

# 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, 50c the quarter.

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1952

## ONE HAPPY FAMILY

At the Eastern Carolina-Elon basketball game the other night, several Eastern Carolina students asked how Elon managed to have such good teams in every sport and the following answer was given by an Elonite: "We're just one happy family." This was, no doubt, the best and only answer. In fact, it is the answer to that old problem of school spirit.

The school spirit here seems at the present time to be the best it has been for months. Much has been said about school spirit and how to rouse the old flame within the students. Many have written, pleaded, and even raised their tempers over this issue. And finally, the answer comes to us out of a clear blue sky. And what is so astounding is the fact that the answer has been so simple all this time, while we have been beating our heads against the wall with our high-flung theories and ideas.

"One happy family!"

Let's think this statement through and see just why it is the answer. What did that Elonite mean when he gave that answer? Let's go to the foundation of this statement and figure from there.

First of all, Elon is a small college in itself, and therefore everyone really knows each other. We live and eat together, we all have the same troubles, and we all have a common goal in view. That goal of course is to get an education. There is more to getting an education than reading books and studying all the time. It is in our college days that we really build our character and learn to live with others. There accompanies our daily schedule of classes and studying a phase of college that will be long remembered and longed for when we get out into the world. Thirty years from now we may not remember half of what we learned from books, but we will remember our "college life." That will stay with us forever, for it is in college life, the social side of college, that we make our friends and share in a fellowship that helps to form our lives and outlook forevermore.

Whenever there is a social function, or any event for that matter, we all participate and do what we can to make it fun for all. That is the reason that we have such good teams, for when they are out there fighting, they are fighting to win for us. They know that they are a part of us and that we are a part of them. If we let them down, we cannot blame them for losing.

Of course, there is strife on campus occasionally over different issues, but it does not destroy our faith in each other. The little conflicts from time to time are



the moving finger writes

By MATT CURRIN

**JULIUS MARX'S SECRET LETTER**  
The following letter appeared in the January 15th edition of LOOK and was printed under a feature story on Julius Marx, who is the famous Groucho Marx. I thought that it was very clever and worth passing on to my readers.

"Of his early childhood, the world knows little. Marx chose to answer all questions concerning his formative years with the cryptic words: 'I was always awkward, even as a young girl.' Perhaps the fullest account of the years at his mother's knee is to be found in a letter which the Master dashed off to a scrivener named Hoffman:

"Dear Irving: I have been toying with the idea of making you my child's godfather. Before doing this, I would like to see a notarized statement of your assets.

I don't intend to repeat the unhappy experience that befell my own parents late in the 19th century. At that time, there was an Uncle Julius in our family. He was five feet one, had a brown spade beard, thick glasses and a head topped off with a bald spot the size of a buckwheat cake. Now my mother somehow got the notion that Uncle Julius was very wealthy, so she told my father (who never did understand my mother) that it would be a brilliant piece of strategic flattery to make Uncle Julius my godfather.

Well, as happens to all men, I was born. And before I could say 'Gesundheit,' I was named Julius. At that very moment, Uncle Julius was in the backroom of a cigar store on Third Avenue, dealing them off the bottom. When word reached him that he had been named my godfather he dropped everything, including two aces he had up his sleeve for an emergency, and rushed over to our flat.

In a speech so moist with emotion that he was blinded by his own glasses, he hinted that my future was irrevocable, linked with his. At the conclusion of his speech, unable to see, he kissed my father, handed my mother a cigar and ran back to the pinochle game. Two weeks later, he moved into the house, paper suitcase and all.

As time went by, my mother became suspicious. She not only discovered that Uncle Julius was without funds but that he owed my father \$34. Since he was only five feet one, my father volunteered to throw him out. Mother said, "Let's wait a little longer. She had read of cases where rich men live miserly lives, then leave tremendous fortunes.

Well, Uncle Julius remained with us until I got married. By this time, he had the best room in the house—and owed my father \$84.

My mother finally admitted that Uncle Julius had been a hideous mistake and ordered my father to give him the bum's rush. But Uncle Julius had grown an inch over the years, while my father had shrunk proportionately. Father convinced my mother that violence was not the solution to the problem.

Uncle Julius solved everything by kicking off. His estate, when probated, consisted of a nine-ball he had stolen from a poolroom, a box of liver pills and a celluloid diekey.

I suppose I should be more sentimental about the whole thing, but it was a severe shock to all of us. If I can help it, that sort of thing is not going to happen to my child.

Well, son, that's the story. If you are interested, let me hear from you. And remember, a financial statement will expedite things considerably.

Yours, Groucho."

just family fusses, and when they are over, we are closer together than ever. And then, too, we are proud of each other, for in working together we have shared in the accomplishments that have come our way.

Elon is like an old family name, proud and respected, a Utopia of fellowship, for Elon prides herself in friendship. Yes, we have found Elon to be the good Samaritan, entering our lives in our journey through life, and in the short time she is our hostess, giving a part of herself to us, which we shall carry forever. And that is why we excel in whatever we attempt, for we are all for one and one for all. Yes, Elon is just one happy family! —L. C.

# High School Visitors At Elon



ALEXANDER WILSON HIGH, of Alamance County, sent the above delegation of seniors to Elon for the annual "High School Day" observance. The Alexander Wilson group, accompanied by their sponsor, was snapped as it stood on the steps before the south portico of Alamance Hall, the Elon building that was named for their native county.



MONTICELLO HIGH SCHOOL, of Guilford County, is home to the above group of seniors, who were caught by the roving photographer as they visited the Elon College Print Shop, the home of the Maroon And Gold. This school, located within eighteen miles of Elon, is represented on the campus by a number of Elon students this year.



BONLEE HIGH SCHOOL, of Chatham County, was point of origin for the above group of seniors who are watching and listening intently as Dr. Paul Check, of the Elon College Chemistry Department, explains to them the process which was under way in the exhibit. In this case the experiment happened to be the distillation of oil of wintergreen, which proved more pleasing to the olfactory tracts of the visitors than some of the aromas that normally float from the Chemistry lab.



WALTER WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL, of Burlington, shown last, was far from least in its fittingly in view of the large Burlington representation in the Elon student body. A few of the Burlington visitors are shown viewing with perplexity Prof. A. L. Heck's physics exhibit of extracting water from thin air. Bill Blackstone was student guide for this group.

of cabbages and kings

By ED ENGLS



Getting in to the M&G office about 1:00 o'clock on this fine Saturday morning, I see lying before me three typewritten pages entitled, "Cash On The Spot," which our good editor (Lynn Cashion) had thrown together on the spur of the moment just as it appeared that Engles had disappeared from the face of the earth. Let me here express my appreciation to him for taking up my duties in such Marine Corps Nick Of Time fashion, but the truth of the matter is that I have just been sitting home in a rocking chair, brooding for the past week, and now I am ready to go once again. You lucky people won't have to go through "Cash On The Spot" for another two weeks.

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This seems to have been a busy little week I've missed, too. Much political activity and all that sort of thing; and even an issue of the underground press appeared, the first since Harry Farmer blasted the veterans and they blasted back.

Some time ago, a hurried legislature meeting was called, and a bill was proposed, which had as its ostensible intent a change in the constitution which would permit day students to run for the office of president of the student body.

When the news broke on the campus, many thought that its proponent was nagging his way into office. Feeling, both pro and con, has been running high over the affair ever since.

The air was cleared, however, by a declamation before another legislature meeting, of any intent of running for any office in our student government. So that seems to take care of that . . . or does it?

At any rate, by the time this reaches print, the bill will have been voted on by the students, and something, at least will have been decided.

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Oh, and while we're on the subject (we're not, really, but we did mention the underground press a while back), let's look into this underground press thing. Since I've been on the staff of the Maroon and Gold, the underground press has made three appearances, one against me, one against Harry Farmer, and, finally, one against someone, who although unnamed, would probably find Matt Curin's shoes a good comfy fit.

Let's overlook for the moment that all three of the issues were published solely to be against something and get to what seems to me to be a more basic issue.

Whereas a worthy idea may now and then accidentally slip into the lines printed by the underground press, it is rare. It is almost wholly made up of vituperation, abuse, or just childish name-calling.

At this point I must admit that I succumb to temptation at times and indulge in some of these things myself, but you will always see my name tacked onto anything I might write for publication, as you will also see other names on all personal opinion given out in this paper.

There has never been an issue of the underground press with a signature on it which makes the rag, in my book, just a cheap and nasty method for someone without guts enough to say what he wants to say in public to attack someone or something he does not like, however good his bad motives may be.

The underground press could be a good, healthy thing. I think it is, in the sense that it shows spirit, at least. And the sheet although almost completely negative, as had some things to say at times that merit hearing. But without a signature, it reeks, it befouls the air.

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Well, kiddies, writing the column has been fun, but duty and a couple of incomplete from the fall quarter are calling, and I must make haste. Let me say again that I've enjoyed it all. . . . I hope you can say the same.

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Well, happy day . . .