to write on the subject, "All I Know About Women," the bachelor would bring in a single typewritten sheet; the philosopher would bring in a chapter; the college boy, a volume, and the married man a blank page. Thanks to Thomas Clemmitt.

In the English 26 class the other day Professor Struhs was commenting on the speeches that had been given. He remarked about a student reading from a paper. The student very frankly replied that he was scared. Such is the nature of things. Many of the students are afraid to get up before a crowd. More debaters are needed for the Elon Debaters Club. Won't you consider joining? If you are afraid the first time, you will probably have more confidence the second time. Give it a try.

The debaters will travel to High Point College on March 27 for a debate with the High Point team on the question, "Should Basic Non-Agricultural Industries Be Nationalized?" This debate should prove to be of great interest. All students that can get to High Point are urged to attend. Get behind your debaters! Support them!

Spring is in the air, and the Elon baseball team is getting ready for the coming season. This season should be one of much interest as Elon is the defending champion of the North State Conference. The first game of the season is with Wake Forest at Elon ball park, on March 27. The members of the team need our support. They will be fighting for the honor of Elon College. Let's support them from beginning to end.

A small boy asked his father how wars begin.

"Well," said his father, "suppose that England quarreled with France—"

"But," interrupted the mother, "England mustn't quarrel with France."

"I know," answered father, "but I am taking a hypothetical instance."

"You are misleading the child," said the mother.

"I am not," he answered.

"Yes, you are."

"No, I am not."

"Yes!"

"No!"

"All right, dad," said the small boy. "I think I know how wars begin."

Have you heard "God Marches On" over WFNS on Sunday at 12:45? Last Sunday, Dr. W. W. Sloan spoke on the Avizonis family.

Why are so many dogs allowed to run free in the Vet Apartment area? Don't get the wrong idea. I am not against man's best friend, but it is a nuisance to have your garbage can turned over, your garden or grass dug up, and your steps and porch covered with dogs. Oh well! Maybe it's a dog's world after all!

So You'll Know What To Expect . . .

By SHRDLU SELGNE

If you will lift your eyes to the masthead of this edition of the Maroon and Gold, you will see for the first time that E. V. Engles is the new feature editor. Apparently this doesn't mean much to him, for already he has been caught with his pants down; he has no feature to offer.

And if there are those among you who believe that in a later issue you will read a hot feature written by Engles, let me straighten you out now, lest you be sadly disillusioned. Alas, the sad truth of the matter is that Engles can't even write. Oh, he talks a lot, and sometimes is pretty impressive, but if you should give him a pencil and a piece of paper sometime and ask him to write something other than his name, you will soon see that he hasn't the power to tack more than three letters together, let alone attempt to scrawl a coherent sentence. Oh, he's clever; if you don't watch him close, he will scribble some nonsense on the paper and then try to make out that you are stupid if you can't read it. Don't be taken in by this corny old dodge, in spite of the fact that he has become quick skillful at performing it.

On To College

But, you may ask, what is this poor twitter-brain doing here in college. That is a good question, one that has puzzled almost everyone who got the lowdown on Engles' vacuum head. You see, his wife went to college.

Somewhere along the line Engles realized that his brain wasn't going to be sufficient to make him a living by himself; he realized he would need a college education. Knowing full well he couldn't pass the admittance tests to a school for backward children, to say nothing of an accredited college, Engles began to look for an angle. When he remembered the girl he used to know in Brooklyn who had a college background, his animal cunning told him that at last he had solved his problem.

Quickly then, he resigned from his position of Barker for a burlesque show in a California carnival and hastened to New York. The fact that he was over two years getting there will give you some idea of his truly incredible singleness of purpose. Through two bitter winters in Miami, Engles struggled with life before he finally reached his destination.

She Married Him

Strangely enough, the girl still remembered him when he got to New York, and within a year or so, she finally consented to marry him. In case you wonder why a bright girl like her ever got involved with a methead like him, please remember that he can be very persuasive if the occasion calls for it. Having no moral integrity at all, he will stop at nothing to accomplish what he sets out to do. Besides, he had seen a movie or two, and he knew how to go about getting his girl.

Once married, it was a simple matter to convince his wife that he needed a college education; and without coming right out and saying it, he also made it obvious that he intended to cash in on her Bachelor's Degree. What could the poor girl do but agree. Having strong and highly cherished ideals concerning the dissolution of a sacred marriage, she was helpless before his treacherous assault.

So she coached him carefully on how to sign his name to the government checks, and he was ready.

Covering Up

It would seem that such gross illiteracy and ignorance would soon be discovered by his fellow students and by his professors, but such is not the case. Engles, you must remember, has labored under the handicap of a feeble,

unteachable mind all his life; naturally he has learned to cover it up. He has become quite adept at this, and he can talk impressively for hours on end, if you let him, without saying a thing. The fact that he was, at one time during his spotted career, an adroit and proficient door-to-door salesman would seem to lend authority to this.

But with all this, it still seems incomprehensible that he should be given the job of feature editor. This can be easily explained, if you bear in mind that to Engles' incredibly stupefied consciousness nothing is too great an obstacle to hurdle; for he, poor fellow, just never can see what he is getting into. Only the fact that his wife has become so accomplished in hurdling the obstacles for him keeps him out of worse trouble than he can imagine.

The Urge To Write

One day he was riding on a bus and some fatuous blonde asked him if he wasn't one of the columnists of the Miami Herald. A more pathetic case of mistaken identity has probably never been recorded; nonetheless, Engles, fired by this false recognition, let his Walter Mitty complex work on him as he usually does, and within ten minutes he found himself in a Veteran's Surplus Store, spending his entire month's pay on a rebuilt typewriter. The fact that he didn't even know what all the letters and numbers meant deterred him not at all; he was on his way.

Once here at Elon, he began to practice his subtle and peculiar brand of salesmanship, and before long he, at the expense of his poor wife's sanity, was accepted as a student of good standing. When the opportunity presented itself, and with the sweet words of the fatuous blonde still ringing in his flap ears, he inveigled himself into the position of feature editor.

All Is Vanity

That old saying about a wise man seeing his own faults and a stupid man seeing none is certainly proven in Engles' case, for he will admit to no faults whatsoever. A vain man, he, at the age of thirty-nine (he will have you believe that he is just twenty-five, if you listen to him) has the impression that he is still the swivel-hipped young animal he was at seventeen,

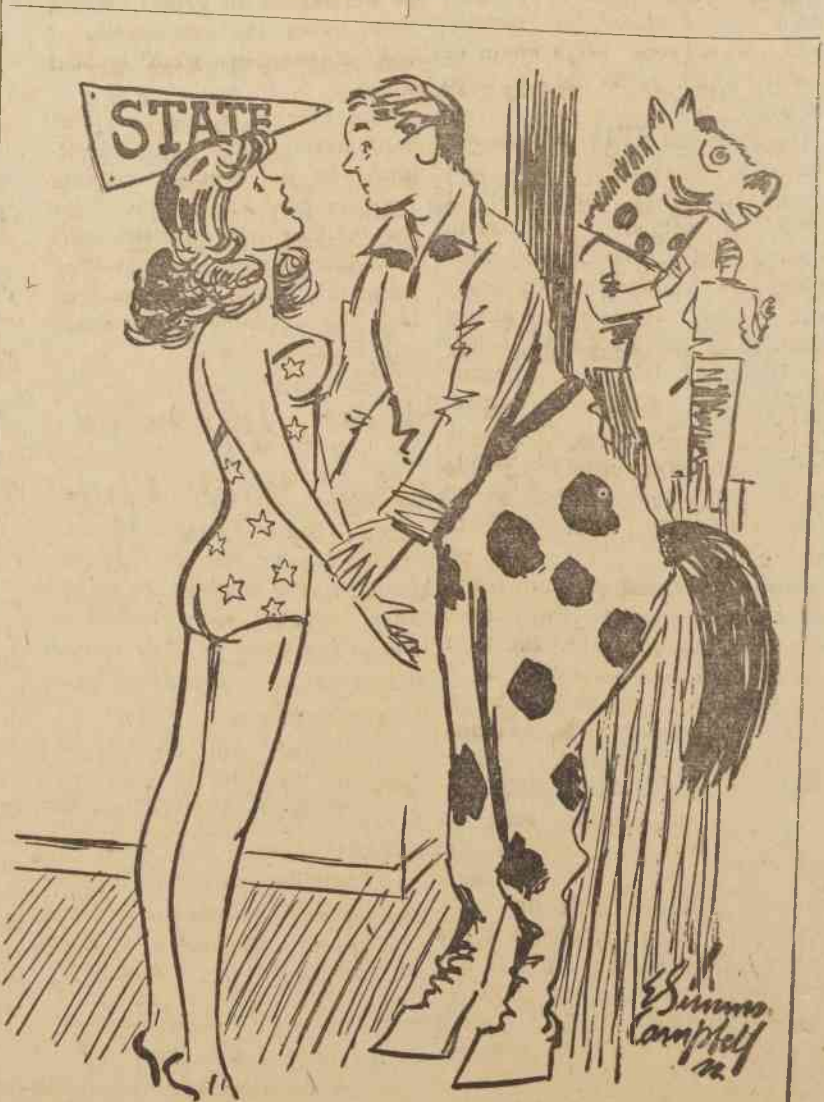
and his attempts to get into a pair of his old pants are more pathetic than ludicrous. Disregarding the fact that he gets exercise only when he lifts his fork to his drooling mouth, he believes he is in prime physical condition. Blind to the overhang of flab at his belt, he puffs and blows like a steam engine when he has to walk more than ten steps. Proper nutrition, clean living, temperance—these are words that never have penetrated the swirling fog which surrounds his mind; consequently this torso is vaguely reminiscent of a balloon full of water, and the muscles of his spindly arms and legs possess the consistency of half-cooked tapioca.

Is Scarce

He shaves on the average of once every nine days, saying that he never can find time. If the truth is to be told, however, it must be said that the reason he shaves and bathes so infrequently is that he has not as yet devised a way to do either without getting out of bed. His inordinate vanity sometimes compels him to grow a scraggly little moustache. These moustaches come and go frequently; this can be attributed partly to vanity, but mostly to his grasshopper mind, which will not allow him to make even the simplest of decisions without later revoking them.

This inconsistency in his thinking, coupled with his incomprehensible attitudes toward life in general, has led a great many people to believe that he is brilliant, simply because they cannot understand him. Engles capitalizes on this line of thought, it is needless to say, and sometimes deliberately says and does some pretty weird things to enhance the illusion. His mysterious inanities are easier to understand, however, when it is made clear that they are nothing more than that. He doesn't know what he is doing himself.

This then is the man who is to plague you with a series of articles on anything his tiny mind decides to write about. Fortunately for you he had no article for this issue of the paper (his wife was in New York), and I have taken advantage of this rare opportunity to warn you against him. Don't ever say I didn't tell you.



"I'd marry you in a minute Herby—but what could I tell my friends?"

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