

Maroon and Gold

Edited and printed at Elon College by students of Journalism. Published bi-weekly during the college year.

—EDITORIAL STAFF—

Faye Thomas Editor
Gene Poe Managing Editor
Rachael Crowell Associate Editor
Mary Ellen McCants Feature Editor
Bacil Steed Sports Editor

—BUSINESS STAFF—

Virginia Jeffreys Business Manager
Ann Frink Circulation Manager
Charles R. McClure Faculty Adviser

—NEWS EDITORS—

Robert Weston Wally Snyder
Elizabeth Braddy Alma Sprinkle
Elizabeth Holland Virginia Wheeler
Shannon Morgan Edna Truitt
"Spike" Harrell Mary Lib Wright

—PRODUCTION STAFF—

Charles Brown Linotype Operator
Dr. Merton French Staff Photographer
Spike Harrell Press Room

Entered as second-class matter November 10, 1936, at the post office at Elon College, N. C., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Here And There With The Old Professor

Mr. Barney's latest quip: "Do you know what the Egyptian said to the pyramid?" "Is my mummy in there?"

John Hook reports that when he made his first landing (with one of the slightly faster planes in use at the advanced pilot school to which he has now been sent) he bounced so high he had to take off again. We thought that was unusual, but it is reported not to be. And if you want to find out something about aircraft and anti-aircraft guns, talk to the boys in "C" section. Some of them have had a wide background in training with the guns that are making Hitler open his eyes, mouth, and one-track mind.

The final reports on the Sicilian campaign show that the Germans were completely wrong on their calculations about the speed of our assault because they estimated the power and speed of trucks and road-making machinery on the basis of their own. Our engineers doubled and tripled the speed the enemy figured we might make in opening up mountain high-ways they thought they had made impassable. Both Jap and German were woefully ignorant, although they believed they knew, of the possibilities of precision and power in the use of mechanized arms which our forces could bring to bear upon them. And the story is now only half told. We are just beginning to strike. Before long we'll really be hitting them hard.

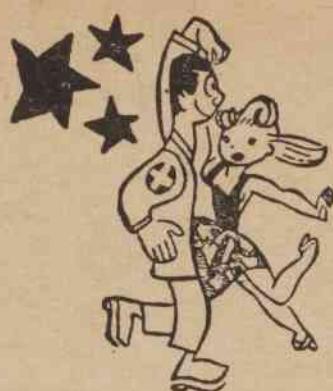
One of the strange tales of the war is the one about the engineer doing front line duty at night, subbing for the infantry, and holding his sights on a man in the dark—who also had the engineer lined up. The engineer held his fire and challenged. A good American voice replied in regular American accents. One of our own paratroopers. Still in the dark, and behind rocks about fifteen feet apart, the engineer said, "Your voice sounds familiar." "Yours does too," said the paratrooper. "I know now," said the engineer. "You're Mike Drabnik from Yonkers. You lived in my neighborhood, just around the block on _____ street." Good thing there were a couple of cool heads behind those trigger fingers in the dark.

As the old professor ruefully observes that his hair is getting thin in spots, and that he wonders more often in loco fashion in his lectures, he notices more and more the gap that time makes between the young and the old. We both have our secrets. But at times it seems to me that it becomes increasingly difficult for me to find the way to your minds. However, I persevere, and occasionally feel rewarded as some indirect suggestion bears fruit and helps you to find yourselves. It's an old game, and is one that pays dividends in human affairs. And it ought to work both ways. Suppose you try to attain to a sympathetic understanding of the Old-Boy-Behind-The-Desk, too. Human nature is a complex of many colors. The better part of education is always in learning how to know people—how to read human nature. When high moral purpose and warm heart patiently guide you, and you really get to know a fellow, you'll find something good in him, and a song in your soul.

Bouquet For The Council

One dozen red roses for the Council. Congratulations are in order on that swell party you gave last Saturday night. All indications point to the fact that everyone there had a mighty good time. Several "experienced" persons remarked that it was the first time they had been before the Council and really enjoyed themselves.

According to reports from here and there, the food was good, the program was entertaining, the music was super, and everyone looked very nice—in fact it was a well managed party. Really, girls, the entire student body appreciated and enjoyed your efforts. We would like, in closing, to wish the Day Students the same success with their dance tonight.



3-B's

'Boogie'

'Barrelhouse'

Blues

BY BACIL H. STEED

With the memory of the Party or "After the BRAWL is over," still in my mind I recall a few choice bits of music notes . . .

Now playing at the Paris Room in mid-town Manhattan, is one of America's foremost trumpet and trombone stylists, SUNNY DUNHAM and His Orchestra . . . Sunny has a good arrangement of "Holiday for Strings," "Don't Worry Mom," "When They Ask About You" and then there is that old standby, "I'll be Around" . . .

CONFIDENTIALLY—

There's MONEY in MELODY . . .

Top singers, fiddlers and band leaders are in the financial class of Wall Street moguls now, a fact for which they can thank radio and the movies. In some instances, these amusement industries have multiplied musicians' incomes as much as fortyfold.

Here are some of the findings: The biggest money-maker of recent years is Nelson Eddy, fairly handsome baritone, who gets around \$600,000 annually. He gets first \$2,000 of the receipts at a recital; the local manager gets the next \$1,000, and Eddy receives 60 per cent of the rest.

Grace Moore eked out a mere \$156,000 a year before radio boosted it to \$500,000. This includes her movie earnings, without which no musician can hope to reach the top income brackets. Barnstorming is the hardest way to earn big money in music.

Life earnings of \$10,000,000—half of it gleaned by twenty barnstorming American trips in 49 years—has been the take of Ignace Jan Paderewski. He drew a top of \$43,000 at a single benefit performance for the Musicians' Emergency Aid, was always open-handed.

Swing band leaders like Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey hire their expert instrumentalists on a year-round basis, often paying \$100 or more a week. The best players are given solo bits to play, and these solos often lead to offers from radio sponsors. . . .

REMEMBER ?? ?

How many of you remember the solid records that WILL BRADLEY used to put out, such as, "Call Me a Taxi," "Boogie-Woogie Piggy," and "Down The Road Apiece."

Who could forget GENE KRUPA'S "Drum Boogie," and "Jungle Drums."

Remember when Tom Dorsey played and Sinatra sang (with the Pied Piper) "I'll Never Smile Again?"

I bet you and your best girl used to dance to Jimmy Dorsey's "I'll Understand," while Bob Eberly sang it like it never has been sung since . . . How about "Green Eyes" and "Tangerine" by the same band?

"Let's Do It," by Tony Pastor is one worth putting in your musical memory book . . .

Like to hear something sweet? Relax and listen to that all-time favorite, G. MILLER . . . "In An Old Dutch Garden," and who could forget his waxing "A Nightingale Sang in Barkley Square"?

For the top record of the week (back in May, 1940) it was none other than Glen Gray's "No Name Jive."

Remember "Why Don't You Do Right," by B. Goodman.

This is the portion of my article where I always tell a joke (?), it says here . . .

An inventor had a beautiful young daughter who annoyed him by entertaining her young friends in the parlor. One day he came home with a queer looking contraption:

"This is an invention of my own," he told his wife. "It's a sort of television set to keep a check on Myrtle. I'll attach one end in the parlor and the other end in our room. A young man's calling to see Myrtle tonight. If he holds her hand a green light will flash. If he kisses her a yellow light will flash."

They installed the set and sat down to wait. Presently the young man arrived. He went into the parlor. The inventor dozed off.

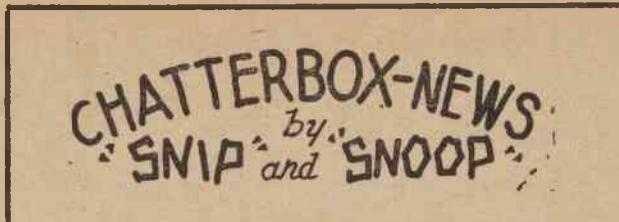
"Peter, Peter," called his wife excitedly, "come here and look at the pretty rainbow!"

If a girl is a good loser at strip poker, it isn't always sportsmanship. Sometimes it's just plain conceit.

"How did you puncture that tire?"
"Ran over a milk bottle."
"S'matter, didn't you see it?"
"Naw, the kid had it under his coat."

Lou, I found the rest of the poem you started—
"Here's to love, love is grand.
I just got a divorce from my "old man."
I laughed and laughed at the judge's decision,
I had eleven (CENSORED) and none of um was his "un."
—Edgar Allen Poe ??? ?

Remember when Dr. Bowden dismissed class? When asking two boys what they were talking about, one said, "Dr., he stated that your nose looked like a cigar and I said it didn't!" (Editor's Note: This happened a few years ago; ask Joe Tom Stevens.)



Here is the one column that everyone never reads but how in the H-e-c-k do so many people get around to criticizing it? If your name isn't here, don't give up the ghost . . . we might get around to you next issue. (Editor's Note: Unless the unnamed correspondent has heard the "call" and felt the "Hot" breath of Local Board No. 1).

Let's start this one off on the serious side. Our hats are off to Rodney Southerland and those TWO charming (?) girls he had in his clutches at the Council Brawl . . . George Davis can really hand out any desired information about Greensboro College. He has been over there so much that he now answers the phone in Reception Hall.

Mary Coxe states that she wants a return engagement with that "Tall, Blonde Air-student" that we have seen her with lately. It seems that Russell and Jack will have to choose their weapons, and Mary is not such a bad weapon.

Joe Franks seems to have gone overboard for a certain girl at W. C.

Bunk Satterfield's heart belongs to Juanita and a very good choice it is.

Williams still says flatly that this is the first war-time leap-year since the Civil War and she intends to get Peco.

That is a cute number (Betty Grable)—that Gibbs has been seen with lately; but Leon, don't you get tired of looking at that Chesterfield adv. all the time? . . . Harry James is going to hate you.

It has been said that the "new" boy here from Norfolk and Chicago is catching on to the ways of ELON . . . what a wolf.

Hilda Barbour is solid for Jack; not the one from Florida, and that ain't hay.

Riley seemed to be beside himself with joy at the Brawl (Council Party) with a cute date, Miss "Gibsonville of '44 (1844).

Spike Harrell's thoughts seem to dwell chiefly in Suffolk, Virginia . . . Ah wonder why?

Wendell Howard better watch himself with those "Blind-dates". (He claims that those seeing-eye dogs get in his way when he tries to kiss the girl. . .)

Opal Stout, Orchids to you . . . Write home and tell the family that this old-writer finally reached in the "Grab-Bag" and pulled out your name; Oh! Happy day . . .

Pleasant dreams to Pleasant Grove's gift to the men . . . Doris King . . . Too bad Elmer found her first . . .

With a man shortage, Mary Yarborough comes in mighty handy with her cute dance steps.

Ella Raye, we really are sorry that you have a cold and we all hope that (if we don't catch it before) then, it is well soon . . . You are cute, even with a cold honey.

Lost—One lead pencil . . . by Ann Maness, black-hair, blue-eyes, height five feet, weight 123, age 19, very good entertainer. Reward, if returned by this Sunday night before 10:00. Phone: We ain't got one. . .

As much as it hurts to admit it, this is a sad sack-full of chatter; any timely and choice information will be accepted with open arms (Particularly if it is from a girl). Just drop in the news office, and lay your \$\$.77; for cost of reading and handling and on the table and you may then depart.

Scanning The Pages

EDNA TRUITT

"There is no Past so long as long as Books shall live!"—The Soul of Books.

THE FIFTH SEAL is probably the most mature as well as the most civilized novel that has been written in Russia during the last two decades. Entirely fresh in its approach, instead of picturing the Soviet hierarchy through western eyes, it presents a panorama of the modern world as seen through the eyes of Soviet officials. The setting is Western Europe on the eve of World War II, but the chief characters are members of a Soviet Embassy staff and the people with whom they come in contact in the course of their duties. There are plots and intrigues, clashes of personalities, and smoldering violence, as well as brilliant flashes of satire such as only an accomplished writer can create. Every line, every situation in the book reflects the author's deep consciousness of the stream of history, which, somehow, never becomes impersonal and never interferes with his acute knowledge of the individual.

For the lovers of poetry Edna St. Vincent Millay's COLLECTED LYRICS are among the best. The 200 odd lyrics, some of considerable length, have been selected by Miss Millay from her published poems. Arranged chronologically they follow the order of their original publications from "Remasence" to "Huntsman, What Quarry?"

Miss Millay's poetry has been acclaimed for its lyrical perfection, and its creator as one of America's foremost poets. COLLECTED LYRICS are the finest expression, in this poetic form, of the genius and spirit of a great American poet.

Over The Shoulder

OR

A PEEP AT THE PAST

February! Yes, the month in which we celebrate the birthday of our country's father, George Washington. Remember the story about little George and his birthday present of a fine red hatchet? It all started when the curious young man wanted to see just how well the hatchet worked and down went Pa Washington's favorite cherry tree. Now, George, like most little chaps, was mighty afraid that his dad would give him one more good wallop, so, naturally, he wasn't any too anxious to see Mr. Washington. But, as fate would have it, the crucial time arrived, and George bravely replied to his father's question, "Who cut down my cherry tree?", "I did it with my own little hatchet." Some folks think that maybe it was just that little incident that aided in producing the great honest hero. Well, that sort of makes me wonder just what made our professors what they are today, so I decided to turn back time, say for a few years (just a few) and see some of our well-known faculty members, not as they appear today, but as tiny tots in knickers or pig-tails—just barefoot boys and bashful girls!

Now there's Mr. McClure, for instance. He gives us a "memoir" of the old home in the following words:

"I was born near a country cross-roads in southern Illinois. A giant oak grew plumb center of the four-way clay-road corner, and I used to ask my mother to let me go play out by the big tree. I was out there one day when I was about three years old. A gypsy caravan came by with many horses and wagons. I ran for home. Forty years later I had grown up with the country and the horse-and-buggy days were long gone into the limbo of lost. And I came to that cross-roads on a cross-country automobile trip, dreaming a little about the old times and thinking of the white clover and violets that used to be there, and what do you suppose I saw? I saw something that spun me out of dreamland in one sweet hurry. Four big state cops, on four gleaming motorcycles, roared by on the concrete exactly where the old oak had once held its strong head to the storms. Did I? Certainly I did. I put on the brakes and held her there till those rude cops were gone, too. But I haven't forgotten them. Disturbing one of memory's rare moments thataway!"

And then from the more humorous side of life we find Mrs. Johnson, or as she appears at the time, little Oma, our mischief maker. With her two brothers, Oma is playing in her front yard when a crowd of negroes pass. "I dare you to, I dare you to!" says Oma sneeringly to the two boys. Well, you can't say those two are yellow, so no sooner has Oma commanded them the young fellows responded with a not-too-nice bit of verse. Well, the results were that the "Little Men" were duly "whopped" and Oma sat and smiled victoriously.

Did You Know?

BY GENE POE

This week we would like to enlighten our readers on some unusual facts about the railroad.

There are 236,842 miles of railroad in the United States. The total railway mileage of the world is 788,672, which gives the United States about 30 per cent of the total amount.

The number of cross-ties in the average mile of railway track at the beginning of 1939 was 2,994. The average spacing therefore was 21.2 inches, center to center. The railroads of the United States install about 50,000,000 cross-ties a year on the average. Approximately 80 per cent of the cross-ties installed in replacements in recent years have been treated.

The famous Lucin Cut-off, carrying the tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad across the Great Salt Lake in Utah, is the longest railroad bridge structure in the United States. It is of pile-trestle construction 19 miles in length, and was completed in 1903.

The Cascade Tunnel, of the Great Northern Railroad, through the Cascade Mountains in Chelan and King counties, Washington, is 41,152 feet in length, and is the longest railroad tunnel in the Western Hemisphere. It was completed in 1929. In the construction of this tunnel, boring was started simultaneously at the eastern and western portals nearly eight miles apart and when the construction forces met in the center, after many months of continuous boring, they found that they were only a fraction of a foot out of perfect alignment.

The Beaufort & Morehead Railroad, 3.3 miles in length, between Beaufort and Morehead City, N. C., using equipment furnished by the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad, is the shortest railroad in the country performing the four kinds of service.

The shortest railroads operating their own equipment and performing all four services are the Scholarie Valley Railway, Schoharie, New York, and the Sandersville Railroad, an independent company, at Sandersville, Georgia, each 4.26 miles in length.

Chicago, Illinois, enjoys the distinction of the world's largest railroad center. The city is served by twenty-one Class I railroads and fourteen switching and terminal companies. These railroads including some of the largest in the country, embrace more than two-thirds of the railway mileage of the United States. They own more than one-half of all the locomotives and cars and perform more than one half of all the railway passenger, freight, express and mail service of the country. There are about 8,000 miles of railway track- age in the Chicago terminal district. Between 3,000 and 4,000 passenger and freight trains enter or leave the city daily.

We hope these facts about the railroads in the United States have been of interest to you.