

Maroon and Gold

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Edited and printed by students of Elon College. Published bi-weekly during the college year, under the auspices of the Board of Publication.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Elon College, N. C., under the act of March 8, 1879. Delivered by mail, \$1.50 the college year, \$.50 the quarter.

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SIBILATION

In the past two or three years, since we first set guileless foot upon these hallowed grounds, it has been the custom of many, at the mention of Student Government, to assume either a knowing smile or a contemptuous sneer. Unhappily, these manifestations of disdain were, to great extent, deserved, even though those who scorned the system were more or less ignorant of its inner workings.

The attitude of the average student at Elon toward self-government is appalling. Each spring he goes to the polls, casts his ballot for his chosen candidate, and then promptly forgets all about it. He neither knows, cares, nor tries to find out just what the officer or representative he has elected is trying to do. He has an opportunity to see democracy in action, on however small a scale it may be; yet he is as the beast of the fields, rebelling at tenets not to his liking only by voicing a bray of anguish. Yet, as aforementioned, he laughs at the attempts of a weak student Government, not realizing that he laughs at himself.

As you should all know by this time, a new system has been inaugurated whereby the student may be a part of his government if he cares to assert himself. The medium which makes this possible is the Student Congress, to which is sent three representatives from each class and one from each dormitory. Never be hesitant in voicing your suggestions or opinions to those representatives. It is their duty to listen to your claims, and if the claims are reasonable, to present them to the Congress for consideration. You don't know who these representatives are? Consult page sixty in that long-neglected handbook.

It is our firm belief that, if the students of Elon can bestir themselves from their miserable apathy, the Student Government can, and will, make for us a better college life.

Ad Nauseam

However it goes against the grain to repeat ourselves, this must be. In addition to swinishness, an almost negligible number of persons possess a certain faculty for sneakiness. In devious ways they still manage to "buck" that cafeteria line. They, however, are to be censured little more than those who condone such actions by letting them into the line. Let this serve as a warning. You are being watched not only by your fellow-students, but by those capable of taking judicial action.

Dirge

Ring out, ye iron bells! Toll the death-knell of Spirit. Two weeks ago School Spirit, once hale and hearty in the dear, departed yesterdays, gasped out the last of his long-falling breath in the dust of Elon Park. This former resident of Elon College was, for many years, known and loved by many. A crime comparable, indeed, to patricide. The martyr must be avenged. Arise, students! Lift your voices in angry protest and the heavens may answer with a resurrection. Arrive enmasse tonight at the Park, find your pews in the reserved Student section, and shout mighty hallelujas to the greater glory of Elon. Turn not aside when the leaders of cheers call for your catechism.

truth and travesty

By TED PARKER

So we find ourselves at the meridian of the season when baseball holds sway even yet beside King Football, when the mortals of the temperate zones cringe at chilling rains and bare thankful heads to the last vestiges of a still benevolent sun, all within seven consecutive days. As the chill descends at dusk, one notices, as the days wane, how few are the lingering couples upon the campus.

But life, love, and the pursuit of diversions must go on, so we carry on our activities within the bounds of warmth. More and more, we find ourselves wandering toward our cozy rooms to huddle beside the radiator—or any other source of heat.

What, in the name of the Beard of Mahomat, you ask, does the foregoing blather mean? Nothing more, we answer, than what you can read into it.

And so, that being settled, we find ourselves again probing into the foibles of homo sapiens.

That inimitable clown and campus buffoon, Hank DeSimone, has, after much deliberation, chosen his life's work. When asked what his major is, he smoothed his unruly locks and answered, "So far, I've been majoring in English 12. You 'too-coo'?"

Strolling into the Grill the other day, we noticed two men of somewhat sinister aspect sitting with their backs toward the door. Their mode of dress caused us to think that they could be nothing less than a couple of bookies, probably sidetracked on their way to some southern racetrack. Thinking that this would be a good chance to place a bet or two, we approached them and to our embarrassment, they turned out to be none other than our dear friends, Tommy Howell and Rod Southerland. For some radical reason, each was attired in a plaid shirt, black trench coat, and the most extreme style of English hiking caps. The one worn by Tommy was of the most vivid red, while Rod's, a more conservative brown, was tilted at a precarious angle over his lean profile. When asked the reason for this bizarre costuming, they claimed it to be merely the result of a whim. These, suffering public, are the sort of whims that cause revolutions.

To Branch Bragg and Joe Jergens, imports from Blackstone, Va., this world of ours is partially peopled with exotic beings known as "snorkers," whose occupations in life are "cuttin' the hog." We were highly puzzled when these two continually mentioned the "snorkers" and their activities, and asked to be enlightened. Now we know, and are quite surprised at the number of "snorkers" to be found about us. You may be a "snorker," and not know it.

Possibly you will be pleased to know that this is the last attempt of Truth and Travesty. The space heretofore used for such as you have just read will be turned over to someone as yet unknown. All applicants for the use of this space will apply to the editor. Here's your chance to air your views, philosophize, and spite your enemies in public print. Don't pass it up.

In bidding all goodbye, let me pass on these assurances of a long and happy life. When asked how he had lived to be over a hundred years old, an old colored man said:

"When ah works, ah works hard; when ah sets, ah sets loose; and when ah worries, ah jest draps off to sleep."

NOTICE TO MAROON AND GOLD STAFF

In keeping with the editorial policy of the Maroon and Gold, those having certain responsibilities sometime find it necessary to berate those with whom they work.

Hence, be it known to all who presumably sweat in the making of this newspaper that certain policies must be followed if we are to bring to press a newspaper that will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever, not only to ourselves, but to the students of Elon College.

If this is to be, all reporters and columnists must, without exception, have their copy in the hands of the editorial staff not later than 10 o'clock Monday of publication week. Material, to lighten the labors of the overworked editors, should be, if not type-written, neat and legible.

It seems that some of the staff have the belief that an assignment written constitutes all he duty required. This is not so; each member is expected to work at anything required of him during the week of publication.

A certain amount of journalistic style is required in all material to be printed. To date, the state of received copy has been deplorable, necessitating almost complete rewriting. Let us endeavor to correct this state of affairs before the next issue.

A staff meeting will be held in the pressroom this Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock for instruction and the handing out of assignments. All members are urgently requested to attend.

anything at all

By VIRGINIA DAVIS

Well Co-eds, it seems that we have finally begun to get straightened out on classes and rooms, and are now ready to fling ourselves wholeheartedly into the activities that will make us proud of our school.

A little "dirt" has been thrown at those of us who cheer. Understand, we aren't doing such a hot job. If we would sit together it might help. Let's show those cheerleaders we know our stuff tonight and make them sorry they ever said it. It looks as if the cheerleaders could use a little swing and pep too. Maybe a few stunts! While we are taking the "dirt" out of the corners, what's wrong with you people who tote "music-makers?" The BAND NEEDS YOU: Let's all get behind them. Where is our school spirit?

It seems we have something new at Senior Oak—tune in each Friday night for the Elon dance. How about it Marjorie M., or were you too busy at Duke last week-end? And Jane B. with that white skirt; understand you were the ballerina of the dance.

It seems that Jackie Gaskins has company this week-end, and it seems they call him Scotty (and that ain't a dog, but a darned good-looking man).

Say, what's that I hear about Vet's Court having a visit from the State Cop? Too bad he didn't know that when you had tail lights you had a light. Did you convince him your front lights were burning?

Don't think there will be much sleep this week-end—sororities and fraternities are having BID NIGHT—looking forward to the initiations. Are the B.O.B.'s going to keep the "Star" clean this year, too?

Understand Nash Parker is good at making one-point landings in the play "What A Life." Apparently the play's title expresses Nash's sentiments. How do you feel after your fall?

It seems a few girls around here haven't quite learned how to tell time. Is it funny to have the door locked in your face? It seems that Jane Huffman and Johnny B. are exchanging a lot of gifts. They seem to have a birthday every few days. First it was a sling shot, then a scarf, and cuff links. What will they think of next?

West was pretty hot the other Sunday. Fire! fire! was the call. Better get prepared girls; you may need to jump some time.

What can "Sugah" Moore have brought back with her last Sunday that would take three boys to carry her suitcases? I know that carmel cake wasn't that heavy! It was good, so I know darned well she didn't make it.

Well, enough said. Let's remember to get behind our school and get its spirit out from behind the eight-ball.

M and G QUIZ

1. Name two of the four Elon boys who play with a local dance band.
2. Name the new coach written about in this issue.
3. What is to happen to the rooms in Mooney now being used by the kitchen staff?
4. What faculty member is also a farmer and surveyor?
5. What, according to him, is Hank DeSimone's major?
6. How, according to an old colored man quoted in a column, may you live to be 100 years old?
7. What faculty member is known as the "commuter"?
8. What is the Jayvee won-loss record to date?
9. What is the price of a student season ticket to the Elon Player productions?
10. With the Elon victory tonight, how many consecutive wins will we have over E.C.T.C.?
11. How many times have the Christians won the North State Conference championship in football?
12. Whose paintings are on exhibit at Elon the last time today?
13. Who is faculty advisor for the Science Club?
14. What lineman goes back to the backfield, where he played last year, for tonight's game?

letter to the editor

At the meeting of the Sophomore class this week, the subject under discussion was the Freshman-Sophomore party. An important question brought before the gathering was, "Do we want a band for the party?" Surely we want one, but there were not enough sophomores at the meeting to decide the issue or to back such a proposal. Where were you, soph?

Evidently many of us sophomores don't think enough of our class or of our school to turn out enmasse for important occasions. If we are to have a Sophomore-Freshman party that will be remembered as a high spot in this social season, we must, if need be, push ourselves to work, and work hard. It was done last year. Students are still talking about the good time they had. It can be done again.

If we don't push this thing, we will be dancing to a limited number of old and scratchy records. Surely we can do better than that. It would be shameful to work at decorating and the garnering of refreshments only to find ourselves, in the end, straining to hear the music.

As freshmen last year, we brought new life to the school; as sophomores with a certain amount of experience, we should be able to go even further. So lets turn out for these meetings, sophomores—your class officers can't function without your support.

Sincerely,
Virginia Davis.

NOTES ON STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Around election time last year, there was considerable interest in forming a Student Congress. The student body of the college seemed to have a great enthusiasm over the matter. Meetings were called by the student body and a committee was elected to form the constitution. It was decided that the officers of the student body would hold the respective offices in the Student Congress. They are:

President: Don Kernodle
Vice Pres.: Lou Savini.
Secretary: Sonny Shearin.
Treasurer: Jeanne Meredith.

The membership of the Student Congress will include the officers and approximately forty-one members. This includes the four officers of each of the following: Student Body, Men's Council, and Women's Council. It will include the four class presidents, also three additional representatives of each class, of whom at least one shall be a woman. It will include one representative elected from each dormitory and two Day Student representatives.

The meetings of the Student Congress shall be held weekly beginning the Tuesday after the first Monday in May to the end of that school year; monthly beginning in the fall session.

The legislative powers of the Association shall be exercised by the congress. No legislation shall become effective unless it is approved by the President of the College and the respective Deans. The student body shall have the right to repeal a decision of the Student Congress by a majority vote of the entire body.

Previously any business or problems concerning the Students have been brought up and discussed at Student Chapel hour on Monday mornings. Now that the Student Congress has been organized, any future business will be presented to the Student Congress by a class or dormitory representative.

This organization will represent and help at any time the Student Body, but they do have the right to repeal a decision of the Congress by a majority vote of the entire body.

Tidbits

Stephen: "What happened after you were thrown out of the side exit on your face?"

Gerald: "I told the usher that I belonged to a very important family."

Stephen: "So what?"

Gerald: "He begged my pardon, asked me in again and threw me out of the front door."

A colored preacher was hearing confession. In the middle of it, he stopped the young sinner, saying: "Young man, you ain't confessin'—you're braggin'."