

Maroon and Gold

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Thoughts

Knowledge is a treasure but practice is the key to it.

—PROVERB.

Accuse not Nature; she hath done her part; Do thou thine.

—JOHN MILTON, Paradise Lost

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face.

—THACKERAY, Vanity Fair

Dry Stuff Is For Brains

The trouble with editorials is that not enough people read them. We're not complaining because nobody reads ours (that's not true—we know of at least two persons who do, although they'd probably be just as happy if they didn't). We're talking about the really worthwhile editorial matter that daily dies neglected on the pages of newspapers all over the country.

In our estimation, the editorial page is the most important part of a newspaper, because it reflects not just the opinions of that journal's owners and editors, but the thought of the times. There isn't a public issue—national, state or local—that doesn't at some time get a thorough airing in the editorial columns of one paper or another. Yet those columns are probably read less than any others in the paper.

Newspaper editorials are written primarily to influence public opinion, to make you and me think. We need to think. Especially do we need to think on the matters that the editorial pages place before us, matters that affect the lives of all of us—politics, government, society, personal morality. We need not be compelled to think the way a paper wants us to think; but we should at least consider what it has to say, if only for the purpose of disagreeing.

"Oh, let the other guy do the worrying about those things," you say, turning to the sports page or the funnies, which are more entertaining and easier to read. "That dry stuff is for the 'brains'!"

Well, okay, if that's the way you feel about it—but don't be surprised then, when one of "those things" rears up and slaps you hard, leaving you to wring your hands, wondering why you didn't know what was going on in the world. Just remember: "Watchfulness is the guardian of free men."

We must confess that we're as guilty of skipping the editorial pages as anybody else, even though we try to justify our neglect with the age-old excuse: "I'm too busy." So this particular editorial is for our own benefit as much as anyone else's. No person is actually too busy to seek the editorial writings of some newspaper on some day of the week. No person can really afford not to seek them. Most excuses are cover-ups for plain laziness. We know!

Finally, that so-called "dry stuff" is NOT just for the "brains," and it isn't necessarily dry. It doesn't require any kind of super-intelligence to understand what editorial writers have to say, and you'd be surprised how much interesting matter there is to read on the editorial pages.

Battle Of Elon

The sight of hundreds of men crashing the bastion of Elon's registrar's office this fall does the heart good. Their coming has been a tremendous relief to a small band of courageous male students who went through a battle as terrifying (it says here) as those going on in other parts of the world, a battle on a smaller scale, but with skirmishes, patrol activity, and casualties, too—the Battle of Elon. At last the story can be told.

When we first set foot on the Elon campus a year and a half ago, it was open season on the male of the species "collegium studentum." With a ratio of five girls to every man, it was worth a man's life to venture onto the campus at night. Snares and booby-traps abounded for the unsuspecting "he," and it didn't take one gal or another very long to capture any unwary game that came in sight. We doubt if there was a man on the campus who didn't have at least one skirmish under the boughs of Senior Oak. The dean of women saw to it, too, that there was plenty of patrol activity, and casualties were reported to the Student Council almost nightly.

Ah, but now the situation is reversed—the hunted have once again become the hunters, as Nature meant it to be ever since the days of the cave man. Now it's the girls who have to fight off the enemy—although they don't seem to be fighting too hard.

With things back at their normal state of confusion, the survivors of those harrowing years of flight from the clutches of their female pursuers can sit back, count their scars, and breathe in relief as their reinforcements turn the tide, even though some of them (suffering from battle fatigue, no doubt) insist on continuing the fight and refuse to be relieved. The ones who didn't survive—who made the supreme sacrifice of matrimony—are lost but not forgotten. They faced their fate gladly.

I Can't Bear It!

Once upon a time there was a little girl. Of course, there were several thousand of them, but this particular little girl had a teddy bear, and thereby hangs a tale. One day this little girl was out playing with her teddy bear and a gentleman came by and, like all grown ups who think they must speak to children, he asked her the teddy bear's name.

"Gladly," replied the little girl.
"Gladly what?" said the gentleman with his best smile.

"Just Gladly."
"Oh," and the gentleman went on his way. But he was puzzled, and soon he returned.

"Little girl, why did you name your bear Gladly?" he inquired.

"Because my aunt came to see me."
"Why because your aunt came to see you?"

"Because my bear's eye fell out."
"Why did you name him 'Gladly' just because your aunt came to see you and your bear's eye fell out?"

"Because my aunt sewed it back in crooked."
"Little girl! (in his severest grown-up manner) Why did you name your bear 'Gladly' because your aunt came to see you, and your bear's eye fell out and your aunt sewed it back in and sewed it back in crooked?"

"Oh, because I went to church."
"What (now he yells thunderously) does going to church have to do with you naming your bear 'Gladly'?"

"Because I sang a song."
"Oh. Oh—h—h. . . Now WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH IT?"

"Because the name of the song I sang was 'Gladly, The Cross I'd Bear.'"

There ought to be a moral to this, but you wouldn't be interested anyway.

Science In The News

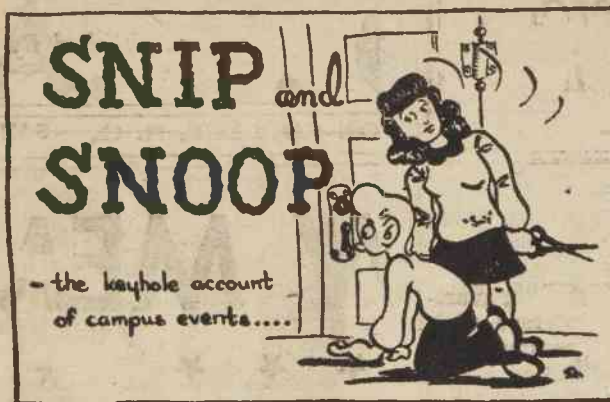
By BILLY STAFFORD

DPE, a newly discovered chemical compound will kill mosquito larvae, and various other insects which live in water, without harming the fish. DPE is a chemical relative to DDT, the only difference being that DDT contains much more chlorine than DPE. Scientists tried to use fluorine and iodine instead of chlorine but found that it was much more poisonous than chlorine.

In the atomic field two more bits of information have been allowed to escape from behind the curtain of atomic energy secrecy. The actual weight of the active plutonium in a bomb must be between 22 and 66 pounds before it can be detonated. In August, 1945, it was reported that the limit of weight was between 4.4 and 220 pounds, but later research has resulted in the change in the requirements. Of course the actual size of the explosive charge may be greater than the amount of plutonium necessary to set off the bomb.

It has been found that, through the use of uranium and thorium, another chain-reacting substance can be manufactured for possible use in the bomb instead of plutonium.

In the future penicillin may offer better skin ointments, especially ointments which are used for burns. The only problem facing the scientists is whether or not the penicillin will remain active in various bases. Research has revealed that the addition of sodium citrate and urea to penicillin will cause it to remain active for a longer time, but it will not hold its activity indefinitely.



When the lights went on again all over the campus Tuesday night, it was discovered that several individuals had forsaken the North Dormitory for West. However, the migration was short lived due to the quick work of the campus electrician.

What an embarrassing situation! George (I wonder who?) preparing for his Saturday night date with his "steady" was informed by his room-mate that his former girl friend from Washington had arrived on the campus for a visit! Whose ears are burning now?

Every city, town, and village is troubled with a shortage of parking space and Elon is not excepted! There are cries over the auto shortage, but you would never realize it after viewing the autos and "Jalopies" parked in front and back of Alamance Building. An opportunity to make some folding money is open to the man with a nearby lot which can be used as a parking space.

The campus "cats" are looking for their favorite "rats" these days. . . The squirrels around Alamance are going to have to make room.

Bob—the man of the Furr-lined jokes—is back on the campus spreading his bit of cheer and good will. Consult him for the latest "rib-tickers."

Bill Peek has moved into the kitchen of the capital club house. . . What's cooking, Bill?

Dr. Johnson is looking for a monitor for his economics class. This corner would like to recommend "Keister" Glascock.

A budding romance seems to be in progress (as noted by this scribe.) The principals are Oabe (Virgilina, take it away!) Bray and a certain ark eyed woman whose initials are A. C. Hope it flowers, Oabel!

Stay away from the trees on the campus at night. They might "bark" at you.

Definition of the Rhumba: Waving goody-bye without using the hands.

Andre Saltoun thinks he knows why the sophomore girls make the lowly freshmen go around without make-up: They're afraid the new crop of beauties will steal their men, so they let the guys get a look at the fresh's "natural beauty," and that takes care of the matter.

College Humor

All men have the idea that they are always busy and if they are not, a woman can soon persuade them that they are. Just say, "I don't see how you do it all," without saying what ALL is.

Another very good opening is "Well, I hear you are to be congratulated again!" You see, there is always something. He'll find something. If he doesn't, then say to him that if he hasn't heard of it, you are certainly not going to tell him. Then don't see him for a month. He'll get something if you wait.

S. Leacock, Last Leaves.

"What is righteous indignation?" A child was asked, and answered "Being angry and not swearing."
E. S. Hardy's How to be Happy Though Civil.

Love is woman's eternal spring,
Man's eternal fall!
Ladies Home Companion

He asked for burning kisses,
She said in accents cool
"I may be a red-hot mama
But I ain't nobody's fuel."
Eastern Carolina Teachers College

Teacher: "Everyone in this class who wants to go to Heaven, please raise his hand."
(Everybody raises his hand except Johnny.)
Teacher: "Johnny, don't you want to go to Heaven?"
Johnny: "Yes mam, but mother told me to come straight home after school."

Why a Chinese thinks Americans are crazy: They boil water to make tea and then put ice in it to make it cold; they put sugar in the tea to make it sweet and then put lemon in it to make it sour; they fix a cold glass of gin to make them warm, then hold it up and say, "Here's to you"—and drink it themselves!

Calvin Milam was visiting a girl who lived in the country. As they strolled through the fields, they noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine affection. Milam spoke up:

"The sight of that makes me want to do the same thing."

"Go ahead," the girl replied. "It's all right; it's father's cow."

—Thanks to CORONET.

The smiling, confident young man entered a New York bank and stepped up to the manager's desk. "Good day, sir," he announced. "Has your bank any need of a highly intelligent, college trained man?"

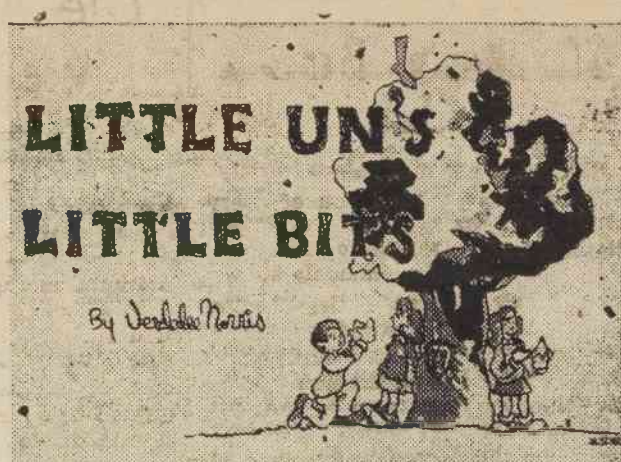
Just what kind of a position are you seeking?" asked the manager.

"Well," mused the young man. "I want something in the executive line. A vice presidency, for example."

The manager put down his pencil. "I'm really very sorry," he said, sarcastically, "but we already have 12 vice presidents."

The young man waved a hand. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "I'm not superstitious."

—Coronet.



Before dusting off this desk top and dragging out the dilapidated typewriter of the MAROON AND GOLD office to begin the year's work, I console myself with Richard Armour's thought that "Though there may be nothing new under the sun, there are always a lot of new people around who have the pleasure of thinking there is." Speaking of new people, I should like to add my Little Bit to the welcome you newcomers have received these first few weeks.

Since his recent break-up, Calvin "How Could She Do This To Me?" Milam says that he is forgetting women, and his buddy-buddy Roney "Trouble" Cates says he is all for getting them.

Maybe it's a little late in the season to bring this up, but Dewey "The Babbling Brook" Huffines defines a bathing suit as a garment with no hooks but plenty of eyes on it.

According to Jimmie "Ain't Jonesboro A Fine Place" Roberts, time was hanging a little heavy on some of the hour glass figures at that reception the other night.

For what it's worth dept.: The girls in Minnesota U. call their dating rooms Mushrooms; and while we are on the subject,, the dedication of the week is from the dating couples to Miss Hardy. It's "Five Minutes More"; or is it "Five Minutes, Moore?"

Jack Russell: Hey, Frank, there's a bug in this coke.
Frank Roberts: Sh-h-h! Now everybody will be wanting one!

Yeah, Frank, I got a million more where that one came from.

Note to Fred "Mule" Chandler: The distance between some people's ears is just one block.—Anndeule Gzahena.

Who was that freshman girl on the tennis court that replied "I am!" to the question "Whose game?" . . . Sounds like Ruth "Peanut" Baine talking.

Jo "Now, Bill!" Watts doesn't like Bill "Strike up the Band" Williams' opinion that if you give a woman an inch she thinks she is a ruler.

Noticeable new-comers: Bobby "Foots" Stevens and his size 13 shoes; Harry "Cuddles" Thomas and his flashbulb camera; Mills "Moon" E verett and his resemblance to sister "Ruse"; "Little Lela" Dixon and her jiggerbugging with Vic Strader; and Betty Chilton and her b. f. George Theodore Parker.

Maybe one reason for the current shortage of meat lies in the fact that there are so many hogs on the highways.

In some manner I got the idea I was to have more freedom of the press this year, but Al "The Boss" Burlingame wants this column limited to four hundred words and Miller Basnight arrived on campus just in time to lift his eyebrows at what I am writing.

Poet's Column

FLIGHT

I seem to be flying,
For all I see around me are myriad clouds;
Their wispy vapors trail across my fev'rish brow
With cool, soothing fingers.
I feel the refreshing mists pouring on my face
Like air through open doors in winter
Making you alive to life itself.
Now, frosty cold, the azure heavens close about me;
The earth evaporates;
My feet tread on emptiness,
And up I soar.
In my dizzy flight
I hear the scream of eagles
Racing by my side;
The brush of their wings
Spurs me to unfound heights.
At last no cloud is seen—
Only a vast, endless space stretches behind me,
before me,
As I pursue my wild, ecstatic way,
Filling my pockets with invisible stars
Plucked from unseen vines.
On and on—
Ever nearer my unknown goal I speed;
But as my hands reach forth to grasp I know not
what,
Sudden anguish grips my throat—
I find I reach in vain!
The wind, rushing in my ears, has ceased,
And I feel myself sliding, slipping
Into a headlong plunge back to reality.
With a thwarted, frenzied sob I wake;
But in my anguish
I know
That I must fly again.

—A. W. Burlingame.