

Maroon and Gold

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THOUGHTS

We are always striving for things forbidden, and coveting those denied us.
—Ovid, AMORUM.

Can one desire too much of a good thing?
—Shakespeare, AS YOU LIKE IT.

There are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it.
—Bernard Shaw, MAN AND SUPERMAN.

The foolish man seeks happiness in the distance; the wise grows it under his feet.
—James Oppenheim, THE WISE.

Thesis On Man

(If there are any bouquets or bombshells to be tossed for this enlightening piece of literary nonsense, throw 'em at Jack Snyder, who is responsible for its turning up in the Maroon and Gold office).

MEN! Men are what women marry.

They have two hands, two feet, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at one time. Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material; the only difference is that some are better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: bachelors, husbands, and widowers. A bachelor is a negligible mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are three types: prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope, and charity. Mostly charity. A widower is a man who kills his wife with kindness before she nags him to death.

It is a psychological marvel that a small, tender, soft, violet-scented thing should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco-smelling and bayrum-soaked creature like a man.

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end. If you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe in him, you cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool; if you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors, rouge, and a startling hat he hesitates to take you out, but if you wear a little brown beret and a tailor-made suit, he takes you out and stares at a woman in gay rouge and a startling hat.

If you join in the gaieties and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you don't approve of his drinking and urge him to give up his gaieties, he vows you are a snob.

If you are a clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate; if you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

Man is just a worm in the dust. He comes along, wiggles around for a while, and finally some chicken gets him.

“Pity The Poor Editor”

By the title, one might think that the following discourse is to be a lugubrious unfolding of the trials and tribulations of a newspaper editor to the ears of an indifferent world. It is to be nothing of the sort. As a matter of fact, if the reader detects even the most minute particle of lugubriousness in these lines, we hereby bestow upon him the right to plant a substantial kick on the posterior region of the editor's trousers.

Once, we don't know how long ago, some sympathetic soul originated the expression “Pity the poor Indian.” Eventually, and we don't know how, this evolved into “Pity the poor EDITOR.” We don't know, either, whether this evolution was accidental or whether the person responsible for the change had a malicious twinkle in his eye, for anyone with any amount of imagination might easily compare an editor with a wild, cruel savage, dashing about on his daily chores like an Indian on the warpath, chasing down copy like a be-feathered brave who has imbibed too much firewater, or hunting down and scalping those paleface reporters who don't know the meaning of the word “deadline,” using a keen-edged, caustic tongue as his tomahawk.

Be that as it may, the lot of the “poor editor” isn't always such a mournful one as some of them would have you believe. Of course, there's plenty of good, honest sweat involved in that lot, but not enough to necessitate the pitying glances of fellow human beings or the sad shake of the head by a self-styled sympathizer at the thought of his “be-fettered” editor friend.

No, the truth of it is that the editor, the same as any other normal working man, gets plenty of enjoyment out of his job. He might work under greater pressure than some of the others, but to him comes the opportunity of watching more closely the laughable antics of the human puppetry jerked about on invisible strings by the Master Puppeteer.

Ordinarily, the editor is a guy who can one minute listen to a friend's hilarious anecdote about his cross-eyed brother-in-law, and the next turn around in his chair and pound out a serious editorial on the world situation; or one moment absorb the deep philosophies of an eminent lecturer, and the next dash off a farcical story about a man who lost his pants getting off a bus.

Yes, the editor has his share of the laughs, as well as his serious moments. If he glowers beneath heavy eyebrows, or fills the air with indigo invectives, seemingly at war with himself and everything else in the world, don't be deceived by appearances—it's just his impatience to get things done, for an editor is always one jump ahead of Time. When he beats Time to the deadline, then his face wreathed in smiles; and he leans back at his desk no “poor” editor, or Indian, but a man enriched by his latest contacts with the little life stories that have trickled through his fingers during his moments of levity and sobriety, a man just as much a “paleface” as his reporters.

Day By Day

Keyhole Peepings

Keyhole peeping has its advantages, but let's move a little closer this time and get the real low-down. For instance someone didn't pull the blankets up over her head on Halloween night, and the SPOOK caught her—missing! Nobody likes a “stuffed shirt,” but the situation is different when it's a stuffed BED! . . . Of the four seasons in the year, Frances Parker seems to like winter best, especially SNOW. . . After her physical education period the other day, Betty Dalehite walked into the Bookstore and told Phil that she wanted to change her suit. Bill Alexander overheard her request, and with a sly grin said, “This is as good a place as any.” . . . Comer is well satisfied with his new roommate. You can't blame him when you look at the angles involved in the situation. . . Jane Warren is an Elonite with personality plus. Have you noticed how she SPARK-les lately? . . . After Dick Tuttle was asked to give an example of poetry or prose, he began: “There was an old man who lived in a well. If he isn't there now, he must be in—hey, Professor, do you want poetry or prose?” . . . Ed Griffin eats with “Boots.” “Couldn't find a better habit,” he says. . . The campus lost a nice guy with the departure of A. R. Rives. The Lonely Hearts club has another member as a result of that departure. . . Have you noticed the two maestros lately? Lucille and Mike, I mean. While one gives out with “We Could Make Such Beautiful Music Together,” the other obliges with “Cuddle Up a Little Closer.” “Could Be” just plain “Love In Bloom”? . . . Definition of a morgue: The Elon campus on weekends. A weekly dance is a MUST!

PERSONAL: A whole bouquet of flowers to Frances Branson for her excellent work as prompter for “Junior Miss.” She's our number one choice for the Hall of Fame this week. . . Nancy Jordan and Fred Yarborough were crowned King and Queen of Spookland at the Halloween party last Saturday. “Well, royalty is royalty,” says Queen Nancy, as she rides away on her broom. . . Both male and female hep-cats were well represented at the Navy Band's Monday matinee performance. The joint was really jumping, especially during the rendition of Artie Shaw's “Concerto for Clarinet.” . . . Have you read “Introduction to a Theme” which appeared in the last issue of the Maroon and Gold? (Ye Editor calls it “Moron and Ghoul”) If you want to know who penned the “Introduction,” send a stamped and self-addressed envelope and the phone number of any five-foot-three blonde. I'll return the stamp and the envelope with the name of the author, but don't expect to get the blonde back.
More dirt next time.

RAY.

Behind The Mike with WALLY MACK

The future holds greater promise than ever for radio, and you get the best idea of radio's future—and your own—by considering radio's present stars. With this in mind, let's take a look at a few of the airplanes' top personalities.

To start the ball rolling, we've found that four great guest stars, Humphrey Bogart, Red Skelton, Bob Hope, and Jack Benny, will appear on Phil Baker's “Take It Or Leave It” during the show's stay in Hollywood this month.

Honey-voiced Vera Holly is adding a touch of loveliness to the “Pot o'Gold” with the return of that program to the air. Vera has been the featured singer in many New York and Hollywood night clubs, as well as on numerous broadcast attractions via Mutual Broadcasting System and WBBB during the summer months. Happy Felton is comedian on the show, now heard Wednesday nights on the ABC network. Felton is former orchestra leader.

The wandering troubadour, Burl Ives, is now offering his usual brand of musical Americana in a new weekly program over the Mutual Broadcasting System. In the series, Ives will present many of the 300 folk melodies he has collected in his tramping through all forty-eight states.

Ives starred in the Broadway musical, “Sing Out, Sweet Land,” and has appeared in several Hollywood productions. Perhaps if you had your dial set on an NBC station a few nights back, you heard him on the Chesterfield Supper Club.

Abbott and Costello have opened their community house for children in East Los Angeles and will soon open others across the country.

The program “Hoagy Carmichael Sings” has replaced Jean Sablon on CBS, with Sablon scheduled to begin a Saturday evening series.

One of life's little ironies: When five of his Brooklyn fans, three boys and two girls, came back stage to see Charlie Spivak during his recent Paramount Theatre engagement in New York, the man with the “Sweetest Trumpet in the World” little dreamed that he soon would be getting their names on the dotted line. However, during the course of the conversation, after the kids had confessed their admiration for the maestro's music-making, they also stated they could sing, too. Right then and there, the maestro auditioned them; and their quintet harmonizing proved so melodious, Spivak engaged them on the spot. As the “Star Dreamers,” they are now a regular feature with the band.

One of the rare instances when a record company re-issued a hit disc within a comparatively short space of time in answer to popular demand Erskine Hawkins' “After Hours,” featuring the piano brilliance of Avery Parrish, is being brought out again this month by RCA Victor. When the deep blue opus was first released in 1940 it was an instantaneous smash. Wartime shortages cut short its production, however, and now the company can follow up on the past demand.

Other recent record releases you should pick up on your next journey to B-Town are Andy Russell's version of “Pretending,” Matt Dennis singing Hoagy Carmichael's hit, “Ole Buttermilk Sky,” Hal Derwin vocalizing with Frank DeVol's orchestra to the tune of “The Old Lamplighter,” and lovely Margaret Whiting's pressing of “Passe.” All of these are Capitol recordings.

Science In The News

By BILL STAFFORD

BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS are a real danger in the spreading of malaria, a recent case has proved. A man who had been injured in an automobile accident was given three transfusions. One of these donors was a soldier who had served in the Pacific area for thirteen months, taking atabrine daily during that time. The soldier did not have malaria while overseas, but, after his return, when he stopped taking atabrine, he had five or six attacks. The man receiving his blood had never been in a malarial region, yet developed the disease in December when the temperature was below zero and when it was most unlikely for him to have contracted it in the usual way—by a mosquito bite.

The hospital personnel who examined the soldier's blood when he volunteered as a donor did not ask any questions about malaria, having found no trace of the disease in the specimen taken. Even a thin smear taken after the patient developed malaria showed no malaria germ. This proves that a blood smear showing no malarial bacteria is not proof that a person is free from the “bug.” Some scientists have reported that the germs can live for weeks in blood stored at near-freezing temperature.

Dr. Thomas B. Magath gives us two rules to observe for the avoidance of transmitting malaria by transfusion: 1. If the donor has been in a malarial area and has had an attack of the disease, he should not serve as a donor for at least two years after leaving the zone. Before any donation, a thick smear of blood should be examined and found to be negative. 2. If the donor has been in a malarial area and has not had any attack for a year, he may donate his blood if the smear does not show any parasites.

FRESH MILK may help prevent cancer of the liver, according to Dr. Hoch-Liget of the Royal Cancer Hospital, London. Rats given fresh milk to drink daily were protected to a considerable extent from the development of liver tumors which the rodents get when fed a cancer-causing dye. However, lack of milk in the diet may not be the only cause of liver cancer in man. Whatever it is in milk that protects the rats, and maybe man, from the disease is not known; but apparently this unknown something is destroyed when the milk is dried. This has been proved by experiments carried out by Dr. Hoch-Liget, who intends to experiment further in an attempt to clear up the mystery attached to the protecting effects of milk.



This week we donate a bottle of liniment and a giggle to Dr. Reddish, who has had a “crick” in his neck for a whole week. Poor Dr. Reddish! The pain wasn't a big worry, but explaining to his wife how his neck got that way . . . well, that's another story!

Jo “Big Blonde” Watts and Bill “Brow-beaten” Williams haven't been speaking for five minutes because of an argument. Bill says he didn't say a word, but Jo says, “No, but you were listening in a very aggressive way.”

Ever notice those R. S. V. P. eyes of Elaine Pace?

Appropriately voted vice (no hyphen, please!) president of the fresh (ditto) men, Dewey “Here I am girls. Go crazy!” Huffines thinks he is his own worst enemy. Ha! Not while I'm alive.

Suggested sign for Floyd “Man, whatta laugh” Boyce and Bob “Hote” Barrett's door in the Club House: “The Grin and Barrett.”

Delmar “The Nose” Brown boasts that he is the only guy around here who can ring a doorbell with both hands full and not punch the thing with his knee.

To The Class of 1962:

I never kiss,
I never neck,
I never say, “H-I,”
I never say, “Heck,”
I'm always good—
I'm always nice.
I play no poker,
I shake no dice,
I have no line—
Or funny tricks
But what dy'a expect—
I'm only six.

The remainder of this column is left to Jack Burch, chief cheerleader, who has a few words to say to his public concerning Homecoming. Take it away, Jacko!

“Well, I am not an English major and I can't write like Verdalee here, but what I've got to say I think I can put across without too many words.

“Saturday is Elon's Homecoming . . . the first in five years, and there will be many old students here for the first time in that many years. Everybody has heard of Elon's spirit in the pre-war years and we want the Elon spirit of today to be just as good as the pre-war product. So come on out, everybody . . . and Y-E-L-L-L!”

(Editor's note: We intercepted a message from Verdalee to Dr. McClure, who promised to buy her a drink if she got her copy in on time. It read: “Dr. McClure, you can use that drink to revive Al—he'll probably need it.” Verdalee.)

Poet's Column

MY GUIDING STAR

I know not where Thy castle stands,
Or where to search for Thee,
Thou may'st be wand'ring mid strange lands
Far, far beyond the sea;
But wherever there are pleading hands,
There will Thy mercy be.

When I beheld a laughing child,
Upon his mother's knee;
Or see the beauty of the wild,
Unlocked by nature's key;
I think of Thee, Oh Infant Child,
Who died to make men free.

And when Thou seest fit to impart
Thy knock upon my door,
I'll open wide my humble heart
To Thee, my Lord, once more,
While Thou wilt set my soul apart,
To journey to Thy shore.

—Alex Schiffelbian.

College Humor

Muril Hughes was tearing along the highway in his rattle trap Model “A,” when a state patrolman caught up with him and motioned him to pull over to the side of the road.

“Well, speed demon,” the cop asked with an air of resignation, expecting the usual tearful story, “what's the hurry?”

“Want to get home,” replied Muril brightly, “before I have an accident.”

“There goes one of my pupils,” a certain professor said, as his glass eye rolled down the sink.