

Maroon and Gold

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GOSSIP

Meandering about the campus is a splendid way to get in on the "know". During one's treks, however, he should be very mindful of the pitfalls of society and watchful lest he become involved in an unprofitable incident. There are many ways to become ensnared in the unpleasantness of college life.

Gossiping, and often does, determine the esteem in which a student is held on the campus. Gossip is a good means of transmitting the latest news; it is a good institution and should be preserved for the good of a free people, but it can also be the cause of much agony. Oftentimes a rumor without any authenticity whatsoever will be passed along and enlarged upon until some innocent person becomes a scapegoat. Instances are on record to show that such libel has caused students to drop out of schools and return to their homes in disgrace. This is not to infer that all gossip is libel, but that idle conversations should be handled carefully and the emphasis placed on the right syllable.

Envy has a tremendous place in our lives. Few have attained maturity without having experienced a smattering of jealousy. It is a potent adjective in course of ordinary conversation, it is apt to turn favorable criticism into a biting piece of slander.

Exaggeration has its charm; it frequently is the making of a dull narrative into a rather fast moving story. When a reputation is concerned caution should be employed rather than exaggeration. The tongue has been our great weakness in the past. We could, if so minded, turn our conversation to good advantage by minimizing the derogatory and exaggerating the good. After all, why should we harm anyone? Even though we tell the truth without any personal feeling whatsoever, if it harms another, how does it profit us? In no way and, too, it may prove extremely embarrassing. It is the right party receive the information there is the possibility of mayhem.

Letters to the editors

The Maroon and Gold is essentially a student publication. Because it belongs to you it is your privilege to criticize any material or opinions published therein. Please feel free to write a letter to the editor, who will include the letter in conjunction with an answer in this column. Should the author desire to have his letter printed anonymously, he must so state, but no letter received unsigned will receive consideration. The editor, being but a humble soul, will not feel in any way obligated to explain policies employed by the administration, nor does he wax pedantic enough to promise an answer to every question. However, an effort will be made.

tain't necessarily so

BY AMY CAMPBELL

Howdy chilluns! Are you ready for some more back fence chitchat? We really shouldn't tell you a thing, because you are keeping most of your more startling activities secret. Just what are you doing? Don't tell me that you are too busy studying to get into trouble methinks that your professors and hall proctors know better.

Two great big pink balloons to Coach Causey and Claude Comer. They were initiated into the Noble Order of Fatherhood last month and we hear that the infants are the most wonderful ever born. Guess who told us that!

At first we thought that Helen Hayes was at Elon, but we soon found out that it was Helen King trying out for the Elon Radio Players. Just wait until you hear that gal speak.

Helen Hayes may not be at Elon, but we have been invaded. The most horrible fiend imaginable has hit our lovely campus. Chuck Lentz, please, in the interests of humanity, throw away that cigar!

Are you bothered by little children or mice? If so, why not consult Elon's Pied Piper, Jane Dougherty? She and her Shepherd's Pipe make such wonderful music together

Will some kind soul please enlighten "Ginny" Pla and Gwen Newton as to the round trip fare to New York? One round trip on that night train will cure any and all homesickness. Take it from one who knows.

Amos and Andy have nothing on one, James Mobley. Gentlemen, be seated: yassuh!

It happens every year and this is no exception. Three of Ladies Hall's freshmen decided to take up smoking Mildred Sharpe looked nonchalant, Louise Mansfield looked very unhappy, and Rachel Beachum expressed the feeling of them all when she gasped, "I don't think I'll take it up as a habit." For your information their faces have finally lost that green hue.

Conversation overheard in a Spanish Class:
 Mrs. Sloan: Senir Newton, which part would you like to play in Spanish play that we are going to give?

"Fig" Newton: I will take the part of Siesta.

Bobby Harris of the Fighting Christians looks right good with that "44" on his back and petite Mary Brown on his arm. You can certainly pick your numbers, Robert.

We of the outside world are wondering how the football team likes its training table. You "Bacnetor Boys" go right on eating our Wheaties and show the world that Elon has what it takes. We're behind you all the way.

"Jan" Frazier is going to graduate if its the last thing she does. She has gone as far as to get a job for Dean Bowden. No doubt Carolyn Thompson and Jean Meredith help her to make office work fun. Just for laughs, stop in the office some afternoon and watch the trio trying to find the "v" on the typewriter with the blanked-out keys. Never a dull moment.

Did you all have a big time at the dance last weekend? A tremendous thank-you to Sigma Phi's and the Delta U's for playing host and hostess.

We leave you now, but please don't be too good or there won't be any more column. You can tell us any and everthing that is going on, because, even if we print it, it ain't necessarily so.

AN OBLIGATION

The party held in the gymnasium Saturday night, was a success. There will be many more we hope, and soon! It is the desire of all social organizations on campus, to contribute the entertainment of the student body as a whole. We sincerely hope that they will be able to carry on work of this kind, but without the aid of the student body it can not be accomplished. There is the element of expence which is largely footed by the organizations sponsoring the entertainment, but the student activity fees assist in the purchase of such equipment as records, flowers, card tables, ect., which are used at all social functions. If you have not discharged your obligation in this direction please do so at your earliest convenience.

for no good reason

BY BETTY HILL

CONNIE CONSIDERS LONG SKIRTS:

Not long ago a member of the opposite sex approached us and said maliciously, "More women than men prefer short skirts." Then he slunk away to observe the length of all the skirts in sight and to feast his eyes on the dimples on various knees.

Now, methinks, this highly controversial subject is occupying the minds of otherwise sane people too much it benefits society little, except of course, that the ladies of the notorious bridge table clique can wear out their grievances in bitter tirades pro and con.

Must women conform to the standards established by the fashion leaders and designers? Certainly not! The individual makes her own fashion rules if she is wise. It is very doubtful that her best friend will snub her if her skirt measures sixteen inches from the ground instead of the regulation fourteen inches. It is doubtful, also, that her favorite man will, in the same circumstance, say coolly and scornfully, "Pardon me, Susie, but your legs are showing."

GENERAL OPINIONS

A lot of women: "If you have beautiful legs, why hide them?"

More women: "Why do we have to do what Paris fashion leaders tell us to do?"

They don't but they haven't realized it yet.

The minority of women don't say anything. They depend largely on charm, not legs. They ignore the whole situation or view it objectively -- there are some women who can view things objectively and wear what they like, usually something extremely becoming and tasteful.

We have seen the most amusing pictures of various women peering into closets crowded with short skirts. Close to tears, we are told, these slaves to fashion sigh and start to throw things through the windows Nuts!!

However, there is something to be said for the leg supporters (no pun intended) versus "charm" supporters. A woman can be charming at sixty, but not always leggy. But, regardless of arguments, riotous discussion and so on, it is safe to assume, we think, that nearly every woman will wear short skirts or long according to the views of the man, or men, in her life.

CONNIE CONTEMNS:

"Kingsblood Royal" by Sinclair Lewis.

Remembering "Dodsworth", "Arrowsmith", "Main Street" and others, it is difficult to censure Sinclair Lewis for the writing of "Kingsblood Royal". Mr. Lewis, probably under pressure from the Nobel Prize committee and the NAACP, wrote a book dealing with the most frequently discussed of current issues - the race problem.

He has delivered a very fallacious sermon and called it a novel. It is painfully obvious from beginning to end that he knows very little about non-caucasians. But, then, who knows? Maybe the Tuskegee Institute will award him an honorary doctorate.

CONNIE CONFERS:

Honors to Samuel Shellabarger for "The Prince of Foxes". It combines adventure, love, intrigue, and glamor most entertainingly.

The finely woven mystery, "The Pattern", by Mignon Eberhart.

The wonderful, wonderful humor in "My Life and Hard Times", by Thorne Smith.

If you prefer to read about love, look into almost any book. The majority, we are told, usually prefer Kathleen Winsor.

DEAR DIARY:

We went to Chapel Hill for the game Saturday, but we were glad to get back to security and sane people. Life sometimes isn't so lonely.

CORN (not liquid either)

Student: Dr. Sloan, about how long to you want the thesis to be?

Dr. Sloan: Well, about like a womens dress

Student: How long is that, Sir?

Dr. Sloan: As long as necessary, but short enough to be interesting.

truth and travesty

BY T. PARKER

Now that the quest for knowledge has started in earnest, it seems that you have, every one, settled down to your books to study diligently every spare moment. This is evident from the lack of material to be found hereabouts for this sort of column. Either the mass I. Q. has risen or the professors are bearing down as never before. Now, why don't you come out of your little hermitages and do something either stupid enough or brilliant enough that you might be included in this most sought after column.

School spirit seems to be almost non-existent here at Elon. At the Davidson game, who attended to sit on the Elon side made almost as much noise as a slightly wounded mouse. We realize that not everyone is able to attend the games away from home, but those who could do so should at least band together and howl as loudly as possible. We hope you have not, merely because you have reached college age, come to believe you are too sophisticated to raise your voice for the glory of Alma Mater. This would, indeed, be a sorry state of affairs.

"Hink" Ward bounced into a soda shop the other day carrying a small envelope containing some medicinal salve and a tongue depressor. Approaching one of the booths, he extracted the tongue depressor as suavely as an eighteenth-century gallant drawing his rapier. He shoved the salve-covered piece of wood within an inch of even Taylor's nose, and in his best bedside manner, implored John to say "Ah!" John, taken quite aback, nearly tore out of the back of the booth with his head, while "Hink" strolled casually away, chuckling fiendishly.

We usually make it a rule not to tear apart the same people in these lines for two issues in a row, but this information is a bit too good to keep. William says we should see to it that more people read the Maroon and Gold. He says he has already found more than fifty girls that did not read this column last issue, thereby not finding out that he is, indeed, Elon's most attractive.

We would like to get acquainted with the character who, during the freshman initiation, was seen in the center of Alamance building, polishing the star with a toothbrush and a cake of soap. It was right after supper, and there was quite a crowd circling him, making snide comments. Instead of "blowing his top," as would one of less plematic nature, he merely kept to his scrubbing, looking up at the neeklers occasionally with a bland stare. That's the kind of sportsmanship we like.

The weather last week sneaked in a low blow, catching us with out topcoats and raincoats down. There was a mad rush for town made by some, only to realize upon arrival that the day was Wednesday when all the shops close. Some returned to Elon wetter than ever; some decided to go to Greensboro, and returned the wettest. Coffee was consumed in huge quantities and many "E" men took the opportunity to wear their Varsity sweaters.

We were approached by a few disgruntled souls concerning some comments made in this space two weeks ago. It was intimated that our columnist took a partisan view on some of the rather trivial issues of the day. We believe, however, that yours truly is one of the very few hereabouts who has a mind of his own. And further, be it known that the views expressed herein are necessarily those of the writer and definitely not those of any organization or other individual. If you do not like any comment, or are insulted by anything said herein, come to visit us at our leisure, and we will talk it over with a cup of coffee—if you have the price of two cups. If you become belligerent, we shall refer you to the editor and flee.

We have but one more comment to make, one which is also accredited to Lewis Carroll—

"All mimsy were the borogoves,
 And the mome raths outgrabbe."

* DO NOT PRINT *

Dear John: Here, in good time, is my copy. Though I find it rather inferior to my usual work, due, of course to the limited time of composition, it is nevertheless superior to anything of the type ever composed by any other person, living or dead.

Thine,
 T. PARKER

poet's corner

THE SIMPLE THINGS

Too often we're blind to simple things;
 We're busy gaining our earthly goal;
 Their message beyond our clouded eyes
 Vibrates a cord to our inner soul—

The starched white curtains, frilly and gay,
 At windows bright and clear;
 The cricket's call when daylight fades,
 To bring the peace of nightfall near.

A robin perched on a window sill—
 He's gay though his song's the same;
 A frog's dull croak in a distant pond,
 The pure white glow of a candle's flame

The simple things are the finer things
 From earth to God's own Heaven above,
 The lesson they give, a noble one:
 Creations of God must live by love!

—MABLE LASSITER