

Maroon and Gold

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

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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 Representatives
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

The Wolves Of Vichy

By the odd chance of the times a particularly brutal pack of criminals has been found to have been in charge of imprisoned French patriots in Algiers.

These evil men have now been put on trial, although they managed to hold on to office for six months after the allies conquered North Africa. The pattern for their machinations was made in Vichy—and came from the Vichy-Berlin Axis. The result, inhuman treatment of men of good will and honor, is in keeping with all that has sprung from the same shameful source. But this group of sadistic vermin, "varmint," to speak the frank and open pioneer word—happens to include a striking as well as a shameful collection of villainy and degradation. For a lesson in practical sociology, watch the reports of the trial and study, dispassionately, if that be possible, the terrible effects of the abuse of power when power is granted to evil men.

In any land, and at any time, society has its weaklings, its parasites, its scavengers, and its wolves; and it will continue to have them until the Age of Eugenics arrives in full force.

Society must be protected always from the unscrupulous of both high and low degree.

Once again we have an illustration of the way in which power will be abused when the people are not protected by some form of constitutional law; and it is well to remember that we shall always have the task of guarding society from the enemies within its ranks.

A constitutional government, jealously guarded by the people, is the only sure and safe guarantee of safety from the criminal element, political or social, which is ever to be found seeking selfish ends in high places as well as in low.

Men who had, in times just as eruptive as these, seen much of human experience, fashioned our own government. Of recent years, and especially before events pulled the mask from their fulminations, there were cults feigning hypocritical scorn of that keystone of democracy, the constitution. Now the lesson comes home to all honest citizens, and we know them for what they are. They are wolves, no matter what guise they assume—no matter where they are, or to what party they feign allegiance.

Out of a rich wisdom, fortunately for us, the founders of our government set up as a first principle the safeguarding of the nation from the abuse of power. This birthright we shall not sell or sacrifice. It is the guardian of the only real freedom ever achieved in political destinies. The people must control the power that governs; and the best way to do it is to divide the governmental functions, making each a check against the other; as has been the method in our tri-partite system. The common welfare demands that this sound principle, drawn from experience and proved by experience, be kept as the basis of law.

VOTE IN THE FINALS

It is spring. And spring at Elon brings election day. Next Thursday the finals in the elections will be held. On that day the students who are going to fill the student government and class offices next year will be chosen, presumably by you, the students. It is important to your welfare and success as a student body that the persons with ability, leadership, and dependability be elected to those positions.

You howl about wanting student government. You don't want too much administrative interference. You want to run the Council, the Senate, the MAROON AND GOLD, THE PHI PSI CL. But you don't go to the polls and elect the persons you feel are best suited to lead those organizations—you just sit back and gripe about the way those elected carry on their duties.

Each time there has been an election this year, only a small per cent of the students voted, making the winners leaders of the minority. Apparently the proverbial Elon spirit is dying. But you have one more opportunity this year to cast aside your indifference and help bring some of that old spirit into elections again. Take politics out of their crepe, dust them off, and use them. And don't forget to vote Thursday.

Over The Shoulder



Courtesy H. Reid William & Mary Norfolk Div. CINDERELLA

OR THE NON-RATIONED SANDAL

Once upon a time, about the year 1944, there lived a very attractive little lass known to most of us as Miss Elon Co-ed, but in adherence to Grimm's favorite fairy tale character, we'll call her Cinderella Sally. Well, Cinderella Sally had, what one might term it, a "way with the men"—a Twentieth Century Wolverine. But those sleek, crawling reptiles, those regular Elon snakes, green with jealousy, had our dear, shy little Sal just where they wanted her—away from the overwhelming grasp of those B. M. O. C.'s. They had her shoveling coals on the cinders to keep the flames burning for themselves. She might have been compared to a burning cigarette, absolutely making an ash of herself. (Hope you didn't listen to Greensboro Sunday night.)

But our story must continue. And so it happened that one night, one of those beautiful full-moon Friday nights, the armored knights, cadets to you, had a snazzy ball, a rip-roaring jive and romance session. But poor little Cindy Sal, she had nothing to wear. Roommate had her wrap; the little blonde down the hall had her evening slippers. Those silver ones which cost \$5.95 plus an eighteen ticket; the girl across the hall had her dress, the red-head had her last pair of nylons, and so on, 'till they'd borrowed everything she had, right on down to her hankie. So when the time came for the dance, or I mean party, our bashful (at Elon?) Cinderella admired and flattered them with a bunch of no count fibs. Then she settled down by the radiator with her faithful history book. (Now who would do that here?)

Lo and behold, but who should appear but the fair godmother, the hostess calling dates, and thus their conversation:

"Your date's here."
"What date?" replied Sally, cuz she knew this was war.

"The boy who's taking you to the party. Come on down."

"Well, I can't go. Tell him I can't go. I don't have a thing to wear."

"Get my dress. It's packed in my suitcase in the closet. There are some sandals on the floor. Take 'em and git!"

Now wasn't that a fairy if you ever saw one? And an hour later, Miss Cinderella Sally appeared on the bottom step, looking like a real princess. And there stood her date, Mortimer. Well, a date's a date, ain't it?

The ball! Ah, the ball! Little Sally glided and hopped all over the floor—from one handsome soldier's arms to another's. It was so wonderful. And then suddenly, the bravest of them all, a tall, dark knight, a student officer, swept her right off her feet. It was just the kind of knight girls sit in class and dream about.

"Oh my goodness!" she screamed. "The dorm closes at eleven-fifteen," and away she dashed, leaving behind one of her dainty little sandals.

And then the next day, determined to find his fair maiden, the handsome young man took the shoe and tried it on each of Elon's barefoot beauties, until at last he reached his true love.

Then he spoke to her sweetly. "My dear Cinderella Sally, I want you for my bride. You're the one for me. You wear non-rationed sandals and would never take my shoe tickets."

And so they dated and dated happily ever after, until he shipped out.

Did You Know?

BY GENE POE

Did you put your right shoe on first when you dressed this morning? If you did you should enjoy this slight bit of information on why people believe some of the things they do. Did you know—

That the reason it is unlucky to spill salt is that the ancient Greeks and Romans used salt in their sacrifices, and to spill it was an ill omen.

That the reason a cat is said to have nine lives is that the Egyptian cathead goddess Pasht was so endowed.

That we get the belief regarding the lighting of three cigarettes on one match from Russia.

That in rehearsing a play the last line must not be spoken.

That the animal known as the Basilisk is said to have fascinated by its looks.

That the jewel considered unlucky is the opal.

CHATTERBOX-NEWS by SNIP and SNOOP

This week Snip and Snoop takes you gentle readers up to third floor of West where some of the inmates will give you a room by room description of the girls who reside there. Take it away, snoopers!

Here in the corner we have Mary and Martha Yarrow's room—those twins who look alike, but still they don't. Right next door to them, we have the two little angels of third floor, Claudia and Mary Frances. Cosh, this room is mighty neat and clean—must be Jean Brower's and Myrtle Shepard's. How they do it is beyond us, we can't. Over in the other corner room, we find Verda Lee mourning for her roommate. Next to her room, you will see the Griffin sisters, studying. Seems to be their favorite occupation. Another studious twosome on this end of the hall is Sara and Athalene.

Ah, in this room, we find Madam Marie Ziady telling Coleen's fortune. You must have faith, Coleen, if you expect to receive that important letter. Heavens, what goes on in here? Oh, it is Virginia Ezell dissecting one of the many rats while her roommate, Lucille, looks on in astonishment. Across the hall from them we have Christine Jobe and Annie Lou Copple—apparently slaving over their commercial course.

And in here you will find Maxine Jackson pouring out her love problems on the attentive ear of her roomie, Theo Strum. It seems that she can not decide between the cadet and a certain civilian in Burlington. What's this? Dorothy Bowers cleaning the room while Luta Self sits dreamy-eyed. Could it be that lucky fiancée?

Next door we should find Kate Lou, but no, she is out somewhere with Marie and Sunburn. Note the art gallery in this room—those lovely men belong to Josephine and Stella. Now we come to the room which houses the two torch bearers—Mildred Yancey and Josie Burt Eaves.

We must move on to the west end of the floor—time and space are getting short. In the first room we come to we find Louvina talking about Mr. Weeks and Jessie writing her daily letter to Jabez. And in 'Liza and Margaret's room, we hear the same old story, Bobby and George. It could be love.

And now dreary reader, we take you into dangerous territory. Hold on to your papers. We go immediately to the seat of all trouble, Bonnie and Bettie Bob's room. We hear Etta giving out with a combination of Spanish and "I'll Be Around," while Betty Bob and Dot Dil brew a concoction that resembles cocoa. While Faye Robinson and Hazel Taylor discuss the navy situation, Dorothy Williams and Bonnie dream of a trip to Florida—to see whom? Hannah is as usual primping and talking to anyone who will lend an ear.

Realizing that you are nearly exhausted, we will just take a quick peep into Lib Parker and Dare Morgan's room. Dare and Polly Whisnant seem to be catching up on their sleep, but where is Lib? Heavens, she's patrolling the halls, trying to give some poor girl a call down—it might be us, so we'll sign off.

Sorry we haven't any more dirt to tell you, kids!

Scanning The Pages

EDNA TRUITT

Political discussions in our times have a tendency to generate more heat than light. They stem from prejudice, private interest, unsupported conviction; they are seldom grounded in knowledge. The conversation which Charles A. Beard creates in his book THE REPUBLIC are, on the whole, conducted politely, and they produce an impressive amount of positive information. This, it may be, is because at least one member of the group knows what he is talking about. Among the fighting questions which the dean of American historians manages to discuss without coming to blows are the following:

Is the United States, in true fact, one nation, indivisible?

How closely should we be bound today by the constitution?

What are the great contributions of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln?

When and where is the United States justified in using its troops?

How far may the Federal government go in promoting social welfare?

What are the basic tenets of our liberty, and why are they important?

How free is speech?

What are the limits of religious freedom?

Do Congress and the President fulfill today the functions established by the Constitution for them?

What hope is there for the survival of American democracy?

This is an inspiring guide to the nature of the American Republic. It is the revelation of the mind of a scholar who has steadily grown toward wisdom in a lifetime of thinking about human beings and their ideas.

ANCHORS TO WINDWARD by Stewart Edward White tells us that every man desires happiness. For happiness that will endure, he need have only four things which are his anchors to windward in times of stress. Their possession assures him peace of mind no matter what may happen. In gaining them he will gain all else. These four items are stability, serenity, eagerness, and unfoldment.



3-B's

Bullets
Bombs
Bazookas

BY BACIL H. STEED

Solomon said:

"There is nothing new under the sun."

And this old writer replies:

"True, perhaps. But, under the moon . . .?"

SPRING

The woodchuck, foiled at sleep, awakes.
Faint zephyrs murmur, tufts entice,
A host of gulls, like snowy flakes,
Land softly on the fragile ice.

Lo! Gold-haired Spring with whispered tread
Comes near me with her scented breath
To fire my heart and purge my head
And make me cheer white Winter's death.

Hark! Young birds sing an old refrain.
Bud-flow'rs sigh toward the aged Sun.
Green leaves lie on gray bough again.
Youths, maids, arouse to ancient fun.

Stout Laughter suns his throat and tongue
As Spring light-tripping on her toes
In dells with vernal music rung,
Wakes Grass from 'neath the melting snows.

There, cross-legged Pan pipes Love's old song,
This wisdom twinkling in his eyes:
"Hail!" Youth, to whom all worlds belong!
Pan's song is Spring, Spring never dies!"

Mary Lib says her face is her fortune, and it runs into a nice figure.

KORNY KRACKS: (In the special interest of the Elon student).

"Put down that cornerstone, Frosh, you know you're taking too much for granite."

OR

"That's not dirt in your sugar, Miller—you just dropped your dice again."

OR

"Run into the roundhouse, Coed, the brakeman can't corner you there."

DRIPS FROM A FAUCET:

Orphan: "I don't know who I am. I was left on a doorstep."

Poe: "Maybe you're a bottle of milk."

"How do you find yourself these cool spring mornings?"

"Oh, I throw back the covers and there I am."

MEATLESS JOKE:

Sky Pilot: "Do you take this woman for butter or for wurst?"

The O. K. Kind: "Oh, liver alone. I never sausage nerve."

I like the waves in Ella's hair;
I know each billow well,
But if she will not neck tonight,
Miss Miles can go to h—

Thumbspere.

No more to say Moe, except . . . some people grow with responsibility, others swell. It is the fresh egg that always gets slapped in the pan . . .

Poet's Corner

GUESS WHO?

Like Monday's wash, in fog and haze,
Dancing in a daze, our hero wot
His watch chain, three yards and a knot,
Bound the fair blonde to his chest,
His manly and fulsome heart-throbbing breast.

He felt, moreover, confidence complete,
In the patent leathers on his feet,
In the razor edge press and stripe
Of his Sunday pants; and his shave—nectar-ripe.

But the blonde saw a "sojer," a C. T. D.; an'
With her heavenly eyes bubblin'
Out the light that never was on lan'
Or sea, forgot the charm of our hero's cha-in.

She unwound herself, yard by yard,
Truckin' away to a cut-in;
Leavin' our hero cold on the floor,
Cold, cold on the dancehall floor.

Tragedy, major or minor, stalked in the fold.
Deserted and cold, on the dancehall flo',
Holding the gold watch chain, bold
But beaten, stood our curly-haired hero.

"Ah well," quoth he, "A woman is only a Woman. But a good cigar is a smoke. I think—I think—I'll find me a Pawnshop and sell the chain, link by link,

And buy me a good cigar.
It isn't poetry, of course; but what a story
To tell on Tahita, in the South Pacific.