

Maroon and Gold

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1951

SAVE SIX FOR PALLBEARERS

Now once again the darkness is creeping over our earth.

And with the darkness comes the bubbling fear and predatory madness, sweeping like a black cloak over a world so wrapped up in its hate and suspicion that only a few are left to struggle against the noxious tides of murder that are rushing toward each other at ever-increasing speed, toward what looks like the inevitable state of inundation which, when it subsides, will leave only the flotsam of our civilization scattered in the muck. The scavengers will grow fat, there will be a plethora of litter for them to feed upon.

A black picture? Yes, but who, in all the world, who is making any real attempt to brighten it?

The scnorous cries of patriotism and rearmament have quickened the step of our country, as they have other countries all over the world. Patriotism. Rearmament. How pathetic! How sad that they should even faintly be associated with each other. More weapons, more killers, bigger bombs. The tools of peace.

We, all of us, recognize the symptoms, but too many of us refuse to admit the disease. We are a country whose cheeks are already flushed with the excitement of war, yet we still go merrily on our way as though all this were a sudden summer shower.

But there are other countries who, having felt the sickening shock of war much more than we ever did, are beginning to become wary, beginning to look out for themselves, even at the expense of their previously voiced ideals. England, Australia, Canada, Mexico and others have stoutly refused to send more fuel for the fire in Korea. Why? They are frightened, of course, as any sensible nation would be. Whether they are right or wrong, the very fact that they have formally voiced their intention to withdraw is significant. We now can see a glimmering of what we are getting involved in.

And it is easy for non-thinking people to call them cowards and renegades for pulling out of Korea, but those of us who have had experience in war with our allies know that this is not true. Anyone who has been in England during or after the blitz can testify to the truly amazing quiet courage of the British people. And who can doubt the bravery of the Canadians, the wild Canucks whose reputation precedes them in every battle? And the fiery Mexican people, who have fought so furiously for freedom many times, can we say their motive in withdrawing from Korea is one prompted by cowardice? Hardly. And admiration for the gallant Australian troops has always run high among American fighting men.

What is it then? What is happening? Why are we the only ones who want to remain in Korea until, as General MacArthur is reported to have said, "... we are driven out." Why? Americans, more

the yankee peddler

By BOB WRIGHT



Christmas leftover: We heard about a little boy, who, when being asked by his mother, "What are you doing, Johnny?" replied, "With God and Jesus and Santa Claus and you watchin' me, what CAN I do?"

If the COLONNADES ever gets to the point of going on sale, we'd like to know if the ivy will be tossed in to boot.

We suspect that it's more than the wintry winds that is making people draft conscious.

We read in the papers that the London press claims that the American Air Forces are overestimating the number of Chinese Reds they have eliminated. Perhaps Johnny Bull is UNDERESTIMATING the number that are over there.

Said the co-ed to the varsity man who asked for another date, "Perhaps.—You have an honest face." "Honest to goodness," he blurted in return. "No, just honest," she squelched.

The juvenile behaviour which takes place in the rear of Whitley during chapel is intolerable. That seems to be the gathering place for those who refuse to stand for hymns, giggle during prayers, and generally cut up during the talks. The mental age indicated by this behaviour would justify a faculty member sitting back there and admonishing, "Now lets all pretend we're little mice and be nice and quiet so the big, bad cat won't get us."

The GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS ran a picture of John L. Lewis under the two column obituary story on Sinclair Lewis. It might have been coincidental, or it might have been wishful thinking.

Between Lydia E. Pinkham and Dorothy Dix

A gal should never get in a fix.

Headline: "Back Seats Satisfy G. O. P." You can't get blamed for anything if you're not in the driver's seat.

There is much talk about freezes, but the one that hit the dorms last week out-froze them all.

Headline: "Hard Times Face America's Bees." Gad, has the Administration found something new to tax?

than any people in the world, are accustomed to winning their games and wars, and a defeat like the one in Korea does rankle, but it is hard to believe that even our administration, pig-headed as it is at times, would keep a war going just on the off chance that we will not lose face if we stay and fight to the death.

There are a lot of questions to be answered, and the time that is left to answer them is running out like blood pulsing from a severed artery. Everyone wants answers, but no one wants to give them. Counter a question with another question seems to be the strategy being employed in our present dealings with each other. Remember the attitudes small boys take with each other when one wants to learn the other's secrets? "Why should I tell you if you won't tell me?"

Well, as Philip Wylie pointed out in his latest book, "... at least there is one consolation. We won't be missed."

of cabbages and kings

By ED ENGLS



As the Korean situation worsens, the air quickens with the poisonous excitement that comes with war. What started out as a police action of the United Nations is rapidly assuming the proportions of a small-scale hundred year's war. There we are at a definite disadvantage. Americans like their war the same way they like everything else—in a hurry—while the Chinese expect a war to straggle on for decades. Perhaps it would be better to pull out and take the chance on losing a little face than it would be to remain and lose . . . whatever it is we stand to lose.

Bringing things a bit closer to home, it would be interesting to learn just how both students and teachers, male, that is, feel about the fact that the only washroom available to men in Alamanace Building is kept locked at all times, with faculty members only having keys. It would also be interesting to have some statistics on just how many male students have had to squirm through a whole class period just because they may not have had the time or opportunity to get to one of the dormitories. It is doubtful that any member of the faculty would resent the opening of the door to the student body, and certainly the students wouldn't mind.

"And marriage," philosophized the drunk, "is a new leash on life."

For all those who have had to repeat once again their last year's New Year resolutions, a bit of the "Rubaiyat" may be of some consolation:

Indeed, Repentance oft before I swore,
But was I sober when I swore?

And then, and then came Spring, and
Rose in hand,

My threadbare Penitence apieces tore.

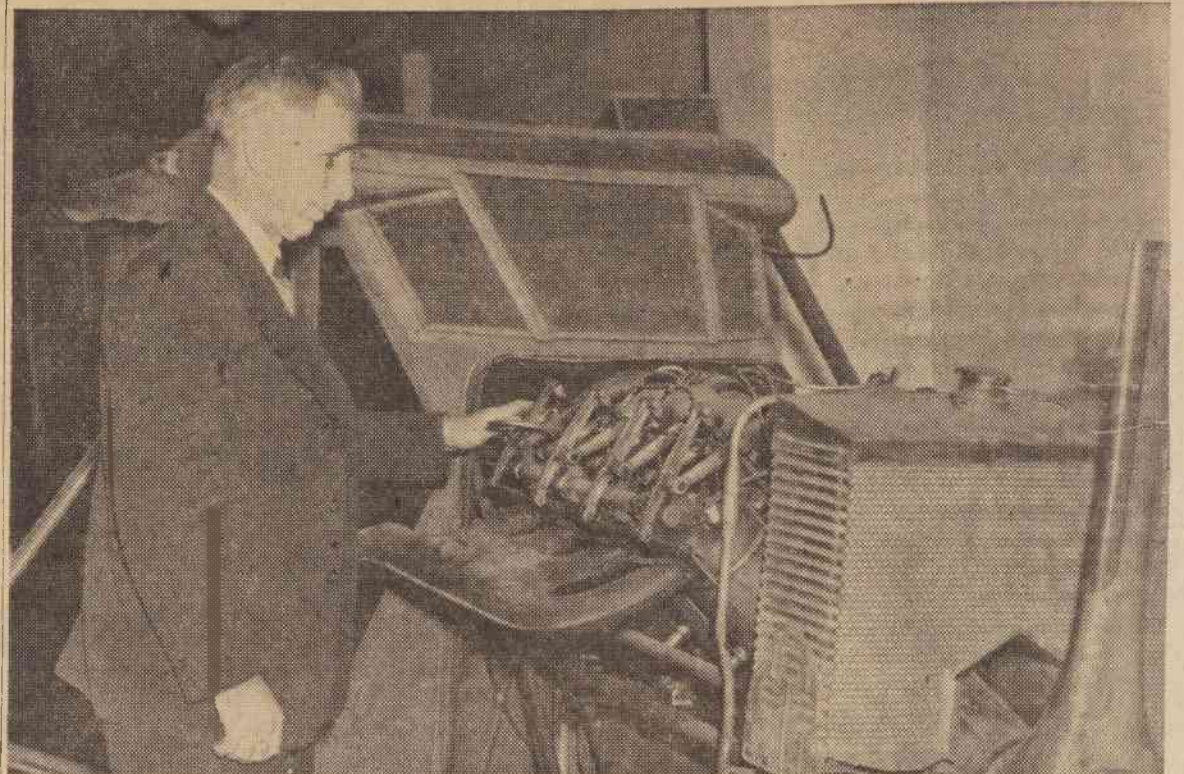
So, you see, old Omar recognized, centuries ago, the fact that human nature will err and err again. Solution: Don't bother making any more New Year resolutions; you'll know if you're doing something you shouldn't be doing, and if the knowledge isn't enough to prevent it, then no amount of resolutions will do the job.

Ran into three people in Miami, who, upon hearing or remembering that I live at Elon, mentioned that they had read about one of the boys making Little All-American. One fella even remembered Sal's name and position. Not bad. Wonder when it will happen to Elon again. Let's figure on next year, and see what happens. We have the material.

It's hard to say whether it is funny or not, but the expression on the face of a draftee when he realizes that it could, and did, happen to him, is really something to see. Only advice valid for draftees: Just relax and let it happen . . . it's going to anyway . . . who knows, you might even enjoy it, although frankly, the odds are against you.

One more sight that the truly rounded-out personality should not miss is the picture of Professor Byrd typing 365 words a minute, using only two fingers. Makes the rest of us with our faltering touch systems feel as though we have at least eight fingers that are only getting in the way.

And then there was the frantic character who raced into the bar, ordered and bolted down a double shot of the best Scotch, and, when asked what he wanted for a chaser, replied, "You'll do!" as he lunged for the door.



"AND THIS PLANE WAS ONE OF THE BEST IN ITS DAY"

'There Are More Things....'

By EDWARD ENGLS

When Shakespeare said "There are more things in the Universe than are contained in your philosophy, Shrdlu," (that, you must understand, is a rough quote) he must have had his crystal ball focused directly on the ground floor of the Science Building of Elon College.

A tour through the various niches and corners of the building with Professor Alonzo Hook, of the Physics Department, revealed an array of mechanical, photographic, electronic, and aviation equipment that would make the average Western Electric or Eastman Kodak plant look like a small boy's hobby room.

Enter From The South

Upon entering the south door of the building, one first encounters a huge reel of electric cable, which is about the thickness of a banana and looks as though it could carry all the voltage that ever was generated. This, Professor Hook explains, is to be used in the outside lighting circuits over at the new gym. One of the things Paul Plybon picked up a while ago.

Next in line as you walk down the hall is Elon's own little weather station. Complete, with anemometer, barometer, thermometer, and any other ometer needed to prognosticate the weather.

Skipping over a few sundry little items like a non-magnetic ship's compass, which stands inconspicuously against one wall, patiently awaiting someone to

come along and take a sight on a star to find out just where Elon College is right now, one will find a home-made reflecting telescope, which was constructed by one of Dr. Bowden's Science Survey classes, a biology and geology showcase containing shelves full of shells and rocks, and a few loose cathode ray tubes of various sizes. Finally, we come to the other end of the corridor, where, believe it or not, there rests an almost complete airplane.

It Could Fly

As can be deduced by the above picture, Professor Hook is particularly fond of this craft, and, as he stood patting it fondly, he gave out with the following information: The plane is an old Curtis-Robin, recognized in aviation circles as one of the best all-type, single-engined monoplanes ever built. An extremely stable and dependable ship, the Curtis-Robin was the plane used by "Wrong-Way" Corrigan in his tongue-in-cheek flight to Ireland back in the late thirties. (You all remember Corrigan, that mildly amused Irishman who left the east coast to fly to the west coast, then landed in Ireland a few days later bearing an expression of great pleasure and gentle surprise.)

The plane, with an OX-5 type engine, whatever that means, was purchased by the college back in '39, for use in the then extant Civilian Pilot Training program. When the war broke out, the program was changed over to an Army Air Force College Training Detachment, which operated for

several years. The plane is still in flying condition, states Professor Hook, although, looking at the conspicuous absence of wings and half of the propeller, he admits that it will need a few minor repairs before he would attempt to fly it.

A Million Volts!

In the Physics lab just off the corridor to the left, there is a piece of merchandise that would absolutely knock your eye out . . . a static machine. Encased in wood and glass, this little gem will generate over a million volts, and can create an eleven-inch spark in a "lightning" experiment. It certainly is misleading in its appearance, being the kind of a thing a gigantic child might construct with an equally gigantic erector set.

Also in the lab are a complete, operable compressed air machine and a dandy little portable energizer for starting aircraft engines. The energizer was made from parts of three different engines, and it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Standing near the static machine is a motor-generator testing device, which is also used to build and charge storage batteries. Wet cells, that is.

Incidentally, the static machine is used to produce current for the X-Ray machines, several of which are distributed about the building. Professor Hook is pictured below in the futile process of trying to explain to your reporter just what happens within the bowels of the machine when it is working. I use the adjective "futile" because to my sadly un-instructed layman's mind X-Ray machines and the like have always been associated with brilliant and cruel scientists who spend their entire working day gouging vital organs out of screaming, helpless human specimens.

And X-Rays Too!

And speaking of X-Ray, in one of the other rooms there is a machine that looks like a real corpse cremator. Shielded only by two halves of a large glass cup, (which, Professor Hook hastens to assert, is lead impregnated glass and impenetrable to X-Rays) this one is used frequently by members of the physics class in their experiments and research. I didn't get close enough to catch the name on the squat monster, but even money says it is something like "Little Dandy Bone Scorer, the Mad Scientist's Best Friend," or something similar.

In passing, it should be mentioned that the below pictured machine was donated to the college by John and Tommy Faust, both graduates of Elon, sons of a doctor in Liberty.

Almost hidden away under a work table and a pile of sawdust another interesting gimmick rests quietly. A question and an answer revealed that this is a photostat machine. This is Professor Hook's pride and joy. It seems that the student who was constructing it, one David Griffin,

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PROFESSOR HOOK EXPLAINS THE X-RAY