

Maroon and Gold

C'EST LA GUERRE

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Your visiting editor has begun to find his silver threads among the gold. He is beginning to approach the day when men shall waggishly observe that he is a marble-top among the oaken altars of academic sanctity; and that he smells faintly of heliotrope and the mustiness of the ancient tomes with which he has, forsooth and of dire necessity, been so long associated.

It has been a pleasure to watch your verve, to hear you singing and cooing. A bit nostalgic, of course. For it reminds me of the dear dead days beyond recall, and of a few pranks which, I must confess, I dare not in my present position bring to light.

Yet as I bear this violet to the guillotine of the editor's chair where Old Ed Watts wields scissors and blue pencil, I summon enough of the spirit of my own lost youth to dare a quarrel. It's a difference of opinion that makes horse races, isn't it?

Day by day I take my portly front piazza up the steps of Alamanca and rest me in a chair before a desk and a class. And the class is full of you. And when you fail in recitation and I inquire the reason, you tell me it is the war. The words are both specious and spurious. It's you, and you ought to be jolly well ashamed to let yourself down and in stupid self-deception and hypocrisy say "It's the war." The war is a total war. You are part of the nation at war. Uncle Sam has you here for a purpose, and asks you to double and triple your effort to get yourself ready to be of service to the nation. Don't blame anything but your-

self for poor scholarship. There was never a greater incentive to do your work well. It's the war. Sure. And don't twist the logic of the meaning of the words. It is war. And here as well as elsewhere, work counts. You prepare to serve the nation. Faint hearts and laziness kill no Japs. Today's math will help to navigate planes and ships and plot the angle of gunnery tomorrow! Today's knowledge gain, of whatever kind, makes tomorrow's man.

This is the center of the world. You can start from here and go anywhere. Travel is an educator, and history is traveling in Time. Travel to the 103rd Olympiad, 366 B. C.

It is June, the sacred month. The athletes have given the oath to Zeus that they have trained ten months: the great event of the Olympic Races of old Greece is about to be run. The giant horse-shoe hillside of the ancient stadium is filled with people for whom the worship of Wisdom and Beauty and Strength has long been a custom.

The herald announces: "The twenty-four stadia race. One of the golden eagles of the victory pillar will fall for every stadia run. He who first touches the pillar after the falling of the last eagle, him will I crown victor."

Twenty-four times around the track was a great test of courage and stamina, and the days of training counted. Can you see them? An even dozen, the pick of the nation, lithe and beautiful their bodies as they bent eagerly forward, toes clinging to the starting grooves in the rock—waiting the signal—over two thousand years ago?

And Damascus won. Damascus of Messina, eighteen

years old. He had trained ten months, mind you; and the long effort of training gave him power and his straining finger-tips touched the pillar first. It's great to be young, to play the game on the field and off; and condition wins, wins every time.

Upon the glory of the past today must build. From the example of the past the philosopher takes treasure.

The cynic sees Time as a grey-beard loon. The wise man finds in him the ancient warrior and the high priest of Wisdom. You are young and your blood sings high. That is as it should be, but don't scorn time and the lore of the ancients. "Wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards her," says Bullard. She waits patiently in the books the long years have prepared for you. You pay tuition to Time. Study hours and years of college are hard bought. Use them well. Time stoops to man's dure. In this magnificent universe he was yesterday too, all our yesterdays, that have lighted fools the way to dusty death. I quote Swinburne and Shakespeare in garbled fashion, trusting to the little minority of scholars in these marble halls to give ear.

For Time is today also, noble or tawdry, as we make it; and he is the tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, in stealing pace moving to the last syllable of the to-be-recorded years. Shall we say, "Unhand me, grey-beard loon," and think with Ponce de Leon to find immortality on earth? Or ride forever in vain like Don Quixote, tilting at wind-mills? Or shall we grow up and come down to earth, see things as they are and Time a treasure to be found, not like fairy gold at the rainbow's end, but like love and laughter and life itself, here in this present moment and its task?

Snip and Snoop

Elon just can't be bat, can it? And even though we had the grandest times ever at home, we are all glad to be back and with the gang again. So now that all the "ellos" and "Did you have a good time?" are over, we can settle down one more to our tasks. And with it, of course, come the choice bits of gossip that just can't be overlooked.

Hooper, what have you to say for yourself? It is always Hooper and Martha Ann these days.

And that broad smile with which Mildred T. greets everyone is a result of that elegant sarkler that now adorns her third finer, left hand.

Have you noticed those two lady-killers, "Honey Case" and "Precious Senter"?

Ginny isn't saying, "Joe, Tom to e" any more. Could it be a misunderstanding?

Dr. Bowden says "Some people get enough enjoyment out of Sociology, but others bring their own entertainment." Was he talking about you, Kern?

Orchids to the Council for the excellent start they've made under the new President Onions to the girls who complain about the new idea of closed stud. With the cooperation of every student it could work wonders in bringing up the scholastic average.

Something to note: The way Hazel Roberts visits the Zodda Shoppe all the time.

It is nice to have so many of the day students living on the campus now. The war, after all, has its assets.

And because the Journalism class has been so liberal with its contributions this week, when I specks this will be all till we meet again. So till next edition . . . Be seeing ya'.

Poet's Corner

Talk?
 I'm full of it:
 Yesterday—
 Or Tomorrow—
 Happiness
 Or pain for borrow

Dreams?
 I'm a connoisseur
 Some things lost,
 Some things gained;
 Dust doesn't often
 Follow rain.

Broken Stuff?
 I've a mind full of it:
 Felt some pain,
 Wept at sorrow,
 Had Today
 And wished Tomorrow.

Words?
 I'm full of them:
 Pringed curtains
 To my thinking,
 Quickly pulled
 And don't give—n inkling.
 I'm looking at two letters
 From the other side
 Of the curtain.
 Miller Basnight.

U. S. Army Announcement

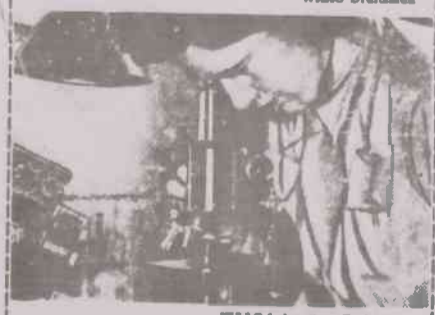
To College Women in their Senior Year



WAAC learning how to work



WAAC Draftees



WAAC Laboratory Technician

WAAC PAY SCALE

Officers	Spv. Rank	Base Monthly Pay
Director	Colonel	\$333.33
Asst. Director	Lt. Colonel	291.67
Field Director	Major	250.00
1st Officer	Captain	208.00
2nd Officer	1st Lieutenant	166.67
3rd Officer	2nd Lieutenant	150.00
Enlisted Members		
Chief Leader	Master Sergeant	\$138.00
1st Leader	First Sergeant	125.00
Tech. Leader	Tech. Sergeant	114.00
Staff Leader	Staff Sergeant	98.00
Technician, 3rd Grade	Technician, 3rd Grade	86.00
Leader	Sergeant	78.00
Technician, 4th Grade	Technician, 4th Grade	70.00
Jr. Leader	Corporal	66.00
Technician, 5th Grade	Technician, 5th Grade	60.00
Auxiliary, 1st Class	Private, 1st Class	54.00
Auxiliary	Private	50.00

* To the above are added certain allowances for quarters and subsistence when authorized.



Your Army has scores of jobs in the WAAC for alert college women . . . jobs vital to the war . . . jobs that will train you for interesting new careers in the post-war world. And here is good news indeed—you may enroll now in the fast-growing WAAC and be placed on inactive duty until the school year ends. Then you will be subject to call for duty with this splendid women's corps and be launched upon an adventure such as no previous generation has known.

New horizons . . . new places and people . . . interesting, practical experience with good pay . . . and, above all, a real opportunity to help your country by doing essential military work for the U. S. Army that frees a soldier for combat duty. These are among many reasons why thousands of American women are responding to the Army's need.

You will receive valuable training which may fit you for many of the new careers which are opening to women, and full Army pay while doing so. And by joining now you will have excellent chances for quick advancement for, as the WAAC expands, many more officers are needed. Every member—regardless of race, color or creed—has equal opportunity and is encouraged to compete for selection to Officer Candidate School. If qualified, you may obtain a commission in 12 weeks after beginning basic training.

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