

**Maroon and Gold**

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The Davidsonian laments editorially the fact that "the modern college student seems to consider his books a matter of secondary importance, which should occupy but little of his time and thought." In other words that lively college paper disapproves of our favorite motto: "Never allow studies to interfere with college duties."

Ofttimes we feel things but just can't express them. In the editorial columns of the current issue of The Carolinian we find that which expresses our thoughts perfectly—"The ivy of tradition is a beautiful thing, but we must keep it trimmed lest it keep out the sunlight of progress."

College traditions are grand old things of which to boast, but we are now living in the twentieth century, the time when initiative counts, the time when originality counts, so we must be up and doing.

This is a time in which we must outlive traditions and establish precedents. When Abe Lincoln was a boy the holding of slaves was traditional. How many of us today would uphold such barbarousness! It is absurd to think of it, and yet, a few years hence some of our college traditions will appear to us to be as foolish as slave-holding was barbarous.

The Greensboro Daily News carries on its sporting page an item to the effect that all the merchants in a certain North Carolina town have boycotted all Virginia firms on account of a baseball dispute. There may be things underneath that justify such action, but on the surface this appears to be the poorest kind of sportsmanship. However, that is no argument of ours. What we wish to talk about is a similar kind of peccaynishment that exists here at our college.

There are those here who never stop to consider the relative importance of things. They forget that "class spirit" means good-natured rivalry and "society spirit" the same thing. They seem to think that athletic games are played in order that they may yell "rotten decision". As a matter of fact they are played in order for you to show your opponents what good sports you are.

Our purpose in college is to broaden our minds to the point where we can see both sides of every question; to acquire enough sense of humor to know that we can't possibly always be right and the other fellow always wrong. Some of us lack a whole lot of having advanced this far. We can see everybody's faults but our own. Our

Maroon and Gold,  
Elon College, N. C.

Gentlemen:

I am submitting to you, for approval by the students, "Under 'neath Maroon and Gold". This was written to answer the numerous requests I have received for words suitable for a college song.

Music for this poem is in the hands of the college orchestra leader, and will be furnished if these words meet with the approval of the students.

Yours very truly,

SION M. LYNAM, '24

(Maroon and Gold is printing the words handed in by Mr. Lynam for the approval of the students. While the song is not a snappy one, such as some few schools have for athletic events, it is a beautiful song, expressing in language which belongs only to the poet, the beautiful sentiment of our college, and will, we believe live in the hearts and minds of Elon's sons and daughters as the expression of their love for their college and classmates.)

**UNDER 'NEATH MAROON AND GOLD**

Never college gave to mankind  
Fairer women, braver men;  
Never did there hearts beat truer  
Than did hearts of Elon, when  
On the field for college glory  
Fellows that are clean and bold  
Give their best and fight their hardest  
Under 'neath Maroon and Gold.

Through the four long years of college,  
Through the brighter, darker days,  
Men and women work together  
Learning each some gentler ways—  
Learning too, of love's best meaning,  
As the years of life unfold,  
Till, perchance, two lives be blended  
Under 'neath Maroon and Gold.

When the snows of many winters  
Leave their whiteness in our hair,  
We will sit and talk together—  
And she'll be so young and fair  
To the eyes that learned to love her  
In the days then growing old,  
That we'll whisper, "Lo! I found you  
Under 'neath Maroon and Gold."  
—Sion M. Lynam.

class is the only one, our society is the only one, our fraternity is the only one. Those who are members of another organization of any kind are incapable of common decency!

Now, it is all right to be loyal. In fact it is a good thing to be loyal, but never allow loyalty to drive you into fanaticism. You can be loyal to your own and still see the good in the other fellow's. The trouble is that some of us should be in the hospital having a two-by-four removed from our eyes instead of worrying over the tiny hay seed in the eyes of a brother.

Elon College, N. C.  
Sept. 29, 1921

Dear Ma:

I have been getting along about as well as could be expected of a fellow who has three hours of work under Horse Whicker. But I had an accident the other day and it all happened on account of one of them faculty rules I wrote you about. The rule says that a fellow can't smoke on the campus—(campus means the ground extending from Puck's house to Horse's) Well, I found a cigarette duck about 1/2 inch long, and climbed a tree to smoke it, so I wouldn't be on the campus. About the time I got it lit and was puffing away peacefully and was thinking about that old song you used to sing to me when I was a kid about "Rock-a-bye baby in the tree top" something happened. I felt a sting in the top corner of my right ear, and at the same time heard the report of twenty-two rifle. I looked around and saw a Senior by the name of Murray with his gun in his hand. He had mistaken me for a squirrel, and was trying to get me for his breakfast. Now, I shouldn't have been surprised if a squirrel had mis-

taken me for a nut, but for a nut to mistake me for a squirrel is beyond all comprehension.

Well, while I was sitting up there rubbing my ear, a fellow named Atkins that does all the key-holing for the college came up and started to cut the tree down. He must a thought I was a 'possum. I said to him: "Woodman, woodman, spare that tree. Touch not a single root, The one who thinks I'm 'possum cuts The one, a squirrel, doth shoot."

I was certainly up a tree. But finally I got the old fellow to leave. Then I came down with the conclusion that its too risky to smoke tobacco that's up a tree.

They had a little football game here the other day and if that happens again everybody here is going to die of squealingitis. Every time one fellow in the game would hit another one, instead of the fellow that got hit saying anything, all the fools in the grandstand would howl like something was killing 'em. They didn't have to yell for me, though. Mr. Coach thought so much of me that he gave me the best job on the team. All I had to do was carry water to the fellows that did the hard work. We had one fellow on our team that did so much better than everybody else that they made him play with his eyes shut. Mr. Coach says he is going to buy him some blinds so he won't have to bother about shutting his eyes. This fellow is named Allstom (ach) ,cause he eats so much.

I am pretty sure now that I have fell in love with a girl here. She is right fat, because every time she sits down I notice that the chair gets bow-legged. But I don't reckon she weighs no more than you and me and Pa all put together. She certainly is sweet. She is so sweet that, if I were honey, I would feel ashamed of myself. Mr. Coach thinks she is too big. The other day I was speaking to her down in front of

his store, and he said, "Move along so folks can see my store." But my girl can't help it if his old store is so small.

I certainly did stick a fellow here by the name of Mule Bray. He is the fellow that tried to collect radiator fees. When he came around to my room, I paid him off with a Sears & Roebuck order blank. He didn't know no better and thought twas a check. Please send me some money so I can pay him. I was just fooling with him anyhow.

They certainly do boss a fellow around here. The other night they had me running all over town looking for the football club. Everybody seemed to have just lent it to somebody else. Finally they sent me to Socrates Rainey's. I found it there, but it wasn't any more good—his wife had just broken it over his head.

I am getting along fine with my studies and as soon as I find out what they are about, I am going to write you. We all signed the pay roll the first day I got here, but I haven't been paid off yet.

Please write to me and send me some ginger bread and cookies. Yearning to stick my tooth in a juicy drum-stick, I am,

Your son,  
A. FRESH MAN.

**FINANCIAL BULLETIN**

Elon, Sept. 23.—Trading in the stock market here today was characterized by a vigorous run on "radiator fee" futures. Bray bought heavily as the buying movement attained broader dimensions.

"Radiator fees" featured the dealings of the day, but the demand for "Lyceum tickets" were sufficiently large to strengthen the impression that various bull pools have reentered the market. "Pew rentals" at one time during the day gave "Lyceum tickets" keen competition. Not many sales recorded in the latter.

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