

Maroon and Gold

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WHAT PRICE EDUCATION?

First of all, we know we can educate ourselves, but few of us have the determination to do it. Then, since most of us have to acquire knowledge through someone else's teachings, we should be interested in the cost or expenses of some of the schools in the Elon class.

One can attend High Point College for \$400 per year, which includes tuition, board and room. One can be instructed at Lenoir-Rhyne for \$344. Incidentally, they have cut about \$50 recently, to afford this price.

Nothing has been said of state schools. We all know some are somewhat cheaper than privately endowed schools, for the simple reason that the state supports them; in other words, the taxpayers, our parents, contribute to the support of the state schools, and at the same time pay our way through school.

Despite the fact that some other schools may be less expensive, that there may be complaints about food, heat, and anything else one may find to object to, we notice that the enrollment is steadily mounting. Ask anyone from Elon whether or not they like Elon. We're willing to wager the answer 'll be yes.

Besides, somehow it seems that once we've been to Elon, we always come back!

HARVARD GETS ENDOWMENT ... SO WHAT?

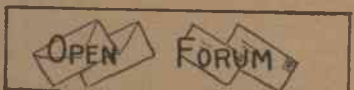
According to a recent comment in the "Collegiate Press Review" Harvard University has opened a new graduate school of public administration, using as funds a meager gift of \$2,250,000.

Can it be said that this gift will make better business and professional men of Harvard students? It is true that the professors will be more brilliant — perhaps — than they will at a smaller, less wealthy school. But is it not true that the basis of all success lies within the man himself?

Welcome Students

Groceries
Cold Drinks

ELON GROCERY
Elon College, N. C.



Girls Say Elon Boys Don't Have "Umph"

Before we begin, let it be understood that our objections are aimed not at any specific offenders, but that we're just airing our grievances.

When Elon puts on a party, works for it, and runs itself ragged for the unappreciative sake of entertainment, the party is usually a success. There is, however, one aspect of Elon parties that is rather confusing and thoroughly unsatisfactory.

Now, if a boy is dateless it doesn't matter. It doesn't cause much concern — except to the girls — if he spends an evening holding up one side of a wall. But a girl doesn't make such a good prop.

Dormitory Sweepings

EAST DORM.

Heard any thundering lately? Well, don't get excited. It's not a thundershower or an earthquake. It's just young Maxwell having another fit. Maxwell is supposed to be one of the campus quieties, but boy! you should room under him.

Well, at last Elon has become an enlightener. Our third floor friend, the boy of "Aw shucks, Miss Agnes!" fame, Archie Ried Tyson, no longer thinks of Elon as a junior college, he no longer goes to the Ambulance theater, and he now knows that U. N. C. and Chapel Hill are the same place.

There is the old saying that begins as "East is east and west is west," but what I want to say is, "Young ladies, we want Floyd (Judge) West over at East sometimes".

A very disgusting sight for Seventeenth Heaven (room No. 17): Raleigh King applying Wildroot to his head and calling his dearly beloved roommate a cheat and a two-timer just simply because he continues to slip off and date his girl. He means well, though, King.

Craton Stephens giving a lecture on war. "Yes suh, I'll go to war," he sez, "I'll fight for my land forever, and those French women, um, uh, good golly, good golly, they tell me they are right."

David Stewart broken-heartedly blinking his eyes. He has got to clean up his room.

A. W. Haynes spraying his threat with an atomizer. That's O. K., Hayes, but for goodness sake leave off the mi mi's and the ah, ah, ah's.

Freshman Fleming sprawled prostrate on the bed crying his eyes out. It seems his bud Archibale has gone to Greensboro and he has also received a letter from home saying his girl was sitting all alone in the front porch sun, gazing last Sunday.

A blond brute from third floor stroking his wavy hair. Gene Raymond? Naw, it's just Johnny Litchfield.

You've heard of Saxy (Sexy) Hubbard, of course. You know, the guy of last year's "Roast Duck" and Nancy Walker fame. The guy that shakes like a bole of jel (mush) every time a bird sings. Well, at last he is a woman-hater.

Beverly Congleton, East's one and only Casanova, tried out his new steps on "Stop and Go" rhythm the other night, a step where you completely stop your body and let the legs keep going. The outcome was a tap dance with the head. Too bad, Bev — you didn't break your neck.

Too bad Artie Greenwold couldn't come back this year, Puglisi. I know you miss going over to W. C. "Alphabet College" with him. Don't worry, though, Pug; find another rover, and go back. A new student directory will be out in a few weeks.

Wesley Holland, of Trenton, prints the paper this year. Wipe the ink off your fingers, Wes. You might unconsciously leave some finger prints where you don't want them some time. (Kinston)

Joe Hardison's "Joe College" affect seems to have hit our (five year soph.) Capt. "Flash Fesmire" tremendously. It's o. k. to be a joy boy, Ike, but don't flash those feet too heavily.

East it seems has turned to a cosmopolitan dorm this year. Tom Furness is nearly married. Charlie Garian differs from his brother Jake. He likes to be seen and heard. Basnight likes Burlington and the Nells. McFarland enjoys laughing. Fulcher likes to play the table down at the soda shop. Earp likes to chirp with Helen. Junior Stevenson, he is always doing the Hoola Hoola. Hall Brooks just adores that 2 state girl from Virgilina, Miss. Forlines. Curtis Jones writes all

As A Knave Sees It

Bid Night was fun, and we've just about seen the end of initiation, so the campus, thank goodness, can now settle down again till early spring. Private initiation may be something else, but public ditto is not what it used to be. The pledges in days of old were so exhausted after a week of it, i. e., pajama parades, bowing deeply to brothers, wearing clothes wrong side out, going bare-foot to class, etc., that they spent the next week in bed. This modern method may be an indication of civilization or it may mean that we are just old softies, who knows?

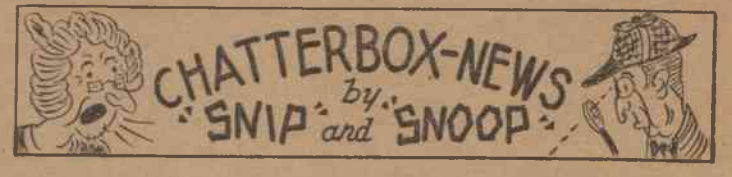
Suggestions Department: A good radio and a half a dozen lamps could do wonders in the Reception room. There is something about soft lights and sweet music that brings out the best in man and maid. The Knave believes that with the abolition of glaring lights and banging piano, the yelling and monkey acting would cease. Will somebody please tell Dr. Smith?

Did you get in on that bus ride at the Drug? The crew, consisting of Messrs. Whitley, Fuller and Gaylord, happy morons all, really gave the passengers a treat. With bumpy roads, ticket collection, flat tires and time out for parking in the woods, it was most realistic.

Heard that the Shakespearean dramatists are contemplating another superstitious production of the lusty Cockney's plays. If it is as much fun as the last one, I here and now make reservation for the front seat on the left side—right beside Dr. Dickinson, that dear prof, with such a rare appreciation of Willy S.

Thank heaven the girls on the campus haven't acquired the "doil hat" fever — this whole paragraph excepts Dot Edwards — of all the silly things in life, two inches of over-trimmed headgear perched over the eye takes the cake, but even if they do wear them (consolation especially for D. E.) they are our ladies and, true confession, we love 'em.

the time. The space always gets him. It has gotten us too, so we say adieu, ma frans.



That picture on the back of Scribner's (October issue) and Professor Hurst's description of Jamaica don't tally. Somebody's a-fibbin' . . . Not as much dating on the back row at the Movies as usual . . . Think it will be a long cold winter, Marcella? . . . It's a good thing everyone isn't as conscientious as Roberta. . . We'd never have any fun . . . Heard Dot Edwards misses Rebekkah — just like you miss a sore thumb . . . Oma's "Salmon pink" cards of last season have been redubbed "orange" for the present season . . . Dr. Bowden, just how does the polar axis slant in summer? . . . Sid Taylor's era of woman-hating is over. He is associating with the girls again . . . Parky, how do you like being a chaperone? . . . No, dearie, if you join the Tornados you won't be promoted . . . Shakespearean roles may be embarrassing at times, eh chicks?

Looks like the Carolina football team will be here soon. Letters coming thick and fast from Sternwies to Ladies Hall occupant . . . Dr. Merton has become enthusiastic about Chiefy's new line of perfume. Ask him to show you the catalog sometime . . . Louie Hubbard is, Saints be praised, no longer a member of the long-haired fraternity . . . Didn't know till the other night that one could major in Religion and Bushology at the same time . . . If you want your man reformed, install him in No. 9, Club House. Just look at the men there now . . . For a Frosh, Lila Stephens gets around — we hear she's three-timing some folks . . . Mary B., how are your outside interests? Did you ever figure out the note

New York Epitomized By Elon Student

Wall Street: where human destiny is exchanged on paper and hearts beat a staccato to ticker tape.

Broadway: a Christmas tree every night where Santa Claus sits in a night club with a beautiful

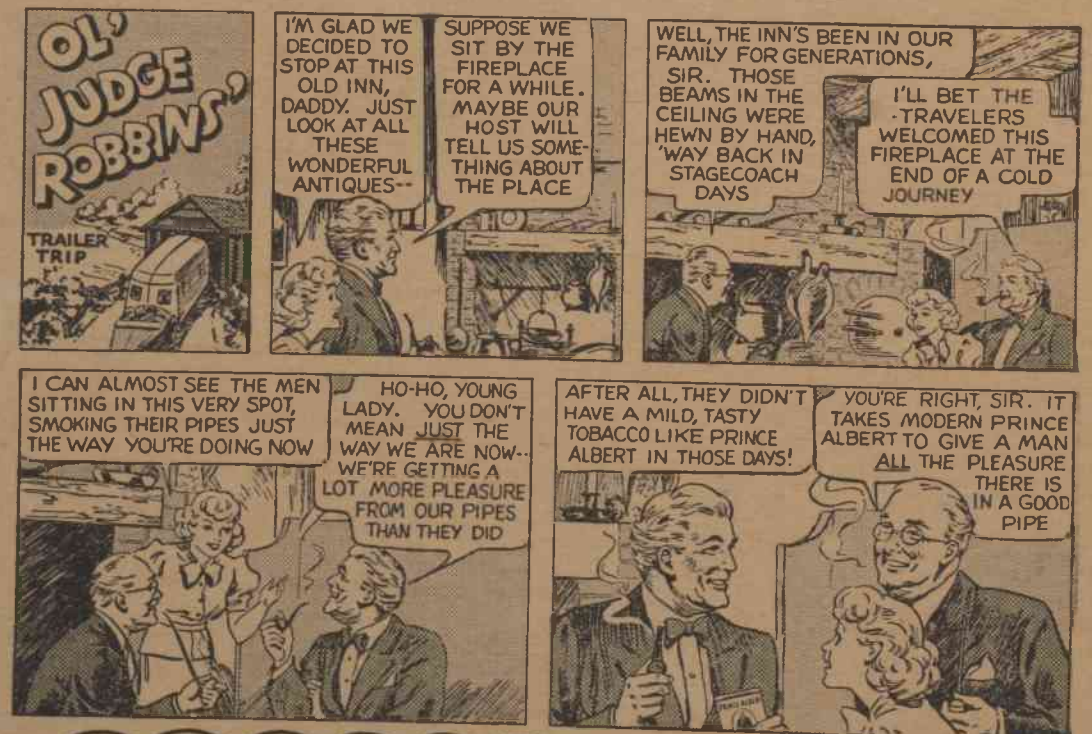
on your theme? . . . We missed Ruby Lee at the party Saturday night . . . Hall Brooks should institute a course titled, "How to be a Perfect Hostess' Assistant!" . . . The Elon Nite-Club is doing a rushing business . . . What dignified Senior lassie has taken to jumping over the wall for a past-time?

Good to see that Jones girl up here last week. The situation in Ossipee has changed considerably since last year, from all appearances . . . Praises be! Elon has a gentleman — one who would go cold in order that his lady may not freeze her pretty ears! . . . Guess what! Even ministerial students have pasts. And besides, Jimmie, do you have to check up on your sister? . . . Buddy Hayden almost got his foot in it the other day . . . We've often heard of people putting the wrong letter in the wrong envelope, but it's only recently that we've seen it done. Gosh! . . . True something-or-other: Freddy Tysor waited two hours for his date the other night . . . Bet Bob Hamilton is still runnin' away . . . What does John Forehand think he is, anyhow? Just because he's in league with the government . . . Hope the "Pride of Reidsville" doesn't get too disappointed . . . Say, we thought Bob Truitt was from Greensboro. What goes on in Burlington? . . . Who is Elon's No. 1 Chaperone? . . . All the skeletons in the closet, and all the ghosts in the cellar can't bring back the good ol' days when Elon's library was a courtin' place, when O'Kelley told all he knew, and when moonology was not yet named, but nevertheless a required course.

blonde and everyone calls him 'angel'. Fifth Avenue: a number one lane called five where Paris, London, and Rome parade their exclusive wares and the prices are elevated accordingly.

Empire State Building: man's biggest tree in the Valley of the Giants.

— Martin Leifer



PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
NO BITE...YET PLENTY OF RICH-TASTING, MELLOW GOODNESS... THAT'S WHY PRINCE ALBERT'S MY PIPE TOBACCO!
SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.