

Maroon and Gold

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CASTIGATION

In countless articles, treatises, essays, poems, and tomes, our latter-day and contemporary philosophers and scientists have congratulated, either by inference or by direct wording, the human beings of Earth upon their enormous advances in civilization since their emergencies from the cocoon of antiquity. It is quite evident, however, that they speak only of material success and not of the innate beings themselves.

Without making a detailed and systematic study, anyone here at Elon may see the dull gleam of primeval slime oozing from the pores of many of his professed companions. As the swine shoves aside others of his number in his greed at the feed-trough, as thirsty cattle gore and trample one another in their eagerness for water, so many who make pretensions to gentility conduct themselves at Elon College.

Thus we come to what might, to some, seem a minor matter in the scheme of things—the matter of our cafeteria waiting line. It is, granted, something new in the experience of Elonites. Heretofore, the former system of table-waiters held for us no such problem. Then the only one who had a problem was the heavy eater who happened to sit on Starvation Corner.

Just what is your hurry? What case of world-shaking import depends upon your finishing your meal before your fellows? When looked at objectively in comparison to the immensity of universal affairs, that petty engagement you have will probably add up to infinity minus.

Upon observing the sneaking ways in which "bucking" the line is accomplished here, one has a new-found respect for the patience of the man in the armed forces. He has a code, however crude it might seem. He does not cut into any line, and he spends a greater portion of his existence in them. Do you know why he doesn't "buck" the line? It is really quite simple—he knows quite well that should he do such a thing, he should have to back up his action with his fists against any number of other men. Brutal? Certainly, but effective.

But such a method is impossible at Elon College, where everyone is either (we say it laughingly) a lady or a gentleman of adult mentality.

We have noticed in the past few days that some who had exercised patience in the matter, finally exploded in exasperation and stalked to the head of the line, defying any remarks. These may be excused, since the most even of tempers becomes unbalanced if trod upon heavily enough.

If you don't have the intelligence or breeding necessary to association with those having adult minds, you have no business wasting the time and efforts of those whose duty it is to instruct you. In other words, leave, get out! You are useless; you are nothing but a hindrance and a nuisance.

For a note of sweetness in closing out this somewhat embittered essay, we should like to point out the case of Miss Muldrow as an example of true gentility. As a member of the faculty and doubtless having more pressing matters to take up her time, it is her prerogative to eat before others. However, we have seen her, more than once, "sweating out" that never-ending line along with the students. To you, Miss Muldrow, we present, not an orchid, nor yet a bouquet, but an entire florist's shop.

truth and travesty

By TED PARKER

So now we have left the lassitude of summer, and, with the coming of crisp fall, seek to purge ourselves of the stain of dissipation and inactivity. We now enter into that monk-like existence which is a necessary part of scholastic endeavor. With high-held heads and leaping hearts we welcome the forthcoming toil of mental pursuits. - - -???

The foregoing paragraph is merely an example of the great heights of fancy to which the aspiring writer may soar.

Ah! To be young again and have that free spirit of gaiety which is lost to those who have reached the comparative senility of their middle twenties. Could we but have that air of savoir faire which is so noticeable in the more callow.

A good instance of this state of being is to be seen in the person of Buford "Ozark" Andrews, who, in only a few days, has ousted Calvin "Pretty" Milam from his throne and the title of "Elon's Most Persistent Wooper."

When asked about this state of affairs, the retiring master withdrew behind his horn-rimmed glasses and answered sullenly:

"That's life! One cannot keep up the pace forever. Let young blood be answered."

His successor, when approached, gave with a gap-toothed, ear-spanning grin and gave the reason for his success:

"After being in a military school for two years, a fellow just goes mad with all these women around. I love them all."

A great deal of talent was discovered during Freshman Week through the medium of forced singing. During the attempts made by the sophomores to embarrass the freshmen, the "rats" were made to sing love songs to the girls. Happening to be in an observing position one night, we heard the initial jeers give way to a respectful silence as a male voice rose in brilliant timbre. We only wish that we might know to whom the voices belonged, that we might give them the recognition they so richly deserve.

Then, there was the most unhappy soul from above the Mason-Dixon line who, when commanded to sing "Dixie," professed a lack of knowledge of that most partisan of songs.

Where are the old familiar faces? Fred Schoffner, Delmar Brown, Ho-Be—heed our call! Will you of the shaking shoulder, you of the pouchy eyes and courtly wit, and you of the Virginia drawl, forsake us and drop into oblivion? Impossible!

"Hurry, girls! I've saved a place for everyone of you. Those sweet boys won't mind if fifty of us break in ahead of them." Does the foregoing statement sound fantastic to those of you who have stood in the cafeteria line only to find that instead of its becoming shorter as the time drags on, it becomes even longer? Surely there is some remedy for a situation of this sort. It seems that a great number of the students here have no thought for others. Regardless of what hurry one might be in, there is still time for a certain form of courtesy.

All right! So we lost a football game! Is that any reason to hide ourselves behind the veil of complete defeat? We must remind you that last week's game was the first of the season. So stop moaning and calling names when you know comparatively nothing. Crawl out of your self-pitying shells and support that great team. Consider yourselves a part of it—it is your team—let the world know it!

A part of Elon has departed. With much wailing and tearing of hair, those who have lived in South Dormitory for the past two years or so watched the exit of a landmark. Yes, "Chink" has gone, for better or for worse, into the great void of the outside world. Godspeed, O Herbert!

To put a speedy end to this farce, we quote a summation of existence from the Atlantic—"Salons, saloons, and sawdust, I have paced 'em all,

I have wielded the little stick and chased the ball,

I have eaten a million rounds of buttered toast,

I have seen a ghost."

—R. P. Lister.

In the immortal words of the irrepressible Fred Hoffman:

"So what!?"

anything at all

Well, Elonites, another year has started and we are nearly as confused as we were last year. This semester Mess "Let me see—do I have Religion or Physical Education today at 9:00?" We may be lost, but oh, those freshmen!

Here's the latest. A certain freshman girl (I won't call a name, but she's in West 39) asked me if I would chaperone her on her off-campus dates. That's good!

At times I wonder if West is a girls' or a boys' dorm. "Man in hall" all the time. I could make a statement here, but I won't.

"Senior Oak" Does it belong to the freshmen or the seniors? Fellow students, I am sorry to report that the freshmen do not comprehend the principles that "Senior Oak" stands for. I thought I had heard everything that goes on under that venerable tree, but a fried chicken party tops them all.

"Hen parties" are underway again, and everything under the sun, over the sun and under the moon is being discussed. So if your ears burn at night, this might be the reason.

Who is that gal Pete Harris has been escorting? The inevitable pairing off has begun. Of course, one can't miss Womble and his serenading. It seems as if Norfolk had to travel a long way to promote a case. Eh?—Ed Watkins? I see that "Ginny" Rebick has gone out for football this year. What's the score, Ginny? It looks good from all sides.

It appears that the girls of Ladies' Hall like Dutch Cleanser baths. It gives them that baby-pink glow men like.

For the benefit of some, the music rooms are for work, not "play." Isn't that right, Pat? You might try the Oak next time. It seems that Jack Snyder is still in a muddle. He has a habit of attending his 10:30 class at 11:30.

About Initiation—There were no happier people last week than the sophomores. How did it feel to give orders instead of receiving them? Those freshmen could really take it. A few were somewhat rebellious, but on the whole most of them showed great sportsmanship. It was fun, wasn't it, frosh?

Well, you upperclass girls can relax now. I quote a statement made by a male concerning a freshman girl: "I thought they were right cute at first look, but it's all over now. Look at that cat." Probably a disgruntled swain, though.

I know all had a wonderful summer, especially those who lived at the beaches. It seems that everyone from "Elo" was at Carolina Beach over Labor Day. If you delight in being saved from drowning, you had but to call on Sonny Shearin, Junior Carr or "Eb" Peters. If you happened to be a girl, the service was quite prompt, but an male who might be foolish enough to try drowning on that section of the beach could just as well give up the struggle. As usual, Vic Strader was the shining light on the numerous dance floors, while Speck Harper and Ralph Long gave out with their clown act. Others to be seen were "Peanut" Brain and "Frankie" Ferguson.

The old students are beginning to miss their friends and ask about them. They were greatly cheered when Mike Copeland (now of Duke) and Jack Burch (working) popped up on campus over the weekend.

It's good to see Bill Melton with us again. We're happy that his stay in the hospital is over and we wish him the best of health in the years to come.

Studying in the dorm has always been a problem of how to do it in peace. We have found of late that studying to the tune of "Old Black Joe" on a band instrument is somewhat difficult. We suggest that the culprit take her music-maker to the Music Building since it is legal to disturb the peace there. She might even try joining the band.

Many of our old friends took the nuptial leap this summer, so I'll just take this space to give congratulations. They are in order for Betty Rudisill and "Monk" Whitsett, Dot Shepard and Al Hilliard, Mary Brown and Frank Sherard, Archie Braxton and Doris Blackwell, Mary Griffin and "Buster" Butler, "Dot" Shakelford and "Pep" Watkins. Erma Graham and A. V. Autrey, Jr., Genelle Tucker and Bob Graham, and Betty Jo Chilton and Jack Andrews. Whew! Call Winohell!

Happily enough, that's all for now.

letter to the editor

To The Editors.

Undoubtedly you saw members of the Freshman class drilling around the campus last week, and I was one of those who were receiving an initiation that I wouldn't take a million dollars for.

There will be many, like me, who will not forget it for a long time, and others will be sore for a week or two.

Between the marching and other initiations, the whole Sophomore class, with their president, Art Fowler, have shown themselves to be the swellest group of guys that many an "Ex-Rat" will meet in a long time.

Some of the Freshmen took initiation in the wrong sense, as I discovered from listening to them. They must not forget that all the boys who initiated them got the same, or worse, last year.

As it was explained at the beginning, the initiation's main purpose was to give the fraternities and other student organizations a chance to look the "Rats" over and see who they would like to have in their clubs.

The entire Sophomore class treated the "Rats" very well on the whole. Some boys were not physically able to be initiated, and, consequently, were exempt.

Don't forget that our turn will come next year.

—"One Who Was Initiated."

AMBITIOUS?

For the past decade or so the greatest grief of the editors of Maroon and Gold has been the dearth of talent to be found hereabouts. If you have any inkling whatsoever that you can write or that you have managing ability, why hide that shining light under the veil of modesty? Anybody can write—if you don't believe it, just get a load of some of the stuff on the editorial page. Poetry, prose, letters to the editor—we want it all.

We shan't promise that your efforts will be printed, but let us look at them anyway, won't you? Fame and fortune are in your grasp. Close your fingers—around a pen and submit the products to the Maroon and Gold office.

M and G Quiz

1. What Professor brought back a student from Mexico this fall?
2. How many Norfolk freshmen are unofficially reported to have enrolled at Elon this semester?
3. For what are orders now being taken in the rotunda of Alumnance?
4. What is to be the first production of the Elon Players?
5. Who will appear in the first program of the Lyceum series?
6. When does dorm inspection begin?
7. Name the freshmen who made highest scores in placement tests?
8. Do you blush at the editorial?
9. Name one change Mallory has made in the Elon line-up this week?
10. Who was this summer elected 1948-49 editor of Pi Psi Chi?
11. Who is faculty advisor of SCA?
12. Who will be the first speaker appearing under the sponsorship of IRC?