

MAROON AND GOLD

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STUDENTS: WE CONGRATULATE YOU

This year it was brought home to us again how college students respond to the power of suggestion. Hallowe'en has come and past; this year without the usual amount of ribald and destructive pranks. It must be that the students here are at last becoming somewhat civilized — or else lazy. We are inclined to believe that the selection of a better student body is beginning to have its effect.

This year we wish to congratulate the student body on working off their excess energy at the party Saturday night preceding Hallowe'en instead of wreaking havoc on the campus Monday night. The majority of the students, we feel, had forgotten about Monday night being open season for all kinds of downright meanness. The power of suggestion, though, is a great thing toward accomplishing many deeds that would have otherwise remained undone.

The main thing we have to say is this: Most pranks played on the eve of All Saints' Day are not only barbaric and disconcerting, but destructive as well, and we are glad that the majority of the Elon student body is mature enough to realize the silliness of Hallowe'en pranks.

Survey Shows Twenty Institutions Receive Seventy-Five Per Cent Of All Grants

New York City — (ACP) — Nov. 11 — A dark picture of the average college's chance of gaining grants from philanthropic institutions has been painted by Dr. E. V. Hollis, who has just completed an exhaustive study on the subject for a Columbia University doctor's degree.

There are at least 700 colleges who have little hope of ever getting aid from any of the big foundations, he has found.

Dr. Hollis points out that three fourths of all grants to higher education in this country have been given to only 20 universities and the other one-fourth are contributions to 310 institutions. He sees a decided trend towards concentrating financial assistance to institutions that foundation trustees believe can use money towards permanent educational development.

The University of Chicago, receiver of much Rockefeller money, has been given nearly 14 per cent of all foundation grants. Others in order of their foundation assistance are: Carnegie Institute of Technology, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Vanderbilt, Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Duke, California Institute of Technology, Washington University, University of

Increase Shown In College Registration

South Ahead of Other Sections In Setting New High.

(ACP) A new high in college and university enrollments has been set this fall with an increase over last year of 4.8 per cent, preliminary registration surveys reveal.

Increase in college registration in 1937 over 1936 was 3.9 per cent, but the largest sectional increase this year was in the South, where the gain was 5.7 per cent.

Eastern college enrollments have increased 5.2 per cent and the west 4.3 per cent. Increases last year were 3.3 per cent and 3.8 per cent respectively.

Most colleges and universities also received a larger number of applications than heretofore, but many have set up rigid requirements that limit the number of those accepted.

Rochester, Princeton, Peabody College, Tulane, University of Iowa, Stanford, University of Pennsylvania, Swarthmore, New York University. Other colleges received the remaining 25 per cent.

The author estimates that roughly \$680,000,000 has been spent in higher education by foundations, of which the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations have been the largest contributors.

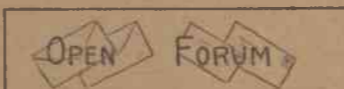
AS A KNAVE SEES IT

The ladies of Ladies' Hall have officially declared winter: they have brought out their knitting, and needles are clicking from early morning to late night. First Floor seems to be leading with the two best knitters, Nancy Hoyleman and Ellen Womble. Craven and "Huggins", the dramatic artist of the dorm, are rivals for the title of "craziest knitter." Huggins lies on the bed with feet propped high on the wall, repeating some of her numerous roles while she throws the thread, and Craven goes in for active acrobatics as she bites her tongue and labors through the purl row. About the prettiest garment now in process is the camel's hair sweater being made by June (with more than a little assistance by Nancy).

We have only one criticism to make of the Club House housewarming party. Birth O'Morn was not given a fair chance. Her boudoir was not in perfect order, and her upholstery needed dusting. Now boys, do you think it fair to slight the only model of feminine puichritude who graces your domicile? We suggest that you make the proper apologies to Birth O'Morn, and promise to do better in the future.

Somebody evidently doesn't think as the Knave does: A nice pointed letter was received which stated that certain members of the staff were crazy, lacked the sense of a moron, etc., for several paragraphs. Well, you have the right to your opinion, too. I only have the jump on you—my opinions get printed!

The stands at the football games are certainly a colorful scene. All the gay clothes and the mums on the ladies' coats, really put the "umph" in the stands, and add to the enthusiasm of all.



Not so long ago, we heard someone remark that if some Elon boys came out in coat and necktie, they wouldn't be recognized. And that remark is certainly true. Without doubt, some of the Joe Colleges around here look as if they'd lost their last friend, and nobody cared whether they lived or died—at least as far as their dress is concerned. As far as we can see there's no excuse for that. The majority appear neat and fairly well pressed; surely it doesn't take so much more time to tuck in a shirt or put on a coat. It's a well-known fact that girls dress largely to please the masculine eye. We wonder what makes boys think they're so superior!

In the olden days, a man was judged by his horses, but today a man is judged by the automobiles he keeps. Wealth, prestige, and all that kinda stuff sorta gets outta hand when we start looking at the cars we keep. Ordinarily, when we mention Packard, we think of class, polish, sophistication, or, we did, until we took a peek at our Packard. Whatta jolt! — Once the pride and joy of all who rode in it, this sad relic of the past would now serve as a fitting specimen of the missing link.

No doubt, thru the years this ole bus has afforded the Elonites with some merry ole times and at present, as the official conveyance of the band, it is striving hard to carry on — but Father Time is fast beating her in the ground.

Now that it has grown old, faithfully serving its purpose, can't we give the ole 'lizzie a better break? Saturday after the game like an old beggar, our ole tub, faithful to the last, came staggering down the highway, begging at every gas station. But we thought she was oil right; she brought the band home safely even tho she was as blind as a bat.

If we are to be left with only good memories of this grand old can of Elon, we had better do

Dormitory Sweepings

After The Boys' Dorms' Sweepings Let's See How The Other Half Lives.

It'll take a lot to sweep West Dormitory cleaner than it was for the house warming some time ago. However, maybe somebody left a little dust for us to gather and sift.

Helen Pace "should oughtta" chaperone those frequent trips to the bookstore. We trust her roommate has no ulterior motive. We know Bill Stewart hasn't . . . It must be the easel in her room that makes Dot "Stay-at-home" Warren stick so close to that back corner room. Last year there was no easel in the room, and there were no stay-at-homes . . . We're grateful to Helen Boone for bringing flowers to beautify the Dean's office. Her roommate must be an inspiration . . . The second-floor nightingale is missed considerably this year. "The Song is ended, but the Melody lingers on . . ." For a while we thought the McDade-Forlines combination had things settled once and for all. Oh well—it is a woman's privilege to change her mind. 'S a good thing, isn't it, Byrdean . . . It must be something-or-other, when folks take to sittin' on the stairs at the west end of this wind-swept wench-works. Better luck next Sunday night, marysueta!

Change partners, change names—the "Giant" has shrunk to "Baby." A rose by any other name . . . Pansy Miller had company the other night. Tch tch. Like to panicked third floor . . . Seems like you can't keep Hillsboro away from Elon. How 'bout it, Snooks and Lucky? Is Tuesday your night "to howl?" . . . But after all, if there was no Hillsboro, we'd have no Claytor and Bivins. An' if we had no Claytor and Bivins, we'd have no Daisy Mae and no cheerleader. An' if we had no Daisy Mae where would Lil (Yeh Lil) Abner be? An' without that cheerleader — well, where would those Monday night bull sessions be?

Not only does Steve Allison successfully preside over the Freshman class, but he goes around bestowing cute nicknames on people. Why blush, Mildred? Your eyes are brown, aren't they? . . . In the days of hoop skirts, ladies hopped gracefully on tables at the sight of a mouse. Now all they do is jump up and down in a corner and scream. You'd look cute on a table, Virginia . . . Kitty Mebane hopes she doesn't have to relive the night of the Appalachian game any time soon . . . We wonder what Betty will sound like when she gets some southern drawl on top of that Boston accent . . . You can't tell us that Lib Markham got all those quality points by apple-polishing. There aren't enough crutches to go around. More power to you, Lib . . . Undoubtedly, popular songs take on the queerest lyrics 'round here. Not "Veni, Veni," but "Beanie, Beanie" takes the cake now . . . "She Walks Like You, She Talks Like You" — eh, Noon? At least her hair's the same color.

Bequeathed to Christine Holt by Margaret Smith, one heartless job of library custodian . . . We thought Mary Lois had come back when we first saw Aline Straughan. Same smile, same cheerfulness . . . Gwen's turned traitor — she even says "y'all" at house meetings . . . We wonder what Mozelle and Jinnie would do if they couldn't move around. Never can tell where they are from one week to the next. Seems like they delight in being elusive. Why don't they just put a notice on the bulletin board, "Moved — left no address."

Frances Seymour seems to like the dorm just fine, but what's the attraction that takes her away each an' every weekend? Give us a break, Frances . . . Judith Rich and Margaret Hopkins make fine additions to the rank and file of Elon secretaries. They're right

something about it. How can we get any where with a car like what?

good trap-setters, too. Mouse traps . . . 'S a good thing all three typewriters don't go at the same time, up on third floor. Second floor 'd go crazy. Mary Eliza can really go to town with those flying fingers . . . Mary Walker has taken Anneta Smith's place as popular secretary of campus organizations . . . Mildred Dean, first come, first served, if you can call it that. Guess you can, though, in this day of scarce hot water . . . Angie, don't sing "Over the hills and far away." Just sing "Around the corner".

Etheline, do you miss Nancy as much as we miss your "Bucky"? . . . When Pattie Belle Faulk leaves Elon, she will have learned to whistle, and besides, will have increased her vocabulary by several ten-dollar words . . . Even though Doris Gordon does have a coup'a heity football players almost at the fighting point, she's not the least bit snooty. Better watch out for Joe, though, Parky. After all — he's nothing but the champ . . . The rogues' gallery in the Bean-Holmes domicile is the most complete in Alamance County. Most of the knaves and many of the queens have found their way to those four walls . . . Dorothy McGougan and Mary Helen Chason must do an awful lot of talking down there in '72. They certainly don't say much outside! . . . There was a time when Melvin James had to drink her coffee right by herself. She has company, now . . . Catherine Lawson is forever in a hurry. And in all and the library, she's never failed to get there on time.

To Whom It May Concern: Don't get excited. Christine's just carrying on an old family tradition . . . Third floor, west end, wishes it to be known that they have a monopoly on "Geedeebeep." All others — strictly NO! . . . When in doubt, go to Mary Lou. She knows all the answers. (No offense meant). . . When you see Margaret Houston coming, just don't say a word. Just get out the bobby pins . . . Helen Harrington wishes to make the announcement that all games, especially "Button, button, who's got the button," are unwelcome in the new dating parlor . . . When New Year's comes, Grace McPherson is determined to quit being her roommate's sidekick. She is completely overshadowed, as things stand now.

Helen Schwob makes it a point to think what she says, and say what she thinks. She figgers if folks don't like it, they know what they can do. There's something in that . . . Besides all her other accomplishments, Hazel McIntyre can cook. Line forms on the right, fellas . . . Helen ("S-s-s-sh") Dailey and Kay (Katherine Cornell) James haven't taken down the ol' guitar for a long while. Don't tell us public sentiment has squelched you. Or have you left the field open for second floor? . . . Frances Frazier's eyebrows are continually raised. 'Fore she leaves this jern't they'll probably be meetin' her hair.

Is it dignity, Mary Jennette, or just that you haven't become thoroughly familiar? . . . Speaking of attractive dignity, it seems like some of the freshman girls have more than all the upperclasswomen put together. Minnie Mae Franklin's a good example. How 'bout givin' 'em some lessons, gal? . . . Mattie Pickett is the perfect secretary. Besides which, she's an all 'round good fellow . . . For the vaguest girl in the dormitory, we nominate Joy Belle Quackenbush. She gets there, though . . . We're beginning to think that Lib Armfield doesn't limit her interest in cheerleading and cheerleaders to the gym or stadium. At least she doesn't let business interfere with pleasure . . . Doris Fonville is an unobtrusive little trick. She kinda sneaks up behind you. You turn around — and whoops, there she is . . . Margaret Felton sticks pretty close to her music. Why not play more down in the reception hall, Margaret? . . . Despite her red hair,

LIBRARY NEWS

BY JUNE LEATH

Of all the recent additions to our fast growing library, a large blue book with a bit of strange scribbling on the cover is attracting greatest attention. Closer inspection shows it to be the biography of one Stanislaw Szukalski and a collection of his work. Says the introduction: "Szukalski is either worshiped or condemned—never treated with indifference. He is too dynamic to be ignored. His art may or may not please, but, expressing as it does his vivid, restless, imaginative personality, it must be considered in any study of present tendencies in art."

Szukalski is a Pole, born at the beginning of the century. His interest in plastic art became evident in early life, for when he was eight years old he began carving on soft limestone figures of animals, birds, and occasionally human figures. His eccentric and defiant attitude became prominent when he was quite young and by his own confession, he was anything but a docile pupil. He worked then, as now, just as he pleased, paying little attention to models and less to instruction.

His most intense and by far most dramatic production is the statue, in black marble, of "Boleslaw the Brave". Boleslaw was a fierce pagan Pole who revolted against Rome and Christianity, leading the most daring attacks on the city of Rome. Three views of the complete statue are presented and numerous pictures of the out-standing details. If this alone were Szukalski's contribution, he would merit a place among the great, but in addition to this masterpiece, there are some twenty-odd other statues, and numerous architectural projections. Be sure to see this book!

Another new book of exactly the opposite type is "Mike Fink, King of the Mississippi Keelboatmen" by Blair and Meine. This is a collection of frontier lore of the knock-down-drag-out variety. There was once, so legend goes, a half man-half alligator who held sway over the Mississippi. His life as ruler of the Keelboatmen was one of fiery adventure. If you feel in the mood for a good fight, don't slug your roommate, just read about old Mike Fink.

We've never seen a display of Ione Hurst's temper.

It'll be a long time before Third floor forgets the watermelon feed Margaret Pennington had one night. About twenty girls fell to, and scattered watermelon seeds far and wide . . . Jewell Kerns says she doesn't mind people using her room as an ironing room, just so long as they don't get in her way . . . For getting to work in a hurry, Nannie Fowler breaks all records. She can get down in that kitchen in three minutes flat . . . Sara Corbett is going to be all worn out from rushing, though, before the year's out. Take it easy . . . We wonder which takes better care of her roommate, Roberta Martin or Mildred Dean . . . For somebody as outstanding as she is, Beaty Mashburn is remarkably inconspicuous. Maybe she's studying too hard.

And as for the rest of the gals residing in this here now domicile of pulchritude — you're just too smart for us. You either stay out of our way or else you hide your light under a bushel too much. No future in that. Anyhow, don't let anybody send you out looking for the Maroon and Gold staff, supposed to be about a yard long and tied with maroon and gold ribbon.

He Who Travels Far Learns Much

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