

MAROON AND GOLD

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Elon College, North Carolina

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INTELLECTUAL AMBITION AND COLLEGE WOMEN

Intellectual ambition is, in many ways, the most deadly foe of college women, the most deadly foe to their character, I mean. Little by little intellectual ambition may draw them away from their true place in life, and may make cold, unloved, and unhelpful women of them, instead of the joyous, affectionate, and unselfish women they might have been. Women need not try to shun intellectual ambition, but let it keep its bounds. Let it hold its just proportion in their lives. They need not let their talents lie idle, nor neglect to make the most of them all; but their development must be kept subordinate to home duties. College women often desire to be free—free to go and come, to travel, read, study, write, think, paint, sing, at will.

But in later life a college-bred woman is beset with loving calls of responsibility, and quiet duties, which she must recognize, heed, obey. If she does not make her surroundings home-like, wherever she is, whether she be teacher, artist, musician, doctor, writer, daughter at home, or a mother in her household, and if she is not cheery and loving, gentle in manner, and beautiful in soul, as every true woman ought to be, the world will feel that the one thing needful is lacking—vivid, tender womanliness, for which no knowledge of asymptotes or linguistics can ever compensate.

THE MECHANICAL AGE

A mechanical device known as the "Business Brain," which will simultaneously do the work of a cash register, bookkeeping and adding machine, and, from another part of the building, make a complete record of the sale at the same time, has recently been invented and will soon make its bow in American industry, thus advancing the nation another notch in this age of mechanism, kid gloves, and tuxedos.

Ruskin was right. Machines and the increasingly scientific trend of mind are rapidly lessening our appreciation of simplicity and beauty, which convention has decreed shall go hand in hand. Whirl, deafening us with a noise of pandemonium; smoke stifles and obscures our vision; exhaust of engines makes us wrinkle our noses and turn aside with extreme disgust. Speed, speed, speed! The nation is heading full steam toward the attainment of a mechanical universe, sacrificing simplicity, sacrificing beauty, sacrificing the intellect.

Well, where are we going? Where have we set our ultimate goal? Teaching is becoming mechanical. When the perfection of machines to do the work of instruction in our colleges and schools has been completed, there will be but little use for it; for then we shall have no need for our intellect. Machines will think for us, transact our business, perhaps even make love for us. Ay, there's the rub! We have gone too far when we allow ourselves to be forced off the porch steps and replaced by mechanism.

Machines will force us out of employment—build our homes, bring up our children, even write our editorials. Yet all this is progress!

INQUIRING REPORTER

Should faculty members sit at the head of tables in the dining hall or should they have a private table of their own?

Jean Reynolds: "Faculty members should have a private table of their own, and upper-classmen should sit at the heads of tables. This will give students a chance to be together."

James Parker: "I am of the opinion that faculty members should sit at a special table reserved for them and that the students should be given the honor and distinction of sitting at the head of the tables."

Hilda Heatwole: "Ideally, it would be preferable to give faculty members a table of their own. They would no doubt enjoy such an arrangement themselves. In the case of the Elon College dining hall, however, if faculty members can do anything which would prevent table heads cannot do in the way of maintaining order, they should be given an opportunity to do something about it."

Water Fonville: "The faculty members should have a table of their own, and give the upper-classmen the honor of sitting at the head of the table."

John Horton: "By having our faculty members sit at the heads of tables we receive one of the greatest benefits of a small school, the opportunity of associating with our instructors. Furthermore, the best time to 'leg' a professor is when he's eating."

Rebecca Futrelle: "Personally, I think the students enjoy having faculty members at the head of tables. However, a special table would give some of our dignified teachers a few moments to relax. At the present time, as some of the tables are now arranged, some professors have to 'put on' more at the table than on class."

CHATTERBOX-NEWS by SNIP and SNOOP

Here we are back again, folks, with bigger and better chatter.

He fits "part of one column will be devoted to the students, and then for a word or two about faculty. Here goes:

If several girls aren't careful they will soon be "trucking" home. We wonder if "Buggs" Collier is going to use Dean Simmons' "surfw" bell during the boxing season? How about the "Bugs" . . . How did Butts, McClean and Wendley get locked in West dormitory this past week?

"Hook" Israel, who only dates on Sunday, was "sorta" left out when the football team got back from "Yankee Land"—too late for him to make that "all important" trip to Greensboro. Yes, it's Adelaide . . . What Elon baseball player is going "Romeo" all of a sudden? . . . Dwain Vore seems to think that variety is the spice of life. We agree with you, Dwain.

Louise Baynes and Laura Meeholt wanted to crash this column so we'll start by asking of their frequent visits to our campus. Still can't stay away from the boys' hey gals! . . . Why did M. Galloway move her seat in American history class next to that big, handsome football player from Alabama? . . . Farrell seems to be in the light fantastic with Miss Clark. What's up, Lawrence . . . The Futrelle girls are waiting for the right ones to happen along. We hope the wait isn't too long. . . Milton Cheshire had better stop the Burlington girl from telling stories about him . . . Mary might get to hear a few of them. Fritz and Campbell had a big time in Philadelphia. There was no recur-

rence of the Washington affair. Perhaps that was due to Ben Lilien's remaining at Elon.

And now for our Profs. Why is it that in the conferences which Prof. Burrows is holding with the students that pretty girls predominate? . . . Which Prof. on the campus is anticipating a "Blessed Event?" . . . Which (young?) lady of the faculty was relieved when she heard that Prof. Hard's absence wasn't due to an elopement? . . . How long has Dr. French been a radiologist? Perhaps we had better ask Miss Chamblee . . . Dr. Smith and Dean Messich seemed to get their gates mixed at the Duke-Georgia Tech game last Saturday—they were seen trying to crash the high school gate. . . Tell me that Professor Stuart likes the evening coffee servings. Come up and have some coffee on us sometime, prof.

That's all there is for this week so until next Saturday we bid you Adios.

POETRY

SOULS

ANDRAH RABKE, 3A
Broken by a twist
Of a hand,
Crushed by the word
Of a cynical world.
Trampled on
By the loss of Faith,
Forgotten
In a scientific age.

Sailor: Had any experience at sea?

Ex-convict: Yes, sir; I've been up the river a few times.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

BAVARIAN PIPES

THIS CARVED WOOD BAVARIAN PIPE IS A WORK OF ART, JUDGE

HERE'S ANOTHER GEM, A HUMOROUSLY CARVED STAG-HORN PIPE

PRETTY ORNATE AREN'T THEY? AS FOR ME I'LL STAND BY THIS GOOD OLD BRIAR OF MINE AND PRINCE ALBERT

OH -- SO YOU'VE JOINED THE PRINCE ALBERT SMOKERS

YES, I TOOK YOUR ADVICE, JUDGE. GAVE MY PIPE A THOROUGH OVERHAULING AND RE-BROKE IT IN WITH PRINCE ALBERT. NOW SHE'S THE SWEETEST, COOLEST PIPE I'VE EVER SMOKED

— AND I HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD FROM YOU ABOUT 'TONGUE BITE' LATELY!

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