

Maroon and Gold

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Better Be Safe Than Sorry

We like to talk about people. We like to talk about people so well that we're writing these few, little lines especially to talk about those people who talk about other people. And don't, boys, be backing off; you're just as guilty as the catfiest of co-eds.

Just about five minutes ago (that's when this inspiration came to me) several of us were involved in a rather heated conference just outside a certain classroom door. Now if you happen to think that we were speaking of the weather or of our nice assignment for today, you're "nuts." That's just about the last straw. But as to precisely what we were saying, well, what do you expect in these election days, sweet talk? And there were a few remarks casually made which may be forgotten tomorrow, but then again, might not be. Sometimes we're guilty of saying things that may better be left unspoken when we're emotionally upset. It's like the lass who hates to dance when her man is jitterbugging with someone else, but just let him ask her! Yes, we've heard time and again how straightforward and open we are, how we say what we think. But when the topic of our conversation walks up, we usually change the subject.

And then we heard someone talk about the way another someone did something. Well, naturally, if everyone did everything just alike, this would tend to be an awfully boring mode of living. After all, they say that variety is the spice of life. But sometimes, someone may do something a little better than we do—and then to we acknowledge the superiority? Not often. It's usually much easier to find some criticism. That's the kind of thing I'm talking about. Maybe the egotistical man has one good quality when he boasts, "Everyone can't be perfect like me." At least, he understands and acknowledges the other fellow's attempts.

So just to sum things up, we say, "Don't let's gab unnecessarily. We might be hurting ourselves. After all, when we say something about someone, he usually has a fancy comeback, and what results but a feud?—might even lead to bloodshed. Who knows?"

It's Up To You

"The War Department regrets to inform you . . ." There were all too many such telegrams sent out on those dark days. There were all too many of our boys, young kids, just out of school, over-anxious to show the enemy what it was to meet up with a fighting American, who were taken prisoner, wounded . . . killed.

If there were any possible chance, the Red Cross was always on hand to do whatever was needed, and even more.

Folks back home had given their blood to the much needed blood plasma, and folks back home had really given money for the endless equipment and material that goes to make up the greatest saving of humanity the world has ever known.

This year, it's different. The Red Cross needs everyone's help even more than last year . . . more than ever before. It's up to every student on the Elon campus to help do his part so the Elon quota can be reached, and passed.

It's up to every student to help change the words of the message that are of such importance to all. "The War Department is happy to inform you . . ."



Somebody corked up the works! That lieutenant didn't get his leave, did he Shortie? Tommy shouldn't have objected to that.

Al and Eddie, our two veteran representatives on campus, who are here under the GI Bill of Rights, have allegedly sworn off the wimmen in favor of studies. We'd suggest a happy medium, and do some majoring in the femme situation.

Spike Harrell, Old Mr. Elon, himself, was back on campus the other day. He reports that, due to an injury, he received an honorable discharge from the Merchant Marine, and is "out" for a while.

Helen Morris and Jimmy Rumley join the ranks of Flo and Poe. The betrothal spirit must be taking hold of Elon in fine style.

Dottie Lamm's "One" commutes between Camp Butler and Burlington. He's another vet, and has a large assortment of ribbons on his chest.

Simple and Mat are being patriotic! They believe in Share A Man Plan that exists over at Duke.

Among other campus departures, Elon feels the loss of W. T. Walker, Jack "The Rock" Stone, Bill McEntire, Roy Berry, John Theopolis Sutton, and the Raleigh Cyclor, Leopold Malcom Smith.

Louise is happy. Her lieutenant is home. "Back home for Lou," no less.

Agnes and Wallace are back together again. Seems as if Al "no spika da English" very well, but he certainly does do well for himself. Yea, Veraly, that lipstick is the sam shade as a certain Lamb. Mug hien, Alfonso.

Wonder if Frances Detrick has written that "Dear Jimmy" letter she intended to pen since she's registered with Fred.

Speaking of Freds, Erma believes in alternating them.

Betty Sue Lloyd has a goodly assortment of cousins.

P. Reid, freshly back from "Chawlut," reports that all is well in that vicinity. He returned well armed with a batch of new records.

Jack "The Zephyr Man" Johnson, and his chauffeur, Frank Rogers, recently journeyed to Haw River to see the mayor of the city, namely, Frank Of-the-Haw-River Bains. They were shown the town by that generous host, and were particularly fascinated with one of the larger emporiums, Holt's Crack and Joe Store. In back of this edifice, Mayor Bain makes his residence.

Dr. Merton "Beelzebub" French has started the new quarter with another assortment of jokes. Know the difference between a garbage can and a girdle? None . . . they both gather up he waste. If that isn't the middle name, at least it is what he once volunteered as "What the 'B' stood for."

Scanning The Pages

LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN

By LeGrand Cannon, Jr.
 Henry Holt and Company, 1942

This historical novel portrays freshly and robustly the life of a pioneer couple who follow the course of the Merrimac river up to the country at the foot of Mount Chocura in the wilderness of the New Hampshire Grants.

The hero and heroine are Whit Livingston and Melissa Butler. The story is simple and vivid and has the measured flow of a stream; and it presents a history of the heroic fortitude possessed in muscle and soul by the pioneers.

Mr. Cannon has published other works, but LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN is his best. It is partly idyllic; partly realistic adventure story; and partly historical romance. The book has an intrinsic value and is not commonplace nor one to be soon forgotten.

—B. Benton.

College Humor

AIN'T "DEM BUMS" GOT NO RUPPERTS?

In the British prose examination the question was: "Name the author of 'The Soldier,' a contemporary English poem.

The answer: "Ruppert Brooks."

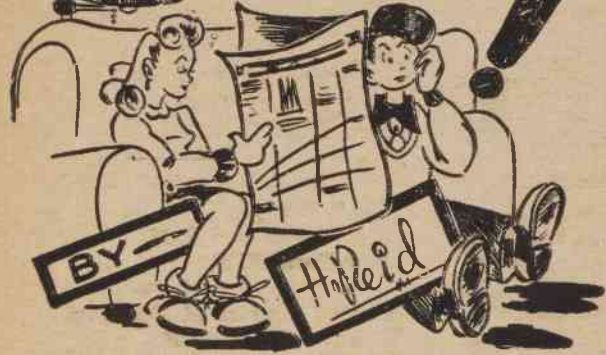
Under this, in large blue letters, Mr. McClure commented: "Rupert, not Ruppert. Do not confuse Rupert with Ruppert, the brewer and former owner of the New York Yankees."

There should be another volume of "Boners Omnibus" in preparation.

HAVE WENT

One day the good Doctor French was late for his class, during those trying days of early bottles. True to custom after a certain length of time the students decided to blow. One student—an English major—decided to leave the professor a note of explanation. This is what the English major wrote: "We have went from your class!"

REID THIS!



ATLANTA'S RACE

BY H. William-no-kin-to- Helen Morris Reid

By request, we present another of the handy series of modern translations of the works of the masters for the student. The original poem by William Morris, was penned in 1868, obviously before the ban on racing nags.

Many years ago, there lived in the kingdom by the Southern Railway, a goodly King Schoeneus, and the aforeinscribed monarch had a knockout of a daughter, who was fast as heck.

She was a runner.

One fine day, a stranger ventured into King Schoeneus's domain, Elonkolleglandus. It was almost spring-

time when a young man's fancy lightly turns to that which he should have done all Winter, namely, to study. The young stranger, Milanion by handle, the son of Amphidams, was from a region that was to the south of Elonkolleglandus. He had heard that paths of opportunity were about at Elon from the king's propaganda minister, and so Milanion bummed on up to the previously asserted place.

There he found it was Gravel Gertie Day, similar to a custom that is observed in another region, Dogpatch. The king, who always drove a hard bargain in many matters, had long ago made the following stipulation—if any eligible male could outrun his daughter, same would win her hand, and all that goes with it, in marriage, as well as a free scholarship at the Elonkolleglandus's institution, to wit, the L. E. Smithsonian Insitute.

Milanion, feeling that urge to go on, decided that the scholarship deal sounded attractive to his way of thinking, and so he hooked a registration form, and was declared eligible to run.

Gravel Gertie Day was quite a big occasion in Elonkollegland. Foreign ministers came from far and near, and there was a big feast thrown for the occasion. At the race track, the high seats were with eager people filled.

However, Milanian was not faring so well. In the warm ups for the big event he had noticed that the fair young maiden was fleet of foot, likened unto a very lamb. "Aha," thoughteth he, "this will require strategy."

Quicker than a senate ticket awarding for throwing water bombs on the race track, a figure, and what a figure it was, appeared upon the scene. Why it was the newly elected Queen of Beauty, Venus Boyd.

"Terminate your woes," she consoled him in her best big sister-like manner. "There's more than one way to shut a door, you know. If you don't think you can get the best of her, in running, of course, then use your head while you still have it."

"I certainly would like to have that sholarship," Mil moaned.

"H-mm. Our eatery is out of golden apples, right now, but I tell you what," proposed Venus. "The goodly Colonel let me have a pack of Old Golds, which have been treated with apple honey. Drop them in front of her. That oughta do the trick." And faster than it takes to flunk a religion "review," Venus took her parts into other realms, leaving Mil with a treasure, which he figured would soon go up in smoke.

Tempus fugited all over the joint, as it frequently does, and the time for the race arrived. A Virginian furnished the royal cannon, lit same, and Mil and Atalanta were off at a merry old clip. Mil forged ahead for a bit, and hastily planted a weed in front of Atalanta. Now, Atalanta, not being a fag-hag herself, but being under sworn oath to pick up all the cigarettes she could for a friend of hers, stopped, and picked up one. This gave Mil a chance to really do his stuff, and it wasn't long before he started tossing out cigs like mad. A bunch of representatives from the king's sporting squad, having just been through a rigid training which deprived them of the precious things, grew fiendish at the very sight of the cigarettes, and stampeded on to the track to retrieve a few ducts along with Atalanta. In the meantime, Mil won the race, Atalanta and the athletic men still scrambling far to his heels.

The king was happy about the race, and congratulated Milanion by seeing to it that he was given the hand of his daughter in marriage, the scholarship to the Institution, as well as a cozy little place, just for the two, in the exact center of the kingdom. With all of this, it is little wonder that Mil was also jocular, because he knew how valuable a liberal education would be.

Science In The News

By J. W. CLAPP

Hope of rebuilding the Luftwaffe has been played up in recent propaganda broadcasts from Germany. Most of it perhaps only talk, yet the use of jet-propelled planes in increasing numbers by the German air force has merited the attention of our military leaders. Although we have systematically bombed synthetic oil plants and gasoline supplies, there is evidence that improvement of German aircraft design is continuing, and that they are planning for a large force of the newer type planes. Fliers returning from the front report the use of jet planes by the Germans, and one of the few airmen who have shot down jet planes was recently back in this country on leave.

The Luftwaffe boasts many of these planes, which are admittedly faster than our propeller-moved aircraft. The invasion made it necessary for us to concentrate on beachhead and tactical objectives, giving the Germans inside a chance to develop and produce. The planes' great strength is in their speed, their greatest weakness in their large turning arc and poorly trained pilots.

This would all be very encouraging, except that it's not the whole story. Designers of this country are busy too, and a recent announcement of a new American jet-propelled plane helps to balance the picture, although we still lack the experience which can be gained only by actual extensive use of the machine.

The P-80 "Shooting Star," a sensational jet-propelled fighter announced by the army, is hailed as the fastest pursuit ship in the skies. The plane is said to be faster than any Japanese or German plane, and is designed for speeds of 800 miles per hour.

The announcement of the P-80 makes our earlier jet-propelled pursuit ship, the P-59, obsolete, and it has been assigned as a trainer. The new plane can warm up and take off within a minute and will operate over ranges comparable with other modern fighters. It has little vibration. Its engine, a General Electric turbo-jet engine, is said to be the world's most powerful and to give the plane sensational climbing speed and angle of climb.

And so the cycle goes, each new discovery leading to a new and more terrible method of waging war, each new discovery leading to a new and more terrible method of waging war, each nation or group of nations copying and improving on the methods of the other in the struggle to get ahead or keep ahead. This is only one example of the frenzied competition which must continue until peace is finally attained.

It is reported that more than two hundred prisoners in three American penitentiaries are voluntarily acting as guinea pigs in a search for a new malaria cure. Atabrine and quinine keep the disease in a mild stage, but do not effect a complete cure as quickly as is desired. New drugs which, it is hoped, will do a better job are being tried on these prisoners from penitentiaries at Atlanta, Ga.; Joliet, Illinois; and Rahway New Jersey. As soon as the tests are completed the new drugs, if successful, will be released for use by the armed forces.

Poet's Corner

THE MONKEY'S VIEWPOINT

Three monkeys sat in a coconut tree
 Discussing things as they're to be,
 Said one to the others, "Now listen, you two,
 There's a certain rumor that can't be true;
 That man descended from our noble race;
 The very idea is a disgrace.

"No monkey ever deserted his wife,
 Starved her babies and ruined her life,
 And you've never known a mother monk
 To leave her babies with others to bunk;
 Or pass them on from one to another,
 Till they scarcely know who is their mother

"And another thing you'll never see:
 A monk building a fence around a coconut tree
 And let the coconuts go to waste,
 For piddling all other monks a taste,
 Why, if I put a fence around a tree
 Salvation would force you to steal from me.

"Here's another thing a monk won't do,
 Go out at night and get a stew;
 Or use a gun, a club, or knife,
 To take some monkey's life.
 Yes, Man descended, the onery cuss,
 But, Brother, He didn't descend from US!"

Copied from THE SHARP COUNTY INDEPENDENT, Hot Springs, Arkansas, January 25, 1945, by Miss Alice Bowmer.

ODE TO EDUCATION 52

Through twelve weeks—
 Twelve long, undying weeks,
 I have sought you.
 At midday, when the rays
 Of sunshine beam on the blue
 Of skies, I have been there.
 When the road was muddy and
 The wind and the rain beat in my hair,
 When there were other things
 Dearer in my heart
 I never failed you, never
 From your portals did I part.
 Through unending hours of toil
 I made them . . . plans, plans, plans!
 The very thought makes me tremble,
 And I think of all those hands
 Waving before me, begging and pleading;
 But still I sought you, my desire,
 In my every hope, climbing and finally
 reaching—
 Always for that one goal did I aspire . . .
 To finish my practice teaching.