

Maroon and Gold

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THOUGHTS

If thou wouldst be happy, learn to please.
Matthew Prior, SOLOMON

A man without knowledge, an' I have read,
May well be compared to one that is dead.
Thomas Ingelend, THE DISOBEDIENT CHILD

A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes, THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

What really flatters a man is that you think him worth flattering.
George Bernard Shaw, JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND.

THE ELON COLLEGE VETERANS CLUB is foundering on the verge of failure like a stricken ship wallowing in stormy seas, its wave-battered hull leaking in a dozen places. From the heaving wireless room shoot frantic signals of distress, in the hope against hope that some nearby vessel will pick up the flashes and race to the rescue before ship and crew are sucked beneath the waves. But the only real hope for salvation, the captain and crew know, lies in themselves, with an all-out effort to repair the damage, they may bring the craft safely out of its dire predicament, in shape for many future successful voyages. Unless each crewman pitches in with each of his mates for the good of all, the ship is doomed.

That is the present shape of the Veterans Club: distress calls to other Veterans' Organizations in the state may bring some much-needed suggestions for saving our "sinking ship," but the only real hope lies at home, in each and every Elon Veteran, member of the club or not. By pitching in and pulling together we may yet rescue the dying ship and keep her seaworthy.

The purpose of the Elon Veterans Club is to serve the Veterans at Elon; to unite them, inform them, entertain them, and help them in their problems and gripes. That this purpose has not been realized to greater advantage is the fault of no one man. A share of the fault lies in every Veteran on campus who has fallen short of his obligations to himself and his fellows. A captain can't sail a ship by himself. Neither can one man alone run an organization of several hundred hard-to-please, hard boiled war veterans who know what they want but won't co-operate to get it.

Look alive, you Veterans, before you have no Veterans Club! You've got one now. It's got a workable constitution. If you don't think so, write one that you KNOW will work! You've got a club with the potential power to get things done. That potential power is YOU! Without your co-operation, the organization is going to collapse, and very shortly. WITH your co-operation, and with that same determination you had in smashing the Japs and Nazis, you can really do something for yourself, your buddies, and Elon. The Vets are doing it at other schools. Do it here! Save our ship!

"Rabbit-Tobacco"

In the early days of my boyhood I acquired a habit that was to cause me much grief later on. This habit was that of smoking, in particular, the smoking of various substitutes for tobacco instead of the real thing. Most youths explore the evils of tobacco before they reach maturity, but the habit seldom causes them the trouble that it did me. Ah, me! in my innocent youth—how was I to know? Instead I had to suffer the pain that lies in the path of callow boyhood.

My venture into the science of "drawing and puffing" was really quite an experience—or rather a series of experiences. The first substitute I tried was cotton rolled into the form of a cigarette and enclosed in a piece of old newspaper. This weird concoction almost took me out of this world—by the suffocation route! Next I tried the dried leaves from several kinds of trees and vines. I still couldn't find "the cigarette that satisfies," nor would I walk a mile for any of them. Coffee was next in line in my experiments. I made a corncob pipe especially for use in this trial, but even its mellowness added nothing.

Then came the day! A bosom pal introduced me to the pleasures of "rabbit-tobacco." This "weed of distinction" grew everywhere in profusion: in vacant lots and in patches of woods; and one smart lad by transplanting, had a luxuriant growth in his cellar. When this plant had reached maturity, we stripped the leaves from the stalks and put them in second-hand Bull Durham and Golden Grain sacks, and strutted as big as any banker who had a pocket full of fifty-cent "stogies."

One day, not long after my introduction to the "school boys' joy," I started on a hunting expedition with a pal of mine who went by the name of "One-Eye." He got his name from his imitation of the drawl and the squint of a famous cowboy star of the day. Early in the afternoon we set out for some woods which were close to my home. We each had an ancient air rifle and our pockets full of "B-B's." I was especially proud of my gun because I had out-traded a playmate for it. (One hundred slightly worn marbles and 1 green snake were my part of the trade.) The weapon would stop up once in a while, and it required a good jarring against a tree to dislodge the errant "B-B." In all other ways it was a dandy!

On this particular day, upon reaching our hunting grounds, we paused for a few minutes and rolled a couple of fragrant "rabbit-tobacco cheroots" from the pouches that we carried. We had no sooner "fired up" our "home-mades" than we saw a large bluejay light in a tree nearby. Silent as two cigar-store Indians, we eased toward the jay's roosting place. Suddenly I felt a breath of hot air on the back of my neck and heard a roaring sound. I looked around. . . . Gee-Whillikers! the woods were on fire! "One-Eye" and I tried our best to put out the blaze but made no headway at all. Finally we stumbled out of the woods, bleary-eyed from the heat and smoke.

The first thing we saw was the owner of the land where we had started the fire. He had been hunting, too, and carried a gun under his arm. When "One-Eye" saw him he almost had a running fit, but it was I who did the running. The last word I heard as my feet carried me home was "One-Eye" saying, "I give up, Suh! Go ahead and shoot!"

My first act upon reaching home was to dive under the bed, and there I stayed until my mother pulled me out. She got her hairbrush and really warmed me up back aft.

That was the last smoke I had for quite awhile.—Hal McDiarmid

Hop 'O My Thumb In Ghostland

All the Editor is somewhere away up Nawth or away down Souf, we don't know which. But the absence of this elongated victim of High I. Q. puts the problem squarely up to us, and it is no easy matter to decide at our age. It is presumed that we ought to have an editorial, wee, wan, and ghosted. Let the candles burn blue and backbones chatter, therefore, as this spectral copy rolls from the pale ribbon.

It is as in the days of courtship. Even the ruggedest swain must turn a light heliotrope in color at the thought of substituting for so much gray matter. Bring back Eang-quo-ho. I would thou couldst. "Bang-quo-ho Ah" is the boy to tickle the intelligentsia—and the local dumb-belles—with the amazing bright light of his supple erudition. He does it with little words, too: Always knows how to write up to his public.

But let the chips fall in a tangle if they must, Hop—"Old Hop of the Print Shop" must venture to sound the first editorial drums of 1947 with a few predictions of things to come in Ghostland. Cock an ear, for here they come.

The M. & G. Board will spend sleepless nights trying to find an editor to fill the ghost editor's shoes. The foundations for the new building program at Elon will appear some bright morning before the boys in North find out their toes are truant from the blankets. Hap Perry will comb the hollows for another Choo-Choo who will run all over the North State gridirons like a Jeb Stuart cavalry troop.

The great year 1947 will be lucky for somebody. We hope it will be for all of us.

Politics is out. Too much Taft and too much controversy. Too much Bilbo, too.

One thing we guarantee: Carolina will top the nation, Carolina roses will bloom again, and Carolina's sons and daughters will make love again.

Lou Agresta will wear that winsome smile and keep his grudge—99 per cent artificial—against the Yankees. That boy could run a smoothie on a giraffe in an Arrow collier.

The Dean of Women will keep the even tenor of her way, unless she turns to some liting basso profundo. The rest of us will move around corners very, very carefully.

Day By Day

Keyhole Peepings

I face the Noo Year with bleak prospects. Several friends have told me that they wouldn't write "key-hole peepings" for love or money. Well, I know darn well I haven't been getting paid for the stuff; and further and more, no love has been coming my way. (That's not a hint to Mrs. Klaghorn.) So be it—T. S.

Delmer Brown, close friend of Betty Benton, Jeanne Meredith, and Ann Byrd (Tweet-tweet), went to a party and took no chances on being left out in the cold. We understand that the extra warmth was picked up at WCUNC, a kind of booking house for unconstructed Vets.

W. Wentz had planned to ride the chartered bus to Virginia. Sorry you didn't make it Wentz. . . . She missed you. . . . Consult Baxter Twiddy, Monsieur Wentz. . . about "The Big Deal."

Watch your step Claude. . . Jackie is singing "Got My Eyes on You." . . . Saying recently revived by Vernon Phelps: "Go West, Young Man."

June in January: J. W. and Agnes, Jack and Lib, Bobby and Polly, Bill and Jo, Holt and Pat, Burton and Pace, Vick and Grace, George and Mary, etc.

Welcome back to Dan Barker, who took honors in '40, '41, and '42.

This prattle, written December 19 to hit a January deadline, carries best wishes for a Happy New Year.

Science In The News

By BILL STAFFORD

The cancer problem is extremely complex and far from being solved, but medical authorities have learned some of the conditions under which the disease may arise. Some of these can be avoided and corrected.

In the case of skin cancers, doctors can give fairly positive advice. They report that a person past middle age and those who have an aging skin should avoid sunburn. Those people who have moles, warts, and any sores which are slow about healing should consult a doctor to make certain that the condition is not one which may develop into cancer.

Cancer of the lung is increasing and is a type of cancer which is hard to recognize. The chief symptom in almost three-fourths of such cases is coughing. In a nation of heavy cigarette smokers, the cough is almost universal. The thing to watch for is the change in the type of cough. The only satisfactory cure for this cancer is the removal of the entire lung; unless so treated, the disease is inevitably fatal. The remaining lung tends to expand and fill the cavity of the chest.

Although lung cancer is increasing, it is not the most common type of cancer. Stomach cancer is more prevalent. It is curable to a certain extent if it is recognized in time for the patient to take advantage of the opportunity offered by well performed surgery.

Many a patient will be spraying penicillin into his lungs very soon to help fight coughs and influenza. Previously, the chief drawback to using the life-saving drug was that it had to be injected into the muscles, a process which made the patient very sick. Now, however, it is being converted into a fine spray, so people will be more kindly disposed to using the drug. The spray will be comparatively cheap, will have a pleasant taste and a soothing effect on the dry membranes of the throat, and will be an aid in combating coughs, cold germs, and other bacteria in the throat.

College Humor

After all, the Constitution grants every guy the right to the pursuit of happiness, thought Bob Furr, as he chased her down another block.

Knees are a luxury. If you don't think so, just try to get hold of one.

Gal: "Have you ever awakened with a jerk?"

Friend: "Heavens no! I'm not even married."

To a drunk who was leaning against a building, a cop growled: "Move on, move on. What do you think you're doing—holding up the building?"

The drunk staggered away and the building fell down on the cop.

Neal McDonald says that she is the flower of her family. . . a blooming idiot.

Mary Schuster: Up in New Jersey the wind is so strong that when you take one step forward, the wind blows you back two.

Bob Woolridge: Gosh how do you get where you are going?

Mary: Oh, we just turn around and walk backwards.

Mrs. Farrar says that in her girlhood days, young girls never thought of doing the things they do today. . . but that's why they didn't do 'em they never thought of 'em.

Ruth Wheless (eating an apple): I just swallowed a worm.

Lenell Fuller: Well, drink some water and wash it down.

Wheless: Naw, I'll let it walk.

Each morning as I wake up

The only thing I can say

I wish I were a mattress

And could lie in bed all day.

Behind The Mike

with WALLY MACK

Big Name Bands Fold Up

Of interest to all you kampus kiddies should be the recent announcement that many of the big name orchestras are about to fold up or have already called it quits. Some of the big boys that may retire are Woody Herman and his Blue Flamers; Tommy Dorsey, that sentimental gentleman of swing (remember the stinker he pulled down at the Hill?); Harry James and his Music-Makers; Les Brown and his band of Renown; Benny Carter, Jack Teagarden, and Jerry Wald.

Could it be that the leaders are calling a halt for a while to cause their sidemen's salaries to go down? Or it might be that they have had enough of the public's bandstand gripes. Still it may be that they want to see if the newly elected Republicans will follow through with the promised tax cut. At any rate, it is a swell change for the young combos.

Sinatra Teaches Bobby-Sox A Lesson

Frank Sinatra has pleaded time and time again for the bobby-soxers to stop making so much noise during his broadcasts. Up until a few weeks ago, Sinatra, because of his loyalty to the youngsters, refused to let the higher-ups bar the kids from his shows; but being on the verge of a complete physical breakdown, he put his foot down.

Sinatra owes a great deal of his success to the worship of the "Robert-sox," but the behavior of some of his juvenile fans seems anything but fair.

Goodbye And Hello

A couple or three weeks ago, we reported that the "Swing and Sway" voice of Billy Williams had left Sammy Kaye to sing western ballads. Haven't heard anything of Williams since, but we do have word that he has been replaced by Johnny Ryan, a fellow with a tenor voice who joined the Kaye outfit at the Hotel New Yorker on November 29.

Gabriel Loses His Manuscript

Some of you campus cut-ups might pick up a reward of a thousand dollars for the recovery of Erskine Hawkins' most treasured souvenir, the original manuscript of "Tuxedo Junction." Because it was on the notes of that song that he rode into national prominence in the popular music field, the manuscript has a great sentimental value to Hawkins.

Off The Record

A few new waxings you should lend an ear to are "For Sentimental Reasons" by the King Cole Trio, Harry James' pressing of "Oh, But I Do," the scream arrangement of bouncing Betty Hutton singing "On the Other End of a Kiss," the bass voice rendition of Vaughn Monroe's "Winter Wonderland," and last, but not least, Woody Herman's "Uncle Remus Said."

Poet's Column

ROSE ON THE LATTICE

Rose on the lattice blowing, embroidery of spring,
Your velvet beauty is my rare delight;
Shine, crimson bloom, till frost seals your doom,
And bleeding petals speak their last goodnight.

Rose on the lattice, sadly you bow when
Bold winter bids you die;
Thy fond life, brief span of beauty for man,
Must with thy falling leaflets lie.

Cold Master, take not my rose away;
Let live the bloom, so loving to caress,
In its soft nest flowering always,
Symbol of heaven's loveliness.

So sends my soul its prayer as time flows
And frost descends, a floating spear, upon the rose.
Yet not away, not dead, for on my hand you bled
And still within my heart your beauty grows.

Springtime will see a blossom brightly red
Returning, a scarlet ray above a greening thorn
That smiles and says: "The soul that would adorn
The life it loves, dies not when winter comes.
It does but sleep—until the May is born
Again to stir and sound her waking drums."
—Edward Ray Day

EVENING

Down sinks the sun from its throne on high;
The darkness deepens, for night is nigh;
And across the meadow echoes the cry
Of a night bird winging the evening sky.

Endowed am I by nature's might,
With exalted spirit of peace and light;
The rising moon through the trees I see,
And God and heaven seem close to me.
—Jack Holt

RESIGNATION

A flame burned quietly within my soul
And none there was who knew;
But the warmth it gave was life to me
And the love it fed abundantly grew.

At last it seemed the white hot glow
Would brand my heart and stay to shriek
With utter longing at my rebel self
Who could only answer, "This peace I seek."
E. R. S