

Maroon and Gold

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THOUGHTS

Morals are a personal affair, in the war of righteousness every man fights for his own hand.

R. L. Stevenson.

Who fears to offend takes the first step to please.

—Colley Cibber,
LOVE IN A RIDDLE.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

Rev. Thomas Scott

It is the greatest good to the greatest number which is the measure of right or wrong.

Jeremy Bentham, WORKS

A Few Words

It's surprising what a few words of earnest appreciation will do to a person's morale. Sometimes they can make all the difference in the world to his outlook on life. Too often have we seen somebody keyed up with enthusiasm over something he has accomplished or set out to accomplish, only to have his eagerness handed a cruel slap in the face by the indifferent attitude of so-called friends, who are so wrapped up in their own interests that they haven't time to recognize and appreciate a little sincere effort when they see it. Such an attitude, even though it be entirely unintentional, is bound to hurt the person who encounters it in his struggle to get ahead.

Effort is one thing we ought never to discourage. Even if we find it impossible to share another person's enthusiasm over his every achievement or imagined achievement, however great or small, to sabotage that person's fight to achieve by coldly ignoring the fruits of his efforts is to be guilty of one of the worst possible betrayals to humankind. We admit there have been individuals who achieved success and fame after every obstacle and discouragement had been thrown their way, but most of us ordinary people aren't made like that: once or twice discouraged and we find our ambition completely sapped. A word of encouragement from a friend has spurred many a man to fame, whereas he probably would have languished in obscurity without it.

We know of several persons right here at Elon whose chance for self-realization hangs on the balance of whether or not they are encouraged or discouraged by the attitude taken toward their efforts by their classmates, instructors, and friends. If that attitude be indifference, or, what is worse, ridicule, some great talent or some great thought may be buried and lost forever to the world. On the other hand, acknowledgment at least of the fact that they are trying may well serve to inspire even better efforts, with benefit to those persons and perhaps to all of mankind. That acknowledgment may be expressed through a simple attitude of tolerance, together with a few words of honest praise, of suggestion, or of constructive criticism.

Who can tell? Perhaps we may someday stand in need of a little appreciation ourselves.

The Face On The Print Shop Wall

The print shop walls carry an odd assortment of decorative and useful material: Calendars, M. and G. deadlines (something Verdalee ought to be told about), a reproduction from the marvelous photo showing the flag being placed on Iwo Jima—that scene will someday be eternized in America's greatest piece of sculpture—and the face on the wall.

Done by some forgotten Elon artist, she is a pert little belle with a bow in her hair. Her profile, dark curls, mascara lash over that one come-hither eye, and retrousee nose tip have caught recent editors off guard so many times that we begin to think any hardened villain of the inkwell could fall in love with her.

One could go farther and do worse. An editor is usually a personable wretch when you get to know him, but, as any other human male, he is susceptible to sliding to the left as the ballroom butterflies level their artillery at his heart. It must be instinctive. Anyway, "Little Beautiful" just stays there on the wall, not one bit worried about losing her man. The great print shop mystery is simply this: How does she do it without using "Night of Ecstasy" or "Follow Me"?

And to reveal a secret, we know a half dozen campus femmes each of whom would give a pair of pearl ear-drops to discover the secret of her charm. So would we, for it's a good gamble that the rouge she wears was popular fifteen years ago. The little hussy! Pretending to be so young!

But one thing we do know: The present editor will never be quite human until she comes down beside him some day and says, "Hello, Big Boy! Wanna see me pucker up and—uh—whistle?"

Il Penseroso 1947

It hez bin a long time since I sat down to write a story about who killed Joe the Butcher Man from the Meat Market, which I hope will not cause any uncertainty or concern among the people who knew him.

Az nearly as I can remember, this is the way it wuz. 'Twas what I'd call a bleak killing-night at Pier Brawl Ave., and all the goons and jerks were gathered round, and all seemed to be what the esteemed WCTU would call a slightly intoxicated mob who were at the most part in a gay mood.

They had bin talking about the meat shortage and wondering when OPA would stop so all could get enough cattle to stock market. But at last Joe the Butcher seed "What are you-all angry about? I hev fussed about it too, but I done sompin. The meat you hev been eating for dog was cat, a kind of OPA substitute. I realize that now I hev told you you may not enjoy the rest of the party, but—"

And this is where I left and I don't care who killed him. If you know O.K. and if not O.K. who cares since all the cats are gone . . . (Anonymous).

Day By Day

Keyhole Peepings

Sometimes I wish I had a good scientific background so I could explain the things I do. For instance, I heard a "close couple" comparing notes about the growth of an oak. It seems that the oak tree exudes heat as it grows, and that's the reason some people want to back up to one in winter, same as to a fireplace. I suppose in summer the process is in reverse. Maybe it is dumb to say it but I reckon an oak must be chilly in the summer. I've got to find out more about these things.

"Oh, well!" says Bob Graham, "I don't think ignorance hinders one too much."

Leon (The Lion) Pope and Jimmy (The Lamb) Huyett wish the Elon girls would age a bit. They are getting tired of being called "Grandpa."

What ever happened to that weekly dance we were supposed to have?

Who broke the window in North? The title of a recent movie starring Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunn might give you the answer. Accidents will happen!

Friends of Oabe Bray send regards to him and hope to see him at Elon again next quarter.

Nominated as best local chefs: Lou Agresta, Jerry (Wormy the Wooser) Domenick, and Rocky (Spanish Club) Donato.

The Ideal Guest Columnist, if she will ever come on over: Betty Benton.

Miss Hardy is being pretty rough on the gals, not letting them stay for the boys' intramural basketball games—they're more exciting than some of the varsity contests.

Joe Golombek told me the one about the voyager who asked the captain what he should do if he got seasick. Said the captain: "Don't worry; you'll do it!"

Who was that delicious looking blonde on campus last week, and who was the lucky guy that got her before I did? (I'm only foolin', Jeanne!

Behind The Mike

with WALLY MACK

The Good And Bad Of It

Last issue we reported that many of the big name bands were about to call it quits. It has happened, but it is not as bad as it might be.

Woody Herman, Les Brown, and Benny Goodman have disbanded temporarily, but they have hopes of reorganizing soon with sidemen who are less expensive. Goodman, who scrapped his orchestra, did man age to get together a crack studi outfit for his Monday night NBC program. Goodman shares honors on the program with Victor Borge, the piano cut-up. Jess Stacy, who also tickles the 88 with ease, junked his orchestra and has joined Goodman's studio combo.

After a two months' vacation, Harry James is trying to pull a badly shattered band back together. T. D. and Benny Carter have completely dropped from the picture. Jerry Wald has already reorganized. Jack Teagarden dropped his highly paid boys and now has a small combination. Rumors are flying that Jimmy Dorsey will soon break up his aggregation.

Toppers of '46

You may or may not agree with us in our picks of "toppers in the musical world of '46," but, as they say in Pennsylvania (no offense, boys), "Leave us see what we have here anyway."

Band of the year, Stan Kenton; best gal vocalist, Peggy Lee; tops in the male voice department, Andy Russell; small combo of the past year, Three Suns.

We predict that the sensational twenty-one year old piano player, Bill Lawrence, and his orchestra—will walk away with the "Band of the Year" title this year. If you would like to hear a snazzy arrangement of "Sympathy," give an ear to his recording of that number with the vocal chores taken care of by Rosalind Patton.

Surprise Packages

Woody Herman, free from his band, is now holding down a job that started out as a gag. Herman replaced Al Jarvis as disc jockey on Jarvis' "Make Believe Ballroom" over Hollywood's KLAC last Saturday . . . Buddy Rich has fired his outfit in order to go on tour with a concert group . . . Vido Musso, after making a big flop with his band, has rejoined Stan Kenton . . . Ray "Sugar" Robinson, the boxer, sometimes sits in at drums with Lionel Hampton's boys . . . Buddy Morrow used to blow the trom for Jimmy Dorsey . . . England is trying to make a deal with the Ink Spots to cross the pond . . . Two of the more popular music magazines, Metronome and Down Beat, have just released the results of their annual popularity polls. Better grab copies quick . . . Sam Donahue, who fronts his own band with his tenor sax, hates clarinets and has none in his orchestra . . . George Rock, extraordinary trumpet man with Spike Jones, hits a note so high on his waxing of "Minka" that only the dogs can hear it . . . Count Basie will tour Europe with his band next spring . . . Buddy Stewart left Gene Krupa for radio and movie work . . . With all the band leaders wanting smaller bands, why in the world don't they hire midgets?

Off The Record

Records you ought to have: "Years and Years Ago," based on Toselli's Serenade, a sure-fire hit with Les Brown's "Band of Renown;" the Voice's waxing of "The September Song" backed by "Among My Souvenirs;" the jump arrangement of "Under The Double Eagle" called "Benjie's Bubble" played by B. G.; and Dinah Shore's "Sooner or Later."

As a closing note: We caught the musical comedy production "Up in Central Park" in Washington over the holidays and just happened to notice in the theatre notes the other night that it is still running there. Swell show. If you get a chance to see it, don't miss it!

College Humor

A freshman English book tells this one: Frequently, in an absent-minded way, a well-known professor of English literature came precariously close to falling off the platform from which he lectured, often teetering and balancing on the very edge as he lost himself in the enthusiasm of his rhetoric. The long-awaited day, however, finally arrived—the professor slipped. Despite his efforts he lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor. With mixture of concern and amusement of the class, not knowing what his reaction would be, watched him pick himself up and brush the dust from his clothes. They weren't kept in suspense for long. The professor, with typical presence of mind, mounted the platform unperturbed, turned to the students, and said, "Gentlemen, this is the first occasion on which I have ever descended to the level of my class."

Dr. Johnson: "What is a drizzle?" Gladys Rakestraw: "Two drips going steady."

Paige Eaves says her friendship with Julian Forlines is strictly platonic. Oh yeah? Play for him and tonic for her!

Overheard in chemistry class immediately after the Christmas holidays:

Student: "Did you make merry during Christmas?"

Prof. Daniele: (after a pause): "Why I didn't even see Mary!"

Two little boys on their way home from church were discussing their Sunday school lesson. One of them turned to the other and asked, "Do you believe what the teacher said about there being a Devil?" The other replied, "Naw, it's just like Santa Claus; it's your Dad."

Mabel Somers: Don't you think Elon is laid out nicely?

Frank Roberts: Yeah, how long has it been dead?

LITTLE UN'S LITTLE BITS

By Wendell Norris



Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
If it weren't for paint,
Women would rust.

Poor beginning for a column, or for anything for that matter; but column writing is next to impossible these days when everything is fair except the weather. After six days of rain, I have developed a deep sympathy for Noah. Poor guy! Forty days of rain! But, then, he had an ark and he wasn't disillusioned by the sight of his best girl with straight hair when he thought all the time she was a natural curly top.

Neal "The Blooming Idiot" McDonald looks like a potted plant in those rainy weather boots of hers. That's okay, Neal, those are some stems you have.

As-if-you-didn't-know-dep't.: Women have a craving to be married. It doesn't matter how young they are or how old they are; if they are short or tall, dark or fair, they all have one thing in common—they want to be married. It's not the man they care about, it's marriage.—Nuh, uh, I didn't say that. Somerset Maugham did (a man, naturally).

"Ah, I'm safe at last," sighed the coed as she ran out of the rain into a corner of the colonnades. Of course, she hadn't seen Calvin "Influence" Milam there then. Aw, Calvin, we're kidding. Everyone knows you have a peculiar hold on women. Of course, those handcuffs have something to do with it.

This will probably be mentioned elsewhere in the MAROON AND GOLD, but anyway, Little Wun joins everyone in welcoming nine-pound, eight-ounce Burns, Junior, into our world.

Harvey Rawls has a drawl so Southern, he makes Senator Claghorn sound like a Yankee.

Steve Walker's absence leaves a big hole in the campus activities, especially in the intramural goings-on. The nurses in Danville report that he is doing fine, and Elon is looking forward to his recovery and return.

Before we go, Kay Hill says seeing may be believing, but there are a lot of people she sees she doesn't believe.

All of Ruth Everett's pals (except the boys) will be glad to hear that "Ruse" has finally hooked her man and is to walk down the aisle with him today. The guy's name is Joseph Spivey. Dr. Bowden is to marry the couple at Suffolk. I've been invited and will probably be trampled to death in the rush to catch the bride's bouquet.

Law Nance and Helen Hudgins were on campus last weekend. So was Ronnie Grinstead. Elon certainly has something that brings 'em back. Sixty-four dollars to the person who can name what it is. (Only joking, Dr. Smith!)

Poet's Column

SCHAGHTICOKE FAIR
(Skat-I-coke)

Let's bring out the buggy;
I'll hitch up the team;
Can't you see my eyes have got
that certain gleam!
We'll find a shady lane
where folks won't stare,
And let the horses take us down
to Schaghticoke Fair.

We'll spark on the way;
You'll tell me that you're mine;
We'll take a picnic lunch along—
but leave your folks behind!
We'll drive the longest way,
but soon we'll be there;
Before you know it we'll be down
at Schaghticoke Fair.

We'll watch the trotting races;
nothing will we miss;
And when we ride the ferriss wheel
I'll steal another kiss!
We'll get some candied apples,
forgetting ev'ry care,
And what a merry time we'll have
at Schaghticoke Fair!

We'll pass the afternoon
at the exhibits near the track;
We'll promise each other
next September we'll be back.
At last, long after dark,
we'll leave our memories there,
And we'll take the long way home
(ahem!) from Schaghticoke Fair.

A. W. Burlingame

JUDGMENT

Be not so quick to judge
Bad acts, foul deeds of others,
For know you this, my friend,
That you condemn your brothers:
When, by your thoughtlessness,
You put a man to shame
For some foul thing which he has done,
Think twice—you might have done the same.
—Jack Holt