

Maroon And Gold

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THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1959

YOUR FUTURE PURPOSE

Your destiny is a deep and ever-fresh subject. In the great, seething boiling-pot of life, your hopes, ambitions, and faith are intermixed. From this vital soup emerges a vague, but wonderful thing that man calls destiny or will or fate. And fate was of some concern to Greek and Roman cultures several thousand years ago, of such concern that mythology of the time provided three goddesses who determined the course of human life: they are Clotho (Spinner), who spins the thread of life; Lachesis (Disposer of Lots), who determines its length; and Atropos (Inflexible), who cuts it off. To you college students the future will be determined in a large part by what other people, family, teachers, friends, require of you. Of secondary importance is what your own heart will require of you. Of primary importance are the requirements of God found in Micah 6:8: "He hath shewed thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Streaked clay under straining fingertips
 Warm to the pounding of ponderous hands
 Reluctantly it becomes palpable.
 As yet the striving of my soul molds naught
 But anonymity.
 Formless, a thing without face, my future
 Cries out helplessly, hovering between
 Realization and desolation.
 The lump hardens. If not now, then never
 To shape a Destiny.

The pricelessness of time becomes too apparent. For each freshman and sophomore time is quickly passing, with it go childhood and home ties. Your good life is your own. Do with it what you will with God's help. But begin now!—SELECTED.

BEAT GENERATION

So, ours is a "Beat Generation" is it? "This is most unfortunate." But don't worry your heads about it. After all, there will be another, more fashionable, term for the Age of Our Children. And besides, we are so safe and American. We are, at least the comfortable majority of us, "white, Protestant and middle class," so what can we possibly have to worry about?

The "Beat Generation," the hipsters? Why, we probably wouldn't recognize a hipster if one tapped us on the shoulder and asked for a match—or a handout. Maybe hipsters don't ask for matches—or handouts. He would be just another one of those nameless "lost souls" we've heard about who eat, sleep, sin and go hungry without the consolation of an afterlife where all men are truly equal and the last shall be first.

We are "mature and sensible" people who walk an elm-shaded street to a beautiful church in a blackearthed state in the strongest nation in the world, in the universe, in the palm of God's hand.

Here in America, the cornucopia of the world, the home of liberty, equality, democracy, Christianity and brotherly love, men still without jobs sit in bars because they can't face their families; corn and wheat are burned on the black soil in the midwest while pigs rot in lime and people in the slums of New York, Detroit and San Francisco are hungry.

One often bears the story of a Jew who died for what he believed in, for what he tried to teach. Then there are the vague, the confused, the hipsters, the unemployed, and the hungry, who don't know what to believe in—what to live for.—WESTERN CAROLINIAN.



around with square

by SQUARE EDMONDS

Greetings from the plastic, personality publication of the old Maroon and Gold, where your time is my time, your business is mine, and the insults have yet to deteriorate. Instead I believe they are a little more abusive.

When I am involved in this epic production I have little time for any constructive geniuses. (By the dint in me I can't think of any, that is happening around here.) You had better believe I am far from being disreputable, for Elon College is my essence, and no matter where I go or what I may endeavor, at no time will I ever forget it. This is strictly for the conformists who sometimes forget there is humor and drollery in life.

My column, which is far from heaven kissing, is for the minority, the group that paddles in the pool of causticism. I'll leave the sweet things in life to the other ladies and gentlemen of the press.

Ever so often a person or persons will come along with some worthy words of wisdom, such as the American Way, contribute to a worthwhile and charitable association, write Mom every single day, and even the clean change of underwear daily; so in the next few lines I will turn mimic and offer a worthy expression or two.

Look well to this day, for it is life
 In it's brief course lie all the realities
 of your existence.

The bliss of growth,
 The glory of action,
 The splendor of beauty,
 For every yesterday is but a dream,
 And every tomorrow is but a vision.
 But this day well lived makes every
 yesterday a dream of happiness.
 And every tomorrow a vision of hope;
 Therefore look well to this day,
 This is the salutation of the dawn.

Welcome to the imaginary war of Joe Lewis and yours truly. Let's see if the old proverbial "ex" is by your name this issue. If so, believe you me, there will be no metamorphic change.

Scene I

A fine spring afternoon adjacent the oval track, located in Burlington, North Carolina, a group of college students, all of whom are males, watch casually as two men are running around the oval track. Joe Lewis, grotesque and physically lazy, is about to conduct his weekly group therapy on a few admirers. It is a small crowd, not a multitude as one might expect. OLD Joe is about to lay waste upon some poor unfortunate. Next to them is another crowd much larger in size. No! Wait a moment, it is only Wayne Taylor and Jake Chilton. My mistake!

Donnie Szydluk, Elon's own Shaggy Dog, is about to speak. Everyone turns away, for what can he contribute to the conversation? Joe still raves on endlessly pulling no punches and occasionally bürning a cigarette here and there.

The group is somewhat disturbed as Gilbert Gates has just projected a shriek, which can be heard around the oval track, where two men are running. Hank Carmine picked him up by mistake for the javelin and hurled him head first into the turf of the track. Peace is restored once more, and Joe begins once again. Taking time out only for a cigarette occasionally. The ironical part is he is bürming them from Charlie Hawks.

Back to the setting. The group has decreased greatly, for Charlie Hawks just got out of cigarettes. The whole situation is useless, just as this writing, for nothing will be gained from either. But it does have a moral. Never come out to the oval track, unless you have a carton of cigarettes, for the same two men are still running around the oval track. (Vince Bujan and Tony Markosky).

Spring Comes

Spring comes Gently, and with its coming preparations are being made for the annual event. Mrs. Jeanne Griffin should feel very proud for another fine production, of course she had the able assistance of Miss Congeniality of Elon College, Penny Fuquay. Help the success of the dance by giving your presence on the gala night.

Well the old space requirement has caught up with me once again, and I see I must close this space filler until the final issue. Until the next time I'll be writing at you.

WISPS OF WISDOM

The greatest fault is to be conscious of none.

A jitterbug is a girl who chews gum and is wrigley all over.

An oboe is an ill wood-wind that nobody blows good.

Faculty Women's Group Presents Magnolia Tree For Elon's Campus

There's a new magnolia tree growing on the Elon College campus, planted there last week as a gift from the Elon Faculty Women's Club, and it was quite fitting that the tree was planted by Miss Lila Newman, who has for many years taught art to Elon College students.

The only other magnolia tree on the Elon campus was planted in 1940 by Miss Newman's father, the late Dr. J. U. Newman, who was one of the members of the original Elon faculty of five which opened the college nearly seventy years ago.

That first magnolia tree was planted as part of the college's Golden Anniversary observance, so it was fitting at that time that Dr. Newman as one of the charter faculty group should have planted it, and it is significant his tree has flourished and grown just as the college itself has grown.

The tree planted last week under the sponsorship of the Faculty Women's Club was given as a memorial to Dr. Newman and his long service to the college and also as a tribute to continuing interest and service of the Newman family.

Standing by when Miss Lila Newman shoveled the first dirt about the roots of the new magnolia was Jack Newman, son of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Newman, of Burlington and a grandson of Dr. J. U. Newman. Jack, who is a third-generation Elon freshman this year, placed the second shovel-full of dirt about the tree.

Mrs. J. E. Danieley, who has been president of the Faculty Women's Club this year, presided over the tree-planting ceremonies and presented the tree to the college in behalf of the club. President J. E. Danieley received it in behalf of the college.

Other officers of the women's group this year were Mrs. A. L. Hook, vice president; and Mrs. H. H. Cunningham, secretary and treasurer. New officers for the

A NEW TREE PLANTED



MISS LILA NEWMAN, ARTIST WITH A SHOVEL

Miss Lila Newman, who normally wields an artist's brush as the chief tool of her profession, displayed equal skill with a shovel when she placed the first dirt about the new magnolia tree, which was planted last week on Elon South Campus near West Dormitory. It was quite fitting that Miss Newman should have officiated thus in planting the new tree, for her father planted the only other magnolia which now grows midst Elon's classics oaks, and the new tree serves as a memorial to the efforts of her father and other Elon pioneers who helped make the college the great institution it is today.

coming year are Mrs. F. E. Reynolds, president; Mrs. Wayne D. Taylor, vice president; Mrs. W. D. Florance, secretary; and Mrs. Richard Haff, treasurer. A special feature of the most recent meeting of the club was the invitation extended to Mrs. W. P. Lawrence, Mrs. W. C. Wicker and Mrs. J. W. Barney, wives of former Elon faculty members to become honorary members of the group.

Seen From The West Watchtower

By ANN JOYCE

tion: should students be allowed to keep cars on campus? We hear that the car privilege will possibly be cut out next year for freshmen and all students who are on probation. Someone stated that studies have shown that students with cars have poorer grades than those without cars.

More and better movie equipment for next year is another matter with which the S. A. Committee is concerning itself.

Discussed also were the matters of lack of school spirit and the poor behavior exhibited in chapel by some students. It was suggested that the listening rooms should be kept open more (AMEN) and that containers for cigarette butts should be placed outside the dining hall. Results of this suggestion have been seen already, of course. Some thoughtful person put in a plug for putting campus notices in dorms. The matter of students packing into the girls dormitories after meals was mentioned. A member of the administration said that work on the Student Union should be completed in the fall.

Looks like from here that this little committee has a lot of things on its mind. Possibly someone may disagree with some of the committee's ideas and decisions and maybe someone has some suggestions for the group. If there is any matter which you would like to have presented to the group, we suggest that you contact one of the members, among whom are Pete Curtis, John Collins, Jim Humphrey, Nick DiSibio, Sue Fisk or Teddy Standley. Should someone have missed the announcement, we would like to mention again the fact that

the invitation extended to Mrs. W. P. Lawrence, Mrs. W. C. Wicker and Mrs. J. W. Barney, wives of former Elon faculty members to become honorary members of the group.

We would like to present to you the following, unoriginal thoughts:

"Marry the boss's daughter."—Robert E. Rogers, to the class of 1920 at M.I.T.

"What you said hurt me very much. I cried all the way to the bank."—Liberace, to critics.

"What is a weed? A plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered."—Fortune of the Republic.

"I would rather sit on a pumpkin, and have it all to myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion."—Henry David Thoreau.

"No man is lonely while eating spaghetti—it requires so much attention."—Christopher Morley.

"A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use."—Washington Irving.

"Snobs talk as if they had begotten their own ancestors."—Herbert Agar.

"W tombstones told the truth, everybody would wish to be buried at sea."—John W. Raper.

"Men who make no pretensions of being good on one day out of seven are called sinners."—Mary Wilson Little.

Genius may have its limitations but stupidity is not thus handicapped."—Eugene M. Rhodes.

"God looks after drunks, children and Americans."—James Truslow Adams.

"I don't wanna be a millionaire. I just wanna live like one."—Toots Shor.

here and there

By DICK LASHLEY



This reporter is going to dispense the usual line of gossip that is common to this column for this once to "blow out some student political steam".

For two years in a row we have witnessed the same political picture here on the campus during our general election. Uncontested offices. What the reason for this is, yours truly can't say! It could be gross disinterest in student body government. It could be that there aren't enough students on our Elon campus who have enough courage to seek to fill the responsible offices of our student government. It could be that the majority of the students on the campus think that student government is one big joke. If any one of these is the reason for the uncontested offices in our general election, yours truly has deep and abiding sympathy for the students of Elon in the years to come, because if such apparent deliberate disinterest continues they are going to find themselves without any student government at all.

Looking back through four years spent on this campus it is pleasant to remember the REAL campaigns that were conducted prior to our general election, with students hotly contesting for the leading offices in our student government. As the day of election neared, students at the grill, in the halls, on the campus, and in the dormitories spoke of nothing but who they hoped would win. Gaily painted banners, placed at convenient locations on the campus, urged students to vote for this and that candidate. The Cow Palace in Chicago at convention time had nothing on the students of Elon. But, suddenly, through the period of one short summer something left the campus of Elon. That something was school spirit. It seems almost unbelievable that students who just the year before had been so enthusiastic about student government affairs could suddenly draw into their "I don't care" shells and just let things drift along.

As usual, it's those who never take part in things that yell the loudest when things don't go to suit them. In other words, the very students here on the campus who are usually complaining about the rules governing them are those who have never run for office and possibly are those who have never even bothered to vote. They know nothing of student government, because they have never taken the time to inform themselves about it. They even complain about rules that could possibly be changed by telling their legislative representative about it. However, they won't even bother to do that, possibly because they don't even know who their representative is.

If the students of Elon hope to keep their student government, they must become interested in student body government. They must be personally concerned with the happenings and activities which concern themselves and other students on the campus. They must seek offices in the student body government and, if they obtain those offices, be prepared to accept the responsibilities that go with them.

Student government is really serious business. It is not something to be taken lightly or laughed at. It is not to be considered as simply a means for a selected group to play at the game of politics. Rather, it is the body that will make rules and pass laws that will effect the lives of the students on the campus now and those who will arrive tomorrow. It is the means by which students can voice their complaints and receive action from such complaints. It is the means by which students can enjoy a happier, better life on the Elon campus. However, this can only be true when and if the students of Elon become mature individuals, with enough courage and forethought to accept the responsibilities of and be interested in student government.

Before stopping, yours truly would like to remind you of the great heritage that is ours through the representative form of our democratic national government. Would you let our national government fall apart by not participating in it? If that should start to happen you would all be up in arms. Right now Elon's student government is in danger of falling apart. You are a part of Elon, and Elon is a part of you. Will you let your student government disintegrate? Its success or failure is up to you!

SNIPPINGS

The condition of a man is best judged from what he takes two at a time—stairs or pills.

Definition of a door—something children always get a bang out of.