

Maroon and Gold

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ROAD TO VICTORY

Human revolutions are of slow growth. Modern democracy is the heir of the ages, of men dead for many centuries. It began in the thoughts of Egyptian, Hebrew, and Grecian philosophers, and burst into open fire in the Magna Carta, when, for the first time, the Rights of Man were boldly proclaimed. It progressed through hundreds of years of darkness, oppression, and misery, sometimes shining brightly, sometimes almost disappearing in the murk of tyranny and despair. It broke into a wider blaze in the American and French Revolutions. But democracy is still in the process of becoming. It may take many hundreds of years longer before it has perfected itself, rid itself of the old grossness and injustice which it inherited from the Dark Ages.

But even in its present imperfections it is still the noblest concept which man has ever dreamed and for which multitudes have heroically died. In each century it must again engage in the ancient struggle against the primordial forces of destruction and reaction. And each time that the battle is won the march of ultimate democracy is hastened.

It is worth fighting for, this ultimate democracy, though we ourselves may never see its perfection. However, by the Grace of God and our own devotion and strength, our children will see it. They shall inherit the treasure for which we have fought and died—if we have faith, if we realize that nothing is too much to sacrifice for this inheritance. Work is not too much. Courage and our lives are not too much. For, if we hold back, in work, in courage, in life, we shall not bequeath democracy to our children. We shall bequeath them only the bitter knowledge that when we were tested we gave "too little, too late," and that they have inherited from us only slavery and fear.

WHO'S WHO

We, the Staff of the "Maroon and Gold," do hereby 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.

Wadesboro, North Carolina, on December 14, 1922, made its worthy contribution to Elon in the person of Edwin Watts. Congenial, cooperative, readily depended on by friends and by the school organizations—a truly outstanding representative of Elon.

After completing high school, Ed enrolled at his present Alma Mater in 1939. Editor of the Maroon and Gold, president of the Pan-Hellenic Council, president of the S. S. O., a member of the College Publications Board, Sports Editor of PhiPsiChi, member of the S. C. A. Senior Cabinet, a member of Kappa Psi Nu fraternity, president of the Intramural Council, another elected member from Elon to the 1942-43 edition of "Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges"—to hold all these offices and honors prove the dependability his school and fellow students hold for him.

Ed expects to receive an A. B. degree in science at the end of this year. He has enlisted in Class V-7, Naval Reserve, however, if not in the services of our armed forces after graduation, he will continue in his chosen field.

Although holding many important offices on campus, considering them all, Ed is more known as editor of the "Maroon and Gold" than any other. This office calls for hard work, patience, and a rounded knowledge of topics concerning all activities and groups on the campus. Ed is well-suited for this job. This year our school power is definitely one to be proud of and ranks among the highest in small colleges due to Ed's timeless patience and energy.

This same success that he has had on the paper can be seen in everything Ed does, and takes part in. Because of an unbounded willingness to work, every office he has held has been one to further his merits and qualifications—personally, academically, and beneficially.

Both faculty and student body consider Ed to be a friend of the highest caliber; ever helpful, always considerate—placing Ed at the top among the truly ideal students ever to enroll at Elon. So here's wishing luck and success for always to Ed Watts, one of the best, ever!

SNIP AND SNOOP

And we've heard that the girl whispered, "Mother is the necessity of invention" as she crawled in the window at 3 o'clock in the morning. So if we invent a few things to put in this week, don't get jarred—it's just that everyone on campus is so good (or so careful) that we just can't find a thing to say.

But, gee, was Mildred Shook happy a few days ago! Did you see the boy in uniform who seemed to be the reason for her jovial manner?

And didya hear about Amerith Nichols permission slip which read—"Destination, England"—T'was signed too!

What's a certain Junior boy going to do when he finds out that his true love is neither "his love" nor "true" anymore?

For a perfect interpretation of the sounds of the pig family, call on Goldie Morris—she's good!

Lib Holland was powerful happy t'other night. Three good reasons, Lib!

There was plenty of excitement here when the Marines played a "Ray Corrigan" on us. If you don't believe it, ask Lillian Walker.

And didn't it seem good to have the twins on campus again. They were quite thrilled to hear that sisters were rooming in their old room. Yep, the Cannon sisters!

The second floor of West was so quiet this past week-end that no one could understand it. Finally, we found out the reason—Bonnie had gone home.

Surely do miss Ruth McPherson's bright chatter around the campus. She has had to drop out for the quarter because her voice, as you might have noticed, is nil.

Mary, we sure did like your twin brother last week, but doubt if Yank liked the idea very much.

It seems the freshmen boys can't decide among themselves just which one can make the best hit with the Dean's daughter! Helen, we wouldn't expect you to express your opinion.

Is it true that there is a compact between Austin Brown and Ellen Barrier?

Wonder how Charlie Mann can keep a certain one in Greensboro in the dark when everything is so bright at Elon.

Why didn't we all sit during the singing in chapel of the national anthem? Seems to be the custom of the faculty.

Why so quiet these days, Johnny Z?

Wonder what effect the revival meetings will have on the Darden-Jeffreys twosome.

By the looks of things Andy and Winifred have patched up their differences. Looks like smooth sailing now.

The fact that Pee Wee has a broken arm doesn't daunt Bonnie, for as she says, "After all, I still have two arms."

Mary Ellen now studies by candlelight. Says she, "The Watts are much too overwhelming."

Pollard, it must be the real stuff. We've noticed that you even go to church now.

On what subject is Marjorie giving Martha Anne advice?

Two peas in a pod: Mildred Troxler and Virginia Wheeler.

Harriett and Dagwood really look like they've got the real thing. Good luck to ya' both.

Well Folksies, (including Nancy and Frances) this is it! See you soon, if you don't see me first, and may there be more next time!

From The Editor's Mail

Editors Note: The following is an excerpt from a letter received this week from Phil Gearing, who last year worked on the Production Staff of the Maroon and Gold. Phil who was a member of Sigma Phi Beta fraternity, is now in the army, stationed at Denver, Colorado. The Maroon and Gold will welcome and gladly publish letters from and Elon alumni now in the service.

Dear Ed:

ELON—That name makes me really homesick every time I think of it. I just received an issue of the Maroon and Gold and there I was right back on the campus again—enjoying a heated bull session—sitting in Dr. French's class watching the questioning expressions as the students begin to wonder what happened to their beliefs—seeing the freshmen slowly transform from high school kids into college men and women—observing their realization that whether one be from the North or South, all that really matters is being a "straight" fellow—laughing at the sophomore boys as they single out their pick of the cute freshmen girls and then turn on their personality—sleeping through classes as only Pollard and Dennon can—watching old Tex Lisman drag along to class, late again—getting "banged" on that duck—hearing "Chink" Spivey moan "I ain't got it"—watching that beautiful Carolina moon come up as I amble up the walk hand in hand with my one and only, wishing those artificial moons would blow a fuse—going to the swell fraternity and class dances—working on the paper hoping the press will hold together 'till the issue is all printed—wondering where "Honest John" gets his stuff for his so called column—all these things flash through my mind as I dream of our little school down in Carolina and I have something to pass on to you all:

There is a war going on. Hard days are ahead of us. You are in school where you will have some of the happiest days of your life. Make those days count. Hit your studies hard—this army of today needs educated men. Make your social contacts—go to the dances—have your dates—have your good times now. College days come to most of us but once—make the most of them now and the only regret you'll have is that some day you'll have to leave the best little college in the South.

Sincerely

Pvt. Phil Gearing
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Drastic Changes Made In Administrative Policy

Students Praise Attitude Of Dean Massage

With his usual sympathetic attitude and understanding of the student attitude and outlook, our dearly beloved Dean Massage announced this week the plans for the next quarter in regard to class cuts, which have heretofore been considered an abomination by the administration, and the renovations that are to take place this year in the college buildings.

In outlining the setup for next year, Dean Massage stated to the Maroon and Gold reporter that no professor would be permitted to attend classes more than twice a week in a five quarter hour course, preferably omitting those classes which come on Monday, for the students may need Monday to recuperate from an arduous week-end. The roll call is not to be made more than once a week and then only the names of those persons present are to be called. The roll call is to be made at the beginning of the class period so that any may leave who so desire after the prof has begun his lecture. The door hinges and locks are to be kept well oiled so that the prof and the sleeping class will not be disturbed by the squeaking of the door as the students gently and unobtrusively slip away.

Any professor who violates the above stated rules will automatically consider himself no longer one of the college's hired help. Dean Massage stated emphatically, with a baleful look in his sparkling blue eyes and a scowl on his cherubic face, that the administration positively would not tolerate professors who interfered with the happiness and comfort of the students.

Heretofore one of the main reasons why students have rebelled at going to class is because of the hard and uncomfortable seats provided in the classrooms. "The administration understands that they are a hard proposition," the dean said earnestly, "and so next year the stews (he paused here and said very politely, "I beg your pardon, I meant students,") will find that all of the classrooms have been equipped with upholstered chairs with reclining backs. This is for the benefit of those who wish to stay on class in hopes of hearing a new joke." Here the dean became incensed with wrath as he stormed, "If there is one thing we will not tolerate it is a professor who tells old, pointless jokes that no one considers even amusing. When they tell a joke it must be spicy and to the point so that if there happens to be a football player on the class, he will not have to tax his brain trying to figure it out. Classes haven't been made interesting enough and we are striving diligently to raise the standards of the school above what they have been in the past. By making the classes more interesting is one way in which we can accomplish our objective." Drinks will be served on class also. The dean intimated that he didn't mind if the boys had a little fun throwing the bottles at the prof.

"The administration realizes now," the dean said, "that the students want a comfortable and entertaining resort where they 'hole up' for the winter. Book learning is only of secondary, or perhaps tertiary, importance and we feel that since they are giving us undreamed quantities of kale, (more than we know what to do with in fact), we should give them what they want. And in accordance with this we are remodeling the entire floor of the Alameda Building and putting in a night club," he said, giving us a sly wink.

The dining hall is to be remodeled and extended and a modern cafe and all-around classy eating joint installed. The students will be able to get any kind of meal they want with foreign and domestic foods. North dormitory is to be remodeled and a billiard parlor put in the basement. The vacant space in the center is to be utilized by putting in flooring and a pool hall. The roof is to be removed and the entire third floor turned into a solarium by putting on a glass roof. A new gymnasium is also to be built with two swimming pools and the construction is scheduled to begin soon. It is to be built in the large field north of the college campus and will cover approximately fifteen acres. A new seven story, ultra-modern-deluxe dormitory is to be built on the east campus and run similar to a hotel. This building will not be exclusive for men. The accommodations will include four and five room suites.

"This is going to be a real joint when we get through with it," the dean exclaimed with shining eyes. It sounded almost too good to be true.

TYPICAL BY-WORDS

Company, attack!—Mary Ellen McCants.

Oh! My Navy.—Rachael Earp.

I know your type.—Roy Mansfield.

Gotta' take care of the kids—Dwight Kernodle.

What?—Mildred Troxler.

O. K., I'll let you know—Gene Poe.

Have you got any money, or clothes?—C. Mann.

When are we going to bury the Journalism class? —Ed Watts.

TYPICAL M & G

I think that I shall never see

The M and G out before morn. at 3.

A M and G whose news will always wear,

And not have the student body in the staffs hair.

A M and G whose staff is not always pressed

For want of news and lack of talent so blest.

A staff that gets articles in on the allotted day,

And doesn't have to worry about its effects and pray.

Poems are made by fools like me,

But only God could do that for the M and G

Youth's Answer To Its Challenge

The Elon Student Legislators recently journeyed to Raleigh for the sixth annual meeting of the North Carolina Student's Legislature. In the course of the confab, the legislators went beyond the average superficial student thinking and propounded ideas and theories that would make even our national political big-wigs take notice.

Ideas were presented, torn apart, analyzed and rebuilt; a better cross section of what we, the students of North State schools, are thinking, believing and saying—could not be found than was voiced in the chambers of our state's governing bodies that afternoon, night and the following morning. Here was the hearts' blood of young America's thoughts and ambitions for their state and nation.

Opinion was as varied as ideas. Here were pooled the ideas and beliefs of young American minds . . . Thinking by God! And by that very assumption of thought, as individuals, beginning to assume some of the duties that tomorrow and sooner we must assume.

This is the challenge ever flung at the youth of the world: "Tomorrow is yours, what is your answer?" We may know that the youth of the fifteen schools that met under our Capitol Dome and sat in our leaders chairs those two days have fashioned the beginning of that answer: Tomorrow is theirs, Ours, and our answer must be to carry the torch of civilization a little farther up the rocky slope of its climb from the savage . . . as far as our pitiful limited vision will allow us . . . fully aware at all times of the rocks and brush that line the way underfoot, and always with our eyes on the mountain top that reaches ever toward the sky and the highest of mans' ambitions.

The Student Legislators did not voice their opinions as military experts or learned students of national society, but they did express their opinions as college students, who must today and tomorrow assume more and more of the responsibilities of democracy and society at large, responsibilities that are and will be thrust upon us.

Perhaps in many cases vision was limited, but the gathering showed that eyes were being opened, brains had begun to work, ideas had begun to spread, and that hope for the ultimate peace of the world still burned in the hearts of many. All this in the midst of war.

Next year when the Students' Legislature again convenes in Raleigh, there will doubtless be few boys returning, for most of them will, by that time, be in some active branch of the nation's service. Yet we may be confident that that is the way the majority would have it. They have had their eyes opened to the vision of America, and are content to take their appointed place and fight for it, and as many do and will, die for that vision.

THAT IS AMERICA . . . the hearts' blood of her, ever beginning anew with their lives, to bear the torch a little farther up the hill and pass it on to their sons and daughters.

That is the ambition of Youth. That is the ambition of Man for Man. That must be our creed: To bear the torch a little farther; to fan the flame a little brighter; then pass it on to those who will follow us.

That, America, World, is youth's answer to your challenge; that is our acceptance of our trust as a part of a Nation. That is the future of America.

The Student Legislators returned to Elon, not without honor and with a deep sense of gratification for having learned all that they had learned, seen all that they had seen, heard all that they had heard, and felt for a moment the pulsebeat of the future of America.

Things you'll Never See At Elon

Virginia Wheeler not eating.
Freshman girls enjoying those Wednesday evening meetings.

Jeffreys without a smirk.

Rachael Earp not singing.

Kent Dennon without energy.

A neat newspaper at the drug at 4:30 p. m.

Wade Huffman not playing the juke box.

Florine Braxton without a word to say.

Helen Newsome without a voice.

Jean Cahoon without a smile.

Harriett Wrenn without a "Gold in 'er 'aid."

Mrs. Johnson getting to breakfast on time.

Clyde McKenzie taking physical ed.

Lewis Nance with a tie on that anyone else would wear.

REELING ALONG

This week "Two Yanks in Trinidad" visit us and that is some traveling. Brian Donlevy and Pat O'Brien are the two yanks and they get around. Janet Blair plays the part of the girl they would like to get around with. These two may be two yanks in this picture but in some ways they look like a couple of jerks to us. All in all, Trinidad turns out to be a hot place. Bring your fans to this one. They can be put to use.

Next week brings to our screen one of the best shows to come out of this war; "This Above All", starring Tyrone Power and Joan Fontaine. This is a beautiful picture taken from a beautiful book and is well worth seeing. We think we can say without overdoing it too much that this is the finest picture to come to the Elon screen so far this year. Need we say more.