

Maroon and Gold

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THOUGHTS

'Tis not what man does which exalts him,
but what man would do.
Robert Browning, SAUL.

An honest man is the noblest work of God.
Pope, ESSAY ON MAN.

Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.
—George Withers, POEM ON CHRISTMAS.

ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN!
We hear these words of St. Luke pounded into our ears every Christmas time. They ring forth from a thousand ministerial voices as the theme of Christmas sermons, echo beneath candle-lighted windows and re-echo on lamp-lighted street corners from the throats of countless bands of merry carolers, spring from the bright-colored faces of untold numbers of Christmas cards, and resound in sonorous tones from the editorial pages of a host of newspapers. ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN!

Yes, they cry, Christmas is the time for peace on earth, and for all men to forget their grievances against one another, to lay down their differences for a while, to spread cheer and good will throughout the strife-weary world. GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN! This is the spirit of Christmas.

But why only of Christmas? Why must men cast aside the meaning of these words at the last echo of Christmas carillons, throw them off like a new coat they have tried on but have decided not to buy? Is the cost of the coat too expensive? Is the material not of the best quality?

No, no! To the contrary: Good will can be bought or sold for a smile—a possession that even the poorest man can spend as freely as the rich. As to the quality of the material, is it not the same as that which was sewn nearly two thousand years ago by the finest tailor of them all?

Good will is a year-round garment, as becoming on April Fool's day as on December 25, a coat that wears better the more it is worn. The spirit of Christmas was not meant to last only for one day; it is a spirit for EVERY day. Every man can afford it.

PEACE ON EARTH! This too is the spirit of Christmas. Now, at this Christmas time, more than ever before, is there the need of peace. Faced by a world of atomic bombs, civilization-destroying gases, and jet-propelled airplanes that fly at supersonic speed, every man clearly recognizes that need, and prays fervently that at the last there SHALL be peace on earth.

That recognition is plainly displayed by the United Nations movement. Once before, that need was recognized, but we were unwilling to pay the price of peace—unselfishness. Now, we and the other nations seem to have learned at least part of the lesson; the price is slowly being paid, but it is an agonizing process. When it comes to the purchase of international harmony and accord, some of us, both men and nations, still are penny pinchers. But the UN shining down on history like the star that shone on Bethlehem, is our greatest symbol of hope for peace on earth.

ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN!
And a Merry, Merry Christmas to all!

Campus Characters

Everyday we rub elbows with all types of students. As you read the descriptions below, you may recognize someone you know. Kindly do not give away his identity.

COLONNADE COMMANDO: He is the ex-GI, who bends the ears of his fellow students with how long he was overseas, how many battles he was in, and how many medals he has been awarded. In reality he had never left the states, and had been awarded only the Good Conduct Medal.

PROVERBIAL SAD SACK: The "take it easy type," who wants to cut classes and doesn't attempt to obtain a better grade than a "D" because it isn't worth the effort. He has no ambitions, and his personal appearance rating reads zero:

CHOW HOUND: He is noted for breaking his neck to be first in chow line to await the opening of the dining room doors. He takes a big helping of everything, devours it hastily in order to assure himself of a second helping. His eating can be heard throughout the dining room like a suction pump. He hates to see a plate filled with food; therefore, he empties all the platters on the table before leaving. Before going, he makes a few sandwiches to satisfy his lust for food during the night. Often he can be seen complaining to the school nurse about a pain in his epigastric region, and winds up in later life with the gout and ulcers.

B.T.O.: You all know this chap, the one who knows it all. He can tell you the outcome of every game, and also how to pass English under Professor Barney. He seems to have his proboscis in everyone's private affairs and in all school activities. He has a special plan of his own for success in this world. After trying it out for ten years, he will probably be found running a corner newsstand or acting as a porter in a gent's washroom.

HABITUAL COMPLAINER: Everything and everyone is wrong according to his views—except himself. If he had his way things would be different. He gripes daily to his teachers and friends, and as a result, he receives the cold shoulder from his associates.

SOUVENIR COLLECTOR: The fellow who picks up odds and ends of every description to decorate his "dorm" room. He has everything from pin-up girls to "stop" signs in his collection. He finally finds an article with an explosive content and winds up with a harp.

WOMAN KILLER: He boasts of a mailing acquaintance with twenty different "femmes" to whom he is known to have confessed his love. He has an inflated ego, which rates him a zero with the fair sex. As a rule, he has to get a buddy to get him a date or else he has to go stag. Conceit, thy name is "Woman-killer."

SHY TYPE: This bit of innocence has never been away from home before; he has never been out with a girl; he has never smoked a cigarette; he has never had a glass of beer; he doesn't know the meaning of moonlight, roses, and "woo." In short, he hasn't any bad habits. One night such a fellow was persuaded to go on a double date; his date turned out to be a "female wolf." Before the evening was through, our shy mate walked home because he remembered something his mother had told him.

BUCKING CHARLIE: He's the fellow who's always in there punching; but after gazing at his grades at the end of the quarter, he decides to let someone else do the punching instead.

SACK TIME HARRY: This character likes his sack. He is so lazy he takes a shower only when he can't stand himself. Generally he goes to bed with his socks on. He never hangs his clothes on hangers; he drops them on the floor. His bed is never made—unless inspection makes it necessary. He has the ambition to be a roving reporter for the HOBO NEWS while adorning a park bench, and watching the world passing in review.

ZOOT SUITER: This "groovy" character wears loud clothes and is "jive" happy—really "hep" from way back. While in the service, he had his GI clothes modified in that flashy re-pleat style in order to feel natural. Generally he tried to take over the USO, and knocked out himself and everyone else on the dance floor. Now he can be found with his ear glued to the juke box in the soda shop. His fad is collecting the latest "swing" platters, and his music keeps the other students in the "dorm" awake at night. He may be a "hep-cat," but he has his woman admirers.

THE BORROWER: This fellow is the "lend me" type. We all love him. He comes into your room, helps himself to your clothes, and forgets to bring them back. He is always promoting a big deal of some kind or adding another step to his social climb. Usually he finds little time for studies; therefore, he comes around singing the blues so sweetly that you break down and lend him your homework. At the end of the quarter he ends up with "A's" and you get "C's".

STUDIOUS TYPE: He is always seen with an armful of books. He spends all his spare time in the library or in his room studying; he never goes out. He has the ambition to be a college professor, and confesses that he is training himself early in order to accustom himself to his future double-spectacle life. . . . A. S.

(This is one man's conception of different types of male college students. Having read it, how about one of you lovely co-eds giving us your conception of some of the female students?)

College Humor

Experience is what you get while you're looking for something else.

Jane McCauley: There must be some mistake in my grade. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.
Mrs. Hirsch: Neither do I, but it is the lowest grade I'm allowed to give.

Garage Mechanic: There's a short circuit in your car battery.

Patsy Wrenn: Can you lengthen it while I wait?

Day By Day

Keyhole Peepings

Since all the keyholes were jammed with copies of the Maroon and Gold, there will be no dirt—so this will have to be just MY DAY.

In September '46, Elon started its fall quarter and the Maroon and Gold went to press with such headlines as: Fourteen New Members Join Faculty, G. I. Return Brings Record Enrollment, Rush Parties Begin As Bid Night Nears, Players To Give "Junior Miss," and Program Set For Returning Alumni. The new faculty aren't new to us any more; we know them and they know us, but well! GI Joe is now College Joe, with no change concerning his wolfish outlook. Bid night has passed and all the little BID-ies are now slick chicks. The Players strut like peacocks because "Junior Miss" was a success—real hit parade stuff. Homecoming exhibited an Elon spirit which predicts a future for OUR college. The fall quarter was real fun and there's plenty more fun to be had in the future. Congratulations are in order for the football team for the fine spirit they showed. We may have a championship basketball team this season, incidentally, so let's get out there and cheer. Let's cheer anyway!

As for keyhole peepings, my eyes are swollen and my back is sore (leftovers from injuries that I received because I did not regard the ethics of journalism.) Come on, guys and gals; give me a chance for blood this quarter! It doesn't hurt now that we are friends. If there is a love affair you wish to foster, any dame or guy you'd like to meet, any throat you'd like to cut, or if you'd enjoy a chance to exercise your ego, just say so. It can be YOUR DAY any day in DAY BY DAY.

RAY.

Behind The Mike

with WALLY MACK

One of our favorite comedians has been awarded the medal of merit, highest War Department decoration for a civilian. The medal was personally bestowed by Dwight D. Eisenhower, army chief of staff. The award was accompanied by a citation from President Harry S. Truman. And, oh yes, the comedian's name—Bob Hope.

A note of interest to campus music lovers: On November 22, the "Spotlight Band" program over Mutual was terminated. The program, which featured such orchestras as Guy Lombardo, Harry James, and Xavier Cugat, was on the air for four full years. During the war the programs originated from army camps and naval bases.

SHORT TAKES—Michael Douglas, the smooth vocalist on the Kay Kyser program, has quit Kyser to take a stab at acting with Republic Pictures. . . . Get set to laugh. Red Skelton is making another flicker. The name of this one is "Hold on to Your Hats" . . . Billy Williams, for four years the featured singer with Sammy Kaye, has left the swing-and-sway music. 'Tis rumored that Billy the Kid wants to do western ballads—and we thought he had such a nice voice. . . . Sy Oliver, trumpeter extraordinaire, one-time arranger for T. D., is planning to debut his own "ork" some time this month. . . . Have you caught Dinah Shore's new Wednesday night airing? Swell deal. . . . All you kampus kids lend an ear—make it two ears—to the man that sings as if he is in a barrel—Vaughn Monroe—every Saturday night at 7:30. . . . Harry James (the man with the luscious wife, and his Music-Makers are taking it easy for eight weeks before hitting Hollywood. . . . Claude Thornhill is out of a N. Y. hospital and back at the Eighty-Eight at New Jersey's Meadowbrook. The man with the band of renown, Les Brown, is still packing 'em in at the Capitol Theatre in the tall city. . . . Elliot Lawrence, the twenty-one-year-old piano sensation, returned to the Cafe Rouge at New York's hotel Pennsylvania November 25. . . . Hold the press! Special! Perry Como has signed up as star of the NBC "Supper Club" for another twenty-six weeks, effective December 8. . . . From New York we hear that Fred Allen's threat to retire from radio has resulted in a flock of stage offers. He is expected to accept one the minute his present air deal is completed. . . . As for local air news: Am making a deal for a live comb on "Jive at 4-0-5." Hope you listen in.

Poet's Column

PHANTOM RIDERS

I dreamed about a sunset,
And marveled at the sight,
For from the flames came riding
A thousand men of might,
In flashing robes of scarlet
And sashes sparkling gold,
Wild nomads of the desert,
With faces ageless old.

Where do you journey, riders,
Grim phantoms of the tomb,
The song upon your chanting lips
A sacred, ghostly tune?
Do you ride o'er burning sands
In pursuit of ancient foes?
Or do you search for promised lands,
Where Faith, eternal, grows?

—Alex Schiffeblan.



The funniest story to come out of exam week concerns the predicament of Everett Daniels. He took his place in Miss Muldrow's class room, began his exam and halfway through—came the dawn! He was taking a French exam and he had been studying Spanish all quarter! Seems that he had had French in high school and in the exam-citement, it took him a little time to tell the difference. Confused, senior? Pero oui!

Reminds Little Wun of the time she took a religion test on Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and because she thought the test covered John put down "John" for every fourth answer.

Polly "I-go-with Harris" Qualls: My goodness, Bob, you're pretty forward.

Bob "Hubba" Harris: Thanks. You're pretty forward and backwards, too.

Heard about the near-sighted snake that married a rope. . . and the joke about the side-walk. It's all over town.

We don't like to give too much publicity to Tom "The Missionary" Fulghum, but we do want to bring to attention his chief gripe about Elon. "The women aren't old enough," he complains. Mr. Fulghum has lived 23 years and he wants a girl with at least as many years to her credit. Okay, you Cleopatras, step forward and meet grandfather Marc Antony.

Carl from East Dorm to girl from Ladies' Hall: Do you think Dalton really loves me?
Ladies' Hall: Sure, why should you be an exception?

A cute little trick from St. Paul.
Wore a "newspaper dress" to a ball;
The dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, sports section and all.

Much as we hate to admit it, that faction of Virginians must get credit for one of the smartest deals recently—chartering a bus so the whole "kit and caboodle" could get home and back in fine style. But anyway it was a CAROLINA Trailways bus.

"College life is okay, pop," says George "Teddy Bear" Parker. "I'm doing fine in everything except school."

Science In The News

By BILL STAFFORD

Artificial man-made snow may be used in the future to clear dangerous clouds from over airports. By using dry-ice fragments against a cloud of super-cooled droplets in a laboratory cold-chamber, Vincent J. Schader has found that the droplets will form ice crystals and fall as snow.

As a further test, a natural cloud over Greylock Mountain in western Massachusetts was bombarded by solid carbon dioxide, and snow fell. It is believed that by using this method of snow-making aircraft may be protected from the dangers in super-cooled clouds containing droplets whose temperature is below freezing, but which are not yet frozen. Science has not yet found the explanation for this "super-cooled" state of water.

A colorless liquid called ethyl silicate promises new paints when the liquid is mixed with pigments. The paints thus made resist heat, retard fire, and do not darken with age; they are expected to be useful in decorating and protecting theatrical scenery, industrial fabrics, furnace castings, and walls and chimneys of chemical plants. Pigments which may be used with ethyl silicate include ochre, sienna, chromium oxide, iron oxide, titanium oxide for white, and carbon black for black.

Are men better drivers than women? Tests conducted by highway safety engineers at the Ohio State Fair showed that the men had a quicker reaction time. That is the time it takes to apply brakes after seeing a hazard. Tests were given to more than 1,000 drivers.

MORNING

In sorrow's gloomy garden once I stood,
My hopes and aspirations dead and gone,
And everything seemed vain that once was good;
The flowers wept with me that misty dawn;
No sunlight clothed the statues on the lawn;
No laughing fountains hailed the nearby wood;
In silent grief the tear-eyed morn crept on,
And I bore with the day as best I could.

But suddenly, as if the voice of God
Commanded, sunshine garbed the naked sod;
The flowers dried their eyes—they too had heard
That note of promise, sweet and silver clear,
Which whispered "Courage!" to my searching ear—
The happy, warbled greeting of a bird.

—A. W. Burlingame.