

Maroon and Gold

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Our Campus Is Larger Than You Think

The other day we handed one of our male reporters an assignment which involved finding information about nine students. We were much surprised to discover that although these nine people had been enrolled since last September, our reporter knew only three of them personally. He knew two others by name and could not recall having seen the remaining four. Incidentally, the three whom he did know are very attractive young ladies, in fact, the only young ladies in the group; so this might have entered into the situation.

We feel that our reporter's limited acquaintance is typical of too many students. Their friendships are restricted to a few members of the fraternity, sorority, scholastic organization, or informal group with whom they are associated. The varied activities of campus life come to the individual filtered through the impressions of this small group. He is not so much a member of the student body as he is a member of a small group which happens to be attending Elon College. Anything or anyone who is outside the interests of this group is given little notice by the individual.

Note that this is not an editorial against fraternities, sororities, or scholastic organizations (literary societies, Spanish Club, IRC, etc.). These organizations are invaluable in that they bring together people of kindred interests, which is of great help to the radeship, which is of great help to the individual. The person who does not take part in some organized activity outside the classroom is missing a part of his college education.

There is a danger, however, that once he becomes a member of a group, the individual will center so much of his interest in that group that he will lose interest in the other students, and the student body then becomes a loose confederation of organizations which happen to belong to the same college.

Many students are members of small

groups which are not dignified with a formal name, but which are, nevertheless, closely organized units. The incoming freshmen are at sea for a while, but gradually they begin to form friendships, until each freshman finds himself looking at things through the eyes of a few intimate friends. There is a danger that he will stop here and lose interest in the other students on whose toes he steps daily in the first floor of the Alamance Building.

The individual's lack of interest in the "outside" students is not an indication of snobbishness on his part. He has become so accustomed to associating with a few friends (sometimes even taking courses which they are taking) that he loses a sense of comradeship with those outside his circle. What they do does not interest him while the small details in the lives of his intimate friends absorb his whole attention.

What is wrong with this, you ask? One of the results of a college education should be a broadening of our intellectual backgrounds by coming into contact with people who have interesting ideas (assuming that we also have interesting ideas to offer them). How can you exchange ideas if you never come to know these people—if you pass like ships in the night? Your small circle of friends may be interesting, we admit, but before you have spent four years in their company, you will have exhausted their mental depths and your relationship will long since have degenerated to small talk.

Suppose ten years from now one of your classmates achieves recognition as a writer, lawyer, or physician. Won't you regret never having had further conversation with him than, "Pass the potatoes, please," at the table?

Elon College is not a large institution. If we had several thousand students, there might be some reason for not knowing them all. One of the advantages of the small college is the opportunity to know personally most of the student body. Are we making the most of this opportunity?

Vet News

By Paul C. Plybon

National Defense

Don't expect the new draft to pull any men except a token number into the armed forces before September 1st, at the earliest. Despite the apparent confusion reported in the daily newspapers, the conflict between the Administration, individual members of Congress, and the Armed Forces, is serious only in so far as UMT is concerned.

Congress, ready to go on the draft and expanded armed forces, feels public sentiment favors both. They got a real scare this week from the testimony of Army Chief of Staff, Omar N. Bradley, with impressive facts and figures on Russian armed strength. His straight-from-the-shoulder, mild-mannered presentation of startling evidence without any dramatics or artificial coloring, was the basis of this scare. The draft bill will be passed probably by May 15th. A 70 group Air Force will be authorized as indicated by the top heavy House vote on appropriations Thursday. Congress will "balance" armed forces across the board, but UMT will not be voted.

(Continued on page four)

It Says Here

By Ed Moss

Looking over the Ads

A source of occasional amusement for me is to read the ads in the Sunday edition of the tabloids. The gullibility of human beings is amazing. There is evidently a sale for the items so vividly described, else the ads would not run from week to week. After glancing over the center section of one well-known Metropolitan scandal sheet, I found bargains and opportunities never before offered to the gentle reader (it says here.) One can have a choice of men's SIMULATED diamond rings for the amazingly low price of \$4.65. The "rubes" who believe such ads probably don't even read the word "simulated," and if they did they wouldn't know what it meant. An even greater bargain in jewelry offers the reader a "Sweetheart" bridal set. Both the engagement ring and the wedding rings with genuine imi-

(Continued on page four)

I Came Here To Talk for Joe

By Tony Cockrell

Yep, Joe was a card, a pilot hot,
And boy could he fly a plane.
When Joe flew by, the crowd would
cry,
We're in for a show again.

Ole Joe would rack that fighter up,
And roll it with a flip.
For the boys all knew whenever Joe
flew,
He'd always buzz the strip.

Yes he'd beat it up from end to end,
Each time before he'd land.
And we knew his story of shining
glory,
Joe, the Paddle-foot's Superman.

Well Joe one day was in his plane,
And he wheeled and dealed his ship:
We all could tell Joe'd raise all hell,
Today when he buzzed the strip.

He rolled it over at angels ten,
Heading down with full on power.
And he passed us by at two feet high
Doing 500 miles an hour.

Now ole Joe was a character through
and through,
And he flew at an awful clip;
But he failed to see a big oak tree,
Today when he buzzed the strip.

There were nuts and bolts and chunks
of tin,
From here to Tim-buk-tu,
But the biggest chunk in all that junk
Would fit in a G. I. shoe.

For the boys who crave to be like Joe
We raised in large bold script;
A sign that said, "one down, one
dead,"
Take care—He buzzed the strip.

Now you can have your loops and
tree-top rolls,
And Immelmans off the deck;
You can have the name acclaim the
fame,
Of the stuntman's full respect.

But as for me, ten years from now,
When I'm out on a picnic trip;
I'll be in the know by recalling Joe,
And the day he buzzed the strip.

For No Good Reason

By Frank Orringer

As the forthcoming presidential election campaign draws nearer, it is encouraging to note that J. Wilmer Humperdinkel's popularity is increasing. Inside dope is that he will swing a majority vote in every state east of Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia.

As you have no doubt heard, J. Wilmer is the candidate of the Allied English Teachers of America, who propose to bring us lasting prosperity and sound economy through their "melodic speech" program.

Their choice of Dr. Humperdinkel was a fortunate and happy one. He showed an early aptitude for correct speech habits. His first words uttered at the age of eleven months in speaking to his parents were, "You are my father and mother, I presume." (Dr. Humperdinkel is a man of the highest moral standards, although his opponents have sought to undermine his reputation by asserting that he was a bottle baby.)

For his doctor's dissertation Humperdinkel made a study of the English translation of Sophocles' plays. He translated them back into Greek. In fact, Dr. Humperdinkel has changed our whole conception of Sophocles.

But to get on with the "melodic speech" program. Its advocates feel that its general adoption will give life a zest and sparkle which is missing in this day of prosaic speech. Our daily affairs will be carried on in verse rather than mundane prose. In fact, they plan to rewrite the entire Constitution in iambic pentameter.

The President's address and all diplomatic papers are to be written in Chaucerian English. This will not only permit melody of expression but will make it more difficult for other countries to know just what we have in mind. For example, a "State of the Union" message to Congress might begin:

"Now, lordinges, hearken, and I wol tellen yow

Of this nacioun all the condicioun,
And at Ruce wol I first beginne."

All government correspondence will be carried on in couplets. For instance, you might receive a beautifully engraved card from the President some day reading:

"My sincere best wishes I send to you,

Report to draft board number two."

Imagine how melodic couplets will take the sting out of the tax collection blanks. At the top of your income tax blank you might find the lines:

"Read carefully, dear taxpayer, and you will see

That when you've finished you'll busted be."

(The use of the word "busted" is an example of poetic license, and is not to be encouraged. We know, of course, that it should be "burst.")

Starting with government at its highest levels, the program of melodic speech will diffuse through state and local government and in time invade the classroom. Instead of a dull looking report card with an "F" scrawled on it, the student will receive a neatly typed sheet reading:

Don't come forward to take a bow.
You really flunked this course—and how!"

The national committee right now is working on an effective campaign slogan, to be written in trochaic tetrameter. If you have any good ones in mind, send them in.