

Maroon And Gold

Dedicated to the best interest of Elon College and its students and faculty, the Maroon and Gold is published semi-monthly during the college year at Elon College, N.C. (Zip Code 27244), publication being in cooperation with the journalism department.

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TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1966

"THIRTY"

The time has come again when the Maroon and Gold editor and staff writes the numerals "30" for another annual volume of the campus newspaper—for the symbol "30" is newspaper language for "the end of a story or an era. In this case, as in other years, it means that another year and another volume of the paper takes its place on the shelf of Elon College history.

It has been a good year for the college, and the staff of the Maroon and Gold has had the pleasure of recording many fine accomplishments on the part of both the college itself and of members of the faculty and students.

It has been with a real pleasure that we have recorded such fine accomplishments, but it will be a mighty fine feeling when the final page of this final issue rolls from the press and we know that there looms ahead a three-months period when there'll be no last minute scurrying about for notes on the happenings of campus life.

There's a bit of sadness, too, in seeing the year's tasks come to an end, for it means that for some of the final days on the Elon campus loom just ahead. Many of the students will graduate, others will not return to Elon for another year, and all will be missed.

The reports are that a number of the Elon faculty will not be back, that they will move on to other scenes for another year, and it is with a real sense of regret that we hear this. To each and every one of them we express appreciation for a task well done and the wish for full success in their efforts elsewhere.

So now, with much pride and mingled sadness, we write this final word of the 1965-66 college year and close out Volume Forty-Six of the old Maroon and Gold by writing "30" in this final sentence.

FRIENDS

If nobody smiled, and nobody cared and nobody helped us along,
If every moment looked after itself and good things always went to the strong,
If nobody thought just a little about you and nobody cared about me,
And we stood all alone, in the battle of life, What a dreary old world this would be.

Life is sweet, just because of the friends we have made
And the things which in common we share,
We want to live on, not because of ourselves,
But because of the people who care.

It is doing and giving for somebody else,
On which all life's splendor depends,
And the joy of this world, when you've summed it all up,
Is found in the making of friends.

—Anonymous

Kissin' Kin

Two friends met on the street one afternoon and the first commented: "So your girl friend jilted you when you told her about your rich uncle?"

"Yes, now she's my aunt."

THERE IS always a bright side. A severe winter intensifies the pleasure we get out of looking forward to spring.



a few blasts and bravos

By MIKE WYNGARDEN

Finis

I suspect that it is appropriate for the editor of this paper to write in the last issue mushy exaltations about his Alma Mater. He is supposed to pontificate like Dirksen, stirring the emotion and/or the anger of his reader — gyrating all over the place in an effort to make his exit the most cheerful and benevolent. I must apologize to the reader, because I am sorry to say that when it comes to this sort of business I am a weak sister indeed.

This leaves us with one alternative — we can recapitulate the things mentioned in this column this year and perhaps offer an explanation of the motivation behind the columns.

In the columns this year we have touched on many situations and on a few people. We have mentioned a few things which have touched on the heretical; but, on the other hand, we have attempted to hand out as many "Bravos" as we have "Blasts." This has been accomplished, because there have been just as many columns "Bravo-ing" as there have been "Blasting."

But, of course, no one seems to remember the "Bravos;" at least this seems to be true among the students. Time and again, after a new issue of the Maroon and Gold was circulated, many students would come to me and say, "Atta boy, Wyingarden, you are really blasting the administration and other people, and I hope you keep up the good work."

Other people have reacted in a different manner. One man in particular (and it is not Dr. Danieley) reacts this way: "Wyingarden, you have a way of saying things that really makes people mad. And everything you say is wrong, because you don't know what is really going on. Besides that, you knew before you came here what Elon was like, and if you don't like it, why don't you get out. If you really liked Elon, you wouldn't say what you do. After all, Elon gave you the privilege of coming here."

This is the type of mentality that spurred me to write what I did. I may strike you odd, but I really like Elon. I am getting my degree from here, and I am proud of it, and when I return home and talk with my friends who have received B.A.'s and M.A.'s from such institutions as U.C.L.A., Michigan and Harvard, I will feel no embarrassment when I say that I received my B. A. in history from Elon.

This seems paradoxical to some people. However, you can be proud of this and like very much this college, while maintaining a vicious criticism on such matters as athletic policy and the like. Answer: I like Elon, but I don't like the athletic policy. I like Elon, but I think something is wrong when eleven members of the faculty leave for greener pastures. I like Elon, and I think that, as editor of the campus newspaper, I would be a full-fledged hypocrite if I did not write and print what I believe.

Now, this makes me sound like a Johnny-dogooder — a smark aleck Yankee who came south to straighten things out. Well, I am not trying to straighten things out; I just happen to think that if the status quo is not orderly enough, then something should be SAID about it. Whether or not something should be DONE about it is a matter that does not concern me as an editor, although it may affect me as a student. That is something different. Enough said.

The line that separates rationalization from explanation is a thin one indeed. It is especially hard to blast when you consider yourself a thorough-going optimist. But it is even harder to blast when you tinker with a philosophy of man that says leave man alone. You say that because you think men are good, rational and clever, man when left alone will work out everything for the better. Enough said.

Elon will go its merry way with or without me. Finis!

Wisps of Wisdom

Fear may slow down our thinking processes, but it sure speeds up our footwork.

If you want to leave your footprints in the sands of time, wear your work shoes.

Some folks who live it up discover they have a lot to live down.

To get to the top, go to the bottom of things.

Always listen to the opinions of others. It probably won't do you any good, but it will hurt.

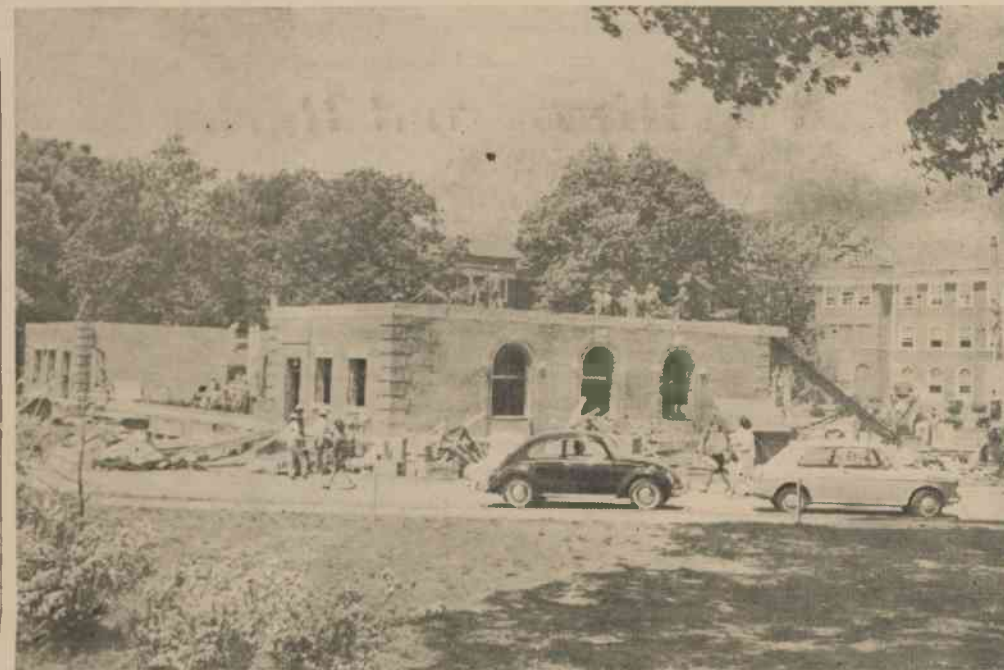
You can always tell a well informed man — his views are the same as yours.

Father — The parent who gets his daughter off his hands and then has to get his son-in-law on his feet.



WALLS OF TWO NEW BUILDINGS RISE RAPIDLY

Construction work has been moving ahead rapidly on two new buildings on the Elon College campus, as proven by the accompanying pictures of the new men's dormitory (pictured above) and the new student center (pictured below). The new men's dormitory is rising rapidly at the southeast corner of Elon's walled campus, and the student center is being built on the oval immediately south of the Alamo Building and near the main south entrance of the campus. Both buildings are scheduled for completion during the early fall.



A Sleeveless Errand

By WILLIAM BRADHAM

This editor leaves this column with mixed emotions. Yes, this is the last bit of scribbling you'll have to put up with every other week. In a way, I am as elated as you are. It's hard to find a subject and write about it, especially on Tuesday night, knowing the column must be in on Wednesday morning. Yet, the writing of this column has allowed me to release my own inner tensions, grievances, appraisals and congratulations.

So, how does one end his last column? Does he end with a joyful note or an ominous one? Should it be a warning, for instance to rising students and graduating seniors; should it be a reappraisal

of the Elon professional staff or administration; should it be on the attitude here on our campus? What can I say? All of these subjects I have already discussed; so forgive me if I just ramble.

I began my first column in September with an appraisal of the SGA. I talked last night with Jerry Cameron. He stated how nice it was to be free now, with his duties as president no longer bothering him. He, I think, along with Eileen Cobb and the other SGA officials, deserves a short rest. They have handled the Student Government quite ably this past year. In my years here at Elon, I never witnessed a better administration. Also, as a side note, I must mention how successful the Spring Weekend was. It was just

another job well done by the Elon SGA. Congratulations!

I would like to give a semi-congratulations to Slater Food Service. They have begun their fight against "ptomaine," but let us realize that the fight is not yet won. Keep trying!

Another congratulations to Rodney Barfield and the Liberal Arts Forum. Their "week" was a noble attempt, carried out beautifully. This editor hopes that next year's Forum can live up to the fine performance given by this year's group. An important facet of student life has been initiated. It must not fail after such a brilliant beginning.

There are many other points I could bring up, the administration,

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Students Honored At Awards Event

(Continued From Page One)

Schetroma, of Natalie, Pa., as the student showing the most improvement in organ.

The Jerry Dalton Strader Awards, given each year in memory of the late Jerry D. Strader, for many years a leader in religious, educational and civic affairs in Burlington, were presented by Prof. John Graves to Mary Coolidge, of Amston, Conn., for outstanding work in Christian education, and to Tom Warner, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for fine work in the campus dramatics program.

The Somers Prize Essay Award, given each year by Chaplain and Mrs. Lester I. Somers, of the U. S. Navy, was presented by Dr. Ferris E. Reynolds to Donald C. Massey, of Norwich, Conn., for his outstanding essay in the field of religion and philosophy.

The Student Achievement Award in the field of business and economics, made possible through the Wall Street Journal, was given by Mrs. Jeanne F. Williams to Alton Skinner, of Durham, Skinner was also the recipient of the Pi Gamma Mu Scholarship Award, given by the Elon chapter of the honorary social science group, for outstanding work in history and social science. This award was presented by Robert C. Baxter.

The Dudley Ray Watson Award, given in memory of the late Prof. Dudley Ray Watson, of the Elon Prof. James Toney to Berwyn Law-business faculty, was presented by the Society of Timmonsville, S. C. This award is sponsored by the new Elon chapter of the Society for Advancement of Management, which also presented its new charter to President Danieley for pre-

servation along with other Elon charters.

In addition to these special awards, recognition was also given by Elon departmental chairmen to several Elon seniors who have already been awarded scholarships, fellowships or grants for graduate study. Billy Dee Bailey, of Graham, has received an assistantship at the University of South Carolina in chemistry, and Denny Wagoner, of Elon College, has received a similar grant in chemistry at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Alton Skinner, of Durham, has a fellowship in economics at N. C. State University in Raleigh. Terrence Tickle, of Gibsonville, has a grant in history at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill; and Tom Jeffrey, of Bethesda, Md., has a grant in dramatics at the University of Miami.

a glorious feast

By

RICHARD HUTCHENS



Because this is my last column to be written for the Maroon and Gold and because the tone and nature of all the previous "Glorious Feasts" have been of a rather critical type, this final essay is one of praise. One of praise for those on this campus who have the interest of the college in their minds and who exerted, in one way or another, a significantly favorable impression on this editor.

Let it be known, however, that this article is not to mollify or to in any way remove the barb from any previous statements. The feelings expressed in the past in this column are still enthusiastically supported, and the only way to remove the barb from them is to apply a little medicated correction, not the voodoo cure of rationalization.

The first word of praise goes out to a professor who is no longer a resident at Elon. This man is one Jon Wendt, whom some may remember as a part-time instructor in history. It is rare to find an instructor in a freshman history course with such enthusiasm for his subject.

More than once has it been said that when Wendt lectured on Bismark the student felt as if he were face to face with the "Iron Duke" himself! This was an instructor who refused to be tied or to tie his classes to convention, and who left the text on the bookshelf when preparing his lectures. To quote a peer, "Bravo!"

Secondly, a tribute is paid to a full professor on this campus who embodies a favorite idea of this editor. The scholar in mind is Dr. W. W. Sloan. Here is a man who is vitally interested in the world around him, one who lives life to the fullest, who, though having very definite opinions of his own, "allows for diversity."

Next a vote of appreciation should go out to Oscar Fowler, the new manager of the book store. It is amazing what a little concern for the convenience of the students will do for a previously intolerable situation. Elon now has a book store that is to deal in used books, carries a reasonable supply of scholarly paperbacks, and stays open during the lunch hour in order that the students might more easily take advantage of its facilities.

While in the process of lauding the editor's favorite persons, on the campus, there is another who cannot be overlooked. Everyone knows or is familiar with "Dot", the long-suffering manager of the snack-bar. Perhaps no one on the campus is forced to smile day after day while students blithely throw their food at each other, or make quaint little wisecracks, or spill a strawberry milkshake on the freshly cleaned counter-top. It must be admitted that a great deal of patience and understanding is required by one in her position.

It would certainly be next to impossible to forget to mention one on this campus who, if he doesn't at least make the students think, he does make them work. Dr. Reynolds, of course. Very few professors from any school display such interest in the student's obtaining of knowledge and yet, at the same time and without appearing the least bit pedantic, pursues the substance of his chosen field with energy and scholarship.

The last note of praise has been saved for an institution on this campus rather than an individual. The institution is made of people, of course, but they work as a unit for the most part and they work through this unit to improve the conditions and the status of Elon College. The reader may call the editor prejudiced, but if he stops and considers he will have to admit that no other such institution has accomplished the same results in as short a time.

The reference is to the history department, as you may have guessed. No one can deny that the most prestigious person on the faculty is today and was last year the chairman of the department. Enthusiasm for the subject matter, tolerance of opinions, ability in the field, and a certain sympathetic rapport with the students and with reality are qualities that are unsurpassed by perhaps many other departments in many other colleges.

Education Pays

An office machine broke down and after all the geniuses on the staff had tried to fix it, an expert was called in. He turned the machine on, listened to it for a few minutes, turned one screw a half turn, and the machine was repaired.

At the end of the month, the company received a bill for \$160. The office manager hit the ceiling and wrote for an itemized statement. In his letter, he explained exactly what the expert had done.

In a few days, he received an itemized statement that read: "For turning one screw: 16c; for knowing how far to turn screw: \$159.84."