

## Maroon and Gold

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## Harvest Lanterns

Once a year, long about October, when the new moon grows a golden halo and the blue haze of early Indian summer blows over the horizon, the night hangs out her harvest lights. They shine with a witching clarity and calmness upon the fodder in the shock and the wild turkey roosting high; upon the yellow pumpkins in the field; upon the scarlet and gold of the autumn woods; and upon farms yielding the rich return of the summer's labor. There are the days when summer turns back to say a final goodbye; when migrating birds beat their pinions in long flights to winter quarters; and when you and I see the promise of June fulfilled, and find the satisfaction of knowing that life is good.

The hunter's moon comes out, riding gold and fair above. The stars lean a little nearer. The morning glories still blow their purple bugles. The fairies seem to dance in the still, white light. Even an old rail fence or a cornfield scare-crow somehow becomes a part of the magic and the enchantment. The sleeping waters and the wandering possum and rabbit all partake of this calm an dfinal benevolence of the year.

The lights without and the lights within—the candles of the spirit—burn more brightly together. Night, the shepherd herds the stars. Human hearts are grateful. Peace comes upon hearth and home. In the round of the seasons, all are beautiful, but none more capable of bringing balm to Gilead than this time of Harvest Lanterns.

## Bidnight Comes But Twice A Year

One of the highlights of a college experience is the time you get that invitation to join up with a fraternity or sorority. At Elon, two Saturday nights are set aside for Bid Night and its celebration. This is one of the great traditions; and, like the Mississippi—Ole Man River—it just keeps rollin' along. Old members come back. Birds of a feather flock together. New bids come in. The assembly always makes for a gay and gala occasion. It means food, songs, people, and a sleepless night.

We shall miss the serenading done by the fraternalists in the pre-war years. But the same old spirit is still with us—and with them. Some day, when the Nazis are underground and the Rising Sons of the Mikado have had their come-uppance, we'll hear those deep bass and high tenor and wild baritone voices under the oaks again. But for 1944, chin up and Hail to Bid Night!

## Poet's Corner

### THE FAR SHORE

You think I am queer when I do not agree  
That the place most enticing is home,  
But I know you're blind, or you surely could see  
Why my aim must be always to roam.

The trees on each mounaintop beckon to me,  
The shells on the beach hum refrains;  
The plains give a promise of space vast and free,  
And the skylines of towns flash bright names.

Each sea is a challenge I have to accept—  
The far shore seems fairer to me.  
Each hill I must climb, though with laboring step,  
Beyond there are new things to see!

V. Hoffman.

## New Books To Read

### RECOMMENDED BY DR. HIRSCH

Scan the New Book row on the main library desk for other titles. The following have been recommended by Dr. Hirsch for students of history.

**THE MIRACLE OF AMERICA**, by Andre Maurois. This is a fascinating new work by the famous French biographer and author of works on Shelley, Disraeli, and Byron. For his own countrymen, who must now rebuild a broken land, Maurois describes the development of our nation; how the pioneers transformed ideals into working realities; democracy was established; obstacles were overcome; and the many races and peoples of Europe became Americans, together founding the United States.

This work reads like a dramatic novel. The author's fine artistic and scholarly sense gives us a portrayal of our own history through the eyes of a sympathetic, shrewd and talented Frenchman.

**SHORT HISTORY OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE**, by L. Carrington Goodrich. A compact work by one of the greatest of living authorities, the Professor of Chinese at Columbia University. Selected by Chinese scholars in America as the best account of their civilization.

**DOCUMENTS OF THE HISTORY OF EUROPE SINCE 1918**, by Walter C. Langsam. An amazing book. The documents, without interpretation, speak for themselves. From as far back as 1919, or as recently as 1940, they reveal the facts concerning the Treaty of Versailles, the League of Nations, Great Britain and her Empire, Russia and Stalin, Germany and Hitler (nee Schicklgruber). Here are the records of every important part of the international triangle: the Washington Naval Treaties of 1922, the Laval-Mussolini Agreements of 1935, the reports of the Moscow trials of 1937, and much more.

**RETURN OF THE TRAVELER**, by Rex Warner. A soldier slain in battle returns to ask "Why was I killed?" Has been said to equal in depth and significance Plato's DIALOGUES. Without doubt one of the few outstanding books of our time. What are they dying for? What answers do we have? Do we have any at all? A soul-stirring and thought-provoking book, one that will remain when the vast turmoil of today has ended.

Also recommended:

**CITIES IN THE WILDERNESS**, by Bridenbaugh.  
**GROWTH OF AMERICAN THOUGHT**, by Merle Curti.

**DER FUEHRER**, by Heiden. Famous biography of Adolph Schicklgruber. The low-down on a low-down wretch.

These books and others, ordered for the reserve shelf of the History Department, will be made available to anyone upon request, providing the course requirements permit. Let Mrs. Johnson and the library staff be your guides to some happy adventures in reading.

## Over The Shoulder

By U. Q. T.

With that look that only a tired and bedraggled editor could possess, she approached me. She said, "Please." I said, "No," etc., etc. . . . And that was that! . . . I said, "Yes." So in spite of anything you might try to do to stop me, it's no use. SHE insisted. Please, please, my dear friends (?), please try to understand—I just had to write this column. (As they say in German, "Ain't no telling what one would do for a desperate ed. . . .")

Now then, "Chickens," I'm no jive talker. Rather, I would consider myself a bit of an intellect, such as intellects are these days, or wouldn't you know? . . . Just the other day I was talking to a high-brow and was informed by the same that among the most valuable books our library contains is the dictionary. So we shall proceed to make this remarkable piece of literature our topic for this session.

For instance, there are the words lie and lay. (Pardon me, now, while I speak for a moment to those only who have mastered the English language.) Lie has quite a variety of meanings. Let us look at in the light of telling a tale. Who couldn't. None of us would lie—but that brings up another point. How in the heck can you sleep if you don't lie? Then, of course, there are the class-sleepers who never lie, but then suppose there's a quiz. To get by they are forced to shoot the bull, which we intelligencia consider a subdivision of lying. Therefore, it would be necessary for us to conclude that we all are liars.

Now, in the case of lay, let us turn our minds to poultry. Poultry are fowls and a fowl means you're out, so there you out, so that's out.

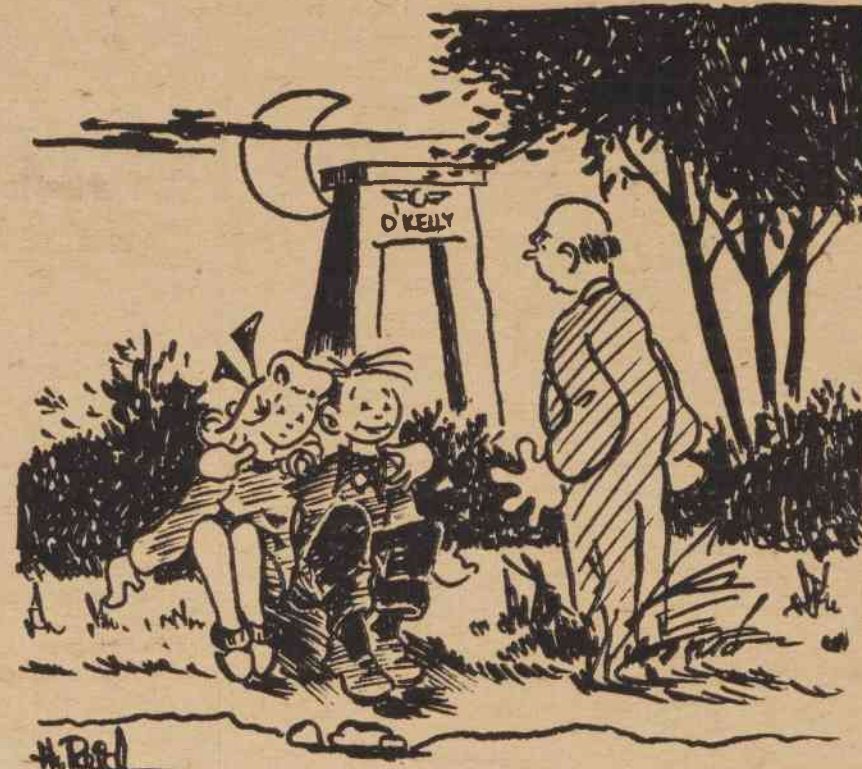
But, back to lying, suppose we tell you that lying is a form of exaggeration, or vice-versa. If this is true (and who cares) when there could be no possible chance of one's confusing the words lie and lay. For it is clear from my preceding explanations that a hen could not possibly exaggerate an egg.

And that leaves us with the word exaggeration.

It is the biggest and most powerful word I know of. (That, incidentally, is an exaggerated statement). But to one who knows no better, exaggeration is accepted as the truth, which is just the opposite from lying, and now that we're back where we started from, I feel I could go right on entertaining you for hours to come. (That, my friends, is an example of a lie.)

Now is everything clear? Thank you for reading (exaggeration again) and may you never be confused again.

And, hey Roomie, wherd you lie that box of Aspirin?



"Oh, don't worry about us, sir . . . We're ten feet away from the O'Kelly monument."



Things certainly were all fouled up at the Fair a few nights ago . . . or, to use an overquoted expression, things were fouled up.

Getting to the wrong end of the deal . . . . The sophomores in some of the girls' dorms seem to be ruling rowdily. That cute white paddle with a hole in it seems to be serving its purpose. Jo Nelle may be quoted.

The historical significance of Verdalee "Witch" Norris dating Thomas Wolfe is appalling. That is not all that is quite appalling.

Should there be anything on your mind, besides a toupee, consult the Ouija board on the third floor of West, we are told. This inanimate oracle is capable of telling all, provided one knows the answer before hand.

Sara Harris is alleged to be carrying around a very forlorn look as of late, the reason for which we are to assume is the great length of time that must elapse between now and Christmas. Obviously, she has not taken into consideration the various Elon males, who are known to be wonders at making time (fly).

**SILVER WINGS IN THE MOONLIGHT** is currently one of the top ranking favorites among the girls . . . followed closely by **SMOKE ON THE WATER**, maybe?

John "Bunk" Sutton will soon leave to accept a position with his rich uncle by the name of Samuel. Elon will miss this well-known character, and it is hoped that he will stay around as long as he is able.

Miss Shirley Sinclair sprung a formal entertainment last Sunday night in East. Interesting things were served to equally as fascinating folks.

Is Mr. H. Reid going to be more conservative this Fall than he was this Summer? What happened to his surrealist ties? (Ed. Note: Since he bought some tee shirts from Jo Po, he doesn't wear ties any more). We were just wondering . . . noticed where Salvador Dali would handprint one for only \$200. (Ed. Note, Jr.: Reid buys 'em for 25c at Kresge's).

A Freshman red head has been complimented on her dancing in West Dorm, among other things. Seems she has a great talent for jitterbugging.

Numerous phone calls come from Graham of a character referred to as Evelyn. The party who inserts the jitney into the slot is not known . . . Who is he?

"Who is George?" "Sophomore, I must not tell a lie." Elinor Le Vine.

It has been debated whether it is Leon Gibbs' good looks or his car that win the wimmen's hearts. Well, they both get around quite a bit, and there are many outstanding features that must be considered in determining such a question.

Jack and Marie—"Together," "The Same Old Story," "It Started All Over Again," etc., etc.

The Freshman boys enjoyed the pajama parade more than the upperclassmen, who were more wrapped up in it. How 'bout that?

Carl White is getting chummy with Fred Register. Fred Register is a ministerial student. Ministers perform marriages. Carl White is also chummy, but in a different manner, with a girl named Erma. Therefore, with the following established, we conclude that Carl White is making good grades in biology.

Frances Pegram and Leigh Flinchum are walking around, we are informed, with eyes as big as Pepsi-Cola bottles. Maybe it is because of the Duke-Carolina Pre-Flight game . . . and the Foot Ball (formal), with many a riddshipman that follows.

## Reid This

By H. REID

One upon a time there was an Elon student named Carmen Lawngflannil (called "Red," for short).

Most all of the boys went to the book store at night and to the dances.

But not Red.

He was a Freshman. He had to shine a sophomore's shoes. Sometimes he would shine shoes until late at night. When he finished shining shoes, he could not go anywhere, because it would be eleven o'clock before he completed his labors.

One night, a ferocious upperclassman had Red straighten up his room.

"But I am going to the dance tonight at the Social Hall," Red wailed.

The upperclassman would not listen, and threatened to bash Red's head with a large transparent container, the liquid contents of which had been emptied.

Red began sweeping. And straightening, "I wish I could go to the dance," he said.

Instantly there was a brilliant light in the room, and Red saw a fairy, with a wand (and a nice head of blonde hair, not to mention other favorable physical attributes.) "I," exclaimed the fairy, "I am a special service provided by the SCA. Would you like to go to the dance tonight?"

"Yes," Red replied, "but I have much to do."

"Have no fears in regard to same, as that unsatisfactory situation can readily and easily be remedied," offered the Good One.

"That sounds very bodacious, but if I went, all of those mean sophomores would be dancing with all the fair fowls."

"Cease your worries, likewise" of the aforementioned, said the fairy. "Stay until eleven o'clock. I will clean the room. Be sure to depart your parts from the dance by eleven o'clock."

The fairy waived her wand, and Red's whole appearance was changed from that of an ignorant looking freshman to an ignorant looking sophomore, a vast improvement and a boon to him, Red thought.

Everybody stopped dancing when the good looking sophomore perambulated in. He was the center of attraction. He danced with Betty Blue, Virginia Powell, Nuisance, Mary Lib Simpson, Paige Eaves, Helen Morris, Bangle-babye, Bonnie Davis, Lib Scoggins, Dottie Lamm, Shortie Smith, Lib Holland, Dot Williams, and he sat one out with Verdalee Norris.

He looked at the clock, and saw that it was about three minutes until eleven.

"I must leave now," he said to Faye Robinson.

"Of a certainty? We have just made each other's acquaintances only a few sixty second intervals passed," mused she.

By this time, Red was fleeing with utmost alacrity down the Colonnades.

As fate had decreed, when he was zooming by the well, he stumbled, and lost his shoe, the shoestring to which had been loosened considerably while dancing with Iris Boland. He had not the time to seek for said covering for the pedestrianism apparatus.

And it came to pass that Virginia Ezell became thirsty, and she carried herself to the well, where she quenched her thirst and found Red's shoe. It was saddle shoe, a huge-tremendous affair. She thereupon began to start a search for such a healthy specimen that might fit into the shoe.

But Red had changed back into a minute freshman, and his shoes diminished accordingly.

His lady fair, unknowingly, was all fouled up.

But Red learned of her plight by reading SNIP AND SNOOP, and bought a saddle shoe that would easily pass for a twin to the one he had lost, from another sophomore, who sold such wearing apparel, and he went around singing SHOE SHOE, BABY.

Bye and bye, the lady fair found Red, and it wasn't long before they could go within ten feet of O'Kelly, and they loved happily ever after.