

## Maroon and Gold

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THE MAROON AND GOLD has on its staff this year a member whose special duty is to gather news relating to the alumni of the college. Space will be devoted to such news. This is one of the many reasons every member of the alumni should be a subscriber to this paper. The old alumni will not only be able to learn things of interest concerning the activities of the students and progress of the college, but through the columns of the paper they will be able to keep track of old friends and classmates.

The college paper needs you and you need the college paper—so, Old Timers, why not subscribe?

One of the biggest steps toward putting itself on a sound financial footing has been taken by the Elon Athletic Association in the form of a College store. The place formerly known as "Uncle Mike's" has been taken over by the College and is being used by the Association to sell such things as soft drinks, books, stationery, and sporting goods. A nice line of dry good specialties is also carried.

Maroon and Gold takes this opportunity to urge students to patronize the College store. Every penny of the profit goes to the support of Elon's Athletics. When you trade with the College store, you not only get your money's worth of goods, but, at the same time, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are doing something to help our teams which have always been handicapped by the lack of adequate finances.

The store is doing a good business so far, and everything points to a great success. Coach Corby and the Association should be congratulated for adopting such a promising plan.

### DOES THE BAND PLAY?

The BAND about which I am going to tell you doesn't have instruments—horns, slide trombones, drums and such—but it does play. It draws music from the hearts of men by the wondrous story it tells. Wherever the sun shines it goes, telling the story of the Christ to every people—to each in his own tongue.

There is a part of that BAND in Elon—a part that grew from three to ten in membership last year. Think of it: seven new lives for the Kingdom of God. Say, was not that a triumph? march the BAND played? Music was too sweet a thing for them not to share. Now they want everybody to play with them. The new Japanese girl in school offers that opportunity; every student can have a part in keeping her in college.

Say, will it not be an anthem that will thrill the skies, when all the students play it with THE ST. JOHN VOLUNTEER BAND!

It's a silent drama only until some-  
the seat beside you begins eat-  
eanuts.

Elon College, N. C.  
September 16, 1921

Dear Ma:

I am getting kinder homesick, but don't nobody have much sympathy for me. One of the professors here says there is three kinds of sickness that nobody feels sorry for unless they have that kind of sickness themselves. The three kinds of sickness are: tooth-sickness, love-sickness, and home-sickness. Just at present I have all three kinds of them sicknesses. The Sophomores knocked three of my teeth out with the buck-three paddle. A young lady named Co-Ed broke a date with me Sunday, and I want to go home so bad, I can taste fried chicken. I feel like the fellow in the funny paper that always needs a friend by Briggs. But even if there don't nobody sympathize with me, I have some slight consolation—the board of education the Sophomores used is unfit for further spanking, being in splinters. The rats in Co-Ed's hair ate her paint box so she don't look so pretty no more, and best of all, last night a raiding party took me out to make an attack on the hen-house line.

I have made a startling discovery since I came here. You know Pa always wondered why 'twas that every newspaper in the country kept howling about the paper shortage when all the time he kept hauling pulp wood to that paper mill in town. The mystery has at last been solved. Al that paper has been brought up to Elon College and is being used to print new regulations for the guidance of the student body. You never saw so much good paper being used for one purpose in all your life. It is being used for a good purpose though—the students are all so ignorant they couldn't get along without them. Another good thing about these regulations is the prizes offered for learning them. If you learn none and observe none, you get a free trip home; if you learn one-fourth of them and observe one-fourth of what you learn, you get an A. B. degree; if you learn one-half and observe one-half you get a Ph. D. degree; if you learn all of them and observe all of them, you win a free trip to the Great Beyond. This world has no place for such genius. The Dean says the best I can hope for is to win a free trip home.

I don't enjoy sitting down quite as well as Pa said I used to. I'll explain when I have a chance to whisper in your ear so the Sophomores can't hear me.

I am going out for football. I like a football fine, but I don't think much of the way that head guy makes us slam it around. I think his name is Coach, or something like that. He certainly is a nice fellow; he says such nice complimentary things to me. He told me the other day that he hoped I'd croak—that is one of the hardest plays a fellow can make and Mr. Coach keeps on trying to teach me to do it as he thinks I am best suited for it; but I am not going to do any croaking until I get

onto the game better. If I ever do croak, I bet you that Mr. Coach is going to come up to me and pat me on the back and thank me.

They had a faculty reception over at the West Dormitory Saturday night. We had to shake hands with all the professors, their wives, and children. They all seemed highly pleased at the privilege of shaking my paw. There were more pretty girls over there than you could shake a stick at. I fell deeply in love with a big fat one named Is A Bell Walton, but she told me I was as fresh as a green gourd. They served Punch and Judy out on the back porch; I drank Punch but left the little pieces of Judy in the botton of my glass.

Tell Pa to send me ten cents. I want to buy an ice cream comb for Thanksgiving.

These fellows around here certainly are chummy. They pair off into peering parties. A pair went out last night and brought in some pears. They ate the pears and gave me the parings.

Craving fried chicken and pumpkin pie, I am

Your loving son,  
A. FRESH MAN.

### INGENUITY

I have seen some students apt and bright who could pile up grades big and high; they can set wrong things aright, can do almost anything and not half try. Seldom do you see one studying with might or main, nor is he a measly grind; for he his knowledge does easily attain with his Master Mind. Nothing is too obscure or complicated in German, English, or French; he knows it all—modern and antiquated. Everything is a cinch. He calls on his fellow students and pupils, who are about to croak to forget their studious scruples, for learning is a joke. While I am studying my math, preparing for a test, he incites my wrath by declaring me a pest. He will desert his studies, on the campus to parade, a strange young man; and how he ever makes a passing grade is more than I can understand. But surely he is a wonder, the brightest fellow in College; we see him here and yonder displaying a surplus of knowledge. This "know-all" is always gay and cheerful, and his head with wisdom is replete; listen, he will tell you an earful, oh! he is hard to beat. But if from his hidden erudition the veil of obscurity pull, I find his mind hidden of ambition and in its place I see a lot of pretty—?

—SCOFF.

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