

Maroon And Gold

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Elon College, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Delivered by mail, \$1.50 the college year 50c the quarter.

Edited and printed by students of Elon College. Published bi-weekly during the college years under the auspices of the Board of Publication.

EDITORIAL BOARD

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Don Terrell | Editor-in-Chief |
| Doris Faircloth | Assistant Editor |
| Nancy Johnson | Assistant Editor |
| David Marshburn | Sports Editor |
| Leonard Riddle | Intramural Editor |
| Berta Faye Johnson | Girls Sports |
| H. Reid | Alumni Editor |
| James Waggoner | Alumni Editor |
| Luther N. Byrd | Faculty Advisor |

TECHNICAL STAFF

| | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| P. N. Thompson | Linotype Operator |
| Carl Owens | Linotype Operator |
| Dick More | Press Operator |

REPORTERS

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| Gerald Allen | Judy Maness |
| Howard Briggs | Denise Martin |
| Eddie Clark | Bobby McKinnon |
| Nancy Clark | Roland Miller |
| Burl Clements | Jack Moore |
| Patricia Crews | Bill Morningstar |
| Marvin Crowder | Jerry Osborne |
| Dixie Gladson | Nancy Rountree |
| Rex Hardy | Tommy Sparkman |
| Jane Harper | Becky Stephenson |
| Mary Anne Hopper | Gene Stokes |
| Kim Irvin | Denyse Theodore |
| Ted Lea | Kathryn Thomas |
| Wayne Mahanes | Sonny Wilburn |
| | W. E. Williams |

TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1962

"THIRTY"

Each year when the commencement season draws near and when the college year is drawing to a close, the Maroon and Gold also draws another publication year to an end, and it becomes the privilege of the staff members to write the symbol "30" to indicate a task that is finished.

That symbol "30" is used in journalistic sign language or shorthand to indicate "The End." It is usually used at the end of a single news story, but the Maroon and Gold has always used "30" in a larger sense to indicate the end of another scholastic year.

Again this spring, it is the privilege of the writer to say that it has been a good year for Elon College, for it has been the pleasure of the Maroon and Gold to record for its readers and for the future the stories of some very fine accomplishments and events.

Beyond question, the biggest thing in the way of a news story which has hit the pages of the Maroon and Gold this year was the annual Founders Day program, which brought Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson to the Elon campus, and that visit in turn carried the name of Elon College to newspapers, radio stations and television stations in many areas.

But there was one event and one news story during the year which rivals even the visit of Vice-President Johnson, and that was the announcement that the accreditation of Elon College had been renewed by the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Indeed when one views the long-range value of such continued accreditation it seems quite logical to call it the greatest story of the year.

Of course, the renewal of accreditation had been expected, for those who labor here at Elon College in the field of higher education have done a good job, but the announcement last winter came as a happy ending to more than two years of special work in an institutional self-study.

This final issue of the Maroon and Gold carries another big story, a story which will mean much to all members of the senior class of 1962. That story tells of the 1962 commencement, which will bring diplomas and degrees to the seniors, symbols of successful termination of their years of effort in college.

To each of those seniors, the Maroon and Gold extends congratulations upon their attaining one of the important goals of their life. It is with pleasure that we see those seniors graduate, and yet there will be a certain sadness at seeing them depart these oak-shaded environs. Each one will be missed.

Now at this point, the staff of the Maroon and Gold writes the final word of the paper's Volume Forty-Two, and that final word is . . . "THIRTY."

SERMONS WORTHWHILE

Some people are like blotters; they soak it all up but get it all backwards.

If all the cars in the world were placed end to end some dope would pull out and try to pass them.

Old age has some benefits. For instance you can whistle as you wash your teeth.

the chatter box

By

DORIS FAIRCLOTH

At the risk of sounding overly-sentimental, I must say that it is with sincere and deep regret that I write this column, for I write it with the realization that this issue marks the end of my "career" as a member of the Maroon and Gold staff. One of the strongest threads binding me to Elon has been tied at the other end to "The Chatter Box," and I will always be grateful for having had the opportunity of gaining the experience that writing the column has yielded me.

For lack of space, I cannot express fully my appreciation to Mr. Luther Byrd, but may it suffice to say that in every sense I could never hope for a better man for whom to work. He has been gracious, helpful, and understanding, and, as I am sure the other columnists will agree, at trying times his patience seems to have been unlimited, despite the fact that few others can claim to have equally as full a day as this man.

In the three years that I have been a member of the Maroon and Gold staff, I have received much criticism, both condemning and constructive, for things said in "The Chatter Box" and for things left unsaid. For the constructive criticism I would like to thank those of you who showed interest enough to express it to me. It is difficult to write a column that is pleasing and at the same time interesting or significant to each reader, but it is my hope that I have succeeded at times in provoking a new or enlightened thought in the minds of most of the readers.

As the time draws near for graduation, an event which closes behind the Seniors the doors of a very significant phase in their lives, I believe that there are few who are looking forward to this time without some sense of regret. Many of us have spent a large part of our four years here complaining about the various elements of the Elon life, but perhaps the time will come soon when we will look back and see the goodness in this life that we overshadowed by our complaints.

Speaking for the majority of us, the four years at Elon have not been without times of regret, of dissatisfaction, and of unhappiness, but neither have they been lacking in laughter, in friendly fun, in the security of friendships, nor in moments of pensive tranquility. They have been years of extensive learning and maturation, if we have allowed them to be so, for the prospects for growth here are enormous: We have had opportunities for spiritual growth, for social growth, and for intellectual growth. We have had opportunities to grow in understanding and in selfishness, for what place offers greater chance of learning to understand one's fellow man and of learning to give of oneself than a college dormitory?

If we have not profited from the great number of opportunities that Elon has had to offer to our self-development, it is not because we did not see them—it is, rather, because we turned our backs on them.

Many of us face the future outside these walls with somewhat fearful hesitancy, for there is a kind of security here, a warm security in familiar friends and familiar places, which is difficult to leave behind. After several years, the roots of a young tree are deeply imbedded in the soil.

Most of the Senior Class members have made themselves an integrated part of their surroundings during their years here, and it is quite natural that the transplanting to unfamiliar grounds will not be completely without reluctance. But with the seeds of knowledge implanted in them at Elon, they will soon find their intended places in the world and begin to bear the fruit of their efforts.

The majority of us entered Elon College as little more than children, and soon we will leave to face the future as adults. Perhaps we haven't experienced an overwhelming intrinsic change proclaiming us as such, but after all, what is an adult except a child who has learned to accept responsibility? The responsibility is big, but so has been the preparation.

So here's to that thing of which up to this point I have little understood the meaning, that little element which remains a part of us long after our parting—"the spirit of Elon."

Good luck to all on exam week, and Happy Vacation!

Pointed Phrases

Things generally balance out. Other people's troubles are never as bad as our own, but their children are always a whole lot worse.

JANE MORGAN CROWNED AS ELON MAY QUEEN



The coronation of Jane Morgan as Elon's Queen of May at the college's 1962 May Day festival is pictured above. Those shown left to right are as follows: Fred Shull, of Burlington, royal escort; Harriett Hammond, of Balfours, maid-of-honor; Jane Morgan, of Greensboro, 1962 May Queen; Jim Buie, of Darlington, S.C., recently-elected Student Body president, who is placing the crown upon the queen's head; and Dean Yates, of Mayodan, King of May. The two small attendants, pictured in front of the queen are Master Paige Hilder II, of Warrenton, Va., the crown bearer; and Little Miss Ann Register, of Greensboro, the flower girl.

Your Student Government

By MELVIN SHREVES

On May 9, at 7:40 o'clock, Lynn Ryals, the newly-elected vice-president and speaker of the Senate opened the first meeting of Elon's 1962-63 Student Senate. At this session, several bills of interest to the Elon College student body were introduced.

The first four bills presented were those of President Jim Buie appointing persons to serve on various committees. These committees were the Dance Committee, chaired by Wallace Sawyer; the Elections Committee, chaired by Bob Saunders; Entertainment Committee, chaired by Ken Broda; and the Orientation Committee, chaired by Russ Phipps.

The other bill introduced by President Buie was that of the pro-

posed budget for the year 1962-1963. This budget was based on an expected amount of \$9,000.00. Since a constitutional amendment was voted on to change the student body fees from \$5.00 to \$7.50, another budget will go before the Senate in September based on an expected amount of \$14,500.

A sixth bill was introduced by Senator Valerie Spangler for the appropriation of \$40 for sending a cheerleader to a cheerleading clinic this summer. The author of the bill explained that it is the hope that this money will help to improve the work of the cheerleaders and to improve the spirit of the Elon student body. All of the bills were passed with no opposition and signed by the President that evening.

Speaker Ryals also appointed various members of the Senate to positions in the Senate itself. Wally Sawyer was appointed the Senate reader; Fred Stephenson was appointed the Parliamentarian; Bob Saunders was appointed to the position of Senate Chaplain, and Melvin Shreves was appointed Senate Reporter.

After the Senate adjourned, Speaker Ryals expressed a few hopes of the Senate for the coming year. He said that the students will be better informed of Senate activities next year. This column will be a regular feature of the Maroon and Gold and information will be made available to other news media.

(Continued on Page Four)

Quill At Will

By NANCY SMITH

Letter home: Hi y'all: I wouldn't of writ so soon but I was itching to tell y'all bout something that happened to me here long bout two weeks back. Seems there was a rucus over in the gymnasium, and, natchrly, I had to mosey over to investigate the beginnings of those blood-curdlin yells that must have stretched somebody's vocal cords a fer piece.

Injuns — all over the place. From the movements and yelps of 'em, which I heerd as I poked my left ear in the door, I knew they wasn't Seminoles like in the swamp there at home behind the pig pen. No, these was different. As I crept closer and finally dared myself to put my big toe inside the door, I could see swarms of 'em, all with mean looks and with warpaint smeared all over their muddy lookin' skin.

Apparently, the varmints had plumb taken over the May Day celebration, 'cause at one end of the gym stood the May Queen and her court as if waiting to be sacrificed. They didn't seem sceered, and neither did the crowd that had accumulated; instead of amooanin' from fear, everytime an injun, the hugest injun possible, clomped around the gym floor, giving out a blood-thirsty yelp . . . come to think of it, that critter did make my funny bone jump when he like to went thru our gym floor after fallin' down while chasin' a little squaw. She outran him; 'cause of her name so I heerd tell—her

they call this a "square" dance. They went around in circles, scooted around each other, and crossed back 'n forth, but they didn't anymore dance in a square!

Pa, you'd better send me some money pronto quickly. I think I'm gonna have to get specks. A girl got to dancin out there on the floor 'n all I can say is, I don't see double! There was at least ten of her in a line, akickin up her (I mean their) legs. My ears went bad at the same time, 'cause I thought I heerd somebody say "she really can can can." I know I didn't hear right. All I got was a dirty look when I asked "can what?"

There were several other dances. One was this hip-jerker—the twist dance that's going round like swamp fever. Some injun gals had to get in their bit too. They set up a pole with sick lookin faces carved on it right smack in the center of the floor; bobbin up and down and a yawnin they went around and around that pole. They sure got me dizzy!

Have ya'll ever seen a horse with front legs that walked so fast that the hind legs couldn't catch up? I haven't either. That's why, when I took a gander at this here horse dancing across the floor, I decided things had gone ust a little bit too fer. I made tracks out of there.

My friends had to do a lot of persuadin to get me to believin that Elon didn't go haywire on May Day. I just want you all to know that those injuns that was here must have been awfully chicken hearted, 'cause we ain't seen 'em since.

Your ever lovin' dawter,

a voice from the corner

By

DON TERRELL



For three whole months, there will be no feet stomping above our heads, no rocking Ray Charles or Tokens emanating loud, but sometimes enjoyable, sounds from midnight 'til dawn, no opportunity to watch Aubrey Utz at work, no 8 o'clock classes to attend, no algebra problems to finish in time for class, no compulsory chapel, no anti-smoking laws at the table, no compulsory coat and tie at meals, no term papers, no free Sunday night movies, no tricky quizzes to face, no sirens to listen for, no fraternity paddles to carry, no cold showers, no meetings every night, (unless its with the mischief-seeking gang), no monthly tuition payments, fewer restriction on you girls, no laws prohibiting road signs in rooms, no midnight oil to burn, no beer-ban laws, no columns to write—no column to write! What am I saying?

This past week, I turned my Senate gavel over to the new speaker, Lynn Ryals. The event took place with mixed emotions, I assure you. In a way, it was quite nice being relieved of the duties and responsibilities of this position, although I thoroughly enjoyed the experience, and certainly believe I benefited a great deal as result of the experience and associations connected with the office. Opportunity was given me to travel to two other colleges in our conference and to Raleigh for the State Student Legislature of North Carolina. An organization in which I would like to see Elon represented again in the future.

I hope everyone will go home or to wherever the call beckons, and have a refreshing summer. It would be extremely nice if all students would return to the campus avidly seeking an education, and not just a degree. Elon could be quite a cultural and intellectual center if the students would take some initiative to make it such. Regardless of how technical your vocational intentions may be, it would not amount to the slightest harm if you were intellectually informed.

The following perceptions are honestly not my own, as any critic of style can easily surmise. They have been offered for publication in this un-syndicated area by a brilliant, budding genius of the literary Twentieth Century, whose name, for fear of antagonization from Harper's has been withheld.

"Without doubt spring has sprung with all the frenzy of a circus playing a one night stand. The ample abundance of life's regeneration is enough to incite the least confirmed pantheist into poetic throes of ecstasy. And spring's arrival is enough to quicken the step, enliven the enthusiasm, and broaden the grin of the most determined iconoclast. Of course, the advent of warm weather does have its "credits" in the ledger of life (there's a touch of the poet in every man's soul). God's littlest creatures organize themselves into armed squadrons and attack the hapless humans with all the fury of Billy Graham at a poker table, or Carrie Nation at the local saloon. The rise in temperature also indicated the need for more feminine fortitude to control the added guests of the local Lockinvar, who is firmly convinced that he is unquestionably the smoothest, most suave, and most intellectually succinct male (with the possible exception of Richard Burton) since Eve discovered that darn fig leaf.

There are minor considerations however, when one considers the more pleasant aspects of the season, which has always inspired the heart of men, even before Orestes, that gallant Greek, decided his mother had to go. And, although times have changed—nymphs and shepherds, lyers and lutes, etc. being definite Republican machinations to undermine the Solid South—the magic of the season remains unchanged. Those who delight in lambasting the peripheral materialism of contemporary society perennially delight in aphorizing Spring with the gamut of invectives: cook-out with the Kookies; move into the great outdoors: bring the beach to your backyard, etc.

Let the sardonic cynics have their day. A plea for sincere pessimism is not as scintillating as a roseate May sunset, and if this column fails to enrapture, no matter—after all, tomorrow is another day, and a column is a column is a column.

BORROWED BRIEFS

A pat on the back develops character—if administered young enough, often enough, and low enough.

Variety is the spice of life but monotony provides the groceries.

Man of the Hour: The chap whose wife asked him to wait a minute.