

Maroon and Gold

Edited and printed by students of Elon College. Published bi-weekly during the college year, under

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, \$1.50 the quarter.

Editor Thomas Horner
Business Manager Mary Cox

EDITORIAL BOARD

Co-Editor Verdalee Norris
Managing Editor Betty Benton
Associate Editor Catherine Cooper
Sports Editor Al Burlingame
Feature Editor Joyce Smith

BUSINESS BOARD

Circulation Manager Virginia Ezell
Ass't. Circulation Manager Hazel Cole
Adviser C. R. McClure
Photographer Dr. Merton French
Printer Charles Brown

REPORTERS—Ruby Braxton, Jo Earp, Marjorie Reidt, Dorothy Salmons, Ida Marie Parker

SPORTS WRITERS—Steve Castura, Ed Mulford

COLUMNISTS—Bill Clapp, Verdalee Norris, Dale Hensley

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Office—Room 1, Duke Science Building

Thoughts

I sent my soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered, "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."
—The Rubaiyat of Khayyam.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.
—Isaiah 52:7

Numen Lumen

(Or "Come Out of the Dark")

Numen Lumen—these two Latin words are the motto of our college. Truly Elon has been "a new light" to thousands of men and women who have passed through her doors. The college itself was a new light in education in that it was the first church college in the state to admit the fairer sex. Today Elon is surpassed by few, if any colleges in North Carolina in high standards, curricula, and school spirit. To us, surely, it is the most beautiful. Students enter as Freshmen, young, untrained, unsettled, and leave with a new vision, sounder characters, broader minds, to take their places in the world.

But . . . today, in spite of the above listed virtues, many policies in the government of the college seem antiquated to the average campus student. Particularly is this true of some of the rulings of the Board of Trustees, which were made years ago, and which at that time, seemed perfectly beneficial, but which, today, are terribly obsolete. The edicts about which most of the students become peeved at one time or another are the ones concerning dances, orchestras, etc.

Another thing which we need in order to achieve real "Numen Lumen" are liberal courses in sexual hygiene and marriage and family relationships. The fact that this—one of the most important things that a person should know—is entirely overlooked in our college curriculum is regrettable. When one out of every six marriages in America is ending up in the divorce court and two out of the remaining five are unhappy partnerships, it is evident that young Americans need to be educated in this field.

There are other things which we could mention. Many of the students are critical of compulsory church, chapel, and Sunday school attendance. (It is interesting to note that more upperclassmen attend Vespers—which is not required—than do attend Sunday school—which is.) But concerning this the students do not always know what is best for them.

But our task is this—to avoid intolerance and try to cultivate its opposite. To us, intolerance is the deadliest of sins. To have an understanding heart surely brings us closer to God. Someone has said that mankind has learned to fly like a bird, swim in the sea like a fish, and that now all he has got to do is to learn to walk on the earth like a man. Very few students will read this article, two or three faculty members, perhaps that same number from the administration, and probably none of the trustees. But to those who do—we say this: Above all, let us be broad-minded, tolerant, intelligent, and fair with one another. Let us strive for greater understanding . . . "Numen Lumen" . . . until the sons of men become the Sons of God.

Science In The News

By BILL CLAPP

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has a 100-ton "mathematical brain." It is an electronic calculating machine that makes a few minutes work of problems that would take days. Used during the war to compute complicated range tables for United States Navy guns, to supply fire control data, and to figure out radar antenna designs, it was rumored to be a "white elephant." These rumors were for the purpose of fooling the enemy.

The machine can tackle three problems at a time with as many as eighteen variable factors in each one. The machinery contains 200 miles of wire, 2,000 electronic tubes, several thousand relays, and about 150 motors. In spite of its apparent complexity, one man can operate it.

As problems are fed into it on perforated tape, the machine gives the answers on graphs or as numbers on electric typewriters.

Telephone service for rural areas may come earlier than expected if present tests with power line transmission are successful. The system, reported in use around Jonesboro, Ark., makes use of rural electric lines bringing power and light to farm houses. The transmission is by means of a radio frequency carrier wave, which travels on the power lines along with the power supply.

This development would be a short cut to rural telephone expansion because it eliminates the necessity of building telephone lines, a slow job. Electronic transmitting and receiving equipment is installed at the central switchboard and at each telephone circuit on the line. A regular dial system may be used, and with proper protection, there will be no interference between the telephone circuit and the power circuit. Tests are encouraging, but all is still in the experimental stage.

It is estimated that there are almost three million farm families now served by power lines but lacking telephone service.

Nearly six million pounds of sunflower seed were grown in the United States in 1945 to produce table oils and animal feed.

A patent has been issued to cover a new type of motor fuel that would be independent of petroleum supply. The proposal is to use a solution of ammonia nitrate in liquid anhydrous ammonia.

Heating systems of the future may use liquids which can be heated to temperatures of over 800 degrees Fahrenheit without vaporizing. This would take the place of water for heating radiators. The temperature would also take care of stoves and other appliances, including irons.

Over The Shoulder

The following was recently found in the MAROON AND GOLD box:

Dear Editor:
Who is Boodle Baby and Cuddle-bait? The day students would like to know.
A DAY STUDENT.

Also we were confronted by a very intelligent looking individual the other day who did not understand the significance of that famous quotation, "Cows are such useful creatures."

The MAROON AND GOLD apologizes to its readers for using nicknames, terminologies, and quotations with which they are not familiar. But when that quick over-the-holiday boodling reputation of our favorite code arose, we could not overlook giving it the proper publicity—even though we forgot the explanation.

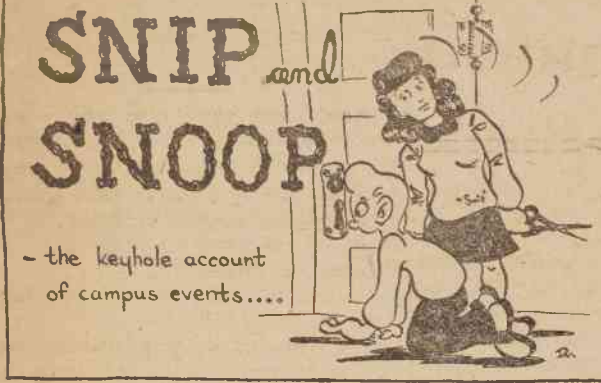
Boodle Baby (and also Cuddle-bait, being one and the same person) is none other than Verdalee Grey Norris—sometimes spelled Verta Lea. It so happens that this famous author of "Littl' Uns' Little Bits" (although that column is being written by her roommate, also Burch's woman this week) was witnessed bidding quite a fond farewell to an Elon lad the day before the Christmas holidays, with full consent on her part. Half an hour later, after No. 1 had departed, another "friend" came along who also had to say goodbye, and he saw it that it was justifiably affectionate. Since Jesse "I see everything" Thurecht, the first witness, saw this too, a Suffolk-Norfolk convention of third-floor West girls during the holidays labeled the whom they had been calling "Maladjusted Vert," "Boodle Baby." According to Vert, Hal Foster, Jack Burch, Ben and Cy Kirby, Everette Kivette, Henry Ward, Harold Siler, other feather-brains, and Calvin Milam and Bobby "Hubba Hubba" Harris later fell in line with the Virginia girls and also took up the habit. Hence now, half of the post-Christmas students do not even know Boodle Baby's real name.

We don't know whether or not this is the proper explanation but it will do for the time anyway. To have!

CONTRIBUTED QUIP

I could never think to squeal on
A graduate of good old Elon
So if I saw a penny pilfered,
I'd blame it on a guy from Guilford.

Al Burlingame
Pep Watkins
Emerson Whatley
Ed Mulford
Homer Vangooch



With so many of our gossip makers busy washing clothes, running "errors," trying to ignore the boy friend and so forth during "hell week," it's been rather hard to get any dirt at all for this column . . . but here goes:

Betsy Smith is giving lessons to anyone who wants to be brilliant . . . the only "Albright" girl on campus . . . Poor Dot really died from lack of "Pep" . . . Nice performance girls . . . Rachel, if Hink comes back after seeing you for a solid week minus the war paint, certainly it must be true love this time . . . hey, W. D., who in the heck is Blondie? . . . and who was it that said practice teaching is fun?

"In the spring a young man's fancy turns to love" or something like that . . . Elon must be a little ahead as usual . . . notice all the new diamonds being flashed around . . . Ladies' Hall rates two . . . how 'bout it Carolyn Thompson . . . you too, Jessie Ree . . . then while snooping around the Day Students' room we saw a couple more . . . love's wonderful isn't it . . . Ann and Elinor Dare? . . . Maybe this belongs in the Day Student column too . . . Lucy Truitt giving Jack the Walker-round . . . Helen Cobb engaged in a Long conversation . . . these people.

Latest couples seen under Senior Oak: Clegg Miller and Hal Foster . . . Marguerite Hudson and Bill Anderson . . . Elinor Argenbright and Tom Foust on the waiting list . . . fifteen minutes allowed each couple . . . Dot Shepard and Jimmy Westmoreland coming around the corner . . . just a little late . . . Carolyn and Floyd returning disappointed to Ladies' Hall . . . no trees left.

Five pictures of the same boy, same pose, in the same room . . . Lib, Frenchie was all covered up with Clay-tor wasn't he? . . . how did it all happen . . . Jim Wilkens is on the loose, girls . . . put in your bid early.

One radio in East plays without stopping all afternoon . . . it couldn't be the excellent programs . . . the announcer no doubt . . . Vivian, please don't run up the electricity bill . . . just heard that Dot Williams, snip and snoop material of last year, has finally snaked her man . . . congratulations . . . more power to you.

How 'bout that bachelor's table in the dining hall . . . lately we have seen one or more of the fairer sex making eyes at a certain wolf over a cup of coffee . . . see, boys, even eating is no fun without a couple of women around . . . nuff stuff . . .

"Little side-long glances
Little winks so quaint—
Makes you think you're in love—
When you really ain't."

Best dressed man on campus is still Dr. Brannock, for our money . . . You say "We ain't got no money?"
Heh! Heh!

Poet's Column

THE MOTH

I sat all alone in my garret one night,
Alone at my desk and my pen,
Attempting to master a difficult theme
But finding no words to begin.

The damp summer air hung oppressive and hot
As vainly I strove and grew wroth,
And just as my anger was kindling within
There flew through the window a moth.

The tiny lost thing in my strange yellow world
Had been drawn by the magnet so bright;
A life-given snowflake, it hovered and shied
As it sought for a place to light.

A beautiful creature, it flitted and weaved
On its fluttery, haphazard flight,
Its wings out of step with the brave little heart
That kept time in its body so white.

But I, in no mood to give beauty its due,
Distracted and pulses afire,
Arose to extinguish the hapless white moth
Which was feeding new flame to my ire.

I raised up my hand to deliver the blow
That would snuff out a life in its fall,
When, stilling its winglets, the moth came to rest
On a calendar there on the wall.

Religious of nature this calendar was,
With its church-dates a colorful maze,
While a portrait of Christ and an innocent child
Supplemented the gay-numbered days.

Inscribed on the picture for all eyes to see
Was a caption in letters quite clear:
"Nay, suffer the children to come unto me,"
It said boldly to all who could hear.

My hand was arrested, before it could strike,
By the miracle there taken place:
The little white moth lay in peaceful repose.
On the Savior's benevolent face!

Coincidence was it—or was it design—
That the moth in its peril had gained
The saving protection of Him we adore?
For 'twas only that held me restrained.

With temper subdued and my head meekly bowed,
I returned to my work with a zest,
Inspired and awed by the wisdom of God,
Who had shown me that mercy is best.
—A. W. Burlingame.

LITTLE UN'S LITTLE BITS

By Verdalee Norris

BETTY BENTON, Guest Columnist

My writing Little Un's Little Bits is like Don Kernodle trying to get on Ruth Everett's shoe—it just doesn't fit. Besides that I'm confused. There is too much going on, I can't find a place to sit and write this, nobody told me to write it until I got my hair nice and wet and washed so I couldn't go find a joke book or someone interesting to talk to; everything that I can think of to write about someone doesn't "want printed," and everything that someone wants printed I don't know about—and now I'm through griping and I'll get down to doing what I'm supposed to be doing which I don't know how to do. Oh, for some peace and quiet!

Everyone is still talking about the High Point game, so I guess it is all right if I have my say, too. We lost in one way, but we certainly won in another. I think that we can all be proud that we had enough respect for Elon to keep our heads, and act like Christians.

It's after Valentine's, but we want to award to Joe Golombek the biggest and most glittering one still available.

"Your Friend, My Friend, Everybody's Friend" McClenny is fast becoming the Dear Mr. Anthony of Elon.

Last week-end was almost like homecoming for lots of last year's students. Dot Williams, now Mrs. David Darden, stopped by Friday. Betty Blue and Shirley Sinclair, both now Mrs. Somebody, spent the week-end here. Shirley is even being invited to the Circle meetings in Aberdeen.

Watch out! Run for your life—it's not Superman, it's Ralph Long back from boot in San Diego. Don't be mad, Ralph, I really am glad to see you. Other people are, too.

Poor Brevitt. Everyone walks out on his jokes. Please someone go ask him to repeat Tommy Burton's joke to you.

Just in general—both the typewriters in the MAROON AND GOLD office are broken. Probably from overuse by people getting in a hurry to write nice things about Whatley before he leaves. Nice things, NICE THINGS, Nice Things, nice things, Sgniht, nice things about Whatley before he departs. There Whatley, there is my eulogy to you, or do I mean elegy.

I thought that I was going to be forced to write something in this column that it would have almost broken my heart to write. I know that the rest of the school will celebrate with the girls of 3rd Floor West when they learn that "Myrtle" rescued Gregory as he was going down the drain. It really was horrible. Graydon Butler, his owner, was in tears. I know you all who know Gregory is, but in case you don't—Gregory is a goldfish. Gregory is named after Gregory Peck, who looks like Fred Register (in Graydon's estimation.)

I guess that there are sixteen or seventeen girls on campus who are glad that sorority initiation is over. But even they will admit that it was right much fun. Even if they don't admit it now they will this time next year. Anyway, congratulations to all of you.

Scanning The Pages

By STEVE CASTURA

ONE NATION by Wallace Stegner and the Editors of LOOK. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston—The Riverside Press. This is a book of illustrations dealing with our country's problems of race, color and creed.

Wallace Stegner's ONE NATION is about the growing wave of intolerance and prejudice toward racial and religious groups in our country.

Mr. Stegner and photographers from the LOOK staff spent over a year in preparing the material as a survey in illustrated form.

The pictures portray three types of Negroes: The southern, the migrating, and the educated. They also show the customs of Jewish and Catholic people; of the Hispanos of New Mexico; the Pachucos of Los Angeles; the American Indian; the Pacific Races; and the Migrant Mexican Crop-workers, with a general description of their habits and mode of living.

The purpose of the book is to focus attention upon one of the greatest social problems facing our country in this critical time, and also to picture the treatment of individual minorities to those who stand to profit most from its revelations.

The tone of the book is neither reactionary nor radical, the editorial point of view is forthright, fact-finding, liberal.

ONE NATION takes a stand for and against something. Its same position is that suggested by the Declaration of Independence which guarantees all Americans something like equal opportunities regardless of race, color, or creed.

Harlan Logan, editor of LOOK writes in the Foreword: "May this book serve to bring again to the attention of all farsighted Americans the sacred dignity of the human being regardless of class or race or place of birth."