

Maroon And Gold

Edited and printed at Elon College by students of Journalism. Published bi-weekly during the college year.

—EDITORIAL STAFF—

Roy Mansfield Editor
 Marjorie Hunter Managing Editor
 Judy Holoman Co-Editor

—BUSINESS STAFF—

Bob Sellers Business Manager
 Jimmie Elder Circulation Editor
 Dr. Fletcher Collins Faculty Advisor

—NEWS EDITORS—

Lucy Atwater Don Iseley
 H. M. Austin June Murphy
 Howard Culbreth John Pollard
 Chick Damron James Pritchett
 Jimmy Elder Bob Sellers
 Harold Garber Mary Frances Stamey
 Forrest Hall Isaac Terrell
 Erwin Harris Irvin Troxler
 W. L. Hobson Charlie Walters
 Judy Holoman Richard Weldon

Marcella Rawls

—PRODUCTION STAFF—

Roy Mansfield Manager
 Philip Gearing Assistant
 David Offman Assistant
 Allen Colenda Linotype Operator
 John Pollard Staff Photographer

Entered as second class matter November 10, 1936 at the postoffice at Elon College, N. C., under the act of Congress March 3, 1879.

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
 College Publishers Representative
 420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
 CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

AU REVOIR

It was with this same feeling of mixed emotion and enthusiasm that one year ago we wrote the first, and now we write the last, of our Maroon and Gold editorials.

Then our ambition was hitched to a star and we saw no possible power that could keep us from our goal. We were looking forward to a banner year under the guidance of our faculty advisor, Dr. Collins, and with the cooperation of our staff and the journalism class.

It was not decreed in the beginning that the life and work of mankind should proceed in its natural course without meeting obstacles. Man is triumphantly successful only when he overcomes these barriers and uses them as stepping stones to higher ideals.

Surely we have had our share of the burdens. The life of a college editor at any school is not one of leisure only. There is work that must be done and it is the editor's responsibility to see that each task is completed as it should be.

At times when the way has seemed too rough and hazardous we have thought of throwing up our hands in despair and disgust. Always however we have thought better of it, for there has been that guiding light set by our predecessors that halted us. Last year we promised to try to live up to those standards. We have tried, we have not done our best, we do not claim that, but tried we have in our own humble way to keep the Maroon and Gold going. It has not been as we would have liked it to be, but we have gone on the assumption that a paper is better than no paper at all.

This is not a hard luck story; we have worked under some handicaps, but we do not feel that it has been a complete failure. In years to come when we are recalling our days at Elon, the time spent working on the Maroon and Gold will be among our most enjoyable memories.

So it is, reclining here in our chair thinking over events of the past year, it is with a sigh of relief yet mixed with pangs of regret that we pass on to Ed Watts the pen that symbolizes the Maroon and Gold and what it stands for. To you, Ed, we wish all the luck in the world and may you carry on, as we have futilely tried to do, the true tradition of the Maroon and Gold. You haven't got an easy job, but knowing that you are fully aware of this fact, and having complete faith in your ability as an editor, we believe that you will make the best editor that the Maroon and Gold has ever known.

To you the student body of Elon, as one editor trudges toward the setting sun in the west silhouetted only as a departing shadow, turn your face toward the East where another editor is silhouetted against the rising sun as a coming figure. Give this editor your faith, your courage and above all cooperation. With these tools plus the tools he himself possesses you will receive a paper next year that is plentiful in pages and superb in quality. With these departing bits of advice may we say we have truly enjoyed being editor of the old M and G and to you the Elon student body, and all those associated with the Maroon and Gold, thanks a million for your invaluable aid. Au Revoir and Bon Voyage.

TO THE STUDENTS OF '42-'43

This week a year ago, our predecessor, Roy Mansfield, took over as your editor. Reputedly good, as he must have been to rate your choice, he has, without fail, lived up to his every compliment. It is with this realization in mind that we step into Roy's shoes.

We will not use his record as our goal, nor his achievements as our aspirations, however worthy they may be, but his memory will serve as a propelling force, as an inspiration, as a driving momentum to push us onward. And when the road seems rugged and rocky, or the guiding gleam faintly flickers, we will need only to remind ourselves of our associations with his regime to be uplifted.

Your Staff will be composed of a group of veterans of experience along with an injection of new blood. We would not have it otherwise. They have been carefully selected on the basis of journalistic ability and each rates tops in his particular field.

Our problems will be your problems. In the ensuing year we will be confronted by many. At any time that we fail to cope with them in a manner not suitable to you, we invite your criticism. The Maroon and Gold belongs to you—it is your publication and your right and duty to keep check upon it. On the contrary, if for one moment you should shirk your duty, we warn you, that in spite of all the supposedly altruism of college newspapermen, your paper may become an organ of prejudice.

We of the Maroon and Gold Staff look forward to a banner year. Our hearts are dedicated to the future of this publication. If you, the Student Body of 1942-43, will bear with us in our task, we promise you the best that is in us.

A SECOND WARNING

The Monday before last Elon rose to its feet in chapel and yelled "We're back of you, Uncle Sam", and we meant it. The program was one of the most impressive of the year.

The trouble now is that some of us are still standing just where we got up, while others have sat down again and settled back for a little sleep. Can't we get it into our heads that this is no time for standing still? The fire is burning and all hands are needed on deck. If the ship sinks we all go down with it. We proved in chapel that we can get in and pull. Now let's keep on pulling. There will never be enough on the job until we all get to work. There will never be enough done until all of us give every ounce of our strength.

This is not idle talk. This campus as well as the nation needs to wake up to the full gravity of the peril that confronts us. We need to get away from the comforting feeling that while we may lose at the start we must win in the end. Only fools think thus. We need to understand how badly we have been beaten in the last few months and to realize what can happen if we don't work together. Only when we are fully awake to the existing facts will we do our utmost. Pray God we know it now. There is not much time.

Things on our campus are not as bad as we have tried to make them seem. There are many of us who are giving much of our time to the cause but this is not enough. The word "many" must be changed to the word "all" before it can be said that Elon is really back of this war effort.

We know now what we can do. It is as plain as the nose on our faces. All we have to do is wake up and do it. Any one who is asleep now has only himself to blame. France had its sleepers, too many of them. Now they cry for a place to sleep or even a decent place to die. We look at France in scorn for being asleep. Now let us not do the same. We at Elon were awake once if only for a moment. We must awake as a whole so we with God's help can stand as one with the nation in victory.

REELING ALONG

Tonight one of the most soul-inspiring pictures of the year came to the Elon Movies. The name of the movie is "One Foot In Heaven", starring Frederiek March and Martha Scott. The story told by the picture is the life of a Methodist minister. Frederiek March, as a medical student feels the call of religion and becomes a minister.

The picture starts out very slowly and you are apt to think you are seeing just another average picture, but as the story unfolds you realize that this is a real picture you are seeing and that it will give you something to think about and enjoy for days and months to come.

On May 1 and 2 the picture that was the sensation of the year will be shown here, Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane". This picture is different in every way. The photography is different from anything you have seen, and the picture is more progressive than any movie that has ever come out of Hollywood. Orson Welles gives a splendid performance in the leading role. The boy wonder who was a sensation on the radio has done it again on the screen.

SNIP AND SNOOP

The wagging of tongues and the like again bring you Snip and Snoop and time marches on, or should we say, Aprils on. And as for wholesome gossip, well, here 'tis folks and accept it if you will.

Have you noticed anything different about Kent Dennon lately?

There doesn't seem to be as much anxiety over couples strolling after dinner since it stays light until eight o'clock these days.

We see that Bowden and Evelyn have been reconciled. Wish credit would be given to this column.

What has happened? Betty and Ray are agreeing and everybody is pleading that they not let us down.

Wonder when Isley is going to confirm the rumors that have been circulating.

Wonder which of our tennis stars will get to play the girl of the High Point netters. Their number 3 man is a girl.

What we would like to know is whose candy was Mary Ellen carrying around last week?

Liza is doing all right these days. She's getting to know more and more about tennis. Is it a love game?

Who was the professor who said in his classroom, that when a lady and gentleman are walking on a foot path, the lady should walk inside the gentleman?

Congrats, Orchids, and Bouquets to Mary Agnes Dodds! She is the first one to start "Doc" Phillips on the road to romance after four years at Elon.

We know now why Dick Casey won't give the Elon girls a break; it is because of a petite lassie from his hometown, and, boy, is she cute!

Wonder what happened to Garber? We hear that he is playing Hard-in to get along with.

Bob Sellers says that the "lag" in our nation's offensive drive is due to the fact that the Japs caught us with our plants down.

Jack Wilkerson, U. S. Army, replied when asked about the "fire power" on the newest army bombers, "We have two forward sling shots and a B. B. gun on the wings, a roman cannon protects our rear and in cases of emergency, we use a four foot pea shooter to strafe troop transports."

Jackie, it seems that you have a standing date on Thursdays lately. The DeSoto rides swell, doesn't it? But how about the Freshman Yankee . . . doesn't he rate anymore?

It seems that if some people don't start returning that ladder that they have been borrowing, that certain somebody is going to get hurt. We don't mind your using it but for goodness sakes, let us use it during the Air Raids.

Culbreth sez' in 1950, we will probably find him still president of the Draft Dodgers Club of 1942.

The girls really go for these cute tennis players, don't they Bob and Bill?

Mary Hill Byrd believes strictly in freedom of speech.

Ask John Barney who is the best player on the tennis team. I assure you that his answer will be the unexpected.

Have you noticed the difference in Lizzie lately. She has decided to go glamorous and she is calling herself Gladys now. Her idea is working too.

Tell us the secret of your success, Molly. Three banquets all in one year; Whew!

Wonder if that worried look on Kenneth Utt's face could have been caused by the new bass discovered during Wednesday's chapel program.

Well, folks, keep your noses to the grindstone and in a couple of weeks, we'll be back with all the things that we know about John Smith and Mary Jones. And for now, Au Revoir.

WANT ADS

Attention: Professors, Students, or who have you.

Wanted: Stenographic or clerical work by secretarial certificate candidates. We can take dictation, we can type, we can straighten out your bank account, arrange your personal bookkeeping and help with your budgeting. We also know a little English. Remuneration — Only the experience. Signed by — Service Commercial Department Club. Dial—Telephone—Commercial.

Wanted: Everybody to stay for Commencement this year and show the alumni what a swell student body we have.

Wanted: An example of a collective noun. Answer: A garbage Can.

Wanted: To know why the people of India are divided into castes and outcasts?

Wanted: To know if Africa is called the Dark Continent because the negroes in it are black?

Lost: All interest in Chapel; Please help me find it before it is too late.

Wanted: Some 1's for the linotype machine so that we won't have to use one's.

Wanted: Information as to how Buddy keeps those good tires on that station wagon with all the good-looking' gals around.

Wanted: Four new tires for Ray's car when the present two wear out.

Wanted: More dating time on the campus; The Student Body.

Wanted: More runs, more hits and less errors. Coach Brunansky.

Looks At The Books

In this column we have been talking all year about this book and that. Now we feel we should say something about the importance of all books that are worth while today.

Conflicting, confusing stories reach us from the vast struggle on the Russian front, where a whole people have risen to defend their country from brutal invaders. Suddenly, thousands of Americans are reading Tolstoi's "War and Peace". Hitler's invasion of Russia has made Napoleon seem real again, and Tolstoi's great story of Russian resistance seems to throw light on this latter resistance to the Germans. This book draws from the past something of what is lacking in the censored news we get today.

News is not enough to satisfy our curiosity as to life behind the scenes. Certain books have helped us, though, such as "The Secret History of the American Revolution", by Carl Van Doren, which opened our eyes. Most of us have never known how numerous and dangerous traitors may be. Shocked by present happenings, we recall the Benedict Arnolds, and so realize that under-cover history repeats itself. What we had thought was a story ended long ago rises up to be a valuable warning for 1942.

These are public matters. But in all kinds of private matters books do the same for us. They extend our range of vision, and fill out our fragmentary opinions about mankind. We find out through books that we are unlike some people, but remarkably like most.

In war-time, books are worth even more to us than before. They keep our minds calm, and give us a quiet feeling. They are a mode of communication. They are a way by which we speak to each other, by which we hold each other's hands.

Books, too, are symbols of our war aims. The Nazis burn good books; they ban the Bible. We treasure good books, and reverence the Bible. When we cease to read, to be moved by what we read, we move a step nearer to the mindless, trance-like condition which Hitler hopes for as the future state of mankind. But we can still read, and it's not over yet. Perhaps some day soon again Germany and Japan will be reading books, instead of burning them. God grant that it be soon.

Wring Out The Old

Haven't we had fun this year? Aren't the boys and girls at Elon about the swellest group that you ever saw? Haven't you made friends this year whom you will never forget? Isn't there a feeling down deep inside each one of you for every building, every professor, and even every blade of grass? I think that we all will agree that the school in itself is a great place, but we all know that the people are what really make a place . . . or break it. And while you are in a mood for listening about people, I want to drop a hint of an idea which may or may not be met with favorably by you.

The past eight months have passed so quickly that it is a bit difficult to realize that graduation is looming into view and that the new student body officers will soon take over. In the rush and excitement of changing officers there is usually a tendency to overlook the officers who are going out. This time, however, we should not forget. The entire student body should thank Kenneth Utt, president of the Student Body, who has led us successfully and efficiently throughout the year; Angie Henry, president of the Women's Council, who has worked steadily and conscientiously to keep the girls in hand; Louis Adair, president of the Student Senate, who has maintained discipline and guided the boys; and to all other officers who have contributed to the success of our year, we should express our sincerest appreciation.

Tell them about it! Tell them that it has been fun; tell them that they will be missed; tell them that you are really grateful; tell them anything—only tell them—and watch them have grace enough to blush.

* * *

What is going to happen to Elon next year? Will Elon become a "School for Young Ladies"? It is a certainty that long pants will be conspicuous by their absence. The male element of the student body will either be under twenty or near fifty.

One girl, when told of this was not to be consoled. In a few brief syllables she voiced the lament of her sex. "Under twenty, too inexperienced. Over forty, too much experience."

Seriously, though, students must realize that this is probably the last time for most of the Elon men to have an opportunity to study at Elon.

Wherever they may be, on land, sea, or in the air, you may be sure that they won't forget Elon.