

Maroon and Gold

Edited and printed at Elon College by students of Journalism. Published bi-weekly during the college year.

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Entered as second-class matter November 10, 1936, at the post office at Elon College, N. C., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
 College Publishers Representative
 420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
 CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Wabbit-Twacks

Long columns of Hitler's heavy transports are said to be rolling into the Bavarian Alps. German prisoners report that their officers are deserting them, leaving but thin lines for rear guards. The surprising ease of the Rhine crossings has brought the blackest hours to the despairing populace of the Reich.

Will Adolf stay to face the music? We don't think so. He'll make wabbit-twacks. The coward blood in his veins will put him in the fore in this race to escape. Few of the tyrant-killers of history have shown the last ounce of courage that makes an honest freeman stand.

Bill Meacham, writing this editorial over the shoulder, says to add "Kwossin the Woad" to that "Wabbit-Twacks" in the title. Well, he may be "Kwossin de Alps to Berchtesgaden," or he may tunnel under, but what we mean is he better make "twacks." The Yanks are on his Ruhr.

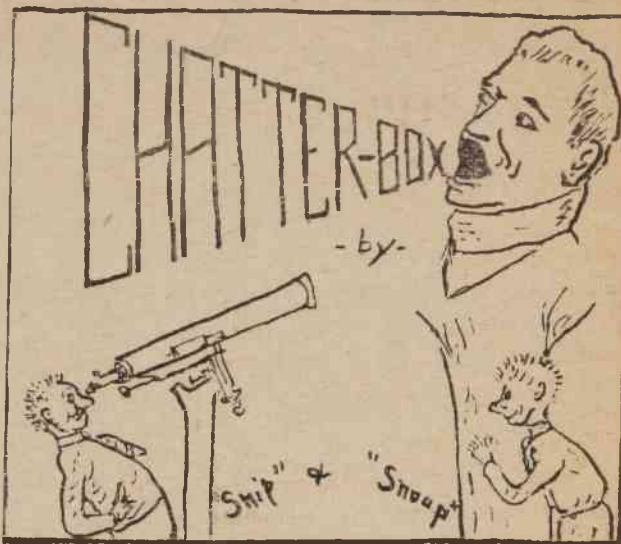
As long as he had superior armament and manpower, little Adolf could beat the brass gong. In fact, given his armies, any moron could have rolled over the little countries he pillaged. But now is the day of testing. It will show him up—or down—at about his real size. We predict that he'll crawl.

Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:
 Sometimes, just little problems come up that may not seem like anything to most of us, but then again, they can make or break friendships. Of course, I'm not a person to criticize, for I am guilty of anything I might say, but now that I happen to think about things, I feel that I would like to share my thoughts.

Elon has fewer students now than it has ever had before. Everyone knows this, and everyone also knows that there is a greater percentage of women on campus in ratio to the men than ever before. Yet, as strongly as ever before, we want to keep Elon in the place where she rightly belongs; and to give her what she deserves, we must pull together. Lately, I've sensed somewhat of a "back stabbing" going on about the place . . . not really anger or bitterness on the part of students, but maybe jealousy between certain dormitories or even between groups. Some may say it's only spirit, and I'm not denying that spirit isn't wonderful and there's no better spirit to be found than Elon spirit, but sectional hatred has never stood. There really is no main issue which has caused me to make these few comments. It's just things like the Elon boys who seem to be doing enough warring for the students out there in the Philippines or over in Germany without any verbal battles raging back here. I don't know how you feel about it, but as for my suggestion, I think we should act our age. After all, some of these lively spirits might come in pretty handy for the softball season.

BETTY CO-ED



The question has been raised as to whether Canada is Dry, or not. Fred Chandler has something else brewing other than Erma.

There are a lot of girls taking sun baths these days. H-mm. Sun worshipers at a Christian institution, no less.

Mary Lib Simpson is going to get a truck. Not for her own use, no . . . but to cart a bunch of Day Students that cram themselves into her present vehicle.

Wedding bells may ring for another Elon belle—Jan Wall. And rumor has it that there will be more.

It would be sad indeed, if Betty Sue Lloyd would miss that ensign she has designs on. Looks like she would be in the same boat that she put Tommy Wolfe in the past week end. That is a Short and sad story. . .

"Piemán, let me taste your wares." Such were the words of Eddie (Cassanova, Romeo, Mule, Handsome, His Popeship, Ace, Flash, etc.) Mulford the other night. Mary Coxe, the disher-out-of-stuff-in-the-bookstore was the subject. It is alleged that this was the prelude to the Sarah Harris affair, which is now in full swing.

Martha lays claim to have gone with the last male president of the student body. What! Again?

Benton and Burch make a good looking pair—in any medium—walking, bicycling, or most any other way.

Lem Allen is trying to best Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde these days. Unless one is two faced, it is hard to put on a dual personality. Don Juan is being challenged.

Lib Holland is a fiend for French, or Frenchie, as the case may be.

A few of the boys were able to make it over to the High Point dance, and they report that they had an enjoyable time of it.

Verabrate went home, namely, Sanford, and after becoming Sanfordized for the week end, is back at The Institution. It was reported that she was suffering from the plague, or some similar ailment, but she, not unlike a cat, has nine lives, and has a good ways to go, yet.

Ambiguity Rogers teed off and journeyed to Delway some few days last week. Delway has one '37 Ford and one equally as ambiguous female to offer, among its many other attributes.

Frances St. Clair was honored by one Edward G. Greene with a telephone call a few nights ago.

Another Argengrinder was on campus last week . . . Ellnor's little sister.

Mademoiselle Coxe has acquired a new name for herself—"Ellie Mae." Do you know why or weren't you around Sunday night?

Believe it or not—there were six girls dating one lad all at the same time this past week end.

College Humor

A Scot was engaged in an argument with the conductor as to whether the fare was 25 cents or 30 cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scotsman's suitcase and tossed it off the train, just as they passed over a bridge. It landed with a splash.

"Mon," screamed Sandy, "isn't it enough to try to overcharge me. Now you try to drown my little boy."

Theysitlikethisuponaseat
 And now and then they kiss,
 Then he says some darn fool thing,
 And then they sit
 Like This

God created woman after man and she has been after him ever since.

There once was a maiden of Siam,
 Who said to her lover, young Kiam,
 "If you kiss me, of course
 You'll have to use force—
 Goodness knows you're stronger than I am."

A whimsical professor, trying to emphasize a point in logic, asked his class: If the United States is bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the north by Canada, and on the south by Mexico, how old am I?" The brighter students sat dumbfounded, but the dullest of them all spoke up:

"You'd be 44." Dumbfounded in turn, the professor said, "That's right young man. But how in the world did you know?" The student answered: "That's easy. I have a brother who is half nuts and he's 22."

When my brother Tommy
 Sleeps with me
 He sleeps
 exactly
 like
 a
 v

And because the bed is not so wide
 Part of him is on my side.

A sail is offering peanuts to a soldier. Another sailor standing nearby observes: "He always likes to be nice to the army. After all, they're our Allies—just the same as the British and the Chinese."

REID THIS!



THE STORY OF MOUNTAIN WILLIAM; OR HILL BILLY'S ANCESTOR

Back in the good old days—say as far back as when WRECK ON THE HIGHWAY was number one on the hit parade—there was a little backwoods settlement known as Scroggsville, it, like every little town has its typical romances.

And its gossipers. Scroggsville had both.

One day, when it was warm enough to stomp around without being hampered by store-bought shoes, Will McBoodle, the most sought after swain in Scroggsville (all of the others were 18 and had greetings awaiting), was settled down by the village's trysting place, namely, the Burch Tree, with his rural runabout, who was twelve, dark, and—well, you figure that out for yourself.

Most folks called her Daffy. Will began his line, as they settled down cozily beside a goodly lot of rose bushes. "Only the roses will hear. Only the roses will see, dear. Isn't it grievous, that the roses envy us? Etc., and so on." Obviously, this procedure was sub-rosa.

But all is not well that is smooched well. Will's chick had a rich uncle, who didn't approve of the McBoodle clan.

Said uncle put in an untimely appearance.

Through the rose bushes.

"Shh," Will's babe wailed. "I hear someone—why it's my uncle, my Uncle Carbunkle O'Cawnpplastuh, on my pappy's side, and who doesn't approve of the McBoodle clan."

"Of that, I am aware," moaned McBoodle. Unk strolled up, and ejaculated, "You look fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew."

Will replied sternly, "That's right. Her name's Daisy, but mine hain't no Dew."

Without waiting to give Uncle Carbunkle a chance to say anything further, Daisy, who was a freshman at Elon at that time, voiced an emphatic, "Oh, Unkie, terrible, tragical, and sublimely retributive will be the course pursued by me if you refuse to allow Will to place his alabaster lips to mine and enrapture me by imprinting angelic sensations of divine bliss upon the indispensable members of my physiognomy."

"Does that mean supper's ready?" queried Uncle Carbunkle.

"Huh?" echoed Will

Not wishing to hurt their feelings, Daisy didn't explain, but led the three of them home to the most delicious dinner—candied pigs' tails, toasted tarnips, and all of the fine sauces that go with them.

Carbunkle had forgotten all about his hate for the McGoodles.

That is, until—

Will politely asked, "Daisy. I'd like another roll. Please pass the dice."

Ah, yes. Life was interesting in the good old days. It will never be like that again.

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By AL BURLINGAME

Roscoe Milkstop, a minor official in the McThug, McSlug & Co., has aspirations of becoming its president in place of his uncle, Chandler McThug. Learning that McThug is in financial difficulties, Roscoe plans a little coup. When Chandler goes to Florida on an important business trip, Roscoe hires two escaped convicts, Duke and Dike Feergo, to kidnap little Jules McThug and demand \$50,000 ransom. Being in financial trouble Chandler will have to sell his stocks in his company to get the cash. With this kidnap money Roscoe plans to buy up the stock and so control the company under a fictitious name.

While Reddington, the detective, is tracking down the crooks, McThug has been informed of the goings-on by his confidential secretary, Snapp, and returns. Fearing he will be discovered, Milkstop tries to kill McThug, but fails. However, McThug almost dies, and the blame falls on Snapp who was found nearby. Reddington proves that Snapp didn't attack his employer. Previous to this the detective has found the convicts' hiding place . . . rescues Jules and his pretty nurse, and during the rescue Dike kills his brother by mistake, and with the aid of Ames and Firestone, Reddington captures Dike. Reddington makes a trap for Milkstop. It works. Snapp, who was telling McThug's story to Reddington, was about to reveal Milkstop, but got murdered.

"Your son is a college grad isn't he?" the stranger asked.

"Yes," confessed the honest farmer. "But in justice to the college, I'll have to admit that he didn't have any sense beforehand."

Professor (taking up exam papers)—"Why the quotation around all your answers?"

Student (being belatedly honest)—"Courtesy to the fellow on my left."

Science In The News

By J. W. CLAPP

Harry White, a noted scientist and lecturer, gave a demonstration lecture here on March 19. The students, faculty members and visitors present saw a fascinating display put on by a man who worked with Edison and is now with General Electric. He has a scientific background which few, if any, ever equal. In addition, he is an interesting lecturer, giving his explanations in simple terms that let even the average person get an idea of what it is all about.

The purpose of the recent demonstration was to mystify those present with a display of electronic marvels.

Mr. White first let us listen to what he said was the sound of cosmic rays, which regularly strike the earth. An amplifier produced a tapping noise every time a cosmic ray struck. No one knows exactly what a cosmic ray is, but their presence can be certified by those who were present and "heard" them. The same machine is also a detector for the rays emanated by radium. Different radium ores were demonstrated to produce sounds in the machine, and finally nine-thousand dollars worth of radium bromide contained in a platinum needle was removed from its lead container several inches thick and placed near the detecting machine. The sound it produced was like hail on a tin roof. It was demonstrated that lost radium can be located by the machine. A container of radium "planted" in the pocket of a member of the audience was "found."

Spectacularly beautiful lightning was produced. It not only looked powerful, but was able to light Geisler tubes and fluorescent light tubes without even the benefit of wiring. W. D. Little and Emerson Whitley provided an excellent conductor for one side of the circuit while Mr. White had only to touch the other end of the tubes to make them glow. The Bowden boys got the thrill of their lives when each held a container of lighter fluid while our wizzard lit it with his tongue and his bare finger, respectively. The fellow "with another bald head" insisted that this lightning is harmless, but proceeded to burn holes in one-inch planks with it.

The lightning used in the experiment was a high frequency radio current, produced by a high tension transformer and a bank of condensers and built up to over a million volts by a Tesla coil.

The demonstration was concluded by showing a number of beautiful hand-painted designs under "black light." Fluorescent chemicals, when placed under "black light" give very beautiful colors, which have a tone not possessed by any colors in natural daylight. Anyone who thinks chemistry and art have nothing in common should have been convinced by this display that they have everything in common. Mr. White urged everyone to take some science, because it is so important to progress in any field.

Poet's Corner

HOGO MEMORY

An old Rock Island "manifest" was rollin' down the track,
 Achuggin' out of Memphis with a load upon her back;
 Awindin' past the levees and the Arkansas bayous,
 Ablowin' cinder fireflies out among the Dixie dews.

As the muddy Mississippi bent the steamboats' ridin' lights,
 The red caboose kept winkin' like a chorus girl in tights;
 And th' hobo's itchin' heel heard th' clickin' of th' song
 When her siren whistle lifted th' red-ball come-along.

So he shook his lazy figure from a settin' on his tail
 And he caught the jumpin' rattler on the west-bound rail.
 Well, she rambled into Stuttgart without blowin' for the stop
 With the laureate of hobos ridin' gently on the top—

Ridin' gently on the top
 And dreamin' . . .
 Gentlemen . . .
 On this wise:

There was a man in Stratford on the Avon long ago
 Who'd have bargained with th' devil for to tell about this show

Rollin' like the bubbles of th' river's overflow,
 The song of hill and prairie in the good old U.S.A.
 The mighty land the river drains from the west to Iowa,

All the way to Loozianne and the delta on th' bay;
 Hub-leep in democracy she stands
 Welcoming the ventures of her many hands
 Guilding freedom like a castle
 For the poor of many lands.
 She came coastin' into Stuttgart,
 Rumblin' lazy in her vitals,
 Spoutin' smoke-rings at the trees;
 And she gently made the stop
 Right beside a handsome cop
 With his night stick twirlin'
 And his moustache curlin'
 Brightly
 In the evening breeze.

The cop look'd up to see the stranger
 Ridin' gently on the top.

"Land O' Freedom," sighed the hobo,
 As he hit the dirt abouncin',
 "Can't you ever quit romancin',
 Long enough to out-run sorrow?"