

Maroon and Gold

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THIS WEEK'S POEM

By Sion M. Lynam

MY VIOLETS

My violets three, you came to me
 With faint perfume and rare;
 I wonder why you're like the sky
 So blue and clean and fair.

My violets blue, I'm proud of you,
 And all the things you mean;
 Your precious breath will haste to
 death,
 Yet all the while serene.

They lifted you, my violets blue,
 From out a tiny plot
 Where things were green and all was
 clean,
 And old dead things were not.

You soon will die and I will sigh
 For you, my violets blue,
 And I will miss your scented kiss,
 For I'm in love with you.

If the senior table continues,
 the rest of us will need a quiet
 rest and a nerve specialist during
 the summer.

April is the lady month. She
 uses rouge on her sunsets and
 paints her dawns. She dresses in
 bright colors, and smiles and
 weeps indiscriminately.

An old proverb says, "A bad
 beginning makes a good ending."
 We are hoping that our baseball
 season will prove it true.

In the April Bookman Elmer
 Murphy talks about the decline
 of oratory. The writer ought to
 visit Elon at an early date.

THINKING TOGETHER

As we take up our work as editor of this little paper which, in the years we have been closely associated with it, has come to mean so much to us, we realize the responsibility resting upon us. We know how fruitless it would be to attempt to make it a success without the co-operation of all who are interested in making it and Elon which it represents measure up to the high standards others have set for us.

It is not our paper which we are editing. It is yours. It belongs to every student, every alumnus and former student, and to every friend and reader of its columns. We are trying to serve you, and to bring to you each week the sort of things which will help and interest you. To do this we must know what will help and interest you. We must think together, and thinking together we can make Maroon and Gold one of the leaders in collegiate thought and influence.

We come to our new work with an open mind, and we will appreciate suggestions from those who have them to make. There are some ten thousand readers of our

little paper, and each one of those ten thousand people has a taste all his own. It is difficult to know just what each one will like, but we shall attempt to carry in the columns something for every reader. We can do this in some measure at least, if all of us will think together, and contribute the results of our thinking toward a better Maroon and Gold and a better Alma Mater.

THE PSIPHELIAN PLAY

Miss Edge was right when, in her introduction, she said that the play which the Psiphelians were presenting was not of a high literary character. It was, however, rich in humor. The Psiphelians chose well, and their play was presented in a way that does credit to the society.

The characters were well selected, and played their parts well. Miss Barrett, playing a male role, took off the part to perfection. It was difficult. She was on the stage almost every minute after her entrance, but it was all well done.

The Psiphelian play was a fitting close to their long succession of entertainments as the one society representing the women students of the college. It set a high standard in wholesome fun as well as in excellent execution, and furnished a delightful evening for those fortunate enough to be present.

OUR NEW FEATURE

With this issue we are beginning a new feature. We believe that our readers will be interested to learn more of North Carolina writers and their works, and we are to undertake to acquaint them through brief reviews with the literary work of the state.

It will mean much work for the reviewers, and we trust that it will open the field of North Carolina books to our readers.

SIMMON SEEDS

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Dear Readers:
 Today I take over the editorship of Simmon Seeds. We hope and trust that we can carry on the clean-cut policy outlined and followed by the retired editor. Under my predecessor Simmon Seeds has grown like the green pear tree. Circulation has kept pace with our rival, Maroon and Gold.

One thing has been neglected. Many requests have come in asking who the contributors are. We have turned over the Friday edition for the purpose of acquainting you with them. Short biographies, together with faithful likenesses of these literary luminaries are herewith presented.

Hopefully yours,
 JOHN SMEAR,
 Editor-Elect.

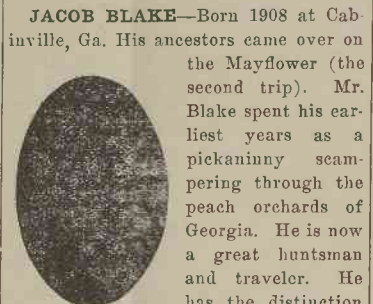
ANTONIO TREEPO—Born 1904 just off Riverside Drive. He comes of a long line of ancestors, dating back—way back. His parents follow the soft fruit business. Antonio—known to his readers as "Tony"—first showed signs of intelligence a few years ago, while on the staff of the N. Y. N. Y. Herald. As a news-boy he became famous for short-changing. Tony entered Yale during the clothing shortage of 1919.

Due to the rigor of the climate he was forced to shiver south where he finally joined the throng besieging the gates of Elon College, and after forcing his way in was elected a member of the

freshman class. Since then he has made a splendid record in college activities. As we go to press Tony is recuperating from the Elon-Guilford game.

K. A. D. A.—Born 1906 just beyond the Golden Gate on the Pacific mail steamer "Janitress II." Mr. KADA is an American citizen although he did not set foot on American soil until he was three days old. He had an adventurous childhood and after a severe case of measles he relapsed and broke out with rhyme. Since then he has been calculated among the lesser poets of the western hemisphere. Mr. KADA served six months on the staff of Thomas Katt Publications, Incorporated. He spends his spare time asking rides to Burlington. He has recently purchased a new safety razor. Mr. KADA is unmarried as we go to press.

JACOB BLAKE—Born 1908 at Cab-inville, Ga. His ancestors came over on the Mayflower (the second trip). Mr. Blake spent his earliest years as a pickaninny scampering through the peach orchards of Georgia. He is now a great huntsman and traveler. He has the distinction of having visited all the prominent chicken roosts of the east. Mr. Blake is very fond of good clothes and is a splendid singer, having written a turkey trot in Asia Minor. He was the first subscriber to



JACOB BLAKE
 At 3 O'clock in
 the Morning

Simmon Seeds and hence is now several months in arrears. Unmarried.

TUG AND WUG—Non-resident correspondents. Details of their lives are unknown since the disastrous fire which destroyed the files containing their pedigrees and other facts concerning them. It is thought that possibly they are related to the Prince of Whales, although this cannot at present be established with any degree of certitude. Any facts concerning them will be appreciated by the chief of police.

JAKE BLAKE SAYS:

Sometimes a hair net
 ketches a big fish—by
 de coat-sleeve.



DR. E. C. BROOKS TO HEAD CLOTHING DRIVE IN STATE

(Continued from Page One)
 Near East Relief county chairman, or send it by parcel post or freight to the Near East Relief Clothing Warehouse, Raleigh, N. C.

Dr. Brooks believes that everyone should have at least one complete suit of clothing which they are about to cast off for the winter, and points out that if sent to the Near East Relief this suit will save a human life in the battle between Christianity and Mohammedanism. The goal is set at 30,000 lives.



VOLTA EXPLAINING HIS

BATTERY TO NAPOLEON

How Electrical Engineering began

IT IS not enough to experiment and to observe in scientific research. There must also be interpretation. Take the cases of Galvani and Volta.

Oneday in 1786 Galvani touched with his metal instruments the nerves of a frog's amputated hind legs. The legs twitched in a very life-like way. Even when the frog's legs were hung from an iron railing by copper hooks, the phenomenon persisted. Galvani knew that he was dealing with electricity but concluded that the frog's legs had in some way generated the current.

Then came Volta, a contemporary, who said in effect: "Your interpretation is wrong. Two different metals in contact with a moist nerve set up currents of electricity. I will prove it without the aid of frog's legs."

Volta piled disks of different metals one on top of another and

separated the disks with moist pieces of cloth. Thus he generated a steady current. This was the "Voltaic pile"—the first battery, the first generator of electricity.

Both Galvani and Volta were careful experimenters, but Volta's correct interpretation of effects gave us electrical engineering.

Napoleon was the outstanding figure in the days of Galvani and Volta. He too possessed an active interest in science but only as an aid to Napoleon. He little imagined on examining Volta's crude battery that its effect on later civilization would be fully as profound as that of his own dynamic personality.

The effects of the work of Galvani and Volta may be traced through a hundred years of electrical development even to the latest discoveries made in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

General Electric
 General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.