

# "Are We Going To Have A Spring Formal Or Ain't We?"

We know this is mighty early to even mention anything such as the topic of this editorial suggests . . . but it's like this; you've got to have some social planning done by someone around here or things just don't get done. Example: Many students wanted a pre-Christmas holiday student body formal, similar to the one given last year, which was a big success and one of the largest and best given at Elon in many a year. But this plan was counterattacked by the desire of others to sling a bigger one in the Spring, because of the fact that the idea for the pre-Christmas affair wasn't hatched until after Thanksgiving and then there wasn't time enough for planning. BUT . . . who is going to give the "go-ahead" signal for the Spring formal and who is to do the planning? In other words, there are, at the present time, no provisions in the student body organization set-up for a Social Activities Board or a Social Planning Council, et cetera.

We do not say for a minute that there are not enough activities, social or otherwise, on the Elon campus, because if there's a place where there's more to do and less time to do it in than this place we've yet to see it. There are thirty odd organizations on campus half of which meet weekly. Yes, and there is plenty of social life too—everything from banquets on down to weiner roasts. When one of these organizations plans a social it must register the date of the social on the Dean's calendar and this prevents conflict with the socials of other organizations and allows eligible students to attend the affairs of one group or club without missing out on the doings of another organization of which he is a member. But still, many problems arise, which the Dean, who is busy with problems of administration, cannot know, and is too busy to know: the needs, problems, and wishes of the social activities of the students at all times. And then there is the original problem of this Spring formal—a problem which is for the students themselves. There are various groups represented on the campus now. There are the sorority girls and the non-sorority girls, there are the fraternity veterans, the non-fraternity veterans, and the non-fraternity-non-veterans; there are the dancers and the non-dancers; there are the proletarians and the patricians; we could go on all day . . .

What we advocate is this: That a Social Activities Board be set up with representatives from student government, faculty, Greek-letter clubs, and other campus units, to order social activities, to discuss the students' social problems, to be responsible for social planning, and to serve the student body faithfully and for the good of all.

## Let's Gooooo Elon!

The Maroon and Gold cagers are beginning a season of victory, the neatly dressed guys and gals on top of the front page are leading the cheers, and an enthusiastic student body and college community are backing coach and team. The bleachers are packed for every game and "So Here's To Dear Old Elon!" is swelled at every half, as Asheboro's mighty McCrary Eagles have bowed to the Elon five.

Never before has the Elon spirit been more well expressed. At times it has lain dormant, sometimes it was still, but never dead. But now it is soaring to the skies under the banner of maroon and gold and to the tune of "Fight, team, fight!" Nineteen forty five gave us victory and peace . . . sweet peace . . . and everything going back to normalcy again, and now nineteen forty-six must give us Elon's greatest year. There are vets entering every day—some former students, some new. And with increased enrollment originate new activities . . . campus life "pepping up" . . . demand for more social life . . . more spirited elections . . .

But through it all we must remain united behind ONE COLLEGE SPIRIT. Student body, team, faculty, all working together for one thing—"the Greater Elon!" The building program is beginning this year and the college spirit is at its height. Let us retain that spirit and plug it for all we're worth. Our year—1945—and nothing less than "the Greater Elon" is our goal. Let's goooooo Elon!

Should there be some problem concerning which students would like to voice their opinion, letters submitted to the MAROON AND GOLD will be printed if signed. (However opinion expressed in these letters is not necessarily editorial, but is rather that of the author.) Please mark the communication "Letters to the Editor" and place in the MAROON AND GOLD box outside Mrs. Huffines' office in Alamance Hall. Unsigned letters will not be printed.

## Thoughts

And through the blue depths of the sky the bird flies, but the tips of its wings are never strained in it. Moreover it is written—that with faith a man thinks. Faithless he cannot think. And he who worships God as the great King milks heaven and drinks it day by day. His food is never exhausted . . . "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

For life is like a tree growing forever!  
—Paul Green

## Science In The News

By BILL CLAPP

Britain's web-footed "frog men" performed one of the most difficult operations of the war. Working completely underwater they swam from rubber boats in rubber suits and neutralized mines, flattened underwater obstacles, and in general took some of the teeth out of Hitler's "Fortress Europe." They swam as much as five miles to complete some of the underwater operations.

Their equipment included breathing tanks, oxygen tanks, helmets, rubber suits, insulation, web feet, and tools. So equipped they could stay under water for hours.

Optical crystals of large size are "grown" in platinum crucibles from common salt by melting and then carefully controlling temperatures during cooling. The crystals are used for special gansights and for spectroscopes in infra-red spectroscopy.

Large natural crystals are scarce and are seldom perfect. Crystals of sodium chloride, potassium bromide, and lithium fluoride are used for certain work because glass does not satisfactorily transmit infra-red light.

"Yehudi" is the army's automatic radio pilot. He is an excellent suicide pilot, and doesn't seem to mind in the least. During the war obsolete fortresses were sent plunging pilotless into important targets in Germany, well almost pilotless, "Yehudi" was at the controls.

The co-pilot of another plane, flying safely at 30,000 feet had a little aluminum control box on his knee. With these controls he had guided the plane to the target and could send it plunging in with no chance of missing.

## Poet's Column

ELON KNIGHT'S TALE

Bow to the right, sashay left.  
Gotta be light, smooth and deft.

"Dancin' Ed's" on the floor;  
Little Eva's at the door.

Sees her man with that new gal.  
(O-ho! Eva's even. Get a new pal.)

Ed goes down; smoke goes up.  
Shot that clown in the wickup.

There'll be mournin'  
In th' Old Dominion,  
But Eva's leadin'  
A new cotillion.

Same since Eden—woman's wrath  
Keeps men speedin' de graveyard path.  
Elon's knight goes fallin' down  
My fair lady

By Trim-m-Burr!!

"RESOLVED"

I'll not lament  
A youth misspent  
Instead I'll tilt the cup  
The drink may bring  
A bitter sting  
But still I'll 'bottoms up'.

E. R. S.

## OVER THE SHOULDER

By JOYCE SMITH

Did you ever stop to think just what you would best remember about "Ye Ole Elon" when your name is no longer listed among the various files in Dean Bowden's offices, and never again will you be called in for a conference for over-cutting some class? Unless we are bad judges of human nature, you will remember things such as, first and foremost, the students themselves along with the faculty. Then how 'bout those classes you though were so terrible . . . term papers . . . exams . . . home work . . . grades . . . food that everyone griped about . . . Now really, it is all a lot of fun isn't it? . . . Even to that getting up every morning at ten past seven and trying to make breakfast by seven fifteen . . . (It can be done—experience no less).

Registration . . . learning what the word "Matriculate" means . . . standing in lines . . . wondering why you had to pick Elon in the first place and when in the heck people around this joint eat . . . and speaking of the touchy subject of food, how about those rare Christmas dinners when we really had turkey . . . Saturday night movies . . . basketball games . . . cheering . . . party in West . . . teas on Sunday afternoons . . . packages from home?

Remember? Dr. Smith coming down the walk with that very dignified swagger of his . . . Mrs. Smith's new hats . . . Prof. Barney's brief case . . . trips to Burlington . . . that special out-of-town date and a late permission . . . house-mothers . . . Miss Hardy and her "Someone's talking" . . . endless lessons . . . week-end away from school . . . holidays . . . excitement over



Nope, we didn't do it! You thought we were going to resolve to keep our collective noses out of other people's business, didn't you? But that would mean that we didn't have a job, and even though this one is a rung lower than the low man on the totem pole, it is a job . . . anyway now that Christmas is over various and sundry articles are reposing in the Elon dormitories that heretofore were not present . . . you can call Mary, "Cobra" Coxe from now on, and if you are the intellectual type borrow her latest book from Raymond . . . Clegg Miller got a George, not the G. M. B. variety, a pink elephant . . . if we weren't being blackmailed we would mention Margaret Rawls here, but since we are we won't say a word . . . lately seen "Wolf" Anderson and "Queen" Ashley . . . Dot and Pep, the long and short of the matter; someone has suggested Vigaro—by the way they have a couple of good friends named Charlie and Priscilla . . . Carrie Stanford and Doris King were "ringed" over the Christmas hop . . . just to be sure you read to the middle we saved this—isn't it wonderful—all the men!!! in the drugstore, the bookstore, behind the trees (opps, slipped, just everywhere—step right up ladies and gents for the most ferocious man-hunt in history—these cats have been starved by four years of war . . . and how about Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mortimer Mulford III . . . Arlene Stallings came back with wings, but we don't know whether or not she is any more angelic . . . ask Hazel Cole about her Christmas date . . . nice to see Poe and Flo together again . . . sorry to report that Dale Burkhead isn't back yet . . . wish someone would explain Nancy Jordan's love affair to us . . . What's the name of that song you like so well—Burch "Jealousy"? . . . Joe Westmorland and Dan Briakley still are . . . that soda shop deal looks nice, so does Bill Claytor . . . the basketball trip last week-end left a lot of grass widows, or is that the phrase we mean on campus . . . Carl Neal and Doris Glosson have went and done it . . . ditto Eleanor McPherson . . . Ginny saw Reid over the holidays, hmmm . . . overheard—"G. I'm happy!" by an Elon coed . . . saving the latest for the bestest: We come to "Boodle Baby"—interesting subject, isn't she—seems Bobby is head man in the relay race . . . and closing, we leave this with you: "It is better to have dated "Cuddle-bait" than never to have dated at all" (with apologies to some poet.)

MID-WINTER BOUQUETS

To Coach Adcox and the team, an armful of American beauties for putting the old college try back on the hardwood court in a real sporting fashion. We'll be "thar" to see you taking in the scalps.

And more of the same with a yard of ribbon:

To Warren Burns and Judy, for being just right.  
To Steve Castura, for that wide and wholesome smile, and for bringing a bonnie lassie to Carolina with him.  
To Professor Hovdesven, for adding so much good will and quiet efficiency to our campus life.  
To Fletcher Moore and all the men who came back, for showing us something fine in the art of living as well in the realm of the fine arts.  
To Tom Horner and Charles Brown, for daily efforts to improve the format of the Maroon and Gold.  
To Dr. French, for a couple or three pictures every week, and all done with good grace and technique.  
To Margaret Rawls, for being a Queen; and to George Bullard for letting us say so.  
To the Lion Tamers of North Dorm, with a bit of wishful thinking—that maybe some day they will themselves become tame.  
To the North State Conference, which we expect to see fried in "bar grease" and sizzlin' hot if its members can top the pace we aim to set.



So many nicknames have been pinned on me in the last few weeks that I am becoming more than a schizophreniac. My dual personality is now so multiple that writing a column is exceeding difficult. My parents gave me a nice, simple, Christian name like Verdalee Grey Norris to prevent my being nicknamed, and may all you people who spoiled their plans turn into centipedes with ingrown toenails, or rabbits with the earache.

When Ray McDonald, B.T.O., N.R.O.T.C., D.U.K.E., arrives for a date with Mary "Cows-are-such-useful-creatures" Coxe, he looks like the cat who is going to swallow the canary.

Page from my own biography: Excerpt from "Little Bits" in an October issue of the MAROON AND GOLD: "Hal Foster writes that he is returning—so all you girls be prepared." Footnote: I shoulda' taken my own advice.

This week for their quiet, prompt, and polite services in the college bookstore, one crate of cokes and a night off go to the Griffin sisters, Anne, Dixie, and Marian.

Dot "Anybody-got-a-step-ladder" Shackelford and I would like somebody to settle an argument for us before we break up a beautiful friendship. She claims "Pep" Watkins owns the best-looking legs on the basketball team and I maintain that the best pair of gams belong to Bobby "Hubba-Hubba" Harris with Steve "He's-married-girls" Castura as runner-up. According to Dot, "Pep" is a regular pin-up boy and my comment is "Yeah, look at his pins and give-up."

Out of the confusion of sounds that float in from Senior Oak, we heard these words the other rainy night, "Gosh, this tree leaks." Me-thinks somebody should see the college maintenance department, they could patch it up.

Elinor Argbright contributed this—well, it isn't exactly humor, but anyway—she says more time is wasted in Italy than other countries because every-time you look you see a Dago.

Eddie Mulford says he first knew he loved Sarah when he began to stay awake in classes thinking about her.

In spite of what Ben Kirby, Harold Siler, Cy Kirby, Calvin Milam, Everette Kive, "Pep" Watkins, Hal Foster, Jack Burch, and the other feather-brains who call me things like "Boodle-baby," "Lover," and "Cuddle-Bait" may claim I did not write this. A reader (yes, there are some) contributed it.

MEN ARE A MESS

If you smile at him, he thinks you're flirting.  
If you don't flirt, he thinks you're an iceberg.  
If you let him kiss you, he wishes you were more reserved.  
If you don't, he'll seek consolation elsewhere.  
If you flatter him, he thinks you're simple.  
If you don't, he thinks you don't understand him.  
If you let him make love to you, he thinks you're cheap.  
If you don't, he'll go with a girl who will.  
If you go out with other joes, he thinks you're fickle.  
If you don't he thinks no one will have you.  
Men—Bless them!—don't know what they want.

## Maroon and Gold

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