

Maroon and Gold

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A Testing Time For Students

In a time of emergency, an individual shows of what stuff he is made. A physical or a moral coward endeavors to run away from a difficult situation, usually by placing himself in other surroundings. If this is impossible, he will try to evade the issue or turn his attention to entirely different things. As the psychologists say, he uses the method of "escape." For instance, if a student of this type fails in an important examination, he may shrug his shoulders and say, "Oh, well, let's go to the movies." A weak or indecisive character will seek to postpone the issue, even try to avoid making a decision at all; he will waver from one point of view to another, until life drives him into action, only too frequently with disastrous results. In the water, you shall not expect to see a man who has possessed himself of the sea and then can face any emergency squarely in the face and then act upon a considered decision and a stern determination. To the onlooker, the results may seem to be as undesirable as those descending upon the others, but a slight reflection will show that this is untrue. For the coward or shirker carries with him the scars of weakness and failure, the weak man remains weak, while the brave becomes more courageous, and carries in his soul a conviction of strength and power obtainable by no other means.

The era in which we are living today is comparable to the period of the fall of the Roman Empire, when the protector of western civilization and of Christianity fell a prey to the hordes of pagan barbarians. The course of history was altered and the way of life known to the peoples of the Empire vanished from the earth. It is an awesome experience to watch a civilization, in many ways a fine and beautiful civilization, and one which has brought blessings to humanity, crumble and fall into ruins. We cannot visualize what the new civilization developing in the world today will bring to us; and as we view one after another of the fancied securities of the past few years vanish before our eyes, we will see nothing but insecurity and uncertainty.

The students in our colleges feel this crisis more than any other class of our citizens; for in addition to the difficulties already mentioned, they are waiting to be called into service any moment. This emergency, like all others, calls out the real, innermost character of every student, and to meet it adequately demands not only courage but common sense. If being in college and participating in its life, studying, reciting, working in its extracurricular activities, was the very best thing he could do with his life last September, it must be the best and wisest course of action now. In itself this is common sense; moreover, a man who acts along these lines will make a better soldier when he is called, will find advancement more readily achieved, and will be far more prepared for civilian life in the future. This also is common sense, and it calls for a splendid type of character to live it day by day. The writer has seen more than a few examples of the high soul mentioned in the following verse:

"To every man there openeth a Way and a Way and a Way;
The high soul climbs the highway, the low soul gropes the low;

And in between, on misty flats
The rest drift to and fro;
To every man there openeth a Way and a Way and a Way,
And every man determineth which way his soul shall go."

PIERCE'S PHILOSOPHY

Peu a Peu l'oiseau son nid--an old French proverb--
Look it up--
And little by little the world grows older.
Any student of physique knows that it is more difficult to keep healthy when you're living A life of ease.
It's a funny thing to most of us--
But work is good for man.

Snip and Snoop

Wup! Paper almost went to press without me this time--your remarks are probably better left unsaid. And have you ever seen a one-legged man pushing a wheelbarrow? or a one-armed paper-hanger with the itch? or anything sillier than this column?

But what we want to know is why is Ike Perry wasting his time when he could be giving some of Elon's beauties a thrill 'n a half by just grinning at them? Nancy Fowlkes ('Rastus Fowlkes to some people), who are you interested in at the breakfast table?

Make up your mind, Jeffries!
And was Elizabeth Oakes mixed up when Lou Angresta popped up unexpectedly!

"Big Chief" Spivey is trying mighty hard to become the ideal boy friend and all for a certain 3rd floor West Lasse.

Feminine attraction has finally caught the eyes of Ed "Bull" Watts. Stranger things have happened! There seems to be competition too--Um, Kid!

Arthur "Yank" Dixon says he'll probably be engaged by the time he leaves school in March. Wonder if he's taken into consideration the nice-looking young fellow who was a visitor here a few weeks back.

Girls, what was the topic of Lib's five-minute talk the other night? Could it have been "life history"?

Bobby seems to be keeping the roads warmed up between here and Burlington. Why?

Hats-off! Vic has found ANOTHER interest. It must be great to be carefree like Hooper.

Note the happy face of Casey over that black-haired, dark-eyed girl that he was sporting this weekend.

Things We Envy

The voices of the Cannon girls.
Ruby Wright's diamond.
Rachel Crowell's versatility.
Miss Hochridge's patience.
Polly Armfield's wardrobe.
Louise Hauser's sense of humor.
Miss Moore's good way of life.
Anybody's delicate appetite.
Dean Messick's love of students.

BORROWED

Fancy a paper or a conversation without a moron joke in it! So, the M. & G., not to be outdone, has decided to produce a little more wit (?) for all you intellectual people. And you can stop reading if you've heard them! And, wow! They'll kill you!

How about the moron who mailed the letter without a stamp on it because nobody was looking when he put it in the box? Or the one who took his bicycle to bed with him so that he wouldn't walk in his sleep!

Then there was the vicious moron who slayed the refrigerator because he thought it was Gen. Electric.

And then the moron who cut a hole in the wall to see the show. P. S.--Then he was arrested because he didn't want to see the whole show!

Also the moron who took hay to bed with him to feed his nightMARE.

Ho hum, such is the life of college morons--who are usually termed as students. So, to finish this column off--we know, it's through already--we'll furnish you with some poetry.

College Girl's Lament

Of all sad words
Of tongue or pen,
Sadder of these--
Where are the men?

A terrible thing has come to pass,
I woke up twice in history class!!
I thought and I think,
And finally I thank,
But finally I left
My paper blank.

I stole a kiss the other night;
My conscience hurts, alack!
I think that I'll go out again
And take the thing right back!

Me love has flew,
Him did me dirt;
Me never knew
Him was a flirt.
To those in love,
Let I forbid,
Lest they be do'ed
Like I been did.

That's all, folks! And if anyone gets energetic, and would like to furnish us with some poetry or jokes, just send it to the nearest asylum on the campus, and that'll be us!!!

ROLL OF HONOR

(Published below is a letter recently received by the Student Service Organization from the City of Greensboro commending the Elon organization for its work in putting over the blood plasma drive.)

Student Service Organization
Elon College, N. C.
Dear Members:

This letter is to recognize the splendid contribution from the members of your organization in soliciting and putting over contributions to the Civilian Blood Plasma Bank.

You have made a record to be proud of, for, according to our reports, eighty-nine from your college have made their donation. Your group holds a record in donations from any organization or college, and without your help we would be in pretty bad shape today. Such wholehearted cooperation is something that you can justly be proud of, and you have our most profound thanks.

Sincerely yours,
C. G. Yates,
Co-ordinator.

JOLTS AND JARS

By JOHN "CASANOMO" POLLARD

The road to love is not a smooth one. Nor is it so difficult or hazardous, as is borne out by the fact that everyone is loved by someone. But it is generally studded with an abundance of roses and thorns that have an unpredictable way of behaving like next week's weather, and it is this element of surprise and counter-surprise that makes the pursuit of love an international pastime that is much more popular than Chinese Checkers, Bridge, or being an "arm-chair General." In some cases, this sport that is as old as life itself, has become with some a lifetime job or a career for those who possess the talents to make love a paying philanthropy. However, because of the somewhat dubious virtues of this latter class, we shall confine ourselves to instructions for those who come in the class of those who devote their time and effort in the pursuit of that practically indefinable element known as love, affection, devotion, infatuation, or passion.

Now, before you can ever consider the prospects of getting to "first base," where the grass is considered green of a darker hue by rookies (?), you must be willing to make sacrifices, and more than likely keep on making them. Because to get along you must be agreeable, and as Lincoln said (or did he?), "A love divided against itself cannot and will not survive--or even thrive."

Beside making sacrifices you must have something that the other half wants. Now this something may take on many and varied shapes, sizes, types, states of being, materials, attitudes, viewpoints, and/or combinations of the above. We are all familiar with the assistance or help that a pretty or handsome face can be, or a curvaceous or muscular body, or clothes, or an automobile, or MONEY, or an agreeable personality, or a parallel viewpoint.

Therefore we can say that to fall in love you have to sacrifice something for another and you have to have something to give, to offer, or to make things worth the effort; or to fall in love you have to give to receive. So to fall in love, find someone that desires what you possess and give it to them. And there you are, just as happy and contented as a can of milk until the other guy comes home from the Marines, Army, or Navy; or the other girl shows up with something close akin to an Old Gold advertisement (a new face, or a rich uncle, etc.--or a new oblation or immolation). But after all, isn't it the uncertainty of it all that makes it such an engrossing and worldwide pastime? Who knows? But Laps in Lapland do it! Even girls at Vassar (and Smith) do it! Folks say Boston Beans do it! So-o-o-o-o-o-o!

DID YOU KNOW STUFF?

That Louis Armstrong is the only performer in history to ever play twelve command shows for the King and Queen of England?

That Johnny Long, popular North Carolina band leader, is featured with Abbott and Costello in their new picture, "Oh, Doctor"?

That Art Kassel was member of the 131st Infantry in World War I? Or that he was with Lieut.-Gen. Jimmy Doolittle when he suffered his first crash?

That Gene Krupa uses up as much energy in a one-night appearance as does a baseball pitcher in two games on the mound?

That Barry Wood is a Yale graduate; while there was a member of the water polo and swimming teams, played sax in the same band as Rudy Vallee, used to sing in the following bands: Abe Lyman, Vincent Lopez, and Buddy Rogers?

That as soon as a guy carries his wife across the threshold he is already holding the bag?

That Blue Barron was once a professional boxer?

That Dorothy Lamour was Eddy Duchin's first vocalist?

That Xavier Cugat was violin accompanist to Enrico Caruso?

That Jack Teagarden is an Honorary Member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers?

After much investigation we finally discovered the reason the rats in our room made so much noise running around. They had to, it was cold.

In Greensboro last weekend we found a restaurant where you could eat dirt cheap. But who likes to eat dirt?

We don't say that he doesn't exactly lack ambition, but he's the type of guy that would spend his time in a nudist camp selling subscriptions to a fashion magazine.

While listening to Jerry Wald in Greensboro Tuesday, it brought back memories of the time we played in a theater and they presented us the house . . . a brick at a time.

Did you hear about the rabbit that had six bunnies and beat the Canadian record by a hare?

Well, so long; we have to go check on the rumor that a certain spinster is taking contortion lessons so that she can sit in her own lap. Guess who!

CONNOISSEUR

In days of old
When Romans bold
Ruled the world
Lucullus dined
On humming birds' tongues
And goldfish livers.

He sent ships the world over
To search out dainty foods,
And preparations for a banquet
Began a year in advance.
For he had no Frigidaire
To keep his meats fresh.

Lucullus had a slave
Whose duty it was to throw him out
Of the dining room
When he had eaten too much.

Now Lucullus is dead. So are the humming birds--
Mighty dead.
They don't make 'em any deader.

And all I know of Lucullus
Is that he was rich, and fat, and foolish--
A big fat man.
And the slave who threw him out
Of the diningroom
Was of more service to humanity.

Writer's Wily Words

A touch of creative initiative, a trend toward spelling and putting words together, a "hunk" of intricate machinery, and a mountain of madness blended together with just a trifle of logic and sanity make up two indispensable items to our nation and the "American way"--a newspaper and its instigators.

We, however, placed in the dreamer's and writer's categories, think not of ourself as a trifle insane, but totally insane. Of course, we wouldn't admit it to you for the world, but to ourselves, sometimes, we wonder what and how did we ever get mixed up in this screwy stuff (?), or shall we say, with a touch of ironic amusement--profession?

There's nothing that tells on the nerves more or drives one more crazy than to be a writer. Always you have to put words on paper--your own words--unless you want to be put under the jail; always you have to be creative and imaginative in your own way; always you have to be able to take criticism of your work and sit back calmly pulling your hair while someone tears your personally pet writing to pieces.

The salary of a writer isn't very much; just enough to buy a toothbrush and toothpaste--that is, if you can afford a toothpaste tube in the first place. But we seem to get along somehow. On two words, mostly, that could be described more picturesquely in one (?)--intestinal fortitude. All professions have their "ups and downs," but ours seems to fall into the "mountain-and-chasm" category. If we aren't "all there" when we enter the field of writing, by the time we're a veteran at it we could calmly tell the inmates of an asylum to shove over and make room for us, without any qualms.

But just being a writer isn't enough; how about the balmy one that chooses to be a newspaper writer? That takes the cake. . . . if you've enough energy to even pick it up, after once joining the ranks of these filing fools, though. Running around looking for news and then trying to put it down on paper so as to not let it appear to be prejudiced; always afraid of hurting someone's or some organization's feelings; trying to meet a dead-line; trying to have fresh news and be the first to get it--brother, just find a breathing spell!

No, our job is far from an easy one; as all newspapermen will readily agree. You have to have an ironclad constitution to be able to keep going through all the hard work and hard knocks a newspaper calls for and takes. And the most important thing is to never lose interest and zeal for writing and furthering the merits of your paper. Loyalty to this profession--loyalty to the screwiest job in the world--comes from a love of our paper and all the hard work it stands for--no matter if it kills us!

But every bad job also has a good side. For all of the headaches you suffer as a newspaperman, you are repaid manifold in the satisfaction and happiness you receive on doing your job well and seeing the paper go to press.

I can't imagine a bigger thrill to us than just to walk into a printing room or newspaper office and see the actual part of it. The writers at different desks, busily doing their part for the institution they represent, proofreaders reading copy, news coming in a mile-a-minute to them. And then go a little farther into the actual process of putting a paper out. The place where all pictures and negatives are made; the smell of printer's ink and the clack-clack of the linotype machines as the world-in-writing rolls out. A thousand things that we love but never quite seem to find time to describe on paper as we do everything else that happens.

No, no matter how crazy we seem to everyone (and to ourselves!), we wouldn't give up our part in this mad rigmarole for all the filthy lucre in the world. It is a job that calls for action every minute, one that must go on schedule or else the "battle is lost." For an example, look at the newspaper correspondents in all the far corners of the globe braving dangers and hardships to be able to give the American people first-hand information on all the latest developments. There must be something more to newspapers and writing than just work, and a lot of words put down on paper. But what it is, even the most celebrated writers with their endless vocabularies can never seem to find the right word to describe it. It's just one of those things, as unfathomable as the sea. We, that represent this field, shall go on, growing screwier and screwier every day without a thought as to why.

So here's to newspapers and the morons (?) that persist in keeping one going, even if we end up by calling ourselves Napoleon and George Washington in the last curtain call! For no matter how tough the going, "ye ole feeling" within us will always remain, as an unquenchable thirst never quite satisfied. So you sane people, once in a while be liberal in your thoughts and actions toward us, we just can't help it--because we love it!

Tintypes

Raymond D'Antonio

. . . . who likes da spaghetti and meat balls better than any kind of food.
. . . . but it seems to everyone that any kind of food will agree with him--and that he eats his share and about four other people's too!
. . . . is called "Pud," and "Totsie," the latter being more fitting. (!?)
. . . . but ever since a certain popular song came out, the title has been attached to him--
. . . . not insinuating anything, but it's "Mr. Five by Five."
. . . . has teeth that are the envy of everyone, accompanied with a happy smile.
. . . . how about that "toothpaste ad"?
. . . . is majoring in History.
. . . . will enter the Army after graduation.
. . . . hobby is raising flowers of any kind, just as long as they're "purty."
. . . . By the way, he also has a weakness for blondes, with blue eyes!
. . . . likes Henry James' orchestra best.
. . . . and has arrangements of "Marie," and "I Heard That Song Before."
. . . . is a friend of everyone on the campus.
. . . . and has more friends himself than he'll ever know.