

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 John Watson
Business Manager D. B. Harrell

EDITORIAL BOARD

Associate Editor Hal McDiarmid
Feature Editor Betty Hill
Sports Editor Eddie Mulford

BUSINESS BOARD

Circulation Manager Pat Steinmetz
Ass't. Cir. Manager Jimmie Parker
Advertiser C. R. McClure
Photographer Bill Duncan
Printer Charles Brown

REPORTERS

Lewis Lawrence, Ed Nash, Betty Chilton, Amy Campbell, Mike Copeland, and Alton Wright

COLUMNIST

Betty Benton, Ted Parker, Pat Patterson, Carolyn Tuck

PRESS MAN

Jack Holt

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

Office—Room 1, Duke Science Building

Thoughts

"But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." JAMES 4-8.

"Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way,—and the fools know it." OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Don't have any more secrets than you can keep yourself." JOSH BILLINGS.

"What we are afraid to speak before men, we should be afraid to think before God." THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse; E'er fancy you consult, consult your purse." BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

ELON HAS IMPROVED

As the current school year draws to a close, we draw too—on a piping sigh of relief. There are times when one feels that further efforts are in vain. The editor feels that way now. He yearns for the open road and anticipates a long trip via free rail as soon as school is out. The trip should remind him of the futility of his scheme of things and induce him to return to his studies with a will.

But when we look at the past nine months we are able to see where Elon has improved. Admission to the Southern Association added much to our prestige. The winning of the basketball tournament made us all proud of Alma Mater. On several other occasions during the year we have felt a tinge of pride. Of course we have been mortified too.

Rumor has it that "ground will be broken" sometime during the commencement exercises, for the new gymnasium. What we are anxious to learn is, to what extent the soil is to be disturbed? We are hoping that the building will actually be started at that time. A new gymnasium and a new powerhouse would make possible the revision of our back yard into a fitting front yard for the college, and we think the removal of that coal pile from in front of Alamance would enable a lot more people to recognize us for what we are.

Elections satisfied the majority and we are glad! All of the new officers seem to be the kind we want. The only thing we have fallen down on so far is the installation of telephones. Honest, we thought we would have them in Alamance at least, by this time. But, then, I suppose we have to expect that kind of carrying out campaign speeches. We heard once about that promised "chicken in every pot" . . . but he was a Republican (the campaigner, not the chicken), and we didn't get enthusiastic.

Now that the Liberal Party has installed "the best men in office" . . . we think it appropriate that they should remove those ragged, old campaign streamers from the front of Alamance and over the colonnades.

Characteristic of the American people is that quality which allows them to disregard any kind of preventive measures and to stave off preparations for the inevitable until the anticipated becomes the actuality. And get away with it! Exams commence within the next four days, and some of us have an entire quarter of studying to do in those ninety-six hours. Can we do it? Of course we can; this is no different from any other quarter!

When we return to the campus next Fall, there will be vacancies wherever we look. They will be hard to fill; for, among the seniors who are creating them, are some exceptional ones who will not be easily replaced. We wish them all the best of everything. Goodbye friends, and good luck!



All these months since Little Wun began column writing she has thought of what she would say as a farewell and how happy she would be to say it, but now that the day is here nothing seems fitting. Everything begins okay but ends like the conversation of a departing guest who draws his goodbyes and then steps into a closet.

This column never pleased anybody anyway unless maybe my mother (who never understood it) and Calvin "Publicity Hound" Milam (who loved the free ads), though it should have pleased many because everybody knew how to write it.

To our successors, Betty Hill and "Teddy Bear" Parker, we should like to say what the girl said to the guy who kept putting his hand farther down the back of her strapless evening dress: "Keep it up!"; to John "The New" Watson and Al "The Old" Burlingame we want to say thanks, and to many authors of joke books we want you to know that this column should really begin and end with quotation marks.

We would like to say some famous last words but it seems that none are forthcoming and the only good farewell we can think of is the one used by a negro preacher in a small southern church with a particularly wayward congregation. After many months of futile attempts to convert his sheep, the old parson finally accepted a call to another church and he finished his farewell sermon with these words: "Dear brothers and sisters, I can't think of words to express my thoughts at this time, but I ask yo', please, as I walks out o' here fo' the las' time, note the mistle toe pinned to the bottom of my coat tail."

Carolina Bouquets

In tossing out bouquets, and we are rather selfish with them, it seems fitting that we bestow this week's upon our graduating ex-staff members. Leaving us this year are three well known and well liked young ladies: Miss Mary Baxley Cox, Miss Dale Hensley, and Miss Verdalee Gray Norris.

Miss Mary Cox, who for the past two years has been connected with the Maroon and Gold, is from Wagram, N. C., and during the current year rendered invaluable service as the assistant business manager. For her charming little smile alone, we give Miss Cox a bunch of daffodils and for her service to the school and to the M&G we give her an acre of roses.

To Miss Dale Hensley we say goodbye and thanks for the good column. It has been a pleasure seeing you around. For the efforts you expended toward being nice and giving everyone a friendly salutation we present you with many gardenias and hope you will always wear one in your hair.

The "Little Wun," as you have probably seen, says "goodbye" in this issue. We have enjoyed reading "Little Bits" and for the pleasure derived therefrom we are profoundly grateful. Miss Norris has the ability to write as she talks and we like the way she talks. For versatility, wit, and pleasing personality we dole out a bunch of carnations, and for a farewell a wreath of lilacs.

The roses on the tennis-court wall usually bloom in a bank of beauty that is breath-taking, long about commencement time. We'll ask you to choose your own when they're out. Or—to do a better thing, to let them stay on the vine to fulfill nature's purpose in the creation of their beauty and fragrance.

Nowhere in the world do roses and wisteria grow more profusely than in Carolina. The Maroon and Gold, generous as ever, makes its last bow this year and tosses the whole realm of natural beauty to all those who know how to appreciate, and to protect it.

That, we hope, means all of us. This time, then, we give the bouquet to ourselves.

College Humor

Politician: "A renegade is a man who leaves our party and goes to the other one."

Young hopeful: "Well then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes to ours?"

Politician: "A convert, my boy."

After a difference of opinion with the judge, the lawyer turned his back on the court.

"Are you trying to show your contempt for the court?" the judge demanded.

"No indeed," was the attorney's reply. "I'm trying to conceal it."

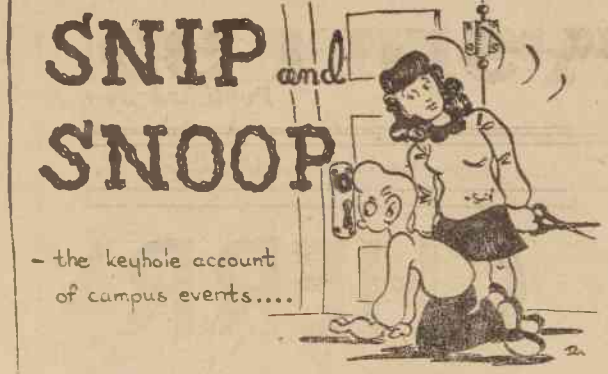
"Sweetheart," murmured the old-fashioned youth, "may I kiss your hand?"

"O. K., if that's your idea of yum-yum," yawned the coed. "But don't scorch your schnozzola on my cigarette."

Scottish football yell: "Get that quarter-back!"

Mama: "I see that a woman has been awarded \$2,000 for the loss of a thumb. I didn't think a thumb was as valuable as that."

Papa: "Perhaps it was the one she kept her husband under."



Another school year is almost over and with it comes relief, for a while at least, from the rigors of gossip hunting. Believe it or not, the task of gathering the latest news around campus is a hard one . . . Contrary to what some authorities maintain about people liking to talk about themselves, it seems that Elon's students, for the most part, are reluctant to say anything about themselves or about their neighbors. When we ask anyone what they did on the week-end visit or some excursion they may have taken, they refuse to divulge . . . Could they have done anything that bad? hmmm . . . Even our room-mate has become reluctant to express an opinion for fear it will hit the front page. Such are the tribulations of an erstwhile gossip reporter.

Overheard two men talking the other day. It seemed they had been stationed in Iceland during the last war, and one was trying to out-boast the other: "It was so cold where we were, that the candle froze and we couldn't blow it out." The retort courteous, "That's nothing! Where we were the words came out in ice cubes and we had to fry them to learn what we were saying."

Speaking of a last request (which we aren't), Hilda Roberts confided the other day that she wished her name would appear in the paper before she graduated. Here it is Hilda . . . Satisfied?

Scenes of the week: Frances Gravitt and Mary Hope Smith leaning out of the window trying to hear that car horn blow . . . Janice Frazier's left nylon sailing down Haw River . . . "Kitty-car" Bolwell's new pajamas . . . Ruth Bain looking like a million dollars at the student dance . . . Ditto numerous others. The mythical man seen wandering through West dorm halls in the wee hours of the morn. Was he mythical? How did he get in? Mary Lou Silva singing "Connecticut is the place for me," as she breathlessly waits for Donald's letters.

The inside dope: Ann Griffin's brother took twelve couples over to Greensboro's "Battleground" for a Sunday afternoon picnic. It was a great success, we hear . . . ditto the choir picnic on the same afternoon. John Williams spent last weekend at Virginia Beach . . .

The autumn carnival to distant places gains momentum with each week. Tom Fulghum will enter the Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia, Pat Patterson and Al Gravette to the University of Richmond. Julian Forlines has hopes of going to Congress.

Summer vacation is only a few days away . . . big plans for gala times brewing all over . . . Weddings, house-parties, beach-parties, and some brave souls will spend an exciting summer in school. See you in three months. In the meantime be smooth, be svelt, be seen, and you too may make Snip and Snoop.

(Ed Note: God forbid!)

Poet's Column

GREEN SPRING

Green the Spring's sweet
Fields and hills,
Greener still the corn;
But the greenest thing
For man to see—
A green-eyed woman's scorn.
The earth breaks forth
As daisies step
Arrayed in new attire;
Then man must stop,
And oft must turn,
All nature to admire.
However, friend, you must not turn,
As oft as you may like,
For that is when you need shall learn
How two green eyes may strike.
So leave me free,
And let me play
In Spring-time, all alone;
Rather this, than suffer from
A green-eyed woman's scorn.

—Anonymous.

Science In The News

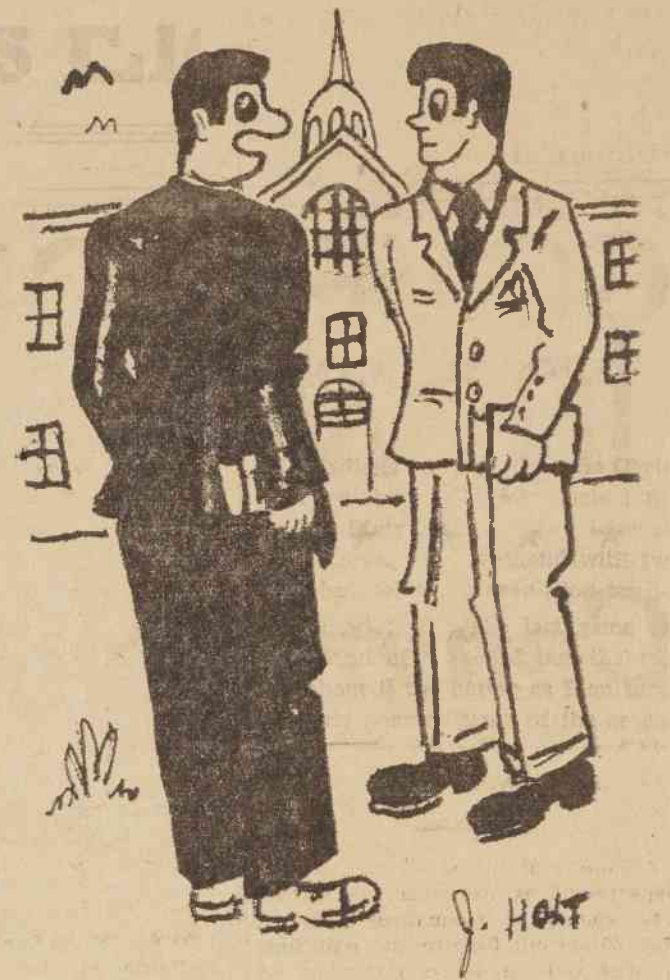
By BILL STAFFORD

In New York, one epidemic of smallpox has cost approximately one million dollars. The million dollar case was brought into the city from abroad. Many persons were exposed to the germs before their existence in the area was known. The reason for the high cost however was the executive preventive measures taken to stop spread of the disease. Half a million or more persons have been vaccinated.

Penicillin is helping the lame to walk again—that is, if their lameness was caused by chronic germ infection of the bone. When a bone operation is planned, penicillin is given to the patient several days before the operation; then all infected bone is removed and penicillin is administered again and treatment repeated until the bones are healed.

Green plants still monopolize the secret of using sunlight to change carbon-dioxide and water into food; but scientists are now utilizing compounds to turn petroleum into synthetic rubber.

If a new jet tenderizing process invented by V. L. Tichy of Cleveland, Ohio, comes into general use, we will not have to worry about tough meats. Mr. Tichy's process takes advantage of a long-known fact that a needle-fine jet of liquid at a very high pressure will penetrate flesh to a considerable depth. This process will make tough meat tender.



IS THE DANCE FORMAL
OR DO I GET TO WEAR
MY OWN CLOTHES?

Truth And Travesty

By George Parker

With the advent of tropical weather, all the Elonites, except a few younger, more exuberant souls, have acquired the inevitable lassitude. To the utter delight of our professors, we struggle into classes at intervals from five to twenty minutes after the summons, yawn, and do our utmost to fight off sleep. After learning approximately nothing, we rush with all the speed of an injured snail to the nearest comfortable spot and either fall asleep immediately or stare blindly into space. The only expending of energy seen lately is that of the veteran as he turns away from his empty mailbox and curses violently with much wailing and gnashing of teeth.

The past weekend had all the earmarks of a minor depression. More coffee and doughnuts were consumed than milkshakes and hamburgers and those who had funds suddenly became bosom buddies of those who had not. We have reached, in these few barren days, the conclusion that money is a very convenient thing to have.

Our social season is in full swing and the question of the day is: "Have you got a tux?" Splurging has become common practice, the florist does a flourishing trade, and "He that steals my purse steals trash—" (The Bard). Ah, well, can we censure the free-spenders? It is this sage's philosophy that money is made to be spent and you can take it with you. (Editor's Note:—How true!)

The green pastures of the Bull Durham were invaded by the Sigma Phi's last week-end. I've been told that a few stayed over expecting good jobs when they start rebuilding the Washington Duke Hotel. From all reports, a huge time was had by all and Miss Norris, parodying Miss Stein, quotes; "An orchid is an orchid is an orchid . . ."

And the May Day show, a delightful spectacle, thanks to the genius and perseverance of Miss Wick-er, was stolen by the look of unconcern and disdain for things worldly on the faces of the Queen's train-carriers. Your correspondent would probably have disrupted the proceedings by howling with glee had he not choked on his oversized fist.

This is the last issue of the Maroon and Gold for the school year ending the twenty-fourth day of May, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-seven. Just think, you unenlightened people—it will be nearly four long months before you may again read this column. I am so sorry for you.

As we again close the creaking door, your host emits a fiendish marrow-chilling cackle and utters one ghoulish word as you blanch with horror . . . "Examinations! Heh! Heh Heh!"

CAMPUS ARBORS

The Maroon and Gold staff, eagle eye on everything, thinks that it may have observed something that others have missed. Ted Parker daily (or nightly) bumps his noggin on the most Western of the campus arbors.

As a matter of fact, major repairs on all the campus arbors are in order. When London Bridge was falling down, we didn't feel the need to come up with an editorial. But when Parker bumps his noggin, we move for action for the good of Elon democracy—and for campus beauty.