

Maroon and Gold

Edited and printed by would-be journalists (they would be journalists if they knew how to read, write, and spell) of Elon College. Published bi-weekly, except this copy, which is published only once—once too often—during the college year, under the auspices of the Board of Lunatics.

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THOUGHTS

"It was love at first sight, pure and simple. She was pure, and he was simple."—from the "Philosophy of the Tumble Bugs," by Amos Wheelbottom.

"This is the first time I ever spoke from a Republican platform."—William Jennings Bryan, when, on a western barn-storming tour, he had to speak from a manure spreader. Honestly, he did.

"Consider the proportion of things: For it is better to be a young June Bug than an old Bird of Paradise."—by Mark Twain in, "Sayings of Pudd'nhead Wilson."

I was totin' two anchors up the gang-plank of the U. S. Wheedonk, when the plank busted. I was treadin' water for about six minutes and nobody done nothin. They just hung over the rail till I said, "If'n youse don't trow me a rope, I'll drop these dear little anchors."—Chief Gunner's Mate Koppless Watson.

DON'T READ DIS

We always wanted to write a editorial where we didn't hafta use no correct Englidge, so dis is it, youse guys. Wot de heck is a editorial, anyhow? Jes, sunthin' some jerk wid a lotta brains (he credits hisself wit' but ain't got) sticks in de paper to fill up a lotta space nobody never boddars ta read, nohow. If anybuddy happens ta give it de oncet-over, dey can't unnerstan' it, 'cause de langwidge dat is used is too hifalutin', if yez know wot I mean.

Den, too, usually it's wrote on some subjeck like politics, or prohibishun, er keepin' de campus clean, er sunthin', an' who de heck is intersted in readin' any a dat lousy stuff? Nobody don't know wot politics is all about, an' nobody wants prohi—nobody don't wanta keep de boys from havin' a good time wid a coupla bottles a hooch ebry so often—an' wot's de use a tryin' ta keep de campus clean when some dirty skunk'll come along five minutes later an' t'ow a heapa trash jes' where youse suckers has picked it up from.

In udder words, we ain't never figgered out wot a editorial ever gits writ for—nobody ain't gonna read it an' it ain't gonna do no good, nohow. De editors are jes' glory-hounds, waitin' ta make people t'ink dey're better'n dey really is, an' usin' big words dey don't even know de meanin' of demselves.

If editorial writers knew jes' how many folks ain't never read a editorial, dey'd give it up as a bad job quicker'n it takes ta say "Shoot." Editorial pages ain't read—dey're used to stuff furniture wid; ta pack china in, an' in udder ways we ain't gonna mention. But de fool editors keep right on feedin' us dat same ol' bull, paper after paper, an' it's jes' a complete waste a time. After readin' dis youse will no doubt agreed wid us, an' also concur, wotever dat word means.

HIS GREATEST CASE

By OMA AIKENBACH

The Great Detective frowned ferociously at himself in the mirror. He was working on his greatest case, the mysterious dining hall robberies, but so far his efforts had been in vain. His expert snooping had brought him nothing but a snootful of mayonaise, when he had gotten too close to Friday supper's potato salad. Despite every precaution taken by the Master Mind, food was still disappearing from the college dining hall, and not a trace of a clue was to be found.

The Great Detective frowned again, and his reflection leered back at him. "What in blazes!" he ejaculated, bending forward to examine his face in the mirror. "Egad! I'm getting the measles!" He suddenly straightened up, flushed with embarrassment at his mistake—the "measles" were only fly specks on the mirror.

Quickly, his agile brain was back on the perplexing case before him. Outside, night fell with a resounding crash, and he knew it was time for him to return to the job. As he slipped into his newest guise (he was going to spend the night in the dining hall dressed as a garbage barrel), he ran his mind over every angle of the case, but again could reach no conclusion. "Ah, but surely I shall clean up the mess tonight!" he speculated. "The Great Detective never fails to get his man!"

The Great Detective found the dietician waiting for him at the door of the dining hall. She had been dietician at the college for two weeks now, had come the day before the robberies started. She had checked in at 98 pounds and now tipped the beam at a cool 243. The Great Detective saw nothing wrong with such a radical change—he had tossed aside the startling increase in avoirdupois as merely "Glands!"

"What are you supposed to be?" the dietician wanted to know, as she bolted the door behind him and slipped the key out of sight somewhere about her corpulent person.

"A garbage barrel," sniggered the Great One, setting his cover at a rakish angle. "Can't you smell?" "Well, you shouldn't have tried to be so realistic," retorted the dietician, holding her nose and leading the way toward the kitchen.

The Great Detective followed her. As he set foot in the spotless kitchen, suddenly an idea struck him like a hammer! "Eureka!" he cried, rubbing the bunk: "I think I've got the solution!" The dietician's eyes grew wide.

"You have?" "Yes, my dear! I believe the thief is not a thief but two thieves."

The dietician was incredulous. "H-how do you come to that conclusion?"

"I believe one of the thieves is a midget, and the other lowers him down the chimney flue by a rope. Then the midget ties the food to the rope, and his accomplice hauls away their loot. When they have finished their dastardly plundering, the thief on the roof pulls the midget up, and they make their escape unseen!"

"Wonderful!" The dietician was so elated she looked like a barrage balloon.

But then the Great Detective frowned to himself. "There's just one thing wrong with my solution," he grumbled.

"What?" "There isn't any chimney!" "Oh!" the dietician's face was blank. "Well, you just keep watch now, while I go put on another face," she gurgled, retreating from the kitchen with the gracefulness of a drunken elephant.

The Great Detective was wrapped in thought. As soon as he had untangled himself he marched with purposeful tread toward the pantry. "Ah!" he cried, "I thought so! Not a scrap of food left! We've been robbed again!"

"Oh, we have, have we?" The dietician was standing behind him with a strange smirk on her lips and a heavy soup ladle in her hand.

"Exactly!" the Great One replied brilliantly. "There's dirty work afoot!" The dietician beat him over the head thirty-seven times with the soup ladle. "I wouldn't be at all surprised if someone pulled this job from within your own dining hall!" he continued, so firmly concentrating on his discovery that he failed to notice that he was lying in a pool of blood on the floor, with his feet and hands trussed up behind him.

"As a matter of fact," he concluded, as the dietician picked him up and dropped him into a huge kettle of boiling water on the stove. "I wouldn't be surprised if you had something to do with it yourself!" Well, the Great Detective was right, as usual, and the case was solved.

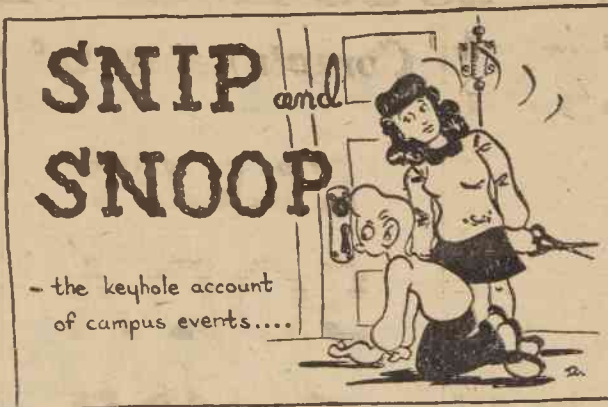
The dietician had cleaned out all the food in the joint and was so hungry she had been forced to show her hand. Of course, the Great Detective got cooked in the line of duty; but justice was served, anyway, because the dietician, in polishing him off, got the garbage barrel cover stuck in her throat and choked to death.

Poet's Column

ODE TO A WATER BAG

Oh, paper bag so full of dew,
Is there no way of stopping you?
And even when there are near misses
They're just as wet as Lena's kisses.
The fiend who threw you runs to hide
While you splatter at my side.
I never know the guy who aimed,
For each square hit is never claimed.
There I was, dressed for a date,
When suddenly I met my fate.
I'll never more be quite so rash
To tempt your unexpected splash;
The day will come when I'll laugh, friend—
'Cause I'll be on the throwing end!

—J. B. W.



Bob Graham's motto is, "Never give a TUCKER an even break!" . . . Garland Causey leaves these immortal words to posterity: "Get big in there! Elbows and arms!"

Vance Cox: "My wife made an awful blunder playing cards the other night."
Ralph Edwards: "Poker?"
Vance: (Exhibiting black eye) "I tried to, but she hit me first."

Favorite tune in North Dorm these days is "Old Waterbag Sky." . . . Standard equipment for occupants of the dorm is rubbers and raincoats . . . To take a shower, the boys don't go to the basement—they just stand in the middle of the gym floor for a couple of minutes.

An adventurous fellow called "Dutch," Who delighted in romance and such,
Took a girl in his ear,
And they hadn't gone far
When she found his hand not on the clutch!

Ask Doris Peedin to tell you about the bride whose trousseau included a negligee with a fur-lined hem . . . You'll haw . . . Spring must have sprung a leak—winter is still seeping through . . . Next year we Southerners probably will begin thinking of spending our winters in the "Sunny North."

Visitor at asylum: "Do you keep the women inmates separated from the men?"
Attendant: "Sure. These people here ain't as crazy as you think."

Prof Johnson in geography class: "Describe the manners and customs of the people of Central Africa."
John Watson: "They ain't got no manners and they don't wear no costumes."

WANTED, A MIRACLE MAN

In a recent issue we repeated Tom Horner's cry for an editor. Published about a year ago, that long, sighing moan still echoes down the corridors of time and whirls up under the longies Mom sent on from the hill farm to help us (dear me) meet this Ides-of-March winter.

Today, however, we call again. For another editor. The de-sociate editor. He is the one who should function when the real Ed. tires of his desk and goes out with his Yo-Yo under his arm and squints up at the upper windows of dear (me) old East to take the temperature of the chimneys.

The man we want does not need erudition. He needs longevity. Length, that is. To wear the editor's longies. When they came down to us last January and winter broke out, we were certainly grateful to Mom for sending them. And we still are grateful. We don't want to let Mom down, or the union-soot either.

But when John L. Lewis dropped his (Union Suit), we became frightened. For we have always been noted for our quaint modesty. And in this modern world that is something to cling to. We would cling to it if it were poison ivy and our girl was wearing same for a necklace.

But here is the problem. The other week, (we) being confined to our room while the White-Lace Laundry and Girdle Cleaners were doing our things, sent "Feather-Head" Mulford of the Coast Artillery to get 'em in time for a post-dinner date with our very own angel. And he came back so trickling slow that the anklets fell out and froze to the hi-way near the place where you turn off to the Collicharrum, where Betty (Florida Curve) Hill lives. Featherhead was looking up the hill. And, to make it short, the longies aren't (short) any longer. He thinned 'em until they look like a pale roll of navy hemp about ten feet long. But Al says that the guy who becomes de-sociate editor has to be able to wear 'em. That, my friends, is the problem. To find a man. Tall and thin. Or else, (Maybe Al will try this) reverse the trip with the bundle under your arm, and see if you can find the "Curve" that put the "Feather" in "Featherhead." He hasn't got his flaps down yet. Mulford, we mean, not the editor.

HEAD-STANDS

by Ercel T. Twanglestone. No, not exactly Ercel T., either. That was my father, if you can call him that. But that's neither here nor there. Stop, now, or I'll strike ou on the wrist. Dear, Dear! You anger me.

It was in the autumn of 1747, while the good ship Cuspidor was rounding the Horn, her masts shining like an Erector set, that an argument and a disputation arose among the crew as to the superiority of men over women. Some foggy birdbrain, after tinkling a magnum of champagne into his opus, brought up the argument.

In 1947, the canoe U-B-Dam was sailing up Hlaw River, and the argument, apparently, was still under way. I shall not, however, go into that. Canoes are, dear me, easy to upset. But I know one thing: you can't settle a four-masted problem in logic in a canoe.



(Ed. Note: Weeks of preparation have gone into writing these little bits and Little Un has expressed hope that her millions of readers will enjoy this column as much as she enjoyed writing same.)

This week we give a free copy of the MORON AND GHOUL, a dried herring and a bent pin to "Ace" Harrell for his policy of no-dirty-jokes, in fact, no jokes at all. Aside from deserving the week's award for his gentlemanly attitude D. B. also deserves one for his ability to non-irritate people.

After months of bewilderment and wonder as to why Mary "Calf" Cox returned that fraternity pin we find that she decided to start sewing her straps on.

Signs of Spring: Professor Barney roller-skating to class, Mrs. Farrar skipping the rope on the front lawn, and Professor Brannock playing tag with his shadow.

Little Un is really surprised at the number of "steadies" that are no longer steady. Betty "Fatty" Benton and Jack "Dignified" Burch; Betty "Meakness" Dalehite, and Fred "Pony" Chandler, Marjorie "Vacuous" Moore and Jimmy "Peppy" Madren are just a few of the couples who are now free-lancing. In a joint statement these girls commented that the boys were just too good to them. "They make us feel so ungrateful . . . they are just too good."

Between Deadlines: We saw Mr. Paskins take over his duties as the new football coach; Al Burlingame voted the biggest wolf on campus; Tom Fulghum and Calvin Milam tie for the title of the most modest boy; and Charles Hilliard voted the laziest person in school; Little Un going steady; a jam session in the library; the girls in West given 2:30 permission every night except Tuesday (any hour is okay that night).

We Heard: That Miss Hardy was getting married in June; the choir swing out in Friday chapel with "Pistol Packing Mama" dedicated to Mrs. Johnson; nothing from Janice "Quietness" Frazier; Mary Lib Browning leading the yells at Elon's first hockey game in the outdoor swimming pool; students griping because we don't have classes on Saturday; Jane McCauley refuse to jitterbug in the bookstore because she is losing too much weight.

There Was A Poet Who Wrote
April Fool! Ended That Poem A

College Humor

Chink Spivey: "What was that clatter?"
John Wiggington: "Shoffner just fell down the stairs with a quart of whiskey!"
Spivey: "Did he spill it?"
Wiggington: "No, he kept his mouth shut."

Professor Barney: "Take this sentence, 'Let the cow be taken to the pasture.' What mood?"
Sugar Moore: "The cow."

"For goodness akes, use both hands," shrieked Nettie Isley as the auto almost left the road. "I can't," said Gene Sherrard. "I have to steer with one."

Old Grad: "Are they very strict at Elon now?"
Freshman: "You remember Jonesey? Well, he died in class and they propped him up until the lecture ended."

Mrs. Darden: "It's a bottle of hair- tonic, dear."
Mr. Darden: "Oh, that's nice of you, darling."
Mrs. Darden: "Yes, I want you to give it to your secretary at the office. Her hair is coming out rather badly on your coat."

Mrs. McDonald (to Fernyheugh with his feet on the desk): "Put your feet where they belong!"
Todd (Under his breath): "If I did, you wouldn't be able to walk for a week."

Janice Frazier: "I want to see Mr. Coble."
Verona: "Mr. Coble's engaged."
Janice: "Oh, that's all right, I don't want to marry him."

The moon was yellow, the lane was bright
As she turned to me in the Autumn night
And every glance gave a hint
That she craved romance,
I stammered, stuttered, and time went by
The moon was yellow, and so was I!

Jimmy Langston was watching a revolving door and saw a man walk in. As the door swung around a pretty girl stepped out.
"Darned good trick," he muttered, "but I still don't see how that guy changed his clothes so fast."

Here's to her eyes and her nose;
Here's to her hair and her toes.
And here's to the best of her
Here's to all the rest of her.