

Maroon and Gold

Edited and printed by students of
Elon College.

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The Editor's Woes

We commence this editorial with a bit of pessimism. Not about the world situation, which is entirely secondary within the realms of our comprehension, but because of the lack of applications for the editorial chair of this thriving newspaper. However that may be, we shall continue in our present occupation until we are made a martyr of. Ah, me! We fear that won't be too long. But enough of that. Editing has its good points.

During a recent week, after we had spent numerous hours in the press office balancing the books and repairing the machinery, a young lady entered with volumes of poetry to submit for the much coveted praise of the editor who, incidentally, is known to be an authority on the subject. The poetry had been criticized favorably by most of the faculty, and the editor was so favorably impressed that he refused to publish any of it, insisting instead that she submit her great works as an entire volume to the editor of the *Colonnades*, or publish it in book form. She obliged.

Such is the life of an editor. Someone is always coming around to get something printed, and occasionally they succeed if the editorial is not too lengthy. Then there are some very interesting interviews with aspiring young journalists and laymen also. Practically no time ago, it was, that another lady entered the sanctuaries of the M and G office to complain about an article in the paper the preceding week. Attempting to divert her attention from that subject to some article the editor had read in the same paper, he questioned her in a biographical manner and learned much about her that would ordinarily not be believed by the masses, but the editor cannot be termed as a member of that vulgar group! Albeit, the conversation was extremely interesting.

It seemed that she had lived in a great number of places and that she was more than usually versatile about many things that are without the scope of the ordinary. Her parents were more or less extremists. They had moved from an area of the state where they determined the age of
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For No Good Reason

By Frank Orringer

If you have ever had an urge to write and think that you would like to learn more about journalism, the *Maroon and Gold* is interested in hearing from you. We are anxious to continue our twofold purpose of covering the campus and developing latent writing ability.

How do you know you can't write? Have you ever tried? Has your creative writing experience been limited to brief notes passed to Sadie Sawblatt in the sixth grade? Do your classmates snicker when you rise hesitatingly to read a personal essay from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*? Here is your chance to discover just what you can really accomplish.

First, let's make it plain, that you do not have to be able to write before you join the M and G staff. We train you from the ground up. We start you copying sentences from a first reader. At the end of two months you will be copying sentences from college history texts. You will not only be able to write, but to read as well. Yours will be the joy of seeing your writing in print and the thrill of working on the best college newspaper in the two Carolinas.

Before joining us, one of our ace reporters never received better than an F in his themes. Now he consistently gets a D minus. Of course, the rate of improvement varies with the individual, and we cannot guarantee success in all cases.

A former reporter had difficulty in putting his thoughts on paper. (He punched right through the sheet.) After two years on the *Maroon and Gold* staff he could turn out such polished poetry that several companies bid for his services. His latest success is:

The Queen of Hearts now loves the
Knave.

The King ran out of Burma Shave.

Look over the opportunities listed below and decide which one will best fit you for a career in journalism. Then come in and talk over your ambitions with us. Call at the press room any afternoon after two.

Inquiring reporter. The last man who handled this job had his nose broken in two places. However, you can stay out of those places. If you like to pry into other people's business, this job will just suit you.

Society writer. Perhaps you feel that you do not have the vocabulary to cover a dog fight. Don't worry. We start you off by sending you out to report any dog fights you may come across. We even arrange dog fights to give you more practice.

Floor compositor. Do you prefer indoor work? Do you like to get to the bottom of things? Then this job will interest you. You don't have to write—in fact, it's better if you can't, as then you won't get ideas. The work is not difficult. Starting on the floor level, you distribute all type found there with the aid of a special printer's tool called a broom and a small lightweight galley with a handle. The skills you acquire here are not confined to the printing trade. Many former staff members now do this type of work in banks, offices, and department stores. You will be trained in such techniques as speed in the straightaway, close work around table legs, and rate of pick up.

Seriously, if you think you would like to write, stop in and let us know about it.

It Says Here

By ED Moss

It must have been rather confusing for the listeners last Sunday when the plot of a Sunday afternoon dramatic program suddenly changed from plans for a surprise birthday party to a scene which told of the hero being locked in his bathroom. One of the local stations carries the program which is transcribed as a weekly feature. It was obvious, after the first few minutes of the second half of the program, that the wrong record had been put on the turntable. There was no indication, however, that the station was aware of the error.

It's possible, though, that the change was intentional—perhaps to see if anyone was listening. What with new personnel, new policies, and new program changes, anything may be forthcoming. At least, it's a novel way of putting on a program. You can write your own ending for the first portion of the drama and write a beginning for the second portion. Thus, you get twice as much entertainment for your money and a little diversion besides.

... This is the age of speed, and even our youth are not immune to its influences. A news item tells of a man being struck by a tricycle and dying from the injuries received. The name of the operator was not obtained; so, apparently, no charges preferred.

... Cigarettes are harmful. Take the case of a young lad from Lewistown, Pa. He tried to throw a cigarette from a moving automobile and was himself thrown from the vehicle. He sustained slight injuries.

... Consider the case of Alf Ution of Aztec, N. M. He started out to drill a well and hit oil. He continued drilling and hit gas, then water. All he needs is a building, and he'll have a complete service station. Too bad he didn't strike an air pocket so he'd have free air too.

... A Negro man of Tennessee is suing another for biting his lip off in a fight. I guess the defendant will think twice before he takes any "lip" from anybody again.

... Did you know that from 1925 till 1930 Winston-Salem had a resident stock company with weekly change in the program? Now the South is practically a no man's land as regards recognized stock company tours. Richmond and Atlanta are exceptions, of course.

Letters to The Editor

Dear Editor:

It seems that in our midst we have a prowler or, might I say, a thief. Since the beginning of the fall quarter there have been on numerous occasions things missing from the clotheslines and rooms in our dormitories. On one occasion \$85 and a wrist watch was taken from the football dressing room.

Whether this person is one of our own "big family" or an outsider, he should be discovered and asked to leave our campus. It seems that before this year there have been few thefts committed on the campus of Elon College. This being true casts an unpleasant shadow upon the freshman class because it could very likely be one of us. We are the most
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The Anthem Rendered Or Offered

By James R. Hailey

Wonderful! It was wonderful. Yes, my dear collegiates, it was a wonderful rendition. You have developed a fine sense of harmony. The volume is certainly adequate. You are to be highly commended on the rich quality of expression and tone. But, is there something lacking? Do you really feel like you have accomplished all that is expected of a choir of this calibre when you sit down? Let's just talk this over and see if we are missing a point anywhere.

Do you know what the little blind girl said to her boy friend when he started to kiss her? She said, "I know what you're fixing to do to me, I can feel it just as plain." Ah, that's it! Feel, feeling, that's what it is. I most certainly could not call you on spirit. Why, you have plenty of that, and then some. I want you to know I think that is one of the finest attributes a choral group could have. In that respect you are not far from the "Kingdom." Maybe if we analyzed the situation a little, we may arrive at a helpful conclusion.

The anthem, as you know, is a sacred composition set to music; a triumphal song. Now what does that imply? Simply this, that it is a piece of sacred literature which has been set to music. It was written by someone who was inspired to pour his heart out to God. When set to music, its purpose is to be rendered by a choral group as its part of a worship service; or, is it to be offered? That is the question: Is it to be rendered, or is it to be offered?

No one would question music as a very important part of the worship service. Of course, you would not expect to hear boogie-woogie or jazz from the choir, nor would you expect it to arouse within you a feeling of frivolity. What you would expect though, is that it would inspire you to a spirit of reverence, to a feeling of the awe and majesty of God. Then, the mood of the worship service is highly dependent on this function. It directs the mood.

Since you can see that the temperament of the service is centered around this one feat to a large extent, doesn't it put a question in your minds, "Just what is expected of the choral anthem? Let us take for example the 121st Psalm set to music. "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help." As your ministerial duty, you would proceed to render it in a dignified and sophisticated manner. We can see the poet as he shades his eyes from the sun in his upward gaze. It is an important thing to make us see that. Yes, the rendition lets us in on his upward climb, as he seeks the spirit of God.

But are we satisfied at seeing the poet merely climb and grasp? It is not the complete mission of the choir to climb up and grasp some of the time and take it away from the morning sermon. The choir was called upon to make a contribution, not merely to fill up space. As the worship service is the total response of the group to God, a self-giving in adoration, then the anthem must not stop here. To do so would be the equivalent of leaving the poor seeker down in the dismal valley.

But the poet reaches the mountain
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