

## Maroon and Gold

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## All Or Nothing

One of the greatest projects ever undertaken by an Elon student body was launched two weeks ago with the organization of the ELON STUDENTS' ALL OR NOTHING CLUB. This club was initiated after several plans had been under discussion for Elon students to participate in raising money to be used toward the reduction of the college indebtedness.

The pledge reads in part: "I would like the honor of being numbered with my fellow students who are helping to raise \$1,000 to be applied to the remaining indebtedness of Elon College. Because of my personal feelings of obligation to Elon and because I wish always to be proud of her achievements, I am anxious to become a part of this student endeavor.

"I understand that this is a student initiated and student supervised campaign, organized only for the purpose of aiding in the campaign to clear Elon of its debt. I also understand that my contribution will automatically make me a member of the ELON STUDENTS' ALL OR NOTHING CLUB."

This pledge has been signed by quite a few of our Elon students, but there still remain a few who as yet do not understand the real purpose of this club. This is not a high pressure campaign to get as much out of each individual as possible. It is not an attempt by the administration to get a little additional cash from you. It is simply a sincere and worthwhile effort on the part of the Elon student body to show the administration, and all others who are interested, and have themselves contributed to this campaign, that we as Elon students are interested enough in our college, and that we love our college enough to put forth a little effort and a little sacrifice toward relieving her of this debt.

The goal of this campaign has been set at \$1,000, but this is not the only goal which we hope to reach. When the next issue of the Maroon and Gold announces to the public that the goal of \$1,000 has been reached and passed, we wish also to be able to announce that each and every student registered in the college has contributed toward this fund.

When you decided to come to Elon College, you made the choice that you thought would benefit you most. Elon is a fine school, of that there is no doubt, but no school is so good that it can't stand a little support from its students. By sacrifice and generosity on the part of each of us, we can raise this \$1,000 and more. So let's all save some of the money that we would spend for candy, ice cream, cigarettes, and other luxuries, and contribute it to the STUDENTS ALL OR NOTHING CAMPAIGN. By doing this each one of us will feel proud to call this our school and know that we had a part in bringing about the independence of Elon.

Your contribution doesn't have to be large, any amount will list you among the members of the club. There isn't a person on this campus that is unable to contribute at least a small amount to this cause. There are many who are capable of donating much more than others, and so far these people have responded splendidly. The spirit of cooperation that has been received from all of the students so far has been fine, and it is sincerely hoped that this spirit will continue, until both goals have been reached. It isn't going to be hard, if you, and you, and you, will do your part, and do it NOW.

## SNP AND SNOOP

Generally nothing out of the ordinary happens on a scheduled band trip but the trip to Lenoir-Rhyne proved an exception, causing much worry before the game and much laughter afterwards.

The great day arrived; cloudy and drizzly. Fear as to the ability to make the trip was evidenced by many of the band members. A weather map was consulted and the weather was ascertained to be good in Hickory (we hoped).

One of the cars that was scheduled to make the trip was wrecked the night before and another was unable to leave town due to parental wrath. After much pleading these vacancies were filled and all was ready to go.

Departure time arrived but all the cars did not. A hurried trip was made to Burlington and the straggler found. This last car was to leave soon consequently the other cars were dispatched, leaving behind only enough to fill the last car.

They arrived in Hickory and assumed that all was well. But fate intervened again. A telegram awaited the drum major, "Car broke down. Five bumming. High Point now. See you soon—we hope." About ten minutes later they arrived. The telegram was written at six o'clock and was not delivered until eight.

That Elon students have brilliant minds, was well shown last week by the questions paced in box for the Monday chapel quiz? The two questions placed in the box were. Quote, 1. Why can't I get a date for next Friday night? 2. Why can't I get more loving on this campus? Unquote. Anyway it shows the channel that the students' minds run in.

At the Elon-Lenoir Rhyne game Friday night in Hickory, there was probably no more surprised person than a certain gentleman in a brown coat. Standing up in the back of Elon stands, he gave his all for "dear ole Elon", and that was plenty. When the game was over he was congratulated by those around him on his good job. Then it was his time for surprise and heart break, for he thought he was giving his all for Lenoir Rhyne. His excuse was a bottle in his back pocket.

The earthquake you hear coming up the road every morning is really not an earthquake but Ed Robertson's Chevy, termed by him the Elon Cannon Ball.

Some of our day student girls who are in the habit of ensnaring each passing pair of pants will be somewhat cramped by the dean's edict concerning the mixing of the sheep and goats in the automobiles.

## REELING ALONG

The Elon Movies will show "Flight Command" this week-end, starring Robert Taylor. Robert Taylor is a pilot from Pensacola who is sent to the "Hell Cats". The fine captain there is such a busy man that he neglects his pretty young wife. Taylor takes her out just to be nice, but is later accused by the rest of the boys of stealing the captain's wife.

Unable to face the accusation, Taylor plans to resign his position. The Captain is injured in an airplane. Robert Taylor does the heroic thing and reunites the captain and his wife. He then keeps his rightful place with the "Hell Cats", and wins the admiration of all the other pilots.

Next week-end the Elon Movies will present "Philadelphia Story", starring James Stewart, Katherine Hepburn, and Cary Grant. Cary Grant is a rich play-boy of Philadelphia. Katherine Hepburn, a society girl is also of Philadelphia. Grant and Hepburn are engaged. James Stewart, a reporter is sent to cover the story, and what happens from there on shouldn't happen to any one, not even a Dogpatcher. Stewart gets Hepburn slightly woozy and they go swimming. Katherine passes out on him, and Stewart takes her to her room.

Katherine awakens the next morning, and queries everyone, including herself, as to what had happened the night before. Apparently even she doubted her own will-power. The sky soon clears though and everything turns out alright with Hepburn and Grant speaking the wedding vows.

## LIBRARY NEWS

Here we are once again with a cheerful greeting from man's best friend—a book.

From the same shelf of new library books comes Richard Llewellyn's "How Green Was My Valley". The story dates back fifty years when South Wales still prospered and coal dust had not blackened the greenness of the valley. It is a story told by Huw, one of the youngest children of the large family of Morgans, whose livelihood depended upon mining. It pictures his gentle tyrant of a father, one of the most upright and honorable of all the men in the valley; his shrewd and impulsive mother; his many brothers and sisters.

The highlight of Huw's early childhood is Bronner's marriage, who is tender and beautiful and whom "Huw is destined to love all his life." When Huw becomes a man in his sixties in a mood of melancholy he recalls the last days of his golden youth. "A great gray heap has crept down menacingly upon his childhood home and Huw is about to leave the valley forever."

The author has a touch of everything in his story—beauty, and simplicity of speech, comedy, tragedy, love, excitement, fighting, heroism, sacrifice and adventure.

## JUST BOUNCING ALONG

### A Galloping Survey

You know how we bounced over the campus in the last issue. Remember, we bonned into Tony the huckster, who was gayly singing, "Yes, I Have No Bananas." We then playfully swiped a small quantity of 'Onions & Orchids' from Tony, our vegetable man, and proceeded to bounce the same off all deserving heads.

Since surveys and polls on public opinions are a major sport now days, and because of a desire to figure just how much life insurance we should take out; we took a survey to determine how the vegetables we threw last week had digested.

The Orchids were swallowed easily, leaving a taste for more; and all surveyed expressed an opinion that throwing onions at other people was an excellent idea. Now, we too have something to contribute to the Gallup Poll.

### Onions and Orchids

From Tony's fruit stand, our munitions store-house, we got some fresh ammunition, and here it goes. Orchids, bouquets in fact, to the student body for their sincere and active desire to help their school through the "All or Nothing Campaign."

Onions, bushels of well seasoned ones, to any student who has not already jumped at the opportunity to demonstrate his or her appreciation to Elon by depriving themselves, to a reasonable degree, a portion of their candy, cigarette, and such pin-money, pledging it to the "All or Nothing Campaign."

Orchids, to the Music Department for getting equipment with which to record students voices. Worse than any Chinese idea of torture, would be to make the shower-room, and corridors 'Bing Crosby's', listen for an hour or so to a recording of their own vocal exercises.

Onions, as an appetizer to the next meal in which guest-tables are served different food from what is put before us to be enjoyed. They are our guests. Do not our guests deserve the same quality of food that we get? Incidentally, no matter how you cut it, it was still Balony they gave us.

Onions, to those ambitious and perhaps, courageous souls, who can not keep away from the beans and turnip greens long enough to allow the announcements to be read.

Orchids, Onions, or Hamburgers, our most appreciative customer is "Bozo", that pan-handling, airedale pup on the campus this year. He'll swallow anything.

### Scandal, The Awful Truths

In just bouncing along the campus, we ran across a rumor promising all the scandals and horrors of "human moider". Like all such leads, you'll have to read the next issue for further developments.

### Things We Can't Forget

Dr. Smith down on the bumming corner, thumbing his way to Burlington. No, it wasn't quite that bad. Dr. Smith had gone down to the highway to meet someone there in a car. A car was approaching going in the direction of Burlington, so Dr. Smith thought he would see if he could help the boys out a little. Of course, we can't say what the peope on the other side of the street thought.

How the press-room looked when it was cleaned up. (Who can remember that far back?)

Some of the perfectly cute ways that some of the Frats and Sororities thought up to initiate their snms. Honest they were killers.

The last senate meeting. Period.

## Open Forum

Dear Student Body:

Do you remember back in our high school days when the current football hero went over the goal line for a touchdown the last two minutes of the game? Do you remember the roar of applause that went up from the grandstands? That was school spirit! But where is ours?

Some said we needed new cheerleaders; others suggested new vells and some even said we needed inspiration. So now there's no excuse; we have all of these and the team lacks only an enthusiastic crowd to back it up. Without school spirit we are missing half of our college life; without school spirit, there is no college.

When members of the team were asked their opinion on this matter, they explained that they did not play ball for applause but hastily added that they could play only half as well without it. They have heard that we're eager for them to win but they want proof.

Should one go to pep meetings and games because he feels it his duty? Indeed he should not. He should learn the game, know the players and the right spirit will come naturally. A little effort on the part of each person will make our school a different place in which to live.

All the cheerleaders ask is the cooperation and support of every student in Elon College. Every person on campus should attend pep rallies because he wants to and show that he is really interested, prove that he is wholly enthusiastic and make the other colleges see that our school spirit is the kind that counts. IS EVERYBODY READY? LET'S GO!!

The Cheerleaders

## It Does Happen Here

The radio announcer stated, "Life Can Be Beautiful," and I agreed; it can—and often is. In fact, it is beautiful for some right here on our campus, day in and day out. Beautiful because they have discovered what beauty is. They have learned that purity of soul, of mind and of body can make life beautiful—and they have learned that the mind, the body, and the soul are cleansed only through prayer. Yes sir, folks, right here on our campus you have three students who hold their own prayer service nightly. Amidst the blare of radios and bull sessions on either side, these three read aloud a selection from the Bible and then one speaks to God for the other two for fully two minutes. He prays for the peoples of the world, for our great nation and for our homes and friends. He prays for strength of mind and body; that he will leave his footprints in the sands of time. He searches for the truth; the light, the way—"Life Can Be Beautiful"—and often is.

## Seriously

By Louis B. Adair

Can you keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
Can you trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowances for their doubting too;  
Can you wait and not be tired of waiting or being lied about, don't deal in lies;  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.  
Can you talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,  
Do neither foes nor loving friends hurt you,  
Do all men count with you, but none too much;  
Can you fill the unforgetting minute  
With sixty second's worth of distance run,  
If you can, yours is the earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son!

Man since the very beginning of his existence on earth has been faced with three major problems. All three deal with his self-preservation. In the beginning, which incidentally was only a few seconds ago if we should measure the age of the world by the hands of a clock—man was faced with his first great problem—that of obtaining enough food often enough to sustain himself. Even through his ignorance he immediately realized this and soon solved the problem by building up a reserve for the times when food would become scarce. Thus he solved his first great problem. But as he looked about him and observed the vicious beasts of prey, he became frightened for his very life and spent many anxious moments trying to elude the huge Dinosaurs and other types of man-eating mammals. He finally realized the value of stone weapons and other defensive means such as barriers to his cave-home and protective walls around it. Thus, he was able to make himself secure and had solved his second great problem. Man's third great problem has not as yet been solved. It is the problem of *Living Together*. Today man is the only animal that commits mass murder upon its own kind. The tempo of war has increased today, we find them not one hundred years apart, not fifty years apart, but twenty years apart. Today we find not professional soldiers on the field of battle, but men, women, and children standing shoulder to shoulder, bravely facing the inevitable. Today we find parietally every healthy, able-bodied human being in the civilized world hastily doing his part for the destruction of all mankind—of all that is beautiful; of all that is worth living for—all because man has not solved this third great problem of *Living Together*. Each side claims the support of God for its cause. Each side claims the fight is for freedom. No doubt, were I German, my cause would be the German cause, were I Italian, it would be that of my country—and so it should be. However, I am, thank God, an American and therefore I am proud of every cause for which my country holds dear. But people of the world, we cannot continue this way of life; we must not continue to destroy and mutilate everything which disagrees with our personal thinking—Think of the world of the future, what kind of a place do you picture it—if we haven't by then learned to live together. To humbler functions, awful power I call thee: I myself commend unto thy guidance from this hour;

Oh, let my weakness have an end!  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
The confidence of reason give;  
And in the light of truth thy Bondman  
Let me live!

You have the problem. It's your problem and mine. The challenge is upon this generation. We must save mankind. You do your part; I'll do mine. Let's plant the seed at Elon and watch justice sweep like a prairie fire on a wind-blown desert over all mankind.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.  
Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.