

Maroon and Gold

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The Life Of The Party

Quite often in some of these well-known sessions around here, we've heard and made the remark, "He's the life of the party." That's true in some respects, because some people do have the initiative and the old "get-up-and-go" about them to make a few bright remarks and keep things running at full speed no matter what they are. But, somehow, you always run into that stifling little atmosphere created by the death of the party—the crowd of uncomfortable. And what we want to know is just what would happen to a party if the "life" failed to attend.

We've been talking around quite a bit lately with a number of students. "Why I was bored stiff at the party Saturday night," complains one, while another argues, "I thought it was tops—had the best time." Well, that sort of makes it a fifty-fifty situation to which psychologists might render a very capable solution, but for our own satisfaction—let's just talk it over.

We've been going to parties all our lives. Even at the age of two, with a big white birthday present clinked in our fists, we went out in a big way for a "Ring Around the Roses" frolic. And we swelled with pride when selected to be the farmer or a half of London Bridge—and funny thing, we still want to do what we want to and we still want to be "it." That's



This column is devoted exclusively to new armor deals; to who is dating whom; to who looks bright in the moonlight and not-as-much-so in class the next morning; to key-hole gossip and accounts of campus rivalry and revelry.

Her class wonders what kind of psychology Dean Phares used on the rest of the faculty to make them pull off such funny stuff Halloween night.

Lucille Morgan and Wayne Taylor boast of the most embarrassing of "Most Embarrassing Moments." Said event took place last Friday night.

Leon Gibbs and Jo Poe claim the title, together, of Mr. Legs, 1944. With Poe being the cute girl that he was at the skits the other night, there should be some more competition on the campus.

Asheboro must run a diamond mine, or something. There are several more stones on campus since Saturday night—several people went to Asheboro lately.

There is a picture of a cow on the door of room No. 8 in Ladies' Hall. It has not been decided whether the picture belongs to Smith, or to Betty Sue Lloyd—or which one it is supposed to be a portrait of.

Richard (Colonel) Stanford comes to Elon at night quite frequently, now. Must be some of military maneuvers, without a doubt.

Great News! Somebody held Mary Ellen's hand! She has labeled the appendage "The Hand that ??? Held."

Alton Durham has suddenly gone athletic. Edna's quite an old sport, we understand.

One of the Big Four has made it a Big Twosome—Bob Graham and Neil Gibson.

Wallace has been giving Mr. Bell the willies. Agnes Eason is the person on the other end of the calls.

Congratulations are in order for Danny Banks and Marie Coston as being the Freshman King and Queen.

A bunch of doormen perform along about 10:30 every night at Ladies' Hall. Looke like an open and shut case for some of them.

Either it was the Moon, or MacEntire had his eyes open last Tuesday night. Something was really shining.

The "chain gang" did a good job of unpainting the town last week. One source commented, "It's a strange thing that some people get the fun of doing things as well as they enjoy watching other people undo them."

Fran Hayes' new picture has become the biggest rage since the last publicity still of Sinatra. . . . the difference being that there's something to Fran.

There's another Joe and Flo combination in the offing.

How come some of the faculty raise Cain about some of the hepsters' rug cutting? Some of them were slinging a mean foot Tuesday night of last week!

Science In The News

By J. W. CLAPP

Along about the first of the year many commodities now packed in unsatisfactory cardboard containers may be sold in bright, shiny aluminum cans. Tooth powder, cocoa, tobacco and tablets may be among the first notions to be so packaged. The reason is a recent OPA release of 7,000,000 pounds of this white, light metal for experimental packaging purposes and making of cans. Aluminum is now relatively more available than steel, and is better in many ways for this purpose. Aluminum manufacture, by electrolysis of the ore, bauxite, has been so satisfactory that some of the less economical plants are being closed down.

Some interesting demonstrations were conducted recently with a new phenol-resin, suggested as an insulating material in its finished form. When it is first mixed, it has a "molasses-like" consistency and appearance. Within five minutes, it begins to "grow by itself." From a can or beaker, it will grow upward to a height of several feet. A quart can of the metal will expand to fill a seven gallon receptacle in ten minutes. The resulting substance is self-cured and ready to use as an insulating material. It is said to be better than rock wool, glass fibre, or cork as an insulating material, but its exact war uses are being kept secret.

In Washington, the Federal Communications Commission (FCC), which controls all radio and telegraph operation, is considering the type of television to be accepted as standard.

Manufacturers have promised to abide by their decision. At present, a 525 line picture is usually used, but a 1000 line picture has proved practical and twice as clear in reproduction. It would permit pictures up to 18 by 24 inches in size with reasonable clearness, but its adoption would delay production of equipment. Whether the difference in quality justifies this delay is one of the problems before the commission. The development of television is an interesting phenomenon of our time. How long before it will make our present radios as obsolete as silent movies is a matter for conjecture.

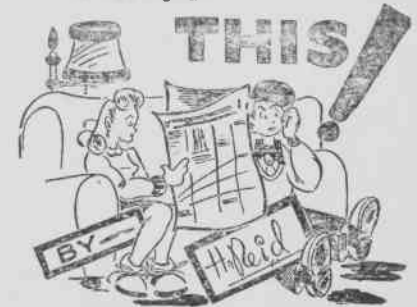
An Editorial On Editorials

A newspaper is like a sermon in that it should be designed for the average man. "Designed to please" is the expression you probably expected to see and didn't. No honest paper "writes down" to its public; it tries to bring its public up to a respectable level of intelligence.

The editorial column is the least read part of any newspaper. But we don't intend to expunge this one. All we want to know is, "Just how much of an intellectual vacuum do you need to fill?" (Concerning book sizes, see cartoon in the SATURDAY EVENING POST of October 14.)

When you go home and are pointed out as an Elon College man, we want you to measure up. We struggle, therefore to put something in this column every issue—something worthy of college-level thinking. The fact that is has to be placed beside Snip and Snoop—the immortal twins of the campus—deters us not a whit. We think you ought to do some thinking. That may strike you as a slightly comic idea. Nevertheless, we think you ought to be expected to think. There will be no "writing down" when one of our editors starts to "make with the typewriter." John Q. Elon is our chile, and we aim to "brung him up right."

REID



Carmen Lawng-flannil, called "Red," for short, was always the little guy, who always was on the other extremity of a bull session in Don Miller's room.

He was scrawny. His face was unsymmetrical. He couldn't even understand how to work an Ouija board. When somebody heaved the conversational ball to him, he fumbled it. But he liked women.

He would drool every time he saw Joe Franks dancing with Betty Blue, and he would throw a Sinatra-fied syncope when he watched Joe take her home. Campused girls didn't worry him much, because it was seldom any of the femmes spoke to him, anyway.

One time he became all excited when Lynna Reitzel wrinkled up her nose at him, but he later found that (a) she always did that, and (b) liked Jack Stone.

Most of the big guys were nice to him. Leon Gibbs would let him crank up the Franklin. Fred Yarborough would let him bring out the sweaters to the upperclassmen football team. Jo Poe would let him walk on the same sidewalk with Flo (if, of course, Red were headed in the opposite direction). Tom Horner would condescend, every now and then, to let him help him clean the Elon press. And there wasn't anybody who allowed him to furnish his own scissors when hair cutting time came around. Sometimes, Emerson Whitley would get him a blind date. And Red carried out the blind date to perfection.

One day while in the midst of a psychology quiz he had an idea. It was not about psychology. It was about women. He would ask the boys how they did so well with the fairer of the species.

He asked Carl Neal. First, Carl told him that one's appearance had much to do with how one got along with women, and was kind enough to lend Red a blue and orange zoot suit, which he was getting disgusted with very quickly. The suit fitted perfectly on Carl, and as a consequence, didn't drape right on Red.

Frank Rogers told him to get his lady fair to listen to Spike Jones, and this soothing music would put her in just the romantic mood. Leopold passed along the helpful hint that if he batted the girl around long enough, she would become groggy, and would soon get to liking almost anything—or anybody. Frank Bain offered Red a book which he had written from personal experiences, about the subject.

Now Red was all set.

One night, he strolled into the book store and began talking. By ten-fifteen, he stopped talking. He was forced to. He was being mobbed. By women. All kinds of them. . . . and Verdalee Norris.

Liza cast aside her picture of Bobby, and rushed over to get in touch with the male who had just dispensed with such talk. Marguerite even turned her head away from Archie, and Marie dragged Sunshine