

Maroon and Gold

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1952

OUT OF THE PAST, INTO THE PRESENT

"Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life, we are in death." With the reading of these solemn words of committal, the body of the late King of England, George VI, was lowered through the damp stone floor of St. George's Chapel in majestic Windsor Castle, high on a stately hill and overlooking peaceful Windsor in England.

The King is dead, and people the world over bowed their heads last Friday as the burial service began inside historic St. George's, where George VI finds his final resting place behind his father and near other great monarchs such as the beheaded Charles I and Henry VIII. Queen Elizabeth II, center of hopes of a people who glory in an earlier Elizabethan age, sprinkled red earth on the oaken, flag-draped coffin of her father as it was lowered below.

In retrospect we are reminded of the great intangible power of George VI, or in that manner of the British King—or Queen, the power of unity. The only real power left to a British monarch is a unifying force, welding together the Commonwealth and the dominions of Great Britain, which cover more than one-fourth of the globe.

The BBC was off the air except for occasional news flashes and music of mourning, ancient pageantry and traditions. Eleven days of elaborate mourning was climaxing, and England began a period of mourning over 1,000,000 of his royal subjects to arch as his final journey was made past Windsor Castle, where Britain committed his body to the dust of the past with all the age-gathered heraldry and traditions of the monarchy whose power and prestige is slowly fading into oblivion.

George The Good leaves behind a crumbling empire which once was the greatest power in the world and is now one of the weakest. It is said that a queen brings prosperity and hope to the British people. Certainly, the reign of Victoria was characterized by such qualities.

We can't help but wonder what Elizabeth II will leave behind when she passes. In what shape will we find the world then? Which will succeed—Communism or Democracy?

The pomp and pageantry of the passing of a King has brought the world an interlude in the drab contemporary civilization and the cries of war and destruction. We have seen a drama unfold before our very eyes like something out of a story



cash on the spot

By LYNN CASHION

A radiator is a fascinating example of the Steam Age—at least the one in my room at the Lodge is. You never know what to expect from it. I have watched it all year, trying to figure out its schedule, but I have yet to see it working consistently. In fact, it has done very little work at all. I took it for granted that it was installed for the purpose of heating the room, but I am now beginning to wonder if it's not really just an ornament.

Back when the weather was really raw, my radiator took on the traits of a bear—it hibernated throughout the frosty months! During that time, I slept under so many blankets that it took three of the Lodge boys to pull the cover back in the mornings so I could get up in time to run outside and thaw out before class. Of course, it was not really so bad for me physically, for the nightly pressure of all that cover helped to straighten my posture.

Let the weather turn warm and that's when my radiator really talks up. I remember one night that was especially comfortable—just like an evening in August at the beach. Closing my eyes, I could lie back in bed and feel the ocean spray cool my face. I came to find later that it wasn't my imagination, but that it was genuine water splattering around my body. Opening my eyes, I discovered that "old faithless" had suddenly become industrious and was pouring the room full of steam, so full in fact, that balls of water had formed on the ceiling, causing a form of monsoon humidity, which flooded the room like April showers. After that incident, I used a war surplus rubber life boat as a bed. I have always had a horror of drowning!

Although my radiator has its faults, I have found it to be very versatile. For instance, whenever the hill billy programs come over the air, I just turn off my radio and listen to the soothing knocking of the radiator. Its favorite tune is "cold heart and empty pipes." Sometimes I even find the radiator's music equally as nerve racking as Roy Acuff or the wisecracks of Minnie Pearl. It is not quite so easy to quieten the radiator down, for I have to baby it by administering hot-water bottles so it can stop jumping around to keep warm.

My radiator has turned out to be an excellent ice box and keeps meats perfectly. The icicles also come in handy, for I can keep drinks in my room all the time instead of having to rush down the street late at night before the Grill closes.

That radiator of mine also has a wonderful sense of humor. It delights in playing tricks on me. One of its favorite pranks is to let me get all tucked away in bed, and then, when it knows that I am asleep from my snoring, it throws off more heat than six jet engines. That's probably one reason why I'm so thin—the heat plus the cover is the same as an incubator—I sweat it out! When it takes or those devilish ideas, I spend the night pushing the cover down, and then jerking it up. No wonder that I have a cold half the year, with all that fanning about.

We are forever having fusses and fights, my radiator and I. Sometimes I think that I have been too harsh with it, but then it acts so downright childish at times, especially when I built a fire in the fireplace. Why, it gives me the cold shoulder for days at a time. Isn't that just like a young'n—getting jealous and pouting? And then there are times when I hear it struggling to draw a little steam up in its pipes to wash away the rust, and I try to help by knocking on its pipes. That's when it really blows up. It gets so mad that it shakes all over. It often jars the whole room just for meanness. It knows that vibration makes me nervous.

But, all in all, I can't complain about my radiator too much, for we have grown to be the best of friends through the winter months, suffering together—me without heat, and it without steam.

book—the beauty and pageantry of the past.

Millions of loyal subjects of the Monarchy have turned their eyes toward the new Queen for hope, and countless millions of others in every and on the globe have found their hearts crying "God Save The Queen." —M. C.



PROF. FLETCHER MOORE, THE TEACHER, is shown in the above photo watching with meticulous care the work of one of his many students of organ. The many accomplished organists who have gone out from Elon College in recent years are living testimony of his fine ability as a teacher in his field.

Musician, Teacher, And Linguist...

By MATT CURRIN

Accomplished musician, successful teacher, man of many languages!

Such is Prof. Fletcher Moore, chairman of the Department of Music here at Elon College. His accomplishments in the first two categories are well known and recognized on the Elon campus, but few persons on the campus know that he is master of no less than five languages in addition to his native English tongue—and one of those five languages is the Arabic.

When asked to do a story on this Elon alumnus and faculty member, this reporter sought out Professor Moore and requested an interview and information concerning his highly interesting career. With characteristic modesty, the music department head declared that he was a victim of amnesia and that he could not recall very much of his past life.

He was, of course, just kidding about that, but that is just illustrative of the modesty and humility of one of the most outstanding and respected faculty members in the recent history of Elon College. This reporter insisted, however, that he seek to overcome that amnesia and give a few facts about his career. He finally surrendered and gave a brief account of a career that has been both interesting and successful.

Charles Fletcher Moore, to give him his full name, was born and reared in Burlington, where he still makes his home. He was graduated from Burlington High School and entered Elon College

where he majored in music, mathematics and English.

It seems to have been in music, however, that he found his real love, for during his junior year he brought high honor to the college and himself by winning first place in both piano and organ in the South Atlantic District contests. At the close of his senior year he gave graduation recitals in both piano and organ, and music lovers recall that both were rendered completely from memory.

After graduation from Elon he went to New York for a year's study at Columbia, where he received his Master's Degree in music and also studied at the Juilliard School of Music. Coming back to his Alma Mater to begin his career as a college professor, he spent several summers at Columbia in advanced study.

Just as war clouds began to gather over Western Europe and tension mounted throughout the world due to Hitler's program for German expansion, Professor Moore and five friends had planned a trip to Europe for a year of study, during which he himself planned to make his concert debut. It was just one day before the group was to sail from New York that the State Department admonished the group not to make the trip due to the gravity of the international situation, which culminated about that time in outbreak of war in Europe. As compensation for his frustrated plans, Professor Moore went to California for a year of study with the world-renowned Guy Maier.

He was back at Elon, and the Elon College Choir was making final arrangements for its annual rendition of "The Messiah" when the news flashed across the world that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor, plunging the United States into war. This was followed by a call to service for Professor Moore.

Knowing that the Elon man had a reading knowledge of the Arabic, an accomplishment that is rare indeed among Americans, the United States Army called him to New York for study in the Institute for Asiatic Culture, and there his knowledge of Latin, French, German and Italian also came in handy.

After five months training in Asiatic Culture, and with a promotion from private to corporal, embarked for Europe, where he served successively for four months in London, twelve months in North Africa and for a time in Naples and Rome. He was radio consultant for the Allied Headquarters during the German surrender in North Italy.

Meanwhile, after being promoted to sergeant and commissioned as a second lieutenant, he was routed back to the United States for a thirty-day leave, with orders to report for Pacific duty. The end of the war halted that.

Back at Elon, he became chairman of the Department of Fine Arts, and he has been on the campus since 1945 except for advanced study at Columbia and California during the summers.



PROF. FLETCHER MOORE, THE MUSICIAN, is shown here at the piano all set to accompany the Elon College Choir in one of its many programs. It is in this role, as accompanist for the choir, that he has become well known to many music lovers throughout the eastern states.

the moving finger writes

By MATT CURRIN



A FABLE!

Our little story takes place centuries ago in the now forgotten land of Ubbur Slavobiz, a little country of several billion people (people is used in a very liberal sense), which was located equidistant between the Belligerent Sea and the Cinnalta Ocean—both of which are now indistinct, I think.

Our little story is centered around the episodes of the great Standard-Bearer of the Royal Army of Ubbur Slavobiz. To clarify a few points, I wish to recall some of the history of this little country of several billion people. It seems that there had been issued a decree from the Czar Harry I to the effect that all male inhabitants of the nation were required to serve a short period of forty years in the service of the Royal Army.

Now our little Standard-Bearer of the Royal Army of Ubbur Slavobiz, whom we shall call S-BRAUS for short, has just reached the age of ten years which automatically made him eligible for the Royal Army since he had two legs and two arms. S-BRAUS was in the process of departing from home (home also used in very liberal sense) and his wife and children—he had been married for two years. As we look into the one-room mansion, we see hanging over the fireplace a large picture of Czar Harry I in one of his favorite poses, that of playing the Lute, and underneath his picture (which was required by national law to hang in every room) was the inscription "ICH SIE ECAEP EVOL," which translated into very literal English reads "I Love Peace."

Now, S-BRAUS had already applied for the post of Standard-Bearer of the Royal Army, because he didn't want to carry a bow and arrow, because he, like Czar Harry I, didn't believe in war or in fighting, and he had been told countless times by the officials of Ubbur Slavobiz that they were really not killing, they were fighting for the causes on which their nation was founded, and if they were to have world peace they must conquer the whole world and FORCE all the inhabitants to adopt their form of government called Msinummoc.

So our hero, S-BRAUS, entered the service and was immediately sent, flag and all, to the front. S-BRAUS was very, very pleased to be the Standard-Bearer of the Royal Army because he did not have to carry a bow and arrow, and if he had the flag of his great "peace loving" country he did not have to fear being killed by the enemy because he was protected by the flag of his great country.

That night S-BRAUS slept well because he had no fear of being stabbed or killed the next day on the battlefield, and besides, the people of the adjoining nation were really desirous of occupation, for they wanted to get rid of their ruler and destroy their own government . . . at least that's what he had been told.

The next day broke without a cloud in the sky, and the Royal Army mounted their black stallions with little S-BRAUS on a white stallion in the lead with the Royal Standard raised high in the air.

The day passed, and that night after fierce, bloody battles all day, we find the camp of the soldiers of Ubbur Slavobiz less than one-half of those who had gone to battle. S-BRAUS was not there, but the forces of Ubbur Slavobiz had just sent a messenger to the Czar Harry I that they had been victorious, and the Czar was happy.

When it was finally noticed that the Standard was missing (no one cared whether little S-BRAUS was there or not) an expedition was immediately sent out to look for the missing Standard of the great victors. And there on the bloody field they found the Standard waving victoriously in the calm breeze with the staff driven through the heart of little S-BRAUS.

The moral is: Don't forget your bow and arrow, or NEVER TRUST THE BARBARIANS.