

Maroon and Gold

Snip and Snoop

A Senior's Swan Song

BORROWED

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As I Would Not Be A Slave, So I Would Not Be A Master

(Below is a reprint from the Saturday Evening Post. The phrases supposed to have been coined by a person standing in the presence of the likeness of Abraham Lincoln as found in the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. The words depict so forcefully the ideals of the American way of life that we thought them worthy of further publication.)

"As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master." — A. Lincoln. There are times these days when I must come here to stand in the shadow of the man Lincoln. To search in the replica of his kindly face — and in the mold of his strong, homely body for something of the courage and the honor and the vision that were his.

And always when I come to this place where men have raised a shrine to his memory — I find peace. And in his immortal words — now near a century old — a promise to all mankind for days yet to come.

"As I would not be a slave," . . . and I ponder his words . . . "In giving freedom to the slaves, we insure freedom to the free, honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve" . . . and I know that this man saw as I must see — beyond the selfish borders of a nation. That in the grandeur of his soul — he visioned a world unshackled . . . all men set free. And willed to us the torch he carried high — lest in the end we, too, become slaves.

And thus I see my mission and my task. This freedom is not for us alone. Not selfishly for America. The light that Lincoln saw cannot burn for the few who are free, in the ugly shadow of anguished millions enslaved.

"So I would not be a master" . . . and I see millions of men . . . young men whose dreams like mine were of life and all it holds . . . born free men in a "nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

I see them in blazing skies and on flaming waters . . . in jungle fox holes and desert dugouts — daring to risk the infinite sweetness of life — that there shall be no masters. That the dictates of God and the dignity of man shall in the end prevail.

"It is for us the living . . . That this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

And so in the shadow of this man who saw the vision of freedom for all men — I rededicate myself to the fight for freedom. For I would be neither a slave . . . nor a master.

Looks At The Books

We have been told to go lots of places in our time, so we are getting used to it. The only trouble is that every time we are told to go anywhere, it wakes us up. Our Editor just told us to go some place, so here we are. It's warm here in the library stacks, but not warm enough. We do feel at home, though. Now to find a book to read.

Well, now we have it. Since we hate war, its title just struck us in the eye. It's called "The Problems of Lasting Peace." It is by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, and no matter what else there is to say about it, it is a book that is written for us today. For while we are now concentrating on the winning of the war, beyond our inevitable victory must lie the building of a peace that will last for all time. This book is a new approach to the problem. The authors are convinced that post-war problems will be insuperable unless we begin to plan now; that otherwise we shall merely run the danger of sowing new seeds of hate and more war; that unless the next peace be made durable, this war will have been fought in vain.

This book builds up exact conclusions as to the foundations essential for lasting peace. It presents the alternative plans for preserving that peace; and, finally, outlines the methods by which peacemaking should be conducted.

There is no doubt but that this book did wake us up to some things, but it took work and we are tired again and want to sleep. Before we turn in, however, we are going to read another chapter in "Anthony Adverse." It's some book, and Anthony sure gets around. We wish that Scarlett O'Hara girl was in it, though, for those two would sure make some couple.

Well, how-d'ye-do, ladies and gentlemen? Again your favorite (?) column changes hands, in the middle of the year, and what the results will be, no one, least of all me, knows. But Snip and Snoop must go on, as gossip marches on. Of course, this column, as usual, depends upon you, so whatever you make it, don't blame us. But how about creating some nice, juicy gossip, so we won't have to tax our brains so much to get enough to fill this column, and so it will be interesting to read?

In the past we have had no complaints as to the quantity or quality of gossip, because everyone has been so-o-o nice and cooperative that we could just ramble on and on, getting nowhere fast. However, we are continuing under adverse conditions. Due to circumstances far, and I do mean far, beyond our control, gossip is going to be twice as hard to make, and twice as hard to find. Yes, you guessed it: Uncle Sam stepped into Elon and scooped out a large portion of our eligible gossip material, without due regard as to what would happen to this column, or most of all, to our hearts. But what is to be, is for none of us to decide, so we will all have to grin, and find our gossip where we can.

Elon just wouldn't be Elon without a Maroon and Gold, and a Maroon and Gold just wouldn't be a Maroon and Gold without Snip and Snoop. So, we're counting on all you good people to try doubly hard to continue to fill your shoes, and the missing ones; to create enough gossip to make everybody happy (?).

One of the most heartful occurrences — perhaps the greatest one — came when the call to arms came to our group of boys here — the splitting up of couples that had practically become institutions on the campus. These couples had done all their share for Snip and Snoop, and their absence will create a snag in our column.

Some of the above mentioned were: Nelson Taylor and Mary Ellen McCullis, Margaret Smith and George Bullard, Mary Alice Critcher and Eirey Hooper, Jean Cooper and Lewis Nance, Carl Allen and Helen Smith, Josephine McClenny and Vank Dickson, Jimmy Roberts and Edna Rumley, Don . . . and Hazel Trullitt.

Some of you may not be complete; if any were left out, please don't feel slighted; these were probably the last couples we saw on the campus, and could not recall the others right off hand.

"Gone but not forgotten," are these girls' mottoes; however, we, of the student body, want you girls to know that we miss the boys' presence also. But remember, girls, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" — so keep on smiling.

Left on the campus to keep things going (and we know they are quite capable of it!) are such couples as:

Hazel Roberts and Vic Zodda, Amerith Nichols and Bones Bradsher, Mildred Tazney and Bernie Askin, Elyse Bennett and Ruth Koonits, John Pollard and Walena Smith, Elissa Boyd and Bobby Johnston, Gene Poe and Alice Miller, Tony Festa and Hazel Walker, Eunice Holt and Ray Kern, Nell Crosshaw and Reithel Grimes.

And, girls and boys, if you do not discover your name among the above listed, it is not our fault, because all we can do is look around for gossip — we cannot create it. By the time you read this, other couples may have teamed up, so we'll be on the lookout. If, in the meantime, this does not happen, we'll be greatly disappointed, 'cause we've just got to have something to write about — and you're why we write this column, and you're what's in this column — whoopee! seems to me we're going in circles, or something, but maybe you get the idea. We hope so, anyway.

So until next issue — keep 'em gossiping!

Fantasy

Elon is the place to study. With the help of lover, friend, and buddy. The gang here never seems to play. They only want to make an "A." On the college ground there is no noise, made by the teachers, girls, or boys. It's quiet in the dormitories. For all are studying glories. Girls have no time to fix their curls, and boys — they waste no time on girls. They don't spend time in idle talk or walking double down a walk. At Elon, so the saying goes, We don't like dances, we don't like shows. I say this to the world to know, I always speak the truth just so. I say it with no lies or buts — The campus squirrels shout back "Nuts!"

James Elder.

REELING ALONG

This week brings a rare treat to the Elon screen. This treat is the showing of Walt Disney's "Fantasia." If you love music, this is a show you can't afford to miss, for in "Fantasia" for the first time pictures are used to accompany music. Leopold Stokowski provides the music; Mr. Disney the pictures.

The program reads like the usual symphony program — eight numbers — Bach, Tchaikowsky, Dukas, Stravinsky, Beethoven, Ponchielli, Mousorgsky, and Schubert. Program notes are furnished by Deems Taylor. The music is superbly recorded on a new system called "Fantasound." "Fantasound" tricks your ear into believing that the sound moves with the object that makes it. This music mixed with Disney's art makes a product that in parts is truly beautiful. At all times it is worth seeing.

All in all, we'd say it is a performance that you can't afford to miss.

Next week's show is not set as yet, but it is hoped that we get "Holiday Inn," starring Bing Crosby.

The most important class on our campus today is the Senior class. What the future holds for them, no one knows, but we are all proud of them for reaching this high milestone in education.

We were curious as to how these seniors would feel toward leaving Elon, and Elon itself, so we conceived the idea of having one of them put his swan song down on paper for us, to be published in this column.

Just turning the clock back to January 1939, when I made my first appearance at Elon. It seems as only yesterday that I started in this institution of higher learning. The people I have met and my acquaintances are slowly leaving, which seems to bring sadness to one's heart.

It was peace time, and with boys from various States in the same group, it was just like one happy family. We would argue and gripe about many things, but that was only to keep the place alive with noise.

During my freshman year I roomed at the Carlton House — we had boys of every nationality, and people called us the League of Nations. But every one of these boys has left, leaving me back to continue what we were striving for in school.

I have seen boys come and go in four years of college, some leaving the next day after arrival and some remaining all four years.

The gloomiest days began with conscription; the three boys who started school with me were drafted. Then war was declared in 1941 and many more of my friends were called to arms.

We used to get out on the hardest and dirtiest practice field every day and fight for the glory of Elon. The man who was our father and guided us has left us also, which has made the place change considerably. His name is Horace Hendrickson, now playing father to other boys at Penn. University.

Now I must say that "those days are gone forever." I am on the last lap at Elon. These four years have been the greatest in my life.

One doesn't think he is profiting in school until he is ready to leave. Then as he gazes back in dreams of yesterday, he sees everything he has done, and how it has helped his growth in knowledge and experience.

One goes down the list of people who have taught him through the years — each person has more than gone out of his way just to help him in a better way of living, so he will be able to meet the whole world face to face without blinking his eyes with astonishment.

Elon is very fortunate in having men like Professor Hook, Professor Barney, Dr. Bowden, Dr. French, and a few others.

The time is coming to close, and it makes me reminisce about what Elon has meant to me.

Elon may be small in quantity, but it exceeds its greatest height in quality. People gripe about being in Elon, but when they leave, some time in the future, they always come back to once again tread on its ever-living campus.

I leave this place May 24, and it will be a day filled with both joy and sadness. There will be sadness in leaving Elon, and joy that I have been able to maintain the standard of Elon for four years.

Yes, it will be hard not to come back to Elon every year, but one has to face these things in life.

I am headed for the Navy upon my completion of Elon — and one can rest assured that I will hold its standards high while in the service of my country.

All of one's old friends are gone, but new ones keep taking their place, so my morale is kept high. I will never say, "Good-bye, Elon," but always, "I'll be seein' you, gang."

Journalistic Writing

By Helen Margaret Messick

According to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the function of the newspaper is "to communicate to the human race what its members do, feel, and think." The late Willard Bleyer, Director of the School of Journalism at the University of Wisconsin, held that the press should communicate accurately, explain intelligently, and "guide public opinion."

William Allen White, the distinguished editor of the "Emporia Gazette," hopes that "the press will follow the widening social sense of the people," but is not sure that it does this now.

Finally, "Editor and Publisher," the authoritative organ of the American press, declares editorially that the citizen "has a right to look" to his newspaper for "information and guidance." In other words, this publication admits that the press has a moral function to perform if the "guidance" is to be in the right direction.

The American press is free. There is no censor. No government official has a right to tell a newspaper what to print or what to suppress. There is no special legislation governing the minutest details of printing and publishing, as there is in other countries. The press is not the obligatory mouthpiece of any faction or dictator. It is not subject to the regulatory machinery of the State or against its will, amenable to exigencies of powerful politicians. There exists no governmental control of any kind, and for more than a century none has even been contemplated in our vigorous democracy. In short, the American press is the freest in the world, insofar as political control is concerned.

The new journalism will enlist the services of the highest type of editor and reporter. They must be men of staunch in the conviction of their responsibility to the best interests of the community and imbued with the idea of seeing deeply and of writing accurately. They must see to it that "no one's character shall be assailed, no institution's standing be discredited, no vested right be jeopardized, and no man's or woman's motives impugned."

The call is loud for men of conscience, heart, and brain. The American newspaper needs new blood to meet the exactions of a progressive civilization. This is the power that steadily levies on the community for recruits to man its guns, stoke its furnaces, to act as its pickets and outposts. The future is big with opportunity.

Wit and witticisms seem to come in handy every moment of every day. And laughter, or "just grins," are nice things to see around the campus. So, relax and grin awhile with us as we drift through foggy (?) clouds of poems, stuff, and what-have-you.

PHYSICS STUDENT'S VERSION OF PSALM 23

I have a physics teacher, I shall not pass. She maketh me to show my ignorance Before the whole class. She giveth me more than I can learn. She lowereth my grades. Yea, though I walk through the valley of knowledge I do not learn. She fireth questions at me In the presence of my classmates. Shes anointeth my head with problems. My brain runneth over. Rarely atoms and molecules Shall follow me all the days of my life, And I shall dwell in the physics lab forever. (The above is dedicated to the striving Physics class — bless their poor souls!)

THE SIX AGES OF WOMAN

Safety pins, Diamond pins, Hair pins, Clothes pins, Fraternity pins, Rolling pins.

(Dedicated to any female who bothers to read this — and to the hen-pecked males, who shall find more truth than poetry in it!)

A POEM (?)

Love has me in a whirl; I don't know where I'm at My heart is overflowing, But my pocketbook is flat.

AND — HOW TIME FLIES — (OR HOW TIMES CHANGE)

May, 1941 — Look, there goes a soldier. October, 1942 — Look, there go some more soldiers. April, 1943 — Look, there's a boy. July, 1943 — Look, there's a soldier. September, 1943 — Look, there's a civilian.

Hope you enjoyed our little "Borrowed" collection that we gathered from here and yon just for your amusement. And may the memory of them bring a gleam of sunshine to you, as you struggle through the dark moments ahead.

Are You Kiddin'?

— Trees are generally regarded as good for shade. It seems they've seen some pretty shady things around here, too.

— Then there was the moron who wouldn't listen to a joke about oil 'cause it wasn't refined.

— Laundry ad: We do not tear your clothes on machinery. We do it by hand.

— Did you hear of the girl whose face was her fortune and it ran into a nice figure? Or of the girl whose face was like an hour glass — she made every minute count?

John: "I'm knee-deep in love with you." "Wuzzy": "All right; I'll put you on my wading list."

Dean: "Who broke the chair in the Reception Hall?" Girl: "It just collapsed all of a sudden, but neither of us was hurt."

Bernie — "Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up. I'll get you a date." Pritchard: "Yeah, and then suppose you don't get me the date?"

And as the sweet young co-ed said as she raised her coke in a toast, "Here's to the pictures on my dresser. May they never meet!"

And — that's all, folks!!

What The Future May Hold

In the near future an Army Air Forces Training Detachment will swoop down on the Elon campus and very nearly take over a place that we have known as exemplifying the essence of quietness and serenity.

Already we have been shuttled from one dormitory to another in making way for the establishment of such a center. We shall suffer further inconveniences; in fact, we have just begun to suffer. Dining-hall facilities may not be up to par, and classroom space may not be as adequate as it has been in the past.

All of which adds up to one thing — sacrifice on the part of Elon students. And let it not be said that we did not do our bit. Our cooperation can be of invaluable aid in putting across this program which the college authorities have shouldered as Elon's contribution to the war effort.

And just one thing further. The impression that we make as a college will be lasting and widespread. Through the hundreds of army enlistees passing along the halls of Alamance, Elon will build a reputation which will either be a credit or a slam to the institution throughout the country. Let's make this impression a creditable one.

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