PAGE TWO

Maroon and Gold

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1952

ONE HAPPY FAMILY

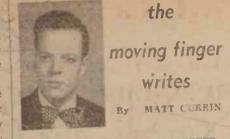
At the Eastern Carolina-Elon basketball game the other night, several Eastern Carolina students asked how Elon managed to have such good teams in every sports and the following answer was given by an Elonite: "We're just one happy family." This was no doubt, the best and only answer, in fact, it is the answer to that old prehimm 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, pleasted, and even raised their tempers over this lister. And finally, the answer comes to us not 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-flue, theorlet and ideas.

"One happy family!"

Let's think this statement through and see just why it is the answer. What did that monte 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 cat together, we all have the same troubles, and we all have a common goal in view. That of course is to get 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.



JULIUS MARX'S SECRET LETTER The following letter appeared in the January 18th edition of LOOK and was printed under a leature story on Julua Mara, who is the famous Groucho Marx. I shought that it was very elever and worth passing on to my readers.

"Of his early childhood, the world knows little. Many 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 a 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 god father. 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 there, 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 éake. 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 emer-

gency. 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 rather, handed my mother a cigar and ran back to the pinochle game. Two weeks later, he moved into the house, paper suitcase and all.

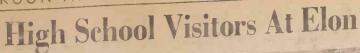
As time went by, my mother became suspicious. She not only discovered that Uncle Julius was without funds but that he owed my father \$34. Since he was only five feet one, my father voluntecred to throw him out. Mother said, "Let's wait a little longer. She had read of cases where rich men live miserly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

MAROON AND GOLD





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 spontor, was snapped as it stond on the steps before the south portico of Alamance Hall, one Elon building that was named for their native county.



MONTICELLO HIGH SCHO L. 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 ay in the exhibit. In this case the experiment happened to be the distillation of oil of wintergreen, which proved more pleasing

cabbages and kings _{By ED ENGLES}

of



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.

* * * *

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 legislatur meeting was called, and a bill was pro posed, which had as its ostensible inter a change in the constitution which woul 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 a nagling his way into office. Feeling, bot pro and con, has been running high ove the affair ever since.

The air was cleared, however, by a di clamation before another legislature meet ing, of any intent of running for any of fice in our student government. So this seems to take care of that . . . or does if At any rate, by the time this reach print, the bill will have been voted by the students, and something, at leas will have been decided.

* * * *

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

Let's overlook for the moment that a three of the issues were published sole 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 prints by the underground press, it is rare. It almost wholly made up of vituperation abuse, or just childish name-calling.

At this point I must admit that I su cumb to temptation at times and indul in some of these things myself, but y will always see my name tacked onto an thing I might write for publication, as will also see other names on all perso opinion given out in this paper. There has never been an issue of the underground press with a signature on which makes the rag, in my book, just cheap and nasty method for someone with out guts enough to say what he wants say in public to atack someone or some thing he does not like, however good bad his 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 nega tive, as had some things to say at time that merit hearing. But without a signa ture, it reeks, it befouls the air.

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 luloid dickey.

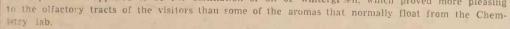
I suppose I should be more sentimental about the whole thing, but it was a severe shok to all of us. If I can help it, that sort of thing is not going to happen to my child.

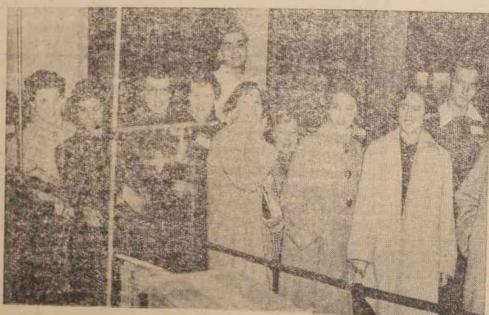
Well, son, that's the story. If you are interested, let me hear from you. And remember, a financial statement will expedite things considerably.

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.





WALTER WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL. of Burlington. shown last, was far from least in its representation for "High School Day." In fact Burlington sent the largest delegation of all, quite 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. Hock's physics exhibit of extracting water from thin air. Bill Plackstone was student guide for this group.

Well, kiddies, writing the column has been fun, but duty and a couple of incompletes 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.

Well, happy day . . .