

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 Al Burlingame
Business Manager D. B. Harrell
Ass't Business Manager Mary Coxe

EDITORIAL BOARD

Managing Editor Betty Benton
Associate Editor Verdalee Norris
Feature Editor Dot Salmons
Sports Editor Ed Mulford

BUSINESS BOARD

Circulation Manager Hazel Cole
Ass't. Circulation Manager Pat Steinmetz
Adviser C. R. McClure
Photographer William Duncan
Printer Charles Brown

REPORTERS

Jennings Berry, Carolyn Tuck, Betty Chilton, Ray Day, and Ed Moss

PRESS MAN

John Watson

SPORTS WRITER

Alton Wright

COLUMNISTS

Bill Stafford, Dale Hensley, Wally Mack, and Fred H. Patterson

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

Office—Room 1, Duke Science Building

THOUGHTS

What rights are his that dare not strike for them?
—Tennyson, IDYLLS OF THE KING

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
—Pope, MORAL ESSAYS

Opportunity is ever worth repeating; let your hook be ever hanging ready. The fish will be in the pool where you least imagine it to be.
—Ovid

Do It Yourself

The only sure way of getting a thing done is to do it yourself. If there's a condition existent which a person feels ought to be remedied, he can't sit around, grumbling and wishing, and expect it to remedy itself; neither can he wait for somebody else to come along and do something about it. Life is too short for such expectancy. Either one must do something about the condition himself, or it will linger interminably, like a bad cold unattended with the uncertainty of its eventually wearing off or of its developing into something more serious.

Once having put his finger on the sore spot, if he is genuinely interested in effecting a cure, it remains up to the individual to take the initiative; otherwise he deserves to suffer the pains of his own shortcoming.

Complaining about the state of affairs is universal and good for what ails us,—an army without griping is an army without spirit,—but complaint without action is as vain as trying to convict a man against whom there is no evidence. The state of affairs may concern the life of a person or a community, or involve international politics—the instance doesn't matter. What does matter is whether or not something is done to right the wrong, to dispel the misunderstanding, to cure the cold.

At Elon, in recent months, we have heard continual, bitching,—an ugly word, but the one that will be understood by every realistic person on campus as best depicting the actual fact,—bitching about the food, about the lack of entertainment on weekends, and about countless things in general.

Fine! Wonderful! Everyone knows progress is made because people become dissatisfied with things as they stand—but we know also that we move forward only because the ones dissatisfied do something about it!

The never-absent complaint about the food has been levelled in the right direction and has had some results, though somewhat inconsistent, if recent dining hall fare is any indication. Now it remains for us to take action regarding the morbid lack of campus activity on weekends, and to take action on those countless things in general.

In regard to the latter generalizing, we must first separate and make specific the conditions responsible for the most constant "bitching"; then do something about them. If we wait for someone else to do the curing, human nature tells us they'll never get cured. The same holds true in the question of weekend entertainment. If we really want it, we must do something about it other than talk. The next guy's not going to do it for us. We must remember the slogan "Do it yourself,"—and do it!

Hold That Trash

This is another reminder about the appearance of our campus. At least one editorial has been written concerning the thoughtlessness of students who throw all kinds of trash, including paper napkins, cups, lipstick tissue, candy wrappers, and the like, upon the ground instead of in the cans where they belong. Apparently there are a great many students who either missed reading the article or who have no pride in the upkeep of our campus.

It seems to us as though a sense of cleanliness should prevail in every person; but, unfortunately, this is not the case. Either folks are too careless, too lazy, or both, to hold onto their trash for those few extra steps from the place where they usually toss it aside to the nearest trash receptacle.

Perhaps we need even more receptacles and signs along the walks. Wouldn't it be better to clutter up our campus with oil drums and barrels than with scraps of paper? Or would it? Why can't we just remember that our beautiful campus would look better without too many of either the barrels or the trash?

We do have a beautiful campus when it's kept clean. Why not help Nature in its work and refrain from marring her beauty. It doesn't require much effort on our part—just a little thoughtfulness. Or is that asking too much of college men and women?

It would also help out if each of us did his own part in picking up trash left about by more thoughtless persons. The bit of additional exercise would probably do us a lot of good.

Behind The Mike

with WALLY MACK

"Life Can Be Beautiful" Fans Flame

With only two weeks of sheet music sales behind the tune "Life Can Be Beautiful," and without any of its recordings going like wildfire, LS-MFT picked "Life" as its number nine song on the "Hit Parade" a few weeks ago. Music men all over the country had been waiting for something like this to pop up. They jump at the chance and have brought suit against the American Tobacco Company to find out how the nation's ten top songs are determined.

The "Hit Parade" survey is supposed to be taken from record sales across the counters, songs most requested of band leaders, disc-jockey lists, and juke box plays, but it just so happens that "Life" hasn't been out long enough to create any great commotion on anyone's list of hits.

Even though this reporter does smoke "Luckies," he remembers the raw deal handed Joan Brooks (full story in last issue) by them only a month back. It may be that the cig company has been pulling wool over the eyes of the public for over a decade with their so-called "survey."

Best-Dressed Man

When Perry Como was first being signed for the NBC "Supper Club," he was asked to dress in formal clothes because of the supper club atmosphere, but Perry didn't like the idea of the penguin formal because he simply couldn't sing while wearing a stiff collar. He won his fight and has worn his informal clothes ever since. The well-tailored, single-breasted suits, soft, loose collars, and easily knotted ties won for him the title of one of the best-dressed men in the country last year.

Jones Jamboree

Examples of the musical satire which has made Spike Jones a household word for riotous excursions into cowbells, whistles, razzberries and rustic harmonies may be heard on a re-issue of a Victor record. These hay-seed, corn-cob classics by the inimitable Spike Jones and his City Slickers are "Cocktails For Two" and "Holiday For Strings." Jones, his Slickers, and these two wacky tunes are now being featured in the Paramount flicker "Ladies' Man."

It's A Fact

Bobby Sherwood plays trumpet, strums a guitar, sings, and occasionally takes over the piano chair. Swell handy man to have around . . . Sherwood and Charlie Barnett are now fronting newly organized orchestras . . . Another laugh-infested "Road" picture with Crosby and Hope is in the making. This one is "Road to Rio" . . . Les Brown is planning to form a new band in the near future . . . Frank Sinatra was recently dropped by Old Golds because of lack of listeners. Read it again. It's a fact.

We Find New Station

Yours truly has removed his records from Burlington's pioneer radio station, WBBB, crossed the street, walked a block and a half, and made his lounging quarters in the studios of B-town's newest radio station, WFNS. Give us a listen on "Sunrise Serenade" every week day morning from 7:15 'til 8:45.

Poet's Column

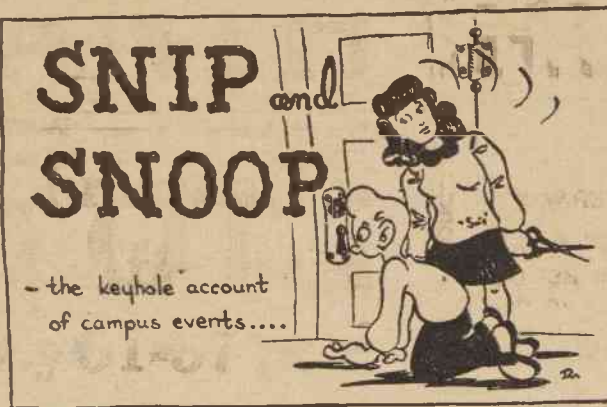
THE HANDS OF TIME

Around the clock the hands of time
Have moved at such a rapid pace
That ere we think we have begun
We find we're at the parting place.

You friends and teachers left behind
We leave our heartfelt wishes to
And may you keep the love for us
That we will always hold for you.

Though memories will make us sad
Let's part with joy and smiles instead
And not regret a backward glance
As we and time both march ahead.

—Hilda Gray Neese



Seeing all the doting couples strolling about the campus these fine days reminds one of the old saying "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," except that our vision is Spring hops eternal in the human breast.

Visions of spring vacation dance through our heads as exam-time thrusts its ugly head into our day dreams . . . Guess it's about time we resorted to studying, eh?

"True love never runs smooth." The truth of that old adage is proved again as Paige and Bob decide to bury the hatchet, for keeps, mebbe?

Say, can't Olin Leonard take a hint? Want somebody to throw a brick atcha, huh?

SCENE OF THE MONTH: Calvin Milam and Carl Allen searching for their lost chalk behind the Boy Scout cabin . . .

Tommy and Flo are on the bottle . . . not what you think . . .

INFORMATION PLEASE: Wonder why Dixie (Oh! that kid) Dowd is so suddenly interested in short wave radios? . . . Why does "Mo" hang around West Dorm so much? Could it be accounting or "Viv"?

The most downcast girls of last week were Betty Jo Chilton and Frances "Butch" Branson . . . not from the rigors of initiation but because Jack and Lou were down at Cherry Point . . . Since they returned, all is sunshine and smiles again.

Bus Wigmore goes home via Farmville State Teachers College nowadays . . . Purely an academic interest, of course!

Jack "Preacher" Meredith seems to have a pretty full schedule these days but he found time out the other week to dash home long enough to put a diamond ring on Annabelle's third finger, left hand. Congratulations!

Have you heard why Richard wouldn't open the door? He was waiting for portal to portal pay! Yak, Yak!

Ask Mary S. to tell you the limerick about "The Young Lady Named Schuster."

All was excitement in one of the sororities Monday night, when the girls sent out their pledges to do a little "grave" research—the scums got lost along the road and searching parties had to find and rescue them. Somebody said they were found playing pool in Osipee. Hm-mmm. If true, one might say they went from "grave" to "worse."

North Dorm occupants needn't worry about Al and Joe's dog any more—Carl Coggins took it home with him last weekend. The boys still leave the door open at night, though, just out of habit. They claim the pup was housbroken.

Seven more days till vacation
Then we leave for the station
Back to Father and Mother
Back to somebody's brother
Back to kisses that smother
Who cares what relation?
We're in civilization
Why go any futher?

Science In The News

Thanks to SCIENCE NEWS LETTER, the weekly summary of current science, we now know these things which we didn't know before:

STATIC in automobile radio receivers is due sometimes to static electricity developed by tire friction, some automobile engineers claim.

Mine TELEPHONE systems that allow trapped miners to communicate with rescuers are lessening the dangers of this hazardous occupation.

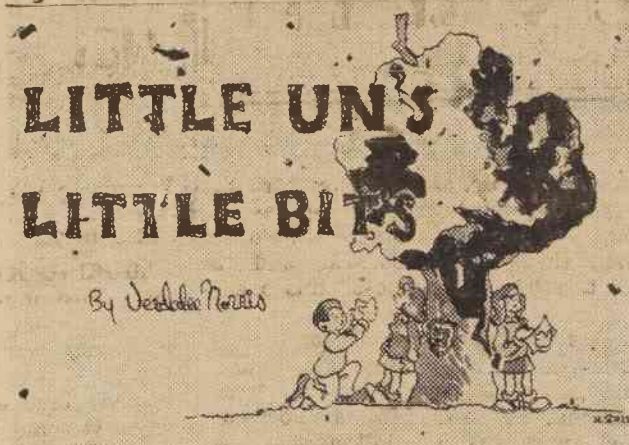
The four enemies of PAINT on metal surfaces are rust and scale, oil and grease, moisture, and salt deposits; unless removed before paint is applied the coating will soon need renewal.

The presence of sugar in the mouth encourages the growth of bacteria such as Lactobacillus acidophilus and other acid-forming micro-organisms associated with tooth decay.

GOLD LEAF is made of a gold alloyed with 2 per cent copper and silver, for strength, which is rolled and re-rolled until a two-inch bar of the alloy becomes a ribbon 12 yards long; by beating action this is widened and made much thinner.

COPPER, lead and zinc, metals which may become scarce in the United States within a few years as reserves are diminished, will probably be in short supply throughout the world in less than 40 years.

Another light metal, TITANIUM, may soon join aluminum and magnesium in the construction field. The principal present use of this abundant, but little known metal is as a chemical compound, a white pigment in white paint. Now because of an improved process of reduction of its ore, it will be available for use as a pure metal in machinery and in structures.



Listening to Sam Beard's program, "Moonglow," as I write doesn't make for a good column; but then I'll have something on which to blame the sarcasm that may creep into Little Bits. If you can't sleep, some night around eleven-fifteen tune in on Beard over WPTF, Raleigh, and see what you think of him. Jeanne "White and Day" Meredith and Bobby "Hubba" Harris number among the said admirers of this (as Bobby says) "radical."

Pokey "Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens" Fulton is crowing about the sequel to "The Egg and I" which he is hatching up for publication. He plans to title the book "The Ham and Eggs," and his inspiration is the two egg-producers he has quartered in his room at Vets' Court. That's no yolk, son!

For Pokey, we found this "Anatomical Observation" by Lenore E. Fisher:
"A chicken's skin hides
Its interesting insides."

We can't play cupid (we have the arrows, but not the beau x), but if Baxter "D.D." Twiddy wants we will tell him from whence cameth the anonymous valentine he received.

If the good die young, some people we know will be around longer than Methuselah.

BETWEEN DEADLINES: We Saw: Sorority and fraternity pledges taking initiation . . . A rough in tramural ball game. Look, girls; we are supposed to be the weaker sex . . . Verona Daniels' valentine flowers from the chemistry professor, and we don't mean Dr. Brannock . . . Betty "Angles" Benton driving Jack "The Jerk" Burch's car around. We heard: The primary piece, "By The Sea," floating from the music building in "Ace" "Bunny Rabbit" Harrell's best boogie manner . . . Tom "The Missionary" Fulghum and Roney "Bones" Cates talking about themselves, as usual . . . Dot Salmons wishing for a letter from "Chuck" . . . A long sigh from Al "Ye Editor" Burlingame when he told us that this might be his last issue of the M.&G. . . Miss Thiele, Erna Carter, and Faye Rickard are middle-ailing it soon.

We Wished: That we were too . . . For a huge steak . . . That we could print some of the jokes we have heard . . . That Ed "Easy Does It" Nash would get "riled" just once . . . That exams were over . . . That spring would hurry along.

College Humor

Patient: (coming out from under ether): "Why are all the blinds drawn, doctor?"

Doc: "Well there's a fire across the alley, and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."

"Hey," cried Satan to a new arrival, "You act as though you owned the place."

"I do," said he. "My wife gave it to me before I came here."

But then you've ALL heard of the two little mag-gots that were caught necking in DEAD ERNEST.

Vernon Phelps: "I'd like to buy a book."
Clerk: "What would you like—something light?"
Vernon: "Oh! it doesn't matter. I don't have far to go."

Miss Muldrow: "Will you have your pie now?"
Atalita: "Is it customary?"
Miss Muldrow: "No, it's apple."

Argenbright had a little swing
It wasn't hard to find
For everywhere that Elinor went
The swing went right behind.

Jo Watts: "My father used to train dumb animals."
Shirley Woods: "Do you know any tricks?"

John Taylor: "Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?"
"Lew Lawrence: "Sure, did you think it would go through?"

Employer: "Jerry, don't whistle at your work."
Jerry Domenick: "I wasn't working, sir; only whistling."

She: "And are mine the only lips you have ever kissed?"
He: "Yes, and they are the sweetest of all."

THOUGHT OF THE DAY: If all the Elon history students who sleep in class were placed end to end, they would be much more comfortable.

Jack: "Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man."

Betty: "Well, you don't have to try to get to Heaven in one night."