

# Maroon and Gold

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF ELON COLLEGE



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## ADVERTISING RATES UPON REQUEST

All articles for publication must be in the hands of the Managing Editor by 12:00 M., Monday. Articles received from an unknown source will not be published.

## GREATER ELON DAY

Yesterday, January 18, was a holiday known as GREATER ELON DAY. Let us look back beyond the year 1923. We see Elon, a small college, very similar to hundreds of others throughout the country with insufficient physical equipment to keep abreast of modern education. It was on the morning of January 18, 1923, that the students awoke to find their administration building going up in flames, and they realized that it would be a few hours before their main building would be reduced to ashes. It was a sorrowful spectacle, yet after the blow each and every individual put his shoulder to the wheel, and it was soon evident that this was not a destruction but a "beginning." Our Burlington friends held a mass meeting and it was decided that Burlington and Alamance county would construct one building of the greater Elon group. Our faithful president, W. A. Harper, soon proved his ability as a leader and organizer. Before much time had elapsed there was a scheme laid for a much greater Elon. Today this is realized. In place of the one administration building, we now have five beautiful modern, brick, fire-proof structures which enables Elon's physical equipment to rank among the best in the land. This gives the professors in the various departments a chance to make their courses much more interesting and beneficial and also adds much to the interest and quality of the work that the student engages in. This has resulted in a substantial increase in the number of both students and faculty. Today there are 425 students in place of 316 in 1924. This material increase has been made possible by the generosity of our many friends throughout the country, and we wish to express our gratefulness to them, especially to the Orbans, the Dukes, the Whitleys, the Carltons and the people of Alamance county.

Today, five years after the fire, Elon lacks only three things to make her up-to-date in every respect. They are: New dormitories, a new gymnasium, and a new power plant. The present facilities of this nature are inadequate for the present needs and do not compare favorably with her other buildings. We hope and predict that before another five years roll around that some, if not all, of the suggested improvements will have been made and Elon will be still advancing toward her ever-rising goal.

—E C—

## CONTRASTS

We notice some very peculiar contrasts just now. The cry is peace, peace, and still the sound of bombing operations in Nicaragua is very loud. Our president tells the Havana Conference that all matters must be submitted to arbitration and settled without war, yet we notice a great naval building program. Now some advocate the 20-year building program to cost four billions. That is even worse than the proposed five-year program. The question is, "Just what do all these contrasts signify?"

—E C—

## HOSPITALITY

Next week we shall have the privilege of entertaining a convention of the ministers of the Christian church. This gives us an opportunity to appear in our best form. Of course we will be friendly but we should be especially hospitable to these men who are our guests. Many of those who will attend haven't been on this campus for ten years. They are unfamiliar with the present buildings and therefore will have many questions to ask. Remember that it is only courteous, regardless of how busy we are, to take time to answer any question or give any direction desired. Possibly some of the guests will be from our own homes. If so, look them up and make their visit an enjoyable occasion.

## THE KEMPUS KET



"May I print a kiss on your lips," Thomas asked.

Perry nodded her sweet permission. So they went to press And I rather guess They printed a large edition.

—E—

Greedy Smith: The secret of good health is fast eating.

Eugene Talley: But how can fast eating be kept a secret?

—L—

Mildred McPherson (raving on): My pa ain't no count; my ma has to keep him up.

Jewell Truitt: It's a shame your ma hasn't a place to keep you up too.

—O—

It's enough SAID when you ask Frances Sterrett about her asparagus patch.

—N—

Mrs. Newlywed Thompson: I tell you I am tired and sick of married life.

Mr. Newlywed Thompson: So's your old man.

—C—

Eva Sykes: Why, Anna, I am dead broke. What will you give me for my French Walking Encyclopedia?

Anna Johnson: Why, I guess I'd give you one dollar.

The trade was made.

—O—

Lillian Underwood: My face is my fortune, sir.

Hoyle Timothy Eford: Yes, and as such it should be the medium of exchange.

—L—

Prof. Martin: When Madison stood up to talk, his legs looked like tobacco sticks.

(Flourish among the ladies) Well, I see you young ladies know what I mean by tobacco sticks.

—L—

Percy Hudson wishes to announce that his grades on "bull" will be announced in next week's issue.

—E—

Again the Observer of Women runs breathlessly into the office and pokes this under our nose:

What Women Desire

1. Some clothes.
2. A thrill.
3. Some clothes.
4. A good time.
5. Some clothes.
6. Good things to eat.
7. Some clothes.
8. A man.
9. Some clothes.
10. Any man.

—G—

Bashful Andrews: Don't t-tell any one I brought you home from the vesper services.

Timid Cotney: Don't be afraid; I'm as much ashamed of it as you are.

—E—

Miss Ann hung a wish-bone over the door the other day. She said the first man that passed beneath it was going to be her husband. For a joke Miss Savage sent one of the colored janitors to come in and fix something just for an excuse.

## DR. HARPER HAS RETURNED FROM EXTENDED TOUR OF NORTH

(Continued from Page 1)

Indianapolis, Ind., and Dr. James E. Clarke, Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. Harper also made an address before the Council entitled "The Growth of the Teaching of Bible and Religious Education in American Colleges." This

address is to be printed in full in Christian Education.

The Council of Church Boards met at Atlantic City, beginning January 8th and concluding on the 11th. Following this meeting, the session of the Association of American Colleges, of which Elon is a member, also was held at Atlantic City, our president officially attended and representing our college.

On Thursday and Friday, January 12th and 13th, there was held in Baltimore, Maryland, the first American conference of the Christian Unity League. The sessions were held in the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore, Maryland. On Friday morning Dr. Harper presented a paper entitled "Christian Education and Christian Union." Other persons who appeared on the program of the Christian Unity Conference were Dr. Finis S. Idleman, Dr. John M. Moore, Dr. Frederick Lynch, Dr. Robert Bagnell, Dr. W. A. Guerry, Dr. Geo. W. Richards, Dr. Wm. Adams Brown, Dr. Robert A. Ashworth, Dr. Robert A. Hume, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, and Dr. Charles C. Morrison. Dr. Harper's address will be printed in the Official Proceedings of The Christian Unity Conference.

## ARE YOU FLUNKING YOUR CAMPUS COURSE?

"Swearing off" is a special amusement of the new year season, but we should remember that such mulish balking at the commands of Satan will never get us to heaven; there must be positive steps in the right direction. It has been said that the part of college experience which does most to build us up is not the study of text-books but the personal contacts with fellow-students and faculty members. Let us consider the matter more in detail.

Admittedly the bookworm is not an ideal student, but he may suffer less from his unwise love of books than does a companion from unwise love of friends. The influence of a companion is more vital than is the influence of a book. It will shape one's life more. As the old Romans said, "Bad apples speck good ones." If it is suggested that Christ set the example of associating with all sorts of persons, it is likewise true that He was strong enough to lift all these people without being pulled down by them. If you are not sure of your strength and purpose while associating with some attractive person whose influence is negative, remember—

"Ah, better than Fortune's best gift Is wisdom in the using, And sweeter than anything sweet Is the power to put it aside."

You would use your best judgment in the selection of a suit of clothes, and would not select it just because of some trifle like ornamental buttons. This type of judgment is exercised when one selects a friend as suggested by the words of the song:

"She's the very best what is And I need her in my biz, Just because she made those goo-goo eyes."

Not long ago a "careless" young man was rejected by a young lady who deserted him for a cripple who had a Ford. An old man said, "If a fellow has a car, he doesn't need a character or anything else to stand in with the girls." This unfair generalization suggests that some girls are letting unimportant factors decide their choice of friends.

After one has chosen friends who are true-blue, and may be depended on in all kinds of weather, it is worth while to make a deliberate study of these friends to see what qualities they have which may be copied in one's own life. In fact it is worth while to make such a study of all lives around us. Man was made in the image of God, and no human life can be found which does not show some of the divine nature—some graces worthy of the emulation of others.

We Southerners need to forget some prejudices of the ante-bellum days, but the courtesy and gallantry of such Southern gentlemen as Robert E. Lee must remain to form one characteristic of the ideal social life which man hopes to develop. Without closing our eyes or hearts to fine qualities in persons of

other sections, let us be particularly careful to note and absorb this distinctive Southern grace.

What thought are you putting into your campus course? It is written of certain apostles that the people "took note of them that they had been with Jesus." What story of your associations does your life tell?

X-Ray.

## BEHIND THE SCENES

To each and every one of us there sometimes comes the desire to see "behind the scenes," to know more intimately the processes which go on unseen by the pleasure-seeking audience, yet which are so indispensable to the smooth rendition of the photoplay, the drama, or the concert.

Who has not, at some time or other, wished that he might know something of the thoughts and private life of the actor or the musician before him on the stage? It is interesting indeed to imagine the background of the artist's life and weave a powerful web of circumstance about him.

The other evening Fate was so kind as to allow me to verify my conjectures in such a case; and what a romantic revelation of adventure was unfolded to me. In response to the interested and sympathetic questioning of a friend of mine, a simple story was told in broken English by a Russian, that gripped our imaginations and gave us an insight into the hearts and lives of a group of men, exiled as it were, from their own homeland.

The story begins in Russia, the land of contrasts. In 1920 we first see the characters of the story in Serbia where, under the leadership of Sergie Scroloff, they organized a chorus for the purpose of earning a living until they can return to their homes. There are some fourteen of them having wives and children in Russia. They can not return to their homes because they are Cossacks, and it is not safe for them to be in Russia while the Soviet government rules. But they hope that they can soon return to their loved ones and write that they will be gone only a few months.

However, as time goes on, conditions are no more favorable to their return; and in the meantime, reports of their fame have spread far and wide in Europe. So they accept engagements in Italy. They sing in Rome, Milan, Florence, and other cities with great success. Still they wish to return to their homes, but no; they can not.

They go farther and farther from Russia. By now they are known over all Europe and are sought by Paris, Madrid, and the greater musical centers of the continent. They cross the Atlantic and tour the Central American Republics with wonderful success. They are sought by North America. They give a concert in Chicago that is hailed as the outstanding musical feature of the season.

It is now seven years since they last saw their homeland; still they can not return. They try in every way possible to bring their loved ones to America, but they can not secure passports of the Soviet government to get them out of Russia. Still they continue to sing the songs of their own country, songs that they have known from childhood and which represent to them, Russia. With what a mixture of emotions they must sing them in a strange land where they can not speak nor understand the language! Yet, by their songs, they can picture to those who can not understand even one word of Russian, the grandeur, the pathos and suffering, the mighty power and longing, the vied beauty of the Russian life and spirit.

It was just a queer, but to me a very fortunate, turn of Fate by which it was possible for me to hear these Cossacks sing. It was even a more fortunate turn of Fate that I should be told this story in the broken English of the interpreter. "And what do you plan to do? Are you going to try to return to Russia?" my friend asked.

"We do not know," was the answer, "we shall sing next year yet, but after that ....."

Harold L. Barney.