

Maroon and Gold

Published Weekly by the Students of
Elon College

Members of the North Carolina College
Press Association

Entered at the Post-Office at Elon College,
N. C., as second-class matter.

Two Dollars Per College Year

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Too much has been said of the student body that will not fight as long as its team fights. We do not consider that student body worthy of so many words. So the only thing we have to say is that the football team is still in the fight. King College has been beaten and such a thing can be done again.

Too much can not be said for a team that stages a come-back in the last quarter of a game as our team did last Saturday. Anything is easy to fight for that seems possible but did you ever get out and fight for something after it had been lost? That is the thing that our team did last Saturday, and that is the thing that counted in that instance. It brought out the fact that our team was not without the prospect of becoming a winning team.

We are indeed sorry that we lost the game last Saturday to Davidson, but even that sorrow is lost in a deeper sorrow over the fact that Davidson has lost one of her best men. The students of Elon College take this humble means to try to convey to the students of Davidson College the fact that they sympathize with them in their loss of Sappenfield. And more than that they would like to take this means of saying to Sappenfield that they eagerly await the time when he will be restored to his place on the Davidson campus.

ALUMNI

We feel sure that deep down in the hearts of every man and every woman who has passed through these portals of learning there is a tender spot for this college and for the various activities which go to make up its life. We also know from experience that practically the entire alumni of the college are very reluctant to pay two dollars, for a subscription to the Maroon and Gold. Now, we are going to continue to send the paper to you, the alumni, because we are interested in you. We will strive to do this in the face of all odds, just because we are interested in you. We wonder if it would be too much of a sacrifice to expect you to pay the postage on it.

"Many are called and few respond." They lack the spirit. The small sum of two dollars will pay your subscription for a whole year.

THE NEW BELL

With the coming of the new buildings at Elon there was opened an era of changing conditions. One after another old familiar landmarks began to disappear. The old well, the old path up town, the sixty silver maples, of

catalogue fame, the old cracked bell at the Club, and many other relics of traditional antiquity moved out to make place for things new. This year it seemed that all of the old had been eliminated. It seemed that we were living in a new atmosphere entirely. At least, it seemed so until our nerves were grated upon by jarring intonations from the old dining hall bell. That old bell has served many days. It has awakened myriads of sleepy girls, and it has announced hash to an equal number of the men "who've come and gone." It has served so well in fact that many thought that it should be saved for the days when it could bring floating back to the ears of old "grads" thoughts of days passed by. In short, there seemed to be a general consensus of opinion that it should be preserved as a relic, and not as a side show.

To make a long story short, a promising young student was given to this same line of thought to such a degree that he took it upon himself to furnish a new bell. Now whether or not he was actuated by the aforesaid motives is a debatable question, but nevertheless we must give him credit for being a man of action.

REV. B. F. BLACK AN APPRECIATION

Rev. B. F. Black came to Elon College in the early days when it was necessary for the students to lend a helping hand in many ways. He selected as a method by which he would help his Alma Mater the creation of a museum. While he preached the Gospel on Sundays to earn his way through college he, also, during the week days used his spare hours to collect specimens for his beloved museum, to mount birds and animals, and to preserve specimens of reptiles and beetles. He was very successful in securing donations from the Government Departments and from individuals. His museum was very valuable in teaching Biology, Botany, Anthropology, and Geology. In the fire of January 18, 1923, the Black Museum was destroyed, but he had not ceased to labor for its restoration and had promises from State and National Government authorities for liberal assistance. He was also in correspondence with persons in foreign countries who were able to send him rare specimens.

His interest in the museum was but an evidence of his fine generosity of spirit which appeared in his association with his fellows and in his life-work everywhere, whether he was engaged in the ministry, Y. M. C. A. secretaryship or the chaplaincy in the United States army. He was everywhere the soul of generosity and liberal heartedness.

He was, perhaps, the greatest orator that Elon College has produced. He made a great reputation for his Alma Mater, when as a college student he attended a Y. M. C. A. meeting for the various colleges in this State held in Durham, North Carolina, at what is now Duke University. In a discussion his feelings were deeply moved and he swayed that group of college men by the power of his eloquence completely to his way of thinking. It was certainly always to his credit that his powers of eloquence were expended in Christian directions, and he had the happy insight always to sense the Christian side of any proposition.

While I remember him from the year 1894 when I entered Elon College as a student myself, I particularly remember his insistence that he be allowed to enter the chaplaincy of his country in the recent world war. Gov-

ernment official after Government official told him "No," that he was too far advanced in years to undertake the strenuous activity of a chaplain. I quite well remember the words spoken to him by Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker when I appeared with him in that official's office in Washington. "Brother Black," said the Secretary of War, "you look like Jupiter, but my judgment does not warrant me in approving you for appointment. You have all the qualifications for an excellent chaplain except that of being beyond the age limit."

We did not give up the quest, and finally appeared before the Chief of the Army Chaplains. We were there discouraged as in other places, but Colonel Axton promised that he would endeavor to find an appointment for Brother Black after Brother Black had told him in response to his statement that to enter chaplaincy would likewise cost him his life, that he had but one life and he was willing to give that to his country. It was not long before the post was found and Rev. B. F. Black donned the uniform of his country and became Chaplain Black, serving in France until the end of the war.

I can not but feel that the hardship of the chaplain's life undermined his health and that in a very real sense he is a casualty of the war.

A great, good man has fallen on sleep, and life is poorer by his taking away. His memory will last while the human heart appreciates a man who is willing to sacrifice for a cause he loves.
W. A. Harper.

It was at one of those negro churches for which North Carolina is famous that the good old brethren and sisters were relating their experiences and vying with each other in lauding the praises of a merciful God. Some had their misfortunes, which were pitiful indeed, but there was always enough left to be thankful for. At last old Aunt Mandy had the floor, and with beaming countenance she joyfully proclaimed: "I ain't got none, but two teeth left, but praise de Lawd dey hit."

A young woman who was not familiar with the language of railroad men, happened to be walking near the depot, where a freight train was being made up. As the freight train was being backed up one of the brakemen shouted: "Jump on her when she passes by, run her down beyond the elevator, cut her in two and bring the head-end up to the depot."

Screaming "Murder" the young woman turned and fled from the spot for dear life.

He Wanted To Help

The preacher was slowly reading his manuscript sermon on a Sunday morning when he noticed a slight disturbance in the audience. Looking up toward the balcony he discovered his four-year-old son pitching horse-chestnuts on the head of the people. Stopping to reprove the youngster he met the following reply: "Go right ahead with the preaching dad I will keep them awake."

Senator Reed had a very large neck and one day he went into a dry goods house in Washington to buy a collar. The merchant asked "What number do you wear?" The Senator said, "I wear No. 26." The merchant said: "Sorry, sir; I haven't got it. You can find it down at the third door." The Senator went down to the third door and it was a harness shop.

Mary was intensely interested in the dime novel she was reading. As she paused at the end of a chapter she exclaimed: "Ah, the villain flees!" "I should say so," said her mother, scratching her ankle vigorously. "One just bit me."

PROF. VELIE BECOMES PRES. OF MUSIC LOVERS

Elected at First Meeting of Year by
Elon Music Lovers Club.

The initial meeting of the Music Lovers Club of Elon College occurred Thursday evening in the Y. W. C. A. Hall in the Mooney Building, and commenced the year with an enthusiastic well attended session.

Quite a number of items were disposed of during the business session: New members were taken in as follows: Prof. W. J. Cotten, Mrs. T. L. Chandler, Prof. and Mrs. J. A. Hornaday, Prof. and Mrs. C. J. Velie, Prof. and Mrs. L. D. Martin, Miss Helen Stearns, and Miss Pauline Shoope.

Prof. C. J. Velie was elected as president of the club for the present year, Miss Florence Fisher, vice-president, Miss Deloris Morrow, secretary, and F. B. Corboy, treasurer. The new officers were then installed.

Announcement of the concert course for this year included four numbers: Helen Ware, Katheryn Meisle, Thurlow Lieurance and Company, and Irene Williams. These artists will give concerts under the auspices of the club during the year.

Following the completion of the routine business of appointing committees and arranging for the year's work, came the musical part of the program for the evening.

Mrs. C. J. Velie sang beautifully, "When Love is Kind," an old Irish song and "Mah Lindy Lou," by Strickland.

Miss Pauline Shoope rendered a violin solo, "Romance," by Vieuxtemps, which was well received.

Miss Florence Fisher sang, "Banjo Song," by Sidney Homer, "Trees," by Rasbach, and "Good Morning Brother Sunshine," by Leymann, to the delight of the audience. Prof. C. J. Velie accompanied at the piano for all three numbers.

The evening was concluded with refreshments consisting of frozen fruit salad, cheese straws, punch, and salted almonds, served by the hostesses, Misses Florence Fisher, Louise Savage, Helen Stearns, and Mrs. Frances Ring.

YELLS!

Here's a chance to help yourself and your team. Learn these before Friday:

Rip, rah! rip ray!
Elon, what say!
Fight 'em! fight 'em!
Team! team! team!

Ray, ray; rah, rah.
Team, team, whose team, Elon rah,
Team, team, whose team, Elon rah,
Rah, rah, rah
Rah, rah, rah
Team! team! team!

Song—

So get up and get out if you have any doubt;
About our dear old team.
If you don't like it now while the shout's in the air,
It's a game we will win every day.
Now we don't like to brag but we are only the sports,
Sports of Maroon and Gold.
So come on and yell give the other college—
Well, come on boys, let's go.

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