

Maroon and Gold

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THOUGHTS

Educate men without religion and you make them but clever devils.
—Duke of Wellington.

Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
—Pope. ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Talk that does not end in any kind of action is better suppressed altogether.
—Thomas Carlyle.

There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by.
—George Meredith,
DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS.

Educated Monkeys

Someone has said, "Don't let your studies interfere with college life." Most of us are inclined to laugh at such a statement without pausing to admit the soundness of it, providing it is coupled with the sound advice "Do not allow college life to interfere with your studies."

Many times one may talk with a college graduate without being aware of the fact. Cases of this sort are attributable sometimes to isolation on the part of the student. Some people with degrees have graduated from the best institutions in the country and are able to do all types of paper work, but they are unable to converse with a person of much less academic training. A student may finish the required work for his degree with no grade below an "A" and yet be lacking a well-rounded education because of the fact that he remained too much within the narrow confines of his room, or away from the very enlightening "bull sessions" that are conducted nightly in all dormitories. In such discussions one is able to absorb the views of his fellow students and weigh them against his own. Ah, me! how much we learn from our fellow students; but we doubt our classmates, and by doubting them we will not be content until we have checked with an authority and eliminated the doubt.

Recently, one young man learned that Darwin did not say that man is descended from a monkey. The bit of knowledge was gained as a result of his having been present while evolution was being discussed by several students, all of whom referred to such a statement as having come from the great Darwin, who does not contradict the Bible. Someone among the sessionists became curious as to the contents of the theory set forth by Darwin, and after recourse to the library found that they had been advancing points in defense of their arguments that were without any semblance to the truth.

In a manner similar to that in the preceding paragraph the author of this bit—well, call it what you wish—learned that Mother Goose lived instead of being a mere character in fiction; and, furthermore, she was the head of a family consisting of twenty children. She lived to the mellow age of one hundred and died quoting "Humpty-Dumpty" etc. So what! Who cares about Mother Goose? Who cares about Darwin? Well, all of these sessions do not deal with the life of Mrs. Goose nor do they consist of Darwinian theories. Move about and find out who's who on the campus and why they are WHO. If you are willing, you may come by a little culture, common-sense, and the other pre-requisites of a normally rounded graduate; a welcomed member of any type of party, and a possessor of psychology and a philosopher with a philosophy.

Wanted ... One Editor

(BLESS HIS POOR SOUL)

(The following editorial was written by Tom Horner, former editor of the Maroon and Gold, and appeared last year. The Duke Chronicle thought enough of it to reprint it, and we feel that it applies so well to the present situation that we too are reprinting Tom's immortal words.)

The Maroon and Gold needs an editor for next year. We don't know who he is going to be just yet, but we wish he would make himself known so we could let him know a few things. There is much that he must know if he is to take over the reigns of "ye olde scandal sheet and news journal" which issues forth from the southwest corner of the Science Building twice every full moon.

He's got to be able to write any column in the paper—from the lead story on down to Snoop and Snoop—if perchance the co-editor, or whoever it was that that article was assigned to, fails to bring it in.

He's got to be able to write any column in the hole in that much-used form on the composing room table—in other words, he's got to sit down without a backward look and write a six-inch, or maybe a twelve-inch, filler. If he can't think of any news it's "tuff"—he'll have to write "corn."

He's supposed to know all the news before it happens and make assignments to his reporters accordingly. The reporters always expect the editor to make assignments for everything. This implies that they think that he knows everything—how wrong they are!

When a reporter brings in a news story without it having been assigned, the editor weeps for joy.

If he overlooks having a meeting of the Future Psychologists and Physiologists of America reported in the paper he is accused of pre-meditated and deliberate neglect and his name is mud on the campus for two months.

He's got to know his fraternities, sororities, and four people are told to meet at a certain time and place for a picture, three show up. The editor must run to the soda shop, to the dormitory, to the book-store in search of the missing person. If he doesn't, he is accused of having no interest in his work.

He's got to know his fraternities, sororities, and campus cliques and be careful not to run pictures of two girls who are members of the same sorority on the same page in the same issue of the paper. If he does, his beloved paper—that which he wrecks his soul and body upon—is nicknamed the "Tau Zeta Journal."

If he puts his own picture in the paper, interferes with the gossip column, or shows favor in one way or another to his friends (that is, the people with whom he is acquainted) the paper is labeled "Horner's Sheet," or "McCant's Mirror" (or whoever the editor is).

He's got to have the eye of an artist as he checks over the copy, saving the choicest gems of literary merit for a feature place on page two; but he's got to have the heart of a stone-cutter as he rejects for publication the faulty manuscripts or young hopefuls.

He's got to know all the students, how to spell their names, and how to spell the names of their home towns (because if he doesn't, he won't have time to look it up at press time). He's got to know how to spell PERIOD.

He's got to know his college administration. He's got to know what goes and what doesn't go, what's printable and what isn't. (Some things aren't.)

He's got to know ...
But to top it all he's got to live up to the above-mentioned and love it, plus having underneath a deep desire to serve his fellows in whatsoever way he can.

Anybody want to submit an application?
(Ditto the above for the Phipps.)

Science In The News

By BILL STAFFORD

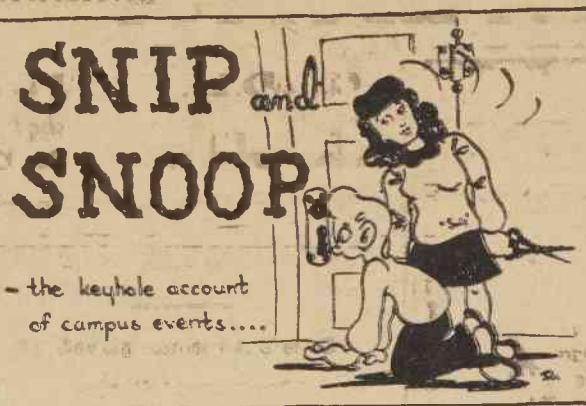
INFANTS who become insane before they reach the talking age are now being cured through the medium of a nursing bottle. Yes, an insane person sucking on a bottle of milk may regain normal behavior. Such a treatment of insanity, however childish it may seem, really works, for it has been proved by Dr. Carl A. Whitaker, Emory University, who restored a 26-year-old man to normalcy. Before discovery of the bottle cure, the patient had been exposed to every known method of treatment. The baby's bottle brought back his sanity after only eight days of use.

Highly stable organic compounds may now be easily reduced by means of a new chemical, LITHIUM ALUMINUM HYDRIDE. Although the formula was discovered in 1945, it has just been revealed to the public. Use of the chemical should greatly aid organic studies.

William B. Rogers of Baltimore, Md., thinks POWDERED COAL is the best fuel for heating your house. By using finely pulverized bituminous coal, Rogers can supply homes with heat in the same manner as electricity. He doesn't sell the coal but the heat. The householder simply sets thermostatic controls in his rooms, as in controlling oil and gas burners, but he gets heat without the dangerous presence of a flame.

Don't be surprised if one of these days you should see a TRANSPARENT MIRROR. Such mirrors are now available for civilian use. They were developed early in the war and served many purposes. The key to the transparency of the mirrors is the incredible thinness of the film of chromium alloy applied. It is four ten-millionths of an inch thick.

A new plastic with unusual electrical properties has recently been developed by the DuPont Company. Its trade name is "TEFLON." This unique plastic remains unharmed up to 575 degrees Fahrenheit and may be flexed without cracking at 150 degrees below zero. It will withstand every known solvent. DuPont claims that it is an excellent insulating material for ultra-high frequencies required by radar and television.



Students wended their way toward Elon as Spring Vacation ended ... Spring vacation, with bluebirds and robins—and snow—a foot deep ... Theme song for the holidays was "Crash On The Highway" ... The sunny South's weather hit an all time low ... Meredith had engine trouble ... Agnes Harris hit Raleigh with a puncture ... Dowd took a moonlight cruise via a red convertible down the middle of a creek. Ask her for details ...

From all sides comes the talk of the big-time vacations ... "Elon was never like this" ... Feedin and Dowd celebrated at Fort Bragg ... Ray Day and Hilda Neese made whoopee in Norfolk ... Betty Baker swooned over the Duke Men's Club ... Grace Ward and Irma Carter left for greener pastures ... Lou Agresta and Miss Thiele middle-aided it on the first ... Mabel Somers and J. H. Taylor tied the knot on the twelfth ... "Romeo" Gentry is back at Ye Olde College with his missus ... Atalita was shadowed by the Army and Navy Departments while in Washington ... "I enjoyed it," she said.

Report cards are out, and some made it and some didn't ... we can't win all the time ...

Hilda Neese has left Elon for Washington ... "Pat" Patterson almost didn't get here ... Aggie Vaughn made a dramatic entrance ... Welcome to all the new guys and gals ...

Say, what's this we hear about the mule in Betty Dalehite's room? ... And by the way—Neal McDonald has a passion for pretty cars ... or had you guessed?

John Williams' mother knows he doesn't drink because he's always so thirsty in the mornings ... aw, shucks! ... John R. Taylor still thinks a goblet is a male turkey ... Then there's Bob Gaskins who insists on putting a blotter to his ear so he can hear the Ink Spots sing

Behind The Mike

with WALLY MACK

If Swing Is Dead ...

It's the healthiest cripple we've seen in many a day. It's jiving along at a mile-a-minute clip. Stan Kenton's band is still going great guns despite all the talk about the trend toward sweet music. His outfit is giving the public the kind of music it wants, otherwise his band wouldn't have been given the number one spot last year.

The people who show up at dances where Kenton and crew are playing, sometimes, don't even bother to dance. They come to see and hear the band and they want to hear the tunes they know, such as "Artistry Jumps," and "Intermission Riff." His band caters to the public, not to the ballroom operator.

As for music for dancing, Sammy Kaye and Guy Lombardo are tops, but for an outfit designed for creating moods and excitement, the Kenton Krew knows how to thrill the public.

Bring A Strait-Jacket

Vaughn Monroe, America's favorite singing band-leader, has embarked on a miniature engineering project which will take him a year to complete. He has purchased all the raw materials for making a toy locomotive that really works, and is spending a large portion of his time welding little wheels and pistons that eventually will be part of the infant engine. When completed, Vaughn estimates, the locomotive will be worth about \$400.

Bad Press Helps Ruin Business

Patrons have been afraid to attend dances lately for fear of having to dance alone, because of press reports that the music isn't as good as it could be, on account of the fact that bands have been breaking up for the past three months. (Pause for breath.) Actually, it is all a bunch of bad publicity; the bands are reforming, and most of them have better sidemen than ever.

Bands that have hit the rocks had too much publicity. It ruined the business for the outfits that did have the stuff it took to stick it out.

Did You Know ...

June Christy, vocalist with Stan Kenton, is planning to leave the band soon in favor of doing work as a single ... Horace Heidt, the one-time millionaire bandleader, is planning to reorganize ... Ziggy Elman's new band has more power than a wind tunnel ... Harry Babbitt is joining Kay Kyser again. He'll help Kay celebrate his tenth year on the air this month ... Dave Barbour, guitarist, now has his own orchestra ... Boyd Raeburn and orchestra are appearing in G-boro tonight ... Gene Krupa, America's ace number one drummer man, was at the Plantation Club last Sunday night.

Wax You Should Own

On your next journey to Burlington pick up Benny Rubin's arrangement of "Among My Souvenirs," "Linda" by Buddy Clark, "Bless You" recorded by the one and only Eddie Howard, Charlie Barnett's repress of his best-selling, "Cherokee," and "Anniversary Song" waxed by Tex Beneke and the Glenn Miller orchestra.



When this column comes out, the first day of spring will have arrived yesterday, but I am afraid to comment on it because Mother Nature may make a fool of me ... after that March she stole on us spring holidays ... making the place like an aftermath of Christmas instead of spring vacation.

"Oh, well," quips Mary "The Cow" Coxe, "you should complain. Look at the trick she played on your parents."

For your information that object with heart in pling and torch in hand is not Elon's copy of the Statue of Liberty but James "The Kidder" Langston eating his heart out for Jane "Now, she's McCaughrean's girl" Whitlock; and, Langston, for your information those guys are not suckers, they just have no choice.

Heard on grade report day: "Gee Whiz! Look at this! Four F's! And three years ago Uncle Sam said I was One A!"

Dot "Chuck's my love" Salmons told me to mention that Ellen "Giggles" Spivey is now known as Jane, or did she say "The Outlaw" without a bit of competition.

Pragmatically everybody in school has a cold in the head these days. Overheard one faculty member remark that a cold was the only thing he had known some of his students to keep in their heads more than two days at a time.

St. Valentine's day is gone with February but if Little Wun can work things in her best cupid manner, former editor Tom Horner had a date with Carolyn Tuck last night.

Note of pessimism from the present editor: There may not be a next year.

Dr. McClure came kibitzing around as we wrote this and boldly inquired "We're about due for a good column from you, aren't we?" (With an emphasis on "good").

We don't believe he heard the things we murmured under our breath either because he left us with this comment: "A girl's best friend is her mutter." On second thought maybe he did because we had just granted to us (we thought), "Oh! Go eat your fodder!"

This week we give Dalton "Sweetie-Face" Harper a tube of Pepsodent, an armful of Shenandoah sunshine, and a seat on top of the world for being the most cheerful person all the time and any time ... even at Monday morning breakfast.

Mrs. Hirsch: "Why are you late?"
Juanita Wheeler: "The class started before I got here."

Miss Muldrow: "What do you know about Spanish syntax?"

Al Gravett: "Gosh, I didn't know they had to pay for their fun."

Yank Dickson (at a basketball game): "See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he's going to be our best man next year."

Maxine Doffelmyer: "Oh, darling, this is so sudden."

Poet's Column

WILD GEESE CALLING

By Lewis Lawrence

Out of the night
Wild geese calling,
Winging in flight,
Past an autumn moon,
Awakening me from
Troubled slumber,
Marveling at this
Clarion wonder
Of wild geese calling.

Unerring they pass in
Noisy splendor
Through the clear damp
Misty air,
By my prison span
Of window—
Pinions flashing sharp
And fair,
With wild geese calling.

Freely flies this spread
Formation
Reflecting on the scene
below,
Shadows on a sleeping nation,
Resting from its toil and
War.

Now the last call faintly
echoes,
And I sleep and sail and
Soar,
Seeing wonders never
told,
Enjoying life, and
Nothing more,
With wild geese calling.