

Maroon and Gold

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Where Do We Stand?

Latest Washington figures show that college enrollment for the current school year has fallen off nearly fifteen per cent in co-educational schools and at least twenty-five per cent in schools for men. The explanation, of course, is the war, which has exploited the college manpower resources throughout the country.

We do not condemn the National Selective Service System in the least for its action along this line; in fact, we would suggest that it go even further and dig deeper into the college student reserve if necessary, but we would demand a specific policy on the Selective Service status of college men.

There has been no clear-cut statement as yet to what courses shall be the basis for deferment. Then, too, how far along should a student be before he is considered for deferment, if at all? And what about the eighteen and nineteen year-olds if the age limit is lowered?

Some of these questions have been partially answered, but on the whole the answers have been inadequate and confusing.

In regard to courses, any study in which the subject matter correlates army technical courses, or where training in physics, chemistry, engineering, and medicine is properly executed and intensified, we believe that provision should be made for deferment. Of those mentioned, only chemistry and medicine could be considered at Elon.

Concerning deferment for advanced standing, it is our opinion that no student should be deferred until he has at least reached his junior year, and at this time be in good scholastic standing.

It is evident now that we will see in the immediate future a showdown on the status of eighteen and nineteen year-olds. When this matter is cleared up, we may expect a more uniform policy on other draft problems.

Selective Service officials should see the seriousness of the situation and the position of the average college student. We know not what to expect nor what to plan for, resulting in haphazard preparation for the future and lack of morale so essential to our fullest development.

Builders Of A New World

Perhaps you have heard these exact words recently. Maybe you heard the address given at a nearby college this spring, and termed in these very six words. It's a thought—or perhaps a challenge. More explicitly, it's adventure! Challenge! Initiative! Bravery! Sacrifice! We are singled out to do a job, even though we have no experience and are only trying and hoping to complete our college studies. Builders of a so-called new world, who will endure, are not to be found among the intellectual giants, nor among the military heroes of a great nation, nor among the idealists of a religious creed. These builders will be found only among the men and women whose training and education will have developed in them vision, conviction, courage, and "abundant life".

College training? For what? For adulthood? You should analyze this to the point where you determine that you are training yourself in order to teach others. Never say you're planning to teach a modern language or perhaps mathematics. Instead say you're planning to teach men and women, boys and girls. That's education—helping people to increase their understanding rather than to increase their knowledge. Builders of our new world must be dreamers of worth while dreams and see visions that will grip them powerfully.

Three hundred and twenty-two years ago the pilgrims planned to build a new world and they chose the hardest course. Their hardships, their sufferings, their severe sacrifices bear silent testimony to their unconquerable spirit and indomitable courage.

Perhaps the issues today are somewhat different. However, the basic ideals and principles are the same. Builders of a new world will bear the same testimony as did the Pilgrims of old—testimony to spirit and courage.

SNIP AND SNOOP

The waging of tongues and the like again bring you Snip and Snoop and time marches on. And as for wholesome gossip, well folks, here 'tis and if you are among the gossiped about, don't worry, ten years from now, you'll never know the difference.

Virginia, we hear that you had the nicest time visiting Sarah Lou in Chapel Hill.

We wonder if Bud Brown ever found that drink of water that he was looking for at the picnic.

'Twas nice seeing so many ex-Elonites back on the campus for Bid Night.

What is all this that we hear about senior girls dating freshman boys? Perhaps Minnie Belle could tell us about it . . . Anyway, he is cute, Minnie Belle.

Gee, kids, take a peek at Hazel Truitt's sparkler . . . yep, from Isley, too.

Running in the finals: Chase of the month: Arthur "Yank" Dickson in swift pursuit of Mary Elizabeth Turner.

Ask Paige 'bout his cute girl friend who came and visited him this week-end.

Non-fraternity and non-sorority members should be thanked for cooperating and helping with the activities during the past week-end.

Bouquets to the girls being faithful to boys in the service. We hear that the girls are hoping for furloughs though . . . what say, Crowell?

Seems as if Ike just "took over" without much ado. Who says that there is no such thing as love at first sight. And if you don't believe me, just ask them.

Be careful with your heart, Joe Tom . . . but isn't she cute?

Why doesn't Faye fess up and tell who her S. P. is?

Has anyone noticed the gleam in Louie's eye after week-ends? Could it come from the fact that he spends his week-ends near Reidsville? What about it, Agresta?

Hey, Jack, let us in on this Coplin vs. Barber feud. What's cooking?

Carlyle, who tried to bump you off and who got the worst end of the bargain?

How's the romance progressing these days, Buster? We hear that your theme song is "Holt Tight".

Ask Kern whether veal comes from the male or the female sheep. He'll answer, "Female, of course", I betcha.

Have you noticed that Mr. Askin has been sporting around lately? What about it Mildred?

Frank, you are a terrible heart-breaker! You be careful how you treat these sweet lil' freshmen . . . remember, you are a man of the world.

Was Pudsie going around in circles this week-end with two of his heart-throbs on campus.

Oh, gollee, that deadline! If you will just have patience, we will tell all next week and if you didn't make the column this week, hold on to your hats and we will try to get around to you sooner or later. Adios, Senoritas and Senors, may the coming week be full of thrills and surprises for you. Bye, now!

FIFTH COLUMN

Dear Mr. Editor:

From all over the state, from all over the nation we have been subjected to desperate pleas by our military as well as our civilian leaders for our participation in the current scrap drive in progress. And yet to date we sit with our hands folded taking no steps to gather what available scrap material that we have to offer.

A thorough appraisal of the situation however convinces us that we are doing right. All this stuff we read in the papers about scrap being needed is nothing but propaganda. We are the greatest producer in the world of these needed metals and you can't sell us the idea that we need what little scrap can be gathered from our junk piles.

Of course there is a war going on, but that's thousands of miles away from us. It'll never reach here like it did England. Somebody will stop the Nazis and the Japs before that. What do we care how many Russians and British get killed. We could win this war better without them anyway.

Sure, some Americans got knocked off at Pearl Harbor and some since then have gone down the ways, but we knew but a couple of them. Somebody's always getting killed anyway. You know how careless some people are. That's just hard luck.

Yea, there's a little scrap lying around here, but it has never been in the way and we haven't bothered to move it. It takes a lot of effort to get all that junk up just for nothing. All we could find around here wouldn't amount to a hill of beans anyway.

We're college students too, aren't we doing enough to continue in school and finish our education so we can help rebuild the world after the war? We've got too much else to do to bother collecting scrap, and besides most of us are soon going into the service anyway. Let them that want the scrap collected look out for that and let us worry about continuing the educational system.

I wonder what Joe Hopkins or Millard Piberg would think of such reasoning. I wonder what their parents would think of it. If the now famous Aviator Kelly could voice his opinion what would he say. I think he would tell us that if we don't hurry up and get the "mostest there firstest" we won't have any educational system to worry about. I wonder what the northern mother who lost her only four sons within twenty-four hours would say, and I know what Hitler and Hirohito would say, "so glad, you help us keep bombs away by keeping the scrap piles away, thank you."

Nice going fellow students . . . keep up the good work . . . Your favorite fifth columnist.

WHO'S WHO

We, the Staff of the "Maroon and Gold", do here-by dedicate this column to the well-deserving leaders of the respective clubs and classes of Elon College, in order to better acquaint the student body with them, and their not-often-sung merits.

Shhhh! There's Luvene! She might give you a call-down! That, my friends, is often heard coming from some girl of Elon College while in the act of committing some crime (!?!). And why? Because she has hove into sight of a small, dark-haired unassuming young girl—Luvene Holmes, to be more specific, the President of the Student Council.

Born October 20, 1922, in Franklinton, N. C., Luvene "grew up" and after completing high school enrolled in Elon College in 1939. Among the offices held by this young lady while at Elon are included; Secretary of the Senior Class, a member of the Dramatic Club (3), S. C. A. Cabinet, Choir, Secretary of the Literary Society in her Sophomore year, elected a May Court Attendant last year, Student Service Organization, a member of the Tau Zeta Phi Sorority, and the most important of all, President of the Student Council this year.

Luvene expects to receive her degree in Home Economics and after graduating from Elon, plans to teach Home Economics or get into Home Demonstration work of some kind.

We all know that quite a lot of responsibility rests on the shoulders of Luvene. Sometimes her job is not a pleasant one; sometimes to us she may seem a little strict; but, have we ever asked ourselves the question—why? The answer is quite evident; would Luvene have been appointed to such a high office if she could not go by the rules and standards of Elon, personally, and in the case of others? Would Elon's morale and reputation as a Christian institution be as high if it were not for loyal, conscientious representatives as Luvene? No, the job of Luvene is not all one of honor; it means hard work. It means enforcing rules and seeing that they are carried out. It means, above all, an outlook of fairness in everything and all cases that will arise.

No, not half enough credit is expressed to Luvene for her fulfillment of all the qualifications of the President of the Student Council, for everything she has done and is doing. But in the minds and hearts of everyone, both faculty and students, is unspoken gratitude to her. And, may we, the whole of Elon, take this chance to say to her—Luvene, we think you're swell!

INQUIRING REPORTER

When your reporter asked some of the students how they thought social life on campus during week-ends could be improved, the answers were many and varied, sincere and humorous. Well, here they are straight from the interviewees.

Fred Gray—As far as I'm concerned, the week-ends are nearly perfect. However, I would like to see the dances held on Friday night instead of Saturday.

Liza Boyd—I think we should be permitted to date until 10:30 o'clock on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights.

Nancy Fowlkes—In my opinion campus life would be a great deal happier on week-ends if the boys would just stay here instead of visiting W. C. and G. C. so frequently.

Roy Mansfield—I suggest the appointment of an active social committee with a few radical ideas. The greatly increased tension and strain on individuals must be released in some way. Enough power should be granted this committee to act accordingly.

Gene Poe—if more activities were provided for Sunday afternoons, a larger number of students would remain here to participate.

Martha McDaniel—it would help the social life immensely to have some of the intra-mural games played on Saturday afternoons.

Lennings Howard—we should have some form of entertainment all people can and will participate in rather than so many dances.

Virginia Jeffreys—Why ask me? I'm happy.

Ivan Ollis—With the facilities Elon has, I think we are managing our social life well. The S.C.A. is doing its part towards providing some form of entertainment each week-end.

Mary Ellen McCants—Why don't the men around here be men instead of mice? I'm not bashful, why should they be?

Many of the upperclassmen seemed to think the week-ends are much more enjoyable than last year. So with a few more activities to pass the time away everyone will be happy.

REELING ALONG

This week-end the Elon screen gives us "The Man Who Came to Dinner", with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan and Monty Woolley. This hilarious comedy is the story of a world famous critic who comes to dinner at a well-to-do mid-western home during Christmas time and hurts himself so he must stay. What he doesn't do in that home can't be told. It is said that this is a take off on the critic Alexander Woollcott and when he read the play he was ready to sue. Any way its worth the effort of going just to see Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan at each others throats. Bring your dates.

Next week that well known pair of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney visit us in "Babes on Broadway". This is no great story but then with Mr. Rooney at the wheel who wants a story? The songs and the laughs are what count and there are plenty of both. There are also a few tears for you who like them. In other words this show has everything, so be there.

Looks At The Books

There is a time for all things, it is said. In fact it was said to us so now we must get to work and really look at some books. Last time we just beat around the bush and got nowhere in a hurry. This time we are going to try to prove to you daters that Elon does have in some new books that you will like. These books are so new that our friend Herbert, the book worm, hasn't even had a bit of them as yet. We hope to interest you in them before he takes over. Here are two to begin on.

"Tap Roots" by James Street is the story of the Dibneys who ruled southern Mississippi in the period immediately preceding the Civil War. Strong, greedy and with raw matter-of-fact courage, they jeered at fate and dared the impossible. Some died in battle, others on the gallows, and only a few lived to see the tiny spark they kindled blaze into a fire for freedom. It is a vigorous tale of swashbuckling, lusty men who lived and died violently, and women who lived for the hour, knowing that the next would bring disaster.

"The Sun in Capricorn" by Hamilton Basso is the story of two people very much in love, and how their path crossed that man who wanted to run the earth. The scene is in Louisiana and the time is some ten years ago, but to all intents it might as well be today. It is a beautiful story no matter how you look at it and we hope you do look at it.

There are many other new books in right now that you will like. We just want to get you started on them. We know that both of these books are on the South but we are reading "Gone With The Wind" and are getting warmed up to the subject. We are now at the place where things are really getting hot; Atlanta is on fire. We can't wait to get to the end to hear what Rett Butler has to say. As we said last time, that O'Hara gal is some number, ain't she. Now to get some sleep.

Joy Of The Editor

Getting out this paper is no picnic,
If we print jokes, people say we are silly,
If we don't, people say we are serious.
If we stick close to the desk all day,
We ought to be out getting news.
If we go out and try to hustle
We ought to be on the job at the desk.
If we don't print contributions,
We don't appreciate genius;
And if we print them the paper is filled with junk.
If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up,
We are too critical;
If we don't, we're asleep.
If we clip things from another paper,
We are too lazy to write them ourselves.
If we don't we're stuck on our own stuff.
Now like as not some guy will say
We swiped this from another paper—
We did!

TYPICAL BY-WORDS

Please go wake up Kent, Ike. (Dr. French)
How are you—as if I cared!? (John Pollard)
When the fish start frying—Savoy! (Paige)
Have you seen Bobby? (Liza)
Are you kiddin'? (Elon Student Body)
Well, 'scuse me! (Joe Tom Stevens)
Put your name on the list before going up, please.
(Dean Boyd)
Zing-Zing! (Pee-Wee)
Watch that High-School stuff! (Ike)
Silly! (Ellen Barrier)
Help! Liza! (Bobby)
Crazy! (Eunice Holt)
What did you say you were majoring in—English? (Lio Holland)
We'll pay you two cents a pound. (Dr. Smith)
How 'boot that? (Bernie Askin)

Things you'll Never See At Elon

Absolute quietness in the library.
John Pollard not in everything that goes on at Elon.
Virginia Jeffreys with someone other than a Kappa Psi.
Anthony Joseph Festa, talking about someone other than himself.
Professor Barney without his Reader's Digest.
Merritt Foushee getting up for breakfast.
Dr. French not laughing at his own jokes.
A swing band in Whitley Auditorium since the varsity show.
Judy without Burnsie.
Liza not being teased about her drawl.
Spivey with his mouth shut.
The whole, or even half of the student body at Morning Watch.

For Victory...
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