

Maroon and Gold

Edited and printed by students of Elon College. Published bi-weekly during the college year, under the auspices of the Board of Publication.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Elon College, N. C., under the act of March 8, 1879. Delivered by mail, \$1.50 the college year, \$.50 the quarter.

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National Advertising Service, Inc.
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 420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
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Office—Room 1, Duke Science Building

YOUR SHOW IS SLIPPING

To you, dear souls, who are growing into deformed persons because of the habitual tilt of your heads, phooie! If you are disillusioned into the belief that you are better than someone and that you are not to speak until spoken to, and that it is a sign of poor breeding to condescend to a pleasant salutation to each person you meet; if you feel that others are so desirous of your friendship that they will be forever seeking to crash that fence you are building around yourself; if it seems only fitting for you to occupy an entire booth in the local eatery while others are forced to stand because your cold cold glance informs them that they are unwelcome; — if you think for any reason that you are superior to anyone you know because of social advantages, then, you are indeed unrefined.

An individual is what he makes of himself. Refinement comes from much introspection and correction, and snobbishness comes from lack of the ability to face what may be seen by looking into the reflection of one's inner self, the refusal to do so, the justification of one's actions which shows a deficiency in wisdom or natural intelligence, or a misinterpretation of the social laws governing our ability to mingle with people.

The last fault is probably the greatest cause of self isolation, because, usually, those who are to be seen with their heads thrown back so that their face is to the sky, and who do not change the angle of tilt to greet a fellow sufferer, are the very unfortunate individuals who are without the natural knack of winning friends. Should you be a poor little one who is building a shell for your artistic temperament to be alone in while with others, you had best construct it with plans to spend a lifetime therein for the world has too many delightful people for one to confine his quest for friends to those who require the bending of the knee and supplication prior to their descent. You are undesirable in spite of the grand act you have become so adept at performing. It is a false grandeur and can be detected from afar by most at first sight; others may require a few close-ups, but all will eventually know the true (and horrible to you fact) you are a fake!

Should you have a superior intellect there is not to be an abundance of gregariousness and amiability in your nature; if you possess physical charm, it ceases to be such when you lack the mental potency necessary to retain friends; if you have a social heritage forget it, for somewhere, perhaps, prior to the beginning of your recorded family tree, there may have been scandal in your family.

We knew a family once whose chief topic for conversation dealt with a great, great, great, great grandfather who owned a home of such tremendous proportions that there were fifty feather-beds within, and that wasn't quite all; the feather-beds were mounted upon genuine mahogany. Furthermore, the furniture other than bedsteads was genuine mahogany also. The rails to the stairs were nothing but mahogany. Incidentally, not that anyone would be interested, the old man was said to be a captain of industry.

The family who was always telling of their great, great, great, great grandfather, could not understand why the old gentleman's fortunes had declined, nor could they, for that matter, explain with clarity just what kind of industry he was a captain of. One young fellow, however, being a sort of kill-joy and curious too, found it most intriguing that a man settled in

tain't necessarily so

BY AMY CAMPBELL

Isn't it a funny thing how haywire good resolutions can go when you aren't locking. At this stage of the game "Editor" Watson is tearing his hair because this copy is not on time. Sorry, pal, to put such a disgraceful end to writing this column. It has been fun.

Jean Harris is a gal of many talents. She can blow nine inch bubbles with only a half a stick of gum; she can — and often does smoke a pipe; and she twirls a mean baton. Add a personality and you will have West Dormitory's contribution to this weeks hall of fame.

Mr. N.E. Baker thinks that the Guilford girls are more friendly than the Elon femmes. Something must be done about this. Of course, we must remember that a certain member of Guilford's alumnae has more than slightly prejudiced Mr. Baker.

A certain Mr. Lowe was very embarrassed when Professor Barney asked him to give the class a word for "becoming sleepy". Ho hum! Do we bore you?

Calvin (The Mighty) Millam admitted, on October 21, 1947, that he knows nothing about anything. Does the venerable sage speak wisely, Professor Hook?

Elinor Argenbright has gone on one woman crusade against drinking on the theory that it is so common. More power to you, Elinor. There should be more like you.

Sarah Maness is finding practice teaching a very educational activity. The last time she was questioned, she stated that her learning of the day was that, "Cheerful cherubs can become killing kids in one short hour."

The hobby of the week is that of Mrs. Virginia Pla. For the past four years she has raised angora rabbits. Right now she is proudly displaying two skeins of fluffy white wool from her own bunnies!

John Gilliam wasn't looking too chipper in class the other day. His new car has been keeping him out too late, it seems. It certainly must be a honey to keep him out until 3 A. M. Have you named it yet, you thriving young journalist?

You all sure did look spectacular last Friday night at the costume party. These shindigs are quite something, aren't they? Many congratulations to those beasts from East for a party that was not only fun but had the added attraction of originality. A "purty" purple mask to you.

And now we draw to a close another in this series of true life dramas. Behave yourselves and remember, a joke at someone's expense is NEVER funny. May you never have to pay the price.

an area where there was practically no industry should be a captain of business enterprise. Further, it fascinated him that the old boy should be a fanatic on the mahogany idea. This curious young man became so intensely interested that he set to work and discovered all of the pertinent facts, which are as follows: The captain of industry was actually a beach-comber on the banks of North Carolina, to begin with, but as time moved along he became rather bored with the meagre living to be derived from the infrequent wrecks, and other mishaps which caused the sea to toss valuables upon the beach. Being somewhat unscrupulous, he devised a system of false beacons to lure the ships of the Indies trade across the treacherous shoals so that their cargoes would be washed ashore for his recovery.

A Dutch ship, heavily laden with mahogany was one of his first victims. He sold enough of the valuable wood to build himself a wonderfully immense home, and he retained enough to equip it in grandeur. After all of the large rooms were outfitted, there was still a small fortune, and so the family was made and a family tree begun with him at the head because he was the first to amount to anything pertaining to greatness.

After becoming rich, the great, great, great, great grandfather sat back in regal ease for many years, but being yet a young man with a bit of dash in his veins, he again succumbed to the temptation to try his luck on the ships plying to and from through the waters within easy view of his house. The beacons were fixed and one night a huge vessel was wrecked on the reefs. The following day the beaches were strewn with many a barrel of alcohol. This was indeed the whole scene behind the scenes of the down-fall of this great family. After many years of inebriation the captain of industry and his family were practically destitute, and the final touch came in the form of a fire which consumed the mansion and most of the family. Someone made a heroic attempt to salvage some of the fine furniture and did save one of the most beautiful mahogany bedsteads ever seen, and had it not been for this, a great multitude of guests would have visited one of the descendants cottages without having had the honor of sleeping in the bed from grandpa so and so's mansion, which contained fifty identical beds, etcetera

Do not judge the old grand papa too harshly, for to this day there are dozens of men still consuming that same alcohol and the supply is of such vast proportions that it is likely they will never run out. Also, it would be unsafe to regard the descendants of the gentleman as not being of the best in the land for they are really. And in the records of us all dating back as much as a century it is highly probable that there is little to be boasted of, such as the color of our blood, for there are so many things about our own families that everyone knows except ourselves.

letters to the editors

To The Editor:

As a professor of social science, particularly of sociology, I must break silence with regard to a certain tendency on this campus, to wit; that semi-formal or formal clothing constitutes a criterion of refinement or culture in the common usage of the latter word. A certain amount of conformity is necessary I grant, more on the lower levels of civilization, less on the higher levels. Cleanliness and pleasant, respectful manners are definitely in order as defined by a particular culture.

But I detest with Voltairian rancor any superficial display of trappings to denote culture (popular sense), learning, or accomplishments. Simple, honest informality in an atmosphere of mutual respect is not only more comfortable, but a mark of refined character development. There should be no conflict between the arts and the democratization process in reaching the masses.

To be specific: instead of semi-formal, I'd like to see a series of forthright informal sports dances on this campus to loosen and release genuine gregarious attitudes; for the Lyceum Series and Players' productions, respectable and sensible attire for college level students, not folderol.

As I've stated orally before, if the above-mentioned tendency plus the lengthening of skirts connate a return of another Victorian Age with greater sham, prudishness, and hypocrisy, then I'm forsaking the professorial chair and heading for the Alaskan frontier to become a lumber jack or trapper of carnivorous animals — I guess I could learn how!

C. W. Paskins

P. S.: The above article is not in criticism of our new social dean, who, I understand, is not responsible for this tendency I am attacking; I am not attacking anyone, only the tendency.

P. P. S. In another mood, I'd like to commend the constructive campus activities of various fraternities and organizations to improve Elon, as revealed in an article in last week's issue of Maroon and Gold — criticism is necessary, but griping becomes nauseating; constructive effort is best of all.

Dear Sir:

Perhaps you will agree with me that the administration rightfully questions the usefulness of offering those academic subjects from which only a small minority would benefit.

However, will you not also agree that a course such as martial relations, family relationships, or one of a similar nature, should be in order and available to all students? Surely we cannot consider ourselves having a well-rounded education until we are at least familiar with the problems of sex hygiene, marriage, parenthood, and corresponding situations — situations with which all of us will eventually come into contact in one manner or another, and successfully or unsuccessfully solve.

Now that the curriculum for the next quarter is being formulated, it would be comparatively easy to inject therein a purely voluntary course of the above-mentioned nature. Later perhaps, depending on its acceptance, it could be taken for credit.

Speaking for some of the students as well as for myself, I should like to remind the faculty and administration that our training should not only involve vocational preparation but training for life, its problems and pursuits as well.

Sincerely,
 Robert W. Wooldridge

Ed. Note: The college intends to offer a similar course in the spring entitled "The Family".

Dear Editor:

A little explanation is due I fear on the subject in which I was mentioned by your "columnist", Miss Campbell, in your last issue.

Some time ago I was queried for any "juicy-bits" by said writer. Thinking that possibly at last some meat would be added to the potatoes to that sagging column I refreshed her memory of old political campaign planks. However the next issue produced no mention of the subject and hence I questioned the intestinal fortitude of some people.

That I suppose, was the unforgivable act! Retaliation must ensue — thus the little item stating that Phil Gearing wanted to know what happened to the phone booths. To straighten out that matter, I still do and I'll at least say so myself. As for Miss Campbell, I'm still looking for the needed intestinal fortitude in that "column".

Signed,
 Phil Gearing

We extend our sympathies to Miss Betty Long of Elon in her bereavement at the death of her grandfather

truth and travesty

BY T. PARKER

Myriad colors bedeck the trees, the mornings grow chill, and field and forest become thick with hunters in search of the various wildlife. Some succeed in their quest, others return with either a hard-luck story or gunshot wounds. Here we have the saga of two brave Nimrods who arose one nippy morn, shouldered their firearms, borrowed the largest dog they could find, and sallied forth with all the confidence that man, the superior animal, is capable of having.

"Yoicks! Tally-ho!", and into the wilds creep the intrepid hunters, "Chuck" Lentz and Eddie De Paolo, preceded by Major, the Great Dane, who slinks through the underbrush with all the stealth of a rogue elephant. Through bog and bramble, o'er hill and stream they stalk their unfortunate prey, eyes riveted to the ground, heedless of nature's untamed beauty.

Hark! Major has made a find. Some denizen of the wood is nearby. The hunters rush to the spot, heedless of life and limb. They scorn the use of their weapons, preferring to capture the beast alive, which they do in a fearsome battle while Major barks furiously.

In triumph the conquering heroes return to flaunt their prize before the envious eyes of their fellow-students. Holding it at arm's length, they proudly present a most horrendous terrapin, or as some would have it, turtle, which would, if placed thereon, almost cover a large saucer.

A new resident of South dormitory, one "Peppy", a handsome young black and white cat adopted by Paul Clark and Lacy Gaines, furnished us with some amusement the other day. Here is the story as related to us by Mr. Gaines

As the dawn approached on the morning in question, "Peppy", as normal cats are apt to do, became cognizant of a forthcoming natural function. His masters, however, had neglected to leave the door ajar. "Peppy" scurried to and fro in search of an exit. Finding none, he leaped upon the chest of the soundly sleeping Paul Clark, and clawed frantically at the blanket. Paul, awakening, was struck with horror to find himself staring into two huge luminous eyes not more than six inches from his face. Speechless with terror, he reacted spontaneously, sweeping the innocent "Peppy" from his chest and forcefully into the wall. Recovering from the shock, Paul promptly went back to sleep, leaving Lacy to climb down from the top bunk to let the bewildered "Peppy" outside.

Some of you, when asking for money or favors from your Dads, have probably been treated to a story concerning his hard work as a youngster. This usually takes the form of a biography dealing with life on a farm. One stock phrase is "followed a plow when old enough or big enough to reach the plow-handles". In a bull and coffee session one evening, Coy Eaves, a near neighbor of ours, chuckled happily and vowed that what he had to say was the unmitigated truth. He says that instead of waiting for him to grow up to the plow-handles, the plow-handles were cut down to his size. Remember this, all you prospective fathers, and when Junior becomes impatient for his weekly allowance, shame the little rascal into silence.

In the course of your wanderings about the campus, you may hear someone hailed by the exotic name of "Dark Eyes". You will turn about, expecting to see a slinky, Oriental beauty, and your disappointed gaze will meet with a six-foot hulk known as Ray Elliot, sporting a patch of discolored skin under each eye. If you ask him how he acquired these marks of distinction, he will tell you that he ran into some anonymous elbows while pounding the Varsity into shape during football practice.

Out of the night: / /

A dog howls incessantly in a nearby yard. The hour is past midnight and weary students turn in their beds while others pace the halls in exasperation. Screams of "Shut up, you mut", fill the air, but the dog is heedless of all entreaties — the song is the thing. Suddenly the night is shattered by the blast of a shotgun — "Blam! Blam!" Silence reigns and the toll-worn scholars heave sighs of relief and settle back to their mattresses — in vain. A low whine knifes through the gloom, rising to a crescendo and ending in a mournful howl as Rover recovers from the shock. Poor marksmanship!

In parting, we quote "Ho-be" Rawls, who says, "I have had it!"

poet's corner

LOOK UP

Have faith —
 When clouds obscure the sky.
 Do not despair —
 If fortune seems to pass you by.
 Stand strong —
 For though the night seems long, and dawn so far away,
 Be hopeful —
 And patiently await
 The coming of another day.

Jack Holt