

Maroon and Gold

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF ELON COLLEGE

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SPRING HOLIDAYS

At the Chapel meeting Tuesday morning it was very evident that all the students were in favor of Spring Holidays. When Dean Hook suggested the possibility of there being a week's holiday, at Easter time a great cheer went up from the Student Body.

This is fine. We believe a holiday at that season of the school year will be helpful to both Students and Faculty. But—there is something more. One good turn deserves another. If our administrative officers see fit to allow a holiday, should we not show our appreciation by doing just a little better type of work before and after? Should we not study just a little harder? Should we not attempt to make just a little higher average? We can if we only will. Let us try to make the Faculty and all those responsible for this new vacation period feel that we really do appreciate their action in regard to this matter. The very best possible way that we can express our appreciation is to work hard while we work and then use the vacation period for a real vacation.

BANQUET TIME

Banquet time will soon be here
With its hard work, joy, and cheer.

It will not be long till the Social Club Banquets begin. Banquet time to some freshmen or non-social club members may mean little, but to members of social clubs it means a great deal. Each banquet requires hours of hard work and much thought. No banquet can be as good as it should be without the absolute co-operation of all concerned. If you are a member of a social club, or if you have promised to aid in any way toward the success of any banquet, please do your utmost to make it a success. The ideal banquet is the one that is a product of absolute co-operation; the one in which every party concerned has done his or her share.

WE ARE SORRY—

We are sorry that it became necessary for our friend and classmate, Edwin A. Gunn, to drop out of College. We hope for you a speedy recovery, Edwin; and just remember that the best wishes of your old Class of '31 will always be with you.

OUR LAST CHANCE

This is doubtless the only issue of Maroon and Gold which will be published by the Class of '31. There are but comparatively few weeks before us until we shall have been awarded our diplomas and turned out into the world. Our college education will be complete and we shall be ready to serve our fellow-man in a larger way than if we had not attended college. This, our last semester at Elon, should be filled with work and happiness. We are near the goal; let us make good our last chance and go out with flying colors.

OUR CASTE SYSTEM

We have often heard the bad points of the caste system in India discussed at some length. Someone has suggested that something like a caste system exists in nearly every place. Do we have a caste system at Elon? Certainly there should be no such thing at a College of this type, and so long as real SPORTSMANSHIP is practiced there will not be. Isn't there a possibility of just a little less caste and a little more true sportsmanship among our students, especially members of social clubs? Why need there be any bitter feeling among individuals or among groups at this particular time of the year?

We have often heard the saying—"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." We laugh and joke about the little proverb, taking it literally more times than applying its moral. If we should substitute for that saying a sentence of our own making that might read—"Work, play and be cheerful for life is short"—perhaps we would not fall so far from taking it seriously.

Life is short, so why not make it worth living? It is easier to evade the serious problems of life than to face them. But al-

ways choosing the lower instead of the higher, the easier instead of the harder, and the weaker instead of the stronger is a coward's failing. Little, if any, satisfaction comes from the accomplishment of an insignificant act when one is conscious of the fact that a greater deed might have been done in its place. The worth while things of life are made possible by earnest endeavor and real application of one's self to a task. The accomplishment of such brings with it real satisfaction. After all there is nothing as gratifying as the knowledge of having done a deed and done it well.

—Co-Ed Editorial, V. L. Worsley.

CLASS OF '31 LED BY COMPETENT PRESIDENTS

(Continued from Page 1)

Prof. Powell, L. C. had the distinction of never losing or of being on the losing side of any debate he participated in at Elon—and he participated in many, all the way from impromptu debates in Society up to Inter-Collegiate Debates. He was one of that happy quartet who defeated the Chios in the Annual Clio-Philologistian Debate in the Fall of 1928.

Our leader during our Junior Year was Lester Register of Sanford, North Carolina, the present Editor of Phippsiel. Lester was one of the best-liked boys from the very beginning of our college days and has remained so throughout the entire three years and a half that have passed. As President, he was efficient, business-like but pleasant, and always ready to do his share in any Class undertaking. He served as Toastmaster for the Annual Junior-Senior Banquet and presided quite admirably. Though Lester has had quite a few honors and responsibilities during his college days, he has always been loyal to his Class and his Classmates. Whenever you want something done call on Lester. If he cannot do it himself you can count on his winning personality and influence in getting someone to do it who can.

E. Frank Johnson came unto us a stranger—and we took him in. Not many weeks had Flick spent among us until the Senior Class elected him to the highest office in the place of L. C. Williams who did not return to college. We believed in Flick nor have we been disappointed in the least. He is a level-headed, efficient executive, a good leader, and a friend to all.

OUR PRESIDENTS have meant much to the Class of '31 and though her members may be scattered, the Presidents will not be forgot.—Contributed.

JUST HIGHWAYS

There are many highways and intricate by-ways—
That life offers in full;
There are some inviting—others enlightening,
While others are only a pull.

There are some of wealth and others of health,
And some of lordly power;
Some are of joy with naught to annoy,
While others with sweetness flower.

There are some of sadness and others of madness,
And some of bitter grief;
Some are of woe with many a foe,
While others are very brief.

There are some of learning, and others of turning,
And some of high degree;
Some are of fame with greatness of name,
While others are delightfully free.

There are some of hurry and others of worry,
And some of foolish fear;
Some are of style with nothing worth while,
While others are out of gear.

But of all the highways and intricate by-ways,
That wind below and above;
The one that's the best, thru every test,
Is the way of unselfish love.

BE PLEASANT

It's hard for us all to be patient
And to do all the things that we should,
We cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And it's almost as hard to be good.

'Tis true we are oftentimes lonely,
We oft greet the world with a frown,
But we should still try to be pleasant
No matter how far we are down.

If you smile at the world and look cheerful
You'll find it will smile back at you,
So brace up and always be pleasant
Of such there are always too few.

A CAT (MALICA)

She was blinking,
Almost thinking,
On a low and easy chair.
Flames were flaring,
She was staring
In the fire before her there.

Lazy lying,
She was eyeing
Things that dart to and fro.
She was twitching
Quite bewitching
In reflections on the floor.

Merely smiling
And beguiling
Hours by the hearth she sat.
Never shirking,
Her tongue working
At the small tasks of a cat.

THE PRICE OF POWER

I saw a lady wondrous fair,
And later I was told
Not only had she beauty rare,
But lands as well, and gold.

Then straightway I aspired to be
A grand and stately dame,
That people here might honor me
And magnify my name.

But later on in life I found
That in this world below,
The might of one does not abound
In what wealth can bestow.

CONTENT

I saw him first, a lad of ten,
As he walked home from school.
A sturdy, strong lad he was then
And gay, as is the rule.

His eye was bright, and on his face
A smile of courage shone,
A hope to fill some higher place,
When he'd to manhood grown.

I saw him later—circumstance
Had wrecked his plans, it seems,
He knew that there would be no chance
To realize his dreams.

His life appeared so dull for one
Whose hopes I knew so well,
He'll be so glad when it is done,
I thought, but could I tell?

Ah, no! for now the same sweet smile
Lights up the aged face,
His lot is small, but in a while
He'll fill a higher place.

MAYBE YOU CAN TELL 'EM

Why does—
Moyd Fite?
Kenneth Hook?
Ruth Hardin?
Paul Rakestraw?
Eva Lynch?
Katy Pierce?
Van Cleave?
Lester Register?
And why is—
Eugenia Green?
Eunice Boney?
Johnnie Sharp?
Madeline Lowe?
Dorothy Bright?
Dr. George A. Swann?
Ray A. Dickens?
Dorothy Humble?

Doubting

Sometimes, my dear, you don't believe
That what I've said is true.
How can you think that I'd deceive
Someone I love like you?
Some things, I know, are hard to see,
But all I ask of you,
Is just try having faith in me,
Is that so hard to do?

Prof. Martin: "What is the greatest thing about George Washington?"
Johnson: "His memory. They erected a monument to it."

He: "Yes, I have been married seven years today."
She: "Gosh, you must have broken a mirror."

JOKES

Overheard Telephone Conversation

"Are you there?"
"Yes."
"What's your name?"
"Watts, my name."
"Yes, what's your name?"
"I say my name's Watt. You're Jones?"
"No, I'm Knott."
"Will you tell me your name?"
"I, Will Knott."
"Why won't you?"
"I say my name is William Knott."
"Oh, I beg your pardon."
"Then you will be in when I come around this afternoon, Watt?"
"Certainly, Knott."
And they rang off. Do you wonder? Selected.

Recently Professor Martin was calling the roll, and trying to learn who the students were at the same time. He called each name and looked up at the person. When he called out Miss Humble's name he didn't see her at first. However, he said, "I didn't see you Miss Humble, but it wasn't your fault."

H. C. Hilliard signed the following pledge after he took an examination under Dr. Harper: "Didn't give any help, the Lord knows. Didn't receive any, the paper shows."

Smith: "What's the shortest route to the hospital?"
Cop: "Just stand right where you are."

"Do you want gas?" asked the young dentist as he put Giers in the chair.
"Yes, about five gallons—and I guess you had better look at the oil."

Rakestraw: "Hasn't Hilliard ever gotten married?"
His wife: "No, and I don't think he intends to, because he is studying for a bachelor's degree."

Sam B. Wilson: "Darling, when you are in the moonlight your teeth look like pearls."

Eva Lynch: "And when were you in the moonlight with Pearl?"

Then there was the Scotchman who wouldn't allow his boy to attend a Liberal Arts College.

And the Scotchman who made his wife wait for her meals until he had finished. They had only one set of false teeth.

Then there was the Scotchman who cried over his oatmeal because someone told him tears contained salt.

And the Scotchman who sewed socks on his pajamas to reduce the laundry bill.

A certain Scotchman would not go to war for fear it would cost him his life.

And the Scotchman who had his name changed to correspond with the name "Pullman" on his towel.

One Scotchman became cross-eyed because he went to a three ringed circus.

This will be the last. Mr. Scotchman became bowlegged from climbing lamp posts to read his paper.

I beg your pardon but there is one more. A Scotchman ran into a hospital with his nose bleeding, inquiring if anyone needed a transfusion.

Kenneth Hook: "Who can tell me what excavate means?"

Copland: "Please sir, to hollow out."
Hook: "Right, and now who can use it in a sentence?"

Copland: "Stick a pin in a dog and he will excavate."

Register: "Who put that statue under the sink?"
Gunn: "Sh; that's the plumber."

SEMESTER POEM

They sat together,
Worked together
All semester long.
Played together,
Strolled together,
Happy as a song.
—THEN—
Crammed together,
Flunked together.
Wondered what was wrong.
—Defiance College Paper.