

Maroon and Gold

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OUR STUDENT BUDGET

Judging from remarks heard on the campus, some of us seem to have the idea that our student budget system is a horrid, money-grabbing creature that stalks at large about our campus ready at all times to devour all the cash within its grasp. We have, however, acquired a misconception of the truth; for in reality, even as it now stands, the budget is a money-saving device to each and every Elonite.

Scrapping the system altogether and denouncing it as a dismal failure would be folly. Our publication fees, and religious organization fees alone, without the budget would penalize us for many more dollars apiece than we now pay to the budget collectors each year. Those who were here before the budget system was introduced can vouch for the truthfulness of that statement. We must not jump at the conclusion that our budget system is a complete failure, and follow the throng in voicing a wish to have it abolished. Many are denouncing it, but few have thought it over sanely or even given the possibility of modification a passing thought. Elon's budget system needs only a little overhauling to make it a brand new, and smoothly-running machine. So let us not junk our car just because it won't run smoothly all the time. You know walking will be hard on the system after riding, even though the riding was at first a bit rough and full of jolts.

SOCIAL CLUB SPIRIT

At the time of the year when our Fraternities and Sororities are sending out their bids and taking in their members there is a great deal of rivalry and competition as the contest for members waxes hot. After the glamour of bid day is over rivalry, jealousy, and almost hate creep into our social clubs and become unwholesome factors in our college life. Now we all know rivalry and competition are essential; as these things are inevitable, but not necessarily unpleasant, factors of life.

And after we have enjoyed the strife and competition let us not turn to jealousy and hate if we lose. These are unnecessary as well as unpleasant phases of college life. After all, it is the game itself and how we have played it that is of real consequence—and not the result alone. It is being good sports, win or lose, that makes us agreeable, well-liked American citizens and makes us happy within our own souls. The goal of each of our social clubs is the same that of building character of creating love for our fellow man, and making us good and capable citizens of our nation. So keeping all this in mind let us thrust from our thoughts the many unsaid but unkind things

which bred by our unthinking hate and jealousy, linger there. We are all really working for the same causes regardless of which social club claims our membership. We are merely taking different routes to reach the same place; and what does it matter which route is taken so long as our goal is reached? We should not be pulling against one another and disrupting our organizations and defeating their purposes; for we are all brothers here together. Let us not make our social clubs breeders of contention, but all work together with a helping hand for each and every other Elon

student, all working to one end, and with one aim, that of building greater, finer, better-rounded, moral men and women. Here is the key to our success as brothers to one another, and here lies the real fraternal spirit. Think it over, you, and you, and you, who desire to be broad-minded men and women and loyal sons and daughters of Elon.

WHEN I DEPART

When I am gone, if men can say,
"He helped the world upon the way;
With all his faults of word and deed,
Mankind did have some little need
Of what he gave"—then in my grave
No greater honor shall I crave.

If they can say—if they but can—
"He did his best; he played the man;
His way was straight; his soul was clean;
His failings not unkind, or mean;
He loved his fellow men and tried
To help them"—I'll be satisfied.
Submitted by Sam Whiteley.

SUCCESS

'Tis the coward who bows to misfortune,
'Tis the knave who changes each day,
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
Then throws all his chances away.

There is little in life but labor,
And tomorrow may find that a dream,
Success is the bride of Endeavor,
And luck but a meteor's gleam.

The time to succeed is, when others
Discouraged begin to retire,
The battle of life is fought in the home
stretch,
And won—'twixt the flag and the wire.

Judge (in the courtroom): "I've lost my hat."

A lawyer: "That's nothing. I lost a suit here yesterday."

TICKLERS

MacLeod—"Say, do you know the difference between a fort and a fortress?"
E. Davis—"Sure, a fortress is a female fort."

Dr. Swank—"Mr. King, since you are slightly demented and your name is King, you shall be the 'Demented King' in this play."

For that dirty feeling—take a bath.

Prof. Martin—"Elon, as you know, has the honor system, and this examination will be conducted on that basis. Please take seats three apart and in alternate rows."

Kilgore—"Will you bring me some cat-snip?"

"Hal" Corbett—"We are out now—wait 'til I go over to the Biology Lab."

Martha N. (often telling jokes)—
"Wasn't that funny?"

Katie—"Yes, but you should have heard grandfather tell it."

Perkins—(After telling one of the traveling salesman's jokes with much elaboration) "Ha! Ha! Ha! Heh! Heh!"
E. Nichols—"Yeh, Columbus killed an Indian for telling that one."

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the little red hen as the farmer passed the farm yard.

Song of the Barber's college—"My Face is in Your Hands."

He (after quarrel)—"I suppose that you will go home to your mother now."

She—"No, I am going back to my husband."

If caught robbing a fish store, be nonchalant. Smoke a herring.

Sailor (struggling in water)—"Help! Help! I can't swim! Drop me a line!"
Captain (standing on deck)—"Yes, and you must write me sometime, too."

Brawley—"Why do you call your girl tonsillitis?"

Joe Dosten—Because she is beginning to give me a pain in the neck."

Marie was half undressed at the dance last night.

Well that is the first time I ever heard of her doing anything by halves.

Joe—"I can't give you anything but love."

Ann—"Well, hurry up, let's have it."

In Boccaccio, its frankness;
In Robelais, its life;
In a professor, its clever;
And in a college student, its smutty.

I hate that chap, quoth the lovable girl,
as she rubbed cold cream on her lips.

Sam W.—"I'm groping for words to express my thoughts."

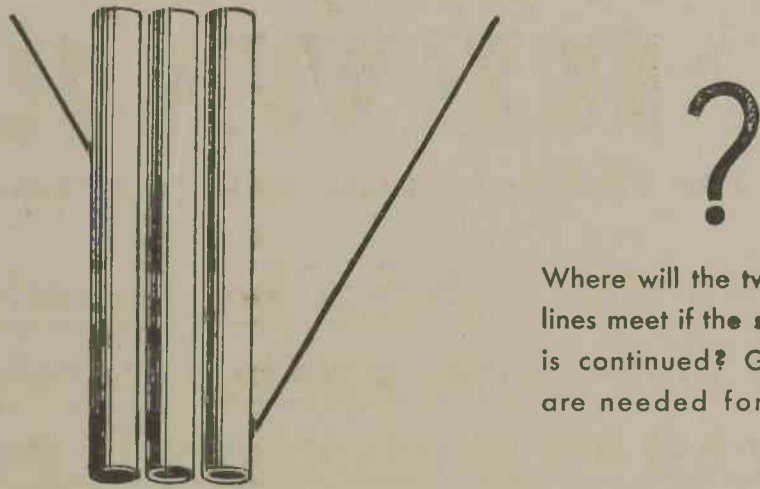
Polly—"Well, you don't expect to find them around my neck, do you?"

Zeb—"It's a dirty shame the way they pay athletes in this school."

Pete—"Aren't you right?! I'm not getting half what I'm worth."

Father: "And there, son, you have the story of your dad and the great war."

Son: "Yes, dad, but why did they need all the other soldiers?"



Where will the two slanting lines meet if the shorter one is continued? Good eyes are needed for this one.

YOUR EYES MAY FOOL YOU
BUT
YOUR TASTE tells the Truth!

MILDER... AND
BETTER TASTE



They Satisfy