

Maroon and Gold

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Bing Crosby Says

"When the school bells start ringing, be there!" We quote the words of this famous star for a purpose. Let's have a talk about it. He was telling you and me why we can be sure we are right in remaining in school.

Bing is a sage. He can almost be said to have as much philosophy as we once found in our beloved Will Rogers. When he tells young Americans to keep on at school, there's a sound reason for his statement. Bing knows that the whirl of present events may bring the siren call of easy money and adventure to youth who need the steady influence of a longer look into the future. You selected Elon as your college. There are many good schools in our land. But we know you made a good choice. Hold fast to your present plans. Now is the time to get in some good licks. The effort you invest in the next few weeks will be bread cast upon the waters. All the blessings and proverbs of Ben Franklin's "Poor Richard" be yours now to have and to ponder. Let no vagrant and wavering thoughts defeat the high resolve with which you came to this historic campus. Elon's sons and daughters of other years tell us wisely, as does our friend Bing Crosby, that now is the time to prepare to grasp the future.

That's why we say, "Old-timers, show the way. Freshmen, dry those eyes, give out with the true Elon spirit, and be thankful that you're right where you belong these autumn days. Elon is an Alma Mater to serve in the American way. She stands high in public esteem; and, with your help, we'll always keep her there."

Just think for a minute, what would you be doing if you weren't in college right now? . . . And what if you did have a job—where would that put you one year from now, or ten, or twenty? You see—there's no way out of it. The future of our nation needs all of us, because we're going to be the educated men and women of tomorrow—the people who know how to think and to act when the time comes, the people whose new ideas will make peace inevitable in a long-dreamed-of Utopia.

You freshmen, who sometimes may feel that things aren't what they used to be, must remember that a school is just what you make it. Yes, we upperclassmen might give you the impression that Elon was greater last year and the year before and the year before that. But Elon will never be any greater than it is right now. We love the place. And why?—because we have something that we want to share with you, the Elon spirit. When spirit is dead, a school might just as well shut its gates. But Elon students have had and will continue to have, as long as there's a single Elon man left on this earth, the strongest and mightiest school spirit ever known.

This war has perhaps made many of you feel that school isn't the best place to be right now, but we're certain that it is. We want you to be certain. It is evident that you do feel the importance of good college training, for you have surely made a wise selection in your choice of school. So off to work we go— all together.

Begin The Day Right

Come to Morning Watch. It only takes a few minutes out of a whole long day, and it is such a good way to start the day off right. Man needs more than physical strength derived from the feeding of the body. He needs spiritual food as well; and the best time and place to get it, I think, is at the "Morning Watch" held each day after breakfast in Whitley Auditorium. There, as one hears the soft music of the organ, the cares of the world are forgotten and a spirit of sacredness spreads within the heart. One learns within such services something of the truths of God, and finds a good thought for the day ahead. A spirit of happiness as well as a joy within is gained. This is a service given for and by the students. The leaders would appreciate your cooperation in making these services successful during this coming year, and they are certain that you will be helped in many ways.

—Ida Marie Parker

Two Kinds Of Opportunism

We usually think of an "opportunist" as a person who 'hangs around' waiting for the opportunity to present itself, and then takes advantage of it. There have been many who have succeeded by this method, with apparently little effort. But we find, as a rule, their gains have been made through some loss to others. There surely must come a day when such individuals will be forced to have a reckoning with their consciences. And none can honestly say "My life is what I made it." The opportunist who has thus become successful will derive very little satisfaction from his position in life, because he will realize his success is not representative of his own abilities or labors. If he is not successful, he cannot help but feel that had he created his own opportunities, and made the most of them, his life would have been a different story.

You can give the word "opportunist" different meaning by realizing that each day of your college life is an opportunity and a challenge which, if accepted, will make your living richer and fuller. And though your material gains may never be great, you will have the knowledge and understanding that will sustain you through prosperity and depression, and that will remain your valuable possessions as long as you live.

—E. R. S.

College Humor

Flow Gently, Sweet Knowledge,
 Among My Green Brains;
 Flow Gently, I Pray Thee, Take
 Heed to Thy Pains.
 My Roomie's in Class With His
 Books And His Theme;
 Flow Gently, Sweet Knowledge,
 Disturb Not His Dream!

—Lenoir Rhynean

Take Note:

I think that I shall never see
 A girl refuse a meal that's free;
 A girl whose hungry eyes are fixed
 Upon a cake that's being mixed,
 A girl who doesn't always wear
 A screwy hat upon her hair.
 But girls are loved by guys like me,
 'Cause gosh!—who wants to kiss a tree?

Ah, yes. Have you heard about the Hollywood janitor whose salary includes room and board and any little extras he can pick up?

Did you hear of the girl whose face was her fortune and it ran into a nice figure? Or of the girl whose figure was like an hour glass—she made every minute count.

Ike requested a furlough, explaining that his wife was "expecting." A few months afterwards he asked for another for the same reason, and sometime later came the third request.

"For Heaven's sake," roared his superior officer, "Just what is she expecting?" and Ike answered, "Me."

An inmate of an insane asylum thought he was Napoleon.

A visitor one day asked him, "How do you know you are Napoleon?"

"God told me so," was the reply.
 A voice from the next cell called, "I did not."

An optimist: A man who fell out of the sixteenth floor window and called out, as he passed the fifth floor, "Safe thus far."

Did You Know?

By GENE "UNIMPEACHABLE" POE

The use of pigeons as messengers goes back to 3500 B. C.
 Campus is a Latin word meaning "level plain."
 Wild horses of the Gobi desert are only four feet high.

Wake Island's area is one square mile.
 There are 14,000 individual pieces in a light war tank.

Pineapples weighing 20 pounds are common in the New Hebrides Islands.

Of the nine provinces of Canaga, seven have a coast line on salt water.

The first apartment houses in the United States were called French flats.

Guadalcanal was named by a 15th century adventurer for his home town in Spain.

The violence of tides prevents Hudson Bay from ever freezing over completely.

The use of cosmetics can be traced to 5,000 B. C.

In Rome, women used to rouge their knees and elbows.

To make the finish on your car last longer, wash it in the shade.

Glycerine, the "slippery" element in hand lotions, is used for making high powered explosives.

Tiny cochineal are used for color in rouge and lipsticks. It takes 70,000 to make a pound.

More than 250,000 pounds of coal tar dyes are used for tints in beauty aids every year.

French chalk used in face powder is mined in Italy, France, India and Canada.

The word cosmetic comes from the Greek, and means "to adorn or beautify."

In ancient Rome muscular males traced the veins in their arms with blue paint.

Ancient women were fond of beauty masks and milk baths.



Well, here we are, same as before, and there should be plenty of good gossip judging from the mighty fine looking freshmen class this year, and that's straight from our good Dean Bowden. Naturally, we can't get it all in this time, but from our repertoire of the passing parade—"Chillun, We know what's cookin'!"

Due to the fact that some people don't like football, even when it's in season, the girls on the second floor of East regret to inform the members of the team that practice will be discontinued. Checkers has been chosen as the game of the weekend.

In case all you people don't know our ole pal, Clarence Biddix, introductions will be made, come Sunday, by Nell Crenshaw. Don't get too excited, girls, this romance has been going on for quite some time.

Every campus must have its musicians, and this year let us settle ourselves for a little "jive session" with that heavenly horn "tooter," "Rat" McIntyre. Little Billy, blow on your sax.

What would campus life be without at least one old settled couple like Bonnie and Shiek?

In a round of gossip a little while ago we ran into an attractive upperclassmen girl who remarked rather favorably about one of our freshmen Casnovas; namely Fred Chandler. And we'd be willing to bet she's not the only one.

Since Lib Holland has been such a nice, quiet war-widow, we just can't seem to find a bit of gossip to print about her. You're not going to let us down, are you?

We sho' did miss the traditional pajama parade this fall, but some absent-minded freshman left his pajamas at home. Ain't that just like a freshman?

Oh, yes, leave us not forget the Virginia delegation that gave us that humorous skit at the S. C. A. party. Parson Rawls made quite a hit—like sister, like brother. And we likes 'em both!

When Mary Ellen was asked why she sang "I'll Walk Alone," so much she replied—"Them's my sentiments." Now what could she mean by that? Ask somebody else, we don't know.

A couple of boys seemed to be in doubt as to whether Eleanor's name is Divine or Le Vine. We'll leave it to her to put 'em in the "Know Column."

It's awfully nice to have W. T. Walker back in school—Welcome!

It makes us mighty happy to see a cute gal like Shirley dating a cute guy like Harry. There ought to be more such couples—we certainly have the material.

Seems every year we find someone who really loves the Navy, and not wanting to let that fine branch down this year, we didn't have much trouble finding Janet Ward. He was around last weekend, too, we hear.

Looks like Mot has her weekends pretty well booked-up for quite a while now. We've been trying hard for dates, but tain't no use . . . the other six beat us to it.

Appears to us that Senior Gibbs is out again to see what progress he can make with this year's Freshmen Juliets. And we want to wish you well, Gibbs. After all, you only have one more year here.

And that's that folks. 'Cause we reckon all you know that all things (good and bad) must come to an end, this is no exception. You make the news and we'll break it—gently.

Reid This

By H. REID

—Once upon a time, there was a dwarf. Said dwarf died one day, and his sad relatives chipped in and purchased a casket within which the aforementioned deceased midget would be reverently placed in Ye Olde Terra Firma as his final resting place. After awhile, the agents of the casketry presented the mourning family with the bill for the coffin. This is a very historical incident, and mark it well, as it is the first time that the term "check for a short bier" was used.

After much fomentation had been administered upon one green fayton A model Ford, HAHVEY RAWLS managed to complete the process of perambulation between Elon College and Suffolk . . . safely . . . IDA BEE, the former's "acquaintance back home" was on hand to greet HAHVEY, and asked him "What have you been doing for the past few months?" "Been at Elon College taking medicine," drawled H. P. RAWLS. "And did you finally get well?" he was asked.

As a special feature, we would like to bring you another thrill-packed drama of the airlines in a condensed form. MARY HERRING, BACK ALLEY WIFE, written by BILL LEE GOATE, is sponsored by The Stagger Inn, located within hiking distance of good hotels. This tourists' abode is located near the Virginia line. For information, simply write the simple manager of the joint, at Carrimeback 2, Old Virginny. The hotel boasts hot and cold running water—a river, through the lobby; hot in summer, and cold in winter. The Inn has 365 rooms and a bath. Our rates are always stable. So is the hotel. And now, we bring you the gripping story of a girl who fell in love with a corset maker, only to find Malicious Murphy had evil intentions as to the status of the futherence of such romantic efforts. As today's scene opens, we find Malicious Murphy chasing Mary Herring's lover on a horse. As the villian was making very good time on foot chasing Mary Herring's lover on a horse, he steals the nearest nag around, which happens to belong to a cousin of Mary Herring, who is engaged to a brother's wife's uncle-in-law of Mary's who, in turn, has just finished a divorce suit (which didn't fit, and so they had to call off the legal proceedings) with a fifth cousin, seven times removed, all of which presents untold complications in the unfolding of the stirring episode.

(Sound effect) Biddy-gup-clippitty-clop-biddy-gup-clippitty-clop-ditto. Mary Herring's lover, the armor maker: "Curse you, Malicious Murphy, for breaking up my almost happy home!"

Malicious Murphy is about to reply, "Same," but remembers that he has no home.

Announcer: And it so happens that the horse under Mary Herring's lover is of a pedigree stock, and can jump twenty-five feet. Fortunately, for the previously-mentioned personage, Malicious Murphy's steed is of ordinary stock. The two approaching a yawning chasm (it is sleepy). Mary Herring's just-about husband's horse makes a mighty tremendous effect.

(Sound effect) Zoooooom.

Announcer: Our hero, which is being the swain of Mary Herring, is swiftly borne across the cliff, Malicious Murphy's horse is standing on the other side, calmly viewing the situation. Can he make it? We shall see. Malicious Murphy digs down in his pocket and produces a tape measure. He measures the chasm. What ho! He can not make it! Malicious Murphy has been dealt with by Fate. As he has an ordinary horse, he can not make it across the cliff to pursue his victim, as the cliff is twenty-five meet-one-and-a-half inches wide, a feat not destined for any animal but a pedigree to successfully attempt.

At the dance, the other night, a science major was showing off before an unsuspecting freshman. "Look out for mitosis," warned the science major. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know I was on your toes, sir."

Don't accuse GIBBS—He: I feel as though I've known you for years.
 She: You do.

(Typesetter's note: We ran outa punctuation marks. Will it have any effect on the above joke?)

And at the football game the other night, one Elon-ites doubted the validity of a Gastonia extra point. "Why?" she was asked, "it went through the uprights." "Yes," was the reply, "but nobody caught it."

The same object of admirable periphery wanted to know which side the three men were on that had the black and white shirts on. "It's unfair for those three to stand all twenty-two of those other men, isn't it?"

Poet's Corner

G. I. MOON

Jes' a lonesome gal by the Wishing Well,
 With the big moon high in the harvest sky;
 And my G. I. Joe with his Lulu Belle,
 And a "jeep to go in, O me O my!"

But now, my friends, don't cry, don't cry—
 For Lulu Belle is a queen of the sky,
 A dive-bombin' dream in the night so high—
 God's keeping her safe, for my love and I.

DO YOU KNOW THE ADDRESS OF AN ELON MAN IN SERVICE? PLEASE SEND IT TO THE MAROON AND GOLD AT ONCE. CUT OUT THIS FORM AND RETURN BY MAIL OR PLACE IN OUR CAMPUS BOX.

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