

The Veterans' Viewpoint

by MIRIAM MCKINNEY and AL BURLINGAME

THIS COLUMN is written OF Veterans, BY Veterans, and FOR Veterans, but it is also written for the consumption of any other persons who might sympathize with, or have need of understanding, THE VETERANS' VIEWPOINT

There are 77 former members of the armed forces now attending classes at Elon. Of these 42 are dormitory students, 35 are day students, and—it's a shame, isn't it girls?—22 are married men! Only two of the 77 vets are gals.

Eight members of Elon's fighting basketball team are former servicemen—Captain Warren Burns, Roney Cates, Joe Golombek, Steve Castura, Wayne Taylor, Ed Mulford, Bill Anderson, and Bobby Harris. That's an even two-thirds of the 12-man squad.

The Veterans Club, more formally known as the A. V. E. C. (Association of Veterans of Elon College), had 41 members on its roll as of its last meeting. Floyd Bruce, chairman of the Membership Committee, is shooting for 100 per cent enrollment, a difficult task with so many of the vets day students.

Ace Harrell, Wayne Taylor, and Bill Claytor have been busy trying to locate soft drinks for the Club to sell at home basketball games, but they're having more trouble than a drunken tight-rope walker attempting to keep his balance in a raging windstorm. The stuff just ain't to be found!

The news that Congress passed the law liberalizing the G. I. Bill of Rights was received joyfully by Elon veterans. It means \$15 a month more subsistence allowance, something greatly needed in the face of rising living costs.

A survey of columns in other school papers reveals the greatest current problem concerning veterans to be the housing question for married couples. Then, too, colleges everywhere are getting more G. I. applications than they can handle.

At Chapel Hill, the veterans have their own dance band: one way to solve the question of entertainment for socials. How many Elon vets are musicians?

"HOY TOIDE" IN CALIFORNIA

Red "Hoy Toide" Daniels, student here from the summer of '44 until May of last year, received his boot training at Camp Perry, Virginia, and is now stationed in Shoemaker, California, awaiting assignment. His sister, Miss Verona Daniels, is secretary to President L. E. Smith.

His address is: H. B. Daniels, S 2/c 2nd. Batt., Draft No. 2781 Camp Parks, Shoemaker, California

"TOGETHER AGAIN" IS TONIGHT'S FEATURUE

"Together Again," is feature picture in Whitley Auditorium tonight. The movie stars Charles Boyer and Irene Dunn. "Blood on the Sun" will be next week's picture.

ELON SODA SHOP

"WHERE THE GANG MEETS" You Name It--We Have It Or We'll Get It!

Pix

SMITH "Shorty" . . . Whiteville's own . . . 19 years old, five feet low, and weighs 95 pounds . . . Ladies' Hall inmates will miss her brown hair rolled in socks after this year when she goes to teach English in South Carolina.

Most excitement in her life came recently—seeing "Billy" at Fort Bragg after four years separation . . . most embarrassment when her little nephew piped up with "Momma, here comes that Wolfe man, again!" . . . wrong wolf, sonny.

Billy holds the deepest place in her heart, but she also like Cadillac convertibles, potato chips, Crescent Beach and full moons, roommate Betty Sue Lloyd, Journalism (plug, plug), Elon, dancing, swing, blue pin stripe suits, yellow socks, loud sweaters, the "Hubbas," and friendly people . . .

She does not beg Santa for flat tires on moonless nights, (opinions expressed are not necessarily the staff's) fish, milk, green vegetables, week-ends at Elon without HIM, and mustaches . . . P. S. HE has one.

Second greatest ambition is to write a novel or Broadway play . . . need the first be mentioned?

Luscious brown eyes, dynamic personality, pep—all this and brains, too! . . . this year she assumed the dignifying role of Council president . . .

Shorty's activities include Pi Kappa Tau, Pi Gamma Mu, Art Club, Student-Faculty Committee, Education Club, Senior S. C. A. Cabinet, Panvivo, Feature Ed. of "M. & G." . . . will grace the May court this spring as senior attendant . . . anybody got a soap box?

DANIEL Ed, six feet of lankiness . . . his drawl is almost that long . . . brown hair, and eyes that won't stop laughing . . . a model of versatility . . . smooooooth dancer, and artist, um good! . . . makes the gals cry, "Momma, buy me one." . . . when five he was willed an "Esquire" subscription by a literary relative . . . now his greatest aspiration is to become a magazine illustrator . . . plans to enter Ringling Art School after receiving his degree with majors in business administration and art next May . . . the unknown quantity who autographed that "pic" in his room so lovingly sho is good-looking.

"Who's Who" has recognized his ability . . . he's editor of Phippsli, King of May, vice president of Pi Gamma Mu, head cheerleader, member of D. J. L. S., Art Club and S. C. A. Cabinet . . . plus last year's service A commencement marshal and circulation manager of the "M. & G."

Danny likes steaks well done, saddle shoes, loud clothes except ties, rumbas and tangos, Jose Iturbi's recording of "Claire de Lune," good jokes, hiking, hunting, traveling, bull sessions, congenial people . . . jealous and conceited folks are out . . . despises business, could be because his self-admitted fault is spending money . . . would like to live in luxury with a penthouse in "Nooo-Yaaaawk," colonial home in Virginy, and winter resort in Florida . . . first impression of Elon when fresh from Virgilia was, "I wanna go home" . . . last will be, "Gosh, but I hate to leave!"

THE COPPER-MOON JUG We have been asked many times to explain that glistening maroon and copper jug on the composing room table. The assumption seems to be that the sports editor is always celebrating Old Hickory Andy Jackson's birthday. He may have an occasion to celebrate some birthdays, but we can guarantee that he didn't use any firewater from that container. It's full of high octane gasoline from the powerhouse, sacred to the press boy and the task of cleaning type. Kindly do not cast any pearls at Whatley. The man is blameless, at least in this respect.

Day Student Sketch-Book

By ANN RADER

To continue where we left off last issue, lets meet another veteran, Merritt Burns. Mr. Burns hails from Burlington. If you haven't heard of him yet, you will. He is currently trying-out for the lead in versital Bill Clapp's original play, "Zengara." A former Wake Forest student, Merritt, an English major, expects to finish out the year with us and return to Wake Forest to complete work for his degree. Among various other accomplishments, Mr. Burns can cook breakfast for himself and his wife in eleven minutes flat. Mark my words, this new Day Student is going places!

For the benefit of two girls in particular and the rest in general, the former sailor wit hthe black, curly hair is Herbert Blalock. Some of us older students remember Helen Blalock—a day student of several years ago. They are brother and sister.

Vincent Long attended Davidson before he entered the army. He lives in Burlington during the week, but according to rumors all his week-ends are spent at W. C. We girls don't feel bad though. It doesn't make a bit of difference to us if a good-looking, tall, intelligent, boy with a car dates W. C. girls instead of us.

Last for this week's introduction comes Richard Casey. "Dick" has blond hair, and a wife. He's not a new student, but a returned veteran.

Now that the introductions are over, lets get on to the gossip.

After two weeks of struggling, Doris Glosson finally gave up and took Carl's white shirts to the laundry.

Jack Storey is leaving for the army in the next couple of days. This breaks up one of our most prominent day student couples. If you have any hankies you don't need, and would like to donate them to a worthy cause—just send them to the Terrell residence. We won't be without a Story on campus for very long though. Jack has an older brother, Max, who is just out of the army. This blond-haired, blue-eyed, very nice fellow is planning to join us next quarter. Jack, we wish you the very best and hope that it won't be long till you're back with us again.

The Earp-Hoffman twosome has lasted a long time now. Just what are your intentions, Tommy? To make Jo a preacher's wife?

According to an authentic source "Bill Clapp spends all his time at West Dorm now. He really has it bad." Of course, everyone knows the object of his "affecting." Look in the Poet's Column on page two if you are in doubt.

Wont someone talk to Max Neese and help him get up enough courage to date the certain girl in West?

What's happened to Bill Jobe and his girl? If my information is right she dated someone else for the Ministerial Banquet.

Miss Cobb, is that stardust I see in your eyes? Who is the lucky man?

Has anyone seen Lucy and Bud together lately?

All for this time. ADIOS, AMIGOS.

All Seniors who have not handed in an account of their college activities for the 1946 Phippsli should do so as soon as possible. These should be given to Edwin Daniel, editor, or left in the Phippsli box in Alamance Hall.

PICTURE APPEARS A picture of Leonardo Valderrama, Hural, Peru, who is brother to Al, an Elon student, appeared in the January 18 issue of THE TECHNICIAN, State College newspaper, and several other newspapers in the State. Mr. Valderrama is president of the Pan-American Club, made up of State College and Raleigh citizens.

REPRINTED BY REQUEST Once upon a time there was an Indian named Shortcake. He was drafted into the army. The army did not agree with Shortcake and he became ill. As time went by he became sicker and sicker. The Army doctors sent for his squaw, but just before she arrived Shortcake died. Squaw-bury-Shortcake.

INQUIRING REPORTER

Question: What is the first improvement of campus or additional building which you would like to see at Elon?

Lean Hinton, Burlington Day Student: "A men's Day Student Parlor."

Bobby Harris, Varsity Cager: "A new men's dorm—with heat!"

Sara Yarborough, Tau Zeta Phi: "A new gym."

Ed Daniel, forthcoming May King: "A Church!"

Marian Griffin, V-P Household Arts Club: "A bigger and better bookstore."

Emerson Whatley, President of Student Body: "Just one building? A combination dining hall, boy's dormitory, gymnasium, power house, and swimming pool. I think that just about covers our immediate needs."

Perry Ayscue, Intramural Team Captain: "A new men's dormitory. I don't know about the women's dormitories, but they probably need new ones too."

Patty Cochrane, Beta Omicron Beta: "A gym with a swimming pool."

Jack Walker, Day Student: "It gets pretty cold out there in those cars. I think Leon has a pretty good idea."

Lib Holland, Delta Upsilon Kappa: "Suites in a new Ladies' Hall."

Calvin Milam, Freshman Vet: "An improved bookstore, with sodas and better school supplies."

Hilda Neese, Tau Zeta Phi: "A regular church building."

Eloise Fischel, Music Major: "Soundproof rooms in the music building."

Ace Harrell, Kappa Psi Nu: "Build a new dining hall and convert the present one into a YMCA. (And of course, with the good material floating around campus, we're all looking forward to the reorganization of the fraternities!)"

Clegg Miller, West Freshman: "Cushions in the movie seats."

Tom Horner, M. & G. boss: "Whitley is one of the most beautiful auditoriums in the State, but I still think we need a separate church building."

LETTER FROM WALTER WENTZ

Sulkisan, Okinawa / December 16, 1945 S A N No. 8 Navy No. 3256 care F P O San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Tom: You know it's been some time since I was leaping out of bed at 5 a. m. at the Publishing House and running over to the Mess Hall to serve chow. The MAROON AND GOLD really takes me back to those wonderful three months I spent at Elon. Oh! Yes, I did get some education there too.

I just received a copy of the M. & G. today (note the change of address). We, that is 20 other corpsmen and myself got transferred off the "St. Mary's" to Okinawa October 14. I went through the war aboard the "St. Mary's" and even to Tokyo Bay September 2 to witness formal ending of the war. The navy has done a lot of, well I wouldn't say funny things, but, strange or needless—I'm not going to gripe about my duty here for that's not what I'm writing you about.

I know Elon has changed physically as well as I have, but deep down here's always "a cheery halo" appeal that Elon will always have. No matter who you are—poor farmer, rich banker, where there's a goal ahead: "You all" go together after it.

Today—if we've all taken time to look about—the world is still in a mess, and it's not up to our parents to straighten it out. Well, no matter what happens time is bound to pass and with the passing of time comes the gaining of more points. So I'll be back one of these days. Keep 'em rolling.

Sincerely, "WIENNIE"

GERMAN CLUB ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

"Die Deutches Runde" met in Alamance parlor recently for the January meeting under the leadership of Ermine Davis, president, and elected the following officers for the remainder of the year: Jane Whitlock, president; Violet Blackmon, vice-president; Elizabeth Johnson, secretary; and Helen Hudgin, treasurer. The meeting was carried on in conversational German and plans were discussed for the remainder of this year's program.

LETTER FROM M. C. BASNIGHT

USS Harrison U. S. Naval Base Charleston, S. C.

January 19, 46 Wanda River

According to the latest dope and due to get out of this outfit on March 18th. It will be pretty swell to put on the old civies again.

Heard from Ray Day and John Pollard and Hooper lately. Ray writes he's in Vienna. Is a clerk in a hotel for war correspondents. Has room and bath and maid service. Is writing a book. Taking piano from the former director of the Manhattan opera. How's that for a deal? Believe it or not, would much rather spend the next two months (I say from the nicest position I'm in here) overseas than in the states.

John writes he's near Nurenburg (war crimes) but can't get in to hear them. Doesn't know when he'll get home. Been moving around a lot.

Hooper is acting as a beachmaster on Honshu. Likes certain features of the occupation. Is unloading LST's. Should be getting out soon.

Went down to Atlanta to see Thurecht last week end. Dined and danced and saw the town. Atlanta's a pretty nice place. Reminds me in a way of Frisco with its hills etc., but has a much better climate.

Two of my buddies walked into USO to check some packages the other night. A hostess grabbed 'em by the arm and twisted it till they agreed to coach a basketball team composed of 21 telephone operators. I've been banging their ears and plan to go along as waterboy or something.

Plan working til fall after I get out, may change my mind, but would like to save enough to buy a jalopy before coming back to school. And after I get there would like to get some kind of job to help foot recreation. What's the deal on this? Are you allowed to carry a job under the bill? And do you know of any prospects?

Give my regards to all at Elon and write. Hope all is well with you and yours.

"BASZNIGHT"

Pivots And Pick-Ups


So Well Remembered:

Time: Midnight, after taking "Alapachin" into camp 50-51. Place: Visiting team's barracks, base of the gym whar it happened. Condition: No one yet able to go to sleep. Golombek in Lower Ten, to Burns, in Upper Twelve: "That crowd was turnin' over in the stands, and that Cheering Leaders' Floor Show was hittin' a nice pace, and I was tryin' to stay in one piece and keep even with the referee, when somebody clipped an Alapachin dude, and them spectators began yippin that it was me done it, and I wasn't near the play, so I says to 'em, 'Relax! I know you are the Mountaineers, always a-winnin', always a-grinnin', and nobody likes you. But I ask you, is that sportsmanship—tryin to pin one on me like that?'"

Same scene, same spot, but fifteen minutes later: The voice of Golombek again, up thar in the hills three thousand feet above the elevation of Elon: "You know, when I review that game, I still can't see how we're gonna win it."

H. Reid, in the William and Mary FLAT HAT of January 9, gives Elon spirit one of the best notices ever—says there probably never will be a school to show more will to back its teams. Thanks, FLAT HAT, for the recognition. We'll make those words good. Come around in the year 2046, and see for yourselves.

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