

Maroon and Gold

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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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1948

Member
Intercollegiate Press

O TANNENBAUM!

About this time every year, greeting card manufacturers pull themselves out of the red, the slick magazines add hundreds of pages to take care of the ads, and the department stores rid themselves of slow moving merchandise decorated with tinsel.

For more than a month each year too, the old trite songs find themselves enjoying a renewed popularity for no other reason than that they contain the words "Santa Claus," or "Christmās." All the budding song writer has to do to get a start in this age of misguided sentimentality is to include in his insipid aria anything having a Yuletide connotation. This is the time of year when the great variety of truly beautiful music goes begging, while about three songs monopolize the airways and the coin-operated phonographs.

And Junior soaks Dad for twenty of the green so he can get the girl friend a piece of brass and glass jewelry. So Dad heaves a deep sigh and has Mom turn the collars on his threadbare shirts. Why? Because it would be "just too, too revoltingly horrible" if that vacuum-headed little gal didn't receive a present from Junior. Junior would be given the boot! because those things just aren't done.

Here comes Santa Claus! Ha! If little William could only catch that bewhiskered old coot—bringing him an erector set when he wanted an automatic revolving machine-gun with a case of incendiary bullets!

Benevolent soul that he is, dear Father doesn't even bother to open all those long thin packages. Why should he spoil his day by gagging over those nauseating ties and forcing a sickly and hypocritical smile of gratitude?

Cynical? In a way. But merely the result of observance, we assure you. Brush aside the glittering tinsel to the sordiness beneath. Christmas has become the hucksters' heaven wherein they joyously fight a battle royal for the magnificent dollar.

Regardless of our religious views, our ingrained dogmas and tenets, we cannot help seeing the beauty in the original message and spirit of Christmas, that is, if we can find it in the jungle of gaudy trappings and thoughts of self.

We buy a dollar's worth of Christmas seals and spend two dollars to help make an orphan's lot happier. This is wonderful; the more the better, but on the other hand we will rid ourselves of many times this much for some flimsy gewgaw which will probably be found two weeks later in

letters to the editor

Having read this piece, many of you will be insulted, a few embarrassed and perhaps just one enlightened. It is for the one who will be enlightened that I write.

Since my first day at Elon I have worked in the dining hall. At times I would prefer to call it a "mess" hall. With this in mind permit me to proceed.

Without a doubt this year you students have reached the optimum in Elon's dining halls. This seems a misstatement in the face so many complaints.

But wait, what do these complaints consist of? First, they are based on pure unadulterated ignorance; second, they are voiced by the young and inexperienced; third, they are founded on the assumption that the world and Elon College owes them something; and fourth, they stem from man's lack of courtesy to man.

Shall I continue? Rather than consider each point let me sum it all up. You students are terribly busy, but you find time enough to stand before the dining hall entrance for a half-hour before the doors are scheduled to open and when they are flung open, dash madly toward the counter, trampling each other in the rush.

Shouting, singing and whistling, you jostle and sway in line; you deposit your gum wherever it may fall from your mouth, though some, more considerate than others, mash it into the floor with their feet.

I can understand why many of you are in college—your parents wanted to eat their meals in peace and quiet, so they sent you to school.

A lack of consideration for your fellow man is paramount in your ill manners. It requires a man working full time keeping constant vigilance to limit you poor underfed people to one dessert. Even this is not completely satisfactory because you are so diabolically clever in taxing two. The fellow at the end of the line has a good reason to complain because the dessert supply has been depleted. After all, sufficient quantity was cooked to supply only one for each person.

The starving Armenians must relinquish all claim to fame after one season of complaint from Elon's football squad. Somehow the ones causing the loudest complaints were the same ones the coaches complained about as having two left feet and more muscle than brain. To bear out my argument I will say this: I have never heard Spivey complain. How about you, Dickerson?

My argument to support the theory of ignorance is simple. Choice: spaghetti or potatoes. Your answer: "I want both." Next remarks heard: "That dining hall serves too much starch." Try to serve a new dish: "I want black-eyed peas and corn." Phoeby.

If you want to know just what the world owes you, let me answer with a question. What don't you owe the world?

I cannot hear a word you say because your actions speak so loudly.

Your humble servant,
J. F. Hoffman.

RHYME OR REASON

A Thoughtful Word At Christmas
Someone whispered into my ear,
"Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!"
I turned to see from whence it came;
Found neither the speaker nor his name.

I looked again a second time,
And then it flashed into my mind—
'Twas not the speaker I should see;
It was the joy he shared with me.

A gift he gave to each and all;
It was not large, nor was it small;
'Twas just a thoughtful word of cheer—
"Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!"
—By Charlotte Rothgeb.

the back of the closet.

Here is the answer: vanity must be satisfied; ego must be bolstered. The American must feed his conceit by outdoing his fellows, regardless of the throats cut, the weak trampled. We are slaves to a tradition created by money-grubbers. While we are hypnotized by the gleam of a diamond, our fellows die of exposure and starvation. Behind the facade of benevolent hypocrisy lies—and lies and lies.

—And a Merry Christmas to you, too!

... with a shovel

By JOAN BOLWELL

It won't be long now, kids. Have you all written to Santa yet and told him all your little heart's desires? Seems like Hackney has already received his present, but not from St. Nick. How is your morale, Hack?

Have you girls been through the third degree yet? Are you sporting a ball and chain? Christmas is coming, so you better level off. We all know . . . CENSORED.

Big Boy Zurlis ought to take up sketching, or as most men say, etching. The resemblance to Jeff Davis was remarkably realistic, eh Johnny? Only one complaint from the critics; the landscape wasn't muddy enough.

Did you ever listen to the bits of conversation while standing in the chow line? It can be quite amusing . . . "Did you hear the one about the Jap soldier and the U. S. Marine . . ." (For finish see T. P.) "Check the walk on that one!" "He's so cute; wonder if he has a car." "Oh boy, black-eyed peas again!" "It really wasn't what I expected." "Take it off; who said you could wear my skirt?" "Wonder if the biscuits bounce today."

Nancy McDonough's current song favorite is "All I Want For Xmas Is Three Front Teeth." Bufort Andrews says he'll settle for one. Must have been a terrific weekend in Suffolk, Maury Lou . . . your roommate has been lugging trays all week . . . Janie Blackburn was certainly in an embarrassing situation this past weekend . . . Johnny Watson is the perfect photographer's model . . . Pate, how do you rate?

Knitting has become the rage in West lately . . . Jean Harris is going to knit a handkerchief for a present to her father . . . Tony's yellow Jeepster is the newest thing on campus . . . from now on, Claude, you'd better stay awake when riding the bus.

It wouldn't be Christmas without snow, so let's all hope for some. The carols on the juke-boxes are quite popular, but "Lili Marlene" rates first with the dart experts.

That's all—Ring the bells and keep up those holiday spirits. Hang up your stocking and maybe Santa will put a motorcycle in it. Have fun.

rodomontade rampant

By ROBERT RUBINATE

Thanksgiving was tedious for most of us. It's hard to crowd all one wants to do into four short days.

Despite the fact that most of us lit out for home, the Elon bleachers at Memorial Stadium were overflowing last November 24. Oh yes, Guilford lost.

Coming back in the half-empty bus, the team talk was light and jovial. Bobby Harris bowed out with a fine performance and Claude Gentry was in the Guilford backfield so often that only his uniform distinguished him. Bobby did some fine punting that day. Bill Barger mentioned the fact and Harris beamed back, "Didn't know I had it in me, did you?" Neither did we, Bobby, neither did we.

It must have been a gigantic gopher that dug the furrows around Senior Oak. Dick Kearns, now at Chapel Hill, popping up all over . . . even at Guilford. May have been mistaken, but was that a baby carriage parked outside of West? Don't miss "Gas Light," playing two nights . . . Dec. 14-15.

The dining room floor had a sparkle when classes started after the holidays. Come now, Herr Hoffman—did you actually count those three hundred blobs of discarded chewing gum?

Little ol' Jane Upchurch bemoans the fact that she is never mentioned in these pages. Dry your bloodshot eyes, dearie.

Why does everyone think a hitchhiker will readily understand his many troubles.

We did find a genial gentleman the other day who followed Elon's games. He says he believes all the worst announcers broadcast our grid battles. "The announcer for the Guilford game kept mentioning a guy named Zero," he said. "Is he really good or does he have relatives in radio?"

No one appreciates fine music more than we, but we do believe Mr. Dupre should have varied the score in his concert. However, we do wish to thank him for dusting off the pipes. Didn't think the organ had that much music in it.

Dick's Yawn Patrol A Hit

By HARVEY FOUSHEE

"Situated on the saturated banks of South Buffalo Creek," in radio station WGBG, where Dick McAdoo holds forth every morning from 7:00 to 8:00 with the "Yawn Patrol."

Dick began his radio work in March, 1947, and has since become one of the favorite "disc jockeys" of Elon students. When he returned from service, he was disabled, and the future looked pretty dark to him from a chair. He was unable to stand for any great length of time.

While looking for work, he was sent out to the radio station for an audition. As all early morning listeners know, he got the job.

Dick says the "disc jockey" type of radio show is one of the hardest to do, but he prefers this kind to others.

"I have two such programs now—one at seven in the morning entitled "The Yawn Patrol" and another at 10:30 called "McAdoo's Mid-morning Morale Music."

Dick wants all the Elon students to drop him a card so he can play their requests.

Dick's hobby is flying. He owns a Globe Swift and often flies to



Dick McAdoo of the "Yawn Patrol" . . . 7 to 8 o'clock, WGBG

and from work, landing at a whom he met while hanging around the airport. She is a pilot too.

In July of this year, he was flying around Hillsboro, N. C., when he climbed out on the wing to put on a little act. He slipped off the wing at approximately 600 feet, but luckily he was wearing a parachute. Tomorrow, December 11, Dick will marry Miss Frances DeLoach, McAdoo's "Hit Parade" includes, in first place, "Slow Boat To China," by Kay Kyser; and close behind is "My Darling," "Two Front Teeth" is coming up fast, he says. Watch out for a new platter entitled "Smiling Through," by Jo Stafford.

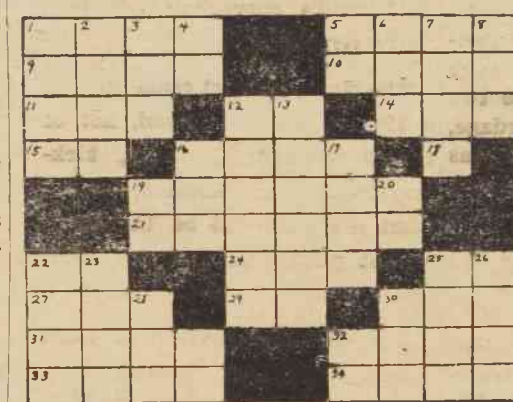
KAMPUS KROSSWORD

CAMPUS BRIEFS

Thursday night, Dec. 2, the Elon College Lyceum Series presented Marcel Dupre, brilliant French virtuoso, in an organ recital in Whitley Auditorium. Mr. Dupre has already played over 600 recitals in this country. He has been acclaimed by critics as one of the truly great organists.

When Parks Norman, Jr., went in to purchase a recording of his new theme song, "All I Want For Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth," he made the mistake of smiling. When the clerk saw that Parks was missing four front teeth he tried to sell him two records.

It has been revealed by Phi Psi Cli editor, Jeanne Meredith, that the 1948-49 edition will be ready for publication by Dec. 15. All materials are ready with the exception of some fraternity pictures which are expected to be in soon. Students can expect to receive their issues about May 15, Miss Meredith says.



ACROSS

1. German word for no.
5. A cow shed.
9. To unite.
10. Twelve months.
11. Spanish for sun.
12. Title of a king (abbrev.)
14. Student organization.
15. A state (abbrev. reversed).
16. To perceive by ear.
17. An article.
18. Permanent job.
20. Pertaining to sound.
21. Preposition.
23. A suffix.
24. Initials of Elon's choo choo.

26. Old horse (slang).
28. French pronoun, masculine singular.
29. A falsehood.
30. Row of seats
31. Hill in Jerusalem.
32. Butter substitute.
33. City in Nevada.

DOWN

1. Elon Player.
2. A winner Thanksgiving day.
3. Physically unwell.
4. Northern state (abbrev.)
5. Near to.
6. Affirmative.
7. Old Jewish word for contempt
8. Period of time.
12. Marked by valiant courage.
13. Nymph of Greek mythology.
15. An exclamation.
16. Means of guiding animals.
18. Rhyming consonants.
19. A cola beverage.
21. Preposition.
22. Pointed piece of metal.
24. Bud of a plant.
25. A game of skill.
27. Slang expression.
29. To recline.
31. Chemical symbol for zirconium



Elon's Household Arts Club drop their knitting to take time out for a photograph. (Left to right) seated: Doris Shipton, Ellen Spivey, Mary Butler and Elizabeth Raines. Standing: Dorothy Lasser, Dorothy Brinkley, Mabel Long, Nell Britton and Jane Peterson.