

Maroon and Gold

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THE MEASURE OF A COLLEGE

There are many yardsticks which high-school seniors use in determining what college they shall attend. We find some who measure colleges by the size of their respective student bodies. They collect a number of college catalogues, and, after glancing at each of them, throw into the waste basket those which show a student body of less than a thousand members. There are others who measure a college by its wealth. In their estimation wealth equals equipment, and equipment, a good college. There are still others who believe that the true worth of a college can be determined by its athletic record. "..... College had a good football team last year," they say, "therefore it must be a good institution." Frequently we find high-school seniors who measure a college by its distance from their homes. The mere nearness of the institution within their immediate vicinity is a detracting factor. They use a system of grading similar, in general features, to the following:

Colleges within a radius of 25 miles—very poor. Colleges within a radius of 50 miles—poor. Colleges within a radius of 100 miles—fair. Colleges within a radius of 250 to 500 miles—excellent. Colleges in foreign countries—perfect.

We would not for a moment underestimate the value of the college with a large student body. The institution which counts its students by the thousand has its place in the educational world. But only a small amount of observation will lead one to the conclusion that numbers do not constitute the worth of a college. Many of the world's most important leaders in human affairs attended small institutions; and many faculty members of large universities received their A. B.'s from schools of less than five hundred students. Nor would we attempt to underestimate the value of wealth to the institution of higher learning. Every college must have at least a reasonable amount of money. Expenses must be incurred, and bills must be paid. But money alone can never make a college. As for athletics, they are one of the most valuable phases of college life. A strong mind must be accompanied by a strong body. But those who are inclined to measure the worth of an institution by its athletic record should remember that athletics constitute but one phase of college life; they can never make a college. Of the four yardsticks which we have mentioned, distance is probably the most deceptive. There seems to be inherent within every imaginative individual a tendency to exalt those things which are far away. The remote is always mystical and alluring. A mansion in New York, a year's study in Europe, and a name which cannot be pronounced are assets which, in the eyes of some, will make any man great. But mere distant or remoteness never make a college.

The true measure of a college is found, not in its numbers, its wealth, its athletic record, or its remoteness, but in the character of its student body. What kind of men and women is it turning out? Are they people of sterling character? Do they contribute anything to the society into which they go? These are questions which every individual should ask before he enters an institution of higher learning. Every year young men and young women are asking these questions of Elon College. What is our answer?

E. Ramsey Swain.

A GOLDEN RULE PLAN FOR SHARING

With the effects of unemployment and world-wide depression brought to us daily through the press, and evidence of local need on every hand, we read with interest of a plan for "painless" saving and sharing that is advocated by The Golden Rule Foundation of New York, which sponsors Golden Rule Week, to be observed this year December 11-18.

The plan is a simple one of adopting low-cost meals for the week and giving the savings—plus as much more as one's generosity prompts—to those who are suffering.

A week's schedule of scientifically prepared menus have been worked out by eighteen nationally-known food experts and household economists and these, with much supplementary social research data, are issued in a forty-eight page illustrated booklet which is issued by the Foundation. By following the plan suggested a

family—or a group—of five can be well fed on a total of \$8.88 per week.

In past years many schools and colleges have observed Golden Rule Sunday by voluntarily going without the customary "chicken and fixin's" and eating a simple Golden Rule meal. Last year the students of Holyoke College volunteered to eat a Golden Rule meal in place of the usual Sunday dinner with the result that the cost was reduced from \$280.27 to \$92.00. The difference, sent to The Foundation, meant the actual saving of lives and the increased nutrition of many children, while the simple meal, of lamb stew and hot biscuits, or baked beans and brown bread, meant slight hardship for those who partook of it. Bowdoin College fraternities all "went Golden Rule" last year, the total funds reaching a substantial figure.

As a means of raising funds this plan of simple food, partaken of in the spirit of gratitude and with a desire to lighten the load of those who are in need, has much to recommend it. The observation of Golden Rule Week by the student body will go far toward broadening our social horizons and will emphasize international good-will.

POKER

Ranking next to football, indoor poker might be called the Crown Prince of American College Sports. Without a doubt, more students go out for and are eligible for this branch of entertainment than intramural athletics. A group of tense-lipped, wild-eyed students grouped around a table, waiting for the next card to fall, indeed reminds one of the crowd sitting in the Yale Bowl, waiting for the signals to fall.

Poker was invented on the Ark. Hoyle says otherwise, but we know... we know!! It seems that Noah, while taking two of everything on his boat, took two decks of cards, or kyards, as they were then known. The ladies on the ship immediately grabbed one of the decks and started a congenial game of Old Maids. When the dove finally sighted land they changed to fifth-of-a-cent bridge, knowing that the winnings could be spent once more for compacts, cork tips, and Baby Ruths.

While all this was going on, however, the men folks were far from idle. Noah, with his pals, Ham, Swiss Cheese, and Egg Salad, invented a new means of amusement, called Poker. Historians disagree as to how the game derived its name. H. G. Wells offers a few suggestions, but since it would be in violation of the copyright law they cannot be reprinted here.

One man was selected to be the banker. The rest purchased a pile of clam shells from him, to be used as chips, which were used to bet with. The common, ordinary, garden variety deck of cards was used, although some of their names were changed. The Ace was called the "Asumtole," the King "K-boy," the Queen "The Wench" or "The Lady." The Aces were also known as "Bullets." This is probably because of the effect caused on a player when he saw his opponent having three of them face up, with perhaps another one under, or "in the hole." A sensation something akin to a steel-jacketed .45 smiting one between the eyes was felt, especially when you had three Kings and thought your opponent was bluffing, until the fourth and fifth cards fell. A novice at the game can readily understand the term, and immediately starts on an alibi to write home to Papa, about how he gave his board money to a poor blind man.

There are many different forms of Poker, but modern youth clings to three varieties—Draw, Strip, and Stud. Strip is a summertime game, and is played mostly on studio parties and camping trips, where men are high and women are foolish. Which all reminds me of an old maid who wanted to have a devilish good time, so she locked herself in her room and played strip solitaire all night.

"AMERICAN COLLEGE VERSE"

Publication of "American College Verse," an anthology of poetry by 107 students representing 72 colleges and universities, was announced today by Henry Harrison, publisher, of 27 East 7th Street, New York. The book is edited by Mr. Harrison, and illustrated by Charles Cullen.

Sheldon Christian of Tufts College was awarded first prize of twenty-five

dollars for his poem, "The Pagan Poet." J. Russell Lynes, Jr., of Yale University took the second prize of fifteen dollars for his contribution, "Parade," and Betty Law of Elmira College and Mary Stix of Wellesley College split third prize of five dollars each for their respective poems, "Two Women," and "Song of Youth." The judges who selected the prize-winning poems were Benjamin Musser, William Griffith, Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheney.

"American College Verse," containing seventeen full page illustrations by Mr. Cullen, is bound in suede, stamped in silver, stained in tan, and retails at \$2.50 a copy.

PEGGY'S COLUMN

Dear Peggy:

Could you tell me a sure way to find out whether my crush likes me? I love her very much, and I should like to know if I have stirred up any feeling in her heart.—Doc.

My dear boy, some day at lunch time, when your crush has had four tests in succession, ask her to help you with some of your lessons. If you are still in good health three seconds later, then you may be sure that she adores you.

Dear Peggy:

I am a freshman at Elon, coming here from the state of New Jersey, and would appreciate it if you would answer my question. How can I obtain the love of a certain co-ed that sits at the head of my table? She is of medium height, long hair, and is quite interested in music.—Charlie.

Well Charlie, you are asking quite a lot from little Peggy, but I will try to help you. First, I would ask her for a date. I understand you play the guitar quite well, so there is a mode of entertainment, but please limit your serenades to secluded places. Also I might suggest that you stay at home some Saturday nights—Durham is so far away.

Dear Peggy:

I am in a play to be presented soon, and I find it difficult to act certain parts. In fact I am quite bashful and go up in the air when the time comes to become emotional. How can I overcome this fear?—Cyrus.

The only thing I can suggest Delmont, is to beat Jimmy to the Delta U room some night. Maybe to the tune of "Banking on the weather" you can learn to overcome this fear. Also let me suggest that you play the other side of the record—perhaps you can learn to "kiss and kiss again."

ETC.

I kissed her in the garden
The moon was shining bright.
She was only a marble statue,
And I was drunk that night.

Kempus Gessip

How did Sam Ramsey rate 60c so as to carry Max Covington to the show? He pawned his overcoat.

Why does Scott Boyd spend so much time in the library? Ruth must be his guiding light.

Is-a-bell the cause of Brad. Holland bussing around the girl's dorm so much.

Archie Walker says June is his favorite. It can't be the month.

Jim Lassiter will be down for the week—so that's why Tiney Yarbrough smiles so much lately.

Doc. Lekites and Bob Armacost sure have a power over the other sex. I don't see how they can study to the honk of a certain Ford every night.

Has Mary Sue forgotten last year's fullback for this year's end?

And now speaking of Blessed Events, (that is, we are reminded by Lee Tracy that such things don't just happen), Fripo Latham is expecting to give birth to an idea some time in the near future. He has been threatening us with ugly rumors to that effect for some time.

We know that Wilkes Lowe does not like public speaking. Could it by any chance be the "Profesora"?

Is darkness really heaven? Ask "Red" Bailey.

The old-fashioned girl used to stay at home when she had nothing to wear. Pardon me, I was just thinking.

What Would Happen If—
All rules were off for a week.
Otis Bray got to class on time.
Lloyd Johnson let his hair grow out long.

The lights went out in the library about 8:30 some night.
Dean Walker liked "Rock and Rye."
Martin Ritt had legs like Webb New-some.

NORFOLK SPECIAL

Bob Armacost made a flying trip to Norfolk to eat his Thanksgiving dinner. Bob left school Wednesday, and arrived at home about midnight. He must have had money, because he did not bum—maybe he was in a hurry. Anyway, he says that he was homesick, but if you want to know the truth, it was the girl back home that was calling to him. Bob made his appearance back at Elon Sunday night, driving his own chariot. We hope to bum some rides off of him in the near future—says Otis Bray.

PEEK-A-BOO!

A certain Jake Green visited a Texas town, several years ago. He found the only hotel filled to the roof.

"No, sir," said the clerk, "I can't give you a room. The best I can do for you is to give you half of a private dining room. There's a screen across it, and a lady is in the other half, but I reckon she won't bother you."

Jake agreed that the accommodations would do in a pinch, and retired to his apartment.

A half-hour later he ran into the lobby wild-eyed and pale.

"Hey, he yelled, to the clerk, "that woman is dead!"

"I know it," said the clerk, "but how did you find it out?"

Dr. Albright—That sounds like Psychology.

Dr. Wicker—Yes, it is. Do you remember our working so hard on math?

Dr. Albright—Math wasn't so bad but it was Psychology that you didn't know.

Dr. Wicker—Oh well, it wasn't a science then.