

MAROON AND GOLD

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TO SWING OR NOT TO SWING

BY CHARLIE HAMRICK

What is swing, anyway? Some say it's a nice diversion. Others say it's everything in music. The long-haired critics utter agonizing moans when the name is mentioned. On the other hand the modern jitterbug responds by surrendering himself to something in the order of an ecstatic convulsion.

But regardless of the various opinions, it is definitely a part of the American public and always will be. We are living in an age when everything is carried to the extreme. Striking examples other than music are: religion, realistic literature, progressive education, commercialism, government, and women's hats. All of these things have a tendency to border on surealism.

As I see it, swing and jitterbugism are merely an emotional outlet. So is classical music for that matter. The only difference is that classics are usually a result of sadder emotions. Of course, the latter type of music is better and at the same time displays more beauty and deeper inspirations, but that doesn't disqualify the lighter and happier emotions.

Many of the Puritanical minds of today throw up their hands in holy horror and cry wolf, snake, Satan, or some other ghastly word extracted from their slang vocabulary, when a jitterbug contest or swing session is about to be called to order. They consider such actions as supreme vulgarity and wonder why our youth can't content itself with the nobler music of Strauss, and trip the light fantastic to one of Beethoven's minuets.

Here is a possible solution. Some famous psychologist whose name I don't remember (forgetting the names of famous psychologists happens to be a pet hobby of mine) has advanced the theory that it isn't mentally healthy to have the emotions stirred unless you have an outlet for the resulting reactions. A composer can be carried off into another world of emotional ecstasy by listening to a string symphony. But he must have an outlet to release the emotional pressure. Naturally, he turns to his creative talents and composes something for himself. If the average youth listened to the same symphony, he would probably want to gnaw the roots of trees or murder somebody.

What can stir the emotions more deeply than for modern youth to reach the age of adolescence, totally unarmed, uninformed and unprepared to meet one of the most important of life's problems? My deduction, then, is that jitterbugism is nothing more than an outlet to the emotions, and I think it is a swell outlet.



This week the Inquiring Reporters took the human interest angle and tried to find out what Elonites are doing when they aren't eating, sleeping, or going to class. Judging from the replies received, anything can happen during leisure time.

The question: "How do you spend your leisure time?"

The answers: (Supposedly a cross section of the campus)

Mary Clayton: "Day dreaming and loitering in the library."

Claude Lawrence: "Talking to the 'gals'."

Buddy Hayden: "Pushing that trombone."

Mary Helen Chason: "Sitting around Hey, what is this?"

Lillian White: "Ironing and studying History."

Messie (Publicity) Crutchfield: "Sleeping."

Helen Schwob: "I don't have any leisure."

Willie Archer: "Studying."

Fern Fitzgerald: "Banging on the Ladies' Hall piano."

Blanks and Fonville: "Nothing"

Jolee Holt: "Going to Burlington to the show."

Frances Bean: "Checking up on my girls."

Curt Jones: "Shooting the bull and sleeping."

Spec Towas: "Sleeping and courting."

Jack Basnight: "Trying to find something to do."

Margaret Neesh: "Trotting to the P. O. for my letter."

Joe Golombek: "Reading, listening to music and biking."

Eloise Stephenson: "Talking to the boys."

Raymond D'Antonio: "A Little of everything."

Heien (nurse) Clodfelter: "Impersonating Florence Nightingale"

Rebel Shaw: "Acquiring a Southern Accent to take back home."

Fanny Miller: "Singing crazy songs."

Julian Fovlines: "Looking after my little sister, Sara."

Duane Vore: "Trying to avoid work."

Ida Mae Piland: "Well, now, I just don't know."



The dating situation around here looks like a game of "Fruit-Basket-Turn-Over" — Elon's only Hope can be our Hope just any day she wants to — The pecans under the oak trees are for the squirrels, Clelle, not for you. Kenneth Utt has an eye for beauty . . . and speaking of beauty, have you seen Helen Rhoda? Why June, we thought you knew better . . . another ITK-BOB affair and we can hang our washing out in style.

The library is, at last, going modern on us — all the latest fiction. Peg Galloway, just as we had suspected, is just another Galloway which means she keeps more than one man on the string . . . L. W. is the chief topic of conversation: is he married or is he not? Angrie Henry is in the know . . . Divers insists upon keeping his roomie locked out . . . Adair gets our vote for the best dancer, but Joe Bagley is giving him a run for the title.

Baby Jane Kean belies her looks . . . her attitude is anything but babyish . . . M. Carroll has a bad case of Suffolk fever . . . And we hear that Bob Hamilton's Virginia fever can be cured only by returning to Elon. The cure will become effective soon.

Flash! Flash! The Looney flashlight mystery has been solved. Griffin Holland can't prove that all his "interest" is founded on frat-sorority friendship . . . Mary B. (Jitter) Hall falls for Navy tradition, too . . . along with several other frosh who didn't know Charlie in his Elon days.

Typical coeds: Nan and Nell. And even our strong silent Cas-

tura is becoming a Ladies' Man . . . Now everybody can enjoy Little Willie's humor — he's writing a column which we predict will be one of the highlights of this rag. (Wes and June insist that we call it a "noble publication").

Rush season again, and all the popular lads and lasses have that well-fed look usually accompanying bids.

Truitt can even pull gags at breakfast—smart man. But not so smart are the fish who bite. Maxwell is contemplating a station wagon to haul Lilly's fan mail . . . We hear there are several candid camera fiends getting material for the Phipheli, so watch yourself when you think no one is looking; that's when they do the works.

Edna Fitch must have a joy motor tucked away somewhere—she's always smiling—and we musn't forget to mention the most attractive grin of Kent Dennon's . . . The Triplette twins aren't so bad, either . . . Parkerwizn (never could finish his name) writes one of the campus belles quite frequently, much to the sorrow of the present swain . . . Make up your mind, Shorty. The suspense is maddening to us as well as to the little freshmen.

The after-dinner affairs in the YW are about the biggest forward step, socially speaking, that has been made around here lately . . . just hope we can keep it . . .

Here we lay down our pen, remembering that it may be mightier than the sword, but that editors can't blue-pencil the sword marks.

Chapel News

Last week Dr. Lightbourne, from Burlington, brought to us some interesting and beneficial chapel talks. In one of his talks he said: "We say that we should like to see someone do away with Hitler; yet the thing that should be done is so to educate the Ger-

sponsored by this organization. man people that they will not allow themselves to be dominated by one man." Another interesting point which Dr. Lightbourne brought out was this: "We talk of the wrongs of other nations, and that something should be done about these wrongs, yet we are not doing our part in ironing out our

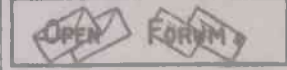
ELON DAY BY DAY

With the ghost of Pasteur, Stienmetz, Curie, Gould and others riding behind the eyes of the new colts in the paddocks, the freshmen, aspirationally wend their ways toward the great grab-bag called future. As a peace loving individual I extend my sincere wish that their guardian angels guide them toward such destinies and not to a candle-snuffing battle field.

I do believe that the most versatile man of the week is Geechy Bryan. Thursday night Geechy was aroused from a deep slumber and informed that his car was on fire to which he calmly replied, "No foolin' is it?", then turned on his side to resume his slumber. After a brief lapse of time he leaped to his feet shouting, "Where's the fire", and went charging out the door ready for action. The fire was brought under control by the capable crew of the Publishing House, Noon leading the bucket brigade with glasses full of water.

The legendary mystery that has been talked of some time is rumored toward a close: The famous sheep of Little Boo-Peep are wagging their tails toward our pastoral landscape. Whether they have been recruited for the purpose of saving the wear and tear on our moving machines or as an incentive to the future graduating classes I do not know. Whatever they be fur, I'm sure they wool look mighty purty.

There was once a man with a magnificent old copperplate hand who displayed his ability with much pride and offered his service to write name cards for those who admired his writing. Each afternoon walking slowly down the walk from his home to the town he would stop and pass the time of day. I am sure that many eyes will be unconsciously looking for him. He won't



Dear Editor:

Can't something be done about the telephones on this campus? Maybe you upperclass fellows have gotten use to it during your stay here, but I'm just a freshman, and can't quite see the fun in racing from Publishing House to North Dorm for a call that has been withdrawn because the operator thought I wasn't even in North Carolina, judging from the time taken to arrive at the telephone.

If the administration really wants to make Elon a better place to live, and keep the students from complaining all the time about the disadvantages of Elon, I suggest that they install a telephone in each of the dormitories. The cost wouldn't bankrupt the school, and would certainly never be questioned if entered in the books under "much needed improvements."

Please see what you can do about this.

B. P. A.

Dear Editor:

After a whole month on the campus, I still haven't found a place to study. Will you suggest a place?

Mrs. Johnson says that the library Reading Room is a place to be used for reading and research work (I agree with her), the Fraternity rooms are not available to non-members, the class rooms are inadequately lighted at night, and our dormitory is a second Bedlam. We cannot study with radios going full tilt, a track team practicing in the hall and the folks above moving all the furniture about their room. If there is some quiet, well lighted room where we can study, please tell us, and if there is any method of keeping a dorm reasonably quiet, please tell our proctor.

Yours truly, A Student

own wrongs." This week was set aside as S. C. A. week.

be there: he has gone away.

I trust that the readers of this column, if there be any, will please bear with Mrs. Reid's little boy William and remember that he is striving hard to pass a course in journalism, so . . .

DAY STUDENTS' DOINGS

Well another two weeks has passed and here we are with another column. Now that football is in full swing our team needs the support of every day student, so let's do our part to make it a successful season. Wonder what a certain football player means by the word 'uncouth' . . . My but these day students just naturally rate. Wonder why the faculty has so much trouble keeping boys out of the day student parlor? . . . Flo Ray told some of us the other day that she didn't wear a dress all summer, listen now, don't get this wrong: Flo was a councilor at the Girl Scout camp . . . Mary is back, but where is Jake?

One of the day student boys says that if the United States enters the war they'll have to burn the woods and sift the ashes to find him . . . Wouldn't you like to go to a good circus one of these cool evenings? Well, so would we . . . Some of the day student girls we'd like for you to meet: Margaret Cox, Helen Rhodes, Pearl Waynick, and Lurline Ross . . . From what I hear Elon seems to have been well represented at the South Boston tobacco festival. John Westmoreland was there too . . . Peg Galloway seems to fit in those Bell shoes perfectly.

We miss seeing the Cadillac this year but anyway I think its seen its best days . . . Seems funny but most every day student girl plays some musical instrument. Come up to see us sometime, and we'll play you a tune . . . Charlie, we're always glad to welcome you back . . . Let's make our party a grand affair . . . Anyhow people have a better time than anybody.