

Maroon and Gold

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Congratulations

Congratulations to those Elon students who will be listed in the 1943-44 issue of WHO'S WHO AMONG STUDENTS IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES. It is one of the major honors that can be conferred upon any college student and is an honor that will be of great value throughout life.

Few of the students here on this campus realize the meaning or value of WHO'S WHO. It is not a popularity contest, rather it is recognition given by a very responsible committee which seeks to reward the most deserving students. It functions in several capacities: As an incentive for students to get the best measurement for students comparable to other results from their college experiences; as a standard of scholastic and service organizations; and as a recommendation of successful students to the business world.

The nominations to WHO'S WHO are made by a committee of faculty members. Those to be honored are chosen conscientiously and impartially after their qualifications have been considered. Requisites for membership are character, scholarship, leadership in extra curricular activities throughout college career, and potentiality for future leadership in business and society.

The names of those students are kept on file and when a student expresses a wish to become affiliated with any company, that student's full record is sent to the company. The purpose is to keep the leading graduates before the business world as the most promising candidates for employment. Underclassmen should take heed and strive to attain this goal. It will take serious effort, but once your name appears in the book, you have one of the soundest of recommendations at your disposal.

Who's Who?

An outstanding young man on campus is Robert E. Johnston, better known to his fellow students as "Bobby." He is the son of C. D. Johnston, superintendent of the Elon Orphanage. Bobby was born in Elon on January 25, 1924, and has lived all his life here. He attended the Elon high school where he served as president of his class during his junior and senior years.

In the fall of 1940 Bobby entered Elon as a day student and became an active member of the student body. He majored in mathematics and physics and was planning to study engineering upon his graduation from Elon College. He is now in the V-7 Naval Reserve and will be called into service sometime in December.

When Bobby graduates at the end of the quarter, the student body will lose one of its outstanding members. Bobby is a well-rounded student as shown by his participation in Dr. Johnson's Literary Society, S. A. C., and the day student organization. He was on the varsity tennis team during his first two years, and was a member of the E Men's club. He also has served on the Senate and was commencement marshal last year.

Bobby has been of great value to the Physics department as lab instructor for the past two years and to the college, for he has operated the movie projector. At present he is president of the day student organization and president of the senior class. He is a member of the Kappa Psi Nu fraternity.

To an outstanding student we say "Good Luck in your naval career."

On Public Persuasion

GUEST EDITORIAL BY DR. MERTON FRENCH

This little piece of work may turn out to be "Love's Labor Lost," but to paraphrase from that ingenious work of Shakespeare "An editorial's prosperity lies in the mind of him that reads it, never in the mind of him that makes it."

There are many things that students in a modern college should learn to do well. Some of these things are being learned by most of the students here at Elon. Some of them, however, are for the most part neglected. It is not altogether the fault of the administration or the faculty. One hears from alumni that return to the campus to speak of the former training that they received in the Literary Societies in public speaking and audience persuasion. This feature of the college life was an excellent training for the ministers, lawyers, teachers, and all public leaders that came out from this college. The oratorical contests, serious debates, declamation contests and essay contests were in those days as important in the extra-curricular activities as the social activities themselves.

The fraternities and sororities have taken over the position of the former literary societies and have emphasized the social life at the expense of the "literary." Nor has the political interest and activities of the "Greeks" made satisfactory compensation for abandonment of forensic experience that was so central in their forerunners. It is true that the fraternities (before the war) and sororities have banquets each year where a few are given the opportunity (dreaded responsibility) of making a few remarks. The failure of these groups to give adequate occasion for public speaking is in such instances made manifest.

The literary societies that have been organized in more recent years have offered some help. They could be of greater help. Their membership lists include a small portion of the student body compared to the former literary societies. They must now compete with numerous other student activities for the interest and the time of the earnest student. That they have drawn the attention and participation of a considerable number is to their credit. Yet the average student at Elon is not compelled by the pressure of any social group to make even one public speech during his stay in college.

Nevertheless it is as true today as it was twenty years ago that leadership in any profession or vocation demands the poise of the platform and the art of public persuasion. The intricate organization of urban and rural life will impose on the college graduate of today an ever increasing responsibility to "think on his feet," to express his convictions clearly and convincingly, to engage in group discussions with all the power that vocal efforts can deliver.

Therefore, try dramatics! Or take up debating! Take the course in public speaking! Learn to express yourself before the public; or, before the public you will always be a partial post.

Over The Shoulder

AS I GAZE

Ouija, ah rah, ochimeze, hica, bam bam! The spell is cast. Let us concentrate. What do the cards hold for you? Quiet, now, the trance must not be broken. Madam White Glove is now ready.

Now, Ellen Barrier, close your eyes. Forget your present. Travel with me into the past and future. The cards reveal that you were recently surprised with something very nice, that the greatest troubles of your life have past, and that the future looks very bright. I see a light-haired man, a very important light-haired man. It seems that the two of you like each other very much. Very soon you shall receive a very longed for letter. This will bring you great happiness.

Come right in, Luvinia. Concentrate. Ah, what a beautiful future the cards predict for you! Yes, there's a dark-haired man in your life now. You think you like him very much, but this is only your imagination. Within a very short time, shorter that it will be longer, your attention will be centered on a blonde. There will be a brunette who will endeavor to take this man. However, if you play your cards correctly, you'll have him back in the end, and the two of you will live happily ever after.

Here is Robert Graham. Why, Bob, you never did tell us about that blonde in the past. You loved her, too. As a matter of fact you will always love her. Very soon, you shall receive a very important letter from a dark-haired boy, some one you haven't heard from in a long, long time. Your future will be happy. There are no dark cards facing you.

Yes, here's another interesting character, Patricia Hook. Predicted for you is a very great career. You're going to succeed in exactly what you want to. And as for your love-life. Well, that looks mighty nice. You will fall for a very handsome light-haired man. Oh! What a future!

Becky Vaughn, your fortune is very easy to read. You're definitely in love with a blonde, but watch that little dark-haired girl. She may cause trouble for you. However, you'll get him back in the end. As a matter of fact there may be wedding bells for you two some day.

Elizabeth Parker, your cards reveal two dark-haired men. One of these men is in the past, the other, in the future. There is a slight misfortune staring you in the face, but after that, your life will be one continuous stream of luck. You have already met the dark-haired man of the future, but he is away now. However, he'll be back after the duration—to you.

The spell is broken now, so Madam White Glove must fold her glove away until all is quiet again. She has come out of her trance and this is the end.

CHATTERBOX-NEWS by SNOOP

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
 The best gossip of the year!
 Look, my children, and you shall see
 The juiciest dirt, that even could be!

From observation at the dance last Friday night, we pick Mr. Schultz as "A-S Popularity." We wonder why the boys paid him visits at such frequent intervals . . . While we're still on the subject of the dance, we want to cast our vote for the ideal couple of the occasion. Our choice hands the honor to Faye and Junior . . . And speaking of soldiers, Bob Hope gives us a bit of advice in this short, sweet sonnet:

"Kiss 'em quick,
 And love 'em fast,
 'Cause there ain't no way
 To make a furlough last!"

Even Elon has a mystery to solve . . . What happened to Becky's ring? . . . Well Mary Elen, last year we thought your love-life was a no-break, but it seems A-S Sanders is cutting in . . . Lucille Moron's pretty eyes will be dimmed with tears over the departure of Mr. Koontz . . . Maxine Jackson, Elon's Eleanor Powell, has "natchly" caught herself a musician . . . And Martha's the truest girl at Elon. As a matter of fact, she's true to the civilians, the Army, the Navy, the Air Corps, and the Marines. . . Our bet is that she's as true as a butterfly flitting from one bush to another . . . But maybe the right man hasn't come along yet . . . Seems soldiers are like their uniforms, government issues them and then takes them back . . . Through the efforts of the MAROON AND GOLD and AIR ELON, Ellen and "Pickle-neck" have been brought together. They would like to give their thanks to each staff . . . Another co-ed is sporting a sparkler—best wishes, Mae Green, and may the duration not be too long . . . We just heard a neat one! Lady: What branch of the service are you in.

Elon Cadet: Arm service, mam, are you in need of help? (the wolf).

Who was doing all the "rushing" at the dance Friday night, Matthews or Duncan? Both seemed to be enjoying themselves very much! . . . Just who is the inspiration of Bill Meacham's beautiful poetry? . . . The "Nite Fighters" will be departing soon, thus leaving a long list of new members for the Griever's Society . . . We hear Virginia Wheeler is dead-set on those Texas cowboys, or were we misinformed? . . . Be careful, boys, the girls from Oak Lodge are out to seek their fortunes. Now that they've cut the cards and know their future, they're wasting no time making it more than a fantastic dream! . . . Don't you think there's a girl in Ladies' Hall who's keeping Gene Poe guessing? We do . . . We've been told that the best way to win an argument is to avoid one. Could be . . . Song of the week, to be sung to the tune of "It's A Grand Old Flag":

I'm a sad old hag,
 I'm a two-timing hag,
 And forever in love I'll be.
 Now the trouble of
 This man I love
 Is that he doesn't care for me.
 But my heart beats true
 Though I'm sad and I'm blue,
 Caus e I'm just a plain old bag.
 But when the other acquaintance has been
 forgot

He'll put his eyes on this sad old hag.
 Jeffreys, we wouldn't disappoint you for anything.
 No, siree, not about to leave you out, especially when that good-looking Ensign Darden has recently sailed in and out . . . And there's just one more little item.
 How'd you do it, Leon?

So ends our sonnet,
 No remarks upon it.
 It's the best we can do,
 The rest depends on you!

THE MAXIMS OF MR. BUZZ

A Finella, or Fininella, is a Gremli's gal, or so we are told. Three guesses which is the deadliest.

War drones and campus butterflies make our editor double time into a whizzin' sizzlin' old-fashioned mad spell. And we hope she gets you.

Bigotry is the ogstinate focus of a pin-point mind. Are you the one who ought to be wearin' a peanut shell for a hat?

There are two places that are famous for their pavements. One is paved with good intentions.

A heard of politicos, gay as goats eating Monday's wash, cansi t around a tureen of alphabet soup, and smiled the great unwashed smile of simple ignorance while they spend their money.

By the which, without stopping for grammar, Mr. Buzz is again reminded of the many blocks of simon-pure hell that ignorance has paved with the best of intentions.

Unless it be the small mind unconscious of its own narrow limits, there is none more dangerous than the brilliant mentality unconscious of its owns blind spot.

A bright go-getter who has only two facts at his command has, until he learns a third fact, no more chance of solving X. Y. Z. than has the littlest moron. It takes a big oil can with a long spout to service the drivers of a giant locomotive; but a small snoot where it don't belong can gum up the whole works.

A rolling stone gathers no moss but it gets a lot of polish.

Did You Know?

BY GENE POE

Did you know that what makes anything either good or bad, rich or poor, great or unimportant is the "spirit" that is woven into the matter in which you are engaged? That is true, and we found no better explanation of this fact than in the college catalogue of 1935. From those covers we find the words that touched us deepest in regard to "Spirit." These few words reveal Elon as we like to picture it, and we want you to share such a picture with us.

"The spirit of an individual, an organization, an institution, or a nation, determines to a great extent its influence. The influence determines largely its value. Everyone who comes in touch with Elon College or with a group of Elon College students is soon aware of that intangible and yet ever present thing that is called "THE ELON SPIRIT." It manifests itself in yells, songs, scholarship, honest dealings, fair play, mutual helpfulness, brotherly consideration, equality, fraternity, manliness, womanliness, gracefulness, deference for others, Christian dignity, and a consecrated and religious character.

The Elon spirit is manifested definitely, of course, on the campus itself, creating a spirit of respect for authority and individual faculty members, and deference toward each other, and of courteous regard for visitors and particularly representatives of other colleges who may come for student gatherings, debates, athletic contests, etc. Without knowledge of working for or even the existence of such an honor, the Elon College student body was presented with an award of beautiful design by the president of the North Carolina Student Federation for displaying during 1934 the best sportsmanship toward visiting students of any college within the conference. The award was received with surprise and great applause. This is only one evidence of the oneness and genuineness of the Elon Spirit."

We hope this made you feel as proud of our school as it did us. Some how or other we could just see Elon sitting up on top above all the rest. It's just our nature to turn back the pages of time and see the world as it used to be, but it doesn't change our mind at all about there being a spirit on this campus that you won't find anywhere else.

Scanning The Pages

BY EDNA TRUITT

In order to have a better understanding of current world events, you might like to read "THE FALL OF PARIS." The story opens in 1935, a year which marked the turning point in the life of France. The Popular Front had come into being after the fascist riots that followed the Stavisky scandal. On July 14, Bastille Day, and on September 7, the day of the funeral of Henri Barluisse, the streets of Paris were filled with a crowd a million strong. The spectre of war was haunting Europe. Germany had sent troops into the Rhineland; the Italians had overrun Abyssinia.

The story ends with the debacle—the collapse of the French army under the blows of the Wehrmacht, the flight of the government from Paris, and finally the formation of a new pro-Fascist government at Vichy.

There have been many books on the fall of France, but this is the only novel with an epic score, a profound understanding of the people and the country with which it deals, and great love for them.

"JOURNAL FOR JOSEPHINE" falls under the heading of pleasure reading. Far out on Cape Cod, where the Pamet cuts down slow through the marshes to the sea, Robert Nathan owns a house—an old parsonage built in the first years of the last century. Here he and Mrs. Nathan spend their long summers.

This new book is not a novel, but a journal of the Nathans' life on the Cape last summer. Out there you saw patrol planes, and convoys starting out to sea and heard gunfire over the horizon. But ashore there were the gardens to be worked and cut-worms to be fought. There were fishing trips which never caught a fish. American summer and the hopes and fears of one American family in that first year of war.

Poet's Corner

SONG WITHOUT SWEAR-WORDS

BY HAY NONNIE MOUSE

Said the Japanese to the blank-blank Hun,
 "A shot in the back and away we run,
 And when they come to look for the gun,
 We'll be at home with a pious air,
 Asayin "so sorry! We haven't been there."

For in them days, you know you know,
 Old Uncle Sam was a queer old fellow,
 A seeker of peace, whose heart was mellow;
 And it seemed so easy to treat him mean,
 And then sneak home without bein' seen.

So the Japanese and the blank-blank Hun,
 They struck in the baek and started to run;
 But before they they could quite get over the fence,
 Old Uncle Sam was a queer old fellow,
 And now b'gosh they're feelin' awful,
 Cryin' over specs and monocle—
 "So Sorry! Wisn we hadn't ben there!"