

MAROON AND GOLD

OF ELON COLLEGE
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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1937

PAYING THE STUDENT TO STUDY

Wonderful and devious are the ways by which educators lure students along the path of knowledge. Each year sees some other Utopian ideas proposed to brighten the pictures of college life.

Recently a new plan was brought forward, designed to attract students to a certain school of higher learning. The proposal was that outstanding men be paid according to the excellence of the records they made for themselves during their college years. Scholarship and extra curricular activity were to be taken into account in refunding tuition, and in special cases the student was to be paid for the time he spent amassing grades and keys.

Apparently the possession of a degree, with its attendant indication of scholarship and definite knowledge, is not worthy of effort any more. We must be paid to learn, else we refuse to improve ourselves. The desire to earn money, as soon as possible and as much as possible, seems to outweigh every other consideration.

Why waste time learning useless mathematics, or Milton's poems, or the dates of the Crimean War, when such knowledge is obviously useless in the world of business? No. Either we ignore this useless accumulation of facts, or we must be given a good round sum to learn them and keep a board of trustees and its college busy.

This, it seems, is the idea of the creators of the new plan of paying students according to the amount of good work they do in college. It might be taken as evidence of a sad state of affairs, a state of affairs general throughout America. On the contrary, it is absurd. Good work is still done for the sake of acquiring knowledge, and nothing else. Students still go to school with something more than the idea of merely making money later on by means of the facts they acquire in the classroom, and there are many, very many, who will think this latest method of attracting scholars perhaps the most worthy yet proposed.

THIS QUEER BIRD, "THE COLLEGIAN"

Queer creatures indeed are we collegians. For four years, perhaps, longer, we sojourn at so-called institutions for higher learning. At the end of that time we are rewarded, ostensible for scholarship attainment, with the doubtful distinction of the moth-eaten Title of Arts Bachelor and an elaborate sheepskin, termed a diploma.

In the majority of cases our parents are making sacrifices in order to furnish us the wherewithal to pay our room rent, our tuition, our board, and our sundries. Many of us are working for very small wages during hours which should be spent in study, in order to supplement the funds that we receive from home. Perhaps an even larger number of us borrow comparatively large amounts of money, the repayal of which will be a decided handicap during the first few years after we graduate.

Why, then, do we go to college? On the face of things there should be a very strong incentive for a college education, in order to account for the huge enrollments of recent years. Perhaps this incentive may be explained in terms of the exaggerated importance attached to a college diploma by many business men and to the glamour surrounding the college man in the eyes of the modern female. But the honest collegian admits, to himself at least, that the actual benefits accruing from a college education are at best highly over-estimated.

Yes, strange birds, we collegians. We go to bed at inordinately late hours. We regard classes as a necessary evil, and cut as many of them as the generosity or indifference of the professors allow. We applaud the democratic atmosphere that is said to prevail upon our campuses, but we participate in the most undemocratic of "frame-up" politics. We exhibit the ultimate of snobbishness in our attitude toward men who are not fraternity members. If we aspire to a good scholastic record, we confine ourselves to "crips," steering clear of those courses on which it is difficult to make high grades, however, much we may realize their desirability. We are habitually late to everything, including classes. We develop an almost human capacity for indolence and we may contract most of the bad habits known to mankind, but



by G. LAWRENCE FARRELL

FLUNKING FINES

The University of Oklahoma recently enacted a new method to reduce flunks in that University. It was announced that starting January 30, of this year, any student who fails a course will be obliged to pay a fine of one dollar for every semester hour of that course. This rule has been adopted as President Buzzell explains, only in an attempt to lift student grades and not to further the income of the university. It seems that many are opposing this method of cutting down on fines. (Quoting from an editorial appearing in the January 31 issue of the Northeastern News.) "Regardless of the good intentions of the proponents of the scheme, however, it is not practicable. It is against the slacker or drift-wood that the penalty is directed. Unfortunately, however, the fine is a feeble weapon to use upon the college loafer. A student of this type has no thought of becoming scholastically prominent, and the fact that he will lose a certain sum of money will not suddenly make him see the error of his ways."

Dean Charles W. Reeder of Ohio University bemoans the influence of love on grades. He maintains that students who are lazy can be prodded, and sick ones nursed, but he has no hope for those in love. Students in college are just at the right biological stage for falling in love and there is no way to stop them. Many of these affairs are more serious to students than their studies, and no person can devote themselves to two things at the same time with much success at either. May the best man win!

A University of North Carolina co-ed, who was taking a course in editorial writing, used the following expression in one of her papers, "As I rise from the arms of Morpheus in the morning." Unfortunately, she spelled Morpheus the same way in which Murphy is spelled. The professor, at the next meeting of the class, demanded of her, "Who is this Murphy out of whose arms thou dost arise each bright morn?"

A L. S. U. history class was in session. On the scene appeared a late-comer. Slowly he walked up to the professor's desk. From under the books in his arms he produced a shiny red apple, which he offered to the lecturer. "Getting close to exam time, huh, Prof.," he drawled. The class roared, whereupon the kind-hearted professor dismissed the class.

A "No Bumming League" has been formed on the campus of L. S. U. The member of the league promised not to bum or to be bumed from. Bumming of "drugs" is permitted. It is a shame that a league of this nature was not formed on our campus before our "pal" graduated.

An emphatic "No" to the recent proposal that St. Mary's College turn co-educational is the answer of the Collegian, weekly student newspaper at the Moraga institution.

In the leading editorial in its current issue, Editor Philip Quitman calls the idea "absurd" in no uncertain words.

"We chose St. Mary's because we want to go to a man's college! There are ample co-educational facilities in the immediate region for those who must constantly be with the weaker sex. For those students who must have 'company,' transfers to co-educational institutions can be obtained," he blasted.

Quitman called St. Mary's "the last real stronghold of masculinity in the region." Authorities of the college are sounding out sentiment on the proposed admittance of women students in the future.

Mr. Tommy Earp had as his weekend guest, Mr. Eugene Gordon, Woodrow Piland, Bobby Hinton, Jack Neese, Vernon Braxton, and Bill Jones.

very few are desirable, or do us any good.

We collegians fumble blindly through the required number of courses, searching for soft spots whenever we search for anything, and fatuously pat ourselves upon our collegiate backs when we secure the empty thing called a degree. The trouble with American colleges and universities lies not in the curriculum, nor in the professors and methods of instruction, but primarily in the undergraduate attitude. We don't much give a pluperfect d— what we get out of college; just so we eventually get out—with a degree. Yeah, Queer Birds, We Collegians.

WHO'S WHO ON THE CAMPUS



WOODROW W. PILAND

A native of Suffolk, Virginia, Woodrow Piland graduated from Holland High School in the spring of 1933. He came to Elon College in the next fall, and since then he has been active in many campus concerns.

Among his positions in the past has been his membership in the Student Christian Association Cabinet. At present he is serving as Business Manager of the *Phi Psi*, as a member of the Student Senate and as president of the Pan-Hellenic Council. He is a member of Kappa Psi Nu Fraternity. He is working to secure his teacher's certificate, and expects to enter the teaching profession next fall.



I do not feel that this column is complete without a little spice gathered from here and there. So here goes.

A little advice to the sectarian student:

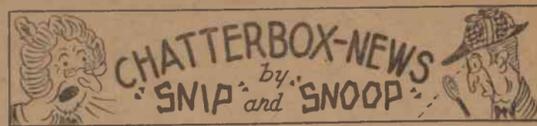
Many a girl these days goes into an office looking for a position and finds herself in a situation.

A recent survey shows that while old folks prefer mild winters, young married couples like nice springs.

Marrying a man to reform him is like drinking liquor to destroy it.

Women are like cigarettes: They come in packs; get lit; go out unexpectedly; leave a bad taste in the mouth, and still they satisfy.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue—
There's nothing else
And now I am through.



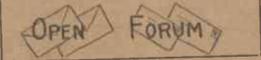
With this long-delayed edition of the Maroon and Gold we welcome the chance for a little "Mud-slinging" and "Bouquet throwing." We've been waiting for a chance to sympathize with the long-suffering Dr. Dickinson. We wonder that he can ever work after the incessant "leg-pulling" Mina Muir administers unto him. Between Mina and the hard-tack it is enough to render his food indigestible. And while we're talking about the Dear Doc, we'd like to ask how he's doing with Mattie (we don't mean Mattie Pickett ether). Fysal would like to find out the answer to this little query, also.

At random: The S. G.-S. B. affair is definitely out (Lea-Morris' advantage) . . . Is "Did" just reminiscing with Rusty? . . . Who, or what, has been playing cupid for Ruth Page and Farrell? They're together again! . . . What girl was seen coming from east campus around 10:00 P. M.? . . . Nomination for campus' most eligible bachelor—Lloyd Whitley . . . Longest's theme song—"Shoe Shine Boy" . . . Will nothing come of this Shelton-Loy affair? . . . Two votes for the campus "couplet"—Flory and Pickett . . . We hear that three couples put a "ringing" on the High Point "victory(?)" bell. "More Kreugers to 'em" is what we say . . . The most evident and disgusting love affair—Ellingsworth and Collyer—Conyes and Lasser. Can't something be done about it? . . . The love-bug has "Ace" Parker completely in his power . . . We wonder why Woodrow Piland doesn't put a bug in his sister's ear . . . Elon's Stoopnagle and Budd—Greenwald an Puglisi . . . Heatwole an her Eveready are headed for a surprise . . . We wonder why they don't pour Bob Wendley back in the bottle . . . Burrows must be O. K.; even the students term him "the good Doctor" . . . Why is it Miss White has to go to a street-corner to turn around? We know, ask us! . . . Who's ahead in the Hardy track-meet? . . . It appears like the Stimson twins and the Foushees ought to hit it off pretty well . . . Why in the world did the problem child have to come back to school?

Now for a little concentrated bouquet tossing: Congratulations to Landon Walker and his band; the wrestling team; Iris Shepherd; Dean Husband; the basket ball team for its various successes, especially the High Point victory; the powers that be for bringing the Salvi Quintet here; C. T. I. for managing to survive the Sourfaces era . . .

If Mary doesn't watch her step she is going to lose Milt to a certain Burlington lass whose initials are M. S. . . . "Squattie" Caruso says he'll take anything and everything. What do you mean "Squat"? . . . This column wants to know why all the colds are shy of Hal Bradley—and speaking of Bradley—did you see the beautiful valentine he received from a certain co-ed?

Rudy Walsler is sure looking for a place to spend future winters—do you think you'd like Florida, Rudy? . . . Causey and Collyer have both taken a back seat since Grantland Holder came back to school. Stick close Bugsy-Wugsy and Jake and you'll learn something about newspaper work . . . According to our beauty contest last week, if you didn't have that swing you couldn't get a thing. Nice work "Did" . . . Wonder why our editor does all his shopping at the Charles Store in Burlington? . . . Our own Rev. Jim Cook wishes all students to know that he has authority to tie that matrimonial knot for all interested—and his rate is cheap . . . That's all for now so until next week, adios . . .



Dear Editor:

A while ago I happened to pick up an old Maroon and Gold—a copy which came out just before we left school for Christmas holidays in 1935. We've come a long way from then 'til now, and I was wondering if our Open Forum had noted the vast amount of improvement made by the Elon students since that day. Then, we were doing all in our power to close down our school—remember! We were running water all night to try to make the shortage reach the danger point. But today one finds a large crowd of boys and girls spending more hours of their time in the library, the behavior in the library is really splendid, compared with former years. The campus as a whole appears more serious-minded—more intently working upon a fixed purpose.

The conduct in chapel is very favorable; every one is interested in some

phase of our chapel committee's work. The open-mouthed attention paid to a recent speaker who talked on etiquette one Monday morning showed our enthusiasm for the better things. I heard a girl remark recently, "More of the boys are becoming gentlemen; I never open a door for myself anymore."

And have you noticed that not nearly so many people are complaining about our dining hall food? We're really getting to be good sports! Maybe we're pausing to consider those that have to feed us, with the rising prices compelling them to serve cheaper food.

There is also that Elon spirit becoming more pronounced every day. We speak to each other all the time without even stopping to consider why. Have you seen more people smiling recently? Have you heard more gay little bits of favorite tunes? Of course, we are happy when we are doing our best.

I repeat: We've come a long way. Let's keep on going! What do you say?
MARGARET J. EARP.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
EXPERTS AGREE

I ENJOYED YOUR ARTICLE ON CURIOUS PIPES OF ALL NATIONS' PROFESSOR

THANKS, JUDGE, I WANTED YOUR OPINION

NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO START WORK ON ANOTHER ARTICLE, THIS TIME ABOUT PIPE TOBACCO

NOT I, JUDGE-IF I STARTED WRITING ABOUT TOBACCOS I'D NEVER GET DONE TALKING ABOUT PRINCE ALBERT

THERE'D BE A CHAPTER ON PA'S CRIMP CUT' AND HOW MUCH COOLER AND MELLOWER IT MAKES SMOKING, AND ANOTHER CHAPTER ON PA'S SPECIAL 'NO-BITE' PROCESS

I EXPECTED YOU TO SAY THAT

I'VE NEVER SEEN IT FAIL! THE MORE A MAN STUDIES PIPES —AND THE MORE HE LIKES THEM —THE SURER HE IS TO SING THE PRAISES OF PA!

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LOW-BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

THE SPECIAL PRINCE ALBERT PROCESS BRINGS OUT THE RICH, MELLOW FLAVOR OF PA TOBACCOS, BEING 'CRIMP CUT' IT SMOKES COOL, AND THE PA 'NO-BITE' PROCESS REMOVES ALL HARSHNESS. THERE'S PRINCELY SMOKING WITH PRINCE ALBERT...IT'S THE LARGEST-SELLING SMOKING TOBACCO IN THE WORLD

50
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(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina