

Maroon and Gold

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Our Year: 1945

Dreamers that we are, enabled only in part to look into the future, we strive to do so—sometimes realistically, but more often not. And somehow, that doesn't matter. We are students. We are young. Our dreams are to culminate someday, and we know that this must be in a disturbed and upset post-war world.

We want simple things. We are not fantastic in our desires. It is nice, at times, to escape from reality, to see ourselves holding forth in enchanted lands among fairy queens and mischievous elves; to envision a government in which righteousness and goodness, kindness and love of fellow men prevail.

Even in our dreams, we don't often imagine the world dumped in our laps, with blessings galore. Ours is a realistic generation. We have to face the facts. They come upon us now at the speed of light and sound, forcing us to straighten out our thinking.

And there is one fact which stands clear before us in all this wild, befuddled mess of human error. We shall not win our way beyond the tangle by fearing it, nor by being stampeded into the expectation that wishful thinking, passing the buck, or becoming emotional, will control our problems.

Dream first. Then act. Obstacles are to jump over; and what a grand national steeple-chase time has put before us! But let us never be selfish in our dreams. Sometimes—and we're all guilty—we get to thinking about long slinky convertibles, handsome clothes, gallons upon gallons of gas—even thick juicy steaks with french fried potatoes.

In our genuine yearnings, we know that even "sloppy-joe" students manifest hearts of gold; and we stand on firm ground. We want not only a great America, but a world brotherhood. Maybe the right kind of pressure on Adolf and Tojo, forty years ago—forty licks on their little pink biscuits—would have done the trick for us.

Science In The News

By J. W. CLAPP

Fresh vegetables for fliers are sometimes raised in chemical gardens. Fliers stationed on barren islands and isolated tropical outposts in the Atlantic and the Pacific need fresh vegetables to maintain top physical condition, but transportation scarcity and poor soil make it difficult to either ship in fresh vegetables or grow them on the land.

The vegetables, which are grown in sawdust or excelsior supported by wire netting, over a tank containing mineral salts dissolved in water, are superior in quality and grow rapidly.

First Bouquets

A "bouquet," by definition, is a bunch of flowers, a nosegay, or an aroma. It is not to be confused with "Bougie," which is a town in North Africa, and also a wax candle; nor with "Bouillabaisse," which is a highly seasoned fish chowder always made from two kinds of fish.

The first Elon bouquets of 1945 must go again to the people who know and do, who act from the heart. There will be more of the same to come. But before the Yule-tide echoes die, we propose to pass along some of the figurative aroma of Carolina honeysuckle and roses—just to sharpen your anticipation of the magic of the spring which is going to peep out with the violets in March and April.

To President Smith, for an endurance and capacity for work seldom seen anywhere; and for giving himself so generously to the cause of the up-building of our Alma Mater.

To Dr. Brannock, who has for so long been an efficient department head, and has given more years of service to the college than anyone else; and who can still produce the jolliest laugh heard on campus.

To Miss Lida Muse, for daily, never-failing courtesy and charm; and for ringing "dem golden bells" with her voice, and making it always a pleasure to visit the department of domestic science.

To Miss Verona Daniels, for keeping the President's office all lit up with a summer smile twelve months of the year, and being the most efficient secretary in the state of North Carolina. That's right. It is a big territory. But we said it, and we are still unaware of the slightest cause for dispute.

To Miss Eliza Boyd, for starting the "Phisicl" off so well in this year of handicaps; and for keeping that cool handsome head and sunny smile so close together every day.

To Miss Mary Ellen McCants, for chasing the gremlins out of the print shop, and getting out the "Maroon and Gold" in spite of the help and the faculty adviser; and for keeping sweet about it all, and not telling Santa Claus.

And to the rest of us, for whom the page isn't large enough. For we have a couple of good points (angles?) too.

Sportsmanship

Fair play with good will in athletic contests is an All-American demand. Elon's tradition in this respect, as in others, is to excel. Our return to intercollegiate athletics, with a new and relatively young basketball team—and with a generation of students that now finds only the Seniors recalling the pre-war varsity teams—makes it seem the part of wisdom to remind ourselves of the simple technique of being a good sport.

We never dispute decisions. We know that it is the business of the team captain. We know that the crowd may be the creator of a negative reaction from officials, and that it is our task to treat them with such courtesy that negative psychological suggestion will be impossible. Experience has shown that, in the long run—in three or four complete seasons—officials who are accepted as human beings will act like human beings; and that the game, our school, and all of us benefit from the exercise of self-control.

We never "boo" anyone. That is small—smaller than "small town" stuff. We see that the opposing team get a generous portion of our good will; and that when they come on the court they get a cheer from our side. We play to win, always. But we play for the fun of the game, too; and we bless all good losers, particularly when they lose to Elon.

New Books To Read

PEOPLE ON OUR SIDE

By EDGAR SNOW

This book is a supplement and bringing up-to-date of the author's search for progressive democracy in Asia, first reported in THE BATTLE FOR ASIA, and RED STAR OVER CHINA. The author, a correspondent for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, traveled through India, Russia, and China during 1942 and 1943.

In India, Mr. Snow found chiefly discouragement. Clearly given is the case of the British and that of the Congress movement. He believes that the English failure to work out an agreement with the Congress is a decisive point in Indian history.

In China, too, he found chaos and reaction. He is greatly disturbed over the failure of the United States and Great Britain to give their moral support to Chaing-Kai-Shek and his army, as they have to Tito and his partisans.

The longer part of the book is devoted to the Soviet Union. His views on this matter are almost required reading whether or not you are convinced that post war collaboration with Russia is a requisite for world peace.

He analyzes Russia in two parts: One concerns her near-interest and her desire to build up a friendly belt around her; and the second concerns her broad international interest. There isn't room here to discuss the other provocative facts raised about Russia by Snow; however, one thing is clear, and this is that the author is certain that the Soviet wants no war with the United States. He feels, also, that if we are to understand the growing national and popular forces in Asia we shall have to understand the Soviet union, too.

Edgar Snow is one of the outstanding correspondents of our time, and this interesting and stimulating book is one that links well what has been happening in this war; and with what we may expect to happen right after it.

—Betty Benton



It looks like the boys will have to find another president for the 417 Club... Rodney Southerland will soon vacate his chair and leave for the army.

Dale Hensley has turned poet. One of her masterpieces is "I must have 'em tall, if I have 'em at all."

Pegram and Jack go together like peas in a pod. This friendship between Betty Benton and Thomas Horner is brewing along in fine style... red roses and all... the pitty of it all; Eddie.

Jessie Thurechet's been stuck again; This time with Jabez's frat pin, and a ring...

Leopold Smith did away with his Jewel over in Raleigh—Ruby Lee. Seems she was an impudent one.

Bangle Baby's initials spell BIB. A bib, as everyone knows, is something that keeps folks off one's neck.

The hall proctor of second floor West has complained about being awakened by several mischievous persons every day, disturbing the official's beauty sleep.

Carl's been corraled! Louise seems to have him well roped in.

Erma Nell can't see why her sailor doesn't write. Maybe he's all at sea.

Tommy's Wolfe-ing days are over, as Shortie Smith has trapped him.

Anne H. studied over the holidays. Oh, not scholastically, of course. "He" is well worth studying.

Just when is Miss Norris going to make up her mind? She certainly is keeping everybody in the dark.

Maxine Cole prefers the Army. "What this country needs, by scrog, is some women that buy their own chewing gum and weeds," quoth the ambiguous Frank Rogers.

And have you read THE UNINVITED GUEST by J. T. Sutton? Or I JUST A-DOOR YOU by the same author? Or maybe you've heard one of the freshmen render WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT MY DOOR (or I'LL COME DOWN AND KNOCK YOU IN).

Hear ye sinners, and mark it well. Virginia E's going to H. (Reid).

You have heard the ancient one about Fuzzy Wuzzy wuz a bear, and what happened to him. Well, Harry Turner isn't hairy any more, in more ways than one.

Dot Williams has a new pair of shoes, which were obtained in Norfolk. It just goes to show you that anything can come from there.

Patsy Wrenn has been flying around with a soldier over in Durham. Must be high society.

It isn't going to be much liberty left in Gibsonville—east is east, and Westmoreland is Westmoreland, and the girl from Liberty won't have much to do with making the twain meet.

Johnathan Swift isn't the only one who wrote a Modest Proposal. Ruby Dale Hensley was the recipient of one, no doubt of a different nature, the other day through the mail.

Theme song addition—"Marie"—by a creature named Jimbo.

Ralph Neighbors is getting along very well with Betty Benton in English. What we would like to know is, how does he get along with her on a date?

Dottie Lamm is no angel, we will have you know. She got those wings from a GI.

Is Whitley Scotch, or does he always handle two at a time?

REID THIS!



THE TALE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

Now in the olden days in Virginia, near Jamestown, was there a tribe of savage Indians, who were of the Chickenominy clan. The leader of these red folks was one ferocious warrior, Powhatan, who had a trickey looking daughter who went by the handle of Pokeyhunkas. This tribe, of course, was not Christian, like we are, but they believed in the mystic god, Boodle, and their capitol was in Boodlepest, where was located the grand teepees for all the Red Men of the World.

One fine day, three boats (which have since been put to use on Norfolk to Phoebus ferry run) landed on the shores of Jamestown, bearing a bunch of discoverers, headed by Captain John Smith, who was one of the two original brothers who started the cough drap industry. This was done for the benefit of the Indians, who suffered, prior to this, from a disease contracted during the course of their war dances and their shouting thereat. Perhaps you may have heard of this disease as whooping cough. At first, the Indians were aloof, and considered adopting many of the civilized customs, such as—

Using the Indian head penny to play the slot machines of the day instead of their cumbersome wampum... incorporating into their language many English words, such as "acquire," which are some people who sing in church... and going to school to obtain a liberal education. All went well, until—

They heard Frank Sinatra sing SIERRA SIOUX over Captain John Smith's portable radio. They became infuriated... angry... irate... dissatisfied, and besides that, they were mad. "Ugh, oogle, smooch," roared Chief Powhatan, to his capable assistant chiefs, Tonto and Shooting the Bull. His words, translated mean, "Seize the evil white one, and cleave his cranial member clean with a greaty and mighty sacrificial axe." Same was almost did, but—

Pokeyhunkas, the savage chief's wild daughter, tossed her peripherized torso upon Captain John Smith, and said in a clear voice, "Iggie, swook, verdaknee" (Which means, "Stop, fool!") But Shooting the Bull urged the chief on, "If you stop now you'll never get a-head in life." "But, Pop," Pokey pleaded, "now that the manpower shortage is acute, the Captain said he thought that he could get you all positions with the Cleveland Indians baseball team, and that would pay more than our present jobs at the Indian cigar factory." And so—

Captain John Smith was set free from the sacrificial block, and he rubbed his beard and mused, "A beard in the hand is worth two in the bush," thinking of the terrible decapitation he had just escaped. You'd think that the captain and Pokey would get married and live happily ever after, but in those days, as it is now, the typical American institution existed known as "The Triangle," and a guy known as John Rolfe entered into the picture, and another beau and error affair resulted, leaving Smith all alone, and so he journeyed to Bluefield, which was in the western part of Virginia, where he settled, and raised a bunch of little Smiths, and sent them to Elon. Fortunately—

No Indians today would ever try to take a white man's life as they did way back then, as the government has placed all of the Red Men in reservations.

Poet's Corner

THIS IS WAR

Against the side I hit with a wham; A gallant voice begs, "Excuse me, ma'am." "Ouch!" I scream, "That's my corn!" "Oh, pipe down, sister, don't look so forlorn." A soldier is sleeping under my feet—

An infant howls as his nose gets squashed; I try making faces, but he's not to be hushed. Two lovers are engaged in planning their future; My bag just fell open; boy, this is torture! Hours pass, the story's unending; "The station's ahead!" My joints start unbending. I dash for two trunks I can't possibly carry— Then a squeaky voice sounds, "Is your trip necessary?"

—Mary Ellen McCants.

Attention!



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