

# Maroon and Gold

Edited and printed by students of  
Elon College.

## EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor - in - Chief..... John Watson  
Managing Editor..... Hal McDiarmid  
Sports Editor..... Ed Mulford  
Assistant Sports Editor..... Rocco Sileo  
Fraternities..... Lewis Lawrence  
Society Editor..... Allene Stallings  
Day Student Editor..... Max Storey  
Photographer..... Bill Moss

## BUSINESS BOARD

Business Manager..... Evelyn Moore  
Circulation Manager..... Dorothy Dowd  
Ass't Circulation Mgr. Martha Veazey  
Adviser..... R. L. Dunlap  
Photographer..... Bill Duncan  
Printer..... Jennings Berry  
Pressman..... Worth Womble

## COLUMNISTS

Ted Parker Jackie Gaskins

## REPORTERS

Ed Nash, Phil Gearing, Meir Gabbay  
John Gilliam, Evelyn McNeil

## Politics

Election time is here, and we are wondering who the new officers will be. Along the same lines it would be interesting to know who our little "Wallace" will be this year, and at approximately what time he will swoop down upon us and deliver his coup de tat. Of course, whoever desires to create another party has no chance of the distinction that comes from being a third partyist, because there are at least four on our campus. Such a large number of parties could be dangerous were it not for the fact that we are in a Christian school where democratic principles reign supreme, and we know that where democracy is the form of government the will of the people prevails and the right man is always elected. At least, we have settled that and need worry no more.

On a more serious level, fellow students, there are some who will promise almost anything to get in office, where they will have "The applause of listening senates to command..." Why, doubtlessly, someone will even come forward with another campaign which promises to have telephones installed in the dormitories. There is no reason to believe them this time after having heard the same thing for the past several years. All we have to base our judgments upon is the character of the candidates for the particular office. And with only that we can still do better than we have on several other occasions. This year let's be honest with ourselves and vote for the candidate we think is better qualified for the office. It will pay off, and we can get away with voting as we see fit with the secret ballot system.

If all the automobile tires in the United States were piled one on the top of another beside the Washington monument, no one would be able to drive his car.

## It's Up To Us

Generally speaking, all of us have borne our share of griping—either to our roommates, other students, faculty members, or, yes, even to the administration—concerning some of the existing Elon statutes. We have labeled some of the prevailing regulations as petty, unnecessary, and beyond comprehension.

Whereas we have the same privilege to criticize others and the laws they set forth, at the same time we should strive to seek out the reasonableness behind these rules and their possible justification. Granted that numerous rules are childish and unenforced, do our actions more often than not warrant such rules? Are we men and women, or are we overgrown children? Judging frequently from our manners, our speech, our overall behavior, and the cooperation which some of us extend or fail to extend, I am afraid that our conduct oftentimes justifies the establishing and enforcing of such rules. We often cooperate as little as possible; some of us cheat when we are assured we will get by with it; many of us fail to develop ourselves morally and mentally, as well as spiritually; occasionally we have no consideration for others; we ask, and yet, now and then, we are unwilling to give.

Until we maintain some semblance of adulthood, we cannot request nor expect to be treated as adults. The faculty cannot build up school spirit if it is not capable of installing an honor system without the students' consent and cooperation; it cannot instill personal pride and prestige into our lives; its duty is not to provide where the individual is mature enough to provide for himself.

In a democracy, man is governed only by those rules deemed absolutely necessary. However, in order to keep from being more strictly governed, we must show that we are capable of governing ourselves. If we don't learn to discipline ourselves, someone else will discipline us. When this state of self-discipline is reached, unity and harmony will replace dissension and dissatisfaction—then, and only then, can we feel free to request changes and expect the changes to occur. WE CAN DO IT IF WE WILL.

## Letters To The Editor

### To the editor -

Your editorial on race relations reminded me of an incident of my undergraduate days. A student at William and Mary College wrote a similar editorial and was forced to resign. Evidently you have not been persecuted as she, so there may be some hope for this old world yet.

Congratulations on taking the first step in becoming a starving reporter. As long as you are sincere and courageous in your writing, people will subscribe to the paper. However, I hear that there is now an ersatz food made of paper. So — you can have a royal feast upon your unprinted papers and your clear conscience.

N. Keen, ex-reporter on a bankrupt paper

P.S. Were you sincere?

Dear Editor:

I have been at Elon College for two years and have never felt like putting my two cents' worth in until now. I dislike this statement which appeared in the last Maroon and Gold: "At last, however, we concede generally that dear ole Elon has but one thing wrong with it, and that is the people."

Looking over Elon, I find only two things I really love about it. One is the students, and the other, believe it or not is the faculty. As you can see this differs very much from the idea quoted above. I will not go into detail about the friendly feeling of the students or in general one of the best all round faculties in and out of the classroom. (They are quite human after you get to know them.) But now let's kick some of the faults we have around a bit instead of covering them up with a lot of words.

In the last issue of the M and G, I read about the great beauty of Elon from the air. I don't know about that. I am not a bird, and I don't know how to fly a plane, but let's take a look at it on the ground. The inside of North and South dorms looks like a pig pen. I know, as I live in North and have friends in South. From the back of West, which people see from the highway, it looks like a tenant house. Yes, the most beautiful building is the new power house, which is across from the campus where one can't see or appreciate it. Well, that's about all the time I have for this; we must go on.

Then comes the problem of being about fifty years behind time. We don't dance—we have parties. But that's all right, girls, because you can stay out late tonight—till ten-thirty (Affairs not only at other colleges like Women's College, but at high schools last until eleven-thirty.) Are we a bunch of kids or men and women?

I cross my fingers with this—our new dining hall. Did you know it is going to be run cafeteria style? Well, that's what I hear, but I'll bet you this. You will still have to pay for every meal whether you eat there or not. You will still get no choice of foods as a cafeteria should have. I'm not going to talk about the food as I guess my days are numbered now.

To end this up, I have a few statements to make that are new. Did you know that, according to the last issue of the Maroon and Gold, South Dorm now has hot water? (The Greeks had it years ago, someone told me.) I will also admit to the M and G that going through the halls and colonnades I also find it very peaceful and am impressed with its harmony. In fact, I will go further and say that sometimes I find it quite dead.

I would like to go on getting things off my chest, but I know I will have enough people down on me now; so I will close with this—I am glad to see Coach Mallory at Elon. He has brought more unity to Elon than there has been since I came here.

I think we should thank Mrs. Stauffer for what she is trying to do. Whether you believe it or not, I think she is fighting for the students, and I take my hat off to her.

I also want to thank the brave students who, though they failed, tried to get a band to play for a dance at Elon in order to have at least one big function on the campus during the year. I am sorry if I have stepped on anybody's toes. I guess I am a bad boy. You can get back at me in the next issue of the Maroon and Gold, however. But if you do, I shall ask for a return engagement.

Thank you for reading this, even if you don't agree.

## Roses and Thorns

By Hal McDiarmid

This week we introduce our nebantam issue to all our readers—and to those who use it for wall paper. I have chosen as the first item for discussion, a group of young men—well, most of them are on the youngish side of forty—who have seemingly found an Eden here at Elon. These lucky persons are the residents of the rural retreat, rustically called Oak Lodge. To them Oak L. is a home-away-from-home. They welcome visitors to the Lodge most cordially and have a pleasing variety of the more entertaining things to offer their guests. I was first introduced to this hospitality by one whose initials are P. G. These letters don't stand for Proctor & Gamble, friends. I would like to compliment these fellows who dwell among the oaks and extend an invitation to them to be my guests at a Sassafras tea party the first Tuesday after Christmas. Such congeniality shouldn't go unrecognized.

I would like to pause now for a few seconds and give a dirty look to the weatherman for consistently fouling up on his predictions this winter. (By the time this appears in the M&G we'll probably be suffering from the heat).

A person who deserves praise is Professor Deskins. This praise is due for two reasons: first, for the thoughtfulness he shows wherever the welfare of Elon is concerned. He rates a gold star for his work in helping prospective teachers to find suitable positions upon graduation. His advice is to be desired.

Another virtue which Mr. Deskins possesses is a generous heart. Many students have ridden with him to Greensboro after school is out for the day, thus saving bus fare and the inconvenience one often experiences when traveling by bus. I know I'm not by myself in thanking the Professor for rides in the past. Jonquils are in order for you, sir.

With this I bid you good people "Adieu, Buenos Dias", and have a nice week-end.

### Ed. note:

I wish, first of all to thank you, Jack, for the nice letter. This is not meant for sarcasm, but to thank you for the contribution and the compliment you have paid by finding fault. It indicates that someone, at least, reads the unsigned articles on the editorial page. The column was designed to be a medium for the expression of views and criticism. You and the rest of the student body are entitled to space therein.

Along other lines, you have my admiration and, I am sure, that of the people of Elon for the love you bear them all. I, too, love them in the sense of loving one's fellow men, but doubt if I shall become amorous about the thing. And about that statement you disliked in the last editorial: "people" is such a wide term that it embraces students, faculty, and everyone right on down the line to the progenitors of this institution—in fact, everyone. Therefore, when I said the trouble with Elon was with the people, I was sincere. However, what I write is merely one man's opinion, and if I feel that the sore spots you have mentioned in the above letter are to be blamed on people rather than on inanimate objects, such as bricks, coal piles, and what-have-you, then it is my argument, and I must stick to it until someone changes that opinion.

Jack Snyder