

Maroon and Gold

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Rainbow Gold

A true philosophy strikes a balance between the real and the ideal, finds them essential to each other and, in the final analysis, inseparable. Philosophy may not reject the mystic or the emotional in the interpretation of life without losing its wings. I do not propose to summon logic to show this; the declaration will have to stand. But a search will discover the evidence for you.

The first taste of life has an authentic and vigorous reality. Childhood knows that miracles and magic are possible, that there is gold at the foot of the rainbow; and so, some day when the sunbeams catch the retreating storm-clouds, youth takes the sky-painted trail.

In sunshine and in shadow, led by some gay and gallant hope, life seeks the journey's end, humanity stands forth upon its magic quest. And when the treasure vanishes and the cloud-topped castles disappear, we can still fall back upon the gold of memory. "I remember" can be a sovereign remedy for the beaten heart. Memory can be a mystic well of treasure.

"Fill 'er up." Good words a year ago, when you decided on that car trip to Yosemite. They are still good words, not for the gas tank, but for the "think tank" and for memory.

The first of everything is always marvelous: The first time in the "Ole Swimmin' Hole"; the first fish on your hook; the first match game you play in uniform; the first wild berries dripping dew and sun-kissed sweetness; and surely the first watermelon plucked by the light of the silvery moon. Youth knows where to find its rainbow of gold.

Memory is a well we purge by forgetting. We keep its waters clear by allowing the bitter recollections to sink and vanish within the depths. So treated, it will become a reservoir for the good and the beautiful; and when the strife of the world has turned the taste of today to dust and ashes, there will be solace in dipping again into its life-giving waters.

It even does us good to recollect our vagaries. I am reminded of Hank's crows. Hank said he "fed 'em strychnine, and they went up in the air and made a few resolutions, and come down prespired."

"What fools these mortals be!" said Puck, the fawn-faced, shock-pated jester of Shakespeare's fairyland. The moon on high glides glimmering over and sees below that imp of the universe, the little old clown called Man. He is a marionette who moves as the strings are pulled, an earth-mite, riding a sooty carousel called Earth. True or false? Both true and false, as we make it.

The real in human existence is frail, but in our hopes and our ideals we are strong. Love is rainbow gold too; spend it, and some magic always doubles the sum in your heart. There is that in life which will rise above the moon and the stars. The heroic is eternal, and springs eternal from the rainbow of human hopes and aspirations.

We are part of Mother Earth, Puck. To know us you must know her travails. Out of the dust, out of hope lost in death, out of the agony of all creation, comes the renaissance of life, the miracle of spring as each season and each generation resting on the past brings again the fair promise of youth and hope.

This pageant of history and human vanity succumbs ever to the hand of time; the dust of the earth holds all the agony of men at arms, of the plagues of Pharaoh, of the struggle in the jungle through geological epochs, the fall and decay of giant oaks.

For when Nature wants a man, she gives him a battle to make, an agony to overcome. Six weeks make a summer squash; a hundred years in stress and storm but strengthen the fibre of the giant tree.

But the subject eludes me. Ideals—Rainbow Gold—Memory—Laughter and Tears—they are all part of the mystery. Willy-nilly, we all make their acquaintance. Don't forget Laughter. It is part of the all-golden too, and according to Uncle Josh, the fireworks of the soul, the sensation of feelin' good all over and showin' it principally in one spot.

BORROWED

Hear ye! Hear ye! Turn your attention to our newest column and try your sense of humor out on these NEW jokes—(well, jokes, anyway)! If you've heard 'em before, please grin and bear it; if not, then more power to you, for you're a better man than I. Here goes:

"Was your friend shocked over the death of his mother-in-law?"
"Shocked? He was electrocuted!"

At the Lincoln Park traps on Sunday, over 800 shooters took part in the program. Rotarians, be patriotic! Learn to shoot yourself.

'S funny, but a teacher can be easy on the eyes but mighty hard on the pupils.
Puppy love has put many a man in the doghouse.

Angry Pa: What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?
Gay Blade: Had to be at work by seven.

Thirty days hath September, April, June, and my uncle for speeding.

Mother: This hurts me worse than it does you, Billy.
Billy: Don't be too severe with yourself, Mamma.

Sauce for the goose is the gravy for the hash next day.

Drunk: Taxi?
Driver: Yes, sir.
Drunk: I thought so.

Meade: What's the big idea, wearing my raincoat?
Moose: It's raining. You wouldn't want your suit to get wet, would you?

"If you refuse me," he swore, "I'll die!"
She refused him.
Sixty years later—she died.

Soph: Did you ever take chloroform?
Frosh: No. Who teaches it?

High heels, according to Christopher Morley, were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead.

There was the redhead who never drank champagne because of her looks. It seems that with her looks nobody would buy her champagne.

Can't you do something? My life is hanging by a thread.
I'll see if I can find a good strong rope.

She was only a taxi driver's daughter, but you auto meter.

Sergeant: Didn't you catch the guy? You had blood-hounds?
Cop: Well, could I help it if he was anemic?

Tintypes

Lawrence Earl Paige

..... Nickname? Just "Paige" to everyone, but some people call him "Larnie" (?)
..... Of course, his favorite song is "Savoy"; but any of the others that are in the groove" will do.
..... His favorite food is ice cream---and corn. (!?)
..... His hobby is laughing and talking; or just amusing himself and everyone that knows him.
..... He is a Junior in college--- which means a third year freshman for him.
..... He is majoring in---
..... He doesn't know, either.
..... Favorite subject---Physics.
..... Is in the Army Reserves.
..... And we all know he will succeed with his good nature.
..... even if he doesn't get any higher than a buck private!
..... He is one of the most-well-liked personages on the campus.
..... Individual in everything; an institution in himself.
..... Why? By just being "Paige!"

College Radio News

Here are a few items on radio shows starting over Columbia network during Jauary:

Madeleine Carroll Reads. The gifted film star reads James Hilton's "Lost Horizon" from cover to cover. Miss Carroll is on 5 days a week at 5 o'clock.

Only Yesterday. New CBS series started January 19 and highlights the music and songs of the early 20's and 30's. The talented roster includes Benny Rubin and Mary Small. Program is heard Tuesdays at 10 p. m.

Adventures of the Thin Man. The popular radio mystery dramas started over CBS January 8. The spine-tingling stories by Dashiell Hammett star Claudia Morgan as Nora and Les Damon as Nick. Listeners get the shivers at 8.30 p. m. every Friday.

Meet Corliss Archer. The 15-year-old lady introduced to readers of Good Housekeeping brings the subtleties of the sub-deb mind to CBS listeners every Thursday at 8 p. m. Priscilla Lyon plays the capricious Corliss.

Sammy Kay's Orchestra. The maestro of swing and sway rhythms takes over the Wednesday spot formerly held by Nelson Eddy.

ROLL OF HONOR

The Student Service Organization under the leadership of Ed Watts some weeks ago sponsored a patriotic program in chapel which made our blood run high in emotional feeling for our country. We found that we still have something of the spirit within us which our forefathers had. We were reminded of our comrades who are on land, on sea, and in the air.

Jimmie Darden, leader of the blood donors' branch of the Student Service Organization, with words of wisdom reminded us that while we are still in college we can do our bit in this war by donating a portion of our blood to save a life, the life of a boy who is on the front line of battle.

At the close of the chapel program a part of the student body marched to the front of the auditorium and signed a paper saying, "I will do my part." Plans were worked out that a doctor from Greensboro should give the blood test. Dr. Hirsch, faculty adviser, worked out student transportation to and from Greensboro in order that blood might be taken with the proper facilities. Members of the faculty offered the use of their automobiles, and extra gasoline was provided by the ration board. Up to the present, some seventy-five students have visited the Greensboro Pathological Laboratory, each giving one pint of blood for the blood bank.

This is a record that speaks well for Elon. We know of no other school in the State which has had a group this large to respond.

We doff our hats to these seventy-five men and women. It is no easy job to remain cool and calm while a three-inch needle is being rammed into the arm. And the loss of a pint of blood has a definite effect on the donor's constitution, despite what some of these heroes may say in contradiction.

And while we are compiling "Rolls of Honor," we might well pause and pay tribute to our Elon blood donors.

Looks At The Books

Sleep, sleep, and more sleep is one thing we really like, and if there is anything we like better, it is more sleep. As a rule we never have any trouble getting that (even in East Dorm), but if we do get stuck in wakefulness we can usually put ourselves into a state near enough to suit our requirements by picking up a text book on some subject we are taking. The trouble this week is that we tried to get still more sleep than more sleep, so they had to wake us up and tell us to get to work on the books. They finally explained to us that manual labor isn't a Mexican, and, besides, we didn't have to do it. All we had to do is look at a book. So here we are. (But we're sleepy.)

"The Allegheny," by Frederic Way, is a book Mark Twain would have liked, because Captain Way is a river pilot and has stood in the pilot houses for seven-tenths years. Here is the story of the great river, the Allegheny, told by a man of the river in river language. It is a story crowded and alive with fantastic incident, a story that could only happen in America. It is a story in the tradition of Crockett and other masculine, unfettered writers who recorded the life of the wild American frontier.

With the aid of little-known and unpublished diaries and manuscripts, the river captain gives us the story. Lumber and raftmen, steamboats on the river, and then oil and the history of the incredible city of Pithole.

"To the riverman," says Captain Way, "the valley flows by the river." He has made not only the valley but its whole history flow by the river in gleaming panorama.

Now that we have looked at a book for this week we are wide awake, so we are going to finish "Anthony Adverse." We don't like it as well as "Gone With the Wind," but there can only be one O'Hara. Anthony is some Flynn, though, and that keeps us interested. Any day now we expect to come across these words-- "Doesn't that moon look romantic through that port-hole?"

Snip and Snoop

Don't know why we ever write this stuff when we just know nobody reads it. But have you heard this one? "If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it, he is a brute; if he doesn't try to kiss her and would get away with it if he tried, he is a coward; and if he doesn't try to kiss her and wouldn't get away with it if he did, he is a wise man." Huh, huh!

Now that Honeymoon Mann has departed, wonder who will fill the gap in Husted's heart.

We hear Ladies Hall is man hunting--look out, gentlemen!

George Bullard seems to be in a rut--they're all Margarets. We hear he really knows what pangs of love are now.

What has happened to Darden and Jeffreys? They seem in a state of indecision. Watch the "Ouija Board." Kern always says, "There are no strings on me." How 'boot that?

Tony is in his glory with the gal friend on campus. We often wondered just why Bill Meacham dates so many girls and now we know. He says, "They all look good to me."

Ed Watts seems to be wearing "little wooden shoes" from a Holland girl named Lib.

Several of the faculty are still praising the students for demanding extra days at Christmas.

Perry vs. Denson. Which is going to be victorious? Mary Ellen seems to be pouring her heart into poetry these days.

"Get 'em young and train 'em like you want them," seems to be R. Messick's slogan these days.

Link's idea seems to be effective--all the gals are rushing the feet off him. Surely do hate to see that wrist in a sling, though.

And did you hear the one about the wife who said to her husband, "How do you like my new gown? I got it for a ridiculous price."

Hubby: "You mean you got it for an absurd figure?"
'Bye now!

NEW STUDENT GOVERNMENT PLAN IS PROPOSED

(Editor's note: The following is a proposal made during the past year by certain student government officers. While the Maroon and Gold does not necessarily endorse this proposal, it does feel that it merits consideration and would, no doubt, if in operation, be a worthy supplement to our present student governing system.)

PROPOSAL

ELON LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF FACULTY AND STUDENTS

Whereas in the past the Student governing body officials have confined their duties, for the greater part, to the trying of misdemeanors among the students; and whereas the Faculty has handled, to the best of their abilities, certain suggestions and objections of the students in regard to more efficient and effectively planned living and improvement among the Faculty-student groups and the college as a whole, it is herein proposed that for a closer understanding among the student-faculty groups and for a more effective means of developing and carrying out proposals which are regarding plans directed toward the betterment of College life as a whole, and of closer collaboration and coordination between student-faculty groups, that the College adopt and develop an Elon Assembly composed of the student government officers and Faculty-Administration advisers. This joint body, be it understood, dealing only with plans which arise from time to time having value in themselves, but needing efficient and effective guidance through their initial state of development.

PLAN

Section 1. The Legislative body will be composed of two groups, one a body of officers which will include every member of the senate and council, and one member from any Fraternity, Sorority or Liberal Party that has no member of their organization sitting as an active member of the Senate or council group, and also any Faculty member who wishes to participate.

The second group will be that of final jurisdiction, and will be composed of the President of the College, the dean of women, the dean of men, the business manager and the field secretary, working with and as individuals, the President of the Student body, the president of the senate and the president of the council. Section 2. That these two bodies convene on Tuesday evening of each week of the current college session, dates subject to change by three-fourths majority of the assembly.

Section 3. Duties of the Congress.

The duties of the congress will be to review proposals of all types which might be offered from any source, either on or off the campus, and which affect the students, faculty or administration heads directly or indirectly, as the case may be. It is hoped that through discussion, debate, review, and exchange of ideas, the plans offered will rise or fall according to their merit. Upon recommendation of the congress, bills which have passed by a two-thirds majority vote will be forwarded en masse to the court of final jurisdiction, which will in turn discuss the legality, feasibility, and economical values of the bill or bills passed. Section 4. Upon passage of a bill by the court of final jurisdiction, it will be the duty of the said court to appoint a committee head and his assistants, subject to his recommendations and approval, to work with him or her toward the development and actuality of said proposal.

Section 5. This plan is subject to approval by the Administration heads and a two-thirds majority of the student body of Elon College, and may be dissolved at any time by the same procedure.

Inventor Turns Meteorologist

While strolling across our spacious campus last week, I was surprised to overhear the conversation between two sweet young females about snow. One was saying, "I just can't understand why it snows while it's so warm and not when it's cold." The other agreed, but she too didn't understand. Of course this was quite a shock to me, since I assumed that everyone knows why it snows. I keep forgetting that everyone isn't scientifically minded.

Having made extensive research into the subject of snow, I feel sufficiently equipped to enlighten these gentle creatures and anyone else who is in doubt about the phenomena of snow.

Before anyone can understand snow, one must understand clouds, which are composed of smoke and steam. Smoke and steam are spirits of wood and water. When wood is burned and water boiled, their spirits leave the dead body and escape as smoke and steam. Then they try desperately to reach heaven. This explains why smoke and steam rise. They continue their ascension until they reach the gates of heaven, where they are judged. The good clouds are admitted and the bad clouds refused and left to a vagabond existence to roam the skies forever. The clouds who are refused are naturally sad, so the more sentimental elect to cry. This is the source of all precipitation. High altitudes are cooler than low altitudes, therefore most precipitation begins as snow.

Now to get back to the original subject you have often heard it said it is too cold to snow. That statement is absolutely correct. When the weeping clouds release moisture it is confronted with the problem of passing the rising clouds as it falls to the earth. When the atmosphere is cold near the earth the clouds do not offer any resistance, so it continues permit snow to fall through. Therefore you can easily see why cold weather is not suitable for snow.

Now I will explain why moderate temperature is better. As you already know, moisture usually begins as snow, due to the high altitude from which it originates, but when it falls through air that is not freezing, the clouds do not offer any resistance, so it continues on to earth as snow.

Now that I have shown the simplicity of this problem, my sincerest hope is that I have made a step toward victory in the fight against ignorance.