



Youth Steps Out

By GENE POE

Did you hear about the corporal who said, "When I first came here, the captain got down on his knees and then the major got down on his knees. Boy, did I feel great! What a welcome! What praise! What a crap game!"

Here, there, and everywhere in West Dorm. Now, who's the popular girl who has that Reidsville guy on the go. Seems it's Elon, then Reidsville, then Elon again. Well, all work and no play makes Opal a bad girl. But it seems she is working too hard on the weekends.

It's rumored that Frances Winbon does a little sitting up exercise every night to keep her figure in trim. The 1, 2, 3, 4, that she goes to in a regular sound to the girls that room near her.

And now for Bonnie, or as someone called her by mistake the other day, "Elondie" Davis. Just can't see how she got that name. The girls around her suite tell us that all her quietness is just charm. It's a great favor to have you give out one of your most pleased smiles. They also say that West just wouldn't be West if they didn't hear your voice echoing up and down the hall.

Say, Emerson, could be someone's beating your time. Just visit the library some night around nine.

One of our ace reporters just came in and informed us that a new club has been organized on campus. The "BPOC" which is the "best people on campus." Not conceit on their part, just campus pride, I guess.

It just so happened that we overheard a little conversation like this the other day. "Lonesome Peggy Ingold and her roommate seem to be putting their whole heart into playing cards since the news came that the air cadets are leaving. Wonder if they couldn't find something more interesting to do?" Personally, Peggy and her roommate don't appear so lonesome at all when they are around campus. Not nearly as lonesome as some other people, we know.

Miss Whittington you certainly have a handsome brother. We are sure the girls would have liked it if you could have had him stay longer.

John Pollard, pardon us, Lt. John Pollard, is the same old John—except for a little weight. It was mighty good to have him back on campus with us for a few days. John was kidding us about using some of the angles that he used in the newspaper business. Well, John, if we ever find a kid who thinks as much of our writing as this kid does of yours, we won't mind at all if he follows that same pattern.

Joe Smith and Ruby Braxton were telling us about a navy cook, the other day, that made a very interesting story. Time doesn't permit us to print it (or the censorship) so ask them about it sometime.

The guy that's pecking this type-writer was sleeping peacefully and minding his own business the other night when he was suddenly awakened by a bang bang on the door. After one o'clock mind you. Like a good fellow he gets up and goes to the door to find none other than Joe Liverman standing there. It was good to see you again Joe. It would be swell if more of the fellows who have left could drop in kinda unexpected like that.

Too bad Rodney Southerland and Fred Yarborough don't give the undated co-eds a run for their money. All the girls are just on edge to date you two. Why one girl even said,



DEAN HUDSON

CHRISTIAN SUN CELEBRATES CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

The Centennial number of THE CHRISTIAN SUN, official weekly organ of the Southern Convention of Congregational Christian churches, was published February 17. Greetings and special messages from other religious journals from lay and clergy alike were contained in the issue.

The CHRISTIAN SUN was established by the Christian denomination, but since the merger of the Congregational and Christian denominations in 1930, the SUN has been the publication of this united body in North Carolina and Virginia. Although the circulation is concentrated in these two states, the mailing list includes subscribers in the deep South, New England, and the mid-West. THE CHRISTIAN SUN now has the distinction of being the only publication for the entire denomination.

Reverend Robert Lee House has been editor of the publication since 1940. With him on the editorial staff are S. C. Harrell, Durham, N. C.; W. T. Scott, Franklin, Va.; F. C. Lester, Elon College, N. C.; I. W. Johnson, Suffolk, Va.; L. E. Smith, president of Elon College; H. S. Hardcastle, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. A. C. Todd, Sanford, N. C.; Richard L. Jackson, Waverly, Va.; and J. T. Kernode, managing editor, Richmond, Va.

APEL TO SPEAK TO MINISTERIAL GROUP MONDAY

Charles Apel, business manager of the college, will be the principal speaker at the next meeting of the Ministerial association Monday night, February 28. Mr. Apel was instructor in business subjects at Berea College in Berea, Kentucky, prior to his coming to Elon.

The Ministerial association is a little noted, but essential, part of the campus activities. It is an organization composed of those students who intend to enter the ministry or some field of religious work. The group meets every Monday night, and other students interested in promoting the religious atmosphere of the campus life are invited to attend the meetings, and also are urged to participate in the programs.

"They just make my heart stand still."

Here's a word to those of you who would like some good reading material. Don't miss the complete description of the war in general and a personal touch on army life by Ernie Pyle, found in all large daily papers. Ernie is a little guy who doesn't weigh but 105 pounds, but he is one of the most brilliant newspapermen of this day. It can also be said that the column by Dorothy Dix is always worth reading.

Here's that man again. Yes, it is Dean Hudson. Dean was featured on the Coca-Cola Spotlight Band Program from Camp Davis, Wilmington, N. C. last Tuesday night.

His music was terrific. From the applause the audience gave out with, they definitely agreed with us. Dean will also take part in Ralph Edward's Truth or Consequence Show on Saturday, February 26th which will be broadcast from the stage of the Adams Theatre in Newark, N. J. All you "Hep Cats" listen in and see if you don't find it worth your time. The three official members of the Elon College Swoon club, namely Ed Daniels, J. C. Smith, and Junius Peedin say that the Hudson music is a solid sender and a whale of an uplift.

We have before us a news article or a clipping that Leon "I love to dance" Gibbs handed us on "The Art of Kissing." We can truthfully say that it is unusual and rather interesting but it seems that we won't have the space for it this time. Just wait until the next edition of the M. & G. comes out and see if we don't have it here for your reading pleasure.

We know we had something unusual to happen to us the other day. A little boy dropped a nickel in an air vent down town, and before we had gotten down on our knees to help him about fifteen people gathered around. Most of them thought we were trying to take the nickel away from the little boy. Well, we weren't. When we got it out of the vent, we gave it back to him. Now don't you say you don't believe us either.

Congrats to the Day Students on the posters you have put out in regard to the party tonight. We are sure you have lots of fun in store for all those attending the shindig.

This is enough for one night—let's call it a day.

CTD SLANT "Day Student Doolings"

BY "PEE WEE" WESTON

C. T. D. owes a note of thanks to the Council members and day students for their very generous invitations and for a very enjoyable evening last Saturday, February, 19.

Our boy, Bob Newton, stole the show again with his golden voice. Singing "You'll Never Know" in his own inimitable way he had the coeds swooning. The only thing Sinatra has that Newton hasn't, is a 4-F rating.

Some people have it; some don't. Character Whitey Summers and Joyce Matthews should be able to prove the merit of breakfast cereals. Never have I seen two people with so much pep.

Saturday, February 12 at the hotel Alamance one would think the Aviation Students were having a banquet. The most surprising couples were Mary Lib Wright and Dot Williams being off campus. It's been sooo long.

SCRAPS FROM THE TABLE
Aviation Students Smith and McCartt happened to sit opposite each other on Sunday and, as a natural consequence the topic of home towns came up. Mr. McCartt happens to hail from a backwoods town in Tennessee and when asked at what age he married, this was his thought provoking reply, "Oh, I got married at the age of twelve, my father made me wait"

At Schuesler's Table . . .
"Pass the biscuits . . ." "What! . . . by myself?"
At Any Table . . .

At Ease! . . . now eat that way . . . a brooding stillness falls over the mess hall, broken only by the clattering of dishes and the metallic clink of silverware. And there we leave you gentle readers.

What "C" class student is diligently working on a perpetual motion machine? Definitely officer material. What!

What most coeds at Elon don't know is the reason behind Mr. Melone's popularity at the Burlington USO dances. The lad has an angelic voice, and proof of this can be heard at the USO center almost every Sunday.

Overheard at the last USO dance. "Well, my definition of a gentleman is 'a patient wolf'."

The "Wolf" likes his women like a cigarette.

Thin, trim, easily set aflame and just as easily discarded.

The "Man-about-town," likes his women like a cigar.

Full-bodied, enjoyable, expensive and impressive.

The "True-to-the-end" fellow likes his women like a pipe.

A thing to caress in a dreamy sort of a way. Something he can knock gently, but fondly. Put on a shelf and feel confident it will be there when he returns.

A man will give you a cigarette, offer you a cigar, but he will NEVER lend you his pipe.

THE POET'S CORNER

I'm not too ambitious and I never yearned to be

The Group Commander or even boss of Squadron B.

The Supply Captain's job seems such a lot of work.

And I never was anyone to shoulder anything I could shirk.

But maybe someday soon, my worth will enable me to get the gunner's job at the coed's table.

Roscoe W. Sams was having a time in the library the other day. I wonder if his notes to and from Edna had anything to do with it.

Has anyone seen "Bristle Noggin" Boston lately? What was it ol' man, something you ate or just an old election bet? Did your trip to Raleigh have anything to do with it?

A'S Stump wishes to express his thanks to the girls for the beautiful Valentine. He is extremely glad they know how to appreciate talent.

Flowers

For All Occasions

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Hoping this passes the censor's office, we turn in inspection for a little more info on those devastating people, the Day Students.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: The Day Student party is set for Saturday night at 9:30 p. m. YOU are invited. Selecting two more personalities from the Day Students, we went to a reliable source for some of our information.

The girl—Miss Jeanne Hook—president of the Day Student's organization Jeanne is one of our most outstanding students at Elon. She is rated, and rightly so, at the very top. Her favorite sports are swimming and tennis. She likes dancing, both smooth and jitterbugging. Dramatics always interest her, and her musical ability is well known, since her clear voice has been heard many times in our chapel programs. For her vocation she says there is nothing but teaching.

Jeanne has a few strange ideas which sometimes are diabolical. For instance, she likes to push little black biddies into the water just to see if they can swim. Anything vanilla suits her, but she does not like chocolate. Sweet milk, but not chocolate, and she doesn't even like chocolate cake. One male seems to stand "Ace" high with her. During the Christmas holidays she proved herself a very efficient waitress while working in the dining hall. Also, if anyone needs to employ one, she has had good experience as a woodchopper.

All this aside, however, to meet Miss Jeanne Hook is to find one of the nicest and friendliest persons around, so for our rating, she is the head of the list.

The boy—Granval "Bunk" Satterfield. Have you ever seen that blond-haired boy who drives a green convertible (when it'll run), and who works very hard in the physic's lab? You haven't? Well just open your eyes, 'cause he'll turn up some where. To follow "Bunk's" career so far, you have to start way back all of—(say, if I start counting the years, I'm gonna have to take off my shoes, and that will put too many people asleep). "Bunk" has one of the finest scholastic records you can find. He was outstanding in taking part in his school activities and held many class offices. He likes all sports, but chooses football for his favorite. When music starts, especially hot, his feet naturally start moving. All girls interest him, but he chooses no particular one. It seems that he prefers blondes, brunettes, brown-haired ones, and redheads, as far as the girls are concerned. Take any food, put it in front of him, and he shows you one of the best disappearing acts you'll ever see. "Bunk" also likes games of skill such as bowling, or the little green tables.

Putting this part of the information on the shelf, we find "Bunk" to be one of the finest fellows ever. In the future, he plans to enter the armed service and is already a reserve in the Air Cadet Corps. If we wore a hat, we would take it off to him any day.

Well, be good until next time, and if you have anything special you want to know about the Day Students, just let us know. All questions will be appreciated, if not answered. Bye.

MAJOR GILLESPIE RETURNS TO UNITED STATES

Major James N. Gillespie, of Haw River, N. C., who graduated from Elon in the class of '39, arrived in New York last week, flew from there to Pope Field, Fort Bragg, and is now visiting his wife and young son in Virginia.

Major Gillespie has been on active duty as head navigator for the entire Eighth Bomber Command and assistant to the air chief in bombing raids over the continent. He has also seen action over North Africa, Germany, and the Ploesti oil fields.

It is hoped that Major Gillespie will find time during his leave to visit Elon and give us some first hand information on some of his experiences.

Music Notes

Mrs. Lila Le Van Loadwick has been acting as organist at the Front Street Methodist church of Burlington for the month of February, in the absence of Miss Alyce Smith, the regular organist, who has been spending her vacation in Florida.

Earl Farrell recited the poem entitled "We Are Proud," which deals with America's heritage and peoples, at the chapel program February 14th. A musical setting arranged by Professor Bartley brought in various themes appropriate to the different sections of the country as they were referred to in the poem. Jeanne Hook rendered "By The Waters of Minnetonka" (representing the North) and one stanza of "Home on the Range" (representing the West). Mrs. Loadwick acted as pianist and Mr. Bartley as organist on the program.

Mr. Bartley demonstrated the organ to the first and second grade students of the public school, Mrs. Gladys Avinger, teacher, Wednesday afternoon. He showed the various qualities of stops after which he played "Christ Church Bells" (Peele) and

"Evensong" (Johnston). The final number on the program was Wagner's "Pilgrim's Chorus" played by Eva Carpenter.

The sacred cantata "The Seven Last Words" (Dubois) will be presented by the Elon Festival Chorus under the direction of Prof. Bartley Sunday evening, April 2nd. Soloists for the occasion will be Miss Margaret Whittington, Howard Cates, C. O. Southern, and James White. Accompanists will be played by Eva Carpenter and Mrs. Lila Le Van Loadwick.

Members of the music faculty gave us the second time this year that a program has been provided by the Music Department. The program Monday was as follows:

Second movement of Piano Concerto—Schumann; Mrs. Loadwick, accompanied by Mr. Bartley at the organ.

Pierrot, Andrews; Oh My Beloved Daddy from "Gianni Schicchi"—Puccini; Comin' Thro' the Rye, Miss Whittington, soprano.

The Lost Chord—Sullivan, Bartley, Intermezzo—Callaerts, Mr. Bartley, organist.

Festival Toccata—Fletcher—Bartley, Mrs. Loadwick, piano; Mr. Bartley, organ.

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