

Maroon and Gold

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Picnics

Ge, but picnics are fun! There couldn't be a nicer way to spend a bright, sunny afternoon than to set out with a big basket of food, a thermos jug filled to the brim with something cool to drink, and a companion or two to share your blissful adventures. Your destination could be a shady glen in the nearby forest, the grassy shore of a lazy stream, a windblown hilltop looking down on the picturesque and peaceful valley, or perhaps some other "secret" spot away from the serious humdrum of everyday life.

A good thing about picnics, too, is that age knows no limitations for them—everybody from pink-cheeked baby sister to shiny-pated grandpa welcomes these little reunions with Nature, come ants, poison sumac, or mad bulls.

When we were kids, one of our favorite picnicking places was a romantic spot in the woods high on the Palisades, across the Hudson River from New York City. Some hardy pioneer had built a "cabin" among a group of large boulders jutting from the ground in a small clearing. He had laid a roof of logs across the space between two of the largest rocks, covering the logs with foliage and matting it down with earth, until the interior presented a dark, cave-like retreat where the boys could play "Trappers and Indians," or where Mom could keep fresh the devilled eggs, the tomato and lettuce, jelly, or chicken salad sandwiches, pickles, olives, and other good things, until the time arrived for them to be devoured by the hungry pack.

There was a handy little fireplace, too, where we could toast marshmallows or roast hot dogs or "mick-eyes," and sometimes we would fry bacon over the low flames.

What made "Boulder Cabin" the best picnicking spot in the world to us kids, though, was the thought that only we, ourselves, knew how to find the retreat over the obscure wooded trail which led us to it, for we were never bothered there by any other picnickers or campers in all our delightful visits.

And that's the secret of real picnicking enjoyment: A secluded haunt where you can satisfy a hearty appetite, reminisce with a few close friends, and sit back to watch Nature in all its beauty!

Science In The News

By BILL STAFFORD

The United States Chemical Warfare service has developed a new super-deadly poison, the most potent known to man. It is an innocent-looking crystalline toxin, so powerful that a cubic inch of it—roughly, an ounce—could kill every person living in this country and Canada, silently and swiftly.

Man prays that World War III will never come; but if it should, it will be a war in which most of us may die from unseen, insidious, anti-human weapons that make no sound, give no warning, destroy no forts or ships or cities, but can wipe out human life by the million.

The United States government has spent \$50,000,000 in the research of this poison, which is a small sum compared with the sum expended in research on radar and the atomic bomb. These poisons can be prepared easily and cheaply, are practically invisible, and are capable of being spread to reach every living enemy.

The redheads have what it takes—for red hair. Blondes and brunettes just haven't got it. We're talking about a newly discovered organic compound of iron which can be found only in red human hair. Demonstrated recently at the National Chemical Exposition of the American Chemical Society, the compound is one varying between bright rose-pink and brown.

The strength of many common drugs has been accurately tested by the means of a squeaking mouse. Ordinarily, a 15-volt electric shock on the tail is enough to make a mouse "holler," but when fortified with aspirin, or the more potent morphine, the mice have bravely held back their squeaks. Using morphine as a standard, the scientists have measured the potency of varying doses of alcohol, acetophenetidin, acetanilid, antipyrine, and demerol by the new mouse-squeak test.

Carolina Bouquets

Twice in a blue moon the Maroon and Gold staff rises up to announce that there are some people on campus who are the right kind. This always gives us a lift, and we don't have to walk a mile to get it. So while the last sunset of September is rolling its golden hoop into the west, to crown the blue mountain peaks near Boone ("whar" us aims to skin an Appalachian "bar" come Saturday), we unwind some blue ribbon for those who get things done.

Bouquet Number One: To our new assistant printer, John Watson, of Englehard, N. C. He dropped in after six years in the navy, former chief gunner's mate on the destroyer Klaxton, shakedown cruise to Casablanca and then plenty time in the Pacific. After tossing a lot of shells at the Nips he brought back the snappiest "know-how" and precision this old shop has seen in many days. He's a man you should know. You're bound to like him, folks.

Bouquet Number Two: Aloha and a garland of autumn posies to Garland Causey, the big timber boss from High Point. A man of good judgement, he came to Elon, and served in the army on Tinian and Saipan, took a wife from the Old Dominion—that's still a part of the deep south, son. Coach Causey puts a deep "Woof!" in that football line, too.

We could toss some scallions, but we'll stay on the sunny side. Us believes in the positive psychology in promoting progress. So does Buster Butler, another sailor back from the Pacific and doing the same bang-up and courteous work he always used to do. Pick a rose and charge it to the M & G, Lt. Butler.

Editor's Note: There'll be more, some sweet day, when Verdalee's column comes in AHEAD OF TIME.

Day By Day

Keystone Peepings

THIS IS GOING TO BE strictly corn (not the liquid kind, G.I. brothers!) . . . Wanted: By the wives of "Veterans Village": Blinkers for their husbands, who spend so much time gazing at the Johnsons' nursemaid. A change of scenery might ease the jealousy situation, but wouldn't be liked by the Vets, who have their own idea of what "morning watch" means . . . Dalton (Elon Spirit) Harper captured high honors during the tryouts for cheerleaders last week. Three cheers for a boy who has exhibited college spirit as it was in days of yore! Let's all pitch in with him. Is everybody ready? Let's go!!! . . . Yank (Falstaff Openshaw) Dickson has acting ability which puts those Shakespearean actors to shame. His renditions are free for the asking (in fact, he'll pay you to listen, I think). Get him to show you his DISTINK-tion in this field . . . Here's some fatherly advice: If you are afraid of the ferris wheel, a "fond embrace" will calm the nerves. Just ask Carolyn—that was a real "Festa." . . . Frank McCauley: "I was in a play last week." Bill Copeland: "You were!" Frank: "Yeah, I had my arm in a cast." . . . Visitor: Joe Tomanchek, Elon high scorer and all-conference fullback of the last Elon team, returned to watch his mates in action against A.C.C. . . . Rumor has it that Bill Coley is taking that fatal step this week. Could that be the reason for that preoccupied look, seen so often in chemistry class these days, hey, Bill??? . . . Dot (I Can't Live Without You, Fred) Brinkley is wearing "widow's weeds" now, or have you noticed? Fred's got a "glo" around him now . . .

Personal: I have the DOG-gone-dest trouble! What I mean is: As I prepared to climb under the covers the other night, I suddenly found I had a bed-mate. The prankster responsible is now on my "list" of people to be purged, come the revolution—the fleas are still all over me and the place. That blasted dog! The two of 'em, I mean . . . VICTORY! Rah, rah, RAH!! Overlooking what the score SHOULD have been, we're proud of the victory our boys won over A.C.C. By the way, who's the new bandmaster? There's a new one every time we look around. Who's next??? . . . Hey, Frank! How many PEEEEEE-nuts did you sell? . . . Garland (Just Big) Causey, until he was twelve years old, always thought a cow laid butter like a chick/en lays eggs, except he couldn't understand how it got those square corners.

That's it, friends!!!

—RAY

P. S.: Contributions for this column will be welcome. Dig up the latest dirt—and let me have it!!!

Entertainment World

By ED MULFORD

Best entertainment of the week was watching Bob-Harris score those touchdowns, but the music and movie world had its moments too. In the new Bob Hope picture, we find lots of laughs and (for a change) a real story. It's Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire," an "A" film. "Night and Day" has all the lovely Cole Porter music, but the story drags and the facts just weren't true. "A Game of Death" is a super "B" thriller about a madman on an island, who hunts with bow and arrow—hunts humans! Two good "whodunnits" in Burlington last week: "The Hidden Eye" and "Deadline at Dawn," with Edward Arnold turning in a grand acting job as the blind detective in the former.

The platter industry is in a turmoil these days. Too many cooks is the trouble. Over 30 different companies turning out numbers each month, and most of them have at least one good band. Capitol, Columbia, Decca, and Victor were the big guns in the business; but Majestic, Cosmo, Musicraft, and Jewel are rapidly challenging them. Musicraft stole Artie Shaw, Duke Ellington, and Larry Clinton right from under the eye of Victor; and Cosmo secured Hal McIntyre, also a Victor artist. Good pop tunes of the week: "California Sunbeam" by Alvino Rey, "Who Do You Love, I Hope" by Elliot Lawrence, and any of the Claude Thornhill releases. Harry James' "Easy," out a month, is his best in a year. Ray McKinley's "Land of the Buffalo Nickel" is the season's best novelty. Nothing interesting in the hot jazz line this week, but watch for Stan Kenton's new album, "A Session in Artistry," next month.

Personal note from Tony Festa to WBBB: "If it's 'Jive at Five,' where's the jive?" What's the answer, Wally?

Finally, here is the contest we promised you: Do you have a favorite band? vocalist? actor? actress? movie? Then write your choices on a piece of paper or a post card and send them to Box 287, Elon College, or drop them in the Maroon and Gold box in Alamance Building. Six years ago at another college we did this, and it will be interesting to see what changes have taken place. At that time, Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Charlie Spivak, Gene Krupa, and Tommy Dorsey were the leaders in the band contest, and Bing Crosby ran away with the vocalist honors. Favorite records were "Little Brown Jug" by Miller, and Goodman's immortal "Sing, Sing, Sing." Rita Hayworth, after a sensational picture called "Blood and Sand," and plenty of publicity in LIFE magazine, was leading actress; and Robert Taylor led the actors. Incidentally, winners of the recent "Metronome" and "Downbeat" (leading musical mags) were Woody Herman, Tex Beneke, Les Brown, The Duke and Stan Kenton.

Vote now!

College Humor

Three soldiers were making preparations to leave on a week-end pass. They were discussing their plans with one another.

First Soldier: Guess I'll take in a football game this afternoon and a trip through the mountains tomorrow.

Second Soldier: Sounds interesting if you like that sort of thing, but I'm going on a fishing cruise.

Third Soldier (who was a little backward): I'm going to see if I can meet some nice ladies.

After a bit the three departed and the following Monday morning were discussing their week-end. They all seemed to have fared well and to have had a good time except the third soldier, who wanted to meet nice ladies. He had a black eye and a few facial bruises.

First Soldier: What happened to you?

Second Soldier: Yeah, tell us? Did you find your ladies?

Third soldier: I sure did. I went into a bar for a drink and saw a sign over a door that said "Ladies." I walked in and there they were.

A girl was reading about birth and death statistics. Suddenly she turned to a man on her right and said, "Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?" "Very interesting," he returned. "Why don't you try sen-sen?"

He kissed her in the garden
It was a moonlit night
She was a marble statue
He was a little tight.

Charlie Lindler: "Nice dog you have there. What kind is it?"
"Red" Davenport: "Oh, I don't know, just a dog."
Lindler: "Spitz?"
Davenport: "No, just drools a little."

John Watson: "Would you care to join me in a cup of coffee?"
"Lefty" Hollander: "I'd love to. You get in first!"

Mr. Walker: "I want two pillow cases."
Clerk: "And what size please?"
Mr. Walker: "My wife didn't say. I wear a seven hat if that would help any."

Nancy Eller: "Can I be blamed for something I didn't do?"
Professor Danieley: "No, what is it?"
Nancy: "My homework."

In the parlor, there were three,
He, the parlor lamp, and she.
Two is company, no doubt,
So the parlor lamp went out.

Dave McClenny always called a spade a spade until he hit his foot with one the other da.

Maid: "Isn't that a Chinaman looking in your window?"
Spinster: "Yes, that's Peiping Tom."

Bert Force: "What does Dr. Smith do here?"
Jack Snyder: "Oh, he gets up in chapel every Wednesday and Friday, looks over the student body and then prays for the school."

Ed Mulford: "I'm sorry I flunked, because I was trying to get ahead."
Mr. Johnson: "You certainly need one."

Chow Hall Chief (to garbage-collecting mess cook): "Am I too late for the garbage?"
Mess cook: "No, chief, jump right in."

Poet's Column

MY NECROMANTIC HOST

Resembling sleep—
I doze into a calm magnetism.
Submissive to my operator,
I yield and glide to a power beyond.
Try! Try! Resist this passive state;
My strength fails me.
Aloof from myself, I fly
Into a trance of supreme fascination—
The lotus never possessed me so.

Aloft and light my head swims.
I obey the will of my hypnotist.
Slowly, inertly he guides.
A necropolis is our appointment.
The dead surround me;
I feel like one of them.
Bones rattle and crack—they rise.
Friends of the night, dark saints, black devils,
Hollow eyes gaze—I am theirs.

Shrill, peacing voices call;
Bony fingers beckon.
"Come to our tomb;
Seek the pleasures of silence.
Drink our nectar, squeezed
From the roots of the creeping ivy,
Ivy, green blanket of our grave."
Warm vapors smoothes my brow;
Enticing nymphs whisper secrets in my ear.

Dryads float to me with a goblet of juice,
Black, green liquid for the communion table.
Reaching for my deathly drink, I stumble.
Stumbling over a tombstone, I read
My name carved upon a cold stone.
A grave opens and I fall comfortably into my vault.
While sipping my nectar, I smile at life's task.
Silence is mine forever.

—EDWARD R. DAY

Thoughts

The only way to have a friend is to be one,
Ralph Waldo Emerson.

There is nothing that people bear more impatiently, or forgive less, than contempt; and an injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult.

Lord Chesterfield.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

—Thomas Fuller.

Sink Or Swim

A college student who is content with merely "getting by" is like a "man overboard" who doesn't have sense enough to care about anything but remaining afloat, in the hope that someone will come along and rescue him. He is interested only in keeping his nose above the water, not realizing that he might safely reach the nearby shore of personal achievement by setting forth with bold, purposeful strokes. Or perhaps, viewing the shore, he is afraid to make the swim because of the treacherous undertow—failure—which lies between him and the goal. His feeble will compels him to follow the line of least resistance—he clings to the passing debris of convenience and comfort, making of them a life-raft with which he drifts aimlessly upon the sea of Time, until, waterlogged, the raft sinks beneath the waves and carries him with it to his ignominious fate.

Some college students, like the hapless man overboard, don't realize that they possess "muscles" strong enough to pull them to shore. They pass their subjects as close to the margin and with as little effort as they can afford, never making the attempt to comprehend completely either the subjects or their own purpose in taking them. They maintain the lackadaisical attitude that college is just an interesting or convenient place in which to spend the time between high school and finding a job; they never take an active part in campus affairs, and learn next to nothing during their wasted years of college life.

Of course, there are some students, like myself, who are born imbeciles and couldn't learn anything if they wanted; but this editorial deals only with those who have the inherent ability and do nothing about it. Why don't they flex their muscles then, if they've got them? A little serious effort and a "C" might become magically transformed into a "B"; greater effort, and a "B" into an "A."

We don't mean that the student should give up all of his social life and recreation in order to bring these miracles to pass—there's room in college for both work and relaxation—we're merely insisting that he try his best by proportioning his time fairly and by seeking to develop whatever talents he might own. Certainly, not everyone can succeed; but, in a way, he too is a success who can look his conscience in the eye and say: "I tried."