

# Maroon and Gold

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## THIS WEEK'S POEM

By Sion M. Lynam



### TO THOSE WHO SLEEP

Softly I lay you to rest, to rest.  
 Tenderly watch I the place where you sleep,  
 Quietly lie on Earth's breast, Earth's breast,  
 Wrapped in her arms where the silence is deep.  
 Sleep, sleep, and wake not till day,  
 Wake not till shadows are floated away;  
 Lie on Earth's bosom and sleep and sleep;  
 Mind not us mortals who weep and weep.  
 Soon we shall join you in rest, sweet rest,  
 Soon they will give us to merciful sleep,  
 Soon we shall lie on Earth's breast, Earth's breast,  
 Soon she will wrap us in silence so deep.  
 Sleep, sleep, and wake not till day,  
 Wake not till shadows are floated away.  
 Lie on earth's bosom, and sleep, and sleep;  
 Mind not us mortals who weep and weep.  
 Dear ones, departed to rest, calm rest,  
 Lovingly watch I the place where you sleep,  
 Placing a flower on Earth's breast, Earth's breast,  
 Kneeling beside you I sing and I weep.  
 Sleep, sleep, and wake not till day,  
 Wake not till shadows are floated away.  
 Lie on earth's bosom, and sleep, and sleep;  
 Mind not us mortals who weep and weep.

### STEALING ELON'S BEST

A college spirit is a very real and a very vital thing. It means more to a college than beautiful buildings or the best equipment. It is far greater than endowment, however large it may be. The spirit of a college is the life of the college. By it the institution stands or falls. It is the spirit which permeates, or should permeate those who pass from its halls to the field of life, and fits or unfits them for the giving of their best to the world.

A college is no greater than its alumni. It can never be greater than they are, and they will be in a great measure products of the college spirit. They may forget all that they learn from books. They will forget much of it, but they will not forget the spirit of the college,—their college,—and it will shape their lives and help or hinder them in the service that the world calls upon them to render.

It matters little whether Latin or Greek are learned and passed with flying colors. It matters little whether one makes a valedictorian grade on mathematics or English, but it matters much in all future time as to the kind of spirit which is given him as a heritage of the college.

We would not discredit the value of things learned from

books, but in spite of the fact that in the popular mind books loom largest in college life, we would emphasize the truth that college life and college spirit are after all the best things of a college.

We have boasted of the Elon spirit, and we believe that it is still a very real thing here, but we believe, too, that that spirit is in grave danger. We believe that our college is being robbed of the best thing that Elon has or ever will have to give those who come to her for nurture in the great preparation for life. This spirit is being stolen from her—stolen by hands which profess love for her, too, and this makes the theft seem more terrible.

We realize that this charge of ours is a grave one, but we believe that we have not failed to observe the change, and we could fondly hope that our conclusions were all wrong. We are persuaded, however, that Elon is having her best stolen here before our very eyes, and would feel ourselves unworthy of the truth reposed in us did we not call this to the attention of all those who love and honor the name and work of our college.

We know that things are not as they should be always. We are aware that all of us are liable to err. We know that those in authority have done things of which we and the student body do not approve, but we do not know why those things were done. We know, too, that we and the student body have done things which on more mature reflection we do not now approve. We are aware of these things, and we believe that both students and faculty are uniting in stealing Elon's best from themselves and from those who are to follow us.

We must remember that the college is not the property of an individual. Everyone of us ought to know that every other person is indispensable, if Elon is to become the college which we wish it to become. Elon is more than the student body. It is more than its alumni. It is greater than its president. It is wiser than its wisest faculty member. It is greater than all of us; and realizing this, we should set ourselves to the task of righting and adjusting those things which we believe to be wrong.

There must be a kindlier understanding between faculty and student, a more sympathetic cooperation toward a common end. Bickerings and politicking among the faculty and among the students must be forgotten, else Elon will lose her precious heritage,—the spirit without which she is nothing.

Students and faculty alike must seek for this understanding. Pride of position and silence born of suppressed feelings which sooner or later will find vent, must be broken. We, all of us and each one of us, must set ourselves to the task of saving our Elon spirit. We must not steal our Elon's best from ourselves, but pass it on to others as precious a heritage as it came to us, set thick with added jewels of our own.

We call upon the faculty and upon the students to seek earnestly for a solution of this problem. We call upon them to face the issue squarely, and meeting the problem face to face a solution can and will be found. There has been in the past too much dodging the issue, too much compromising, too much patching over difficulties which left all concerned feeling the hopelessness of the situation. We call upon individuals among the faculty and students, among the alumni and church which supports Elon, to forget personal differences, and to give themselves to the larger interests of the college. In that way, and in that way alone, can the Elon spirit be saved to her

and to all of us who love it. Shall we cease to steal Elon's best, or shall we go on cultivating our petty selfishness?

## A North Carolina Book Review

### THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph. D.

(The Poets of the Future, volume six, A College Anthology for 1921-22, edited by Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph. D., and published by The Stratford Company, Boston, Massachusetts, is a collection of one hundred forty-eight poems, representing seventy-eight colleges and universities. The price, cloth bound, is \$2.25 net.)

*"I walked in a world of youth tonight,  
 The world where today is tomorrow,  
 The world where pleasure is real delight,  
 Where sorrow is terrible sorrow."*

These four lines taken from one of the two poems from Vassar College expresses, perhaps as vividly as can be done, the spirit which pervades this book. It is the spirit of youth, buoyant with life, radiant with hope, feeling a deep and vibrating joy in the beauties of life, and experiencing intense, though perhaps momentary, pain at life's sorrows.

This new edition of "The Poets of the Future" is being received with delight all over the United States by readers who are interested in the poetry and youth of the nation. To all those who love poetry it is of interest because, with its wealth of beautiful material and, in some instances, its poetic perfection, it makes a vital contribution to the literature of America. To those who are interested in the youth of the land it is a decidedly worth while book because of its hopefulness and enthusiasm, and it may well be considered as prophetic not only of these young poets, but of the entire drift of American thought for the next several years to come. Although it is manifestly not a creation of poets who for years have been testing out their skill and perfecting their art, it gives some clear glimpses of real literary talent and poetic skill, and causes one to question the truth of Dr. Schnittkind's opening statement in the introduction that literature is a lost art. In some instances in the volume there is a sheer perfection in line, in phrase, and in cadence, which gives delightful evidence that poetry is not a lost art; and, if, as has been said, ecstasy is the test of literature, then this collection of verse is truly literature. There is in some of the poems a fine rhetoric, and it abounds in a fine flow of words. As a rule it shows absolute comprehension of meter and of rhythm. There is a depth of conception and a fineness of execution which are rare. While it belongs largely to that group of poetry which is termed the modern free verse it is, however, entirely pleasing. It is probably in its simplicity, its free and easy manner, that the volume possesses greatest excellency and charm. It contains a freshness and a beauty that are indeed delightful. It is warm, pulsing, and sweet. There is a reflection, a contemplation, which colored by the thoughtful and poetic mood of the young artists gives evidence that the writer is a thinker as well as a poet. Often through the book there is found a note of deep idealism and of unflinching sincerity.

This College Anthology for 1921-22 is of great interest to North Carolinians because of the fact that two North Carolina colleges, Oxford and Elon, are represented therein. The poem from Oxford College, entitled "The Pear Tree," by Ruth Adelaide Preston is a simple and charming little bit of verse, delightful in its freshness and pleasing in rhythm.

"Adoration," by Sion M. Lynam, of Elon College, is a beautiful poem in three parts: I Nature's Adoration; II Man's Adoration; and III Heaven's Adoration. This is a poem of real merit and gives evidence of the rare poetic ability of its writer. It is almost perfect in its regard for meter and for melody, and, in its rich lyrical beauty is one of the very best in the book.

L. E. A.

## NEW Y. W. CABINET IS INSTALLED ON SUNDAY

Miss Adams Will Head New Cabinet— Installation Service is Most Impressive.

The Y. W. C. A. service Sunday night was very impressive, consisting mainly of the installation of the new cabinet. The old cabinet marched in carrying lighted candles, followed by the new cabinet members who lighted their candles after entering.

Mrs. N. G. Newman, chairman of the advisory board, conducted the devotional exercises, following which the new cabinet repeated the little poem entitled, "My Creed." Then the old and new cabinets sang Follow the Glean.

Miss Pattie Coghill, the retiring president, then introduced the new cabinet members, stating whose places they were taking, and the work each is expected to do. Due to the fact that several of the former members of the cabinet retain their positions, and that the new members are both interested in the work and eager to do it, a successful year is predicted for Y. W. under their management.

Miss Coghill is especially hopeful for the Y. W. of next year. Her place as leader of the organization will be filled by Miss Victoria Adams, who has marked talent for leadership, and who is competent to do the work so successfully done this year by Miss Coghill.

The meeting closed with a song and benediction.

### GETTING OUT A PAPER

Getting out a paper is no picnic.  
 If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.  
 If we don't, they say we are too serious.  
 If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.  
 If we publish things from other papers we are too lazy to write.  
 If we stay on the job, we ought to be out rustling news.  
 If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department.  
 If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.  
 If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.  
 Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from an exchange.  
 So we did.—Echo, Taylor University.

### JAKE BLAKE SAYS:

A steam roller covers a heap more ground than a racing car.



## G. C. CRUTCHFIELD WILL LEAD MINISTERIAL BAND

(Continued from Page One)

Mr. Crutchfield is well qualified for the position to which he has been chosen. It is expected that under his leadership the ministerial band will take on new life and will make its influence more felt on the campus.

The other officers elected to help Mr. Crutchfield carry on the work of the organization are A. H. Hook, vice president; W. B. Terrell, secretary; S. M. Lynam, treasurer; J. H. Dollar, chorister.

These men chosen with Mr. Crutchfield are recognized as leaders in the ministerial organization, and will cooperate to make the organization a great factor in the religious work of the college.

G. C. Crutchfield succeeds M. I. Crutchfield as president. Under his direction the organization has been able to accomplish great good. He has served faithfully and his work has meant much to the ministerial band.

Armed guards patrolled the United Brethren Cemetery in Concha City, Oklahoma, to prevent oil men from desecrating the burial spot of 250 pioneers. The little churchyard stands like an oasis in the midst of a desert of oil derricks in one of the greatest petroleum-producing areas in Oklahoma. Oil men who came to inspect the graveyard were thrown bodily from the premises by the irate relatives who patrol the graves.

A monkey belonging to a family living in the fashionable Quai D'Orsay, Paris, trapped a burglar. When the burglar entered a clothes closet the monkey locked the door, and when the owner returned home the monkey proudly turned the prisoner over to him.

The unexplored portion of Ontario, known as the district of Patricia, will yield fortunes to adventurous prospectors, according to a representative of a Winnipeg syndicate.

Bonnie-B hair nets and powder puffs for the girls on sale at the College Store.

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