

speaking of food

This year, contrary to some opinion, the food saving plan has no hope of accomplishing what it has set out to do; that is, if what the United States has set out to do means feeding Europe and other starving continents, because we Americans must have our fill and more at each meal, even if it results in leaving a slice of bread with only one bite taken there-of on our plates. Well, what is a wasted slice of bread? Not much, but if there were means of saving the half slices left on the plates in our dining hall each day for a week much extra grain could be sent to the starving. America does not need to tighten its belt to feed the world: Our garbage cans contain enough food to do that if we could only prevent its reaching the cans.

The congregation of the Englehard Methodist Church abandons tradition this year to enjoy Thanksgiving diners within their private homes. Hitherto, they had banded together and partaken of a feast on one of the good member's lawns. Of course, there was ever a great amount of ceremony and thanksgiving, but the food was of such quality that a man would wait for days to have a sample. Usually after the great quantities of native delicacies had been sufficiently blessed, all hands would ply themselves at that wondrous pastime until the last morsel had vanished, and then homeward plod their bulging selves.

Last year the ceremony and vast quantities of every conceivable kind of food were arranged for day of thanksgiving as usual. There was a slight difference, however, for instead of the old minister, who had recently become superannuated, a young minister was officiating. The young man was something of a genius and possessed a knowledge of much that was not of his profession, since originally he had aspired toward engineering. For instance, the picnic tables were discarded as being outmoded, and in their stead a brilliant idea manifested itself in the form of a new roll of wire fence. With the aid of several deacons, much impressed by the inventiveness of the new parson, the fence was stretched between two trees with the wire horizontal to the earth. So taut was it stretched that one could pluck the strands and musical sounds would issue therefrom. On this, which was a hundred feet long, were placed tablecloths along its full length, and then food was applied until one could barely see across the top. The table sagged not an iota, and all who saw it marveled thereat.

The ceremonies began. While the minister stood upon the stone steps to the cottage and talked, the inquisitive children were sneaking around the table and applying the finger. Many of the good congregation scolded the youngsters because they felt it unfair that they could not do the same. Minutes dragged on and some who had gone without their morning meal so that they might enjoy the feast the more, were on the verge of famishing. An hour passed and there was every evidence that the preacher had eaten a hearty breakfast. The gentle breeze was in that direction most perfect for wafting the delightful odors of the picnic table to the noses of those who were already drooling and ready to perish.

Joyous moment! The time was at hand at last! The parson gave them instructions to approach the table while the food was being blessed. All arranged themselves so that their hands were within reach of what they wanted most. The final Amen was said and the food was theirs.

But no, alas, it wasn't. At that moment, when all hands were descending in unison upon that for which they had starved themselves so long, a bombardment of twangs and clatters, sibilations and cacophonies, startled them into a state of paralysis, so that each of them could only stand and stare at what was taking place. The marvelous table, so ingeniously contrived, simply relaxed from the great strain very suddenly, and sent myriads of food filled platters hurtling through space. All mouths were still open when the last roast duck disappeared into the blue, because it happened so fast they had not had time to close them. At one tree, rested a roll of wire with a few table cloths settling slowly to the earth.

Far be it from our ability to describe the pitiable sight there. Words aren't capable of depicting the poor faint, yammering, sobbing souls that hung upon one another on that once wonderful pastoral scene. But suffice it to say here that the food was not entirely wasted, for not too far from the tragic event a young man, who had ever been a sort of Doubting Thomas, strolled sadly through a neighbor's field. He was heavy at heart because his family were not keepers of the holiday, and, too, because he had just lately become a skeptic. He was so earnest in his prayers for a sign from heaven so that he might know the real Truth. Today, however, since everyone else was having a huge feast, he prayed that the sign from heaven be in the form of food. He had just arisen, in fact when his prayer was turned into a reality. Acres and acres of food that he had never dreamed to be in existence met his astonished gaze.

Ungrateful, as he must, have been, he prepared promptly to stuff himself with the viands surrounding him, without ever hesitating to thank providence. Just prior to his first bite, however, a huge bowl of potato salad, which must have been hurled higher than the rest, settled upon his pate; hence, darkness also settled upon him.

After his emergence from a long, troublesome sleep he wandered into a strange land and told of

truth and travesty

BY T. PARKER

Wahonowin! Woe are we! O tempora! O mores! Your scribe dons sackcloth and ashes and prepares to roll on the ground beating his breast in anguish! The inevitable has come to pass. He, the champion of the masses and guardian of the people's peace of mind, has been accused of the most dire of misdemeanors—that of writing a column partisan to the place where he resides, South Dorm, or as some have named it, the low-rent district. This accusation, sadly enough is entirely true—but hold on! Apologize we shall not. We have pleaded with brimming eyes, cooed, threatened, bribed, cursed, stormed, and called down the wrath of the heavens—all to no avail—for material for copy from the other dormitories. When one asks for information on what goes on among other students, the answer one has come to expect is "Nothin'." How strange that South Dorm has a monopoly on bright sayings, bull-sessions, and people who are in the habit of doing "something."

So, dearly beloved, anything which is written in these lines this week about any inhabitant of either North, West, Ladies' Hall, Club House, Oak Lodge, Moony, or East dormitories, will be fabricated of very nearly "whole cloth."

That expert balloon blower and finger manipulator, Bob Furr, is puzzled by the latest style in girls' coats; a full-cut, smock-like outer garment. Bob, with a sly chuckle, swears he has been home every week-end for the past two months, and he says Polly can prove it.

We've been told that "Sonny" Shearin, the boy whose head is the realization of a Fuller brush man's nightmare, deserts our our campus quite often for the greener pastures of Greensboro. Ah, "Sonny," me lad, have pity on the many Elon women who dream nightly of running their fingers over your bristly pate!

Some of the things we hear seem to come from the realm of the impossible. We have heard of double dates, triple dates, and even quadruple dates, but who will believe that a full dozen people could be amorous in a Chevrolet club coupe. One could hardly say that such an arrangement wouldn't be cozy. If, after reading this, you should wish to try something of the sort yourself, you might ask either Lacy Gane, Jim Murray, or Jerry Domenick how it is done.

There is a legend at Elon that the only man who has never been caught without an answer is your distinctive head-waiter, Fred Hoffman. According to his ever-loving roommate, Fred Choffner, however, such a legend may be discarded. We are told that last Sunday night r. Hoffman was caught with his verbals down. He was, in no uncertain manner, read the riot act. Let this suffice. If you wish a fuller explanation, have discourse with either of the Freds. We, being quite pleased with our nose as it is, do not care for a poke in same.

We now take this opportunity to ask Ed Nash if any fires have broken out in his apartment row in Vet's Village. Now, don't get nosy, students, and try to find out what this means. This exchange is strictly between Ed and us.

Someone once said that time and distance are no deterrent to two hearts that beat as one. One who finds this to be true is Floyd Boyce, who has been stricken with the dart of Eros from the far city of Charlotte. Since Floyd has become acquainted with the lady of the Queen City, a seething postal correspondence has ensued. And, as proof of her undying devotion, Floyd has received a photographic smile of the lass inscribed with the endearment, "Always love you" (this is not a typographical error). The question on many lips these days is: "Will Hank De Simon retain his few marbles for the remaining few days of the quarter, or will he crack up before then?"

Upon broaching this question to "Monk" Whitsett, he answered, "I see no hope."

When asked the same question of some other of some other of his intimates. Following are some of the answers:

Claude Manzi: "There is a slight chance."
Charles Nichols: "I suggest a padded cell now."
Jim Huyett: "Too far gone."

Arnold Melvin merely shook his head sadly, turned his eyes heavenward, and walked away.

If anyone should foolishly take the foregoing seriously, we can only refer him to the latter part of the title of this column and suggest that he have recourse to any accepted dictionary.

Soon comes the day of reckoning. The lamps will burn into the wee hours, weary eyes will strain o'er many a long-forgotten text, and pitiful shadows of what were once hail and hearty students will appear upon the early morning scene, mumbling disconnectedly of square roots, clavicles, and the relation of the gerund to the participle. Will these poor souls remember then their iron-bound resolutions made on the first of the school year? Will that vow to study nightly, in order to ease the pain of exams be recalled? Of course! And other oaths of the same tenor will be taken—to what end? Ah, the hope that springs eternal!

Good hunting!

his experience. The good natives were sympathetic and confined him to the nearest home for the mentally ill. There's one other who knows the truth about this matter, but he dare not tell for fear of a similar consequence.

The author has forgotten what the moral of this story was supposed to be.

tain't necessarily so

BY AMY CAMPBELL

Once again I tackle the old typewriter and pound out a few words for the joy and delight of you exam-happy students. How well I know that the word "exam" is verboten these days, but leave us face it—they are here again. So, whip out the aspirin, peck out of that fog, and let's see what cooks.

There is nothing like a little stale news to put zest in a column, so here goes with a little strictly personal writing. As a great many of you already know, I am giving up his column. The reason is pure and simple—the thesis must come first. So, Jackie Gaskins has consented to take over for me. She has done this week's snooping and most of the column is hers. I'm not going to wish her luck because I am sure that she won't need it. However, I do want to wish her lots of fun in writing and I want to wish you lots of fun in reading.

I may be sticking in a few words now and then, but, in the meantime, thanks for being who you are. It's all yours, Jackie.

By JACKIE GASKINS

I often catch Dorothy Jones gazing from her window at the squirrels on campus — especially every afternoon around two and again at five. All I've got to say is — squirrels sure do look cute coming across campus in football uniforms.

The inmates of second floor Ladies' Hall brought fame to their 'ole homestead by defeating the other gals on campus in several volleyball entanglements. This honor was greatly needed and is deeply appreciated for it has been a long time since Ladies' Hall has had this title. Keep up the good work and the fine spirit, girls. There are still more games to be won.

Marjorie Moore is sporting a new piece of jewelry this week. Funny thing about it is that it's on the third finger of her left hand. Wonder what it could mean? There could be the sound of wedding bells in the air. Congratulations, Marjorie Moore and Jimmy Marren.

I believe the local netters are justifiably complaining about the playing condition of the two tennis courts on our campus. Aside from the fact that leaves and sticks are spread over both courts, the nets are seldom up and boundary lines are indistinguishable. Being an eager novice at the game, I find it quite discouraging to find this condition prevailing on a sunny afternoon when playing weather is ideal. One person may or may not be held responsible for the upkeep of the courts. If someone IS held responsible, he is inexcusably falling down on the job; if not, I believe an appointment of a reliable person is not only necessary, but is rightfully due the many students who desire to participate in the game.

There are quite a few stars in Miss Wicker's 1:30 gym class. Carolyn Thompson really blossomed out the other day in full force — cheering squad and all. Jean Abell also shows promise of being a talented player — all she needs is a little tip as to which team she's playing for.

WHAT IS IT??

After having stood for three hours on a cold campus with her one and only, she comes in the dorm and complains about no heat in the room. Has the college installed heating units in the trees? Have the squirrels started building fires at night? You figure it out! I'm no squealer.

letters to the editors

Ladies' Hall
Elon College, N. C.
November 3, 1947

To the Editor:

Never let it be said that a woman let a man have the last word! I would like to take this opportunity to reply to the remarks made by Mr. Phil Gearing in the last issue of the Maroon and Gold.

The "needed intestinal fortitude" that Mr. Gearing and some of the other students perhaps are looking for in 'Tain't Necessarily So, will never appear beneath my signature. You see, Mr. Gearing, there are two types of intestinal fortitude: the type which enables you to say or write what you wish regardless of the feelings of others, and the type which enables you to keep your mouth shut and not to spread rumors and idle gossip. I do not have enough of the former to write the back-fence gossip column that you seem to want to read.

In case I have misinterpreted your letter, Mr. Gearing, I would like to invite you to write two columns as a guest columnist for the Maroon and Gold. Write them as you want them to be written. Then, Mr. Gearing, if you have put plenty of meat with the potatoes, I will accept your criticism humbly. Good luck to you.

Amy Campbell

Dear Editor:

The archaic telephone system on display at Elon should be supplanted by the Pony Express. The pony

was at least a reliable mode of transportation, even if the driver did often go astray.

I don't mind doors slamming, loud whistling, stamping of size sixteen shoes in the hall, a fifteen round boxing match also in the hall for the championship of East dorm, or even the gurgle and splashing of water as ablutions are completed, for all of this indicates life and where there is life there is hope. I do object, however, to a one man censor of incoming telephone calls, which menace to society obviously has but a two phrase vocabulary: "Hello", and "I don't know where he is now."

With this bit of enlightening information the person making the call imagines he sees a jolt of hope, and proceeds to give full instructions as to who is calling, what operator to have the called for to call, etcetera. All of the information is written down by the intelligent men. He might, quite naturally, write the notes on his shirttail and after stuffing it back where it belongs forget about it, or on a piece of paper if within reach, and that is placed in the most conspicuous place — the floor!

My specific gripes are these: Last year I was called in West dorm on the Tuesday preceding the Duke - Carolina game. Sunday, before church, some person rushed up to me with a slip of paper and informed me that I should call immediately. Being the obedient type, I called only to find that I had tickets to the game played the day before.

Recently a similar call was made on a Thursday. No one informed me of the fact, nor did they bother to take a message. On the following Sunday I received a letter advising that certain of my most intimate friends, from home in New Jersey had journeyed through this area and had tried to contact me, but to no avail.

I do not expect excellent telephone service in this generation, nor telephone booths in the next.

Do I have a basis for complaint? However, I do feel that some provision should be made to alter this deplorable situation. May I make the following recommendations:

Provide a bulletin board in East dorm where all phone calls can be posted. Have all phone calls from outside come through the same installation with a student posted there and made responsible for the posting of calls. That a courier service be established between all dormitories, or field phones installed to connect them.

Before the cry of "where is the money coming from" is made let us estimate the cost for a change.

Humbly,

Frederick John Hoffman

Maroon and Gold

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