

# THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY

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## THE FACULTY.

The members of the Faculty  
To us are very dear,  
But oftentimes our hearts beat fast  
To have them very near.

They seem to teach with questioning eyes  
Before an eager class,  
And I assure you they are wise,  
And will hold you to the last.

The "big man" of our dear old school  
Is loyal, good and wise.  
Each day he brings another rule  
That conduct grades might rise.

The man that we now have in mind  
Is noble Dr. Harper,  
In Latin you will never find  
Another who is sharper.

Professor Lawrence, wise and true,  
We love with all our heart;  
His eyes, they seem to tell anew  
The lessons we have learned in part.

A nobler man you'll never find  
To teach an English class.  
He elevates the weaker mind  
And shows you how to pass.

If information you desire  
Of Bible truths and facts,  
And if you want a real live wire,  
Dr. Newman's on the track.

This man is good and kind and true,  
His intellect is great;  
But when hot weather comes to you,  
He is as cold as zero's rate.

Equally capricious the girls,  
Whene'er we visit Gym.  
She thinks we are her priceless pearls  
When we obey with so much vim.

She is the Dean of Women, too;  
Her task is slightly hard;  
For our good traits are so few  
That our conduct grade is marred.

Dr. Wicker, the wisest man  
Of all the faculty,  
Will set you far back if he can  
If you don't know geometry.

The brown-eyed man is full of fun;  
He teaches History.  
Dr. Amick is his name,  
And he is quite a mystery.

Professor Brannock teaches us  
Of birds and beasts and brooks;  
And if you care to hear him fuss,  
Just tell him that you have no books.

Dr. Randolph never tires  
Of French and German nouns,  
There's nothing that he more admires  
Than giving all the sounds.

Professor Campbell, a jolly "Mose,"  
Is good at Latin too.  
He smiles at life as on he goes,  
For he knows "Her" love is true.

Professor Daughtry teaches us  
Just how to talk and write.  
There's one good thing, he'll never fuss,  
E'en though we miss the right.

Professor Doak we all admire,  
Because he smiles so cute.  
On being asked whom he'd desire,  
He'll say, "Not you, dumb brute."

Professor Kellum for the Preps  
The Math rule does explain.  
All the girls he gladly helps  
Any knowledge they wish to gain.

Professor Hook is good and mild,  
He teaches us of cats.  
He lyes so hard he's almost wild,  
"He don't know where he's at."

The man who rears the "little marks"  
Is Mr. Jorgenson.  
He flirts and gets in some big larks,  
And then he has some fun.  
S. B. T. and A. L. B.

## A SONNET.

Tonight I must try a sonnet to write—  
To please my teacher I can't quite;  
And so to fulfill his urgent request  
I will now take my pen and do my best.  
But my teacher says little by little  
To great and noble poets we must grow.  
Therefore, I must never be discouraged  
Although at first trial I make zero.  
You may search the wide world o'er,  
You may seek the men learned, wise and true,  
And you'll find, the beginning troubled too,  
Although you know there are some born geniuses,  
Our teacher, with us all, will agree  
That we are not among them, as you see.  
F. P. D.

## A STORY FROM BASEL.

There is an old clock upon the old tower in Basel which has been running too fast for a hundred years. But the clock deserved special distinction, for it once saved the City of Basel. This clock has—How is it possible? Upon the Rhine everything is possible. Only listen: Once upon a time the city was besieged and hard pressed by the enemy. Among the inhabitants of Basel there was one traitor; he sold himself to the enemy and intended to open the gate of the city from within about midnight, after the clock struck twelve, and let the enemy enter. At the last moment the watchman on the tower heard of the intended treachery and resolved to save the city. But how could he do it? Should he give an alarm? Should he awaken the soldiers and the Council? It was too late for that. Then there came to him a saving thought. He turned the hand of the clock quickly around and it struck one instead of twelve. The traitor, who was already on his way to the gate, heard this. "There now!" he murmured, "I have overslept myself!" and sneaked back home. The enemy waited and waited—the gate was not opened. Early next morning the mayor heard what had happened. The traitor atoned for his guilt upon the gallows and it served him right. Thy let the clock continue as it was going.

But what about the enemy? They gave up the siege and fled over the bridge across the Rhine. Now the good inhabitants of Basel were happy. In their happiness they had a second clock made, a very large one, which they hung in the tower of the bridge. Instead of a pendulum this clock has a great head which moves to and fro sixty times a minute and at every time it sticks out its tongue in mockery at the enemy, who fled so shamefully across the bridge. Whether the clock is still there today, I do not know. Go and see!

Translated from the German.

W. C. WICKER.

## ARE YOU READY?

In the issue of October 31st will appear the names of the Alumni of Elon College who are subscribers to the WEEKLY. Also, where they are and what they are doing. We want your name to be included. May we have your subscription before that date? The publication is published for the benefit of the student body, their friends, and especially for those who desire to keep in touch with the institution in all of its phases. Will you subscribe?

## RESPECTFUL LETTERS TO FRESHMEN.

### II. To Burton Bookworm.

My Dear Burton:

First I must congratulate you on the honors you deservedly received when you graduated from high school in June. To stand at the head of a class of 157 is no small achievement. To be valedictorian is great glory. I understand that your average grade throughout your course was 96, and that only twice was your standing less than A. That is a splendid record. It means that you will probably become a distinguished scholar. I felicitate you most heartily upon it.

And now that you are going to Markham University, further honors are open to you. You will doubtless win prizes and scholarships. You will graduate *magna cum laude*, even *maxima cum laude*. Professors will hereafter look back upon your achievements as the most remarkable in the history of the university. You will get the European fellowship. You may even be invited to join the faculty. All this is open before your clear brain and your lofty aspirations.

I am saying this, partly because it is true, and partly because I want to establish a basis of sympathy for what I have further to say.

For I noticed, Burton, at the high school commencement, how sallow and anemic you appeared. You were thin, your skin was yellow, your eyes were sunken, your hair was falling out, your muscles were flabby, your stomach was disordered, and your digestion was poor. It is a disgrace to you, Burton, and one that goes far to counterbalance your scholarly glory.

Your face is pimply, young man. Your eyes lack lustre. Your voice is weak. Your hands are clammy. Your bearing is languid. You are only half a man.

Do you realize that the finest Latinity in the world may be floored by indigestion? Do you understand the ceaseless warfare waged upon mathematics by rheumatism? Do you comprehend how thoroughly a headache will vitiate logic and smash philosophy and annihilate literary skill?

When you get to Markham, Burton, I want you to go first, not to the library, but to the gymnasium. I want you to take up running, or rowing, or take some vigorous outdoor sport. I want you to do this, not merely for its effect on your studies, but because, in itself and for itself, a strong body is well worth while. You have a good brain, Burton. Don't let it go to seed in a shrivelled-up physique. You may stand at the head of your class, but if you graduate into nervous prostration, what will it profit you or the world?

Yours for your full-orbed success, CALEB COBWEB.—C. E. World.

A teacher is a lower grade was instructing her pupils in the use of the hyphen. Among the examples given by the children was bird-cage."

"That's right," encouragingly remarked the teacher. "Now, Paul, tell me why we put a hyphen in 'bird-cage.'"

"It's for the bird to sit on," was the startling rejoinder.

Have just spent two days in Richmond and Lynchburg buying stock—Caps, Hats, Shoes, etc. Come in, get a bargain.—C. A. HUGHES.