

# Over The Shoulder

It is the usual thing for the editor to write a "Senior Swan Song" for this column in his last issue. But these are not usual times. (And no editor likes to think that he is the usual editor). A "Swan Song" sounds too much like the end of something. And how can a person ever stop editorializing? Once an editorializer, always an editorializer, in one way or another.

In a "Swan Song" the editor talks about the achievements of the class—its long hard journey from Freshman to Senior. He comments on the important events that have taken place in the last four years. But this is no time to talk about the past. There are too many international problems in the balance, in which the future fate of the world lies.

But what about education in the future? Never before has it had the opportunity that it has today. Colleges all over the nation are rapidly filling to capacity. Universities are crowded. There are those now who are receiving the benefits of a college education, who could not afford it before. More women are taking an interest in government. This, then, seems to be the hope for future.

Things that were important to us a few years ago are meaningless now. Things that you wanted so badly, prove to be nothing when you get them. Other things take on new meaning as time makes us more mature. The returned veteran today is more serious in his work than he was before. But certainly he is not studying in vain, for never before was there a greater opportunity for service than today.

Let us look at the nation and the world today: There seems to be a crime wave passing over the nation. Daily we read in the papers of murder and theft, and sometimes, rape. And since the war there has been an accident epidemic, resulting in the loss of countless lives and property. War clouds are not invisible on the horizon. The Russo-Iran issue is yet unsettled. There is famine in Europe, unrest in Germany, and war in China. And there is the atomic bomb . . .

What's wrong with us? Can't we solve our problems? It seems that the more advanced our civilization becomes, the more complicated are our problems. Again I quote a saying that has been used in this column: "Man has learned to swim in the sea like a fish; fly in the air like a bird; and now he's got to learn to walk on earth like a man."

We are the youth of today. Tomorrow's world will not belong to the ones who are leaders of the world today, but it will belong to us and our children. It's our problem, and we cannot afford to fail. The torch has been thrown to us. Let's hold it high.

Checking up on our college paper exchange list we find that quite a few momentous events have taken place as of late, the two most notable of which, concern our old friends, Duke and Carolina.

The DUKE CHRONICLE editor James R. (Jimmie) Alexander resigned his position on the newspaper and resigned from Duke University this week after having served as editor there since October of last year. Alexander, a vet who entered Duke in March 1945, withdrew from the university following a conference with Dean H. J. Herring. The MAROON AND GOLD is not familiar with the circumstances which prompted the resignation, but nevertheless it would nominate the CHRONICLE as the best college newspaper on its exchange list, which includes the publications of over thirty American colleges and universities, in spite of the fact that the CHRONICLE "borrowed" a MAROON AND GOLD editorial about a month ago.

But in addition to being a clever editorial writer, Jimmie was also the author of a regular column, "Out of the Masthead." We reprint a couple of paragraphs from his last issue:

"The other day, a cute freshman, on the way to the draft board, stopped in to see Dean Manchester. The frosh finally got a word in and quipped: 'You know Dean, there's one thing I have to ask of you. We've already got one fish on the administration, Don't you be a bass.'"

"Bobby Morrison's Apple Hill daily came out with a sensash April Fool issue called THE DAMN TAR HEEL. The Carolinians really pulled no punches and best of all, its administrators didn't pull any foul play."

Jimmie's reference to Baby Face Morrison's daily was not understated. The top headline for the April 1 issue was "Doubling of Professors' Salaries Announced."

The lead story said the announcement came in a special proclamation from North Carolina Governor R. Gregg Cherry in the gubernatorial office in Raleigh. We quote from the story:

"Summing up the event Cherry stated, 'Hell, I cleaned state treasurer Charlie Johnson out of a cool million of state funds in a little 'quorum' last night, so why not brighten the corner, spread joy;—tousjours gai, kid!"

Packed with other stories, equally humorous, the TAR HEEL also contained the following ad: "WHITE SHIRTS. Just arrived. Large stocks. If you can find us you can have them. National Burlap Stores."

Taking everything into consideration we admire an editor who (providing that the medium used is not degrading in itself) endeavors to promote interest and enthusiasm in the college newspaper, and who tries to make it, truly "the voice of the students." Hats off to Jimmie Alexander and Bob Morrison.

# Science In The News

By BILL CLAPP

Speeds not reached yet by human-operated aircraft are simulated in wind tunnels such as the largest one in the world, located at Moffett Field, California. Winds of 1500 miles an hour are produced—twice the speed of sound. Compressors driven by electric motors totaling 10,000 horsepower are used. This tunnel is designed for testing craft to be powered with the new jet type engines.

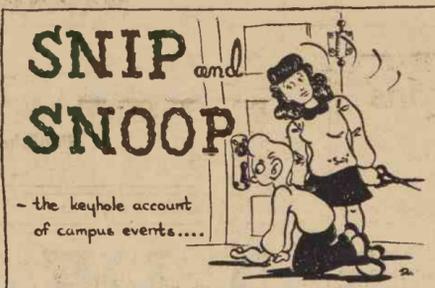
Another wind tunnel nearing completion at the same laboratory will produce 2,600 m. p. h. gales for a ten-minute period, making use of a large tank of compressed air, which will be exhausted in the ten minutes.

When the first atom bomb blast was set off in New Mexico last July a new kind of seismograph was tested. A seismograph is an apparatus for detecting shock waves such as are set up during an earthquake. Usually seismographs are very heavy, weighing several tons. They have a heavy weight suspended and attached to a pen or pointer which records sudden movements of the earth on a moving strip of paper or smoked paper. The new seismograph designed by Dr. L. Don Leet of Harvard University uses a light beam playing on a strip of film to photograph the record. The light is reflected several times by mirrors and gives a very sensitive recording, thus eliminating the necessity for such a heavy weight. The unit weighs only sixty five pounds and is portable.

In the atom bomb shock a new kind of wave was discovered. Called "hydrodynamic waves" because of their resemblance to water waves, they were of interest to physicists but had no practical value. The waves are not so prominent in ordinary earthquake shock waves. The possibility of detecting these waves easily with the portable seismograph, however, means for interesting applications.

A hurricane storm for instance sets up shock waves by sudden changes in atmospheric pressure. These waves travel thousands of miles and can be detected by seismograph stations on the coast. The position of the storm can be determined by plotting the direction from several stations. The speed at which the storm is moving and its intensity can also be determined. Then by means of the regular radio warning system, ships can be told how to avoid the storm or go into harbor until it passes.

Another possible application is in locating bumps and noises in industrial machinery. The use of two or more portable outfits would quickly locate the source of vibration. An apparatus of a similar nature has already been used by oil men to map subterranean strata and by studying these maps to determine where to drill. Small dynamite charges are set-off and the strength, direction, and time taken by the returning "echo" wave shows where the rock beds are located.



Big week-end, and no sleep, so for what is written in this column we aren't responsible . . . Fraternities are back, and everyone seems glad . . . Lots of funny and interesting things happened last Saturday night.

The Mulfords have a new addition to the family—it's a puppy named Pete . . . Well, Well, guess who is the new Assistant Dean of Women? Congratulations, Hal Dowd! . . . Bobby Harris and Peggy Comer are looking romantical these days . . .

Seen together often: Marian Griffin and Earl Daniely; Margaret Abbot and Clyde Fushee; Ann Ashley and Ed Fushee; Frances St. Clair and J. W.; golly Spring is helping Romance around here.

Just inquired if anyone knew any more news of interest, and guess what the answer was? "Naw, everyone is still going with the same old person!" Well, Well, what's all this fussing about then?

Third Floor West has an Interest Club. It meets every night at 10:30. Just see Vert about it . . . Jean West and Al Burlingame seem to be collaborating elsewhere they play practice for "Mr. and Mrs. North."

Steve Walker and Edna House are getting chummy . . . And "Killer" Sharpe and "Shoeball" are still around . . . Guess everyone knows Baznight by now . . . Who is Argenbright's new man? . . . Lots of good parties lately. Hear that D. J. L. S. is planning a hayride sometime soon, too . . .

Ruby Braxton is a happy girl these days, and with plenty of reason . . . We are sorry that Reid couldn't stay longer, Ginny . . . Dean Greenfield had visitors last Saturday night.

Lucille and Baxter seem to be trying to make this a Virginia affair. No fair flirting, Lucille . . . Caroline and Floyd, and "Jo" and Bill seem to be the only ones to escape the "Fighter" epidemic.

And with this we leave you—  
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:  
An optimist is one who thinks that he can cover a bald spot with fifteen hairs.

# College Humor

One pig: "Have you heard from your husband lately?"  
Other pig: "Yeah. I got a litter from him yesterday."

—Daily Tar Heel

Her eyes were black as jet,  
This charming girl I knew.  
I kissed her then her husband came,  
Now mine are jet black too.

Dogs in Siberia are the fastest dogs in the world because the trees are so far apart.

The gas company of Elon College inserted the following ad in the local newspaper: Want a hard boiled, beauty-proof man to read meters in Ladies' Hall. We haven't made a dollar in years.

I must go down to the roaring sea,  
Where the wind blows strong and the Wave's no she,  
I must go down to the roaring sea,  
You're darn right I must—they're making me

The survival of the fittest is going to make some guy awful lonesome some day And it's going to make women awful lonesome a lot sooner.

"William, how do you suppose all those empty bottles got in the cellar?"  
"Dunno. I never brought in an empty bottle in my life."

"Well, I guess I made a good impression on her," said the cane-bottomed chair as the artist's model got up.

—Imported

And then there was the man who called his secretary "Baseball" because she wouldn't play without a diamond.

"Are you the young man who took my order?" asked the impatient man in a restaurant.  
"Yes," said the waiter.  
"Well I'll be darned," said the man. "You don't look a day older."

Zipper: The undoing of the modern girl.

Quote: Men are ruining my life by staying out of it.



Having been given the unique privilege of writing in this space every other week about any subject that may pop into my mind, I am struck by the irony of the situation when so often nothing comes to my mind.

There have been so many picnics and hay rides recently that everything I start writing reads like a chapter on nature study and while Tom Horner patiently raves and rants for this copy, I rack my brain for something that Calvin "Boy, what corn" Milam will think is funny, I'll tell him; the rest of you will know it.

Troubles are plaguing the boys out for spring football practice. So many veterans are out that W. D. "Flat-top" Little can just yell "Attention" like an army sergeant and make a goal every time.

"Here lies the body of Archibald Rummy  
He tackled the coach instead of the dummy."

George "Richmond, here I come" Bullard is complaining because during one of his chemistry experiments, he drank some sulphuric acid. He didn't mind the taste but everytime he blows his nose he gets a hole in his handkerchief.

Miller Baznight claims I bring out the protective instinct in him. If that's true, the protective instinct must be a man's inclination to defend a woman against every man but himself.

Tom "Hurry up with that copy" Horner, editor and the guy who sticks his nose into my business, writes his swan song this issue. Little Wun gets serious and joins the rest of the MAROON AND GOLD staff in wishing one of the most conscientious editors the M. and G. has ever seen farewell and good luck. Tom, we never got around to telling you but you rival Job when it comes to having patience.

Betty "Don't you dare, Jack" Benton and Jack "Try to stop me" Burch have been racing for supremacy for more than a year. Now they have settled down to neck and neck.

Clegg Miller says that love is a fire. But whether it is going to warm your hearth or burn your house, you can never tell.

From the Duke "Archive":  
No wonder the little duckling  
Wears on his face a frown  
For he has just discovered his  
First pair of pants are down.

This week we give "Ruse" "Now he's a day student" Everette our biggest Bronx cheer for hoarding all those clothes . . . men's clothing I mean. She has at least five shirts . . . and two of 'em are white Arrow. Who says hoarding went out with the war?

That goes for me, too, dept.: (Talleyrand said it.) Never speak ill of yourself, your friends will say enough on that subject.

Before we go, we would like to say "welcome" to the fraternities who reorganized last week-end. Already they are beginning to supply that certain something to bring us nearer the pre-war Elon.

# Poet's Column

THE SINGER

And the voice spoke and said:  
My son,  
Would you live in living  
First attune your ears to the song of yourself.  
Your song.

Then attune your song, the song of you . . .  
To the song of all things.  
The song of singing that is in all things.

Let your days be singing  
That your life be living.  
With every second precious in itself  
In that it is numbered as it is that all things  
Are numbered with their own number.  
And as all things are also numberless.

And should your song of today  
Be out of tune with the song of singing;  
Let not it rattle your spirit  
Or weaken the courage of your voice.  
But rejoice that on the morrow and now,  
You may sing again.  
For life is living  
Is never the song of yesterday,  
But the song of tomorrow  
And now.

—M. B.

THE SUMMIT

The trail was steep, and rocky too;  
It wound its way where eagles flew,  
And where it reached the highest peak,  
A sunbeam kissed a mountain's cheek.

I stood entranced upon the crest,  
And clutched the sunbeam to my breast;  
And in that fleeting moment, God,  
I knew I stood where you had trod.

—A. W. Burlingame

# Maroon and Gold

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