

Maroon and Gold

Edited and printed at Elon College by students of Journalism. Published semi-monthly during the college year.

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To Our Readers

This issue of the Maroon and Gold (the last of the season) marks for the first time at Elon the installation of a combination of extra-curricular activities and regular scholastic work in putting out the college newspaper.

The editorial staff will be composed of students who have been subjected to the Journalism course in the preceding year and who have learned by the school of experience the many difficulties and intricacies of college newspaper work.

The editorial staff is not intended to serve as a dictatorial board, but merely as a guiding hand to help other students of journalism to learn as much as possible and to use their knowledge to the best advantage in the college paper.

This year the newspaper has been laboring under difficulties because of the smallness of the class. This condition necessitated those who were in the class working very hard to get the paper out. With more work to do, they were unable to make their work as polished as it would have been if more time could have been given them on their assignments.

One important thing accomplished this year was the completely regular publication of the paper.

Elon College students should feel justly proud of their newspaper, for it is the only college paper of its type in the state which is printed by the students of journalism.

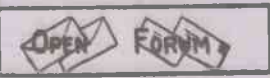
Since the beginning of the year the paper has been constantly improving and we hope to continue this progress next fall. This paper is an instrument of the students and we want every student to feel a personal interest in it.

With the cooperation of you who constitute Elon College, we will endeavor to make the Maroon and Gold interesting, readable, newsy, and an institution of which you will be proud.

Orchids To Officers

The campus has been a trifle giddy of late, with the breathing of heartfelt sighs of relief, as the officers of Student Government, Student Christian Association, and other organizations pulled off their robes of authority and gratefully handed them on to incoming officers.

To the retiring officers go much gratitude, and sincere appreciation. They all have done their work well, and deserve much credit. The positions may have been difficult, but there has been a certain satisfaction for the student leaders in becoming much better acquainted with the students, and in knowing that trust has been placed in them.



The Coming of June

The coming of June brings flowers and green trees. It is also the time when Seniors begin to think. They wonder what the world has in store for them. Everything seems big and hard to tackle.

Something seems to be missing in their stomachs. They begin asking themselves questions: What am I going to do? Where can I get a job? Why didn't I go to a bigger school? Why didn't I major in some other field? WHY didn't I study harder? All these and many more questions come to their mind.

Speakers tell them that the world is waiting for them, that now is the time to go out and conquer the world. The speakers tell them that the man or woman who has the Ambition, Courage, Will Power, Intestinal Fortitude, and Determination will make a success of themselves.

The Seniors take all this in, and it makes them stick out their chests. There is something down deep in their hearts that pushes them forward and gives them the power to move toward the goal.

The speakers are good because they make the Seniors act as they want them to. And after all, the speakers' urgings are in the best directions.

I hope that with all their Knowledge which is Power, they make it "active", and that the world will profit by their great ideas. Luck to you all.

—Henry American Capillary.



FLASH! FLASH! Divers has a girl friend—caught holding hands with a blonde on the Greensboro choir trip. The belle of the Saturday night ball was none other than Oma and it seems that the Buick salesman won the personality contest. It's a Buick coupe, folks. Hurrah! "Return of The Moller-drammer" by Isaiah Sears. Now that Pluto has gone there's nobody to throw pencils at Dr. Bowden. (at the same time) see a certain tall dark and blonde senior. Is there any truth in fortune telling by cards? That's what Nell and Noon would like to know. And while we are on the subject, what's this about "Tennis"ee? What is this school coming to when the coeds begin talking about the raising of corn and the slopping of pigs on dates? Well, anyway, its a wholesome subject for a council member. When a Junior calls the Dean an untutored mule and the Dean retaliates with a "pew" we throw up our hands! The animal crackers were delicious, Mary Lou. Things-you-should-have-seen Department: "Jr." and his new girl friend. Why didn't Artie Greenwald include the crack about the Cornell man in his revised version of "Cyclops"? It took Tom several days longer to recover from the Press Convention than Frank—which just goes to show you that the dam yankees can take

... We trust that those at play practice enjoyed the Junior-Senior party as much as we did. Has the Rae of sunshine darkened Rebecca, pardon Rebekkah's horizon? We tried to think of a comment that was pointed but yet genteel—let it suffice to say that Farrell is around again and that all parties concerned are happy. Notice to students: The new Elon filling station lights are very bright and ooh-la-la, what silhouettes it makes. Ben Lillien wanted his name in the paper so here it is: MR. BEN LILLIEN. Wish it would get warmer again—those benches look kinda forlorn. What Frosh didn't know any better than to make two dates for the same time? Holding hands in History, de de dum de de, fun isn't it, Maybelle? Hall Brooks seems to be very interested in bushes lately. Hope the difference of opinion between Ladies Hall and West Dormitory results in a fist affair or a good old fashioned hair pulling. So the Editor thinks we need a Society Editor. What Junior boy is partial to the use of pink Kleenex? Something-else-we'd-like-to-see: Dr. Clark and Jack Neese meet at a door. Wonder which would finally go in first. And then there's that package from a Greensboro Ladies' Ready-to-wear Shop addressed to Mrs. Milton Cheshire. Who is sending those Poison Pen letters to June Leath?

Elon Things I Love

By Vea Gray

The sweet freshness of the campus in the early morning and great breaths of cool spring air. The happy scramble for books and pens, spurred by the fear of being late to class.

The sleepy droning of the professor's voice lecturing on the day's problems, the thought-quickenning discussions, and the power that comes from lessons well-learned.

The peaceful meditation in chapel, the swelling tones of the organ, and the low words of benediction.

The atmosphere of study in the library, the shelves filled with knowledge and wisdom, and the occasional rustle of paper or thump of book.

The hungry rush into the dining hall for dinner while the sun sets in amber glory.

The social hours of the evening when we gather for an hour of friendship with those dear to us.

The dark stillness of the night when we thank God for the opportunity he gives us, and ask him to watch over us while we sleep and prepare us to meet a new day.

Public Health Continued from issue of May 7

In the presence of a lack of elementary knowledge of physiology, hygiene and sanitation, fads flourish, cults multiply, misconceptions persist, superstitions remain, and quackery prevails. Where the people are uninformed, no treatment is too absurd, no remedy too unscientific, and no cure too radical to be deemed thoroughly worthless if alleged to offer health and lengthened life. Where knowledge is wanting cautious humanity holds to traditions with great tenacity and exhibits a strange reluctance to exchange the slow and costly method of "trial and error" even for practical procedures thoroughly established by able and patient research. At a result procrastination promotes the spread of pertinence, delays the general adoption of an adequate diet, prevents the correction of defects, and largely renders unavailing for our generation the best fruits of investigation produced by infinite pains, philanthropy and taxation. Thus, we go blindly on expending tremendous energy and millions of dollars in unscientific and futile quest for health—ef-

Library News

Meet Mr. Hannigan. And hats off to Stanley Jones for his introduction. You've heard the dope on all the movie stars, artists, literary figures and upper-tens, but you have probably had the dope on the men who write it. Of all the press agents and dope-scoopers, Steve Hannigan is king. Open the pages of May Scribner's and meet Mr. Hannigan.

We're not very good at remembering poetry, but the opening lines of a poem in this month's issue of Poetry seems to stick: "Upon the hill the polished stones Chant family pride in monotonous Above the inarticulate bones." The poem is entitled "Cemetery"—you'll enjoy the rest of it, too.

Current History comes to the fore this month with Genaro Arbiza's article entitled "Benavides of Peru", the story of one of the world's most amazing dictators. This is the first of two articles on Peru by Arbiza. Look for the second in the June issue of this magazine.

Save time out for reading "Collective Living" by John Hyde Preston—in Harper's. It is quite a tonic for your subtle sense of humor which has been sadly neglected for so very long.

We have only to mention that this month Don Herald E. Chimpancee and Mr. Murray (in Scribner's) in the latter examination he asserts that every child should have dancing as the No. 1 item in his education. Of his daughter, Barbara, he says: "At college now, she has an acid mind that would soon turn to ash, if she had nothing else. But she, thank God, has rhythm. She's in tune with the infinite, and tap and swing and shag with the elements. She is now a satisfactory human being to herself and to us.

find that the curriculum of most colleges and universities offer the prospective teacher of hygiene an opportunity to get the background of science, pedagogy and education essential to teach health to high school students who tomorrow will be determining the destiny of the health in the majority of their communities. Public health work is also an important field for the modern graduate of a medical school.



"What's gonna do this summer?" "Oh, just loaf, I guess." This is the usual interview of the Inquiring Reporter as he ambles around the campus. However, we do have a few students who have made up their minds and have given a more definite answer.

ARTIE GREENWALD, Senior: (with that very pleasant smile) Go to Duke—Duke to southerners—for summer school.

JOHNNIE PUGLISI: (Artie's roommate and a kindred soul in philology) "Ditto, but here."

MARTHA STOKES, Frosh: "Sleep, so I can meet 8 o'clock classes next year."

LAWRENCE CAMERON: (Senior and retiring ditto of Senats) "Become a turner-over of the sod."

MARY LOU HAYES: (Soph — also a Yankee) Go back to Cincy and show my Old Roomie the sights of the city."

BRUCE FLORY: (Soph) "Farm, but definitely."

MAXINE HUDGINS: (Junior) "Summer School, here."

EMERSON SANDERSON: (Winner of oratorical contests) "Spend my prize money."

ROBERTA MARTIN: (Frosh) "Stay at home and learn to be a lady." Why Roberta!

JIMMIE GILLESPIE: (Junior) Summer school. (With a frown)

"DID" GALLOWAY: (Senior) "Dog if I know!"

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Advertisement for PRINCE ALBERT cigarettes. Text: 'WHEN YOU PUFF THAT EXTRA-MILD, EXTRA-TASTY PRINCE ALBERT—WELL YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE! AND FIFTY DELIGHTFUL PIPEFULS IN THE BIG POCKET-SIZE TIN. THAT MAKES A BIG HIT WITH ME!' Includes an image of a cigarette pack and a man's face.