

Elon College, N. C.,
November 8rd, 1920.

Dear Ma:

I haven't wrote to you in so long and I have so much to say I hardly know how to say it. 1st of all I want to tell you about the election around here. I was boosting Uncle Buck for constable and Jimmy Cox for president—Uncle Buck was elected. Concerning my other candidate I have to say a little worse than W. J. Bryan 'cause my heart went considerably lower down than the grave. There doesn't seem to be much grieving for Cox — and why should there be? People who trample the memory of our dead dough-boys and stab their wounded commander-in-chief in the back could hardly be expected to mourn over a defeated candidate.

The faculty gave a musical recital the other night. Now I want to tell you a secret, but don't you breathe it to a soul— I ain't swell enough to get the drift of this high class music. Well, they played the piano in B tight—a man named 'Xander sang in "B"—ellow and a lady sang in "G"—screech. I liked the lady that played the fiddle—the last piece she played reminded me of a whole cowpen full of little pigs jumping around having a good time. Long toward the last Professor 'Xander and Miss Fish came out on the stage and stood side by side. They folded their hands, straightened their mouths—it was a beautiful pose and they were waiting to have their picture took. But the man with the camera failed to show up and so after awhile they both busted out crying—it certainly was pitiful. Some crazy guy tried to make out to me afterwards that they were trying to sing—but he was just fooling.

Our football team went off to battle the other day. The night before they went away we all went up to the chapel where we were entertained by them. Our hearts were filled with joy over the musical selection rendered by Professor Hook. He sang in a beautiful monotone. After several melodious productions by the team the program was concluded by a cute little prophetic speech by our perfectly adorable center, little Richard Odom.

Oh, and I was about to forget to tell you about our Halloween doings. Well we—er—no can't say that in a letter. But I will tell you about some of the cos—ah—er—no I won't either, H. E. White might get mad at me. But you just ought to have seen them sli—n—uh—no, Ma, I can't say that either. I tell you what—you just wait until I come home and

I'll whisper the whole affair in your ear—tee, hee! I thought of something funny.

The delegates that came to the convention were sure good looking—I speak only for the ladies. I put on my best suit, got a brand new hair cut, shined my shoes and didn't forget my jazz bow and silk shirt; but with all my trouble none of the fair delegates seemed to go crazy about me—I don't know why—women are so hard to fatten—I mean fathom! Any how I didn't get a date with any of the charming visitors for Sunday, and so I took a long walk out in the woods. There amid tears and in the gorgeous beauty of the forest, I thought up the following poem:

The hickory's soothing yellow
Gets hold on a fellow,
Reconciles him to his fate
Even though he has no date
With the charming stranger in
our gate—
How I craved a date with her no
one can tell.

But the maple's naughty red
After all is done and said,
Helps me forget the convention
And the damsel so winsome
Who was pretty and then some—
In the words of the poet—"Gee,
she looked swell!"

Poetically inclined, I am,
FRESH MAN.

THEY DIE IN ARMENIA.

They reach their little hands to
you,

Their hands so thin and white;
They trust to you, while winter
steals

Upon them in the night.
They look at you with hollow
eyes,

With starved and pleading eyes,
And while you eat your luxuries,
A little baby dies.

They cry to you with quivering
lips,

From which the color's gone;
They trust to you, they lean to
you,

Their little bodies wan.
And see, their strength is failing
fast,

They drop upon their knees,
And while you sleep all snug and
warm,

Three million babies freeze.
They do not laugh, these little
ones,

These children cold and pale;
They look like ghosts we used to
see,

When howled the winter's gale.
They stand unclothed within the
snow,

Beneath the star-decked sky,
And while you sit so warm and
glad,

Three million babies die.
—Sion M. Lynam.

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