

# Maroon and Gold

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

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, \$.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, Merritt Burns

SPORTS WRITERS—Steve Castura, Ed Mulford

COLUMNISTS—Bill Clapp, Verdalee Norris, Dale Hensley, Bill Williams

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

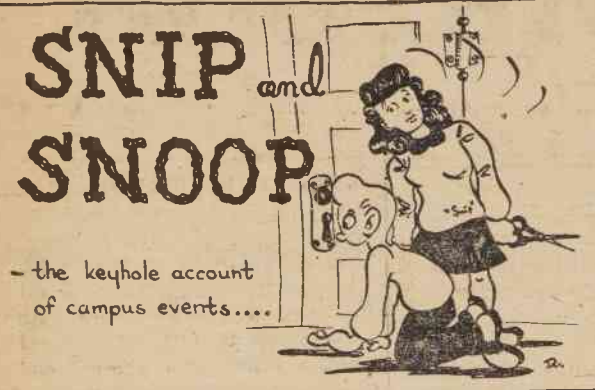
Office—Room 1, Duke Science Building

## What About That Organization

What about that organization? There are over thirty or more of them on campus—classes, religious associations, language clubs, professional clubs, Greek-letter groups, literary societies, and what have you. There has been a great deal of criticism heaped upon some of the campus organizations lately. Oftimes corrective criticism is helpful, provided that the persons who do the criticizing are willing to help bring about the correction.

We often hear someone say, "Why join the SCA. You don't do anything after you join." Dear students, this is true only for those who don't put anything into it. Of course, it won't mean anything to you if you take no interest in its program of activities. There are so many things that the SCA does that some students know nothing of. It does more than any other campus organization to make new students feel welcome on campus. The members of the Senior Cabinet write friendly letters to the new students in the summer, even before they arrive. And it gives a party for them during the first week of school. The freshman SCA is the only organization on campus exclusively for freshmen and is usually one of the largest groups on the campus, therefore its possibilities are unlimited. The SCA has recently purchased twelve dollars worth of games with a part of its funds earned last fall at the Halloween carnival. These are for the student body to use. The SCA is responsible for vespers, morning watch, various chapel programs, and student body socials on campus, as well as other worthwhile activities.

If there are other phases of activities in which you are interested surely there is one, out of the thirty campus organizations, in which you can express your talents. The world loves a doer far better than it does a talker, so let's remember this from now on.



It's been a busy time since the last issue . . . There are many new students, especially boys which would naturally need a lot of extra work . . . What's this about Homer Euliss, the Hermit of North Dorm and a Day Student girl? . . . Innocence Abroad: But I can't imagine what that noise was that woke the girls in East . . . Wonder why the girls in West prefer the sunny side of the dorm? . . . We hear that Paul Brown's bass is again inspiring the occupants of North to heights of something other in the early hours of the morn . . . Mary's sister is good looking, huuh? . . . Tough about missing last week-end, Ruth. She is still mighty sweet, huuh, Don? . . . Is Earl Allen a jitterbug, or isn't he? . . . Where does Bob Barrett live, in Publishing House or Ladies' Hall? . . . on the radio we hear that girls "are sweet, healthy and honest."

Shorty really had an "All-Wright" a couple of week-ends ago . . . Henry Huff is back on campus, after an interval of four years. He brought his interest in women back with him . . . Ellen Parks' heart belongs to the Navy, so we hear . . . Poor Graydon and Fleta! To them we offer this solace, "You suffer for the sins of many" . . .

Seen dating at the Freshman-Sophomore: Jo Watts and Bill Williams; Lois Mintz and Ned Foushee; Edna House and Bunk Satterfield; Anne Byrd and Dick York; Jo Earp and Tom Hoffman; Warren and Judy Burns; Jimmy Madren and Marjorie Moore; Carolyn Monseour and Floyd Boyce, etc.

Pee Wee's new boy friend is a nice fit . . . Lucille Morgan went to the c-c-c-c celebration with Baxter Twiddy. Oh, those after effects Lucille . . . Booby Harris and Vert almost ain't. Bet we know whose fault it is, too . . . Fred and Lib look nice at each other that way . . . We like Betty Sue's man's looks . . . Rachel why did you go home that week-end. We missed you. (We really did.)

Patty Cochran really looked like a Queen at the Reception. Jack must have been proud of you . . . Warren Johnson's got his sister's face down Pat . . . Baseball practice takes up a lot of time . . . Tommy seems to have settled down. We think you did well. Flo is mighty cute . . . Hal Foster is quite a character . . . And with this little gem from somebody's collection, which everybody else seems to think is so funny. We don't get it.

Mary had a little plane  
In which she loved to frisk  
And wasn't she a little fool  
Her little \*.

## College Humor

Navy doctor: "Son, you've got acute appendicitis."  
Recruit: "Please, doc, stop your kidding. I didn't come here to be admired."

Dialogue:  
Are you allergic?  
No, I'm Harry.  
Were you inoculated?  
No, I was drafted.  
Got your appendix?  
Haven't been issued one yet.  
Great heavens, man, don't you know the King's English?  
The hell he is!

Here's to her eyes and her nose;  
Here's to her hair and her toes.  
And just to get the best of her  
Here's to all the rest of her.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock  
The mice ran up the clock.  
The clock struck one—  
A hell of a lot of mice have been killed that way.

Dr. Hirsch: "If the President of the United States died, who would get the job?"  
Dave: "A Democratic undertaker."

A damsel who hailed from Madrid  
Was naughty in all that she did  
She favored strip poker.  
And played till it broke her  
Which made her a popular kid.

A mint julp is a depth bomb with a southern drawl.

I drink to you when together,  
I drink to you when alone;  
I drink to your health so often  
I've darned near ruined my own.

Soldier: "Say, do you take anything off for cash?"  
Salesgirl: "This is a department store—not a burlesque."

Jack: I really am in a fix in English.  
Bill: What's the trouble?  
Jack: Miss Greenfield says I must write legibly, but if I do that she will find out that I can't spell.



According to campus opinion, Little Un needs to widen her horizons. It seems that I write too much, too often, about too many of the same people. Calvin "When I make a pass, you'll know it" Milam says Little Bits reminds him of a stock-yard . . . just full of bull; and Earl "All bull and a yardwide" Danieley thinks I am too brutally frank about personal matters. Teh! Teh! and Winchell rose to fame at this.

Flo "I'll Walk Alone" Chandler missed her bus because she took too long telling Tom "I ain't a wolf no more" Foust goodbye; and that's what they mean when they say "She was left holding the bag."

Only the brave deserve the fair; a word to the wise is sufficient; and girls will be girls . . . if Jimmy Parker, Robert Moore, Bob Harris, Ed Griffith, Vernon Atkins, Steve Walker, Mal Nash, and Ed Foushee will just ask me, I'll tell them whose s. p.'s they are. (Ed. note. S. P. is Elonguage for secret passion.)

Link "I wasn't on that stag party" Howard thinks that he may get into the Elon Players on the basis of his experience . . . he has his arm in a cast.

Conversation at mid-morning: Joe "Dark Eyes" Koury: "Hey, Dr. Hirsch, what's this you wrote on my paper?"

Dr. Hirsch: "I asked you to please write plainer."  
I wonder if Marion "No relation to Ilka" Chase and Dick "Oh, brother" York, who call Jonesboro "Cheesetown," have heard about the cat who ate cheese and waited for a rat with baited breath. (Campus opinion also calls this column corny.)

### THE DEFINITION OF A KISS (As if it needed defining)

It is a noun because it is both common and proper.  
It is a conjunction because it joins together.  
It is a verb because it may be active or passive.  
It is a preposition because it needs an object.  
It is an adjective because it needs no explanation.  
It is an infinitive because it expresses great action.  
It is an adverb because it tells how much he loves you.

This week we give Ann "The Mouth" Ashley, whose conversation is as self-winding as a yo-yo, a public address system to aid her in her twenty-four hours a day broadcasting service; and to Bill "The Jerk" Claytor we give a nice shining suit of armor for proving that gallantry is not dead.

Speaking figuratively, someone has said that a boy running after a pretty girl is running true to form.

Well, if you have read this far you know there isn't anything to write about . . . Dr. French has even turned to telling moron jokes in class.

Snip and Snoop wanta bet that they know whose fault it is that Mr. Harris and I almost ain't, and partner, I'll take that bet.

Harry Hershfield says the survival of the fittest is going to make some guy awful lonesome someday, but I'll take another bet and say it won't be a guy, but a gal.

"Chink" Spivey says "Women are provokin"—God bless 'em."

Miller Basnight—"Bazznight," and sound the Z is back on campus. If you ask him is he a wolf, he'll say "N-o-o-oooo!" with a banshee wail like a coyote trailing at midnight.

Little Wun regrets that there are no more like Miller to admit with such careless ease that the wolf howl is second nature to them.

Johnny Clayton and Bill Claytor are taking stooping exercises to reduce. Watch for the miracle change as they "round" back into shape for the diamond—we mean the baseball diamond, ladees!

## Poet's Column

### "THE BATTER'S LAMENT"

His face wuz red, tomato shade;  
High an' outside, the pitch wuz laid.  
"Strike!" he'd bawled, tho ball it wuz—  
But that's the kind of thing he does.

The ump wuz blind—I swear it's true—  
He chizzled me, he'll chizzle you.  
"So I'm to blame? I blew the game?"  
But it's the ump's fault just the same!

Some day I'll find that ump at bat  
And me behind, where he's usually at.  
They'll all be strikes; he'll sure be beat.  
I'll get that guy—revenge is sweet!

Ed Mulford.

### IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE

Weather, weather,  
Tell me whether  
It will rain or shine.  
I look in vain  
For a sign of rain  
In a sky the color of wine.  
Not a cloud in the sky  
When I start and I  
Will be willing to bet "fair and cool."  
Yet ere day is done  
Blotto the sun  
And I'm a dripping disgusted fool.  
M. B.

## Thoughts

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!

—Shakespeare

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

—Psalms 8:4-5

## Concept Of The Soul

MOST PRECIOUS of all the elements on earth is human spirit. It is God's gift to every man—the meanest beggar in the streets, the king with countless rubies. No thief can steal it; rust corrupt it. No despot scheme can wrest it from us. For those who recognize its immortality, it is the one thing which even Death cannot destroy, the one enduring treasure.

That the soul is immaterial, as well as intelligent, is self-evident. Remaining unseen and undiscovered to the eyes and fingers of science, yet it exists within our earthly bodies, an intangible flame that flickers or burns steadily according to the faithfulness of its corporeal keeper. Its invisibility, then, is the spirit's second quality of value. Though tyrants crush the bones of fellow-men, or scourge the flesh to ribbons, their hands are powerless to seize the ethereal; they must turn away frustrated. And, though the shoulders sag beneath the press of worldly burden, inwardly that priceless pillar of incorporeal fire upholds our head and keeps our knees from buckling—but only for as long as we may choose to keep it fed.

Thereon hangs the spirit's immortality. Intelligent, invisible—yes, and immortal inasmuch as it never dies except it kills itself. While Faith and Will abide to nourish and protect it, no force on earth can extinguish the Divine blaze. Faith is the fuel of the soul; and Will its protecting lamp-chimney. So thus we have the answer, too, to that final query—the spirit's termination. God remains a spirit within us for as long as we would have Him, through life—aye, and in death also—but if we are not faithful to His flame, then only God remains.—A. W. B.

Should there be some problem concerning which students would like to voice their opinion, letters submitted to the MAROON AND GOLD will be printed if signed. However, opinion expressed in these letters is not necessarily editorial, but is rather that of the author. Please mark the communication "Letters to the Editor" and place in the MAROON AND GOLD box outside Mrs. Huffines' office in Alamanca Hall. Unsigned letters will not be printed.

## Over The Shoulder

Taken from the Humor Section of the 1915 Phipps Proverbs of an Elonite

1. A studious boy maketh a glad professor; but a numbskull is a grievous burden unto himself.
2. He that loafeth about and doeth nothing shall certainly be shipped, and that right away.
3. Love the professor as thyself, and thou shalt pass the exams.
4. Remember the Sabbath day, and go to church for if thou faileth, thou shalt surely be on probation during SOCIAL hour.
5. A good grade is rather to be chosen than much knowledge.
6. Any fool can go to bed; getting up takes a man.
7. He that falleth in love while in college will not profit thereby.
8. Bow down thine ear and hear the words of thy professor and apply thine heart to thy sweetheart.

## Science In The News

By BILL CLAPP

Radio hams are back on the air. "Hams" is the name by which amateur radio operators identify themselves. Silenced since Pearl Harbor, the hams are returning to the air on frequencies recently assigned by F. C. C. (Federal Communications Commission).

Hams are required to have two licenses—one for themselves and one for the transmitter. They have to have a thorough knowledge of radio theory and have to be able to send and receive International Morse Code at thirteen words per minute.

There were 60,000 hams before the war, contacting friends all over the world. Their equipment may cost as little as twenty-five dollars and be built by themselves. One wealthy ham spent \$100,000 for his equipment. The stories of ham operators usefulness during times of emergency such as floods are numerous. A ham operator may get around the world on five or ten watts power. They are allowed to use up to 1000 watts power, but most of them use about 100 watts—the power used by an ordinary light bulb.

A new method of making permanent waves without heat treatment is a recent triumph of modern chemistry. The protein molecules of the hair are changed in the process by the application of chemicals. Certain chemicals such as sodium sulfide or beta-hydroxyethylmercaptane are used to cause the protein molecules of the hair to split up. The hair is twisted into the position desired, and by an oxidation process the short molecules are recombined in their new position.

Essentially, hair is a bundle of long protein molecules intertwined with one another and linked together crosswise at intervals. The chemical cold wave process breaks the cross-links, bends the fibrous bundle to the shape desired, and establishes new cross-links by the combinations of the parts.

Proteins are chemically condensed amino acids, connected together in long chains. The amino acids are alike in that they contain one acid group and one amino group, but are different in other details. Connections between these molecules are made between the amino group and the acid group. These links, or connections, are so numerous and so well distributed that they give the hair protein a bundle of certain resiliency, a shape to which it tends to return itself.

Annual match production of the United States: 196,000,000,000.