

Day Student Youth Steps Out Doolings

Could it be? No, not that! Now let me see where I'm at—It's time to start, so I'm told. So I'll drag out my black book with words so bold.

And on I go—this is killing me. Composing this column for M. & G. You day students are tops, you're really great.

But why ain't you created gossip of late?

And so again (by the way you didn't know I was verifying my thoughts these days, did you?) here's the one and only—but that would be telling. And anyway, who reads this column? Who reads this paper? Anybody?

No readers, well then, I'll say what I please and if anybody wants to make something of it, let them make something of it—I can't!

You know, I'm almost inclined to believe that Bonnie and "Shiek" are really in on the real thing—love! Possibly my intuition, but the way they look, etc., when they're together. Well, we all get to wondering about these things occasionally.

Gee, it's certainly been swell having "Bunk" Satterfield back again. We've missed him this year. It used to be so much fun "tripping the light fantastic" with him in the bookstore. He's "Private Bunk" now and from what I hear he's still using his feet a lot, but not for dancing.

Iris and Edna just beam all over themselves these days. Seems that Culwell and Batts get their wings and bars come February. Goody, goody, now Iris can wear those silver wings she's had for so long!

Have you heard about Jimmy getting his letters crossed up and sending the one he intended for Edna to his mother and vice-versa? You should have seen Edna's face when she read that "Dear Mother and Daddy," and I can just imagine what Mamma thought when she read the other one. Poor Jimmy!

Get Jimmy Westmoreland to tell you about all of that night "studying" he's been doing lately. It sounds like a mighty interesting course. The subject matter at present seems to be centered in and around West Dorm. He's already covered Ladies' Hall, and he says to give him time and he'll get around to East and the Day Students yet. My! My!

Guess I've done enough dirty work for this time. I'm afraid that if I don't shut up now, I'll be writing my own epitaph.

See ya', NELL.

Ed's Note: And speaking of Day Students, little Nell herself, we hear, had some mischief pounded out of her one day last week, say about last Thursday, in lab, maybe.

DIARY OF A WEED FIEND

12:00—Woke at break of day . . . reached for cigarettes and found pack empty. Must remember to tell roommate to get some. Brushed aside bags under the eyes and arose . . . Have strong craving for tobacco. (Well, I think that's what I crave.)

12:30—Changed socks and sashayed over to Dope Shop for some smokes. No luck! Watched blonde for awhile, then went out to grab bus into town . . . Had fight with campus cop over king-sized butt which was degrading the campus.

12:45-1:00—Bus ride into town (15 minutes of pure carbon monoxide). Reached the metropolis . . . Radar fails to pick up any trace of favorite brand.

1:30—Offered passing native all the Sen-Sen he could eat in exchange for half-used pack . . . unsociable type.

2:00—Got lost in revolving door of the Washington Duke. Elderly lady came to assistance . . . after bribing druggist with a copy of "Strange Fruit" and a model L yoyo (now obsolete), he let me smell an empty Lucky carton twice.

2:45—Beginning to feel like Johnny (the one that steps out of store windows and counters all over the country) . . . told clerk that I was Mr. Chesterfeld . . . didn't work.

3:30—Frustration! There's not a cigarette in Durham (for a Republican, at least) . . . On bus back, I sat behind gentleman who was smoking a cigar. Snatched little breathfuls of his smoke.

4:00—Home again. Whew! Haven't had a workout like that since last time I faced the pin-ball machines in the back room of the Goody Shop.

4:30—All is well! Ran into courteous cued who showed me how to roll my own with kleenex and shredded wheat. I live again.

—The Archive

By GENE "CHEF" POE

Have you heard the one about the Sunday school teacher who said, "Now children, I have told you the story of Jonah and the whale. Willie, you may tell me what this story teaches." "Yes'm," said Willie, the bright-eyed son of the pastor: "It teaches that you can't keep a good man down."

How about this one: She: "But are you sure you are not marrying me just because my uncle left me a million dollars?" He: "Certainly not! Why, I'd marry you no matter who left it to you."

From our mailing bag we see a few names of the ole boys who were around here just a short while ago. There's "Weinnie" Wentz, Joe Franks, Leon Gibbs, "Pee Wee" Weston, and "Yank" Dickson. Sure is good to hear from these fine fellows; wish more of them would drop us a line to let us know that they are doing their best. By the way we also see Fred Gray's name over there too. He's in Belgium now. After writing him that one of our boys, Jimmy Boone, '46, is a prisoner of war he says that he gave the Germans an extra round of bullets just for Jimmy.

The Doctor Johnson banquet seemed to go over in full fashion. About the only safe remarks to make would be that "an enjoyable time was had by all and refreshments were served," as the Country Blotter would say.

First Professor: "That waiter is either a fool or a humorist." Second Professor: "What's the matter?" First Professor: "I ordered extract of beef and he brought me a glass of milk."

MORE BOUQUETS

To bring a little sunshine at the right time, but specially in winter, we would do a lot of things. If it gave you enjoyment, we'd even step on a banana peel. But doing this is a pleasure. It requires no effort at all. Feeding rosebuds to the cow, and violets to the porkers, is said by some to be wasteful, by others to produce a kind of angel sandwich of delectable flavor. But we are bent on no such unrealistic project. We just aim to say a few sincere words about our friends.

To Coach Adcox, Captains Register and Taylor, and the team: For keeping courage on the line in spite of the odds, including some bad breaks and some slant-eeed refereeing. We don't say anything about the integrity of the officials who have blown the whistle for us, but we are compelled to question either the system or the judgment that marked us for the slaughter. We are going to get on the beam one of these nights, however; and when we do there'll be an M & G circus rolling 'em through the hoop.

To Professor Hook, for equanimity and cool common sense most uncommon in the known history of Pedagogy. Psychologists who desire acquaintance with a thinking machine that is always in working order should visit his courses.

To Brownie, M & G linotype man and master printer, for working for us after he completes a day on the Burlington Daily Times-News, and doing it with a smile. We hope we surprised him as he saw this coming up on the machine, and that it will smooth out a wrinkle on his brow.

And a handful of assorted posies to Miss Mary Cox, the "lassie with the sassie chassis" (in-a-word description borrowed from Charle McCarthy), for being the best business manager our publications have had in years, for making life cheery wherever she goes, and for that light-of-ambition in her eye.

PANVIO LITERARY SOCIETY ELECTS OFFICERS

Panvio held a meeting on January 10, and new officers for the society were elected. They are Edith Hall, president; Iris Westbrook, vice-president; Ella Mae Morgan, secretary; and Frances Detrick, treasurer. The retiring officers were Bettie Sue Lloyd, Edna Reitzel, and Joyce Smith.

Plans have been made for the annual banquet. It will be held in the Blue room of the Hotel Alamance in Burlington on Saturday, February 3. All members are anticipating the date with much pleasure. Speakers will be announced when the program is complete.

Honor Roll

Students on the honor roll for the fall quarter at Elon numbered 78. Of these students who maintained an average of "A" and "B" grades, 66 were girls, and twelve boys. Their names are as follows:

- Lucy Allison
- Elizabeth Apple
- Jean Asbell
- Betty Benton
- Liza Boyd
- Ruby Braxton
- Alice Brewer
- Sarah Brewer
- Elsie Brown
- Mildred Brown
- Marie Bryan
- Doris Chandler
- Kat Chappel
- Edna Clapp
- Rachel Coble
- Bill Clapp
- Hazel Cole
- Marie Coston
- Nell Crenshaw
- Willie Crutchfield
- Earl Danieley
- Ruth Davis
- Frances Detrick
- Marjorie Dickinson
- Ruth Everett
- Virginia Ezell
- Catherine Ezell
- Catherine Faulconer
- Nell Gibson
- Bob Graham
- Alise Gray
- Anne Griffin
- Edith Hall
- Florence Hayden
- Jacquelin Hedrick
- Dale Hensley
- Leon Hinton
- Pattie Hook
- Tom Horner
- Rachel Johnson
- Verna Lee Kernodle
- Doris King
- Eva Liverman
- Colein Long
- Marcelene Mabe
- Mary Ellen McCants
- Betty McLean
- Pat Menager
- Kathleen Miles
- Dana Nelson
- Ralph Neighbors
- Verdalee Norris
- Mary Frances Oakley
- Ellen Parks
- James Peeler
- Mildred Pittman
- Virginia Powell
- Anne Rader
- Harvey Rawls
- Margaret Rawls
- Fred Register
- H. Reid
- Hilda Roberts
- Sarah Russ
- Myrtle Shepard
- Kathleen Shoffner
- Elizabeth Smith
- Anne Strader
- Jessie Thurecht
- Vivian Walker
- W. T. Walker
- Jean Wall
- Grace Ward
- Ruth Webster
- Emerson Whatley
- Jane Whitlock
- Dot Williams
- Patsy Wrenn
- Kathleen Young

According to figures from the registrar, A. L. Hook, the number of honor students in the past fall quarter, session of 1944-45, was an average amount, in consideration of the unusual war time conditions.

DR. JOHNSON LITERARY SOCIETY CELEBRATES BANQUET

The tenth annual banquet of Dr. Johnson Literary Society was held in the Blue room of the Hotel Alamance at 7:30 p. m. January 13 with Gene Poe, president of the society, as toastmaster. Dr. Hans Hirsch, sponsor, and the speaker for the occasion, and special guests were Mrs. Hirsch, and Dean and Mrs. D. J. Bowden.

A toast to the members in the service was given by L. W. Riley and "Bunk" Satterfield responded. Emerson Whatley, vice president, toasted the new members and Harvey Rawls gave the response to that toast. W. T. Walker made a toast to the girls present and the response was made by Lucille Morgan. The program closed with the singing of the society song.

Campus Personality

Spotlight for this week shines upon one of our real campus champs, none other than that big guy about the basketball court, Fred Register, captain of the varsity. Fred's a regular fellow around Elon, and right now at this very minute, he's out there dribbling away for the Fighting Christians.

It didn't take students long last year to find out that they had a true prize package all tied up in the tall, good-looking chap from Sanford, N. C. And in lots less time than you could say "Isherschamizzal," Fred took over as president of the Freshmen S. C. A., a group that really went places in religious and social activities on the campus.

He's not doing so badly for himself this year, either. Not only is he the afore-mentioned basketball cap'n, but he's also prominent as president of the sophomore class.

And lovelight somehow always seems to find its place into these personality stories, and so with Fred. Sure, we know he belongs to Erma (and they do make a mighty cute couple) but you can't blame the rest of us for sort of looking dreamy-eyed when he smiles down on us as we enter the dining hall. That guy just naturally has a way with the women.

Fred is majoring in religion, and last year he served as secretary of the Ministerial Association. He is now an outstanding member of this group as well as of the Dr. Johnson's Literary Society. Whatever is expected of him by his fellow students, we feel certain in saying that he will live up to it. For in Fred Register we see a great guy, and we wish for him all the possible success for a long and happy future.

SENIOR ESSAYS MUST BE COMPLETED FEBRUARY 15

The Dean's office has posted notices calling attention to the deadline for Senior Essays. They are due in by February 15, and examinations on them must be completed by March 1.

NEW STAGE SET IS BEING MADE FOR LITTLE THEATER

Lem Allen, Jack Sunburn, and other members of the dramatics group, directed by Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, are preparing a novel utility set for the stage in Mooney Chapel. This will be an all-purpose indoor setting adapted to the requirements of the little theater productions. The stage fixtures were removed during the Army's occupation of the building, in accord with army regulations, and a good deal of replacement has been necessary.

The wings and backwall flats will be fastened directly to the ceiling and floor to permit more room for backstage entries and exits. The first use of the set will be for the forthcoming production of "Out Of The Frying Pan" on February 8 and 9.

It has been impossible to secure muslin of the type commonly used, but a substitute cloth is available and will serve for the duration. The experiment bids fair to be a success and we may expect some clever arrangements of the stage for future productions.

ELIZABETH PARKER ELECTED VICE-PRESIDENT OF S.C.A.

At the last meeting of the Senior Cabinet of the S. C. A., Tuesday night, at 8 o'clock, Elizabeth Parker, of Sunbury, N. C., was elected vice-president of the S.C.A. Elizabeth succeeded Iris Boland, who recently became president of the organization.

Other business discussed was the suggestion of plans for the two days when Miss Judith Austin and Dr. Sherwood Eddy will visit our campus. At next week's meeting, the group will plan a party, and the president urges larger attendance.

Letter From Former Editor

It was announced not long ago that the MAROON AND GOLD would contact some of the past editors of the paper, and print their letters, in part, so as to give a good idea what these alumni are doing now.

The first to answer was Howard R. Richardson, editor of the 1926 publication, who is, at present, the principal of the George Washington High School, Alexandria, Virginia. Mr. Richardson writes:

"Thank you for your letter of a short while ago. It does one's heart good to know that the modern generation has not forgotten Ye Editor of long ago.

"I am attaching herewith a copy of our school paper. You may be interested to know that the entire job is done right here in the school plant every two weeks, including all of the printing work. I often think how convenient it would have been in my days to have had the print shop on campus instead of at Burlington. Valuable "socializing time" was lost in transit.

"We have a senior high school of seventeen hundred and fifty students. Our community has grown faster than the building. We have a docket building program of fifteen additional class rooms, an enlarged cafeteria, a concrete stadium, a gymnasium, and a swimming pool. With that equipment, I think we can offer a much improved program.

"Our football team has had a fairly good season. So far we have won five, lost two and tied one. I certainly do miss the Elon football scores on Sunday morning.

"I quite frequently see Cecil Watts. We manage to get together every so often.

Best wishes,
Howard R. Richardson."

In future issues we will try to include letters from other former editors.

2ND LT. SYLVAN R. ROUTH NOW WITH 479TH FIGHTER GROUP IN ENGLAND

Second Lieutenant Sylvan R. Routh, 20-year-old fighter pilot of Franklinville, North Carolina, is flying P-51 Mustang planes in Lt. Col. Kyle L. Riddle's 479th Fighter Group from his Eighth Air Force Fighter Station in England.

Lt. Routh was a student in Elon College just prior to his entrance into the Army Air Corps in December, 1942.

Lt. Routh received his wings and commission in May, 1944. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester K. Routh of Franklinville.

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