

Maroon and Gold

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OF, BY, AND FOR THE STUDENTS

The ELON COLLEGE HANDBOOK grants us the privilege of Student Government with limitations, which should be at least a miniature emulation of our national or state governments with their constitutional limitations. We, as a Student Body, with the co-operation of the Faculty, can make it function; we must do so; otherwise, it will become stale.

From a psychological aspect it is human nature to want to be one's own boss, to govern one's own being; and college men and women have initiative, personal response, and promptitude so that they need not be driven to do things. Drive a college student to do something and naturally he will become inwardly rebellious; he will then sometimes do things for spite.

Student Government—that is what we want. If we as students today, some of whom are national voters, cannot govern ourselves as respectable ladies and gentlemen, how can we expect to govern our homes and the nation of tomorrow? If we have to be led about with ropes around our necks today, we might as well say that we are not preparing ourselves to be capable of future self-government.

In coordinating the affairs of the college campus, the social regulations, and dating are major issues, and a college that does not let its sexes mingle is now outmoded. But necessarily, sex has always been bound with some restrictions; and there are certain dating rules at Elon College. The dating hours are Monday-Thursday after dinner until 8:00; Friday and Saturday after dinner till 11:00 p. m.; and Sunday from 3:00 p. m. until the supper hour and after Vespers until 10:00 p. m. It has also been suggested that the boys knock at the outside door of Ladies Hall, the Cottage, and Oak Lodge until they are admitted or are invited in by someone. It has been suggested, and I personally politely request, that, insofar as it is possible, we try to conform to the dating rules.

Past experience should show that if you treat a college student as a grammar school kid, you immediately freeze the ice in human relations; if you treat him as a high school youngster, you will make him think he is asinine. Treat the same student as a gentleman, and he will react accordingly. Believing that we are not grammar school kids, or high school youngsters, but rather sensible college students, and that we can govern ourselves by cooperation, I propose to appeal to your common sense.

As president of the Student Body, I have been challenged to show that you possess the politeness, courtesy and sense of responsibility necessary to cooperative citizenship. I believe that you do possess such qualities. But, frankly, some of you have recently been careless of your citizenship. Check that carelessness. Read your handbook and observe the regulations and courtesies of the campus.

We can govern ourselves, so let's do it! Student government should be of the Student, by the Students, and for the Students."

SHANNON MORGAN,
 President, Elon College Student Body.

Scanning The Pages

"Reading maketh a full man."—Bacon.

Ranked permanently among her best work is Pearl S. Buck's "THE PROMISE." It is the heroic tale of the Chinese people fighting in the jungles of Burma. Ling Tau still believes in the promise of foreign aid against the conqueror under whose heel he lives. His third son, who learned to fight from the guerillas, becomes an officer in the Chinese army and is ordered to march into Burma to support the British. The story is played against a mighty background—the retreat of the British and the sacrifice of their gallant Chinese allies.

The theme is the desperate need of the white man and the Chinese to understand one another. Through these people one of the immense actual dreams of our times rises from the pages of the novel so vividly that one does not ask what is fact and what is fiction, but only knows that all is living truth.



3-B's

"Boogie"

"Barrelhouse"

Blues

BY BACIL H. STEED

Greetings "Gates" and you too, LEON . . . This week we (namely, me) will endeavor to discuss the Wax-Situation in the local Jive-spot; the Elon Book Store. As any student of the manly art of Boogie, Barrel-House and Blues can plainly see the waxings in the Bookstore are "in there" to recoin a much-used phrase.

From the massive, and swing-infested town west of here have come into our midst two "sages" of the Dance. None other than your friend (Well he is your friend, isn't he?) and mine, "Bunky," must be jelly cause jam don't shake like that, Satterfield! He has informed me that I can quote him on the fact that through his learned choice, Mary does have quite a few "mellow" selections. Namely "CROSS YOUR HEART" by Artie Shaw, "SUMMIT RIDGE DRIVE" by Artie and "THE BOTTOM OF THE TOTEM POLE" by Glenn Gray, also the one that explains Satterfield's expression: "NO LOVE, NO NOTHING," by Johnny Long.

Don Miller says that he likes "SWEET SLUMBER" by Lucky Millinder; but slumber is something that Don says he is a fugitive from.

Gene Poe says his favorite is "STAR EYES" by Jimmy Dorsey—cause it reminds him of his girl friend in W.A.C.

Leon still likes "FOR THE FIRST TIME." Wonder why?

A-S "Mat" Musial says that his favorite is "I'VE HAD THIS FEELING BEFORE," by Johnny Long.

Davis, that is the name of my little room-mate, says he likes "DO NOTHING 'TIL YOU HEAR FROM ME" by Woody Herman; did you hear your instructions, Miss Husted?

From the looks of people's faces in Chapel Monday, Harry James' "Boogie-woogie Bo-woo" was quite a hit. This record features James on the trumpet and some really mellow boogie-music in the background.

Children have you ever "Latched" on to "A SLIP OF THE LIP," by Ellington. (Victor and Bluebird).

"MY SHINING HOUR" (Decca—Glen Gray). An attractive song from Fred Astair's "THE SKY'S THE LIMIT." Deserves the best—and gets it.

The most popular song at the Publishing House is that grand old song "I'M THE BOTTOM MAN ON THE TOTEM POLE," which took the place of that equally grand old song by Dean Hudson, "COME ON CHICK SLIP ME A SLOPPER." While passing by the South Dorm stop in and relax under a VARGA "Pin-up Girl." Do you feel loggy and run-down. This will serve as a quick pick-up "Cats."

Let me close with this little epic of humor:
 He: "I'm a man of few words. . . Do you kiss?"
 She: "Well, usually I don't but you've talked me into it."
 He: "Skip it—it took you too long to make up your mind."

Ah, Yes, kind people, we again come around to the time when the youthful genius of Steed is again unveiled for all to see. Gather around and I will tell you the story of "Goldilocks and the Three Nickle-Lodians." Over the noise and clatter of the linotype, I can see it all now. There stands "Goldie-Locks" in her cute little zoot suite, and gathered all around her in Ye Old Forest Sodie Shoppe are the three Bears. The three Bears are none other than the owners of this thriving little Shoppe. There is Ajax, the father bear, "Flat-Top," the middle-aged bear, and "Shieky," the young bear.

Shieky speaks, "Hey, Ajax, do you realize that this young girl, standing in our midst, has been slipping slugs into our most honored machine; namely, yonder Music-Box."

"Egad," hissed the middle-aged Bear. "I wondered what that Frank Sinatra was singing on the machine."

At the start of this outburst by these forest folks, the little girl began to search frantically for a nickle. Finally she found one deep in the mass of articles hidden in her handbag.

"Here," she says, "is an Elon dollar." (She handed the nickle to the older bear, Ajax).

"Why this is not a dollar," "Flat-top" replied, with a touch of fire in his eye. "This is NICKLE!"

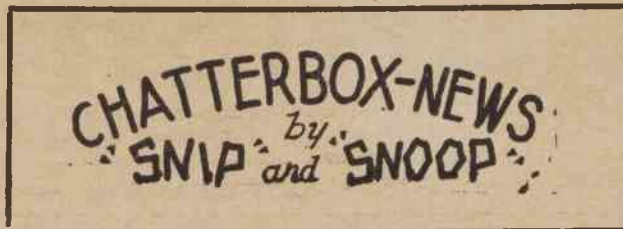
"No," she replied to the short, hairy individual, "It is an ELON dollar, after bonds, fees, books and income tax have been taken out."

At the conclusion of this "Fire-Side chat" all three of the Bears lay down in front of the machine to listen to the music rendered by Jimmy Dorsey and that GOOD male vocalist, BOB EBERLY. "Flat-top" scratched his head, Ajax gazed through the crowded dance floor as if into space; and "Shieky" jumped up, grabbed little Gold in the Looks and out one mean strip of rug. As this reporter left the little shoppe, half-way up in the next forest, he could see the shadows cast by the two dancers on the floor of the mighty forest and could hear the mellow strains of one fine piece of Music, "You Are My First Love," as he glided through the undergrowth.

Next time that "Bear" are in season and Union, Local 1673 permits drop by and see "Shieky." You can tell him by his boogie-step and that cute little wife of his, "Goldie."

The moral of this story is: A BEAR IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE NICKLE-LODIAN.

Well, got to see a girl about a dream so 'bye now.



Just to get things started, Snip and Snoop would like to inform all of its readers (optimistic souls, aren't we) that last issue's column "Over the Shoulder" was a reprint from things which happened about a year ago. It seems people were beginning to accuse us of being a little off—(the record), but there was really no harm meant. It was our way of saying that time certainly marches on.

We were just wondering what would happen if we should leave this article out this week. Don't answer that. After all, we can't please everyone. But speaking of things like that, what do you think would happen if: Jessie Thurecht didn't hear from Jabez . . . All the co-eds minded their own business . . . Edna Reitzel passed Spanish . . . Mark Andes couldn't get a lemon . . . Davis stopped flirting with the women . . . Mary didn't have a drawwwwl . . . Clarence Biddix had a date . . . The girls were allowed to go down town until 10 o'clock . . . Jackie Badden got a telegram . . . Bob Gaskins didn't think so much of himself . . . Bettie Sue Floyd heard from Perry . . . Steed were air raid warden at G. C. . . "Doc" Brannock's students knew what chemistry was all about . . . Grace Towery didn't blink her eyes . . . Faye stopped saying, "I'm smiling now" . . . Dottie Lamb did her physics at home by herself . . . Liza should be seen without Bobby . . . The cadets would study so they wouldn't flunk their Nashvilles . . . Rodney Southerland broke down and got a date (at Elon???) . . . Bunk Sutton got married . . . Haily Vickery stopped slinging bull . . . Ella Ray didn't whistle at a cadet . . . Two certain boys stationed at one certain place writing to Martha should meet . . . Dr. French were better looking than Dean Messick . . .

Mary Ellen had visitors every week-end . . . If college mail were censored . . . If cadets were rationed . . . If all Elon girls looked like Hedy Lamar's and Betty Grables and all the boys looked like Clark Gable's and Ronnie Reagan's . . . Miss Moore's class should happen to study their sociology . . . Jeffreys didn't come back . . . The cadets should leave . . . The library were quiet for once . . . The war ended tomorrow . . . Youth stepped out with Gene Poe . . . Snip and Snoop was appreciated by all . . . "Shieky" forgot how to boogie . . . Satterfield's tailor got drafted . . . and last but not least. The Chapel Programs were all as "Corny" as the last Epic of Youthful America genius . . . (Am I kidding!!!)

Every night were Saturday night . . . The war ended before all the soldiers got furloughs . . . We should inclose a very special poem dedicated to the cadets and the students:

BEST SELLER

They took a poll of men on the post
 In an effort to find the book read most.
 The classics of fiction were all in the race,
 But one book led by enormous race.
 What was this work every man word read
 With bated breath, in his hunger and need,
 That made Bill Shakespeare just an also-ran?
 Could be? Why of course, it was SUPERMAN.

This was taken from the repertoire of T-Sgt. Ralph W. Cain of Tonopah, Kentucky . . . If Superman came to Elon . . . We had good chapel programs every Monday morning . . . The Elon girls really took advantage of this year's being leap year . . . The girls stayed in the Book Store after the cadets left . . . There was no Oak Lodge . . . True Love ran smoothly . . . There were changes made . . . Eleanor Dare didn't always have a smile for everyone . . . Wayne Taylor fell for Betsy Smith . . . Snip and Snoop were good . . . And might we close with this, the question of the week, what would happen if all the lights at Elon should go out for a week???

Did You Know?

BY GENE POE

Again we find ourselves wandering around asking the public what they think about the future. The question of the week is "What use do you plan to make of leap year?"

The first person we met up with was Edna Barrier. She says, I plan to get married or get left out for four more years." Now here is Betty Bob Stone, "I'm going to ask Ross White to marry me."

Ruby Huntley says, "I'm going to stay home for awhile."

Next is Hilda Malone. Hilda says, "I'm going to wait six months after the war for my man, and after that I'm a free woman if nothing happens."

Senora Jones, "Keep right on asking boys for dates. Bonnie Davis, "Just depends on who's around, or I'll just keep leaping."

Lillian Perkins, "Find an unmarried and teach him to dance."

Elizabeth Hill, "I hope to land my man before June."

Arnold Jones, "I'll just wait on mine."

Annie Lee Copple, "Nothing but the usual. Just sit around with my hands folded."

Elizabeth Parker, "Find him this year and marry him next year."

Louvinia Kerns: "If I don't get a man this time I'll be too old the next time leap year comes around."

Frances Gunter, "Just too bashful." That's hard to believe, Frances.

Mary Cox, "Time will tell."

Etta Hooper, "Woubn't do to tell."

Hazel Taylor, "Get one and go . . . Kinda stock up on 'em. You know how hard they are to get."

Dot Williams, "Leave it up to the men, but I'll keep hoping."

Dot Dill, "Settle down and catch a man."

Shannon Morgan, "I'm going to make a girl fall in love with me."

Don Miller, "I'm going to play hard to get."

Ray McDonald, "Continue to be hard to get."

Dot Holland, "I'm going back to my man at home."

Virginia Jeffreys, "I've already got my man."

That seems to wind up things for this time.

Over The Shoulder

SERIOUSLY SPEAKING

With the aid of some of Elon's gallant knights and its vanity fair we proudly (?) print here below the "battle of the sexes." They say it's the truth that hurts, and if this doesn't produce plenty of aches and groans, I quit.

Mrs. Sil Caruso: "Oh, wonderful! That is, if they're all like Sil!"

Edna Rumley: "Men are things that are not to be understood."

Maxine Jackson: "Oh m gosh! What a question! What are they, anyway?"

Mary Cox: "Some of them do right well. They puzzle me, but I'm going to figure them out before next week." (Ed.'s note: Why next week, Mary?)

Elsie Boone: "As far as men are concerned, my mind is bland."

Martha McDaniel: "Mmmmmmmmmmm!!!!"

Faye Thomas: "They're animals—wolves!"

Bonnie Davis: "Darn'd if I know! Men are O. K. in their place—and that's my place, too. (Ed.'s note: Seems most of them are placed in the army nowadays.)"

Hilda Barbour: "Men? Are you kidding?"

Eva Carpenter: "As a whole they're wonderful! Especially, one or two!"

Mary Ellen McCants: "Actions speak louder than words!"

Hazel McAuley: "I have to answer that?"

Etta Hooper: "Brother! They're dynamite!"

Mary Warren: "They're O. K., especially one certain Pfc. Jackson!"

Doris Chandler: "Give 'em to me—tall, dark, and handsome! Of course it's O. K. if they're short, light, and blonde."

Ann's trader: "They're all alike and you can't believe a word they say—Their lines are so long, you could hang cloths on them 'not for years, not for life, but forever'."

Joyce Matthews: "I like 'em O. K., just O. K., 'cept one short, blackhaired, good dancer." (Ed.'s note: And just which way does this go?)

But we don't want to show partiality, so, girls, here's the awful truth about you. All we've got to add is this—we'd never have believed it if we hadn't heard it.

Bob Gaskins: "Girls at Elon College are what keep men off the streets—some of 'em!"

Leon Gibbs: Nothing!

Don Miller: Sure lot of headaches for boys, but I still think they're mighty sweet."

George Davis: "I love 'em all!"

Gene Poe: "Women are just like food . . . Too much, bad for you; too little, you can't even survive."

"Spike" Harrell: "Shoot, they're all right! They're O. K.; We just couldn't do without them—that's all."

Shannon Morgan: "Some are funny. Some don't know what the score is."

Jack Sunburn: "They're O. K., I guess. They seem to have a pretty good time in West Dorm." P. S. Especially the five fools of Fremont.

L. W. Riley: "They're just like elephants—nice to look at but you wouldn't want to own one."

Bacil Steed: "Girls are something, er, girls are something. Girls have more fun than any other people. Girls are something that if a situation ever arose without it would be tough stuff."

And now we know, eh, chicks? But just keep this in mind—a man makes a worthwhile living, but a girl makes living worthwhile.

Enemy Stronger Now Than At War's Start

(Below is an article written by Major General George V. Strong, Assistant Chief of Staff G-2, U. S. Army. It is reprinted at the request of Lt. Kenton, Adjutant of the 325th College Training Detachment):

The German Army has nearly three times as many combat divisions in the field today as there were when the attack on Poland began four years ago.

The number of workers employed in war industries in Nazi-dominated territories has risen from 23,000,000 at the start of the war to a present total of 35,000,000 and the weapons which they are making are, in some cases, better than any which the United Nations have. One of the new weapons, a rocket gun, weighs less than 1,800 pounds and it has a fire power equal to six heavy field howitzers, weighing nine tons apiece.

Even with the loss of Italian aid, Germany's position has been only slightly weakened. The German food ration is higher in caloric content than at the outbreak of the war, and there is nothing in the German economic picture to justify confidence in the immediate downfall of the Nazi structure.

Once the United Nations' forces have reached the lines on which the Germans are determined to stand, the days of inexpensive victories will end. Further advances will be contested yard by yard and foot by foot, and by well-trained veteran troops.

Japanese manpower resources in and out of Japan are very great. The morale of both the armed forces and civilian population is excellent and geographic factors give tremendous added strength. The Solomons are only an outpost, more than 3,000 miles from the heart of the empire. We have yet to reach any main Japanese line of resistance or any point which they are apparently determined to hold at all costs.

The Japanese are in a strong position today and their power in many respects is steadily increasing. The longer we leave them in virtual control of East Asia, the more difficult the eventual struggle will be.

The main advantage we have is our ability to produce the weapons of war. If, through our unwillingness to face the facts, we give up this advantage, we may find our opportunity for victory has escaped us permanently. To insure this accomplishment of our war mission—the defeat of Germany and Japan—demands the whole-hearted single-minded effort not only of every man, woman and child in the country, but also every bit of productive power, inventive genius and executive ability we possess—From the Army Air Force.