

# Maroon And Gold

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1958

### NEEDED RESOLUTIONS

It would be quite interesting to know all the resolutions made by Elon College students as the New Year arrived on the campus, but it is to be hoped that at least one group of students made and will keep a much-needed resolution.

The group of students referred to is composed of those all-too-frequent absentees from the meetings of the Student Legislature, those who were elected by their fellow students last spring to represent various groups in the legislative meetings and who have been absent on many occasions.

A check on the activities of the Student Legislature for the Fall Quarter and the early part of the Winter Quarter revealed a real problem with absenteeism. In fact, at least one, and possibly more than one, meeting was called off because of failure to have a quorum in attendance.

With their fellow students depending upon them for representation, it is to be hoped that those absentees resolved at the New Year to be more regular in attendance and thus fulfill their duties.

In connection with this problem, it might help the absentees to keep their attendance resolution if the secretary or clerk of the Student Legislature would compile a list of those missing each meeting and submit same to the Maroon and Gold for publication. At least such action would show the students how to vote in the upcoming spring elections.—CONTRIBUTED.

### PERSONALITY

Your personality is your outward manifestation of your true inner self and nature, and it is perhaps of infinitely more value to you than any of your other human traits, for your personality is definitely aiding or hindering you.

Regardless of who you are, you need to pause and ponder the tremendous importance of developing and maintaining a pleasing personality. It's development should receive your constant consideration and care, for it is not a gift; it's an attainment. Properly developed, it can be your most priceless asset. It can aid you in becoming just about anything your heart desires.

Personality does not mean appearance nor looks. Neither is it what others think of you. It is your true character manifesting itself.

Some years ago a large university carefully selected one hundred male students from its graduates on the basis of their extremely high grades, while another one hundred men were selected for their outstanding personality traits.

As far as possible, systematic records were kept on the earnings of all the individuals in each group for a period of ten years. At the end of that time it was found that the one hundred men selected solely on the basis of their outstanding grades were earning an average income of \$8,000 per year, while those selected on the basis



## under the oaks

With CHUCK OAKLEY

January First was not only the start of a New Year, for it was the beginning of a new period for all of us. We returned to the campus with refreshed enthusiasm, stimulated interest and determination to correct the errors of yesteryear. Perhaps in making your resolutions you observed yourself carefully and arrived at conclusions that will provide a successful and Happy NEW Year.

### Try To Forget

The time you opened your mouth once too often and a filterable virus with an Asian accent moved in, and the next thing you knew you were muffled in blankets, toes turned up, gazing mournfully at the ceiling and wishing you were dead. The cold nights you spent in North Dorm because of inadequate heat. The fact that our football team was deprived of the Conference championship. The credits you had taken away from you because you enjoyed a few extra hours of sleep. The disappointing nights you were turned down in the parlor of West. I say forget and make the best of a New Year.

### Chit Chat

Our Registrar, Miss Hazel Walker, is still enjoying the excitement that came during the holidays, when she received that glittering gift from ex-Elon business professor, Tom Fox. Sorry that you can't be with us next year, but best of luck to both of you. Leigh Willis got everything for Christmas but hair. I understand that starting February we're getting hot water machines—twenty-five cents a bath. Bobby Orr was seen at two o'clock in the morning, tying do-nuts in a sheet. Harold Harris asked a girl for a date, and she transferred immediately. PLEASE don't ask any more girls for a date. Note for the guys who hang around West Dorm: Squirrel season goes out on the twenty-fourth of this month. Santa Claus came to Jimmy Fentress and Bill Branch. They got "nighties" to match. (How charming). I understand that Wayne Taylor got some too. If you get tired of wearing them, I can always use an extra bedspread. Buddy Way, was it one of those snapping that you get your hand caught in? Earl Murray got about forty dollars in cash for Christmas and then gave it to a cop, who wished him a Happy New Year. Will Charlie Frye be the Lover Boy of 1958? Wayne Rudisill is writing a short story. I hope he's not comparing Elon to Peyton Place. Will Bob Hendricks go all the way for another "A" in Education this quarter? I thought Bob Willet had a lot of mouth until Mike Erlich moved in. With a mouth like that you ought to figure out some way to make money with it. John Shepard will be joining the Elon Players as chief make-up artist. He heard they were doing "Man With a Thousand Faces," and he's now wearing a sample of his skill. Have you heard of the Davis and Heywood heating company? It operates through a call system. If I could spill the bull like DelGais, I would try my luck in a Spanish Arena. There are ten pencil sharpeners in Alamance. Five of them are broken, and the other five cannot be found. June Campbell would like to get snow-bound in the Appalachian hills. She's already snowed. June gave a Christmas party at her home for Kappa Psi and Tau Zeta. Wonder why Janet Burge likes old Navy uniforms? Betty Earp's most appreciated Yule gift was a diamond. Martha Langley really enjoyed helping with the Christmas party for the orphans. Alpha Pi really deserves a lot of credit for that Orphans' Party. Upon reading Rip Van Winkle, Louann Lambeth was not at all moved at the way Rip's wife nagged him. Replied Louann in English class, "If My husband slept for twenty years, I'd do some nagging, too."

### And In Closing

I'll be back in two week. In the meantime, be patient. That's the ability to idle your motor when you feel like stripping your gears.

of their outstanding personalities were earning an average of \$13,000 per year.

It isn't intended to infer that high marks in school are not important, because they definitely are, but the student who excels in helpful personality and who actively participate in various school activities has a distinct advantage over the student who concentrates on highmarks alone. —ANONYMOUS.

## Higher In Science Building . . .

# Exploration Reveals New Curiosities

By JO McQUADE

"Who? Me? Write an article about the second floor of the Science Building? But . . . But . . . And once more I was on my way to the Artelia Roney Duke Memorial Science Building.

I climbed the stairs to the second floor where I had been told I'd find the Biology Department. I found it. The hall was lined with classrooms and laboratories for general biology, physiology, genetics, embryology, comparative anatomy, anthropology, and all that stuff. What's more there were rooms set aside for the gentle arts of geology and geography.

But everything was dark and dismal . . . deserted . . . dead. My footsteps echoed from the walls and cold chills traced my spine. I was whistling courageously as I turned the corner that brought me face to face with "it"—an eerie-looking, half-rotted hand. My whistler choked, and I froze.

Sometime later, my eyes coaxed my confidence back. After all, it was just an ordinary hand, cut off and put in a jar of embalming fluid. And beside it were more of the same.

Pat, slimey snakes coiled in containers in dim-lit rows; bats, eels, sharks, rats, bugs, and more bugs were sliced, preserved and set there for poor, unsuspecting eyes.

On a lower shelf were jars of purplish human embryos, some wrinkled and deteriorating, others images of horror comic characters. Beside these were the embalmed entrails of some animal, the kidneys of another, and somebody's brain.

Diehard? Not me. I inched side ways for the door.

### Rescue Was At Hand

A cheerful tune caught my ear and I saw a man come down the hall. He entered a door on which I saw the words, "Paul H. Reddish, Professor of Biology." "Saved!" says I. Then, pencil and notebook in hand, I followed him. "Yes, he was Prof. Reddish," and "Yes, he taught biology." The interview was underway.

Prof. Reddish graduated from Duke University, I learned. His wife is the former Jenny Summers, of Raleigh. She attended Peace College and was working for an insurance firm when they met.

He also revealed that he taught over seven years at Cary High School in Cary, working summers as research assistant in Entomology and Parasitology at State College. He taught photography in summer school at the University of N. C. in '41, then taught physics at State College in '42 and '43. During 1944 and 1945 he was an associate of the cultural department of the Carolina Biological Supply Company. Since then, he's been teaching at dear ole Elon.

### EXPLORING AGAIN

Still seeking to "Know Elon," the Maroon and Gold dispatched its inquiring and exploring reporter to the second floor of the Duke Science Building this week, and within its dim recesses she found many wondrous things in the fields of biology, zoology, geology, and geography . . . and something, too, about the men who guide the study in those fields of learning.

A friendly person of many and varied interests, he believes that "A man can learn to do anything he wants, if he wants to badly enough. And the more he learns about a variety of things, the more interesting those things become, with an ultimate reward of a fuller, richer life."

Some of Prof. Reddish's hobbies are gardening, fishing, photography, research, and electronics. His latest project in the latter was the building of a Hi-Fi set. (Project completed.)

I had dozens more questions to ask, but a boy was waiting to be given a comprehensive test; so I resumed my tour.

### And More Monsters

As I stepped into the hall, I was almost trampled by a parade of people carrying large trays of black, hairy monsters. Just physiology students with dead cats, as I saw on second glance, so I went in the opposite direction.

I stopped at a door that read, "Dr. Richard M. Haff, Professor of Biology". Aha! Another interview victim.

A few questions later and I'd learned that Dr. Haff is a native of New York City, where he received his A. B. from NYC College. He went on to Columbia University for his biology Masters, then to Cornell for a Ph.D. Next he taught biology at NYC, then at Cornell.

From '42 until '45, he served in Miami as a translator for the

U. S. Bureau of Censorship. After that followed two years professorship at Morris Harvey College—"In West Virginia?" "In West Virginia."—and since 1947 he has been teaching here.

His wife is the former Mildred Watt, also of New York City, who teaches math to Elonites. They have one son, Richard F., who graduated from the University of N. C., got his Ph.D. in bacteriology from Western Reserve University and is now married and working for Dupont in Delaware.

As for his philosophy, Dr. Haff says it lies in the reason he quit business to teach: "In business you're dealing with dead statistics. In teaching, you deal with live people. Of course a teacher's salary . . . But didn't you say you wanted to tour the department?"

He offered his services as guide and we were off.

### Some Rare Specimens

The first room we entered was a laboratory for vertebrate zoology. Cases of rocks for geology observation lined the center, one end was a geography classroom, and the other was packed with work tables. On one of these was a turtle's skeleton, a jar of jellied salamanders, and a cardboard box from which Dr. Haff lifted a smelly, stiff cat, wrapped in transparent plastic.

The next room was the bacteriology lab. My guide gave a detailed description of bacteria culture, pointing out bottle after bottle of chemicals; test tubes of gelatin; flasks, droppers, petri dishes and more of the same.

"This device is a colony counter, used to count colonies of bacteria," he explained. "You see, when . . . and I was lost in a jungle of technical terms. My rescuer was a physiology student, who came carrying a necklace of jangling bones, and interrupted to ask if a certain part of a certain one was a prezagorpothisis . . . Or something like that.

Next device was a centrifuge. Prof. Haff explained it all and I caught enough to know that if you put a test tube there and one there and then spin the thing around and around, the some kind of force separates the something from the other. Ye-eah-

### An Ordinary Refrigerator

Out in the hall again, we passed a dark room—a Photographic dark room, declared the sign—

(Continued on Page Four)

## on the campus

JOHN BIGGERSTAFF



A hearty welcome to each of you as the first edition of 1958 rolls off the press. May the New Year bring much luck and success to the Seniors as they look down the home stretch; to the Juniors who'll fill the shoes left vacant and to the Sophomores and Freshmen who are just getting to know what college is like.

Over the holiday it seems that the campus got a face lifting. Trees have been topped, ground leveled, and shrubbery and holly planted around the Science building and dorms. Now looking forward, let's do our part in beautifying the campus by not cutting across the lawn, throwing paper and bottles on the campus or doing those things that deface our school and detract from its best appearance.

Resolutions have been made for the New Year and already resolutions have been broken. Here is the first week of 1958, but I have found a plan for the next 360 some days that anyone can follow and find it quite helpful.

Take time for work . . . It is the price of success.

Take time to pray . . . It is the source of power.

Take time to read . . . It is the foundation of wisdom.

Take time to be friendly . . . It is the road to happiness.

Take time to dream . . . It is hitching your wagon to a star.

Take time to love . . . It is the privilege of the gods.

Take time to look around . . . It is too short a day to be selfish.

Take time to laugh . . . It is the music of the soul.

—Author Anonymous.

### Paragraphs

Want to hear a travel story that sounds like "Winter Wonderland" itself? If so just ask Marianne McEvoy to tell about her trip to Connecticut over the holidays. (Especially the "quaint" little places).

Seems that Kay Tyson has a new interest in the Marine Corps. Wonder why?

Has anyone noticed Sarah Barringer's astounding new ability to tell time? Could it be due to a certain Christmas gift from a certain Catawba student?

Elon's Campus seems to literally sparkle from all the new diamonds its feminine populace is sporting. Congratulations girls!

Wonder if Faye Gordon found the answer to her "problem" during the holidays?

FLASH!!!!!! Patty Michaud, better known as Red, has cut all that gorgeous crop of hair which was so much the envy of all the girls. She still looks just as good though.

Come to think of it, Jim Humphries wanted an answer to a "problem" for Christmas. Any luck, Jim?

If Laura Little seems to have acquired the habit of talking with her hands recently just attribute it to a special Yuletide gift she is rather proud of.

Has anyone ever been to an "intellectual" New Year's gathering? If not take Barbara Ellis's advice and consider yourself fortunate. Know what she means?

West's Dorm and Virginia Hall closely resembled the Sahara Desert recently. Cries of "water! water!" were heard throughout the buildings as their disgruntled tenants struggled with unyielding water faucets with no results. Seems that being a student of higher learning isn't enough today—you have to be a plumber also.

Rumor has it that Sack O'Connell has a genuine talent for "sledding". Just watch those bricks though Sack, they can be rather dangerous.

There seems to be a renewed twosome on campus. What say B. B. and B. S.?

Would somebody please wake Ronny Bergman up? This is a request from a certain interested party. They say that he is especially oblivious at about 8:00 o'clock.

Check Margie Putnam's third finger left hand. Mighty nice Christmas present. Congratulations gal.

I am sure that Dean Hereford will agree that it is better to travel with a registered nurse. Any comment?

And with all the other announcements, Mary Jane Hawkins and Bill "Coga" Cloud have set their big day for the late summer, August 15th to be exact.

Getting the jump on the girls with diamonds, Sara Shelton added the wedding band when she and Kerry Richards tied the knot at Danville on December 21st. They are living in Danville.

### Closing Thought

Education is costly, so get it before the price goes up.



## Around With Square

By WALTER EDMONDS

got her bearings crossed . . . Arthur P-P-Pitts also graced Tidewater with his presence during the Yule Tide . . . Ditto for the likes of Bobby Orr, Carol Earle and Becky Hatch . . . The faithful and malignant North Dorm is being abandoned. With-in her portals many nostalgic memories will long linger . . .

### Late Santapauses

The new and modern Smith Hall is now occupied. Landscaping is now underway through the entire campus . . . "Woody" Woodhouse has his television set in the process of being repaired. Hooray for Wyatt Earp . . . Mike Ehrich has a new "short." P. S.: He gave yours truly his old fender skirts . . . Bobby Willett is not transferring to N. C. State as planned. There seems to be a much better attraction here . . .

The Upper Ten Boys are planning another "tea" in the future. Everyone is welcomed. I will state the date in the next jam-packed issue . . . Who is that red-head girl from Winston-Salem that works the second shift for Browns' Inc. and constantly hums the ditty, "Love By The Juke Box Light?" Just curious . . .

### It Seems To Me

I just cannot find anything worthwhile to comment about

"Boots" Kidd. I know she has a hidden past somewhere. Either she is very careful of what she does and says or she lives a very dull life . . . Leigh Willis is the only boy on campus who combs his hair with a wash cloth . . . Tony DeMatteo is the only government employee who has ever worked at a government post office for the shortest time on record. A staggering length of time, which amounted to a grand total of two days . . . Memo to the members of the English 33, Shakespearean class: Did you know there are 4,000 ways to spell the name of William Shakespeare??

### Slightly Puzzled

I recently received a letter from some witty friend in Burlington. Quote: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think of it. You being neither, will understand what I mean." Unquote. To tell the darn truth I can't comprehend either, but seriously I do appreciate the attention and the wasting of three cents for the postage . . . Well, some people just don't appreciate objets d'art . . . Well all good things must end, so chances are we will meet again in the near future . . .