

# Maroon and Gold

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1951

### IT'S "THIRTY" AGAIN

With this issue we regretfully write -30- to another volume of the Maroon and Gold. Regretfully, because another year has slipped by and there are, as usual, so many things left unsaid and undone . . . so many editorials that should have appeared here that did not, and so many that shouldn't have appeared that did. There were always things we intended to include in "the next issue," but now, suddenly, the time has run out, and there are no more issues left.

But we like to think that perhaps our editorials have resulted in some favorable changes on the campus and in the minds of our readers. Perhaps our tirade against last year's Student Legislature was partly responsible for the election of a more conscientious group this year; perhaps our writing on the dormitory fire hazards helped to foster a little more cooperation in that respect between the students and the administration. At any rate, we feel that our efforts have not been entirely fruitless.

And although we sometimes feel a bit guilty for not having done as well as we could have, we nevertheless can take pride in the fact that, for the third successive year the Maroon and Gold has taken top honors in competition with other North Carolina college newspapers, thereby doing our bit in distinguishing Elon, just as our magnificent choir, our great football, baseball, basketball and track teams, and other of our many organizations and individuals have done.

Probably more than anyone else, we know the faults and lackings of the Maroon and Gold, and we have worked to correct them. In our last issue we replied to some of the criticisms directed at the paper, pointing out that more cooperation on the part of the students would naturally result in a better paper. That still goes, but for now, rather than get off on that track again, we prefer to thank those of you whose help has been invaluable and extend to you and to others a fervent invitation to work with us again next year, for we'll need your help, and the help of others as well.

We would like to point out to you that, for anyone interested in any phase of newspaper work, the Maroon and Gold printshop offers an opportunity for valuable experience that you could not find elsewhere. And although there is a lot of hard work involved in getting the paper out every other week, don't think that it is all work. On the contrary; in addition to what you have to gain in experience here, many a good laugh is had by all. Actually, the reason the staff puts in those long hours, seemingly slaving away, is not simply because we like to work, or because we have nothing else to do; we enjoy it. And the feeling of accomplishment that comes with turning out a good paper more than makes up for the time and effort expended.

## of cabbages and kings

By ED ENGLER



### STORY

Once upon a time there was a wealthy young college student who had, in convenient conjunction, a passion for useless gadgets of the distinct American variety and the money with which to buy them. One day he was walking by the gadget store and he chanced to see a combination alligator lamp and toaster.

This was indeed a find, for he didn't know of anyone else that had one, nor of anyone that was likely to get one. So he paid \$87.50 for it and took it home, eager to try it out.

It was real tricky, and he was extremely pleased with it. It lit up and toasted the toast at the same time. "You merely drop in the toast, pull the alligator's tail, and the mouth opens and the eyes light up," the instructions informed him.

That night he settled down to do a little studying. As he was in the process of translating a Spanish novel, he worked far into the night. When the room became dark after sunset, he yawned, stretched, smiled, dropped in the toast, and pulled the alligator's tail, then proceeded with his work by the light provided by the glowing eyes.

But when the toast popped up, the light went out. More toast. Again. Again more toast. Soon the room was knee-deep in golden brown toast, and by the time he got to chapter 9 he had sent out for 473 loaves of bread. By chapter 12 he got smart and stopped buttering the toast, as he figured that this was a needless expense.

Before long he had to send home for more money. His father, who had made his fortune selling kerosene to the government to pour on surplus potatoes, didn't mind at first, but soon the toast bill reached such proportions that he had to get an honest job in the State Department, and could no longer afford the necessary truckloads of bread to keep his son going on the Spanish novel.

The poor young man had to drop Spanish and take up china painting, and is now happy with brush and dish, wondering what in the world ever possessed him to study Spanish in the first place.

And he is not alone. I wonder too.

\* \* \*

Notice to the Underground Press: The following bit of stolen verse in no way reflects the policy of this paper, and is not directed at anyone in particular, but is printed here only out of my appreciation for someone's powers of observation. After all, bees will be bees.

The Bee's a busy little soul  
Who has no time for birth control;  
And that is why in times like these,  
One meets so many sons of Bees.

\* \* \*

And how about the English professor who came home from the movies, raving about Orson Welles' production of Macbeth? He alked his wife into going, gave her the money and the keys to the car, and sent her to town. Upon her return he asked her how she liked it. After a moment of hemming and hawing it came out that the dear girl hadn't gone to see Macbeth at all, but had used the money to see "Valentino" AGAIN.

### GRAND FINALE

Allow us to take a little space now to renumerate the list of outstanding accomplishments made by Elon teams and organizations for the past year. Flying high, our track team, golf team and baseball nine proved to be tops their fields, with the football and basketball boys ranking high. The Maroon and Gold came in for its share of honor by taking first place in its field. Other groups and some individuals have distinguished themselves similarly.

But perhaps the greatest honor, and the one that odds the aura of honestly earned glory to all the others, is the recent presentation to Elon College of the annual John D. Messick sportsmanship award, in recognition of the sportsmanship shown by all Elon students throughout the past year. Although we realize that our sportsmanship has not at all times been exemplary, we appreciate the honor accorded us by other members of the conference, and sincerely hope that we may deserve the award more in the future than we have in the past.

## TO RECEIVE HONORARY DEGREES

Elon College will confer honorary degrees upon four eminent men at the forthcoming 1951 commencement. The recipients include leaders in industry and business, in theology and education and in naval service. The four to be honored include the Honorable Edward J. Bullock, of Oak Park, Ill. (upper left), leader in the oil industry, an executive with the Petroleum Administration during World War II, and active church and Masonic leader; the Honorable J. Spencer Love, of Greensboro and Washington, D. C. (upper right), chairman of the board of directors of the Furlington Mills Corporation and leader in the textile industry for more than a quarter of a century, who is to deliver the address to the Elon graduating class of 1951; Rev. Frank L. Eversull, of St. Louis, Mo. (lower left), now Professor of Education at Washington University in St. Louis, who has been in church and educational work in America and abroad for nearly four decades; and Captain William W. Elder, of Concord, Ga., (lower right), a graduate of Elon with the Class of 1910, who served as a chaplain in the United States Navy for thirty-one years and who has been active in religious and civic affairs since his retirement.



HON. EDWARD J. BULLOCK



REV. FRANK L. EVERSULL



HON. J. SPENCER LOVE



CAPT. WILLIAM W. ELDER



## farmer in the dell

By HARRY FARMER

Well, folks, the old rag is about to wind up another year of hustle and bustle. As the time for the dreaded examinations draws nearer and nearer, things become more and more frantic. All the things you have put off with a promise come rushing back all at once, and you find yourself in somewhat of a TIZZY.

And on top of all this, the new spring air lends energy to you professors, who have been coasting drowsily along all quarter, and they decide that they haven't taught you enough or covered enough material for their course.

"I see, students," he says with a twinge of remorse, "That we aren't going to finish all the things I planned to get around to, so, in order to supplement our class work, I'll have to ask you to hand in a twenty-page, typewritten outline of 'The Federal Union.'"

"Now, don't get upset," he says, "It doesn't have to be in until next Monday." And with that he dismisses the class and hits for the local fishing hole to spend the afternoon, chuckling quietly to himself. What can you do? It's either work or join, and you aren't very organization-minded these days.

\* \* \*

Well, like I say, the old year is almost over, and it won't be long before we'll be forgetting grudges, wishing everybody a good summer, and smearing ink all over one another's annuals. Then there will be the mad scramble for rides home. Of course, there won't be enough rides, and some of us will be left to curse and hitchhike; but that's the way it goes, and we really don't mind anyway.

So then, we get home and loaf for a week or so before the parents get used to us again. Then, one morning at breakfast, your father suggests that you go out and earn some money to see you through the next year of school, and immediately the wonderful summer is overcast by the drab aspect of a job.

You manage to cling to your freedom for a week or two by pretending that jobs are scarce, always saying, "Gee, dad, I just can't seem to find one." Then he comes in one evening and announces proudly that he has talked to So-and-So and that he has agreed to take you on for the summer. You try to act enthusiastic about it, but you are really crossing out in your mind all the parties and excursions you had planned for the future dates this summer.

The summer drags on and on, and every day you find yourself considering the army more seriously. Finally, you resort to thinking about the good times you had at school last year, and you drop a line to one of your close friends. You see, you have been away from home for a couple of years now, and you have dropped out of circulation. The people who used to be your closest friends are not interested in the same things that you are, and the ones who are still interested are married. Of course, it takes a while for you to realize exactly why you aren't having as much fun as you'd counted on, and by then the summer is almost over.

Finally, you quit your job and get ready to return to school. The trunk is mailed ahead, so that it will be there when you arrive. You sit around the last few days, just waiting for the time to go, and then you leave a day early, so that you can be with the fellas soon enough to have some fun before the task of registration.

Yup! That's the way she goes! If you don't believe it, watch yourself go through the cycle this summer.

Me? I'm going to summer school. See ya . . . . .!

## 'Hallelujah! It's A Good 'Un!'

"Hallelujah! It's a good 'un!" So say all the signs that Nash Parker and his publicity workers have plastered all over the campus during recent days, said signs referring to Elon's third annual student-written and student-directed musical show, which is scheduled for Whitley Auditorium on Tuesday and Thursday nights of this week. Those who have seen the rehearsals for the show within the past two weeks declare that the signs aren't fooling, and they tell how the tiny stage up in Mooney Auditorium has been reeling and rocking as the student actors tripped through the chorus routines and how the very walls of the auditorium have echoed the hilarious gags and the lively musical numbers that set the tempo for the show.

The leading roles in the student musical show will be enacted by Bob Walker (left), who appears as Dr. Ferdinand Faustus, president of a typical American college; and Judith Ingram (right), who plays the part of a student of that typical college who is earning her way through college as secretary to the president. Her duties in that role are many and varied, even to helping Dr. Faustus chase down a stray nickel, which he has dropped upon the floor. The role of Dr. Faustus is pepped up considerably following a visit from some old college cronies of his, who proceeded to get the good president into more than one kind of hot water.



Some of the same tunes that have thrilled patrons of New York night centers form the musical background for Elon's musical extravaganza of 1951, and a real, honest-to-goodness orchestra makes the music that is designed to keep "Hallelujah" moving at a high-stepping pace. Nash Parker, the student author and director had to go out and search the highways and by-ways, but he came up with a twelve-piece band that's hard to beat. His band is shown above, complete with brass and wood-wind sections, and with a piano and a big bass fiddle to complete the picture. Don't miss it, for "it's a good 'un."