

Maroon and Gold

Edited and printed at Elon College by students of Journalism. Published Semi-monthly during the college year.

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National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO - BOSTON - LOS ANGELES - SAN FRANCISCO

Entered as second class matter November 10, 1936 at the post office at Elon College, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879.

ELON SPORTSMANSHIP

Several years ago Elon College won a trophy donated by the North State Conference to the school which showed the best and cleanest sportsmanship during the year. If predictions may be made on early fall indications, it is not likely that the trophy will be donated to us this year.

In the first game of the year some indications of very bad sportsmanship were shown. It gives one a feeling of pride to be able to say in victory and defeat, "We have played the game honestly and accepted the decision like gentlemen and men."

There is no honor in being a bad loser. Those who cannot swallow the bitterness of defeat like gentlemen have missed something which would make them better fitted to withstand the bitter actualities of life. They are akin to spoiled children who go into tantrums when something they want is denied them.

We have seen students enter school as freshmen; become seniors, then graduates, and always what those freshmen would be as seniors has been determined by the students who preceded them. Upper classmen, it is up to us to decide whether the future graduates of Elon will be able to face the world with a calm realization and determination or with a faltering fear of the ugliness of life.

THE DINING HALL

Investigation of the dining hall and food situation has produced the following information, which we pass on to you as food for thought:

Dr. Smith declares that he wants a new dining hall and is working toward that point just as fast as possible. The new dining hall is to serve the entire student body on one shift. The President stated that the old dining hall may be used for a society hall.

Until such plans may materialize, Dr. Smith says that he will greatly appreciate the students' getting along with our present method of dining as best they can, and work with him. Incidentally, he says that the school is to make an effort to get a new dormitory, too. It may be stated that none of this is certain, but that such an aim is hoped to have results.

The old college food gripe is an old tale. Here some students complain of the food, but yet those who fuss so may have even worse to eat in their own homes. It just seems to be a custom for a college fellow to say the food is punk upon being asked how it is. Maybe it's a tradition from the past, and it seems it will continue.

Here a later interview with Miss M. E. White, dietician, may be of interest. She is of the opinion that a cafeteria would be the best method of eating here, but she also cites some disadvantages of that arrangement. In case of a cafeteria,

Campus Chatter

By Wesley Holland

Well, freshmen have stopped sticking their heads in the wrong classrooms to ask silly questions, Elon's football team is batting .500, the famous Elon parties (not sarcasm) are definitely better, and we have a good looking drum major who struts her stuff. Yep, Elon is ready for some light and airy truckin'. — I went down to see "Peaheads" team face some real opposition Saturday, and he seems to have a good heavy defensive ball club. Sports writers predicted that he would lose by 2 or three touch downs. Final score—Carolina 14 — Wake Forest 6. — "Red" Cromlish, one of the best guards Elon has ever produced in the way of basketball, was on the campus during the past weekend. He is teaching and coaching at the Belmont High School just out of Charlotte. Besides being an ace on the "hardwood", "Red" is well known in these parts as a "lady killer" and one swell fellow. — We notice quite a few pipes puffing around the campus. It's funny to see these pipes walking around with

freshmen who, we are certain, have never been seen at home using the "filthy weed". Bear with those smokestakes boys, it's the only way to really look "collitch" —Has anyone noticed a putrid odor? That smell, my "franz", is the Elon spirit shown at the High Point game by the students. The cheerleaders are ok if they pick up just a little more "umph". No stuff, we really smell as far as support is concerned. How we can forget last year so quickly is a mystery. — The freshman who gets my slap on the back is Wilmont Milbury, who hails from Trenton, N. J. It looks as though he is going to see more action than the average freshman. — Says Laurence Leonard "Virgin Yow's boys are going to surprise Elon's Christians". Did they? — Charlie Hamrick and his boys have been called to the home of your's truly to play for a Rotary Club Minstrel and Dance. This means that the boys will probably get a few jobs in the future down in the eastern part of the state. — If this stuff smells to you "guys and gals" "please be kind" this really is my first attempt.

there would be more sickness, or a lower health level because many students would eat very irregular. Miss White also states some of its advantages, saying that by such a method the students could be charged according to what they ate. The boys who eat such great quantities now would have to come across or disappoint their appetites. The girls would probably get out cheaper than they do now. The dietician says that the present system of eating is proving very satisfactory. There are 170 on the first shift, and 150 on the second shift. 50 students eat upstairs.

It can be stated that we are on our way to a new dining system.

SILENCE IS REQUESTED

After the hurry and bustle of the fall opening of school, it is always hard to get things running in their accustomed groove and functioning as they should. The most conspicuous example of what may be unintentional misunderstanding this fall is the unnecessary noise in the library. The habitual noise which prevails in the library may be entirely unintentional but, nevertheless, the library is not supposed to be used for conversational purposes. If you must carry on a conversation, take it outside in the colonnades.

We realize that, with as many students using the library as there are this year, some noise is unavoidable; but as it is now the library sounds as if it were being used for a social hall. We realize too that the floor is not of a particularly noise-absorbent quality, but if we will expend a little more energy and lift up our heels when we walk in the library, those who are using the library to study won't have every word they read punctuated with clicking heels. Of course those who wish to be seen every time they come in the library may be expected to make a lot of noise, but they might at least confine their efforts at attracting attention to somewhere outside the library.

A college is a cooperative enterprise requiring the cooperation of all of us. It is to our own advantage to try to keep the library a place in which we may study without too much distraction.

Ministerial Association

A the meeting of the ministerial association on September 17, it was decided not to elect, a new president, until their former president, Thurman Bowers, knows whether or not he is going to be on the campus this year.

Dr. Bowden, faculty sponsor for the Association, on the general theme of the ministerial students' place on the campus. He said that the ministerial students should be sociable with those with

whom they come in contact. They should study a wide range of subjects in preparation for work which they are not about to take up. Ministerial students should be scholastic, Dr. Bowden pointed out, for in their work they will meet and be in contact with people from all levels of life. Now, more than ever, it is imperative that the ministers of tomorrow be better prepared for their work than in any time so that they might help their congregation with their many problems.



The library again: Wonder if Mrs. Johnson could be induced to re-open that "conference room" in the back of the library? . . . There's really no excuse for spelling the author of Pilgrim's Progress "Bunion", even if he was a pain. . . . We nominate P. Messick, the fog-dazed little D. S., as No. 1 Little Appler. . . . Having trouble with that strapless dance dress, Mary? . . . Llo Ray, as a drama heroine, bears a faint resemblance to our blond blizzard of last season. . . . Opera again in East, oh horrors! . . . That gal who knows all the history answers should be thrown out on her ear, Dr. Dickie. Hurrah for Hayden! Such a slide-horn! . . . Seems our drum major is getting fan mail a'ready. . . . Did the brunette menace at the party last Saturday night have a purpose, or was she merely ornamental? . . . Which reminds us — the I. T. K.'s deserve a big hand for their efforts. . . . Wonder when the B B club will resume operation. . . . From all we hear, the weinie roasts aren't up to last year's. . . . It's good to have our ex-Council president, Number One pepper-upper, etc., etc., ad infinitum, back on the campus for a few days. In Ladies' Hall the talk goes, "Member, Marcy, when —?", and "Can't you just see so and so now?" And so, far, far into the night with tales of the marvelous feats of those now departed. Marcella was here in the pre-500 era, when Elon was a little school. And that wasn't so far back, just '37. . . . Our band is really swinging out this year in high style, and why shouldn't it with that capable little lass step-step-stepping all around out in front of it? We really had a show at that unmentionable V. M. I. game; even the cosmopolitan Keydets admired it. . . . A big hand to Charlie Hamrick.

"Parties", will be bigger and better this year. The fellows can stay home and join in the fun on Saturday nights instead of joining the happy bunch at Shaws. It's really something to get all excited about — just like College! If you missed this one, get on the glad rags and come on out to the next one.

There seems to be at least one person on this campus who shouldn't be here. She's a Frosh (from Virginia) whose boon companion must certainly be a dictionary. Just in ordinary conversation the other day she described something or other as changing with "logarithmic rapidity". Now really, she is not of us—she should be somewhere where one meets a genius every hour or two.

Old hopeful at the bat, again: We suggest to the management of the drug store that more and better seating accommodations be installed. After all there are some 500-odd of us!

Paul Shu, V. M. I.'s highly publicized halfback, gave a perfect exhibition of lousy sportsmanship when he tried to kick "Axle" Lawson who, by the way, returned home with a bad case of housemaid's knee from kneeling on the ground while he got last minute instructions from the "Horse"; Coach talked ten minutes. "Axle" played two. . . . Ray Coleman almost broke his back clipping Art Lea from behind. At one time there were eight Portsmouth, Va. boys on the field and about 200 home town rooters in the stands. . . . Coach called Saecker a "dern witch" when he missed the first pass (oh yeah?) . . . Abbitt and Bradley sent a telegram to the team telling them to FIGHT. . . . A V. M. I. supporter wanted to take DeRoy Fonville's horn after he transferred some bets he was holding. . . . After the Lexington trip the Drum Major will travel with the band.

DORMITORY SWEEPINGS

Maroon and Gold Examines This Week The Inmates of The Publishing House Dormitory. East Dormitory Is Scheduled To Take the Rap in Our Next Issue.

Passersby seeing red light in window not to let imagination run away, 'tis only beet-like countenance of one "Tootsie" Wilkerson, erstwhile balloon-nose man in circus and present stooge to Wally Fonville, student prexy and dorm proctor. Molly Craft not only gets off those booming punts but wields a mean luncheon at dining table, first shift. Barrel shaped gentlemen is "Squat" Garner who, if properly trained, should become a nice house dog. Two Parkers, Jimmie and Charles, very emphatic on question of relationship (Jimmie is really a secret admirer of Jimmie, though. Whee-e-e! we've got a Packard in front of our house (chief contribution of "Red" Noon, Gable's carrot-topped rival, so he thinks.) Buddy Hayden and Gene Malbon are really sweet to each other but is the green eyed monster standing between them waiting for a break? That Piland gal is certainly making 'Chump' Bradshaw live up to his name. There are many other first floor inmates such as D. C. Burton, the "Reidsville Runt," 'Irish' Capillary (gosh, can that guy eat) and "Strawberry" Ford, the manager of our touch football team, the Sabre-Toothed Tigers we call 'em. Last but not least is the mighty Archie Israel, athlete, scholar, and thespian, who keeps order by means of tact, diplomacy, and a good right hand.

And now to the second floor where reside the literati (accent on third syllable) athletes (ping-pong, parlor rugby, hopscotch-very versatile and the rank and file (mostly rank). Semi-nude figure running up and down hall is "Atlas" Rawls who has much trouble with his form divine. "Axle" Lawson washing his pair of sox while Baxter Barnes takes his weekly shower. Touching sight: Saecker writing the farewell letter to his home town sweetheart, whose father has too many old-fashioned ideas. Frank Barnette trying to think of ways to get more dough out of dearly beloved papa while "Hog-Head" McCotter tearfully recites the "Letter Edged in Black!" Walter Laughon receives a letter every day which ends with "and don't forget to change your underwear every month." Joe Bagley lets everyone know who is Pres. of his Bible Class. Listening to war news, J. H. Pierce and Jack Boone plan their retreat to Dismal Swamp. Joe Golombek's trip to the infirmary cast a pall of gloom over the entire house. There are some other fine upstanding youths on the second floor but space has got us, so — bum jaw-herar.

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