

Maroon and Gold

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1951

VOTE "YES" FOR COMMON SENSE

With the coming of spring, there are several things that students must be prepared for. One is the balmy, misty-moisty air, which tends to turn young peoples' fancies to thoughts of love, and the other is the election of student government officials to their very important positions for the next school year.

As balmy weather and young love is not the sort of thing one expects to find in an editorial, we will concentrate on the student government picture.

After just a few short years of student government, the student body of Elon College has already begun to take for granted all the things they struggled so hard to get in the beginning. Last year's elections, with few exceptions, showed quite conclusively that the students were not taking their government too seriously.

As far as elections themselves go, last year's elections were excellent. Plenty of spirit, debate on the part of candidates was heard on the campus frequently. A lively campaign, with student interest running high, was the result. That was as it should have been.

But very few people take the important issues into consideration when they vote. First and foremost, a candidate should be selected on his capability, his dependability, and his capacity to serve the best interests of the student body.

This was not the case last year, again with few exceptions, the most notable being the election of Bob Wright for president. But for Bob and a few others like him, student government would have dropped into the chasm it was teetering over all year long. Student legislature, composed of people who were elected apparently for no other reason than that they happened to be nominated, was a pathetic farce, and nobody knows that better than the few members of the Student Legislature who put forth a sincere effort to do the jobs they were selected for.

Loneliness was the watchword at practically all of the legislative assemblies. Not one assembly all year long had 100 per cent attendance, and at most assemblies there were not enough members present even to make up a quorum. It was probably a good thing for the recalcitrant members that a quorum could not be formed, for it almost certainly would have been used to impeach the greater part of the membership.

That sort of thing is deadly to free government, and history has shown over and over again that when people get careless about their freedom, there is always somebody or something around that will take it away from them.

Those who remember what student life at Elon College was like before the pres-

the yankee peddler

By BOB WRIGHT



It would seem that it would be more constructive to demonstrate Democracy in the world's trouble spots, thereby depriving Communism of fertile ground, than letting the Reds get in and then shooting them out. It would be a darn sight cheaper, too. No new ideas are needed to remedy the world situation. There are plenty of old ones around that never have been tried.

About the education requirements of today one salty character was heard to remark, "They spend so much time teachin' 'em how to teach they don't get around to teachin' 'em anything TO teach."

The calendar tells us that spring starts today. The winter has been pretty nice; we just hope that spring won't be as hard to take as it was last year. At any rate, we're not putting our topcoat in moth-balls.

After reading the "Who's Who" announcements, one campus Joe stated that if they ever put out a "What's What" he'd be the first to be nominated.

Just a reminder. Nominations for the spring General Election will be coming up soon. Start thinking about it now.

Judging from the number of tanned faces in evidence after the holidays, there must have been a mass exodus from Elon to Florida.

Standing behind a fellow in the chow line the other day: "Gimme the rice—ooh, Sylvana!"

This is the last time the peddler's pack will be opened. We've enjoyed trying to tap out a column of type for your perusal, but our luck ran out to the extent of embarking on a career of gainful employment.

The peddler is now on the staff of WFNS, and will not have the time to dispense this string of bon mots for M&G readers. (Before the editor adds his bit, we'll admit that some of them were not so bon.) We'll hang our harp on the weeping willow tree, and bid thee, kind friends, adieu.

ent government came into being are very few at this time, but if you would learn the value of self government, find one of them and ask him about it. Perhaps he will be able to convince you of what a great loss we would sustain in losing our student government.

And don't take the fatalistic attitude that there is nothing that you, one person, can do about it, when the government is in the hands of the student officials. Don't ever forget; it is your vote that puts them there. Make sure you don't waste that vote, because with it you are buying a way of life that cannot be purchased with any other medium of exchange.

IT COULD HAPPEN HERE

According to a recent issue of the Daily Tar Heel, of U.N.C., there is something amiss with the Honor System over there. Seems that teachers sit in on exams, and there have been students who actually boasted about cheating on tests. It would be nice to be able to say that it can't happen here, but anyone can see that it can, and, in a small degree, is happening. What the worriers forget, however, is that the Honor System exists in spite of liars, thieves and cheats, not because of them. The real danger lies, not in the presence of violators of the Honor System, but in that students with honor and integrity may become hardened to dishonesty in others if they allow themselves to be exposed to it too long. As long as a menace is recognized as such, it is neither too dangerous or too late to do something about it, but when people turn their backs to it, they soon feel the point of the dagger between the shoulder-blades.



In the foreground of the picture is Bob Harned smiling happily at an experiment that seems to be working out to his satisfaction. The other students are, clockwise from Bob, Ben Stephenson, Murray Holland and Ted Hackney. These students are all working on different experiments with varying degrees of success.

Gadgets, Gizmos And Gears

By J.B. PICKARD

There are at present about forty students enrolled in the chemistry department, and the editor of your M. and G. sent me up to find out just what there is on the third floor of the Science Building that would serve to keep this many students occupied. This, then, is an honest and as near scientific report as my unscientific mind can produce.

There are more than twelve courses in chemistry offered here at Elon at present. These are broken down into four classifications. There are three courses each offered under the headings of general chemistry, qualitative analysis, organic chemistry and quantitative analysis. These twelve courses, along with others that are offered according to demand, make up the curriculum of this department.

As could be expected, a majority of the students in these courses are chemistry majors. These, along with the pre-med, pre-dental and a few home economics majors, constitute the student enrollment in this department. There are also a few pre-engineering students, who are now taking one of those "offered on demand" courses, a course in sewage disposal. This should give some interested parties some idea of the variety of courses that are offered.

The department also makes full use of its resources by making a course in Chemistry of the Body available for those pre-med students who wish to take it.

Now to get around to some of the sights that were spread before my eyes as I walked around this third floor sanctum sanctorum of scientists. There were complicated charts, models of complicated molecules, a still (for the

distillation of oil of cloves at the time of my visit), and your guess may be of great value to the novice as good as mine about some of the other ingenious gadgets, gizmos and gears.

Then let us move into the stock room, a little cubby-hole, which contained all the chemical components from ammonium to zinc. I found Dr. Cheek and a pair of his cohorts in the process of taking inventory. It seems that even the chemistry department doesn't know for sure just what this place contains. It is here that the various chemicals rest in peace until some over-ambitious young chemist decides that he would like to smell up the atmosphere. It is a source of never-ending amazement to me why no chemist ever concocts anything that smells anything other than horrible. There must be some sort of an eleventh commandment for chemists that reads something like this—"And thou shalt on every opportunity pollute the atmosphere from lab to high heaven with thy foul concoctions."

There are other features in this department which some students may find of interest. There are, for instance, about three boys for every girl (this is merely a ratio, not a promise) in the department. Some of my female readers may be like one of the students who said to the registrar, "I don't care who teaches the course, how many boys are there in it?"

There is also a student assistant program, with the more advanced students acting as lab assistants for the elementary classes in their departments. This can be of great help to the newer students, due to the fact that these young assistants can still recall the difficulties they experienced when they were overcome. Such problems still fresh

in mind, the youthful instructors

As the students progress into the deeper subjects, they are sometimes led off on a tangent that is only distantly related to the subject. These students are encouraged to continue with their research and follow it through as far as they please. There are many examples of this extra-curricular activity displayed around the department. The charts mentioned above were made by a student, and, while I could not comprehend the chemical significance of these charts, I could admire the professional grade of work that was displayed.

For the prospective school teacher, there is a material and methods course that will prove of great benefit. This is another of those "offered on demand" courses that has been quite popular. This course concerns the future teachers and offers particular ideas and methods of presenting the subject to the average high school student.

In one of the pictures that accompany this story, the reader may notice Ted Hackney at work on what he hopes is the correct procedure for preparing iodobenzene. From the odors that were arising from his apparatus, one would think that either Mr. Hackney had missed his goal completely or else that he was after something that no one else would want under any circumstances.

In the foreground of the same picture is Bob Harned (who is one of those student instructors we mentioned earlier), busily engaged in using an organic solvent to extract from cloves that little home toothache remedy, oil of cloves. The poor boy will probably fail

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Dr. Paul Cheek is shown assisting a pair of his students in taking an inventory of the Chemistry stock room. The students are, Dwight Apple and Frank Ward. This supply room contains all chemicals and apparatus needed for countless experiments.

of cabbages and kings

By ED ENGLS



Now that the bleary eyes are beginning to clear up a bit, and all the eager students are beginning to rest up from their vacations, the rustle of leaves being turned over anew is almost thunderous. The local coffee shops are practically bare at night . . . everybody is either studying, resting, or picking up the slings where they left them at the end of the winter quarter. However, by the time this goes to press, the usual change will already have obtained, and a trend toward coffee and juke-box will have become apparent once again.

Do not ask for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for the yankee peddler, whose last literary production appears on this page. Say goodbye to the most popular feature of the Maroon and Gold (always excepting the editorials, of course) with this issue. Thanks a lot for everything, Bob.

The huge contingent of self-selected missionaries who made the pilgrimage to Florida over the holidays should get a vote of thanks from the board of directors for the quantity, if not the quality, of the publicity they spread over the Sunshine State. Seems as though everybody and his brother went to Florida this time, and did their unconscious best to put Elon on the map. The way is now paved for an all-out invasion of the deep southland next winter.

What with the discordant concerto of modern life rising to a crashing and cacophonous crescendo at a rather breathtaking tempo, American advertising, always ready in a pinch, lends a reedy note of enchantment to the musical maelstrom with

I DREAMED I WAS A TOREADOR IN MY MAIDEN-FORM BRA

The dreamer, stunningly portrayed in violet red, with misty features and head thrown back ecstatically, faces the conspicuously absent bull with upper garment thrown open and waving in the breeze, ostensibly to form a toreador's cape, but really serving to expose, neatly encased in a glittering Maiden-Form Bra, a set of belligerently poised, flamboyant pectorals, with which she apparently intends to administer the estocada while the bull is still in a state of shock-induced trauma, which serves him right for not being gentleman enough to look the other way.

It's a pretty good ad, I suppose, as far as ads go, but it lacks a certain punch, a certain enduring quality that will make women past the age of 12 leap out of bed in the morning and run downtown to buy a gross of Maiden-form Bras. To the Maiden-form people I hereby offer, free of charge, the following sure-fire catch lines:

I dreamed I was run over in my Maiden-form Bra (that one ought to knock 'em dead); I dreamed my husband left me in my Maiden-form Bra (that should have the men buying them too); I dreamed I found a stick of Dentyn in my Maiden-form Bra (appeal to the younger set); I dreamed I was sent up for my Maiden-form Bra (strong gun moll appeal); and last but not least, I dreamed I was lost in my Maiden-form Bra (for girls under 3 years old).

But don't get the idea that Maiden-form has cornered the ridiculous ad market. Amoco gas has come out with

LET 'EM SHOUT! The COLD fact remains that your best buy is AMOCO!

For a while I despaired of anyone outdoing that one, but then my powerful faith in the capabilities of advertising men bloomed fiercely within me again, and I now am joyously awaiting the inevitable topper.

Not to be outdone, Eveready flashlight is loudly proclaiming the merits of their new square flashlight. Just FEEL the difference! the ads drool, intimating that regardless of what kind of a beam it may throw, a square flashlight is the only flashlight for you. And I suppose I'll have to get one. How horrible it would be if the neighbors would blow a fuse and wish to borrow my flashlight. What could I say in reply to the cold looks of disdain on their faces as they experienced the loathsome and inefficient feel of my old fashioned round flashlight?