

Maroon and Gold

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THOUGHTS

"The second woe is past; and behold, the third woe cometh quickly."—Rev. 11:14.

"In this world, who can do a thing; will not; and who would do it, cannot."—Robert Browning.

"Tis all a checker-board of nights and days
Where Destiny with men for pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays."—Omar.

ON VOTING

The long awaited election day is at hand. Many have allowed it to creep upon them without giving proper thought to the selection of student officers. It is the duty of all to consider carefully and vote for the candidates who seem best qualified.

There are, it seems, some who have taken it upon themselves to go out among the masses and procure pledges of support. Phooie to such people and their political pressure. It is an insult to the intelligence of any American citizen to be told how to vote.

Many allow themselves to be dictated to though and without realizing that the party doing the dictating has only its own selfish motive in mind, instead of the avowed interest of all. When one hears that so-and-so is the best for an office, and accepts the "say-so" as fact without any investigation what-so-ever, he is gullible indeed, and an unqualified voter.

One has but to look around to see who is good for whom. This fact stands out all over and those who try to hide it should be ashamed; for what are those to think who have no way of knowing things except of course through being told by a benevolent candy-talking buddy-for-a-day, politician?

In an institution as small as ours the candidates for the higher offices are apt to be well known. Their past records should be familiar to the student body. Of course there will be some nominated for office who are in no way qualified. We must expect such mistakes and overlook them. It is safe to say that some will, if elected, serve as mere tools for the faction placing them in office; and there will be others on the ballot for no purpose other than to split a party's vote-drawing capacity, thus enabling a third party to win.

The right fellow is certainly hard to choose, and we always conclude that the wrong man was elected even if the one we voted for won; but there is a best man on every ballot and those who are interested will find the right one. Go to the polls and vote without allowing prejudice to influence your choice.

JUST A WORD

All members of the student body are invited to submit copy for publication in the MAROON AND GOLD at any time. Worthy material will appear in the paper whenever space permits.

Anyone interested in becoming a member of the staff should see the editor at the earliest opportunity. There are several positions not yet filled for next year.

Truth and Travesty

By George Parker

Since it is the privilege of a columnist to give the reading public what the columnist himself likes, your correspondent, having been offered no bribes of more than twenty-five cents in value, hereby resolves to give no political views or show in print affiliation to any campus campaign machine.

Instead this column will devote itself wholly to polite slander and gentle back-biting. It is hoped beloved reader, that you will delight in reading this a great deal more than I enjoyed writing it.

While seated in the local beanery, enjoying coffee and amiable conversation with one of my contemporaries, my train of thought was interrupted by a finger boring rudely into my starboard ear. Before I could collect my wits, the same finger had dipped into my coffee cup. Turning, I berated the digit's owner severely, forcing myself to keep all four-letter expletives in the background.

Before I finished, however, such a look of innocent martyrdom came on the face of the condemned man that I was ready to forgive and forget. Owing to my gentle nature, I opened my mouth to shower him with soothing words when a burst of wild raucous laughter echoed off walls and Bob Furr sauntered away, head high, in search of other convenient ears and coffee, leaving me to explode violently and pound the table with my head in nervous frustration. And to think, my public, that so many students of psychology confine themselves to the study of textbooks!

It came to my attention during a session of small talk with a young lady of my acquaintance that a most charming pastoral scene may be found near the Johnsonian manse these delightful spring days. According to the lass, the good Doctor, after having spaded the garden, considered his share of the operation done and now leaves the "dirty work," such as planting and cultivating, entirely up to her. All would-be country gentlemen take note—here's your chance.

Heretofore, the environs of Elon have been most tranquil and you have always been able to discuss world affairs and the state of the nation with your beloved by moonlight without fear of interruption. As a public servant, I feel it my duty to warn you that your idyl may be shattered by a savage, inhuman scream. You will look for the source of this outburst and see a dim form swinging from tree to tree in search of wild beasts and undisciplined Zulus with which to do battle. Fear not, it will be our local "Tarzan," Tommy Faust, proving his primitive physical prowess to his betrothed. I am not at liberty to divulge the source of this ominous "nom de plume," having been threatened with destruction if I did so.

Also in the nickname category: The unpronounceable Mike Kozakewich has been christened "Kelly" by some anonymous wit of the football squad.

And then there is Ed Nash who raises one expressive eyebrow with contempt for the world and sings to no one in particular—"You think I don't love me, Oh, but I do."

From reading numerous periodicals and doubtful journals over a period of years, I find that the usual procedure in closing a column is to include some "thought for the day." With or without your permission, any such Winchellian innuendoes will be omitted in these lines. Do your own thinking.

Carolina Bouquets

With this issue of the Maroon and Gold a new staff makes its first appearance and the old staff bows out. We think that a rousing cheer should be voiced for the fine work that the past staff has done and wish for them every success in the future. We are also grateful for the holdovers from that staff who will work with us next year.

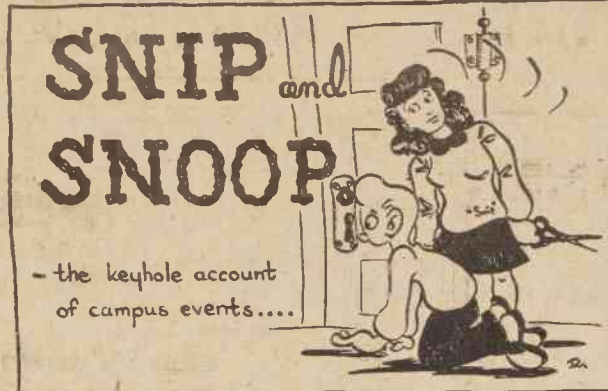
Al Burlingame, the past editor has graciously offered his assistance for this and the final issue. We are lucky to have such an able adviser and just hope that we can do a reasonable facsimile of his fine work. A big bouquet of violets to you, Al!

This column would like to tender a nice bouquet of forget-me-nots to an Elon poet, Lewis Lawrence, whose verses we have enjoyed in past issues and whose poem "Gossip" we are proud to give you this week. Lewis, we know where you can get a vase for those forget-me-nots without much trouble on your part. They'll brighten that North Dormitory room and bring cheer to the heart of your roommate, Bill Godfrey.

Another bunch of assorted "posies" is on order for Jack Holt, poet and cartoonist. Jack shows a lot of talent. How about a waterbag sequence some time, Jack? Or some thumb-nail sketches of campus celebrities?

To Professor Fletcher Moore: For just being himself on every occasion, friendly and efficient—two bright Johnny-Jump-Ups, dew-eyed in the spring sunshine. Ah, Monsieur, La Violette!

And to the boy with the high tenor-rag-em-and-laugh on the baseball diamond, "Robbie" Roberts, all the flowers of spring and summer for the way he makes a ball game seem like a day in Brooklyn—or better still, like a lazy afternoon for us, looking in a magic glass and sipping a Kentucky Julep—while Happy Robert calls "Put up another sticker. We'll cut him down." That, mes amis, is the way the ball game should sound.



Elon's campus in Spring . . . drabness covered by the deft strokes of Mother Nature's paintbrush . . . let's all work together to keep trash off the grass . . . ditto empty Coca Cola bottles around the Colonnades.

The spring engagements are becoming more numerous with each passing day . . . Joining the ranks of future Mrs.-to-be are: Agnes Harris, Kappie Capps, Lib Johnson, Jane Warren, Dale Parham, (next month) Bootsie Williams, Sarah Maness, and Kay Hawkins, who will say her "I do" this summer.

Miss Brown is also engaged to an F.B.I. man.

Only about four more weeks of school and then the vacation rush will begin . . . Many plan to move elsewhere, we hear . . . Sweeney plans to transfer to The Hill, ditto numerous others . . . Jean West thinks of a transfer to Raeford . . . Nancy Eller dreams of a summer of "larnin" at the University of Colorado . . . Tuck is busy planning how she will get mater's car to Carolina for August . . . Phelps will transfer to the University of Virginia next year . . . Elon loses a fine student and a true gentleman of the Old South.

Juanita Wheeler had an extended week-end(?) on April 13. . . The occupants of West No. 29 gave a party in faculty parlor last Sunday night, for Shirley Woods.

Overheard the other week at Duke . . . it seems that some West Campusites (i.e. Joe DiMona of CHRONICLE fame) thinks most girls attain their ends by not taking enough exercise—"which is very important because," Joe says, "as you know, men prefer well-formed women to well informed women . . ."

After a short delay last Friday the bus arrived and about thirty-seven students and some faculty members boarded it for Raleigh to attend the concert presented there by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra . . . Had motor trouble on the return trip—on the spot witnesses said Miss Keene fixed it with a bobby pin . . . A stopover at Chapel Hill for refreshments—soft, that is. To J. W. Knight: a message was sent . . .

This writer has polled a group of students with regard to their opinions on the following proposal: That the administration arrange, with the aid of a student committee, trips similar to the above for next year . . . Also to football, baseball, and basketball games at the near-by colleges, by chartered bus . . . Sight-seeing trips to points of wide interest such as the Sarah P. Duke Gardens at Duke University, old Williamsburg, in Virginia, or the Pageant of the Lost Colony at Manteo . . . So far the consensus of opinion on this proposal is favorable . . . Perhaps such an innovation at Elon would serve to enliven dead week-ends . . . We hope some action will be taken toward attaining this privilege . . . What do YOU think?

It was chilly—blankety-blank cold, to be utterly frank about it—on last Monday night, and the editors, past and present, were having coffee to ward off pneumonia when Long John Watson got to talking about a buddy from Kentucky, who served with him on a destroyer in the Pacific. The gentleman from the Bourbon hills, it seems, could walk barefoot on the steel-plated deck while the equatorial sun had it burning. And he could, very casually, "dunk" a lighted cigarette against the bottom of his foot. Tough as sole-leather. And he carried more shrapnel out of one fight than is supposed to be possible. The editors hope to meet the man some day. We do not question the story. We know our John, and we know Kentucky, too.

Science In The News

By BILL STAFFORD

A new angle on how one becomes bald was given in the last issue of The Science News Letter. He may become bald because he is tense on top. Tension may come from a big head or from external pressure, as from a tight hat. So, fellows, stay away from hats that are too small.

The top of the head, where baldness appears first, usually, will in all probability become bald in old age. This section of the head does not have as plentiful a supply as the muscular sides of the scalp, where the hair usually hangs longest. Tension zones of the scalp cut down the blood supply to the top of the head. Baldness first appears in the tension zones.

The B. C. G. vaccine against T. B. is to be tested in Columbus, Georgia. Preliminary tubercular testing is under way now, and following the test those children who show sign of the disease will be vaccinated when approved by their parents. B. C. G. was developed by two French scientists and is an accumulation of bovine T. B. germs that have lost their power of giving the disease, but are able to induce immunity to T. B.

Beautiful draperies that are not vulnerable to fire are now available. They are woven from a combination of non-combustible, very fine glass fibres, and flame-proof yarn. The fabric was tested with a Bunsen burner and approved by the authorities of the city of New York. The fire resistant fabric is suitable for home use, but was designed especially for hotels, night clubs, schools and other places where people congregate en masse.



Skipping out on a campaign speech, wading through party posters and dodging politicians who want to kiss babies, we just made it to the "M" and "G" office to bar the door, work in peace, and wonder if Elon can't match Georgia better than Missouri, politically speaking.

If another person brightly quips he is running for the city limits, so-help-me I'm gonna help him on his way.

All this interest in elections has the campus in a political whirl; Calvin "Influence" Milam confidentially reported that one of his girls (the one with the Spanish accent) must be Republican because every time they have a date she keeps saying "I know Dewey." And a co-ed said she might be a "Liberal", politically, but her boy friend need not take the term so literally.

Uh?oh! We thought we were free from political intervention here but somebody is peeping over our shoulder eyeing our efforts. On second sight it isn't a politician but a bashful beau with a poem he wants us to print for a girl named "Nancy." Here 'tis:

S. O. S.

Dear, could you tell me how to find the brook?
The one we loved among the Berkshire blue,
Where, hand in hand, we spent such happy hours
And where you promised ever to be true.

I've tried in vain to find the hidden path,
Without your help I doubt I ever can
Be a sport and tell me where to turn
I'd like to show it to another man.

—Jean Douglas.

One of Steve "Cinders" Walker's buddy-buddies, (the one with the super crew-cut) says Steve confided to him that the reason he stopped dating is that he thinks the rules are too strict. He neglected to say which rules—those of the college or the girls, so we can't help.

From "Lines to a Daughter—Any Daughter" by Agnes Rodgers.
"One of the things that you really should know is when to say "yes" and when to say "no" . . . Remember, my darling, careers and caresses depend on your choices of "noes" and of "yesses." If anybody can think of a word that sounds like "no" but really means "yes", please pass it along.

Tommy "Whatta' Pace!" Burton announced that either he has to buy a new house or sponsor a tooth paste sale to get rid of the surplus he acquired entering the "My Favorite Brunette" contest.

Before we leave we want to say "thanks" to "Gentleman John" Watson for ghost-columning for us last week and "Phooey" to James "The Torchbearer" Langston just on general principles.

College Humor

"It says here in the paper," observed the elderly gentleman, "that a man is run over in New York City every half hour."

"Tsk, Tsk!" murmured the old lady. "Poor fellow."

Bell Hop: "Did you ring, Sir?"
Irate Guest: "No, I was tolling. I thought you were dead."

Rachmaninoff once told the story about his boyhood.

"When I was a very young man," he said, "I played at a reception in a Russian count's home, and, for a child of seven, I flatter myself that I swung through Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata pretty successfully. The Kreutzer you know, has in it several long and impressive rests. Well, in one of the long rests the count's wife, a motherly old lady, leaned forward, patted me on the shoulder, and said:
"Play something you know, dear."

Poet's Column

GOSSIP

By L. Lawrence

I passed a lawn
The other day,
And watched the
Trailing roses play,
A game of gossip
In the wind.

Agreeing with
Each passing breeze,
They nodded to the
Gay green leaves
Secure within
Their thorny sheaves.

Then I wondered
Which would be
First to enter
Antiquity;
In time
Some room to grace,
And gossip only
From within a vase.