

Maroon And Gold

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1958

THEY STILL STUDY US

As long as we can remember, we have been studied.

Our generation has been scrutinized by every psychologist, sociologist and general quack who ever had the urge to sell a magazine article or write a book.

In our tortuous teens we first learned just how hopeless we were. By reading any good essay, we could learn, with wonder, of the devious and dreadful things of which we were capable. And, of course, we learned of numberless fears and frustrations we didn't even realize we had.

Not taking the critics too seriously, and never understanding exactly why they were so concerned about us, our generation grew to college age without succumbing to any of the disasters our frivolity had foretold.

And now, as college students, we still find ourselves studied almost as much as we study. Students are asked to write their views of life for magazines and these views ultimately become small books. Every school we enter, every job for which we apply, we are asked to take multitudes of tests with questions designed to unearth the smallest detail of our personalities. Countless polls are taken to see what we think about everything from politics and potato soup to the tenets of religion.

Whoever has assimilated this material has come up with the term "Beat Generation" in describing us. They say we have become ultraconservative, security-minded, and interested only in the easy dollar and the casual life. This is just what our fathers were chastised for NOT being when they were young in the reckless roaring and rowdy '20's.

We are different; of that there is no doubt. But in truth we are neither more promising, nor more hopeless than the generations before us. Some of us are good, some are bad. We know success and a proportionate amount of abysmal failure.

And through it all our motives will be weighed, our actions subjected to study. We, too, will eye the next generation with a skeptical eye. We will study it and complain. But all we will learn is that we do not understand; and whatever opinions we pass may very well prove to be wrong.

—The Old Gold and Black

THE SACK

Have you noticed anything different about girls and women lately. You would be blind as a bat if you hadn't noticed those "Sack Dresses," which are now so stylish for the fairer sex, although potatoes have been wearing them for years.

In my short lifetime I have noticed that the biggest difference between boys and girls is that girls have a pleasing shape. In these days and times it is hard to distinguish the sexes apart.

Why do women of America (and other countries) follow the idiot ideas of a few men? Men, in my experience, do not generally wear dresses. Why should they, then, say what is the style of dress women should wear?

If women had been made straight up and down with no curves then I could see some reason for enveloping them in a tube of cloth, but it remains that they have curves in several different places which look better if covered with an appealing dress.

So let's leave the potatoes in the sacks and put the women back in sensible dresses.

—Western Carolinian



Around Square

by WALTER EDMONDS

Hey you, what are you looking down there for? I'm up here this time, to stay I hope. Now that "Chuck" has been neatly placed "under the oaks", I find the paths to this renowned "yellow journalism" wide open. It is no question whatsoever to the axiom of journalism, that "names make news"; and I intend to knock myself out of my everloving mind to do just that . . .

In this college of complexes, we find with summer rapidly approaching, and the coming of the sunshine, which will be chaos on "rice paddies" around Elon, fellow students will start their summer occupations. For instance, Martha Langley and Louann Lambeth will sojourn all day in the sun-splashed terra firma of the old tobacco fields. All day mind you. Do your cigarettes taste differently?? "Woody" Brown will spend his summer in the Potomac Rest Home near Washington, D. C. A senior this year, by the dint of the good Lord only knows how, Brown will return in the fall for another ageless year . . . All summer school girls have the "oval orb" on Bobby Orr. It's been known to all, that he will ask a girl to go steady during the summer months when there are no compatriots in love to compete against him . . . It couldn't be a complete issue without mention of the Greensboro recluse, Bob Willet. If by some strange twist of fate Bob returns next fall, please find a "roomie". I'm so tired of you talking to yourself and practicing idolism. It's been said Dick Guite will be living in the Vets; so I know you could move in with Vince, even though it's next door . . . Margie Putman has changed her major to "husbandry", a counterpart to forestry. You know cohorts, that's the study of trees, grasses, flowers, and bushes. I can't see any future in it. Maybe it's due to all the foliage . . . Lester Dodge's former meal ticket is moving back in Carolina Hall. I'm not mentioning his name, not even his initials. Libel is much more severe than slander . . .

Hooray for Short Shorts

You just can't harness youth, and it's fun to live modern. It goes to show you we're average, and the average persons make up the nucleus of the world, can't be disputed . . . In a letter recently, which was floating around the channels of ole Elon, several gentlemen of a certain organization were defined as "hoods". Now I say, that is not a worthy attribute to pass upon the character of anyone. It just so happens three of those so called "hoods" have scholarships to graduate school upon their graduation. You can bet your recently new Easter bonnet, that no other organization can boast the above premise . . .

May Day

May Day was a successful affair in every vein. I can't go into a capsule form of each event in the spectacle, but the entire festivities were summits of wholesome entertainment . . .

Thoughts While Thinking

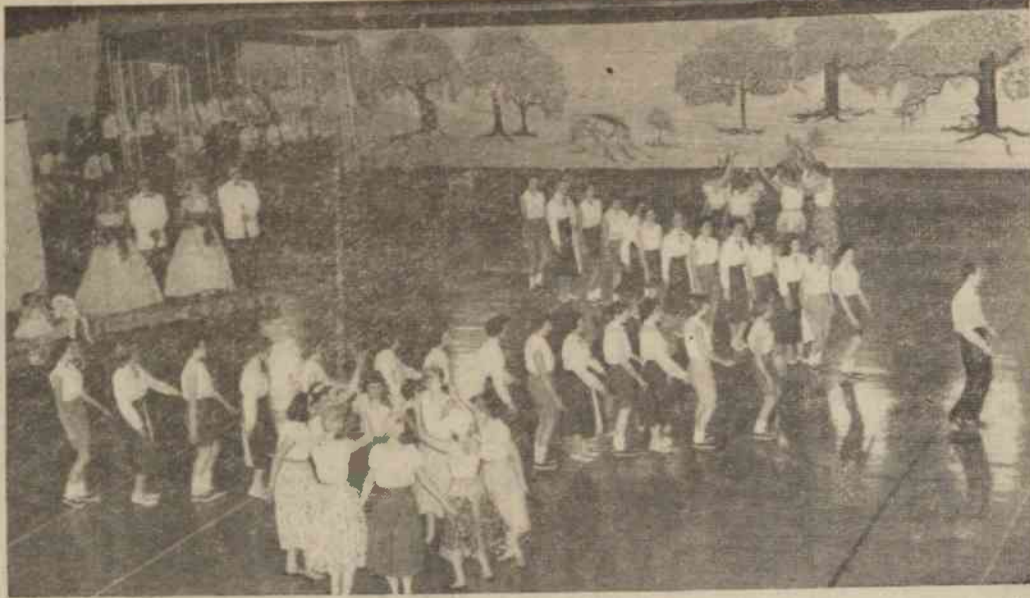
Sports participants, not to mention the finest coaching staff in the North State Conference, have displayed the essential qualities which go to make up the best rounded athletic program, near or far. In a period of one year, Elon's Fighting Christians had an undefeated team in football, the conference baseball champs, and runner-up in track. It seems we're off to another banner year, so let's give them our fullest measure of support. Hats off to those who will leave us this spring due to graduation. We only hope your successors will do half the job you did, and then we know it will be a worthy one . . .

Add Thoughts

Tony DeMatteo and Bob Stauffenberg recently were rejected by the USMC . . . The latter is not an item of special interest. It just happens to be "space filler" . . . Doris Gaddis, the "giver" but not the "receiver" of certain gems of irony, seems to be in the same old tizzie she was in when she returned from her last summer trip in Washington, D. C. Maybe a vacation in Florida could alter this condition . . . I know a fellow who ran SHORT of words recently, for I see him by HIMSELF constantly. Just goes to show you it's a SMALL world.

In closing this issue, let me remind you: Exams start in the very near future. Be prepared for the final countdown, which will decide your summer fate . . . It sure has been fun writing at you this year, and I'm assured of one thing: if you owned all the syndicated columns in the world, I know you would read mine first . . .

GRAND FINALE DANCE OF ANNUAL MAY DAY PAGEANT



The grand finale dance of Elon's twenty-sixth annual May Day pageant is pictured above, with Tommie Elmore (extreme right) leading a chorus in dancing to the rollicking notes of "Dixie". The girls dancing in the "V" and those dancing in the two circles represent a composite of all those who danced in each of the separate numbers during the pageant. A portion of May Court may be seen left at the open end of the "V" and in the background left is pictured the Elon Band group which played the accompanying music.

Informative Article Explains . . .

What Physical Therapy Has To Offer

As people everywhere live out their time on earth, a great deal of importance is attached to first experiences. A first doll is important, and so is a first bike, a first birthday party, or a first camping trip. We remember "firsts" in clothing bought for us to wear, social affairs we have attended, and less warmly, perhaps, that first trip to the dentist and the first day at school.

Everyone has a first date, a first journey to make alone, a first best friend, and a first sorrow. These things belong to the life experience of all human beings, and so we think of them as mileposts in our lives.

Graduation from school is one of the most meaningful mileposts to be reached. It is a point we work toward from our first day in school, through the remaining years of childhood, and into our early maturity. It is a time we dream about, talk about, and make plans for many times at home and among friends.

We come to think of graduation as end to a long pull, but actually the exciting significance we feel is created not only because we have reached a finality, but because we have come to another beginning; a beginning that waits on thoughtful decision, for it will go on to end in realization and will be an inevitable factor in what we speak of as destiny.

A Decision To Make

What we decide to do with our-

EDITOR'S NOTE

With the Elon seniors nearing graduation and the time when they must choose an occupation and a life job, it is fitting that the Maroon and Gold offer this highly informative article on Physical Therapy as a profession, an article which reached the Maroon and Gold office through Uncle Sam's mails.

As citizens and wage earners is no small matter. This decision involves our family status, our sense of responsibility toward life, our attitude toward service to humanity, as well as element of financial reward; and it also involves the peace and contentment of the latter years of our lives when we will naturally make a private assessment of what we have or have not accomplished since that first day at school.

Graduates in our country have the opportunity to choose a career which can mean all things in the course of time, these things being in part security, pride in labor, dignity in human relationships, pleasure in being of use to others, and that general happiness we know when all is well where we happen to be.

Many career seekers have found these rewards in the field of Physical Therapy. In this field, exploration and development are still young and unlimited and the

possibility quotient is excitingly high. Physical Therapists work closely with the members of one of the most respected professions, doctors who practice medicine and surgery and devote their time to research in an effort to help men live not only longer, but better.

In working with doctors, therapists are trained to carry recovery from illness, accident, or misfortune of birth beyond the stay in the hospital, the sickbed at home; they are trained to be of use when the verdict is, "You are going to live, but you need to learn how to use every ability now at your command in living." There is a great demand for people who are trained to help crippled limbs move again, to help hands to see where eyes cannot, to show how independence may be achieved through learning to do simple things for oneself, and most of all, to bring by kind ministrations and patient understanding, new hope for happiness and in many cases, perhaps, the necessary will to live.

Physical Therapists Needed

Both men and women are needed as Physical Therapists, and the curriculum and clinical training is the same for both. Student applicants are very carefully selected because of the very nature of the work they will learn to perform. They will work not only with doctors but with nurses, occupational therapists, speech therapists, vocational counselors, and

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Here And There

(Mostly Here)

BY DICK LASHLEY

"Spring has sprung — the grass has riz — I hope the winter ain't left you frizz!"

Spring might have sprung, but around Elon it seems as if it has overflowed. The uniform of the day has been raincoats and boots, because "ole man weather" has surely poured down the moisture lately. Now when Dr. Haff discusses water tables and water levels in his Geology class, his bright-eyed, young students should certainly know what he's talking about.

Oh well, as the saying goes, "April showers bring May Flowers", and speaking of May, that reminds yours truly of something else that May brings. Exams! Have you ever noticed how the professors' briefcases seem to become the center of attention about this time of year, and how the professors make doubly sure all their office doors are locked and their desks are cleaned of all papers? Wonder why?

There are two bright aspects of May, however. The May Dance and Graduation Day. The May

Dance is all over now along with the May Day festivities.

Our "devoted" former Student Body President, Jerry Loy, was in quite a dither shortly before the date for the dance. It seemed for a while he had spent our "hard earned" money on an orchestra that wasn't going to show up. He was already seeing stripes and bars in front of his face before he finally received confirmation of the orchestra's appearance via numerous telephone calls and as many grey hairs.

Will Elon be on the semester system next year? There have been a few rumors floating around the campus to that effect. If our old "Alma Mammy" does switch over, it sure is going to be rough on us industrious, money-hungry students who work after school. Shouldn't worry though, 'cause it's no use crossing bridges afore you get to them.

I hear the administration is going to reopen North Dorm again next year. From what little unconfirmed info I have received, I understand they are going to

park the Freshmen men in the old joint. Oh well, if they do reopen North, the new men on the campus can have fun squirrel hunting and pigeon-tail-salting in the attic.

It seems we have a "snake charmer" on the campus now-a-days.

He took his snakes from the five and ten;

To gaze at their beady eyes was his yen.

In Alamance, West, and Moo-ney they knew his fame.

Goozami is what they called him.

Lynn Newcomb is his name.

The snake wasn't real folks—honest.

Getting back to the May Day festivities, we would like to offer our hearty congratulations to the Dance Committee for the swell decorations in the gym—not only for the May Dance, but the others as well. As long as we're throwing congrats around, let's toss a few to Mrs. Griffin and her crew for a wonderful May Day program, too.

That's all for now. See y'all next issue.

on the campus

JOHN BIGGERSTAFF



With only two more editions left of the Maroon and Gold for this year and with my own service to our campus news medium nearing its close, I want to dedicate this column in this issue to one who might be called the brains and the backbone of the Maroon and Gold.

Over stories of inaugurations, sports stories, feature stories and just stories of everyday school life hovers the guiding silhouette of a man who has spent more than twenty-five years spreading the news, and it took some manipulation to get this to the linotype operator without the knowledge of Prof. Luther Byrd.

Having worked with him for several years and having seen much of the "behind the scenes" and the late hours required of the newspaper and publicity man, I felt that this dedication was due such a person. This article is more in the editorial form so as to see some of the highlights of one of Elon's professors.

For discussions in politics, history, English or just plain jabber, a few minutes with Professor Byrd will always fill the need and be both enlightening and enjoyable.

Professor Byrd is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, where he was sports editor of both the student newspaper and the university annual. There, too, for four years he served as director of all athletic publicity for the Carolina sports teams and for the same period as director of the University's intramural athletic program.

After graduation at the University he accepted a position as teacher of history and math and coach of all athletics at Westfield High School in northwestern North Carolina. At the same time he served as reporter and later news editor of the Mount Airy Times, a weekly newspaper, did news reporting for a number of North Carolina dailies and wrote a number of historical articles concerning northwestern North Carolina for those newspapers and for "The State Magazine."

During the last three years of the nineteen which he spent at Westfield he served as principal of the high school, and through all of the period he was active in civic and religious affairs of the Westfield community.

He gave up his position there in 1943 to do graduate work at the University of North Carolina, where he received the M.A. in History in 1949, and since that time he has completed most of the work for his Ph.D. in History at the University.

He joined the Elon faculty in the fall of 1949 as Director of Publicity and Professor of Journalism, and he has also taught many courses in History here. He is now completing his ninth year on the Elon faculty. His chief hobbies are sports of all kinds and research in local and family history.

With printer's ink in his veins, a poem from "Selected" which is entitled "Measure of Success," illustrates the spirit of news work in Prof. Byrd.

When sunset falls upon your day and fades from out the west,

When business cares are put away and you lie down to rest,

The measure of the day's success or failure may be told

In terms of human happiness and not in terms of gold.

Is there beside some hearth tonight more joy because you wrought?

Does someone face the bitter fight with courage you have taught?

Is something added to the store of human happiness?

If so, the day that now is o'er has been a real success.

So, to Professor Byrd — "Here's to a job well done."

Congratulations are due to Bille Faye Barrett and Chuck Oakley for receiving "Eppies" as the leading actress and actor of the year in student theatrical productions, and also a round of applause is due to all the Elon Players and their director for their "Successes" this year and appreciation for all the time and work they put into each and every production.

Oh Those Moments!

Joey DelGais has been having nightly lectures over in West Dormitory. Hey, "Boo," when is your next trip to Virginia.

Square Edmonds and Woody Brown are now teaching the Massachusetts Hop. If you are interested, please contact them immediately.

Kaye Tyson seems to think that East

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