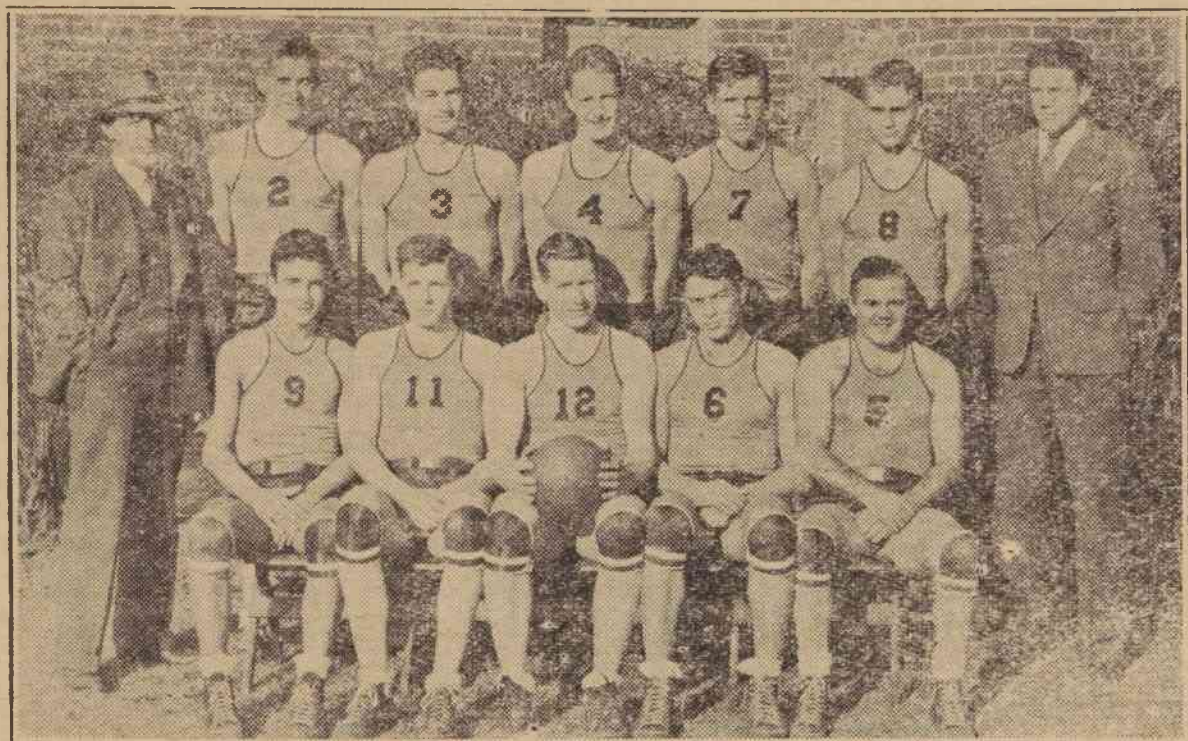


"Flashy" Sports

WITH "FLASH," I-A STEED

Christian's 1938 Conference Champions



Coach Hendrickson's fast stepping Christians were the sole possessors of the North State Conference Championship in 1938. The main reason for the success of the Christian was the all-around play of the entire team and the ability of Lloyd Whitley, Captain Hal Bradley, and Ike Fes mire to hit the basket. The team as a whole threw bad passes though.

THE ATHLETE OF THE WEEK



ARCHIE ISRAEL

This week I shine my athletic spotlight on one of Elon's best football players. His name is ARCHIE ISRAEL. "Archie," as he was called

by his fellow students, was a mighty hunk of man. In the summer of 1937, Mr. Israel was hard at work filling the ice boxes in Waterbury and when football started played a full 60 minutes of every game during that year. Archie was in condition to do this, moreover. He was in almost every tackle made in the Elon games. "Archie" held down the center spot on one of the strongest football squads in the history of Elon College, the team that beat V. M. I.

Now Mr. Israel is in Virginia, Portsmouth to be exact. He coached the line of the Woodrow Wilson High school team for a number of years. He came forth with the best lines in the state of Virginia. Quite a few of his men were voted All-State during his stay at Wilson. Also he ably coached the basketball and track teams. I had the pleasure of being under his direction for two years of track and one year of basketball.

Archie now works for the Portsmouth area in the field of recreation.

He is doing a fine job in this also.

Archie, I know Elon has left many memories in your heart and I am glad this week our spotlight points to you. You are a good sport, a swell fellow to work under. Here's hoping that your future will follow a successful pattern.

McDADE, PETTY OFFICER 1ST CLASS, VISITS ELON

Jimmy P. McDade, who attended Elon in the years 1937-40, was a recent visitor on campus. Jimmy, a native of Hillsboro, N. C., and a petty officer, 1st class, in the communication division, has had some interesting as well as dangerous experiences during his naval career.

To make the story short McDade says he enlisted in the Navy in January, 1941, and received his training at Norfolk and the University of Chicago. After completing his training, he received sea duty in December, 1941, and has been at sea up to the present time.

According to Jimmy, he spent 10 months of his sea duty in the armed guard of the Merchant Marine; the remainder of the time he has been with the Atlantic and Pacific fleets, first on a destroyer and then a cruiser. It might be of interest to the movie goers to know that Lt. Commander Robert Montgomery was commanding officer on the destroyer.

Other interesting incidents include the fact that Jimmy has been around the world twice and his been in 32 different countries. His military record includes 14 combat experiences, nine of which were battles. Also he has been torpedoed and sunk twice, both of these occurring while in the armed guard. And last, but certainly an item of which he is proud, is his score of 1 Jap fighter plane shot down, a tally made outside his line of regular duty.

For any of you lassies who are interested, Jimmy, who has been made a senior communications petty officer since July '43, is unmarried.

ELON "NOVELTIES" DEFEAT FAIRCHILD 40-18

Elon's quintet again defeated another team, this time the Fairchild Squad, to the tune of 40-18.

The boys were really on the ball this time and Bill Oakley came through with the sum total of 15 points. The boys really worked as a unit and the half were ahead 22-10. Fred Register played his usual good brand of basketball. Captain Bob Lee was in shape also. Wayne Taylor and Wendell Woward, and George Davis played a fine game and all the boys lived up to the "Old Elon Spirit." Keep up the good work fellows.

Guess What?

BY "JOLTED & JARRED"

Just between you and me, students, I don't think the editor and or the faculty adviser of the MAROON AND GOLD are of a very sympathetic nature because they've "asked" (?) me to write this little bit for the paper. Because most journalists are slightly on the "odd" side, I think it best if we bear with them. But so you won't get all of the burden, you just bear with me and I'll "tolerate" them! And more than likely thinks will go from SNAFU to FUBAR—or worse.

Like all of the many students and "residents" of Elon who manage to make a periodic pilgrimage back, I am glad to be "home." In fact, I'm very glad—because, it was colder than blue blazes up North.

Although personally I am glad to be back mooching cokes, etc., in the bookstore, or going downtown and looking into an empty mail box several times a day, or forgetting to go to chapel, or wondering what happens to the food before it goes to the table, or watching other people study and go to classes, I can't vouch for some of you. Now you take Dr. Smith (for example): For sometime now I have earnestly been trying to "convince" him I didn't put that mule in Alamance Hall, or the cow in the library; or throw those bags of water out of North, or try to lead the students in numerous "revolts"; or start "petitions," or scare freshmen home or even cut the hair of outstanding freshmen.

Even after all these "years," I can't "convince" him or several others.

By this time you are, no doubt, wondering who could be accused of such things. Well in case you haven't heard (I can't understand that—MUCH!) I was President of the Student Body, Editor of the Annual, Business Manager of the M. & G. (Ed. Note—Due to the paper shortage, the next few pages of this column have been cut. For further information student may—I don't know why—look in the Senior section of the 1943 Phi Psi Cli, or the Senior section of the tion of GseS aoglli-u acPere r Pp 1942 Phi Psi Cli, or in any Phi Psi of "several" years back.) I think I made a tremendous impression, 'cause Dean Messick, Professor Hook, Professor McClure, and Dr. Smith have assured me that unless there is a campus revolution, the may have things back to normal in a year or so. I meant well—I thought.

During the past few months I've had the pleasure, dubious of course, of seeing the Atlantic coast line from Florida to New England. Even in those remote points I found people who had heard of Elon. In Florida I met a fellow who knew Elon—not too much—but those of you who were here when Elon had athletic teams will recognize his knowledge of Elon. He went to Miami U., and the only thing he knew of Elon was that "Elon had the ball!" A phrase very familiar in days past.

Also, no matter where I was I found a former Elon student. When I was in Florida, I found one; also in various other places like Eastern, N. C., or Connecticut—Yes, we (both of us) were not new to me.

And while "away," I had the opportunity of being in a movie. (Pinsups not available at this date). I was "co-starred" with some Brazilians. After it was over, I asked one of them about the picture. He spoke excellent English (I think). I asked him what

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ot around.

By the way, while I was in Florida, I had a lovely (?) time—and interesting, too—but not quite so interesting as that of a friend of mine. When we were there Miami was blacked out. But being a cadet, that didn't faze him—he got a date anyhow. He was out on Biscayne Bay with his date and after the "preliminaries" he decided to "check-up!"

"You are Spanish, aren't you?" he asked not being able to see too clearly.

"Ah sho' is boss. Ah sho' is," she answered just prior to a quick and unexpected dip in the bay.

We were troubled very much with the Florida Vampire Mosquitoes. They had such enormous capacities and were so fast we hit upon the idea of crossing them with homing pigeons, and thereby eliminating "blood banks," but the pigeons couldn't take it, and we never heard of "homing Condors."

The people I was "associated with" in New England were "hair cut" mad—Why, if I had to get many more hair cuts, I'd be as bald as Dean Messick. And at my age!

I hadn't been "associated" with my present employer very long before I began to see the fruit of my "Elon training"—I found sleeping on concrete floors or Florida sands a very familiar feeling. Also, cold showers didn't disturb me; and I still had trouble not getting hysterical with joy at the touch of warm water. And even the food I found to be palatable, or at times enjoyable. And of course, the invitations like "all urged to attend... Rill will be checked" were not new to me.

And while "away," I had the opportunity of being in a movie. (Pinsups not available at this date). I was "co-starred" with some Brazilians. After it was over, I asked one of them about the picture. He spoke excellent English (I think). I asked him what

the movies were for. He said "Yes." Then I asked him where they would be released. He said, "Yes." I even asked him the time. He said, "Yes." Reminded me very much of the "talks" I used to have with Dr. Smith or Dean Messick.

You certainly learn a multitude of things at Elon and you are exposed to many more than you absorb. It is like the fellow said, "Elon has the ball!"—and she is giving you an opportunity to acquire a similar one. You are your own "quarterback"—win or lose, you call the "signals." You have excellent "coaches" to help you put your "team" on the "field." But it is your responsibility not to let them down, or Elon down, or most of all, yourself. Get all you can NOW!

It has been a pleasure to be back. I hope to see you around; if not, drop around after "it's over," 'cause I'd like to come back for a few years and "rest" up—or as they say in Spanish "Goodbye."

LT. JOHN F. POLLARD

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