

Maroon and Gold

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EDUCATION IN NORTH CAROLINA

Nationally, education is no longer considered a major exigency. But education in North Carolina presents some interesting and knotty problems.

A report, Paths to Maturity, by Sociologist Gordon W. Lovejoy of the University of North Carolina, was recently published, and it provided food for much thought.

The facts in the report were gathered through the combined efforts of the Rockefeller-endowed General Education Board, the University, WPA, and NYA. Nearly the entire youthful population of the eight representative city and county districts was examined. This covered the Tarheel Youth from the ages of 6 to 25, black and white, rich and poor. In all, about 44,963 persons were listed.

According to the condensations by Time Magazine, nearly one-half of the high school boys and girls—white and black—plan to enter a profession. But only one white in 35 actually realizes this ambition. Another astonishing statement is that only one white person in 22 graduates from college. Practically all the boys want to get some white-collar job, and very few contemplate taking a job as manual laborers. However, Lovejoy's findings show that 18 times as many youths who don't plan to take such jobs actually end up in such occupations.

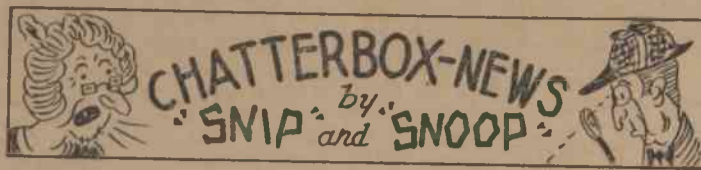
Probably the most incredible of all the statements is that Negro children surpass the whites in propensity for scientific books, poetry, newspapers. The average Negro child in North Carolina does not have access to those things that would create a desire for science and poetry, as does the average white child. And the general atmosphere surrounding the Negro, daily conversation, social intercourse, and entertainments, as the theatre, is not as conducive to an elevation of desire as is the general atmosphere surrounding the white child.

If these findings be true, and if they should show little variation in a more extensive examination of the Southern Youth, then we must do some serious thinking about our schools.—Old Gold and Black.

DON'T FORGET THE FLOWER FUND

"Yes, it is a great idea." "No doubt it will work much better than the old way of getting the money." These were typical expressions of opinion around the campus as to the feasibility of the new system of providing money to pay for flowers due to the illness of a student or death of a student's near relative. We heartily agree with the student in their praise of this new system. We think this new method of providing a Flower Fund definitely superior in every way to the former haphazard arrangement. But why, we would like to know, have the students been so slow in contributing their part to this responsibility? At this writing only nineteen dollars has been contributed. Some people said that having received that much money the system was proving very successful. At first thought it would seem so, but when you stop to consider how much we should have if every student paid the fee, the present sum would indicate anything but success. With approximately six hundred students in school and each one contributing a quarter we would have one hundred and fifty dollars in the fund. And by all rights this is what we should have or a great deal closer to it than the present amount of nineteen dollars. This means that five hundred students have contributed nothing. As has been the case in the past, a minority about eighty in this case, is again accepts its responsibility and the remainder of the students go on their way not thinking that it is as much their obligation as any other students.

The outstanding point of the whole plan is that the fee is so small that probably no student would be hard pressed to pay it yet it will assume so much if everyone accepts it as a rightful expenditure. We do not believe that any student objects to the Fund but assume more that it has just been through negligence and forgetfulness that more students have not contributed their quarter to one of the student officers.



Dot Edwards has lost a LINK from her chain . . . What was the motive behind John Westmoreland's getting glasses? Could it be his eyes, or keeping up with the Joneses? . . . Wonder why Sarah Phillips goes home every week-end? Could there be a boy-friend back home? . . . Have you heard—Bob Cox requested the last number Helen Jepson sang! . . . Margie Copeland's jokes are good and loud rather just loud . . . The answer to a maiden's store: Preston Towns in a bathing suit . . . Carolyn McClenny is not a gardener, however, she can really handle a TOOLE . . . Hint to Joel Scott: Curl your hair all over. It looks much better that way . . . Competition for a Parrot's Convention: Dick Cubell talking to any Yankee girl . . . Odd sight on our campus: June Murphy walking alone to class . . . Margie Copeland is a pretty girl. She let us in on the secret herself . . . Ask George Mena how he likes working in Burlington on the week-end, if you would like to spend a few quiet days in the hospital . . . Dean Messick asked why we don't have a Willkie Club on the campus. Great idea. THEY could hold their meetings in the phone booth in North Dormitory and bring all their friends . . . More people than fighters are concerned with the BELL Eh, MARGARET . . . None of the girls from the cottage have thought of resorting to an air rifle to abolish that blinding light or don't they have the courage? Bill seems to be loyal to the lass back home this season, where he is more commonly known by the double nick name of Bill Nat. . . A fine specimen for a Psychologist to study would be a student printer . . . By the way, Basnight, who is on the receiving end of the passionate love affair by mail?

O. K. boys we have heard enough about the sorority girls meeting you at the train in Miami, and showing you the highlights of their fair city . . . now shut up.

Fox, you shouldn't be so rough on little Pee Wee. After all, bringing people off automobiles is rather dangerous. "Lucky Teeter" man, he is being called lately. He practices every Sat. night. Henry to you remember the old saying "Henry B. Wise"? Maybe you had better change it to "Henry B. Careful".

Jack Foushee recently stated at a Senior Class meeting that he trusted no one, especially when money was involved. Just what is he doing working in the Bookstore. NELL, do not worry, Sadie Hawkins Day is here and your coach quotes "Nell is in perfect running condition." Come Claytor, let everyone in on how the boy plays the violin. Now Betty, you should also tell us about the lesson you learned in the darkroom.

John Westmoreland goes to Hook quite a bit and it's not to see the good professor either . . . Who is the handsome man Alice Manrum is sporting around the campus? . . . If she would let him out of her sight, we would find out . . . And so Helen really prefers home town boys! . . . It seems that the cheese man (Kraff) can't make up his mind between a blonde and brunette . . . Gnats to the day students who think their auto horns are things to wake up the Dorm. students with . . . Julia Holt would like to meet that boy to whom she had to write an initiation love letter. He can really write love letters — Boy oh Boy!

Several of the day students have been wondering how Miss Simpson has managed to keep warm these cold mornings without a coat or sweater. Observation would show that she lets her love keep her warm. My advice is for her to dig out that old bear skin because Charlie Coble is leaving us after this week . . . John Walker wants to know if Helen Keller has her eyes closed when she touches a piece of cloth and tells what color it is . . . And Harold Goslen says that when he grows up he will be a goose (he's about eighteen now).

We find that Dot Fowler, Jean Evans, Rebecca DeLoach, and Frances Rooney have learned their way around the campus. Eh boys . . . What do you think girls? Say Rooney, we'll see what we can do to put a stop to the boys chasing you, if you really want them to stop. What do you say? Hum . . . Wonder who told Kathryn May's "Prince Charming" how to get to her house at nine o'clock at night? Be brave, Kathryn, and meet him at the door; he won't bite.

Open Forum

WHY THE ROUND-ABOUT WAY

Dear Editor,
There is a question that has been causing me to lose a lot of sleep lately, and no doubt I will continue to lose it, or give up and sleep it off. Before I came to college I had no idea things were administered in such an impractical way. Why do we have to go in such a round-about way to do the very thing we are here for? Why can't we stick closely to whatever we are doing, and do it completely and thoroughly instead of doing many things that take up a lot of time we should spend learning the things that we came here to learn.

The thing I am driving at is: Why do students in a particular field have to take courses that are either in a field far distant from their major, or are in a "class" all by themselves?

These subjects are difficult and require a lot of time that should go on a person's major. Still we have to deprive our major of this time so that we can take these extras that are undoubtedly thrown in as fillers in order to graduate.

I may be a bit radical in saying these things, but this is just the way I feel about it. I would like very much to hear the opinions of the students and faculty members on this subject.

— A Student

TELEPHONE BOOTH

Dear Editor:
In the last issue of the Maroon and Gold some of the girls wrote about the need of a telephone booth in West Dormitory. This need is important, but there is a greater need for a telephone booth in North Dormitory. When you try to talk in North Dormitory someone else is usually trying to tear the building down.

Many of the boys get long distance calls, but have great difficulty in getting the message. Since there is a need of a booth in both dormitories why doesn't the school compromise? They could install a phone at a reasonable rate outside of Dr. Smith's office in the booth that is already there. The students could go there to call or talk to anyone without everyone listening to what they were talking about. The phones could remain in the two dormitories to receive calls, but the students could go to the booth to talk.

I think that something should be done about the phone situation. The administration has had several suggestions, so it looks like they might try to better this matter.

Editor's note: The telephone was removed from the booth outside Dr. Smith's office because some years ago there were frequent riflings of the coin box.

LIBRARY NEWS

If you were asked the duty of a librarian you would probably say, "Well, she finds books, checks out books, and stamps them." This is the average layman's impression of what constitutes a librarian's work. You really would be surprised what amusing things take place back of the desk. Here is a little satire that could take place in any library and usually does.

Just when everything seems quiet and settled you spy a fellow cutting away on today's paper. "Don't you know you are not allowed to cut articles out of the papers," she informs him. "But I want the folks back home to see the write-up about me on the sport page," he pouts.

Next appears the shy, freckle-faced Freshman who wants a book. The librarian ask just what type of book. "A book on frogs," he whispers. Here is where you have to take the boy by the hand and show him just how to go about looking up a book on frogs. He looks at you with open mouth and wonders how you know so much.

Two students come up and want an article from some magazine on hay fever. You then direct them to the Readers' Guide. "What in the world is that?" they yell. Again you trot around the desk and show them how to look up articles from the Readers' Guide.

Someone in the back complains to you because his neighbor is snoring too loud and how do you expect him to study? The sleeping beauty lets out a war whoop that echoes all over the building as you disturb his slumber.

From time to time you have to stick out your jaws like an income tax collector and collect some long overdue fines.

Just as the day is closing, here comes "smarty pants" all aglow wanting to talk for just a few minutes. "Do you know why George Washington couldn't have been a librarian?" he asks. "Why?" "Because he couldn't lie very much." Now that is the last straw!

LIFE ON A NAVAL RESERVE CRUISE

Sid Krukin beat his own letter back to the campus. Last Saturday, the same day that Sid returned to the campus, Douglas Pamplin received the following letter from him. Despite its date we are running it at this time as it is a very interesting account of life on board ship during a Naval Reserve Cruise.

Norfolk, Va.
October 20, 1940.

Dear Gang,

I just received your letter today Oct. 20. You see we docked in Norfolk today after a little jaunt last weekend, Oct. 10 and 11 — mean 12 and 13. I was in the Canal Zone. The 12th I spent in Colon, and the 13th in Panama City. Incidentally I touched the Pacific Ocean and disappointedly it was as wet as the Atlantic. The week before that, the 5th and 6th we were in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba which is nothing but a Marine Base. However, there is a beautiful harbor there. As I said before we are in Norfolk now, but leave today for the open sea. We will dock in New York this weekend which will end the cruise, but believe you me a cruise never to be forgotten. We will have covered over 4000 miles which "ain't" hay.

But what will stick with me most is that the Navy is a remarkable organization — jokes aside. Each ship is like a huge city with movies, stores, soda fountain, etc. But unlike a city every man from the Captain on down has a job, no matter how small, which must be done and gang, they do it. We, the Reserves, are now rated as Apprentice Seamen, the lowest form of naval life, and if anybody, from deck hand on up says do something we do it.

We are worked pretty hard and hardly have any time to myself, but we really learn something; i. e. — those who want to. Lectures are given to us every day and at the end of the cruise we have a comparatively good idea of gunnery (5 inchers, 12 inchers, pistols, automatics, anti-aircraft and rifles); navigation (stadimeter, sextant, etc.); signalling (searchlights, flags, and wireless telegraph); engineering (what makes a ship go); drilling (manual of arms and marching); and quite a few other things. Really an unforgettable trip.

Listen, gang, if you want to print anything, rewrite this epistle! I'm so sleepy that I don't hardly know what I've written. It's almost 9:30 and I must get up at 5:30. Give my regards to all — especially Pearl. Good luck.

Sailor Sid
(P. S. Tell McCotter to sweep the room. S. K.)

Campus Odds and Ends

The Current Issue Poll conducted last week by the Maroon and Gold stimulated about the average amount of interest expected from students. Most took it seriously, but a few took it all too lightly. However it was surprising to find some who did not even know which sex they were; at least they didn't mark either the male or female column.

The send off for Miami the team received was quite romantic. The pep in the student body seems to be coming into its own once more.

Nice idea . . . nice place for it . . . nice water fountain. Who would ever have thought of it? But someone did . . . and it's really a natural place for it, just where the old well once was. None other than our Dr. Smith is to be credited with the origin of the idea.

Helen Jepson proved well worth listening to on Friday last. The favorite of the audience seemed to be the number by Gounod, "The King of Thule" and the Jewel Song, from "Faust".

WONDER WHY — Dr. Collins isn't holding his classes out of doors this fall . . . Professor Pratt doesn't allow any low-down swinging around in his department.

Miss Bussell is at it again; this time she is organizing a group to sing French songs. Such singing groups have made big hits on many campuses.

The Naval Apprentice school has taken from our midst, Dewitt Peterson, one of our students. He left for Norfolk on Tuesday before last to continue his higher education there. Sorry to see him go.

Wisdom of the Week: "I never knew a student in my life who was troubled with the blues who had plenty of studying to do and did it."

REELING ALONG

On the week ending November 2 and 3 the Elon movie theater carries "All This and Heaven Too" starring one of Hollywood's greatest lovers; Charles Boyer, and Bette Davis whom most of us remember for her history making performances in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex". Jeffery Lynn also takes a high rating in this ideal love story.

The attraction for November 8 and 9 stars none other than that handsome, reckless, ladies man—Clark Gable in "Strange Cargo". Playing opposite Mr. Gable is lovely Joan Crawford. An interesting fact about this picture is that it ran into serious censorship trouble following its production for awhile was not permitted to be shown in several states.