

Maroon and Gold

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF ELON COLLEGE

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MAROON AND GOLD AND YOU

There can be nothing more pleasing to the editor and staff of a paper than to add to its constituency new readers—not merely new readers, but enthusiastic supporters.

The one thing to be emphasized at this time is the fact that Maroon and Gold is each student's paper; not the paper of the staff, not the paper of the faculty, not the paper of the class upon which falls the responsibility of selecting the staff, but it is the paper of every individual student of Elon College. It is the official mouth-piece of the student body. If you fail to read Maroon and Gold each week, you are failing to support a part of your own self. You are a student at Elon and the College publications are for you—it is about you—it is a part of you.

Maroon and Gold is not the only official organ of the student body, but also endeavors to act as the mouth-piece of the Alumni. Every effort is being made to make the paper as attractive to the Alumni as to the students.

We renew our appeal to the Alumni and former students of the College to lend their co-operation and help in the one cause for which we are striving—a bigger and better ELON. A subscription to Maroon and Gold is one way of doing this, because it is the foremost purpose of the staff to have the Maroon and Gold serve as a means of elevating Elon's standard, so that she may share with her Alumni, the increased prestige gained.

Co-Ed Editor.

STILL RICH

One bright, sunny day in October 1929 thirty billion dollars went whistling out of Wall Street; and ever since that time the world has been writhing in pain from the most acute case of economic indigestion of its history. It is not the writer's intention to reveal the cause in these few lines; may we merely hint in passing that perhaps the reason why the world is rubbing its stomach today may be found in the content of the high-pressure-selling sandwiches which were swallowed whole during the era of "prosperity" prior to 1929.

It is our purpose, however, to give some evidence tending to the conclusion that, in spite of the present depression, we are still rich. We are not rich in wealth, it is true. Everybody's pocket book has gone on a diet, and many are seriously undernourished;

A THING OF BEAUTY

Often it has been said by our athletes on their return to Elon that they go to schools larger, and better equipped, but to none that has as beautiful campus as Elon. Some great sage has said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." If this be true our lovely campus is a "joy forever." The writer is proud to welcome his friends and acquaintances to the Elon campus. Often he strolls around the campus as the day fades in the West, and tries in his small way to enjoy the beauty of "our campus."

Students, stop often for a few moments and think how fortunate we are to have "a thing of beauty" in our midst. Visit other college campuses and compare them with ours. Then say to yourself "I appreciate the opportunities Elon has offered me."

LOYALTY

In his nest and sometimes wise little volume "What Is Truth," Gabriel Wells says that the greatest thing in the world is loyalty. At once arouses the devil of doubt to ask "Loyalty to what?" Sancho Panza was loyal to his master and Don Quixote was loyal to his delusion of grandeur and yet both were fools. Obviously, the object of loyalty, if loyalty is to be worth while, must rise above folly, must have in it elements of grandeur as well as sacrifice. And yet the grandeur can be humble enough, like the blessed loyalty of a mongrel cur to his tramp master.

Loyalties! What a tangle they make! Our problems of the day are a host of loyalties. Galworthy stated the situation dramatically in his play of that name, in which the Jew was loyal to his race; various high bred Englishmen loyal to their class; the villain loyal to his obligation to a discarded mistress; his wife loyal to him; and the lawyer loyal to his profession. But even in this tangle of loyalties, two of the major loyalties are lacking—loyalty to the State and loyalty to religious belief.

John Brown was disloyal to the Union and made war against it for the sake of abolition. Yet his soul goes marching on, and every little while a new monument is unveiled to one who impressed his age. Robert E. Lee was loyal to his State and disloyal to the Union in the momentous decision of his life, but today his memory is cherished by the entire nation. Such are the nuances of loyalty in politics great and small.

In our day the most compelling loyalty is nationalism. The sovereign state not only expects loyalty but demands and enforces it by law and police power in peace, by edict and bayonet in war. The historic clash of loyalties is as real now as when Jesus said, "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

The family, the clan, the tribe, the small state, the large state, the confederation, through all these stages man has shifted his primary loyalty from

encouraged these loyalties. They kept the boys from going stale. And civilians, likewise, would go stale and stupid without their competing loyalties.

And why shouldn't we, as students here in college, feel this same loyalty to our school as the soldiers of the A. E. F. felt to their army? At every game that our football team enters into we should be there playing the game with them. If they are willing to give their all for the glory of our college, surely we should be loyal enough to support them. To every organization that we belong, we should feel that we are a part of it and through interest and love for that organization be loyal.

One dictionary defines loyalty as faithfulness to pledged duty or duty. Another defines it as fidelity to certain things or persons. Yet there is your definition and mine of school loyalty, the loyalty that is a great privilege and the duty of every student in our college. While we are here, and even after we leave, shall we not be loyal to the training received here to honor our college who gave its best to prepare us for lives of usefulness, the monuments to honor and glorify her must be built by the lives of her students who are loyal to her traditions and to all that are a part of it, or have ever been. Is it not a glorious way for their lives to live on and on, and through them to let this institution increase in usefulness and honor as the years go by? If we are loyal to God, we can not fail to be loyal to all others and the things that represent the best in our nation. Without loyalty we are failures; with it we possess a bridge that carries us to success and honor.

LIFE

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil, in his manhood he is everything from a lizard on up; in his duties he is a darn fool; if he raises a family he is a chump; if he

Kempus Gessip

Well, well, well,—it seems that a new vogue in exaggerated ash-trays, with handles on them, has come to be the thing in one of the dorms here at dear old Elon. They can be used for anything from a wash basin to a drinking cup. Just ask the person who owns one.

If any one has a dessert he doesn't know what to do with, just hand it over to Bill Cooper and he will take care of it for you. Whipped cream with garlic is his specialty.

And now a bit of poetry for the fair Co-eds,—ah, sweet young things.

Just like girls
Full of fun.
Can't keep their fellows.
And wonder how come.

Pretty and funny,
Skinny and fat,
Always a talking,
Where ever they're at.

No matter their age
Bobbed hair or curls,
They think they're all angels,
Just like girls.

Ladies and all those under obligations, on Saturday night, October 25th, the world's worst and most astounding feat appeared on the campus of Make-Date College. Bardon me, was it Elon? Well, anyhow this half-man, half-woman was none other than the famous John "Katie" Pearce. Can you imagine it my dear readers, she's one thing part of the time, and he's something else the rest of the time. Figure it out for yourself.

It has been rumored that before coming to Elon, the rambler singer in our college quartet, brother Lloyd J. Innon, finished at Muscle Shoals and graduated in free hand drawing and echo making.

Famous last lines: Straighten up.
Here comes the Dean.

It seems as if Prof. Steere is a bit ahead of time. He was seen taking his usual Saturday night bath last Tuesday night in front of the girls' dorm.

NOVEMBER

The burst of bud and glom has fled
And every weed is stark and dry,
A cloth of gold now decks the bed
Where soon pale Autumn's corpse must lie.