

# Maroon and Gold

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1951

### KEEP A GRAIN OF SALT ON HAND

Don't believe everything you read in the papers. Before you go off half cocked, stop and think back. Remember. Think about what you read in the papers before the second World War, during the war, since it "ended."

Some of you may not remember the days when Hitler was getting a lot of praise for the way he was building Germany into a strong and healthy nation. Most of you, however, can remember when he started his chain of conquests; you can recall a bit of the uneasy fear that slowly pervaded the world; you probably remember when the world stopped looking at him as something merely obnoxious and realized he was dangerous to world peace.

Then came the war. The atrocity stories were rampant, and, undoubtedly, the greater part of them were true. Italy and Japan, with their quick, stabbing entries, were branded as treacherous sneaks. Germany attacked Russia, a nation that has always made the world queasy. Russia became "our great democratic ally in the east."

Little Finland, whose previous gallant war with the Soviet Union was greatly admired by almost all Americans, automatically became our enemy when she did the only thing she could do under the circumstances: line up with Hitler and war on Russia.

By this time we were all becoming a little confused. We hadn't quite learned the trick of backing away from our former convictions without a blush.

We seem to have learned our lesson well, however. We now have nothing but sympathy for the Italians; we think of the Germans as having been deluded; our best friends in the Orient today are probably the smiling little Japs, whose smile we did our best to obliterate at Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

Our great democratic ally in the east has now become public enemy number one. Tito, a smaller edition of Uncle Joe, is our ally, not because his ideology is any less poisonous than that of the Soviets, but simply because he's agin who we're agin.

And Franco. Would that we could afford to spit on Franco. But no, it is beginning to look as though the little Hitler may prove valuable to us, and bashful overtures are being made to promote friendship between us. Watch the Franco case. It should prove interesting to observe the methods used to convince us that Franco is really, under his black, bloody, scummy hide, a real benign old gent, who lives like a good, clean American boy, goes to church every Sunday, kisses babies and old ladies, loves to read American comic strips, and feels that he just can't go on living unless we can be pals to the end.

So don't believe what you read in the papers. It may be necessary, but it ain't necessarily true. It looks as though the best results will come from thinking for yourself, painful as that may seem at times.



## farmer in the dell

By  
HARRY FARMER

The picture of the bathing beauty you saw at the head of this column in the last issue was not, I want to point out, ME. It was an old picture of Nash Parker, before the Draft scare as a matter of fact.

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I was informed by my Sweet the other day that all Greeks go to church in a Weiniegog.

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I would like to bring to the attention of the faculty the fact that Guilford has visited us on several occasions and what they brought with them almost shook old North Dorm down. The cold war I didn't mind, but when they start shooting off explosives under my nose I begin to worry. Like Now.

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Saw in the paper where a woman got shot in the fracas. What's a fracas?

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When they start giving out negative BA's I'll be the first to graduate. I've already lost enough hours to go out the positive way. But why graduate anyway? We know what happens to boys who leave school. A command car caught two the other day who were just going downtown for cigarettes.

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The chow hall serves salads just like the ones Mother used to make us eat. I didn't say it! I didn't say it!

\*\*\*

We have been asked to investigate the validity of an unconfirmed report that there is a snake cult springing up on the campus. How low! The dirty rats probably practice during Chapel period too.

\*\*\*

I saw a disturbing thing in the paper last week. In headlines was the following: "Local Woman's Son Killed In Korea." The boy who gave his life fighting a war which our government only half-heartedly supports got only secondary mention. Don't get me wrong, I think mothers are fine, and I have one whom I love very dearly, but when they print stuff like that my blood runs cold. You would think that the mother involved only had a son so that she could benefit socially by his death. It is high time the boys who go out and die got a few of the laurels. Do mothers think they are doing someone a favor by having a baby? They always told me it was their duty, which ended the Romans. So there.

\*\*\*

The boys over at the Lodge the other day were wondering if any of the Veterans who marched on Raleigh hoping to get a state bonus for doing their duty have jobs. Another question which arose, was whether or no any of them had ever been close to a firing line. Personally, I doubt if a real man, and soldier, would be seen with that bunch of Bums. I would like to know also, the number of them who rode the "Fifty-Two Twenty Club" to the maximum after they were discharged.

It's getting to the place where a man spends a year or so in the service of his country, has the best time he ever had, goes to places he always dreamed about but never expected to see, comes home, and expects the government to support him for the rest of his life. No, it's not communism, it's just plain laziness. The kind which ended the Romans.

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Remark heard in a church lobby after a wedding. He's so poor his children will call him Pauper instead of Popper.

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We are reminded of the student who transferred from Elon to Guilford and raised the standards of both schools.

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Don't forget the Players production, which will be presented on the 18th and 19th. "You Can't Take It With You" should be a screech.

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I have a girl in Norfolk who is so dumb that she thinks "to forebear" means to have quadruplets.

## of cabbages and kings

By ED ENGLS



The stiff-legged walks you may have observed on some of the more athletic members of the veterans apartment area are caused by the latest intra-mural sport . . . marbles. If you're interested, you can find a game going almost any afternoon down near the cesspool. Bring plenty of marbles, however, because we play for keeps.

\*\*\*

What is this craze that has swept the country, this business of calling everyone who disagrees with you a communist? If you dare to voice an opinion that differs from the one that is standardly prevailing, then you're a communist. What is happening to our country, formerly the bastion of free speech, when anyone who speaks against war is labeled a communist?

Do you think that the average man in the U. S. wants peace? It would be nice if that were true, but all the arm-chair belligerents who shout "Communist" at everyone who proposes peace give a different impression. To be a patriot these days, it seems that you have to get out and run as fast as you can down the path to sure destruction.

\*\*\*

Looks as though the Colonnades is definitely not a false alarm this time, and its headlong flight into extinction has been checked. Professor West and his staff have begun putting it together, and students should be able to purchase their copy around the first of May.

\*\*\*

If, within the past few days, I may have been a bit rude to anyone, or if I didn't speak to someone in the hall, you must excuse me, but the fact is I haven't been getting much sleep. In the pond in my front yard, a single loud-mouthed frog has been croaking the blues at frequent and irregular intervals every night for three nights in a row, and between listening to the little crud croak, listening when he wasn't hollering and expecting it any minute, and listening to my poor wife slamming the door, muttering curses (she's really a nice kid), and pegging rocks into the pond at four o'clock in the morning, then lying awake with red eyes staring at the ceiling until the little green communist starts up again, I have been slowly sliding into hysteria.

Thanks to a couple of intrepid hunters, however, peace once again has descended on Corncob Concourse. They caught him gazing at the moon the other night and splattered him with a .22 slug. A vote of thanks to these unsung heroes, and they are both hereby invited to our house for beer and a spaghetti dinner.

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Finally found a guy who got a black eye without running into a door. Seems that he opened the door, and the smell of the cesspool hit him.

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If you haven't seen the remarkably true-to-scale map of Elon on the wall in the Campus Shop, you must drop in and take a look. It's a doozy, and there are illustrated sections for the illiterate among us.

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This business of the "gimme-gimme" boys marching on Raleigh for "what the state owes them" reminds me of the time we got a hole blown in the side of our ship by a stray shell. As the sea was a little choppy, and the hole was shipping water, two of the merchant seamen went over the side to shore up the gap.

So they fix the hole, so that the ship won't sink; then, right in the middle of an air attack, they put in a beef to the first mate for overtime.

The very fact that they got overtime for a half hour's work to save a ship is a pretty sad commentary on human integrity. Once there was a time when people did things because things needed doing. Now it's getting to the point where they want money, of all things, for the time they spend saving their own lives.

# 'You Can't Take It With You'



ROSAMOND BROMLEY

ABOVE: Rosamond Bromley, well remembered for her roles in previous Elon Player productions, plays the part of the deeply-in-love Alice Sycamore, who wishes that her family were just a little closer to normal, so that she wouldn't have to be afraid to bring guests home.

BELOW: Glenn King, as the dashing Tony Kirby. The boss's son, he is head over heels in love with Alice, his secretary, and does everything he can to convince her that family differences are not important.



BOB WALKER

ABOVE: Bob Walker, as Grandpa Vanderhoff, the only steady influence in a family of screwballs. His love of life and knowledge of human nature keep things on a reasonably even keel. In the scene below are, left to right, Laury Rockel, Patsy Milan, Joe Brankley, Bob Walker (seated), Richard Newman and Roger Wilson. Everyone seems to be enjoying the bewilderment of the income tax collector (Wilson) who can't convince Grandpa (Walker) that he should pay his taxes.

GLENN KING



LOIS WALKER

ABOVE: Lois Walker, the mother, Penny, to whom the whole world is wonderful and happy, and who writes plays because someone left a typewriter at the house by mistake.

BELOW: Lynn Cashion, the bombastic Russian ballet instructor, who seems to make a living trying to teach Essie (Happie Wilson) to dance. He doesn't have much success with her, but he gets plenty to eat at the Sycamore household.



LYNN CASHION

