

Maroon and Gold

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Lite's Little Necessities

How necessary are the little things in life! How important they are to all ages, to all people everywhere.

What's it to us when a person is born? It's something that happens unceasingly day by day. It will continue to happen as long as the world is made up of the living. Most of us think little about a new life.

We take it for granted and expect people to be born. We don't care who they are. It becomes to us just another one of the little things—little insignificant things. But what about people like George Washington, even Herr Hitler? Do you think for one single minute the world would be just as it is today had these men not been born?

Any person born into the world, no matter how unimportant, how insignificant he may seem, is certain to make things change. Because there are too many hungry mouths to feed in a certain city, because too many men are physically or mentally unable to work, because some men are aggressive, because some men are brave—yes, because men are born, we must recognize the importance of every living person. A lot of little people can make a powerful crowd.

I spoke of life, for that belongs to all of us. Let us think now of things much smaller. . . . There's a soldier in New Guinea. He hasn't had a letter for two months. Should that matter to us? . . . There's a young girl in France who has lost her legs. Does the care that the officers and men of a certain American regiment have given her make any difference to her? . . . In America we're free. Is it important that we may say what we wish, read what we wish, believe what we wish, worship God as we wish, live unafraid of oppression, or destruction? Do we often think how mighty ideals are, though their beginners were some of these little things we hear about?

But smaller than these, much smaller—what about the fraternal feeling we sense in a group around an open fire; what about the rose you wear on Mother's Day, be it white or red; what about the dreams we have; what about our friends, our coming to school? They aren't so big, each in itself, but their value in determining what we are is infinite.

Yes, little things—a little sadness—, a little joy, a little kindness, a little cruelty—are strong enough to make us or ruin us. A little bit larger things can uphold or tear down a potent nation; and still a few more little things could change our entire universe. One tiny spark can create great fires.

So let's not shun little things, for remember, the best things come in the smallest packages.

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Science In The News

By J. W. CLAPP

The story of DDT, the majestic insecticide, is one of successful combats against a disease which has plagued mankind for centuries, typhus fever. A local man, Brig. General James Steven Simmons has played a large roll in this fight, and has received the Typhus Medal and the Walter Reed Medal. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Simmons, who came to Graham in 1900 and opened a drug store, around which "Steve" Simmons grew up.

General Stevens, serving at present as chief of preventative medicine with the office of the surgeon general in Washington, is well qualified to tell the story of DDT, having devoted nearly thirty years to the science of public health. In a recent article for the Post magazine he suggested that DDT was the war's greatest contribution to the future health of the world. The chemical, with the full name dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane, is a powerful poison. It attacks the nervous system, causing jitters and finally paralysis. This effect was observed four years ago in Switzerland. However, it took the urgent need of the war to bring it to the attention of this country.

When used in sufficiently dilute form, it kills insects without harming larger animals or humans. As an example of its effectiveness this report is given. A pond was sprayed with the insecticide to kill the mosquito larvae. Ducks going from this pond to another one carried enough poison on their feathers to kill the larvae in the second pond, which had not been sprayed. Some of our government officials are even worried that if it is extensively used it may upset the balance of nature by killing too many insects.

The record of the polio hospital at Hickory has been one of our modern miracles. Faced with one of the state's most serious epidemics of infantile paralysis, we had inadequate facilities and little knowledge of treatment. Our health officers got together and worked miracles in a hurry in order to save many lives. The Hickory Emergency Polio Hospital, directed by Dr. H. C. Whims, has the astounding record of only a three per cent death rate and few victims of the disease left with crippling after-effects.

The Hickory hospital was a camp site, converted in three days into a 40-bed hospital and later extended. Intensive research was carried on during the epidemic, the hospital cooperating with medical schools, and much has been learned. This experiment has shown that something can be done about infantile paralysis. With a continual gain of knowledge and experience, the next epidemic need not be so terrible and may even be prevented.

College Humor

ROOMMATE'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep
 Please make her my size with small feet;
 So if worse to worse, her clothes I'll wear
 Please make her so she won't care.
 Don't let her mind if my bed's not made.
 And let her allowance always be paid.
 But this I pray as hard as I can;
 Don't let us fall for the same man.

You can never tell how a girl will turn out until her folks turn in.

Familiar words these days:

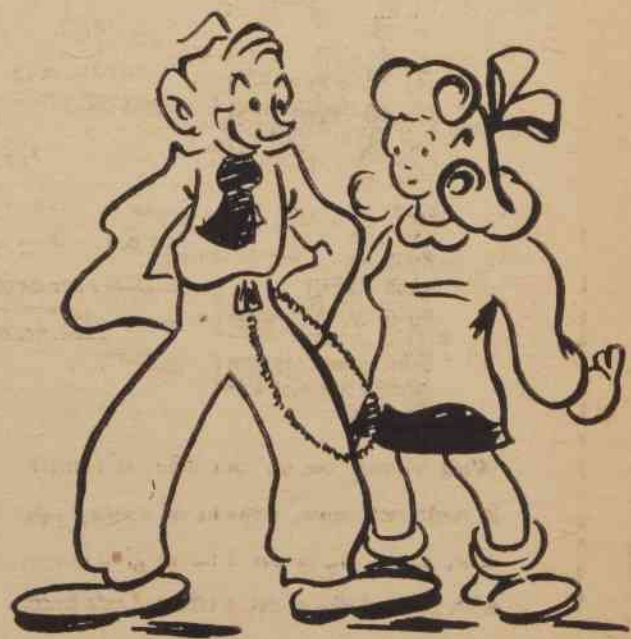
Just give me a man with a million or two,
 Or one that is handsome will certainly do.
 A dashing young fellow is well any day,
 Or one that is famous will suit me o-kay.
 But if the manpower shortage should get any worse,
 Go back to the very first words of this verse.

If all the coeds in the world that didn't neck were gathered in one room what would we do with her?

Tis sad when one cannot foretell,
 To please other people is my strongest belief.
 So if this one you don't admire,
 We'll have a columnist for hire.

No one knows my sadness—and never my grief;
 To please other people is my strongest belief.
 Even powerful perfumes on satins and mink
 If put in this column would certainly stink.

No doubt, when I'm dead and put in my grave,
 And somebody else is this Editor's slave;
 You'll probably hear this pitiful rumor:
 "She died of boredom writing 'College Humor'."



"Whadya mean the music sounds funny? Since somebody swiped the records outa the juke box, we stuffed Mac and his sax in the piccolo."



The latest Andrews Sisters recording, "Rum and Coca-Cola," seems to have become a popular ditty among many of the boys around North.

It's just like the old fellers said, "The keys to my success happen to belong to Frances St. Clair. I bin carrying them around for about two weeks now, I reckon."

Congratulations are in order to the latest bride in Ladies' Hall. . . . Best wishes, Mrs. Wally. Cassanova Durham seems to have settled down to his final resting place. What's the name, Coffin or Casket?

Vernalee Kernodle is going West for Moreland. . . . or maybe they're going together. Whatley's getting down to bare facts with Verdalee Norris. . . . By presenting her with a bear. What that boy doesn't produce.

The fleet's in over at Reidsville. Hilda Neese tied up there the other night to see a member of the blue.

Trees in front of East are peculiar ones. In the day time they cast but one shadow, but at night they give three shadows. Reilly, they do, old top, Reilly they do.

Louise Clayton likes the "Donkey Serenade." It reminds her of her interest, Conkey.

No strings attached. . . . A few night ago, Ann H. was looking forward to the arrival of the twine.

Doris Chandler has been getting some interesting mail as of late.

Ruby Braxton reports that the latest "case" is cooked up between Mortimer and Judy.

Someone wrote in: "W. T. Walker received a Christmas card." Now, that seems to be real news! There is talk that Frank Bain (of the Haw River Bains) also was the recipient of such a greeting. . . . a few years back.

The Elon Players would like to have a few more male members in their organization.

Why is it that Jimmy and Marie aren't any more? What caused him to see the light? (Maybe someone turned it on.)

Shortie Smith has been reading all the stuff she can lay her hands on by Thomas Wolfe. (The one that used to go to Chapel Hill).

Gene Poe delivered one of the best messages of the year in chapel not so long ago. Mighty nice work, Gene.

New Books To Read

FIGHTING WORDS

Edited by Warfield Lewis
Published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

This book, fast becoming one of the most popular of its kind, is a collection of twenty-five stories and twenty-eight cartoons by members of the armed forces.

These stories and cartoons, the winners in a contest sponsored by the Armed Forces Service League, are as varied as the ranks of their authors. They are set in Alaska, Tunis, along Long Island sound, the Pacific theater of war, Texas, army camps, ships, and street corners.

One of the best is "Beach Patrol," by Warrant Officer William L. Moore, a story which makes sentry duty on Long Island almost as exciting as in the fighting zones.

These stories reveal the service men and women, not as they seem to an outside writer, but as they are to themselves. Their stories on death lack the flippancy, wisecracking attitude usually associated with stories of this type.

Most of the authors, although comparatively inexperienced, have portrayed humor, romance, action and wistful glimpses into the future with a realism that is somehow unique.

The cartoons all convey the characteristic thoughts of servicemen but do not measure up to the stories. —Benton

QUOTATIONS

Everything's been said; but, as nobody listens, we must always begin over.—Andre Gide.

Jack was a boy of excellent taste, as should appear by his pulling out a plum; it is therefore supposed that his father apprenticed him to a mince-pie maker, that he might improve his taste from year to year; none standing in such need of good taste as a pastry-cook.—Bentley, On the Sublime and Beautiful.

Some will splash on the Milky Way,
 Or bump the moon—oh dear!
 Light the stars up, Gabriel,
 Because the night is here.

—Eleanor Farjeon

"I know what you're thinking about," said Tweedle-dum, "but it isn't so, nohow."
"Contrarwise," continued Tweedledee, "if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it ain't, it ain't. That's logic."

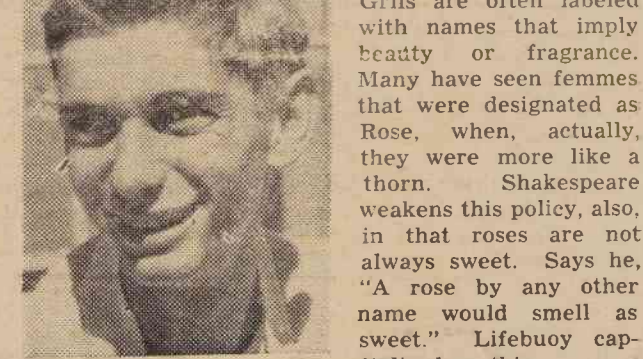
"I was thinking," said Alice very politely, "which is the best way out of this wood."
Lewis Carrol



What is a name? A name is a figurative handle by which one may be grasped. Unfortunately, this title is always attached before the being is elderly enough to have any say-so in the matter.

Each person is endowed with three names: a first name, another name, and a surname. Oft times these

names are not fitting to the person bearing same. This is particularly true of the female gender. Girls are often labeled with names that imply beauty or fragrance. Many have seen femmes that were designated as Rose, when, actually, they were more like a thorn. Shakespeare weakens this policy, also, in that roses are not always sweet. Says he, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Lifebuoy capitalized on this.



Some names are astounding. The boy is stuck. The girl, however, who is always capable of squirming out of spots, can easily change her surname if she finds a boy's she likes better. If the male is handsome enough, she usually finds it very easy to submit to the chance.

Derivations of names have been found to be particularly interesting. A canvass of some of the more fascinating ones ensues. . . .

Lib Scoggin's last name was taken from that of a court fool, contemporary to Chaucer, of the 15th century. The Davis by the name Bonnie means "debonaire," although many think that Bonnie means sompin' else. Reid used to mean "rare," an apt title for the propitious P. Reid (a rare period.) Tommy Martin's last name was first intended as an animal's nickname, probably a giraffe's, because he is known for his long neck. The Emerson part of R. E. Whately used to mean emery, or sandpaper. This does not necessarily mean that he is a rough character with means to sharpen his wits.

Considerable difficulty was found in translating some of the antiquated names into modern language. Take the case of the name Bowden. It meant industrious soul, but nobody these days ever says anything like that, so we must be content with the translation from Scandinavian, "busy."

Lorraine Waugh's surname has been taken from baby talk, meaning "wall." Another meaning could be hooked on to this—also from infant language, the singular of "water," the plural being "waugh-waugh." Liza Boyd is a northern name. Boyd is a yankee word, meaning "bird." Poe is an Arabian name—shortened from Pokomoko.

Other names that have unusual meanings are—Junior Jenkins' initial nom d'plume. Junior is said to be derived from Senior, a most proper procedure, as is Adeox, which is reported to be a derivative of Adam. . . . aren't we all? Lamm was first used as a sign in front of a little shop according to the little book. The aforementioned may be seen on Lamm's clothing store in Burlington.

Dr. French's middle name is reported to be Beelzebub, a Kansas word for "Cyclone" . . . Verdalee Norris is an ancient with term . . . Leopold means trouble . . . Wolfe means, "sedate gentleman" . . . and Macen—well, Dot's friend-Mac could be taken to mean almost anything.

Poet's Corner

THE GIRL I WANT

"T'would be nice to have a girl who is pretty and tall.

(A darn sight nicer than no girl at all.)
"T' would be fine to have a girl with shapely features:

One of those up-to-date bathing beauty creatures. Some like a girl who can appreciate a book, But I want a girl who's a darn good cook. —T. H.

LES CONFESSIONS

By a Sinatra Fan

Since he has bristled hair,
His teeth are crooked;
But I just can't help but stare—
I love that man!

Sure, his legs form a bow,
His head's like a tack;
But, nevertheless, I just know
I love that man!

Sure, his clothes are baggy,
He weighs one-hundred-one;
And though he's sort of shaggy,
I love that man!

Sure, he's lean and he's lank,
He's a heck of a sight;
Bu when the music starts—O Frank!
How I love that man!