

Maroon and Gold

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—EC—

There was once a hen who had several "biddies" to look after. Her name was Enza. One day the chicks went into a flower garden and in flew Enza.

—EC—

We play our first baseball game Friday, if it doesn't snow.

—EC—

It is urged that students now out of bed consider themselves shift number two. That is, we feel that it would be well for them to wait until the shift now in bed gets up, to wait on them before they go to bed.

—EC—

Baseball practice has begun with a "zip." It was too cold for it to have begun any other way.

—EC—

Students who hail from the North are to remember that this little touch of northern weather that we have been having is just to make them feel at home. It is to serve the same purpose for them as the running water in the hall at night serves for homesick Freshmen, who hail from the country.

—EC—

We sincerely hope that the new staff is as anxious to take over the paper as the old staff is reluctant to turn it over to them.

—EC—

BASEBALL

The pre-season outlook on baseball here this year is sad to say very little better than it has been for the past two seasons. Several veterans have returned and they are fast rounding into shape on the diamond. The pitching staff is, however, centered around one man as a veteran, and two or three new men who have a promise. One great drawback is the lack of a captain. "Ed" Gillam, captain-elect, failed to return to school and he will be greatly missed, not only will he be missed on the initial sack, but he will be missed as a leader for the team.

It is very unfortunate that unpreventable circumstances have prevented us from having captains in several branches of athletics in the past two or three years. But in the face of all that we can smile. Yet the condition we deplore is that that old vital and much talked of Elon spirit seems to lack its former strength and spontaneity. Why is it that we seldom hear the tune of the college song? Why is it that we do not see as much interest in our teams as in former years? Why is it that our athletes show such an utter disregard of training rules? It may be that these questions are unfounded on facts. But admitting that there is even slight grounds for these questions, we wonder why they should occur in the minds of so many students. Has some change come over our students for the better or for the

worse? If it is for the better, what is it that we have gained that would take the place of one bit of love for alma mater? If we are not better off, then what causes the unwholesome attitude, if it may be called so, and what is a remedy for it? Of a necessity we must leave those questions unanswered. They may be taken for what they are worth.
Back the baseball team!

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION PRONOUNCED BIG SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 1)

Hot Chicken—Test brakes before going farther.
 Ball Bearings—Use tire tools on these.
 Non-Skid—Remove chains and go straight ahead.
 Hot Rolls Royce—Chase all flivvers off the road.
 Radius Rods—Rough roads, don't bend them.
 Spark Plugs—Clean before using.
 Accessories—Special sale; get while cheap.
 Distilled Water—Turn right and put on chains.

Detour

Salad—Slow down, rocky roads ahead.
 Polarine—Put alcohol in your radiator.
 Traffic Jam Cake—Slow down and avoid crowds.
 Vacuum Cup Punch—Do not use cut-outs.
 U. S. Mints—Keep pocket-books closed.
 Stop—N. C. Law—Stop.

There were about one hundred present. All pronounced it a most enjoyable occasion.

TO O. K. C.

Love—
 And I cast it away.
 Cast it away as a child throws aside its toy,
 Little realizing its worth and its joy.
 Love—
 And I grew tired of it—
 Little knowing that the soul
 With that love only once is lit.
 Love—
 Not the mad passionate kind
 Sweeping before it frail human beings—
 There's nothing in that to bind.
 Love—
 That gives and asks nothing in return;
 That comforts, heals and blesses;
 Ah, it took me long to learn!
 Love—
 And now is it too late?
 Too late to hold once more
 That love supreme, divine,
 That I from my vain heart tore?
 —Judith Black.

STUDENTS IN MUSIC DO WELL IN RECITAL HERE

Held in Auditorium of Mooney Building March 11th.

Thursday, March 11th, the students in music gave a recital in the auditorium of the Christian Education building. The following program was rendered:

Laughetto Expressive Emery
 Susie Elder
 Sonata in A minor Mozart
 Mary Stout
 Consolation Leschetizsky
 Nocturne Leschetizsky
 Agnes Judd
 Crepuscule Lavignae
 Juggery Godard
 Hallie Stanfield
 Air Op. 40 No. 1 MacDowell
 Kathleen Paschall
 The Bird With the Broken
 Wing Golson
 Miss Stearns
 Waltz Friml
 Agnes Judd
 Love Song Nearing

Moment Musical in A Scharwenka
 Alyse Smith
 Nocturne in F minor Chopin
 Prelude in G major Chopin
 Prelude in B (flat) minor Chopin
 David Harrell

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE BANQUET IS A SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 1)

Musical Interpretation Miss Edna Harrelson
 Reading Miss Sarah Deaton

The long looked for moment and climax of the affair was the serving of sandwiches, fruit salad, celery, nuts, and fruit punch. While the banqueters were partaking of their eats they were entertained by unique and original jokes.

Promptly at ten-thirty, after singing the College Song and giving a yell for '28 and '29, the Freshmen and Sophomores departed on better terms than they have been this year.

"I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN" IS NEXT PICTURE HERE

Is a Comedy Starring Reginald Denny
Acting as an Unromantic Professor.

"I'll Show You the Town," is the title of the picture to be shown here Saturday, March 20th.

Reginald Denny appears in the role of an unromantic professor who is literally deluged with feminine hearts of all ages and sizes.

"I'll Show You the Town," adapted from Elmer Davis' story of the same name, is the love story of Professor Alec Dupree, who fights shy of cupid's darts only to be wounded by a score of them. Alec, played by Reginald Denny, is a professor of English at old Wyndam, a college founded by his grandfather. The college is defunct, and it is up to Alec to get enough funds to keep the old school together. As luck would have it, the famous Agnes Clevenger, wealthy widow of a near-by provincial town, is visiting the metropolis, and Alec is accorded an introduction to her and is worked to "Show her the town."

Agnes Clevenger, though one of the wealthiest women in the country, is also one of nature's homeliest, and Alec

goes about winning her purse (for Wyndam's sake) by first winning her heart. How Alec woos and finally wins the heart of "Aggie" is one of the funniest sequences in the screen play. But Agnes Clevenger is not the only woman who crosses Alec's path. He is best on all sides by cupid who finds many practical ways in which to ensnare the wary professor's heart.

It is a clever up to the minute comedy which borders on farce with the present for the time, a metropolitan city for the locale, with eight reels.

HOW IT CAME TO BE WRITTEN

Whenever the song "Dixie" is played or sung the performer is greeted with cheers and applause. This famous war song of the Confederacy is the center of much romance. It was generally believed that a patriotic Southerner had composed the song, but this is not so. The composer was Daniel Decatur Emmett, a black-face comedian who was a member of a famous minstrel troupe which opened their season of minstrelsy on September just before the outbreak of the Civil War. The show was a very good one as minstrel shows go, but alas, and alack, the grand finale which should have been the gem of the performance, fell as flat as a pancake. Now you know that the last impression is usually the lasting one, and to have an audience leave the theatre remembering a flat finale would never do. So the manager called upon Mr. Emmett and instructed him to write something that would serve as a rousing ending, for the minstrel show and "pep it up." He was allowed one day for the job. It was a sorry kind of a day, too. The first chill winds of autumn blew, the penetrating rain fell upon the streets. No inspiration here for a cheerful song. What was he to think of on a day like this? An old negro was passing along the street below, singing as he shuffled along. The inspiration came! Sunny skies and cotton bales and negroes singing on the wharves of the Southern waterfronts. Like a flash the

words formed themselves in his mind: "I wish I was in Dixie." By six o'clock the song was finished. That night Emmett wrote the music. The manager of the Minstrel Show liked the song, and that the audience did too, was evidence by the twenty curtain calls that greeted it on the night of its first presentation. Within a week every boy on the streets and hundreds of men and women were singing the catchy song. Its popularity was immediately assured.

After it was published it spread like wild fire over the country. It was sung everywhere. When the Civil War broke the South adopted it as its anthem and the long gray lines marched to the battlefields with Dixie on their lips and the memories of it stirred up in their hearts. As soon as that became known the North cast it aside and it was many years before it regained its popularity in that section. Emmett, the composer, enjoyed much fame and popularity through the success of his song. He died in 1904 when he was nearly ninety years old—Presbyterian Standard.



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