

Maroon and Gold

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THOUGHTS

The hell to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning ourselves in the wrong way.
 —William James

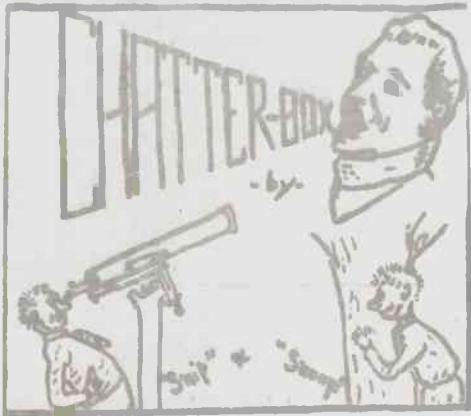
Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.
 —Philippians 4:8

To The Class Of '49

Walt Whitman said, "The whole earth and all the stars are for religion's sake." Perhaps the life of the earth and man do mold together into one perpetual pattern of religion, who knows? But at any rate, religion is the cause behind a great number of effects, one of which was the establishment of Elon College by the Christian Church in 1889 "to afford instruction in the liberal arts and sciences" under moral and religious influences.

It is customary at this time for the editor to welcome the new students and to exhort with the old line about "taking advantage of the opportunities which lie before you." Well, we won't get self-righteous all of a sudden, setting ourselves up as an example, and whisper, "Please be a good little boy (or girl)." But we'll shout it from Alamance tower. Of course you should take advantage of every opportunity. There is an excellent faculty ready and willing to help you. The deans and other college officials are well-trained for their positions. The splendid equipment of the college is at your disposal—the laboratories of the different science departments; the gym, the bowling alleys, the tennis courts, the athletic field for sports; 187,500 volumes in the library; there are twenty-two practice rooms in Whitley Building (music students take note); there are numerous organizations on campus through which you might become well-trained in public speaking and leadership; Miss Newman is in the art department—need we say more; there are going to be several plays in the Little Theatre. You interested? And last but not least, those who founded the college can rest in peace concerning the Christian atmosphere on our campus. With Sunday School, Church, Vespers, Christian Endeavor, Student Christian Association, chapel services, morning watch, and dormitory prayer meetings, we do realize that God has a place in our lives. Take advantage of your opportunities? You're right you'd better, because if you don't it's your own little red wagon rolling down the hill.

Elon is the typical small college South with the friendliness of your home and with a school spirit that is unequalled anywhere. You have chosen Elon as your college. Here you may not only prepare for a profession, but you may also overcome your faults, develop your minds, and evolve your religious convictions. Elon is yours. Help make the most of it.



Poem by "Snip" and "Scoop"

We think that we shall never see
 A column with originality
 For columns are composed of fools like we
 But only you can make it gossipy!

Gosh! If somebody doesn't take "The Rains Come" back to the library, the couples will be forced to carry anchors out to their respective trees one of these nights.

Advice to freshmen: Buy your radiator keys early and avoid the rush! Wartime conditions make it necessary to ration them one to two roommates. See Mary Jo Watts for particulars regarding prices and the like.

Double trouble: the Ben Kirbys! There are more duets this year with the Wade twins, the Kirbys, two Mary Smiths, and the Yarbrough twins.

Speaking of "doubles, brings us around to the wosome-twosomes still going strong since last year. Let's see, there's Betty Benton and Jack Burch (whew! we're glad they decided who's to keep that jewelry), Sara Harris and Eddie Mulford, Tom Hoffman and Jo Karp, Emerson Whatley and Martha McDaniel, and Marguerite Hudson and Archie Braxton.

Another same old "Storey" is Jean Terrell and Jack.

Newsome-twosomes are Don Kernoffle and Anne Byrd, Allen Stallings and Allen Pearce, Mary Jo Watts and Ben (don't ask me which) Kirby.

Who is that freshman girl seen with Professor B. O.? Could it be "Breathless"?

The longest twenty minutes in history... that's how long Lucy had to wait to see Wayne Taylor for the first time in seven months. Wayne, don't you know the quiet hours around this place?

The good-looking savior A.W.O.L. (a "wattle" on leave) was Tommy and he came to see "Shorty" Smith, freshman, so you can take it easy. Hey, Shorty, it has been rumored you have three to go (eg it is come?). Wanna borrow Scoopy's road map? He also sells ice water.

Third-finger-left-hand dept. Florine Braxton is now Mrs. Eugene Preston Pee, Junior (but we're even Gene!) Virginia is wearing "a rock" from H. Reid. The postal authorities are going crazy trying to decide what her middle name is.

Lem Allen, isn't it a "Nuisance" to be a day student? Don't tell us you can study better in Burlington.

Saturday night really is the loneliest night in the week according to Margaret Rawls. Cheer up, Margaret, Fort Bragg will surely be able to do without George Bullard one of these weak ends.

Oh, Miss Jessie! Are you a collector or is this the ring-around? Jumping Jimmy!

Ann Ashley is going crazy if freshman initiation isn't soon over so she can continue that "Long" story.

"Bunk" Satterfield breezed in the other week-end and Lib Holland surely had a "House-ing" problem.

Help! We've been disillusioned! All this time we thought veteran Perry Aycock was bushful. Maybe it just takes a Northern accent to bring him out, huh, Verna Lee?

Mary Coxe is yelling "Ray" for Duke this fall. Nice that McDonald is one of the Hook clan, isn't it Mary? Look, Jimmy, Mary somebody was "Lyon" when they said Mary wasn't in the other Friday night.

It's "Simp-ly" wonderful that that day student's boy friend is coming home before Christmas.

Look, freshmen, Fred Register and W. D. Little are eligible. Let's see if you can do better than the upperclassmen did.

Jack Sunburn maybe confused about whether Graydon Butler is a boy or girl, but that sailor at Norfolk certainly doesn't travel all the way to Elon to see a boy friend.

These upperclassmen girls are still talking about that CAP dance, and Verdalee Norris and Hilda Malone are wondering what age limit they ought to set. After all, "not everybody isn't so angelic" as they say.

"Cuddles" Thomas is the head of Sara Brewer's table in the dining hall. Is this a permanent thing?

The operator in Ghassenville is all in a dither about the Dean of Women's boy friend in Germany. T-s-s-k! girls, a practical joke can go far enough!

Sara Yarbrough and Kathryn Saunders are interested in the ?? "BHP's" these days. Sara's goes back to summer school days when Thompson was a newcomer, but Kathryn's is a fairly recent affair.

Science In The News

By BILL CLAPP

Man has wroched and fought ever since "civilization" began. His destructive power reached a new high during World War II. Large planes carried huge loads of explosives, giant guns threw tons of explosives several miles away to hit unseen targets. Then the atomic bomb was developed. An explosive force two thousand times more powerful than TNT was used. That set the whole world to thinking. Seldom is anything improved two thousandfold in one step, not even tools of war. Latest investigations of the twenty-five foot depth crater in New Mexico show that the blast actually pushed the earth down, melting the top quarter inch of it to form a crust of jade and turquoise-colored glass.

This two million dollar experiment paid off in the war by its amazing result, and many believe that additional research will put the principle to use for power of a constructive nature. Startling as was this achievement, however, it was no new idea. Scientists have long dreamed of putting the atom to useful work, and their dreams have reached considerable impetus—but not fulfillment.

Powerful though man's destructive power has become, it still does not rival that of nature. Seismograph machines for recording earth tremors and earthquakes hardly detected the explosion a few miles away. The destruction only approaches that of floods, hurricanes, tornadoes and earthquakes in scope.

A Belgian scientist supposes that the entire universe is the result of one atom. Two billion years ago, he suggests, there existed one atom of infinite complexity and having infinite energy. Its explosion produced the stars and planets of the universe and subsequent explosions changed them to about their present state. The theory also states that the explosion is continuing even now, with the stars rushing apart at terrific speeds.

Coming down to something more comprehensible but no easier to accept, we hear that examination of earthworms shown them to be twelve per cent meat. If we are ever short of food, chemists suggest that properly prepared earthworms might be valuable for food, high in protein content. It might be added that the two scientists who originated the idea were Japanese. They called attention to the high protein content of these squirming little animals.

EXCERPT FROM "THE FEDERAL DIARY"

A New Orleans lawyer called at the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to arrange a loan for a client. He was told that the loan would be okayed if title to the property was good and sufficient. Lawyer went home and sent voluminous and accurate abstract of title by mail to RFC. Soon he received this letter:

"We received today your letter enclosing application for loan for your client, supported by abstract of title. Let us compliment you on the able way in which you have prepared and presented the application. Your abstract clearly demonstrates that you are not without ample experience in this line of your profession. We have observed, however, that you have not chained the titles back of the year 1808 and, before final approval can be recorded, it will be necessary that the title be chained back of that year."

The attorney read the letter and his blood pressure shot up. He dictated the following reply:

"Gentlemen:
 "Your letter in regard to title in Case No. 108156 received. I note you wish titles back of the year 1808 to extend further than I have presented them. I was unaware that any educated man in the world failed to know that Louisiana was purchased by the United States from France in 1803.

"The title to the land was acquired by France by right of conquest from Spain. The land came into the possession of Spain by right of a discovery made in 1492 by a Spanish-Portuguese sailor named Christopher Columbus, who had been granted the privilege of seeking a new route to India by the then reigning monarch, Queen Isabella.

"The good Queen, being a pious woman and careful about titles (almost as careful, I might say, as the RFC) took the precaution of securing the blessings of the Pope upon the voyage before she sold her jewels to help Columbus. Now the Pope as you know, is the emissary of Jesus Christ, who is the Son of God; and God, it is commonly accepted, made the world. Therefore, I believe that it is safe to assume that he also made that part of the United States called LOUISIANA—and I hope to hell you're satisfied.

QUERIES: OR, WHADDYU KNOW?

Did you know that in ancient Scandinavia Harald Blue-Tooth had a son called Sven Spillbeard?
 That a bunch of keys was once called a "Noggle-knippt"?

That an Albany (N. Y.) paper headlined its report of a speech on reforestation, "Kiwanians Hear Tree Talk"?

That in the seventeenth century, experts from the universities reckoned that there were nine great orders of devils; and that they tabulated 301, 656; 173 regiments of angels?

That an old schoolmaster once wrote: "I dedicate this book to my pupils, at whose expense I have learned whatever I know about education."

That the word "epistemology" means the study of reality—the testing of the validity of knowledge and of the methods by which we reason? It is the evaluation of the process of human logic—the logic behind all other logic. And it is all we have to go by when we try to establish the rational nature of human thought, or the limits of human knowledge.

That experimental science can never study the problems of the spirit—the great First Cause; the soul and its mysteries; immortality; or the end of life? Only inspiration and reasoning faith can reveal aught about these things. They will not come forth from concrete laboratories.

Over The Shoulder

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We offer our services in the following fields, all work given undivided attention: Folk lore, peanut husbandry, bass fishing, female escorting, mind laying, aeronautics, rowboat capaining, butterfly surgery, chicken parading, entertaining fools, operatic squealing, dough-putting, date-making and breaking, etc.

In December we will be in a position to handle major surgical operations, groundhog raising, oyster shelling and safe cracking.

In January we will not be in the public market, as we wish to memorize the complete works of Swift, Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, Addison, Dante, O. Henry, Maccham, and Farrell, with perhaps the last ten minutes devoted to the plays of Benton.

Later we will take and execute orders for steel bridges, corn cribs, rock crushers, sky scrapers, underground railways, and love nests.

Address us care of the president of Eta Beta Pi Pi Fraternity, Box 24689735, Elon College (2, N. C. Cash only. No checks. E. Whatley and L. Allen. Remember, "Honesty is poverty's mother-in-law."

"WANT" ADS

LOST. Several pounds. Finder please keep. Jane McCauley.

IF YOU HATE MEN—Please send thirty cents and receive a subscription to the active paper of the "Women Must Rule Movement."

Best-edited paper in the South. Exclusively high-brow. Miss Verdalee Norris, editor, The Woman's Companionless Journal.

WANTED: One man, Elinor Argenbright.

RELEASED. A good cook. Wishes higher salary and six mornings and seven afternoons off. Last employee cried at parting. Harry Lee Thomas.

NEEDED. Someone to explain the trend of the pugnastic eulogistic futuristic Darwinian Spencerian awakening which recently took place at Elon College. Patry Wynn.

MINISTER WISHES JOB. Any denomination. Any salary. Holy Jumpers preferred. Have coats for all occasions. Tom Horner, Box Rent Due, Elon College.

WANTED. Someone who is interested in organizing a bridge tournament. Must be able to speak German, French, Greek, Syriac, Armenian, Chinese. Mary Coxe, Business Manager of the National Business Managers Mag.

Poet's Corner

AN OLD TREE

You stand upon the hill, a solemn guard,
 Your aging limbs extended to the sky;
 Your skin no longer soft, but rough and hard;
 Your head now bowed where once held proudly high.

The wreath of leaves that once adorned your brow
 Has long since gone and shall return no more;
 The nest once shaded by your boughs is now
 Dislodged and strewn upon the soft earth-floor.

Your time is near, for years have swiftly flown;
 But though your watch is ending, do not mourn—
 Your seeds into the valley have been blown,
 And there a thousand you's will be reborn.
 —A. W. Burlingame

MEDITATIONS ON A JUNEBUG

Little green bug wif shiny wings,
 You don't know whar you a-goin'.
 Ain't no use fo' you t' bum aroun',
 Ain't no clubs fo' you t' join!

You ain't got no place t' go,
 You got no kinfolks, neither,
 But you got sompin' we ain't got—
 A heart wif no cares t' hinder.
 —T. H.

THE MEN IN THE STREET

St. Joseph's Cathedral so stately and proud
 It's beautiful spire rising high
 Must look cruelly grand to the hurrying crowd
 Of poor hungry men passing by.

They walk in the shadow of His holy cross
 To their homes in the tenements near
 And no one who sees them can reckon the loss
 Of souls that to Him would be dear.

Why are we all so anxious for temples to hold
 The riches we lay at His feet
 When the treasures more precious to Him than
 our gold
 Are the souls of the men in the street?
 —Violet Hoffman