

Maroon and Gold

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JAKE BLAKE SAYS:
Ma gal would make a hit in de sponsor section ob de Annual.

THIS WEEK'S POEM

By Sion M. Lynam

IF THE SUN GOES DOWN

If ever the sun goes down,
If ever the shadows come,
And wrap the town in a sable gown,
Then I'll go home, go home.

If ever the sun goes down
Beyond the purple hill,
And through prison bars shine God's own stars,
I'll mend my will, my will.

If ever the sun goes down
Like a cyclops to his sleep,
I'll welcome the mist, and the old, old tryst
I've made I'll keep, I'll keep.

If ever the sun goes down,
If ever I feel night's breath,
I'll battle with fears and scorn the years,
And go to my death, my death.

A PERSONAL EDITORIAL

Ever since my connection with Elon I have been closely linked up with Maroon and Gold. On my part at least the relation has been a pleasant one. I have tried to give it my best, and as I pass from the position as its Editor, and cease my relation to it, the readers who have followed it these four years may judge.

As I passed from the place of honor bestowed by my fellows I felt that I wanted to break the conventions of present-day editorial writing and write personally. It was once good form, and in its going, I am not too sure that American newspapers did not lose something of value. Following the impulse of my heart I am writing personally.

The paper has made a large place in my heart, for it I have a tenderness that I do not feel for any other organization or institution on Elon's campus. I have watched it grow from a tiny little sheet with three hundred circulation and a constant deficit into a larger sheet, of almost two thousand circulation, and with a fairly sound financial basis. This growth has not been due to my efforts, but I love to think that maybe I had some little part in it. It will be a joy to me all the coming years to have stood at its head. I have desired no other place of my fellows. They gave me the thing I wanted most, and therewith I have been content.

There have been many times when the road has been rough and steep, but the joy of working for the thing which I have loved has made it easy to toil harder and to give more. It has cost sacrifice. Everything costs sacrifice, and to learn how to sacrifice is to learn life's greatest lesson. I be-

lieve that Maroon and Gold has taught me this. There have been times when I have had opponents—when the students have disagreed and have spoken their mind, when the faculty and the trustees have disagreed and have spoken their mind. These expressions of opinion have not always been pleasing to me, but they have helped me. What I have done, pleasing or displeasing, has been done always for the best interest of the college and of the paper. I may have been in the wrong,—in some instances I now know that I was wrong; but then and there I could do but the best I knew, and I did it.

As the new staff accepts the responsibility placed upon them by the students, I want to ask for them the loyal support and the kindly tolerance of all our readers, students, alumni, and others. You have given me support and loyalty, but not so much as I hope that you will give to them. There are dark days ahead for them, and they will need what sunshine you can give. When anything which they do displeases you, say so frankly and tell why, but don't forget that when anything pleases you, say so just as frankly; they will need that so much.

I have asked for them some of the things which I have never had in a large measure, but I know the need of them. I believe in Maroon and Gold. I believe in the men and women who are to take it from my hands, and with your support it can be and will be the best college paper in the South. It may not be the largest, but size does not always signify quality. We have striven for the best written news items possible, for pure English, and for an errorless paper. We have not succeeded in this respect. There is much to do, but we are striving to pass on to them with the paper our aims and ideals, the aims and ideals which have guided those who founded the paper and who have stood before me in the place of honor.

There are some things which ought to be, and which must ultimately come. I would not be fair to those who are to follow me if I did not mention them, some of them at least.

Every member of the alumni should subscribe for and read the paper. The alumni should send in items and news articles for the column which is allotted them.

The college should put Maroon and Gold in its blanket fee as a part of matriculation. This is done for athletics, and I believe that a paper should have the same support that is given athletics. We have not had it. The college, I think, is due the paper that much. It would make it easier.

The college should grant credit for work on the paper. It retains a privilege of criticism, and I know, having come now to the end of my work, that it has been worth more to me than any course I have taken, any two I can say. I feel that the staff should receive college credit for work done, but not promiscuously. The plan will need much thought and a careful arranging. During the past year I have written for the editorial column alone between 20,000 and 25,000 words. In what course has any one done so much? My reading as editor has of necessity been much and varied, more than I have done in any course I have taken. I believe for these reasons college credit for work should be carefully considered by those in authority.

With a feeling of pleasure and of sadness, with an intimate knowledge of its past and a thrill of hope for its future, I turn over the paper which has become so dear to me to my successor. In

concluding this final message of mine I bid those who have been readers of mine, those who have been loyal to me, and to all farewell.

SIMMON SEEDS

A classy girl,
Is Emmy Lee,
It appears to me,
She has a knee.

In the spring a young man's fancy makes a goddess of a winter worn chicken.

He was sitting close beside her,
And he asked her for a kiss,
As he counted eighty-seven,
He was sorry he'd started this.

CASTLES IN SPAIN

Their turrets pierce the sunny blue,
They climb the crags; my castles do.
Richer am I than king of old,
My coffers groan with war won gold.

Many men heed quick my call.
When I raise my voice through high arched hall.
The hooded falcon on my hand,
Knows me as ruler of the land.

Castle and grange and meadow green,
A fairer land was never seen,
With ladies dressed in every hue,
And knights to love and guard them too.

Much time I spend in Sunny Spain,
Amidst my fair well earned gain.
But now my treasures flit away,
Prof. says "He's still asleep today."
K A D A.

Listen, Billy

Elon Yet
1924.

Dear Billy:
Well, old don Kiyoti, much water has flowed into the milk cans since last I held correspondence with thee.

The civilizing of one Dumbell Smith goes on in spite of Gov. scandal and to Old EMen belongs the credit—to me the debit.

A move is on foot as you see by M & G (Maroon an' Gold) to make the library sosighities public and you canst whisper it abroad in the streets of Askelon that I'm an officer. I presides at the door during meetings and won't let no huns nor IWWs in. Beside of all this I am allowed in the hall during the week and can sweep it up.

The bilding program goes on through my soft moore year and one can scarst tell whether he is at 42d and Broadway or in Ellen until he feels the gentle mud clinging to his insteps.

To speak of me personally, I have two more years of the terror of flunkin and then I may take a job on the faculty and settle down on one of Mr. Benjamin Everett's lots. He is a local financier, Billy, and I wisht you knew him for he is rich with kale.

You must of read of my basketbawl activities in the N. Y. World or the policeman's gazette. I looked after the boys' sweaters and never lost a one (1) all season. Hope springs infernal in the heman chest' an' I will go out for baseball this year (pitcher or catcher). I'm tired of just helping coach 'em.

The girls here are as pretty as ever but no startlin improvements have been made this season in eyelashes or rouge and science will get his death blow if he can't keep girls looking young at twenty.

I likes one of the girls better than all the rest but she is uppity an' you know how I am, Billy, proud as a hog on ice skating a mile for a camel. I canst decide yet whether it is a case or a casualty. But if its wedding old patoot you'll be the best man here and there will be chockolate cake and lots of it. You canst kiss the bride—one time.

In the months which has been tore

from the calender the idea struck me big that I was to be a singer and I could help it along by taking lessons which they have here as per catalog. But what I'm wanting to ask you was it fair for them to charge me for a hole month of these musics when I don't take but two lessons. No as Pat Henry said, "it aint, It Aint, IT AINT."

I was good but the teacher was jealous and said if I didn't stop taking lessons it would of ruined her tecknick and meb-ber her ear drums. So I stopped to save her and then got overcharged for it.

The annual (FiSighKli) ought to be the mouses muff for I have rote the most part of it. Boy, it's full of subjects and and material. Snappy too. Boy howdy yes.

Mr. Rud, the big boss, says I am the excentrix of the Englishman's language. Wasn't that a compliment, Billy? It's funny, too, I don't know no English.

This is to be some book inflexables leather and is good to look at and under the ateteenth amendment you can also spank the baby with it.

Sincerely yours,
DUMBELL SMITH.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
!x?—!x!x—?'x:x!—xx!

We always laugh at teacher's jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny jokes,
But 'cause it's policy.

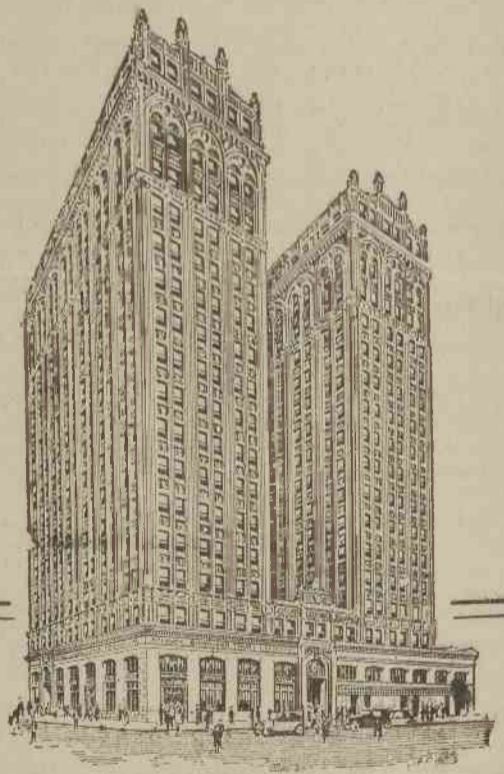
SENIOR GIRLS ARE GIVEN AN ENJOYABLE SURPRISE

(Continued from Page One)

John Marshall (Freda Dimmick and Lou Heritage), Mr. and Mrs. Roger Clark (Nannie Aldridge and Arline Lindsay), Mr. and Mrs. George Washington (Mary Hall Stryker and Florence Moseley), Mr. and Mrs. James Monroe (Essie Cotten and Ruth Rogers), Mr. and Mrs. Miles Standish (Alice Barrett and Margaret Ballentine), Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton (Della Cotten and Mabel Wright), Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jefferson (Madge Moffitt and Ruth Crawford), Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Henry (Marjorie Burton and Adelia Jones), Mr. and Mrs. William Penn (Mary Graham Lawrence and Lyde Bingham), Mr. and Mrs. John Adams (Alice Weber and Elizabeth McCollum), Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Boone (Orabelle Pace and Ola King Cowing), Mr. and Mrs. John Jay (Opal Howell and Lillie Horne), Mr. and Mrs. John Alden (Mabel Cheek and Lillie Pace), Captain and Mrs. John Smith (Isabella Cannon and Rose Fulghum), Sir and Lady Walter Raleigh (Ethel Hill and Lois Hartman), Benjamin Franklin (Clark Tuck).

Sad and True

Concerning high school football teams:
Too oft it comes to pass
The man who's half-back in the field
Is way back in his class.



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Our welcome to "Come in!" is also bigger and better. Now open and waiting to welcome you.

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