

Maroon and Gold

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LOBBIES AMOK

It is with Deepest regret and a sense of shame that we find it necessary to bring before the public eye the antics of the baser element of Elon. This element is composed of a scurrilous minority who, with their contemptible devices, endeavor to make miserable the existence of the more honest and intelligent among us. We can call no names, for those who perpetuate these nuisances are endowed with such a rodent-like slyness that one can do no more than suspect.

In certain of the dormitories are to be found slimy creatures who, so that they may giggle foolishly to themselves in vain self-appraisal, will fill a cylindrical paper receptacle with water, and from some point of vantage, cause this missile to be dropped upon or near some innocent and unsuspecting victim. This monster of mean intelligence then slinks back into his filthy den even before he sees the results of his handiwork, in fear of reprisals, to gloat that he has outwitted his neighbor and caused him humiliation and expense.

We ask ourselves—why should a human being receive pleasure from the discomfiture of his fellows? The answer can only be that in all phases of life can be found certain perversions, deviations from the norm of civilization, quirks of the mind which even today baffle the greatest of psychologists. So, as we curse and justifiably revile the water-bagger, we may add the name of pervert to his long list of horrid appellations. We can only look with disgust and loathing upon him, and should he be apprehended, hound him with oath and stone from the realms of our abode.

Last year, we of Elon who have no great income were highly pleased when automatic washing machines were installed beneath Ladies' Hall. Only after long negotiations was this installation effected. These machines have been a source of great economy to the veterans and their wives, as well as to the dormitory students. Now, because of the miserliness or thoughtlessness of a few of us, we may lose the machines. It is the practice of a number of unknowns to pound the machine or to rip open the back of it to reach the mechanism, rather than to pay a measly quarter of a dollar, whereas the same amount of laundry they wash would, if sent to a commercial laundry, cost them many times as much.

The business men who have placed the machines on Elon's campus have threatened, quite justifiably, to remove them. It is easy to see that with the loss of revenue from a machine which runs free and with the cost of repairs to the machines which are abused, the company loses money. Who will not agree with us that one must make money to stay in business?

Why cannot we, who are supposedly intelligentsia, let our minds project themselves toward potential implications before we perpetrate some untoward action? Why does not the rabid fool of a water-bag-

rodomontade rampant

By ROBERT RUBINATE

Ambled into the Grill the other night to find Coach Pope busy questioning the loiterers about the best locales hereabouts for squirrel hunting. It is rumored that there is to be a squirrel hunt right here on the campus over the Christmas holidays. That's one way of getting rid of our pesky friend, eh, Mr. Plybon?

This paper has harped on school spirit long enough, so when someone suggested that we run another editorial emphasizing this topic he was rudely interrupted. There is more school spirit in Gibsonville than you'll find under any of Elon's Colonnades.

The best buy on the campus: One season ticket from the Elon Players.

The faculty houses are supposed to be ready for occupancy in about eight or nine days, which narrows down to October 26. When this was called to his attention, a prominent member of the faculty groaned, "If they'd only put windows in, I'd move in tomorrow."

Intellectual Interlude . . . ?

Give to any man all the time that he now wastes, not only on his vices (if he has them), but on useless business, wearisome or deteriorating amusements, trivial letter-writing, random reading, and he will have plenty of time for culture. "Time is endlessly long," says Goethe, and so it is. Some of us waste all of it, most of us waste much, but all of us waste some.

Watched Gallaudet, a school for the deaf, get get beaten severely by Guilford College at Greensboro Stadium the other night. A tip of the "Rubinate hat" to a great and courageous bunch of little guys.

Why not wash behind the ears, people? Let's keep Elon free of floating cigarette butts and similar trash. It only takes a little effort to keep that litter from standing out like a white poodle on a coal barge.

John Spirko (our tennis star of old) has a constant complaint from his wife. Apparently he'll go to the extreme of preparing pancakes with syrup for "Cokie," his expectant cocker spaniel, but shudders when wife Betty pleads for two eggs. Incidentally, that cocker had better have pups galore. Good-hearted John has already given away thirteen.

While we're on the canine subject, wooden handed Jim Haley's Mexican chihuahua isn't satisfied with her Saturday bath—it's a constant howl until she's properly perfumed.

Jean Parks, pleading a headache, misses rehearsal for the coming Players production; so what does Mrs. Smith tell her? Take an aspirin—the show must go on!

From this issue forth, this space will be devoted to inculcate remarks and this writer's own random thoughts while lolling. Should it at anytime smack of intellectuality, notify old "Bodacious" Ted Parker of an attempt to copy his "Truth and Travesty."

ELECTION REGISTRATION NOTICE

Persons wishing to vote in the local, state and national elections Nov. 2 must register by sundown Saturday, October 23rd. The books are closed at that time and no further registrations are permitted.

In order to be eligible the person (1) must have lived in N. C. for at least one year; (2) must have lived in the precinct in which he is to vote for at least four months.

Note: If a person has moved from one county to another in the last four months, he is not eligible to vote unless he registers and votes in his old precinct.

Registration in this precinct will be at the local High School next Saturday from 9:00 a. m. until Sundown.

ger, before he does his unnecessary deed, think of his victim's newly pressed trousers and clean shirt, of the damage done to the floor of the gymnasium which is in poor shape as it is? Why does not the person who abuses private property, such as the washing machines, think of the loss to his fellow students should the machines be removed? What is the answer? Must you be shoved into a corner and threatened with a bludgeon before you will think? Are you a drooling imbecile that you must be repeatedly told before you can understand? If so, you have no place in an organized society—there are a number of institutions where your every need will be supplied by brawny young men and women in white jackets who are trained especially for the handling of the blunt-witted and the violently insane.

letter to the editor

Dear Sir:

Elsewhere in this issue there is probably an account of the loan fund which is being initiated by the Student Christian Association to benefit needy students whose security for these loans will simply be their names.

I should like to suggest that in rendering this service, the SCA will be practicing principles of an honor system as those principles have never been practiced since I first came to Elon.

I have complete confidence in the success of SCA's venture.

—T. Ferneyhough.

M and G Quiz

1. What is the deadline for registration for the local, state and national elections?
2. Who, in the early days of the college, gave first aid to Senior Oak?
3. Who lost what football game in the last minute of play?
4. Name one Jayvee football player lately promoted to the Varsity.
5. When does work begin on the Elon Alumni Memorial Gymnasium?
6. When did Elon last beat Catawba in a football game?
7. What recognition will be given the winning decoration in tomorrow's dormitory decoration contest?
8. What will the Elon band attempt for the first time at the game tomorrow night?
9. Name a campus friend whose death is reported in this issue.
10. Who will see the first performance of "What A Life?"

Notice To Reporters And Would-Be Reporters For Maroon And Gold

It is the opinion of the Editor and the faculty advisor that Maroon and Gold can be neither pleasant reading nor an instrument of training for the students if its material is written in anything less than professional style.

Each issue of Maroon and Gold is born at the expense of bloodshot eyes and much lamentation in the small hours of the night on the part of those responsible for seeing to the last details of the paper's production.

We believe not only that those lamentations and long hours are unnecessary, but that as long as they exist, the paper is failing to serve its function as a student organ.

It is a point of fact that nearly all difficulties arise from the inept writing of student reporters (who are not blamed for their inexperience) and from their inability to meet deadlines.

In an effort to make the paper meet certain standards of readability and serve as a training ground for writers, it has heretofore been necessary to attempt, at least, a rewriting of all the material submitted by reporters. This is the equivalent of having two workers write and make up the entire paper.

A complete rewriting of the material is obviously impossible, and the paper has suffered from the necessity of printing un-edited or hastily edited work.

A properly trained staff can turn out a paper of twice this issue's merit in half the time taken to produce it. And in turning out one issue, they will have learned more than they could possibly learn in a year's work on a mediocre paper.

And now, to those students interested enough in the paper's problems to read this far, there is being offered in this precious paragraph an opportunity to learn the fundamentals of journalistic technique at no expense to themselves.

Every Monday night succeeding the appearance of the paper on Friday, Mr. Bruton will meet with student reporters and would-be reporters at 7 p. m. in 105 Mooney. Instruction will be given in news writing and news gathering, with emphasis on actual writing to be done on class.

However, only those students able to meet certain provisions are invited to attend the classes. Those provisions are: 1) that the student attend classes regularly, 2) that he be willing to read some newspaper for 30 minutes each day, and 3) that he have a sincere interest in news writing or in working on the Maroon and Gold.

—The Editor.

thinking it over

By JENNINGS BERRY

"The one thing in the world of value is the active soul. This every man is entitled to."

Emerson made this remark, and it is the scholar who must heed it. When the "general run" of the people is mentioned, we refer to those who, following human nature, are in the middle of the on-rushing stampede of unthinking crowds. The word "crowds" is intentionally used here instead of "individuals," for there are no individuals in such a mass.

The student or worker, it matters not which, is not an individual, and has not his own soul, unless he is a "man thinking." It takes no great mentality to follow the utterances of past genius; looking forward on the other hand, is the mark of an active soul.

How has this whirling world progressed thus far? Has progress been furthered by those who are satisfied with that which they find before them? Certainly it is inspiring to find a great revelation in a book—but that revelation is the accomplishment of another man. He is the one who turned the crank—not you. It is much more gratifying to find for one's self the ideas that make progress.

However, the ideas of old cannot be discarded. They are needed for a foundation for current thought. The proper use of ideas of the past is a matter of right degree. One may delve into the libraries, believing it his duty to accept all the conclusions or theories of Plato or Bacon, but he is a bookworm, not a thinker. Actually, the thinker can be subdued by too much influence of past thought.

A traditional mistake made by many college students seems to be the "cramming" the contents, as it were, of books into their heads, leaving little space for reasoning. There exists within the social traditions a certain pressure that forces the student to rely unconsciously upon sources already laid out.

When circumstances change, the student should change too, and it is because of his hasty use of borrowed philosophies that the picture in his mind is hazy.

This is not a sermon written to persuade the "dear reader" to merely drop out of sight and come up later with a grand and original notion. It is suggested, rather, that instead of plunging headlong with the multitude, he raise a searching eye to those around him, in order that his observations may unlock the channel to acquaintance with himself. Ultimately he may become one to which others may look in order to follow his forward movements. These movements are forward because they are independent of, and free from, the well-worn "accepted" ideals.

Observe, scrutinize, ponder, change about and strike out the falsities of the foundations laid for you; then build your own life on a foundation checked and approved by yourself. This is creating an active soul.

Thus the more serious side of this column is completed. We might take a theme of apparently permanent interest and say, "Chilly, isn't it?"

Forsooth, good one, I see the thrill of nature in kindled in your soul. But observe further than the feelings of those "goose-pimples." See the golden waxwork set in an envious green, or those brittle but gentle leaves scudding along the fading greenery? As you gaze upon this beauty, isn't it your desire to feast your eyes upon it endlessly?

I say, my good sir, ah . . . hm-m . . . some other part of God's creation seems to have proved more attractive—well, there they go. That's more confirming evidence that this inanimate beauty is taken for granted.

Did anyone of you notice the gang improving our circle in front of the campus? Some who have noticed looked with longing at the position held by him who carries the "double barreller." Could it be that he finds little argument?

Enough of this abstract rambling; so until another time here is something for the politically minded.

The time is drawing near when it will be possible to tell how much of the Presidential timber is mostly bark.