

# Maroon and Gold

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# THOUGHTS

Of every noble work the silent part is best,  
 Of all expression that which cannot be expressed.

—James Russell Lowell.

Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God, my God.—Ruth 1:16.

# Honor To Whom Honor Is Due

For those Seniors who finish their work in May and graduate at that time there are laurels enough. There are parties and dinners given in their honor. The recognition which Seniors usually receive during those last few crowded weeks is heaped upon them. And they have the joy of spending the last term of their college days on the Elon campus in the spring. (Is there anything more beautiful?) In the last issue of the MAROON AND GOLD under the present editorship there will appear the traditional Senior Swan Song, dedicated to the members of the class of '46, listing their accomplishments and class history, reminiscing their college days, and trying, in an ever so humble manner, to express their love for Elon in words (although that is not possible to do). But what about those students who are completing the requirements for graduation next week, at the end of the fall quarter? This is the last week that they will spend in residence at Elon, except for commencement and occasional visits. Why not take note of their departure now, instead of letting them slip away without proper recognition?

Elizabeth Parker, Jesse Thurecht, Hilda Malone, and Betty Ebb Stone will have completed their graduation requirements next week and will not be with us during the winter and spring quarters. The campus will miss the brilliant personalities of these four. Since their enrollment here in September, 1942, their contributions to the student body and Alma Mater have been numerous and outstanding. Two of them have majored in biology; two chose home economics as their major field. Two have held one or more class offices; one, a student body officer, one was an officer of the Student Christian Association; three have been members of the Student Council for two or more years; and two have been officers of that body. Each of the four social sororities on campus are losing one of their outstanding members by the graduation of these four girls. In addition to the high scholastic average which they have maintained, extra-curricular activities have not been the only thing they have had to occupy their time—one has worked as secretary to the registrar; one, as lab instructor; one, as library assistant; and the fourth, as assistant dietician during her sophomore year. They are four out of the six women students who were nominated by the faculty this year to be listed in the 1945-46 issue of WHO'S WHO AMONG STUDENTS IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND SOLLIGES.

As they go forth from this institution, the MAROON AND GOLD joins with the student body and faculty in wishing them the best of luck in everything that they may under take to do. If we had a horseshoe or a rabbit's foot we would give it to them, although with the college record they have, they wouldn't need it. But wherever they go, we are sure that they will never get beyond the spirit of our stately oaks and the maroon and the gold, nor ever forget: "So here's to men and women, who've come and gone, "Singing the victor's song of old Elon."



Writing a column is not an ideal way to earn a living, but I am asked such interesting questions about my work. Everyday somebody wants to know how the name Little Un originated. The answer to that goes something like the story of the three bears. When I was a freshman, I worked in an office with two other students, three typewriters, and a boss who could not remember the name, Verdalee. Because my co-workers were medium-sized and big, the boss inevitably called me Little Un and Lib Holland and J. C. Smith, the co-workers, began using it outside the office and everybody did likewise. So, now you know.

Another question I am often asked is "Where do you get that stuff to write about?" Addie Mulford replies for me, "At the nearest crib, sister, the nearest crib." (Note to city-slickers: a crib is a farm building for storing corn.)

Then there are those people who ask with dew-eyed innocence "Oh, do you write a column?" My answer is to count ten slowly, take a deep breath, and use my best jiu-jitsu.

My favorite individuals are those wonderful beings who ask no questions but state in a forthright manner, "I enjoyed your column last week." (I must stop talking to myself.)

Someone asked me why I don't write in Gertrude Stein's style. I should like to remind them that this column is a column is is column a is a column is is column for college students.

Calvin Milam thinks I am crazy because I think walking in dry leaves sounds like eating corn flakes. Just try it, Calvin, and you'll agree with me.

Speaking of what things sound like, doesn't Mr. Hovdesven's name remind you of a sneeze with a Southern drawl?

To Mr. McClure goes a week's vacation with pay and free passes to everything for doing more work than anybody on the MAROON AND GOLD and for being the Guiding Light to us would-be journalists. (P. S.: He has a sense of humor, too.)

Emerson Whatley said the jokes in my column were stale. At least nobody has to put an editor's note at the end to make it long enough to fill up the space allotted to it. Ah, sweet revenge.

The person who is early to bed and early to rise, never lived in a college dormitory.

This is a poem written by a man, Thomas Usk, about men. I don't say that I agree with him; I just put it here for what you may think it's worth.

Forever they are suspicious,  
 Forever they are in flight.  
 They think all girls are pursuing them—  
 And they are right.

A man is known by the company he keeps: a girl is known by the company she keeps waiting.

"What's flat at the bottom, pointed at the top, and has ears?"

"I give up; I don't know. What?"  
 "A mountain."  
 "What about the ears?"  
 "Haven't you heard of mountaineers?"

# Science In The News

By BILL CLAPP

Plutonium is its name. It was first put to use during the years 1940-45 for the release of atomic energy. Plutonium, element number 94, was unknown until scientists started work on radioactive substances and began atomic bombardments with so called "atom smashers."

When the periodic table was first set up, there seemed to be a place for ninety-two elements, so it was assumed that they were all that existed or were possible. Elements ninety-three and ninety-four, neptunium and plutonium, have broken this limit on the number of elements and can be added to the list.

This is not the only idea that changed. Two of the deep-seated laws of modern science were the conservation of mass and energy. The first—that matter can neither be created nor destroyed, only changed in form—emerged in the eighteenth century. The second—that energy can neither be created nor destroyed, only changed in form—was proposed in the nineteenth century and has stood the test of repeated attempts to break it. Perpetual motion, the dream of many eager scientists, was denied by this law. During the last five years the two laws have been amended by the discovery that matter may sometimes be turned into energy and energy into matter.

The full weight of this principle was made clear to the world when on August 6 President Truman announced the bombing of Hiroshima with one bomb, the equivalent of 20,000 tons of TNT, and announced the large scale release of atomic energy for the first time.

Dr. Niels Bohr, the Danish scientist who proposed the theory of atomic structure that is commonly accepted today and is known by his name, was working in America on the atomic bomb. It was recently announced that thirty-five Danish firms have formed an endowment for the continuance of his research. The \$175,000 endowment was established in honor of Dr. Bohr's sixtieth birthday.

# Over The Shoulder

The time is 9:45 p.m.; the place is Ladies' Hall. Now don't make a sound. Any little noise might bring Miss Hardy, and then we would have to go and see her new hat. If that happens we will never get on with our little tour. (It is a pretty hat, Miss Hardy, and we are sure the heart throb will be completely floored when he sees it; especially with you under it.)

Hey, everything is entirely too quiet around this joint. Sara Dickens must have gone to bed early. And this couldn't be Ladies' Hall without a sound if Anne Ashley was around. Oh, yes, it is quiet hour isn't it? That's the one time you can hear yourself think around here.

Take a peek into this room on the right. Would you believe it? There are the Yarborough twins and they aren't eating or sleeping, but from all outward appearances, seem to be studying. And who is that in the corner? Could it be—why, yes, it is Dell; and she has a book open too.

The next room on the list is number eight. It belongs to Ora and Jessie Ree. Ora seems to be engaged—writing her one and only and thinking about her s. p. (Shame on you, Ora. Why aren't you studying?) Jessie is writing too—must be to that guy at Chapel Hill. And who was that girl that just came in fussing about taking an off campus tomorrow night? Looks like Janice. Somebody is missing around here, Where's that red-headed Opal? She must be down at the Bowdens helping Lois look after all the little Bowdens.

Was that a sound in the room across the hall? Treva, Margaret, and Peggy. Maybe we weren't supposed to look in here. Those three couldn't be studying anything but Business Math, and believe you me if we know Miss Hardy, they shouldn't be disturbed!

Now take a peek in number five. Listen—"To be or not to be—that is the question." That must be Carrie and Jane preparing HAMLET.

Say, what happened? Did a bomb explode or something? Crash! Bang! There goes a Business Math book out the door along with a couple others. Hold your ear drums and grab some stable object if you want to come out in one piece. It's ten o'clock and that's the time the Ladies' Hall girls begin their, shall we say, "wolfing"? Listen to that racket upstairs. "Hey, Shorty, going to the book store? I wanna dance." The answer: "Yes, heck. Wait for Ruby and Bettie Sue. Flo isn't going tonight—she's writing Gene." Here comes the crowd down the stairs. Sounds like a bunch of elephants doesn't it? Watch out! There comes somebody down the banister. Run for your life—here come Carolyn, Rachel, and Anne tagging along behind as usual. Wonder if anybody at all is left over there? Who's that? It's Lib yelling for somebody to bring her something to eat, because she has to work on her lesson plans. Now she has decided to go for herself—after all the s. p. might be there.

Lizzie is just going out with a huge pitcher and a handful of nickels, with the order to bring back ten cokes and eight packs of nabs . . . here's hoping she makes it. Lizzie, why don't you make Trudy, Doris, Lera Mae, or Ruth go to the bookstore for you one night. You certainly should have a rest.

Tempus fugit all over the place and it's 10:30. (Credit H. Reid, College of William and Mary, for the aforementioned originality.)

Here comes everybody running in. Rachel and Carolyn have somehow hooked a man, and don't seem to be losing any time. More power to you, girls. Is everybody in? The doors are about to be locked. Hey, somebody, where on earth is Lib? Gosh, she had better hurry. At last here she comes. What happened, Lib? Did you have to walk him home to-night?

Now the fun is really beginning and all heck is popping. How can 32 girls get a bath at the same time and be in bed by eleven? You would be surprised, but some how they always seem to do it. Here is a typical example of the type of bull that is being shot around about this time every night: "Vera Mae, come wash out this tub," yells Elise. "Has anybody seen my tooth brush?" shouts Maness. Just about this time everything usually gets dark. "Who blew that fuse?" How will they ever get to bed on time now. Sarah and "Nuisance" go down to Miss Hardy's room to fix the fuse, and life goes on in the dark for a while. Say, who's that? No, you aren't seeing double. It's just the twins again. The only way we can tell them apart is by their different-colored pajamas.

Tempus fugit again. There goes Betty Sue down hall warning everybody that they have exactly five more minutes, and who is that queer looking creature coming behind her? No one told me they had freaks around here too. Well, dog-gone . . . It's only Shorty in her long flannel pajamas. (P. S.: They're new too.)

Well, whatcha know—everything seems to be settled down for the night, except here comes Peggy at the last minute to brush her teeth and Margaret is just finishing her Primrose beauty treatment for the night. Miss Hardy pokes her head around the corner about this time saying, "Somebody is talking" . . . No answer. Everything is as still as a graveyard at mid-night. Exit Miss Hardy.

Now what was that? Probably just the pet rat coming down the hall. On second look, it seem to be several of them all headed for the same room . . . Sniff . . . Isn't that coffee we smell? Why that's funny, all those rats speaking down the hall have on pajamas, their hair in curlers, and their beauty cream on. (Now the secret of how the girls stay so beautiful in the day time is unfolded.)

Let's take a peek in that room over there. Just as you could expect, a game of bridge going full blast. One of the rats just bid three spades, but I don't think she can make it.

Suddenly the cards go under the pillow. Someone whispers, "Cheese it—the cops"—meaning none other than Miss Hardy. Girls fly everywhere; under the bed, in the bed, in the closet, and out of the door . . . Miss Hardy comes solwly up the stairs thinking to herself that she heard some uncalled for noise. She sighs, "Aren't my girls angels? Not a sound any place. Guess they're all sound asleep? With this closing remark, she returns to her abode and the bridge game goes on uninterrupted . . . That, my friend, is Ladies' Hall!



We read in Snip and Snoop (1942 issue) of the MAROON AND GOLD that gossip was going to be harder to find since all the boys were leaving school to join the armed forces, so it seems that now with so many boys being discharged it should be easier to find. Maybe we just aren't very good Snippers or Snoopers.

Lucille Morgan would probably appreciate this more if it were headlines, but this is the best we can do.—Wayne Taylor has a discharge!

Lois Mintz has La-yitis—seems she caught it from a Marine.

If Frances Truitt seems a little on the nonsensical side these days, it's because she is sure Bob will be home by Christmas. You really have something to be happy about Frances, and everyone, (even Snip and Snoop, who by the way, are cynics) is glad for you.

Why did Nuisance go home week-end before last? Could have been to see Jim, or maybe she was just homesick.

Nancy Jordan and Johnny Hill have been seen together frequently—what happened to Gibsonville, Nancy? By the way, have you heard the new popular song, "Nancy"? It must be nice to have a love-song all your own.

Week-ends at Ye Old Elon College are beginning to look like a combination of Navy Day and Homecoming. Harvey (better known as "Hobe," the Southern Gentleman) Rawls, Carl White, Hal Foster, and Jimmy Lyon all showed up in that short space of time known happily as Saturday and Sunday.

It was swell to see Harry Turner (My those pretty gold bars!) back on campus. What say, "Ruse"?

That Burlington date between "Pep" Watkins and Dot Shackelford was really something. Stick 'em up!

Anny Byrd has been getting more packages lately—Ray for you, Ann!

News of the week: Elon's most unpredictable character more or less switched his presidency from one thing to another overnight. Question of the week: WHAT WILL BE PEEDIN'S NEXT POLITICAL MOVE?

# Poet's Corner

FROM "PETALS FROM A WOODLAND GARDEN"

By KARE PATRICK HARRELL

## IT IS FOUR O'CLOCK

'T is four o'clock and yet I wait  
 For fear I may not see  
 The dawn take in the evening star,  
 And set the daylight free.  
 There across the misty hills,  
 Apollo starts his run,  
 While colored bits of ribbon stream  
 With which he pulls the sun.

## WHICH WAY SHALL I GO?

Which way shall I go—  
 The high road or the low?  
 If I turn to the left I'm sure to find  
 A patch of mint and columbine,  
 But there to the right if I cared to look  
 Is a tall green pine and a babbling brook.  
 While straight ahead there lies the hollow.  
 Heart! Heart! Which shall I follow?

## SPRING PULLED OFF HER SHAWL

Spring pulled off her shawl  
 And threw it in the grass,  
 While April spread the carpet  
 To let the winds go pass.  
 And every purple violet,  
 Their faces washed in pearl,  
 Stood dancing on the hillside  
 Laughing at the world.

## BEAUTY

Men strive and build in Beauty's name,  
 They've bought and sold and paid.  
 But all in all they have no claim,  
 For Beauty is . . . not made.

## MY HILLS

I've drunk the finest wine,  
 And eaten mellow fruit,  
 The rarest of the vine,  
 And best from any root,  
 But yet have I to know,  
 Or have my greatest fill  
 Than when the sun hangs low  
 Behind my cloud-tipped hills.  
 The quiet hills at evening  
 When shadows cross the vale,  
 And bird songs fill the hollow,  
 And utter each their tale.  
 It seems that heav'n and earth  
 Are both from common clod;  
 My hills at twilight's birth  
 Enthroned the heart of God.