

# Maroon and Gold

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## Quiet, Please!

Emmons once wrote that "Habit is either the best of servants, or the worst of masters." It is true that habits can be advantageous or they can be detrimental to a person. There are countless habits which fall in either category. Needless to say those which detract from a person should be discarded; those which cause him to be a better citizen should be cultivated. And one habit which might fall in the servant class is that of study.

How one studies is more or less up to him, for it is much more difficult to teach a person the best way to study than it is to teach him how to read. He should have enough ambition to realize himself what form of study habit best meets his individual needs. However, there are numerous ways by which fellow students may aid each other.

It is rather pitiable that students who have reached the college age can not study, and apparently, have no respect for the needs and desires of those who wish to study. Regardless of how good the study habits one may have formed, he can't very well accomplish much with the radio across the hall blaring forth or a rip-roaring party in progress next door. A majority of the students come to college with a definite purpose in mind and a goal in view. Those in the minority should not be permitted to deter them from their course.

The constitution of the women's association sets aside two hours each night, from 8:00 to 10:00, as quiet hours, during which time students are supposed to study or remain quiet. It is true that some are fortunate enough to have the afternoons in which to prepare their assignments, but it might be well for them to remember there are some who have to work or some other activity and must leave their studying until night. Enforcement of quiet-hour regulations have been lax. It is up to members of the Council regardless of their position, to reprimand those violators in the prescribed manner.

There has been no rule to that effect set up in the constitution of the men's government. There have been numerous complaints from the boys that they are not able to study in their rooms in the dorm because of the excess amount of noise. To solve this situation, it has been suggested that the boys observe study hour also. The Senate is now working on a program whereby boys will be expected to maintain quiet in their dorms during a set time in order that those boys who wish might be able to study. The members are seeking the cooperation of all the boys in this project. It is an excellent idea, and one which requires no real restriction on the part of the students.

## A Christmas Letter

### TO ELON MEN AND WOMEN:

The tremendous events of the war remind us of the fact that Elon men and women are serving under the flag in many far-distant areas. To them all we of this new generation of students send greetings and good-will for Noel. Christmas in war-time is always strange, and doubly so when one contemplates the fact that the nation which has most disturbed the peace of the world gave to us many great men and works of art, and among them the most beautiful of Christmas songs—"Silent Night, Holy Night."

But however emotions may be stirred in nostalgic or sentimental emotionalizing, there is a task to perform. Let us be about our share in the work. This is a moment for realists, for people who get things done. No grimmer war has ever been fought. The issues of right and wrong were never more clearly drawn. There must be no quarter to evil.

Wherever you are, your Alma Mater knows that you will be giving the cause your best with heart and courage high. Peace and good will shall come again. At Christmas, even though you must line up the sights on the enemy, you may do so with clear conviction that you battle in the cause of the Prince of Peace and Right, and that some day the old Christmas—the day of good will—shall again become the birthright of little children in a world where Freedom shall have been restored to humanity.

# Over The Shoulder

## PERSONALITY POP-SHOTS

Geraldine Kelly: Daint . . . petite . . . sweet . . . lovable . . . teacher . . . believes in "Early to bed and early to rise" . . . works hard . . . long golden hair . . . Oak Lodge.

Gene Poe: "Joe" . . . mighty sporty with those drape shapes . . . full of fun and hot air . . . "Preacher" . . . Miss Moore's problem child . . . really likable jerk . . . lady's man . . . has what it takes . . . class president.

Hazel Walker: Grand-looking red-head . . . commercial teacher . . . studies hard . . . beautiful hair . . . chic clothes . . . our new vice-president . . . her heart's on leave of absence while serving in the U. S. Navy with Tony.

Bonnie Davis: Little girl doll . . . long black curly hair . . . "Shorty" . . . charter member of the H. C.'s . . . taking home ec . . . "Pee Yee," or is it? . . . mischievous . . . cute . . . devilish . . . rooms with Betty Bob.

Bob Gaskins: Lady-killer . . . regular Fred Astaire . . . Book Store cow-boy . . . Hilda on his mind . . . good-looking . . . one of those freshmen "Speed Demons" . . . frequents Oak Lodge.

Virginia Jeffreys: (?????)

Faye Thomas: Jeffrey's roommate . . . 'Nuf said.  
 Virginia Wheeler: Mighty attractive, even though she is a Yankee . . . blackhair . . . dark eyes . . . usually giggling . . . nursemaid for two adorable little boys . . . dramatically inclined if you haven't heard her recite "The Highwayman" . . . very artistic.

Lib Holland: Sociologist (?) . . . black curls . . . tall . . . looks good in purple . . . slightly "Frenchy" . . . Ladies' Hall, 2nd floor . . . more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

Don Miller: Like Miriam, he uses Irium for that Pepsodent grin . . . head-waiter . . . friendly . . . Ann's admirer . . . little shoes and Teddy Bears . . . Yankee, almost converted.

Bill Meacham: Poet . . . Big-time waiter . . . parson . . . believes in fairies . . . worries Miss Moore . . . Modern "Mother Goose" . . . the "Great Lover," . . . a wandering Cassanova . . . side burns . . . wolf.

Joyce Matthews: Jitterbug . . . female-wolf . . . full of fun and jive . . . speaks her own language . . . good-looking clothes on a good-looking gal . . . O. K. by us.

## Who's Who?

What! A Yankee! Yes, a real live Yankee way down here in the South. Have you any idea who it might be? That's right, it's Charlotte Husted and a mighty good-looking Yankee at that.

When Charlotte came to Elon we learned a few personal things about her that we would like to pass on to you. First of all, we found that she was born in Cedarville, New Jersey, on July 31, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren Husted. She attended school in Cedarville until she moved with her family to Long Island, New York, where she graduated from Riverhead high school in June, 1939. After taking a post graduate course there for a semester, she obtained a job with the Harry Lee Publishing Company in Riverhead. Charlotte entered Elon in the fall of 1940 to major in the field of Home Economics. Her record here has been an exceptionally fine one. She was secretary of the Freshman S. C. A. and secretary of the Senior Cabinet in her sophomore and junior years. This year she is president of the organization and, needless to say, is doing splendid work with the group. She was assistant editor of the college yearbook her junior year, and this year is treasurer of the senior class.

A member of the Tau Zeta Phi sorority (Charlotte has been active in all phases of campus life. Incidentally she is also a honor roll student. She will graduate at the end of the second quarter and take leave of Elon To a swell Yankee, all of us South-erners say, "Best of Luck."

## Had You Heard?

Well, we haven't. Glad you told us. We the students of Elon are deeply grieved by the loss of one of our dear friends. It is not known at just what hour the dearly beloved passed into the unknown. Her name was always on our lips and very few days went by that we didn't sing to her glory and praise.

It was just at opening of the school year that we became attached to her. There are rumors that there may never be another one like her. We were delighted to know that during her career she made her debut on the Hit Parade. Her national fame will long be remembered.

Many were the nights when we sat up until the wee hours, boasting of her great accomplishments and worthy attributes.

The only uncomplimentary remarks to be made about her to date are that she was drinking beer in a Cabaret and spying on a blonde.

"PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA," we salute you.

We came across this little poem the other day and thought you might like it. We would like to dedicate this ode to the cadets. Hope you haven't heard it.

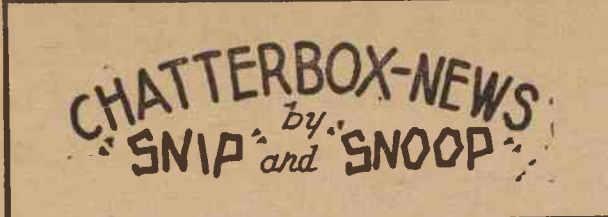
### MY CADET

He's as brave as a lion  
 As strong as an ox  
 As fearless as a tiger  
 As sly as a fox.

As cute as a teddy bear  
 As gentle as a dove  
 As wise as a hoot owl  
 When it comes to love.

But any talk of marriage  
 Fills him with loathing  
 He's strictly a wolf  
 In Uncle Sam's clothing.

—Borrowed from Richmond County Journal.



Well, here we go again, gossips, and that means you and you and you . . . Just everybody . . . We'll give you a good start to buzz about, and you'll have to make the most of it, (or maybe the least of it).

Now what you want to know is . . . Who's just wild about Harry? . . . What Ladies' Hall belle chimes "I Just Kissed Your Picture Good Night" before she gets to bed? . . . How heavy is the mail bag from Nashville? . . . Does Martha believe there's safety in numbers? . . . What Cadets have changed the title of one of the popular favorites of the day to "I'm Dreaming of a Tight Christmas"? . . . Was it from Aunt Dinah's quilting party, Wally was seeing Nelly home? . . . Well, McCants, which one are you remaining faithful to, or are you? . . . Johnny, Boy, why do you spend so much time and money on see-gars instead of giving us girls a break? . . . What do those girls who come in the library every afternoon from 2 to 3 study? . . . But has anyone met Elon's "Pistol Packin' Mama"? . . . What attracts the Burlington Hot-Shots back to Elon after class time? . . . Isn't there a gas shortage? . . . And, incidentally, have you heard that a kiss which speaks volumes is seldom a first edition? . . . Have you been close enough to Faye to see her wings?—Angel wings? . . . Is Rawls still "Old Faithful"? . . . Why are there so many good-looking blondes in the Cadet Corps to confuse so many co-eds? . . . Who'll be enrolling in the course for Living Alone and Liking It this quarter . . . Liza, Lou and Jessie? . . . And isn't it funny how Spike's mail comes addressed to "Miss Vivian Harrell"? . . . Does J. R.'s wife want an educated husband? . . . Is "Joe" Poe going to find his "Who's Who" and get to wear the pretty little pin? . . .

Ann Frink, will it be true next time? . . . Is Florine remaining tied with a ring now? . . . Ann Bigby's tonsillectomy was quite a success in more ways than one, wasn't it? . . .

Has Mildred forgotten Campbell soon? . . . Is Josie Burt Mahon's "Honey"? . . . Please let Snip and Snoop in on this—Does anyone know that cute blonde caded named Bud . . . Don't Arnold and her little soldier make a darling couple? . . . Are Jaunita and A-S Thompson still "on 'de ball"? . . . And have we two sets of Becky's and Johnny's now? . . . Is it true that Hilda Roberts is in love? . . . What makes Ray McDonald so hard to love? . . . What we want to know again this year is "Who's Going To Milk Old Betsy?" since Basnight and Darden have gone? . . .

Doesn't Jack Walker have cute dimples? . . . Gee, but don't we miss Wennie? . . . Has Owen scuttled the Navy for Lib Hill, or did Faye's and Jeffrey's room produce a favorable atmosphere over Thanksgiving? . . .

Does "Pee Wee" know about the "Shiek"? . . . Why do they call the boy from Pennsylvania "California"? . . . When is somebody going to create some gossip worth printing? . . . Who is next on Joyce's list? . . . What is this we hear about Jeffreys and George? . . . Who is Theo Strum's devoted admirer? . . . Why have the trees lost their popularity this year . . . Who shot who? . . . What's the price of eggs in China? . . . Screwy, ain't we? . . . Now, what you really ought to know is "Who writes Snip and Snoop?" . . .

And isn't J. C. the ladies' man when those gals start cutting in in the Book Store? . . . We wonder who those three men were and who they were visiting here last weekend? . . . My, but hasn't the Navy worked wonders for Edwin Watts? . . . Will we be happy when Christmas holidays come, or do some of us hate to leave the Cadets? . . . How is Senior Gibbs doing with the women these days? . . . Does anybody read the MAROON AND GOLD?—don't answer this . . . Would someone like to write a letter to the editor? . . . Don't do that, either . . . Have you ever been lonely? . . . Tough.

P. S.: Snip and Snoop extends its humblest apologies to Lucille Morgan. It was merely typographical, honest, it was. P. S., Jr. Have you read this far? . . . Well, then, have you heard the one about the man who drank eight Coca-Colas and burped Seven-Up?

The library, in cooperation with the ministerial association, will have charge of National Bible Week here on campus. National Bible Week will begin December 12. A display of Bibles and books about the Bible will be shown in the library. Mrs. Johnson has asked that all students who own books which they would like to have on display to see her.

Several new books have been ordered but, as yet, not all of them have arrived. These books are being bought for your benefit, so it will be to your advantage to read them at your leisure.

Two of the better ones recently received are "DAVID," by Duff Cooper and "MOTHERS OF THE SOUTH," by Margaret Jarman Haygood.

Duff Cooper tells the fascinating life of David, King of Israel. From Cooper's pen, David emerges as one of the most richly gifted and complex characters the world has ever seen.

"MOTHERS OF THE SOUTH" is a portraiture of the white tenant farm woman. It is based primarily upon case records of more than 100 white farm tenant mothers living within a selected North Carolina sub-region, but comparisons are made with an equal number living in the "Deep South"—Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. The body of the text discusses these mothers—their work in the fields, house-keeping, child-bearing, and community participation. Case material is scattered throughout the book, while two cases, which serve as types are reported in full. Students interested in sociology will be concerned with reading this book.

### BY EDNA TRUITT

# Did You Know?

## BY GENE POE

Did you know that during the last World War Elon had an army program set up on the campus? It was very different from the program in which we are now engaged, but nevertheless, it was striving for the same goal that we today are striving for. And that of course is to obtain an everlasting victory.

We would like to give you the exact words of the paragraph that opened the college bulletin in 1917 and 1918. They are heart-stirring words that should long be remembered. "The College year 1917-1918 was a memorable one. An atmosphere of unrest and heart-searching characterized it throughout. A new emphasis was given to life, and a deeper meaning. The explanation is the World War in which we find ourselves arrayed." These same words could easily be used to explain just how we feel and respond to the setup that we are a part of today.

From information that we have gathered here and there we have pictured in our minds a fairly visible picture of how the school program was carried on during those days of unrest. It was early in the fall of 1917 that the men of the College adopted a "College Man's War Creed," that attracted wide and favorable attention. These young men wanted to serve their country and at the same time they wanted to further their education; and so they volunteered to become a part of the United States Army. In a few months' time the Military Instruction and Drill Work was under the supervision of the War Department. The work was put on regular army basis and those making good were given proper rating with the Government when they were called by order.

We would like to picture to you the contrast in the set-up during the last war and this one. This time our students were drafted and sent to other schools and training camps. In the last war the members of the male student body remained on campus as a part of the army program. The training, both physical and mental in the first army detachment was much the same as it is today.

The women on the campus did great work too. They adopted a College Woman's War Creed. In the opening they stated, "Since this is a war for the masses and not for the classes; since it is a war of the race and not of a sex; since we who remain at home have our part in its winning, by rigid economy, stern elimination of waste, and every possible effort to keep the home fires burning, we the women students of Elon College do hereby adopt our own War Creed." And so they did and a great piece of work grew out of it too. Girls, this is another challenge to you to continue playing your part in the war effort. They did it before; you can do it again!

It is said that Elon was the first College to lose by death, in the National Army, one of her noblest sons during the last war. However true this story may be, we are proud to know that again we are serving as before to give the American boy the best training in the world.

# Poet's Corner

## LAST LIGHT

Days spent in pining  
 And remembered touches  
 Washed high on the shore  
 Of thought  
 Come.

The memory  
 of  
 The last light  
 The early dew  
 The scented breeze  
 And the Colour  
 Of evening fading  
 On leather tan  
 Cheeks—  
 The couch creaks  
 And a great Persian cat  
 Purrs forth the stars.

—Bill Meacham.

## THE VANISHED HOUSE

The labour spent  
 And the house was built  
 To insure lives  
 Against storms to come toward  
 But not to.  
 Its luxuries were overt  
 During the early green spring  
 The long sunny summer  
 And the purple-hazed autumn.  
 But then came  
 Ice-toothed winter  
 And the house  
 Was crushed  
 Under the shadow  
 Of a vanishing  
 Snow flake  
 Never to rise again.

—Bill Meacham.

## THE KINGDOM

Beyond the twist,  
 the broken thought,  
 the thought continued toward.  
 The past  
 and beyond  
 the bruised mouth  
 the broken bone  
 And torn body  
 the Kingdom is.

—Bill Meacham.