

# Maroon and Gold

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1950

### SPRECKEN VOUS ESPANOL?

Word has leaked out, as word has a way of doing, that there was a rather heated debate at a recent faculty meeting concerning language requirements for a degree. The subject was brought up of reinstating the B. S. Degree. This would mean that language credits would not be required for a B. S. Degree.

Since that meeting, the matter has been voted on, and it has been decided that language credits will be required as they have been in the past. This, we believe, is absolutely the only course to follow. Had language requirements been dropped, at least 75 per cent of the entire student body would follow the path of least resistance and take a major in which they could avoid language.

In our opinion, the study of language is of prime importance in anyone's education. Some of the reasons for this are obvious. For one, it is apparent to anyone who has studied a foreign language that a greater knowledge of English is thereby obtained. A greater vocabulary is built, which enables one to express himself better. Is this not one of the basic aims of education? What is education but the process of helping a thinking mind express itself?

Just recently an author of futuristic fiction depicted a world in which the people, of necessity, put their dealings with each other on three levels: SPECIES-GROUP-SELF, and in that order. It is becoming more and more apparent that humanity must ultimately deal with itself on just that basis, and the day is drawing closer at a rather terrifying (or gratifying, if you can see it that way) pace. How long do you suppose we can exist as a species if we continue to turn our backs to other races, nationalities, colors? How long can blind patriotism, dozens of different brands of it, each one working against the other, serve a moral end?

Perhaps it seems as though a mountain is being made out of a molehill, but language is one of the greatest obstructions in the way of amicable human relations, and if we ever intend to band together and live at least as peaceably together as do the monkey tribes, then language differences must go. We speak English, therefore we like it, and naturally would rather keep it than adopt a new language. Every country in the world feels the same way; it is pathetic, childish, and ridiculous. At the age of ten, every child in the world should be able to talk freely with any other. If the preservation of national language is insisted upon, then the child should be bi-lingual. Don't say it can't be done, because there are thousands of people in this country today who were completely bi-lingual before they entered grammar school.

## of cabbages and kings

By ED ENGLS



Heard on leaving the latest Lana Turner movie: Movies are longer than ever.

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It has occurred to us that the sports-writers of the Maroon and Gold have a somewhat tougher job, in some respects, than have writers of other college papers. For example, in an attempt to get much-needed variety into their stories, they refer to the Fighting Christians as the Elon eleven, squad, team, or the Christian eleven, squad, or team.

Now take ECTC... they call themselves the Pirates, the Buccaneers, the Jolly Roger crew, or anything else that they can steal from a Rafael Sabatini novel. And the Catawba boys can go under the names of Indians, Redskins, the Tribe, Braves, Warriors... well, you get the idea; you've read James Fenimore Cooper.

We are not merely griping without offering a solution. We have, as a matter of fact, several suggestions. Instead of the "Christian team," why not "The Holy Terrors?" Or perhaps we could refer to the team as the "Holy (steam) Roller." This could go on and on... how about "Father Jim and his Screechin Preachers?" We won't mention several others, like maybe "The Cryin' Christian Chapel Cutters," as it is too easy to get involved in campus politics that way, and whereas we don't mind occasionally mixing into politics, discretion is still the better part of valor.

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(... am having a tough time with the column this trip, as the yankee peddler got hold of the joke book first...)

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Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, director of the Players, has received a series of radio scripts, which she intends to use to broadcast shows from Burlington, starting this fall. Anyone with a good radio voice who wishes to seriously take part in these shows can see Mrs. Smith at Mooney Chapel almost any time during the morning. Mrs. Smith wishes to stress the point that a serious attitude toward the Elon Radio Players productions is a prime requirement.

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It seems a shame and a disgrace that pure lack of interest should result in the disbanding of the International Relations Club. By rights it should be the largest and most active organization on the campus. International relations are in pretty sad shape right now, as they have been ever since the Spaniards settled in America. We could certainly use all the education we can get along that line. Ignoring or putting off a problem never did anything but make it tougher to solve, and the same applies to our dealings with each other. Our present day foreign relations are tomorrow's histories; what is going on in the world now will decide what kind of a civilization we will enjoy, or suffer under, in the future. The International Relations Club offered a background of just such information, but the student body, apparently, has so little regard for its future that the IRC just sighed and died. This is more than just discouraging, it is frightening.

If the IRC would care to try again, the Maroon and Gold will cooperate all the way to help build the organization up to what it should and must become.

### IN APPRECIATION

Virtue being its own reward (according to the cliché), we suppose that Worth Womble and the group that worked so hard to make this Home Coming one of the biggest and best that Elon has ever seen should be more than well paid for the wonderful job they did. That is, of course, assuming that virtue is its own reward.

We know, however, from sad experience, that a job well done tastes pretty sour if everyone enjoys the fruits of one person's labor without showing any appreciation or even recognition of his efforts. Just to get it on the record that their great and successful effort has not gone unheeded and unappreciated, we would like to thank and congratulate Worth and his crew for the splendid Home Coming they provided for us.

## the yankee peddler

By BOB WRIGHT



Craving the indulgence of any followers this column may have, we offer this string of tepid humorous offerings. We have learned during the past week that a fraternity pledge is one who is wined, (figuratively speaking) dined, and then tanned. The gaining of this knowledge is responsible for this week's feeble effort.

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It seems that an Economics professor found himself standing at the Pearly Gates. Answering the inquiry of the guardian angel, the Prof. stated his desire to enter. The ensuing dialogue follows:

"Who are you?"

"I am an Economics Prof. from Elon College, a Christian institution."

"What have you done that entitles you to admission?"

(Much thought, and then—) "I saw a run-down girl in accounting Lab one day and gave her a nickle."

Turning to the recording angel, the gate keeper asked, "Is that true?" The fact affirmed, the guardian asked, "What else have you done that would warrant admission?"

"Well just last week I saw a starving student and his wife in the Grill, and I gave them a nickle."

This fact was affirmed, also, and the guardian asked the recorder, "What do you think we ought to do with this character?"

The recorder replied, "I think we ought to give him his dime back and tell him to go to Hades or back to Elon."

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Prof. "Why are you tardy this morning?"

Frosh. "Well, there are eight of us using the same clock, and the alarm was only set for seven."

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Co-ed: "Your new overcoat is pretty loud, isn't it?"

Joe: "Yeah, but I'm going to buy a muffler to go with it."

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My roommate fell in the cafeteria the other day with a cup of coffee, but he didn't spill any—his mouth was closed.

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Overheard 'neath Senior Oak: "Dearest, this is heaven."

"Oh yes? Well what makes you think I'm your harp?"

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A frugal Scot had blown his lassie to a movie, and hailed a cab to take her home. When he assisted her into the taxi, she, knowing his frugal ways with money, remarked, "Oh, Jock, it makes me feel wicked, riding around with you like this."

At that Jock cheered up tremendously. "Ye ken," he said, it might weel be worth the monney after a'."

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Mr. Horrel: "Why are you eating with your knife?"

Joe Elo: "My fork leaks."

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Overheard at the door of the Gym during the Home Coming dance: "Is this dance formal, or can I get in with my own clothes?"

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"Sorry, madam, but licenses are issued only when your form is properly filled out."

"Listen, wise guy, we can get married no matter what she looks like!"



BOB WALKER



EMMA JEAN CLAYTON



ED ENGLS

## STARS

## THAT

## TWINKLE

Here are ten of the principal actors in the comedy hit, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," to be presented on the Elon stage on November 8th and 9th. Starting from the upper right corner of the "E" and reading counter-clockwise, are seen the following players:

ED ENGLS—Plays Sheridan Whiteside, the man who came to dinner. Whiteside, a meddling intruder with a heart of congealed vinegar, seems to live only because there are still people in the world he has not yet insulted.

EMMA JEAN CLAYTON — Is Maggie Cutler, Whiteside's secretary. Being secretary to the world's rudest man for ten years has hardened her shell somewhat, but even she has her limits, which are finally reached.

BOB WALKER — Ernest W. Stanley, the most imposed upon host in the history of hospitality. Not a patient man to begin with, Stanley cracks under the strain of being civil to Whiteside.

MARY F. ELDER—Wife of Mr. Stanley. Torn between loyalty to her husband and a desire not to offend her distinguished guest, she makes enemies of both of them.

JERRY ALLEN— Bert Jefferson, a small town newspaperman who seems capable of dealing with anyone but pretty women. He handles Whiteside, but is at a loss with his secretary.

BOB WRIGHT—At the center of the "E," portrays Beverly Carlton, who wafts on and off the stage like a capricious tornado, leaving the situation definitely not in hand for Whiteside.

VIRGINIA TRIGG— Lorraine Sheldon, worldly, glamorous actress, who comes to see Whiteside in the hope of profiting by it. She stays to be completely ruined by a change in attitude all around.

KEN JACOBS—Banjo, Hollywood comedian who makes explosive entrance and adds one more note of insanity to the situation.

VIRGINIA DAVIS — Miss Preen, Whiteside's poor, beaten down nurse, who begins to think that perhaps she should work in a war plant.

DINK UNDERHILL— Adolph Metz, scientist friend of Whiteside, who seems interested only in making the world a better place for cockroaches.



MARY FRANCES ELDER



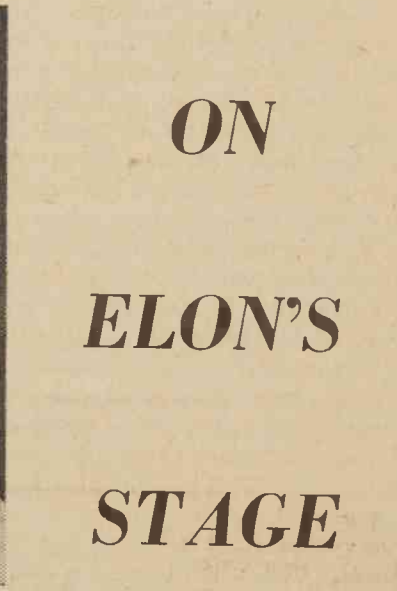
JERRY ALLEN



BOB WRIGHT



VIRGINIA TRIGG



KEN JACOBS



VIRGINIA DAVIS



DINK UNDERHILL

## ON

## ELON'S

## STAGE