

# Maroon And Gold

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FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1962

### NATIONWIDE ATTENTION

The name of Elon College attracted nationwide attention in connection with the Founder's Day observance, which was held on Thursday, March 8th, in commemoration of the seventy-third anniversary of the founding of the Congregational Christian college.

Of course, it was not the first time that the name of Elon has been the subject of nationwide publicity, for there have been other events that have been publicized on a national basis, several of them having been the result of athletic achievements such as the winning of All-American honors or outstanding individual plays.

However, no event nor achievement in Elon College history has ever had such extensive coverage as did the 1962 Founders Day observance, which brought Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson to the campus as the featured speaker.

For that reason, if for no other, the Founders Day program was well worth all of the time and effort it required to stage it, and President Danieley and other college officials are still extending appreciation to the news-carrying agencies of television, radio and newspapers for the fine cooperation which was accorded on all sides.

No less than ten North Carolina television stations were represented and covered the visit of the vice-President to the Elon campus. The WUNC-TV at the University of North Carolina televised the entire program in a live telecast, which beamed it into schools and homes throughout the state, first time that such a live telecast had originated on the Elon campus.

Nine other North Carolina television stations, spread all the way from Washington in the east to Asheville in the west, were represented by camera units and prepared video tapes for use in TV news programs in the afternoon and at night. The University of North Carolina station also repeated its complete program that night for those who could not view it in the morning hours.

The two Burlington radio stations, WBBB and WBAG, had full equipment on hand and put the entire Founder's Day program on the air waves. The two local stations made the broadcast available to other radio stations all over North Carolina, and several other stations either channeled the program direct or taped portions of it for later news programs.

The newspapers of the state were equally cooperative along with the state offices of the Associated Press and United Press International. Both news services sent staff writers, and approximately fifteen newspapers covered the event with staff writers or photographers or both. Among the newspapers sending staff writers was the New York Times.

The crowd which gathered on the campus for the occasion was beyond question the largest ever seen on Elon's campus, but the cooperative effort of television, radio and press brought Elon College to the attention of many thousands of others all over North Carolina and in farflung parts of the United States.



## the chatter box

By

DORIS FAIRCLOTH

One at her feet, one at her throat! — words of wisdom from one who knows. How about it, Smiley? Sorry, but a promise is a promise.

"Where have all the flowers gone?" — and all the sunshine, and all the warm weather—underneath all that lovely, wet cold mess of potential snow balls, that's where!

They say that if you ignore something long enough, it will go away. Wonder if that's why we haven't had any heat in the dorms lately, and if so, wonder how long this ignoring process is going to take before the cold weather goes away.

Founder's Day, 1962—a day that will be recorded in the golden pages of Elon College history. Lyndon Baines Johnson, our honorable Vice-President, presented to the trustees, alumni, students, and faculty of Elon College a very impressive speech, and one which was extremely complimentary to our state.

Those who missed the speeches and ceremonies this year threw away an opportunity that they may never again have. Also, the choir's singing was nothing less than superb. From this writer's point of view, it was the best, most interesting, and most memorable Founder's Day that Elon College has ever had.

Congratulations to all the brave, upstanding individuals on the campus, who survived the sorority or fraternity initiations this week. Just remember: It hurts right now, but two weeks from now you'll look back and laugh—well, smile, anyhow!

It seems that malicious rumors have been circulating through the freshman dormitories concerning the initiations of two of the sororities on the campus. These rumors contain the belief that parts of their initiations are rather vile, degrading, and injurious to the initiates.

No one seems to know the source of these rumors, but they apparently had their derivation in some low-minded person or group of persons, and any individual on the campus who has had contact with members of these sororities should have the common sense to realize that these rumors are ridiculous and completely without foundation. The majority of the sororities members instill in their sororities high standards, particularly morally and morale-wise, and such practices as are asserted by the rumor-mongers are far from typical of high standards, nor are they conducive to the maintenance of high morals and morale in these pledging the sororities.

Some freshmen apparently seem to feel that college students have much lower standards than they themselves or the friends they left back home to accept such rumors as truths. Perhaps the college student is more broadminded, for he has had the time and the experience to learn to think for himself and the freedom to make his own decisions. But broadmindedness and immortality are two entirely different aspects of life. I believe that sororities RAISE the standards and the sense of moral obligation in the individual rather than lowering or distorting them.

Since the natures of sorority and fraternity initiations are known only to the members of the particular organizations, and since no sorority member in her right mind would spread tales that would lower the opinion of her sorority, these rumors no doubt were dispersed by some person or persons outside of these two sororities. Therefore, they would know little or nothing about these sorority initiations except what their wisted minds could invent.

### HAIL, WEATHER MAN!

One of the great factors in the success of the Elon College Founder's Day program on March 8th was the bright sunshine and the balmy spring temperatures which prevailed, and it was indeed kind fate that sandwiched such a beautiful day between two late spring snows that hit the campus before and after.

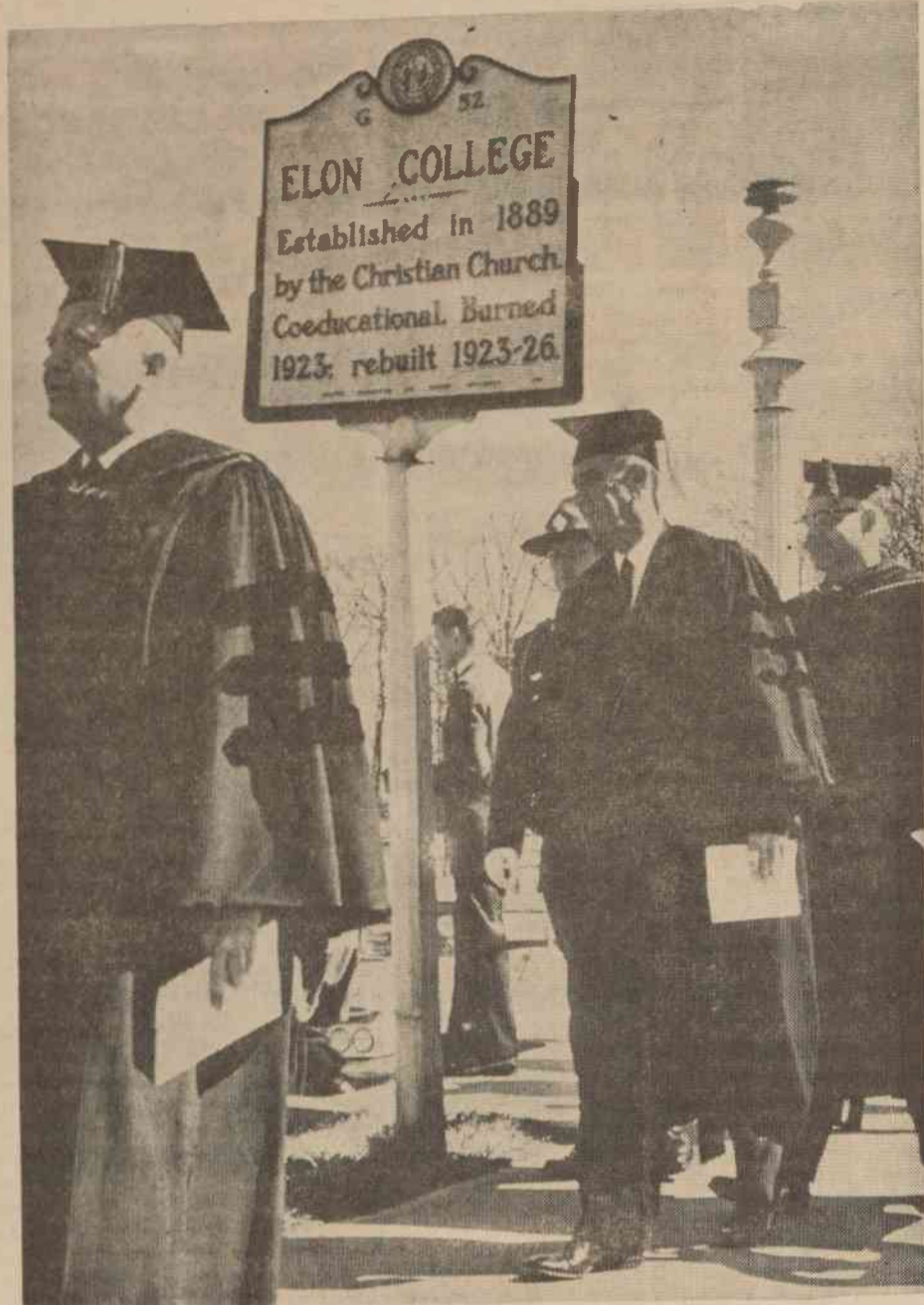
The Maroon and Gold offers the facetious, but quite timely, suggestion that perhaps the Elon College trustees and administration might consider the bestowal of an honorary degree on Mr. Weather Man at commencement time, perhaps an honorary D.S.D. for Doctor of Sunny Days.

### GLOOM CHASERS

An ideal husband is what every woman thinks the other woman has.

A family man is one who has replaced the currency in his wallet with snapshots.

# Foto Features From Founders Day



Key figures in the gigantic Founder's Day observance on the Elon campus are pictured above as they marched past the historical marker that tells the story of the Elon College origin and progress. Pictured in the procession that marched into the Alumni Memorial Gymnasium for the convocation on Thursday, March 8th, are (left to right) Governor Terry Sanford, Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson and Elon's own President J. E. Danieley. The three pictured above were only a small part of the group of prominent persons who were present for the college's seventy-third anniversary, for there were also two United States Senators, one congressman and a host of lesser officials of the state and nation in attendance at the Founder's Day program.



Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson chose buttermilk as a beverage at the Founder's Day Luncheon in McEwen Memorial Dining Hall on Thursday, March 8th. Bill Piscatelli, of Wellsville, N. Y., and Demus Thompson, of Burlington, N. C., are pictured above as they gave the vice-president his choice. Piscatelli (pictured left) inquired, "Would you prefer sweet milk..." and Thompson (shown center) piped up the cue with "or buttermilk." Thompson had the pleasure of serving the buttermilk that the distinguished guest chose. In answer to the vice-president's look of surprise at such a special service, President J. E. Danieley said, "Mr. Johnson, we understand that such an inquiry is a custom in your own home, and we wanted you to feel at home at Elon College." The choice offered to the day's guest of honor came about as a result of a recent story written for the New York Times by Marjorie Hunter, herself an Elon graduate and former staff member of the Maroon and Gold. Her story told of the milk-drinking habits of President Kennedy's administrative officers as part of a nationwide promotion of increased use of dairy products.

## a voice from the corner

By

DON TERRELL



Back when I was in college (I attended one of those excessively intellectual institutions of higher derivatives set a jolly bit back into the haze of a minute southern hamlet), I was closely acquainted with a fellow named Astro Magnus. Now mind you, Astro was some sort of a fine example of what most everyone invisions as a true-blue comrade. Why, my buddy Astro often gave me his last squirt of tooth-paste, and you believe it or not, when he did, he did it smiling that kinda smile that would let you know that he was smiling because he felt real good down deep inside. You know what I mean.

When he came to college, he brought with him the finest in Ivy League toggerly. He had two real pretty pairs of charcoal corduroy nickers, and some nice knee-length argyle socks to go along. He was just about the tuffest looking thing of the men's (yeah, they had 'em separated) side of the campus. The fellows thought ole Astro was a cool and swinging swinger, and the ladies, who persisted in tickling him 'neath the chin, thought he was downright out.

He was a real studious sort of chap. He stayed in the room quite a bit, naturally taking off occasionally to fraternize with the college co-eds. He read at night without failure. Most of the books he read were supposed to be important. One was by Homer somebody. The only one he had which really grabbed me was a thin, paperback edition of Max Schulman's "Barefoot Boy with Cheek," although I must admit that I received chuckles from "My Brother Was an Only Child," "Tropic of Cancer," "Never Trust a Naked Bus Driver", and a poem entitled "Howl!"

There was only one real small, insignificant, and null disadvantageous situation surrounding the entire "dolce vita" of my cronny. He was only five feet and some small four-odd inches high (with Atlas heels). During the week this burden wasn't too difficult to bear, but on Sundays, Astro lived a hectic, tormented, and frustrated life. We all know how they all see just how tall and skinny they can look, well how tall and skinny they can look, well that's just how they looked then too.

Lil Astro would hide on some Sundays, either in the elevator shaft in Mooney Building or down in one of the uncovered manholes around the campus lawn (look around, they're still here). If he became real, real hungry, he would converge upon McEwen in meek spirits and sporting a blushing, self-conscious composure. Looking far up into the faces of those girls with whom he had confidently, charmingly, and sometimes cunningly conversed during the less significant days of the week, he now became dwarfed by their towering stature. His suave line of sugar was watered down to a rather incoherent murmur.

Have you ever been bird hunting, and watched the hunter plant a well-planned, boot upon the posterior of a delinquent retriever? Did you ever carefully examine the woeful and abashed mask which for some short while scoots across his guilty little face? That's just what my strife-torn pal looked like on Sundays. It was truly the most unhappy time of the week. I tried to get him to stay home and shoot pool and play ping-pong with me, but he was feared of the future.

I heard tell not too awfully long ago that Astro had reached that momentous point of ultimate success and happiness in life. He had landed a job as a hygiene teacher at a nudist colony, and became the blushing henpecked husband of a circus midget. They were extremely happy for a while, but low and behold, tragedy struck poor ole Astro. She grew! When she became five feet and three inches tall, a combination of this problem and the frustration of a his job rendered him with a nervous breakdown. While he was breaking down, she was moving out, and can you believe it, she moved with the tall thin man with the same circus. I really don't believe she would have gone if it had not been for the fact that this here tall thin man also owned the circus. But the worstest thing of all that happened was that the tall thin man fired Astro. This I didn't think was quite cricket. You see, Astro fed the elephants and tigers after school (those days when he finally came home). The days that followed were those of plight for Astro. Astro knew naught how to alleviate his frustrating decrepitude. He sank to a low ebb.

(Continued on Page Four)