

Maroon and Gold

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1951

IS AMERICA DOOMED TO DISASTER?

The people of Great Britain, who have been living under the rule of detestable Socialism for six long and unsuccessful years, have finally convinced themselves of the fruitlessness and failure of the Fabian idealism. They went to the polls ten days ago and voted the Labor Government out and the Conservatives back into office. Ageing but courageous Winston Churchill, leader of the Conservative Party, was restored as Prime Minister by King George VI.

Again, the British people have a real leader, a leader who knew the venture into socialism was radically wrong, a leader who never gave up his fight to defeat socialism and restore his party to power.

Winston Churchill left the prime ministry when his party was defeated in 1945, after he had led his people victoriously through the greatest conflict in recorded history. Today, after six long years of disaster, Churchill resumes his old duties with the same determination and courage that symbolized his leadership during the war years.

His is an empire which appears tottering and shaking from Suetz to Singapore, for, in the words of Churchill himself, "The Labor Government has reduced us to a position where any third-rate nation feels free to push us around." 'Tis hard to say when he and his people have seen harder and more serious times.

The Labor government of Britain had its roots back in 1883 when a group of so-called intellectual visionaries were attracted by the theories of Karl Marx. They formed a Fabian Society, which was named after Quintus Fabius, famous general of ancient Rome, who defeated Hannibal by destroying a segment of his army at a time, thereby destroying the Carthaginian invaders piece by piece.

By 1905 this society was no longer an infant. It was well on the way to maturity. The labor unions became political forces and made a deal with the Liberal Party, led by Lloyd George, whereby Labor and the Liberal Party became practically synonymous in England. By 1914, when the Labor Party had several seats in Parliament, its ultimate success was apparent. It was strong enough in 1923 to advance Ramsey MacDonald to the prime ministry, and in 1945 the party took full control.

In retrospect remember that in the early 1900's Great Britain was the strongest nation in the world. Today it is one of the weakest.

Clement Attlee screamed to his contestants last week that "we have had all too short a time to do the immense amount that was needed," but we must face the fact that Socialism in Great Britain would not have lasted as long as it did, had it not been for the aid provided by the United States of America.

In answer to those in America who scream for the socialist state, let them but look at Great Britain. Facts speak for themselves. Still, here in America the



cash on the spot

By LYNN CASHION

Three cheers for the band, Jimmy Rhodes, and "Basedrum" Meredith. We are looking forward to their next appearance. At last we have the makings of a band of which we can be proud.

Why can we not have pep rallies before the ball games? By doing so, we can work our fighting spirit into a frenzy before going to the games and not waste the first quarter warming up.

I am looking forward to "See How They Run," which will mark the first time I have ever been permitted to dress comfortably and not be arrested for indecent exposure. See the play, and you will know what I mean.

Under the Campus Code we are bound on our responsibility as a gentleman or lady to conduct ourselves as such at all times, and further to see to it, insofar as possible, that our fellow students do likewise. Therefore, I submit the following definition of a gentleman:

A Gentleman . . . Is a man who is clean inside and out; who neither looks up to the rich or down to the poor; who can lose without squealing; who can win without bragging; who is considerate of women, children, and old people; who is too brave to lie; too generous to cheat; and who takes his share of the world and lets other people have theirs.

Now, WHO can give me the definition of a lady?

Regardless of his wife and daughter's attempt to harness him, Dr. William Scott proved to be one of Elon's most enthusiastic supporters at the W.C.T.C. game. I suggest that the cheer leaders draft Dr. Scott as a member of their group. We could use more enthusiasm.

For the benefit of those who were disheartened about cabbages in the last issue, I would like to defend the cabbage and fellow cabbage-eaters with a word of encouragement. The cabbage can be considered a "foreign" delicacy, being derived from the European plant, brassica oleracea. They also are a member of the respectful families of cauliflowers and Brussels sprouts.

"Ode To A Bachelor"
Wives of meek men all remind us
We can keep our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
None for the family line.
—"Available" Cashion.

I know that my bald spot is inviting to the acorn throwers, but I beg of you, please let my hair die in peace.

After rushee initiations, two colors have been added to three of the fraternity rooms; red, signifying blood, and blue, tinted to match possible bruises. Seriously, the newly painted frat rooms really add a new glow to the Student Union.

North Carolina is listed among the states having the highest rate of accidents in the country, which should make us realize that we should keep our eyes on the road. And also the car.

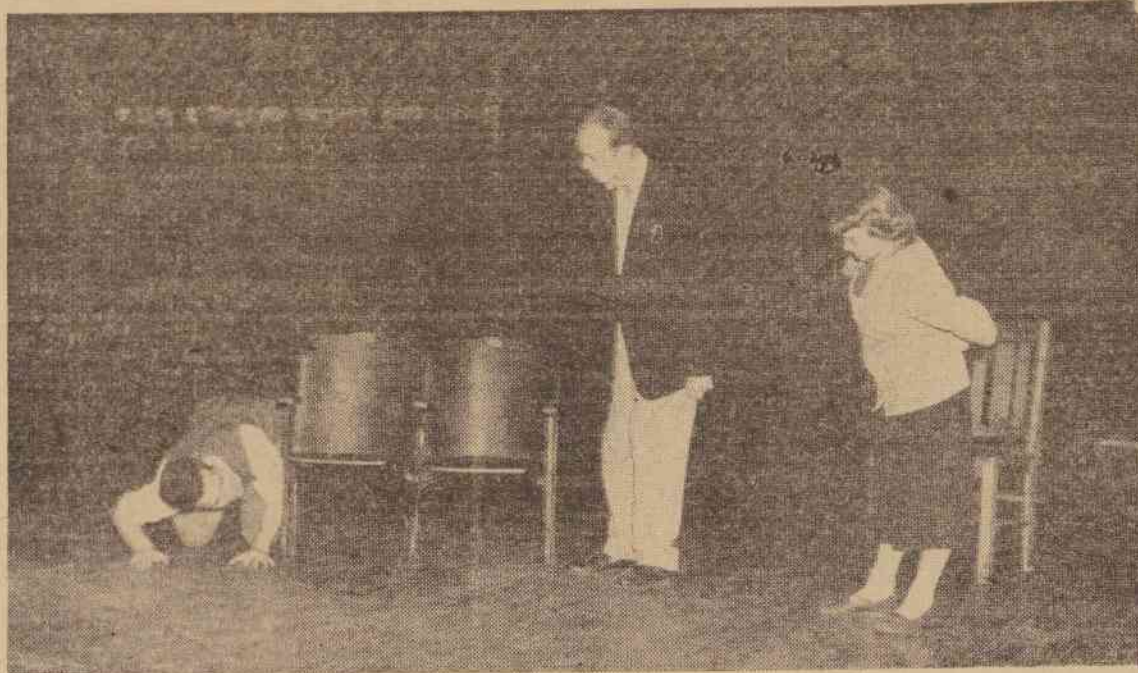
trend toward socialism is apparent.

As early as 1932 the trend toward socialism took on a mature shape, disguised under the New Deal and all its agencies. No, it was not called socialism; it was only "welfare." It seemed the only thing to do, but, after all, America has returned to normalcy after each depression and would have done so again.

Has America gone back to normalcy under the New Deal? No, it has not. With each passing year, America has leaned more to the left. The Democratic party in America has lost its soul to the socialists, just as did the Liberal Party in England.

Government is now our master. Government has invaded business, industry, agriculture, electric power, banking and all that was once rightfully ours. Each way the grim reality of mounting taxes stares us in the face. What is America coming to? What is its ultimate end? What will be the result? Is there not someone in America willing and able to save our government?—M. C.

It's Fun To 'See How They Run'



VIRGINIA TRIGG HAWKINS



JOAN WICKMAN



ED WOODWARD

The title of the Elon Players' first offering of the new season, to be given on Whitley stage on Wednesday and Thursday nights of next week is "See How They Run," and one of the cast who does the most running is Corporal Clive Winton who runs and hides when Ida, the housemaid, enters the room. The picture above shows the fearful corporal, enacted by Tom Targett, hurriedly hiding from Happie Wilson, who has the role of Ida. Lynn Cashion (center above), appearing as the Reverend Mr. Toop, locks on in an effort to solve the queer actions.

Virginia Trigg Hawkins (upper left), who graduated in August after winning the top Player award last year, comes back as an alumni guest artist to play Penelope Toop, former American actress.

Tom Targett (upper right) is a newcomer to the Player ranks, who has the leading male role in the play. He appears as the confused Corporal Clive Winton.

Joan Wickman (center left) is another newcomer to Elon's dramatic group, and she drew her first role as Miss Skillon, a typical spinster.

Happie Wilson (center right) who made her stage debut here last year as a ballet dancer, has the role of Ida, English housemaid with a yen for the men.

Ed Woodward (lower left) is the third newcomer in this play, and he has an excellent part in the role of Sergeant Towers, Scotland Yard investigator.

Joe Brankley (lower right), who also got a fine start with the Players last year, comes back next week as the utterly bewildered Rev. Arthur Humphrey.

Roger Wilson, mysterious intruder, contributes a bit of melodrama in the picture below when he holds up the entire group while trying to escape pursuing officers. Hands in the air (left to right) are Ed Woodward, Virginia Trigg Hawkins, Joe Brankley, Joan Wickman, Lynn Cashion, Happie Wilson, Glenn King and Tom Targett.



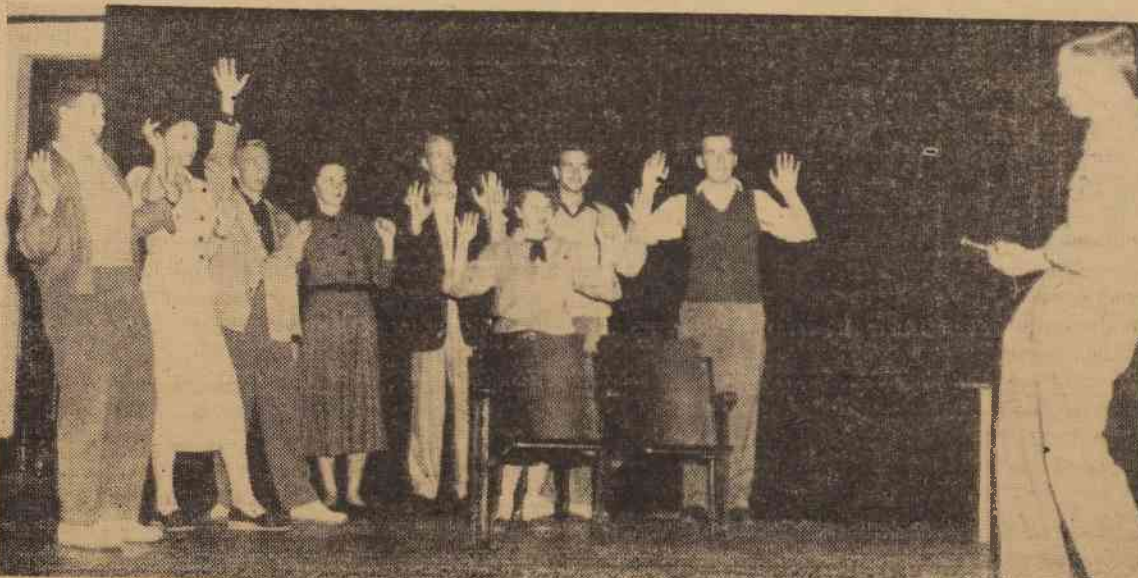
TOM TARGETT



HAPPIE WILSON



JOE BRANKLEY



of cabbages and kings

By ED ENGLS



Well, all this loafing is nice, but it's not getting a column written. All the conversation is nice too, but none of that would make acceptable copy; so let's get to work, Engles.

As I seem to be stuck for copy this trip, I guess I'll have to resort to my little black book and dig out a little vituperation I composed several months ago in a fit of rage that overcame me early one morning while leafing through a copy of Argosy magazine.

In a letter to the editor, one R. F. Forsythe writes angrily that an Argosy author had slandered the Polish race by referring to one of his characters as a "tough Polack." The author's words were as follows: ". . . he was burned all over, but that tough Polack, he lived."

When are the publishing and theatrical industries going to learn to ignore such blatant stupidity? Those of us who resent the crummy, watered-down stories that Hollywood turns out can thank, for much of the milksop garbage that we're subjected to, the too, too tender complexes of a few morons who take ordinary references to their particular race, sect, or philosophy as a personal insult.

Granted, a minority should not be trampled on because they are in the minority, but rather than have the majority suffer in an attempt to keep from hurting their tender minor feelings or to save their comparatively unimportant faces.

In a recent novel named "The Hucksters," the "hero" pulled a dirty trick on a Jewish associate, using the fact that the man was a Jew to force him into complying with an unreasonable demand rather than suffer unfavorable public opinion. The whole point was that here was a man low enough to trade on racial prejudice in order to swing a financial deal. The point was well taken; the author was in no way calumnious toward the Jew. If anything, he sympathized with a man who could be blackmailed simply because he was Jewish.

But Hollywood didn't dare use that situation, because past experience with fools and imbecile do-gooders has taught that such a situation would be interpreted by a few loud mouthed hollowheads as malicious slander directed at the Jews. Actually the whole thing was a healthy volley against anti-semitism and the evil of prejudice in general.

But the stentorian voice of the righteous boob pounds incessantly on the eardrums of the fearful motion picture industry. To stay in business they must produce what the public demands. The public, all too frequently represented by a loud and brainless few, demands and gets tremendous, colossal, fabulous, jet propelled, super-duper, and somewhat emasculated technicolor extravaganzas, which wouldn't hurt a louse. Nor would they entertain a mongoloid or start a pea rattling in even the emptiest skull.

Orthodox Jews do not eat pork. O. K. If they don't believe in eating pork, no one is forcing them to eat it. But is it an insult to Judaism for those of us on a non-kosher diet to eat bacon and eggs for breakfast? To spare the Jew's feelings, are Christians expected to prefer oatmeal? Because your neighbor is Catholic, are you flinging the gauntlet of bitter hate in his face by enjoying a steak on Friday?

At this point you are justified in asking, "How ridiculous can things get?" The only answer I have available, kiddies, is, "pretty ridiculous."

Unfortunately, lack of column space prevents further development of the idea, but those of you who have heads capable of holding an idea (and if that sounds like an attack on the Yahoo who uses his head as armor against ideas, that's because it is), this one will probably penetrate, even if you disagree with it. Follow it through a little further. You may be surprised at the results.

In closing, let me quote an old Chinese saying I just made up: "He who would not hurt a louse will soon be lousy."

An afterthought. . . it occurs to me that it may occur to you that I am prejudiced . . . against the human race. Actually, that's not true. Some of my best friends are people.