

Maroon and Gold

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Excuse Me Bill

Something is rotten in the state of North Carolina! No, it isn't something but instead some people whose minds have become diseased to the extent that their morals have died and now rest in a state of putrefaction. In our little neighborhood, in our dormitories, where reside the students comprising the campus life of this institution for the advancement of Christian education, dwells one who has lost his lust for decency. He is obviously determined that no room may be left unlocked and returned to as it was left; that money and other valuables belong to him and not to the persons in whose rooms they are found; that he will break as many of the Ten Commandments as possible!

Well, Bub, you naturally know what will happen to you if you are caught. Perhaps that is why you have spared the big boys and bodaciously robbed the wee fellows, but that will have little weight in your defense should you be apprehended. Everyone hates a thief to such an extent that dozens would love to take a poke at you even now. We wouldn't recommend such treatment, but you may depend upon a bit of buffeting around when you are trapped like the-whatever you are.

That's life! Just as we were patting ourselves on the back for living among such a fine bunch of fellows, some unfortunate one who doesn't get more than others feels it to be necessary that he increase his assets by a portion of the property he sees in other rooms and we have to lock our doors. That is a very inconvenient necessity now, some of us already had more keys than we could well manage.

Now, dear thief, we feel it is only just to extend to you a bit of sympathy. In spite of the fact that you are despised by all for your deplorable activities, we cannot prevent ourselves from feeling a trifle of pity for a man who has so little that he will steal from those in as dire financial need as were some of the victims of your light fingers--and too, because you have too little of that moral stuff necessary to make you a decent human being.

If it is financial aid that you need, why do you not ask, that it may be given? If you need some good old-fashioned spiritual guidance, come around, and we shall direct you to someone qualified to give it to you. We promise not to be squealers too.

People in the Steeple

Elon, that place you hear everyone talking about, whether bragging or complaining, is really improving in spirit as well as physically. The new dining hall and that beautiful new power house with the magnificent smoke stack are perhaps the most noticeable physical additions, but the boys in South Dorm are so happy about the new oil heated hot water therein that nearly every one of them has taken a shower. The spirit is the thing that counts, obviously. For the past two quarters we have had no uprisings or "anti" demonstrations which is some indication of a degree of satisfaction.

During the late vacation, happening to be among those awaiting the arrival of G. I. checks for bus fare, we visited the various parts of the campus with the intention of familiarizing ourselves with hitherto unvisited regions. For some unaccountable reason we have always been attracted by tall trees and other places with a little altitude. There is an urge to climb each new height that presents itself. After being on campus for two years and suffering under the strain of having to gaze upon the steeple with an unrequited passion, the opportunity finally presented itself and was taken advantage of.

Alamance Building is not a low building, and when one is perched in the steeple, a grand view is available of the surrounding country for at least ten miles in all directions. From that point of vantage one must concede that no better place could have been chosen for a college site. There, too, one must admit that Elon is a rather beautiful college from the air. Naturally, we would all never get to see it from the steeple, but who is to blame for that? The point is that it is quite pretty if anyone desires to see the pretty angle, but most of us care only to find the flaws and weaknesses, and that all boils down to the old adage: "Life is boils down to the old adage: "Life is to look for the good in a thing because they have already convinced themselves that there is no good in it and they desire that there be no good in it.

While meandering through the halls and colonnades, we were impressed by the peace and harmony of the entire place. It was restful, and even the bulletin boards with the list of Library Book Fines due, with our names upon it failed to offend. But during all of this time we thought upon the evils of Elon and tried to find several. At last, however, we conceded generally that dear ole Elon has but on thing wrong with it, and that is the people.

T'aint

Necessarily So

By Jackie Gaskins

This column is going to be a real test of how well I can write a lot of nothing and get by with calling it something. That sounds like a mixed-up affair, but it really isn't, for that's exactly what I am going to have to do in order to have a column this time. The lack of news and gossip on this campus is really pitiful. Maybe it isn't lacking, but I sure can't find it. Sometimes I find a real bunch of good "dirt" that I can't include, for I know it would never pass the censor. "Shame 'bout that!"

One of the greatest catastrophies that has ever happened to the students of Elon College occurred during Spring vacation. Yes sir, Dallas Berry's beautiful blue, streamlined 1941 Plymouth had a nervous breakdown. I will never forget the mournful atmosphere in my yard between Dallas and me when that wonderful masterpiece of machinery gave a weak moaning sound, coughed, but refused to start. This was indeed a sad occasion. It has seriously affected the lives of several people. Never again will Betty Benton, Jimmy Parker, Jimmy Boone, Mike Copeland, Dallas Berry, or I have the honored privilege of making the pleasant trip from here to dear 'ole Portsmouth in that limousine. There also remains another sad mourner of the death of that car. Knowing full well that you would never guess who this person is, I might as well tell you. Zeda Grogan is bound to miss the 'ole jalopy that had holes in the floorboard, door tied on with beautiful red twine, gas tank which occasionally leaked, and bearings that often burned out. Let us make a great big wish that soon Dallas's prestige will be returned to him through the ownership of another car. Of course, it will never take the place of the old one, but a 1948 Plymouth would be accepted as a reasonable substitute.

Everyone seems to be so excited about the coming of spring, but I'll bet they wouldn't be if they lived in Ladies' Hall. One never thinks about the pain and misery that a beautiful spring can cause—but the inmates of Ladies' Hall know. It all starts like this: when spring comes, more people are likely to fall in love, and when the girls in this dormitory fall in love, they have to sing. This is all fine and good—IF they can sing. At the present time, we are unfortunate enough to have several who can't sing but who insist on singing anyhow. I wish someone would tell us just what we can do about it, and we sure will try it. Now, do you see what trouble a little 'ole spring-time can cause?

With the starting of baseball and spring football practices, the daily vigil of the girls from their dormitory windows has started. The girls might as well install their watching hours just as a doctor has office hours, say from 2:00 until 5:00. Anybody doubting the above statement may verify same by glancing at the girls' dormitory windows during the above hours.

This new quarter has brought many new faces and personalities to our campus, and I would like to welcome each and every one of them. You'll find plenty around campus to fuss about and you'll fuss, but like the rest of us, you will soon get accustomed to it and you'll hate to leave.

Truth and Travesty

By Ted Parker

With the coming of warmer days and nights and the turning of a young man's fancy and all that poetic sort of thing, the campus seems to acquire a certain aura of secrecy. One is inclined to keep his amorous escapades more to himself than formerly, thereby making it even more difficult for the struggling columnist to eke out a number of choice and juicy morsels for his avid public. Well, just keep it up, and you won't know what part of this column is fact or what part pure fabrication.

The newest addition to the cavalcade of "wheels" here is that mechanical marvel which runs under the joint ownership of Floyd Boyce, Hink Ward, and Jack Burch. Aside from the fact that it often has a tendency to run only in reverse, the three partners vow that it is a running son of an engine. The auto is, definitely, what Carl White would call a "cat's" car. With a dead-white body and contrasting soot-black hood and fenders it is pleasing to the eye and titillating to the esthetic sense. In speaking about the aforementioned auto, John Taylor claims he is due a fifth interest in it as payment for labor expended in pushing it from garage to garage in search of a mechanic who would work on it.

There is a movement afoot to start a Lonely Hearts club here at Elon, as a result of the failure of some of the (if you'll pardon the expression) fair sex to return for this session. Lou Savini and Jack Andrews are wearing a rut in the road to Hight Point in quest of their loves, but it's a rather far journey for Ed Ellis, and we haven't received the latest communique on his methods of procedure for the relief of an aching heart.

Comes the spring social season with numerous banquets and dances on the agenda. Get out that old tax or rent one, for you never know when you'll be invited to attend.

In the world of music we note that Chink Spivey is still working on his radio in quest of perfection. It is known for a fact that Chink has torn his music box apart and rebuilt it so many times that when he wants it back together again, he merely pounds on the table on which the components lie, and the parts jump to attention and slide into their respective places of their own volition.

From the realm of Vet's Court comes the pleasant news of impending blessed events. Blessed is the man who has an heir to carry on the name. Good luck, Phil Gearing and Sylvan Ruth. May all concerned have an easy time of it, and for the sake of the preening paters, may the offspring be male.

(Continued on Page Four)

It kinda' grows on you, whether you want it to or not. We also miss the many students who did not return this quarter and hope that they will miss us too.

With this, I feel that I shall have to end the most unnewsworthy column I have ever written. But first I would like to warn the new readers that it is not always this bad. A week is a pretty short time to find out any dirt about a bunch of new students. Pretty poor excuse isn't it?