

Maroon and Gold

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CURSED IS THE NAME OF JOHN

A safe wager: walk into the Grill on any morning while chapel is in session and yell JOHN; thirty percent of the male patrons will snap to attention. Why? Because everyone and nearly everything is named John. It would also be safe to wager that part of those persons whom we know by another name have the old faithful John attached, but conceal it under an initial because of its over use.

Will anyone deny the greatness of the name? Why there has never been a more used name by the world's great. Of the Popes of Rome 23 have borne the name John; then, in royal families there have been multitudes of Johns. Six kings of Portugal, two of England two of France, three of Poland, one of Bohemia, and in the same category one editor of the Maroon and Gold.

Now, fellow citizens, some Johns are sensitive souls and for less is required to reduce them to a state of desperation than the ordinary person. Perhaps, this is a mental condition resulting from too much turning and twisting to ascertain the particular John being addressed. In childhood we appreciate our names. Finally, however, we adopted the policy once used by the great John Q. Adams, who was always known by that name until he became aware of its over use; then, he changed it to J. Quincy Adams.

Always the goat! Yes, our friends do not consider the emotional effect upon us when we hear our name kicked around. A joke cannot be narrated properly with any other name. It would be revolutionary to begin with "the teacher told Benny" Naturally it would be a flop, because the joke loving public has become accustomed to that one little goat Johnny, no other would be acceptable. Why? Is there no occasion when some different person has been involved in an amusing circumstance? We would be rather pleased to hear of Bill and Wayne, or say, even Russell bearing the brunt of a risqué joke.

Ah yes; we have Johnny Doe Boy, and of course John Henry, the signature. Then John Q. Public and our winter underwear better known as Long Johns; then, there are the happily anticipated Dear John letters frequent in our lives. In a complimentary sort of way some one coined that nice Honest John. And while we are on this subject, but no—we must devote a full paragraph to that.

Not that we would do anything about it, but it would be nice to know who that infamous rogue was who first attached our name to so many little houses throughout rural America. For anyone as emotionally unstable as we it is rather upsetting to realize that the name our beloved parents gave us is synonymous with privy. Privy indeed! Here again, why not call it the Alton, the Eddie, or the Coy? There were probably enough Johns in circulation before the W. P. A. contributed a neat 18,000 free privies to rural North Carolina with the famous name attached. Now life is unbearable. On a recent journey we paused at a service station and one member of our party strayed among the environs. When ready to depart we called John for such was his name. The proprietor of the station, that good samaritan, calmly pointed to a sign which read "Gentlemen".

tain't necessarily so

By Amy Campbell

Remember me? I have returned momentarily to disturb your slumbers because your columnist took a quick ride on a razor blade the other day and is now sporting one of the prettiest bandages on her finger that you could ever hope to see. I won't explain the details of the accident—that is Jackie's privilege. Here's to a speedy healing, ole gal.

Things may have been popping off late, but this campus is still quite the place for secrecy. However, you can't fool all of the people all of the time, no matter how hard you may try. So bundle up in your eskimo suit and let's take a quick trip around the campus.

John Taylor has learned—as only experience can teach—that one red sock in a Bendix certainly can spread its color around. That's all right fella, we all like white socks with a dashing touch of pink.

Doris Peedin is wondering, as the result of a Shakespeare test, whether or not Paris is in London. Will someone please enlighten her? At this point, we are not too sure ourselves.

Some of our more alert students thought that summer had arrived with lightning bugs last Friday night, but they soon found out that it was just Max Storey and his new necktie. He was illuminating the front porch of Ladies' Hall with two tres gay lights, just flickering up a cool dizzy.

Have you noticed all of the Elonites wandering down to the High School lately? They say that they are going down to teach, but we can't help wondering. Lucy Truitt says that she has had to work harder than ever to keep one jump ahead of her students. What is there about college that makes you forget everything that you have ever known? We could tell you, but, after all, there is a time and place for everything.

Carolyn Thompson has done the impossible. She left two English majors virtually speechless the other day when she burst in upon a peanut butter sandwich session. Her unforgettable words were, "Who's eating what I haven't been invited to join them in eating with?" And I defy you to analyze or translate that sentence. Those were her exact words, so help me.

The trials and tribulations of a biology student are many. Our Mr. Bellamy spent considerable time peering into the mysterious world revealed by the microscope and finally found whatever it was that he had been so industriously seeking. uoth he, "Now I know how Pasteur felt!" Isn't college wonderful?

Elon never ceases to amaze me. Now, just take basketball. Lately there have appeared on the scene several outstanding basketball players. For example, Ann Darden and Jackie "Finger" Gaskins have shown the world at large that there is very definitely a place the court for etiquette. In the game between third floor West and second floor Ladies' Hall, Ann and Jackie knocked down "Hank" Sawyer, one of West's guards. Then ensued one of the cleverest bits of repartee ever witnessed. The ball was handed back and forth between the "Lads" forwards with the most amazing dialogue. "Here you take it and shoot while I pick up Hank." "No, you shoot and I'll pick her up." "Oh no, I insist." Hank, in the meantime was stretched out on the floor, conveying her thoughts on the matter in the form of interjections. (Definition of interjection: Expression of sudden and strong emotion). If I remember correctly, someone got a free shot, but by that time referee John Zurliss was more than slightly confused. Never underestimate the power of a woman.

And with those words of wisdom, I'll leave you once more. Be good and get gossip!

ADMONITION

The variety of personalities on campus interest us more every day. It is good to have among us temperaments of several natures, but as yet only the complaining types have been heard from. Complaint is necessary and welcome at all times if it is a legitimate one. There can be no legitimate complaint unless there is a remedy for an undesirable situation. If the cost of room and board is high it is because of the high cost of the component parts, perhaps, and not necessarily graft. Those of you complaining about the raise in cost of board might look into the whole thing and find the trouble; then, if you think you have a remedy you will be entitled to give vent to a real growl.

During two years at Elon we have not witnessed anyone dishing out real-honest-to-goodness slaps on the back for jobs well done. Irregardless of how well an actress portrays her part in one of our plays, or how efficiently a player carries the ball, with few exceptions mum is the word. But let someone make a mis-play and there is much talk about it. It is easy for you barrack-room gossipers to dish out complaint, but it would be so much more helpful if you would attach a solution to the problem, or better yet come out of your hole and participate.

The lowest possible form of campus life is found in these smooth souls who run from the students to the administration and back in an ever hurried pace, seeking the good graces of both parties. They are trusted by all concerned sometimes, and deemed by the students to be a champion of their cause, in many instances. They are in a way for they listen patiently to grievances and contribute much to

letters to the editors

Dear Ed:

I just checked over a few issues of papers from various places. I was looking for humorous typographical errors and I found quite a few. This brought to mind the laughs I used to get while reading proof in the old M. and G. office. I thought maybe the M. and G. readers would like to share in the laughs caused by mislicks of the linotype operator.

A few of these rrrors I selected at random only go to prove that even the best papers make their share of mistakes.

One that was printed in a Raleigh paper, speaking of the effect of an orator's speech stated: " . . . and them asses believed him." Of course the original statement read " . . . and the masses believed him", but the linotype operator seemd to have tacked the "m" to the wrong word.

A Mississippi paper when speaking of an engaged couple stated: "a date has not yet been set for the bedding of the couple. A leading North Carolina daily made the mistake of substituting the wrong word: " . . . the only garment (ornament) the bride wore was a pearl neckless."

A certain paper advertising women's stockings said "So sheer and yet so serviceable . . . that lots of women will wear nothing else."

Well, this all goes to show you that even the best of them make mistakes and some of these can be quite humorous. I hope everyone gets as many laughs from these as I did.

My regards to the whole M. and G. staff. Send me a copy of the paper once in a while. I like to hear how all my old friends are getting along.

Jack Holt
Leaksville News,
Leaksville, N. C.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

This probably should have been an open letter to the student body and the Administration since it deals with the activities of both groups. The matter that I feel should come before these two groups is the oft discussed one of sportmanship.

On page 65 of the Student Handbook, 1947-1948, there is a list of ten items under the heading of Code of Sportmanship For Students and Other Spectators. Item six in this list reads, "I will consider the officials as the proper authorities to make decisions and I will accept their decisions." Number seven continues along the same line, "I will not attempt to disturb any player or official."

With only one or two exceptions, the above has actually adhered to, by the Student Body and I feel that they should be commended for this fact. With a Student Body of over 700 students the percentage is not at all bad, but, if certain members among the faculty and administration don't carry out the same rules, that fine record is certain to fall. During the first two basketball games in the Elon gym this year these supposed leaders and in-crowd students, were heard loudly shouting remarks at the referee when some infraction of the rules was called against the Elon team. Maybe this was with the idea in mind of being "one of the boys" and an aid to the home team but the fact remains that they are the ones that set the examples for the students. Therefore, I would like to suggest to the students not to follow these examples as put forth by one or two of our faculty members. Perhaps we can bring them over to the side of our good sportmanship.

Thank you,

Alton Wright

Dear Editor;

Why do we have to live the life of Jitterbugs?

Friday night a dance was given in Society Hall. The crowd that attended, even though wandering in a bit late, would have filled the dance floor, if all of them had danced. Of course there are reasons why the floor was not crowded most of the time. As we all know, there are a large number of students who do not jitterbug. Those who like the smooth type of dancing only, and those who prefer it, have a boring time waiting for each jitterbug number to end. As soon as a smooth number has begun there is a mad rush of the smooth dancers to the center of the dance floor, eager to join in their type of dancing.

Every moment seems to have been enjoyed by the jitterbugs Friday night, but those who were capable of smooth dancing only left with frowns on their faces.

Even at informal dances, why can't there be at least three smooth dances to one jitterbug dance? That was the compromise made the spring of '47. Could it not work again? All who prefer smooth dancing are worried about this conflict.

We, the students who like smooth classical music to dance by, sincerely hope that some effort will be made to improve this situation.

D. B.

their dissatisfaction; with an air of greatness these so-called champions of the distressed arise and, vowing to correct the wrong, they storm out to have an audience with the administration. There they have a different tale to tell. It's a very old story: a man playing both parties for what both can do for him. Smart politics if you an get away with it bud, but you aren't getting away with it! You have a few poor souls buffaloed but there are some who recognize your sneaking, dirty game.

truth and travesty

By Ted Parker

Here, at long last, is that which you have long and eagerly awaited. We are most vexed that you have so long been without this one bright spot in your bleak existence. The delay, we assure you, was unavoidable because of the indisposition of our staff's most important member (he says).

Our hearts are glad to see that nearly everyone has returned to Elon showing only minor signs of the violent dissipation prevalent in the outside world. Other than a number of crimson eyeballs rimmed with black, all seem to possess the same exuberant youthful vigor with which they went away.

During the recent period of relaxation we made a tour of the wilds of eastern North Carolina. This section abounds in wildlife, among which are the people. The major item of food is the oyster, a member of the mussel family—or is it the mussel which is a member of the oyster family—well, anyway regardless of the lineage of the oyster, it is considered an ordinary occurrence for any one of the natives of this area to consume, in one sitting, a full bushel of these lowly bivalves after, of course, "shucking" them. Have you ever eaten a raw oyster?

The uninitiated cannot even guess at the experience of having someone dangle a cold, muddy, unappetizing blob of seafood before his eyes, imploring him to eat. One feels a mixture of horror, apprehension, awe, fear, and determination. Finally, the act is completed and the courageous one clamors for more.

In traveling this country, a tourist is astounded by the miles of uninhabited land. We traveled from one part to another on a trip to the historic Manteo. About midway in twenty or more miles of desolate country, we discovered a fire tower of undetermined, but great, height. Fearless Phil Gearing, that intrepid adventurer, in whose auto we were traveling, suggested we climb the tower to view the surrounding land.

Ever on the lookout for a chance at dangerous living, we consented and began to ascend. Phil, the daring, took the initiative and went on before, and disappeared through the trapdoor on the top landing. Finally reaching the top landing we found our leader that master of derring-do, standing staunchly on his knees gripping the guard rail with both hands. About halfway up, the jolly little prankster, John Watson, refused to go further, and having nothing better to do, added his weight to the power of the wind in swaying the wooden edifice, thereby frightening us who were at the top. After spending some minutes coaxing Phil off his knees we helped him down the stairs and went on our way.

Enough of personal narratives. Now to bring you the latest antics of the aggregation.

"Hink" Ward, the ambition of all unattached women, has finally been caught. Some weeks ago to dance was held in Society Hall. "Hink" came to this event "sans femme", as they say in Upper Strausbourg, but when the affair broke, he was seen eagerly escorting Peggy Brinkley toward her dormitory. We aren't certain that they arrived there immediately, though. By the way, "Hink", congratulations on your recovery. It is rather a nuisance, having to wear merthiolate on the lips.

If you are enamored of the redoubtable talents of the latest juke-box sensation, Nellie Litcher you would do well to find favor with Betsy "Yaketty-yak" Melson. Having business to attend, your's truly happened to spend some time in the front part of Ladies' Hall, during which time he was entertained by the songs and rhetoric of the inimitable Miss Melson issuing from the door of her room, which happens to be the first room in the first floor. Ah, silence!

If you were so unfortunate as to miss the between-halves spectacle at last Saturday's basketball game, make a note to attend this Saturday's game. Don't miss seeing the "girls" of the Flora-Dora Chorus do their stuff in their on athletic manner. A bevy of brawny, buxom, bosomy beauties representing and sponsored by The Back-alley Bandits, otherwise known as the "E"-Men's Club, whose theme is "The Peanut Vendors' Song".

The mournfully lovely cry of the grackel echoes over the monastic silence of South Dormitory, bringing to the quieted mind the first stanza of an immortal poem

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,

Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;

He wept that he was ever born,

And he had reasons.

—Edward Arlington Robinson

poet's corner

A POEM

The "F" and the "B"

I think that I shall never see

An "F" as lovely as a "B".

A "B" whose rounded form is pressed

Upon the records of the blessed.

An "F" comes easily and yet

It isn't easy to forget.

"F's" are made by fools like me,

But only God can make a "Bee".

—Willie R. Madren