

Maroon and Gold

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THOUGHTS

When I speak of beauty I mean everything which is lovely, and noble, and true. It does not have to be sweet, it may be bitter; it does not have to be joyous, it may be sad.—Thomas Wolfe.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?—Matthew 6:25.

Don't Read This

Perhaps the editor should not have written this—that's why he warns you not to read it. He is just thinking out loud. And we are told in public speaking class never to begin a speech or any other similar exhortation with an apology, but you must allow us to say this, "If love of Elon be a crime, then some of us will surely go to hell." And if any dedication of this editorial be made, let it be made to the student body of Elon College, who live it, and to Thomas Wolfe and St. Matthew, who willed it. (See Thoughts, above.)

We are ourselves here at Elon. Isn't that a silly statement to make? Again that's why you shouldn't read this column. But what we mean is that we do not walk around like statues, afraid to speak, lest we offend the sister of our roommate's girl-friend. Nor are we afraid to sing when we feel like singing—not just at Community Sings sponsored by the legitimate organizations. (Of course, we wouldn't sing during the quiet hours or any other respected times.) In the spring when the evenings become warm and nature buds the trees, we will go out on the campus and play games if there is nothing else in particular to do. Or sometimes we'll gather on the dormitory steps and tell jokes, or else laugh at some humorous statements contributed by the conversation by Mary or Verona. The dining hall corresponds to our dining room at home and the campus is our front yard. We are at home here—in fact, this is our home while we are here. We do not "hang our hats" or "lay our heads" here, as the expressions go, for a few days, but for the larger part of four years. And for the summer school students it really is a year-round affair.

What we are trying to say is that Elon is ours and we are Elon's. It awaited our coming before we were born and will retain a part of us after we are dead. The campus is abstractly decided to the "men and women who've come and gone," the present student body, and to new generations yet unborn.

The campus . . . can our love for it be expressed by any physical adornment? or by spoken word? or by printed word? Is the campus just something to separate the buildings from the wall? or is it a memory-soaked ground, sacred to those who love it, beautiful as emerald, and natural as rain?

Ourselves . . . what are we? Are we ornaments? or are we living, breathing, acting, flesh-and-blood creatures? What standards determine our value? Will a starched shirt and a clean-pressed tie make us one bit finer than we are? Will a full belly and a lot of money to throw away, make us any better . . . really better?

But . . . that there is beauty here, that's the important thing—beauty in the rose vine that blooms every four years over West Gate, beauty in the "Hey," "Hi" and "Hello" that we meet from every person we pass on the walk, beauty in the smiling faces of men and women; beauty in the ugliness of the Power House (have you seen Ed Daniel's painting?), beauty in the red brick wall that encloses our campus, beauty in a group of boys out to have a good time on Saturday night, beauty in a boy and girl walking beneath the whispering oaks, the crowd at the basketball games, the M. & G. office, O'Kelly monument, and a crooked old tree . . . all these and many more—not provincial-

Science In The News

By BILL CLAPP

During the war the Germans used a chemical, Periston, as a substitute for blood plasma, according to a report by Chemical Warfare Service. The Germans used very little blood plasma for treatment of shock in their wounded; and substituted over 300,000 shots of Periston for military personnel with apparently no harmful results. The synthetic was discovered while working on plastics. It closely resembles albumen, found commonly in eggs.

The discovery, made during war developments of the German chemical industry, was known to American scientists two years ago. Some samples obtained from Germany were studied here and were declared inferior and more harmful than materials we had available for a blood substitute.

Penicillin was an aid to American wounded which the Germans apparently did not have. They relied mainly on the sulfa drugs for fighting infection of wounds. They did develop some additional sulfa drugs and used them widely. They produced larger quantities of atabrine for malaria and investigated other anti-malarial drugs.

When imports of opium were cut off, domestic poppies were used as a source of this important pain-relieving drug. Harmones and vitamins were in large production and demand in Germany. The German scientists tried to synthesize vitamin A but failed.

One thing rather startling but characteristic of German drug manufacture was the small scale of the apparatus used. Kettles, tanks and stills for producing some of the important drugs were only of one or two quart capacity.

Two new light bulbs recently were developed and for purposes of an opposite nature. One is a repeating flash bulb a million times brighter than ones used in ordinary flash photographs. The other is a bulb for underwater use. It has one thousand watts capacity and yet is only the size of an ordinary forty-watt light bulb. The flash bulb is used for making color pictures after dark and making pictures covering considerable territory. The first color photographs secured after dark were made by a B-24 bomber over Chicago. It had a camera in the nose and two of the bulbs at the tail at the center of large reflectors. The underwater light is a spotlight for continuous use in showing underwater swimming and diving and for use in salvage work and underwater construction jobs. If a bulb with its power and small size were used in the air, it would "burn out" immediately, unless it were surrounded by a water jacket.

Carolina Bouquets

A big autumn harvest pumpkin to the person who wrote "The Print Shop," (last issue) and for saying with deft good humor, the things we would have been more likely to swear about. That was the best "short" to appear in the M & G in a long time.

One whoppin' big American Beauty to our Mary Cox, the Belle of Wagram, for double-the-average efficiency in the business department of publications. Miss Mary is a sales expert extraordinary. Personality does it, with a smile and something chic in clothes and good looks. It's the way she wears 'em, we guess; and the way she persists. Some rather hard business men have capitulated to the magic she uses, and our advertising keeps climbing. We'd make a prediction concerning her future in big business—were it not for a small voice that warns us that she is most likely to be side-tracked by romance.

We send our thanks to the state of Alabama for its gift to our Department of Dramatics, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Smith. Last year's successes in play production were but the beginnings of things to come. Watch for the announcements from the Little Theater group. Mrs. Smith has talent and experience far above the average, and capability and common sense. She has not stopped to weigh handicaps, though there are many. So one of our prize bouquets to her and her corps, with all good will.

A trio of chrysanthemums (khat a word to spell, and orchids to us for getting it right) to the Department of Languages. No college or university in the U. S. A. can boast a better group of instructors—gracious, pains-taking, widely traveled, and trained to full efficiency. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. The great upheaval of tyranny in Europe was at least partly responsible for the fortunes of war and peace that brought us Dr. and Mrs. Hirsch. Their combined experiences are world-wide. Mrs. Hirsch left Russia during the period of revolution and its aftermath, lived in China, rounded the world to Europe by way of the Pacific and Canada, spent some time in Italy, came upon romance with a bright young university scholar from Mannheim, became acquainted with Switzerland, Vienna, Paris, and most of central Europe, and after a long struggle through the Nazi horror, brought the bright young man with her to the peace and beauty of this garden spot of Dixie. Carolina sends her call to many people from afar. We count it our good fortune that so many wise ones heed the call.

To Senorita Atalita Chegwin, of Barranquilla, Colombia, the one with the beaux yeux, who teaches Spanish, is going the third of our trio of flowers celestial. She has quickly won her place on the campus; we count her acquisition another piece of good fortune for Elon—which, just now, is in possession of an unusually fine corps of instructors.

ism, not convention, not social standards, nor rules, but something honest, courageous, noble, kind, simple, pure, and true. That's beauty. And that's what we mean when we say "Eoin!"

Little Wuns Little Bits

By VERDALEE NORRIS

Tom Horner just informed me that this column had to be in two days earlier because he wants it for the editorial page. I don't know why, because his editorial should be enough un-read material on one page. However, Herr Horner insisted and I did not have much time to steal somebody else's humor, so this will be cornier than usual.

Writing this every two weeks is certainly proving to be education. Already I have learned not to stick my neck out so far. That "eternal struggle" I spoke of in the last issue turned out to be not so "eternal" after all.

I'm beginning to feel normal for a chance. Nobody has called me maladjusted for a week, and just two people have called me red-haired. But with each rose there is a thorn: Roxboro's gift to Elon, the Ben Kirby's, keep calling me "Cuddle-bait."

Graydon Butler wants her name in this column. If there was anything else to say about her except she has a s. p. for Fred Register, I might be able to comply with her wishes.

I didn't know 'til today dep't: Eddie Mulford's name is really Edward Mortimer Mulford III. (I guess you'll think twice before you tease me next time, Eddie.)

Mrs. Marlette disagrees with the moron, who thought that Pitching Woo belonged to the Chinese; she says it is a universal game.

Speaking of Mrs. Marlette reminds me. I really have built up my wails-resistance since I have been looking after her two young sons these last few days.

Dr. Bowden really knows all the answers: The trouble is that nobody will ask him the questions.

This bit of scientific reflection really belongs in Bill Clapp's column, but I was the one who snatched it from Ogden Nash, so I'm going to use it here.

The Firefly

The firefly's flame
Is something for which science has no name
I can think of nothing eerier
Than flying around with an unidentified glow on one's posterior.

If Dr. Hirsch thinks those boys sit in his classes like knots on a log, he should see them out on campus some night.

Why doesn't somebody give Howard Hudson a book on Basic English and Jack Burch by Emily Post? These two gifts might revolutionize the future of Elon's dining hall.

A BOSTON POST writer, Joe Harrington, defines a kiss as a contraction of the mouth due to the enlargement of the heart.

Now that the post-war world is really here, I am waiting for some of those wonderful inventions we have heard about for four years. I'll really believe that the airplane is going to take the place of the car when I see Ralph Long and gang in one headed for the drug. Sudden thought. The guy who invents an airplane you can park behind a cloud will really have something.

I asked Emerson Whatley for something to finish filling this column and he said something about two oak trees on campus that look like one but are really two and one is just as important as the other because it took just as much time to build one as the other. Doesn't make sense to me, does it to you?

Some of the girls on campus are writing letters to their congressmen to suggest a bill to issue not only veterans buttons to discharged soldiers, but little buttons to show who is married and who isn't.

Then there are these things that appreciate nobody and reads everybody that

College Humor

Prof. Reddish: Oxygen is essential for the subsistence of all life, and was not discovered until 1774.

Jo Nell Dixon: Mr. Reddish, how did people live before then?

Historic Statements

Eve: I simply must have some decent clothes.
Noah: It looks like rain.
Samson: My wife says I gotta get my hair cut.
Little David: Hey, Ma, looka! I just made this great shot.
Nero: Here's a song that'll set the town on fire.
Columbus: Anybody got an egg?
Dante: I got a swell idea for a story.
Sir Walter Raleigh: Step on it kid.
Henry VIII: I'm sorry I ever married you.
Napoleon: I would have won easily if Wellington hadn't called in a couple other guys.
Rip Van Winkle: I think I'll lie down for a minute.
Paul Revere: Does this road take me to Concord?

Fred: Well, where have you been all morning?
Kermit: Filling the salt shakers like you told me to.
Fred: But what took you so long?
Kermit: It's a mighty tough job pouring salt through all those little holes.

Dr. McClure: I'm a man of few words.
Dr. French: I know, I'm married, too.

Fleeta Moffitt: Miss Greenfield, may I write my theme on chewing gum?
Miss Greenfield: Well, Fleeta, I really think notebook paper is more commonly used.



With the two epidemics engagementitis and break-up fever, raging, Snip and Snoop have met with a great deal of confusion since the last issue of the Maroon and Gold went to press.

In the third-finger-left-hand-department — Katherine Saunders is the first freshman to get a ring. Sarah Harris and Eddie Mulford made it official with a ring last week.

Look-alikes—Betty Benton and Rachael Futrell (HMMMM!!!)

Newest couple on campus—W. D. Little and Edith Sharpe. That leaves Fred Register as the remaining bachelor mentioned in last week's column. Poor Fred! Someone wants to know (and we couldn't find out) why "Pete" Hensley runs everytime he meets Betty Blake.

Watts happened to Ben Kirby lately? We kinda miss the old familiar strains of "Always," "I should Care," and etc., coming from Whitley every afternoon this year. They tell us that Wallace Owen is expected to hit the trail for Carolina and Elon soon, now. How about it, Dot?

Happiest news item of the week: Bob Truitt is expected home sometime before the first of the year. Congratulations, Francis.

We aren't sure but we think that we saw Pee Wee Porter with Orville Robinson the other night—We couldn't ever see around him well enough to tell.

Why is Lorraine Waugh so peeved at hearing from but one boy all the time? After all, remember the manpower situation hasn't improved but so much.

Hilda Malone deserves to look happy. Fred Compton is back.

It looks as if wedding bells will be ringing for another Starxon girl soon.

"Stars in Your Eyes," dedicated to Margaret Rawls. And George isn't bald.

Nancy Jordan has dedicated more than relatives living in Gibsonville—namely Keith Boone.

Is Benton stepping out on Burch, or Burch on Benton, we couldn't decide? Or are they just taking times stepping on one another's shoe shine?

My, My "Ruse," that man's so big. Why don't you share him?

Clegg Miller seems to be in a state of confusion—it's funny they are both blond day students.

Question of the week—Does Verdalee Norris really have red hair? Please address all answers to us in care of the Maroon and Gold.

Answer to the question that has puzzled some people.—Ralph Long must roll up the cuffs of his trousers because he heard about the freshman girl who thought they were soooo attractive.

It's getting serious—Doris Glosson and Carl Neal.

Three cheers for old students coming back next quarter—it is said that Ace Harrell and Fred Gray, to mention a few, will return to dear "ole Elon" come November. Bob Graham and Ed Daniel, who are now in the arms of labor, are also expected for the winter quarter.

Bill a la Sinatra Williams went over to the game in Chapel Hill last Saturday . . . but there wasn't a football game going on in Raleigh Sunday, was there Bill?

Double trouble: Bill and George Clapp. Second question of the week: Who threw the whiskey in the Well? No. It was not the Ministerial Association.

M. & G. ex-editors Faye Thomas and Mrs. William Ellie Evans, alias Ellie, are expected to be on the campus for bid-night next week. It is always good to see the former Greeks return.

None other than our president of the student body has gone and done it. On the fateful night of September 22 Emerson Whatley gave away his liberty (not to mention a diamond ring) to the belle of South Carolina—Martha McDanel. The M. & G. joins with the student body, the faculty, Dr. Smith, and Andy in wishing them many years of happiness.

Something new under the sun—Marjorie Moore's chocolate jelly. But that catch is that it keeps you awake half the night suffering.

Be it known unto all peoples, nations, and tongues between Gibsonville, Haw River, and all other foreign countries that Frank "Hotshot" Rivers, after somewhat of a lengthy vacation, is back at Elon for the current year.

H. Reid writes that all is well with Bill and Mary. The coach has quite a bit of trouble with Helen Scott and Patsy Wrenn. They insist that they have had enough physical training after working in a dime store or shopping for three hours.

Com'on stoddents, let's make some gossip, 'cause if'n you don't do anything, we can't print it.

Poet's Corner

ELON VS. ROME

Yes, Rome was great,
Once the world pivot state.
She, with pomp and bravo,
Boasted hero after hero.
But, when Elon burned
There was no Nero.

—Junius Peedin