

The Veterans' Viewpoint

by MIRIAM MCKINNEY and AL BURLINGAME

DID YOU KNOW—

That no Veteran is denied the opportunity of enhancing his education under the G. I. Bill of Rights merely because he doesn't happen to have a high school diploma? In North Carolina there are high schools, junior colleges, and senior institutions which already have established an educational program to prepare such Veterans for college and vocational training.

That Bill Claytor threatens to reenlist if he has to take another course under Miss Hardy? He says she's working his fingers to the bone.

That Ace Harrell, Tommy Burton, Marion Chase, Floyd Bruce, Howard Black, and Owen Tyler deserve a hand for their efforts on behalf of the Veterans Club Canteen, when it made its debut the night of the E. C. T. C. games? That drinks went like wild-fire, and that the Canteen expects to obtain a greater quantity of cokes, pepsi, and the like for all remaining games? That Wayne Taylor is the financial genius behind the Canteen? You should see his perfectly kept set of books.

That (and perhaps we ought not mention it) the Elon Veterans basketball team has lost three games—to the date of this writing—in as many starts? Dropped a close 29-25 nod to Plaid Mill of Burlington in the E. C. T. C. preliminary; then a 46-33 verdict to the Cameo quintet in B-Town; and last Saturday at Greensboro, a 47-31 decision to the Proximity Y. M. C. A. The brightest side to the gloomy picture thus far has been the sparkling offensive work of Link Howard, Wayne King, and Edie Mulford, and the great defensive play of Perry Ayscue. Also pitching in for the Vets have been Jimmy Roberts, Ed Carson, Al Burlingame, Bill Welch, Johnny Hill, Marion Chase, Calvin Milam, and James Seymour. The gang vows they'll win a game before the week is out! (If they don't, it won't worry them—they're playing for the fun of it.)

That Elon is one up on the University of Oklahoma? The latter's Veteran organization has only one girl member. We've got two!

BOOK REVIEW

SCANNING THE PAGES WITH IDA MARIE PARKER

Poems for a Son with Wings. By Robert Peter Tristram Coffin. New York: The MacMillan Company.

"You who were so tender and fair I have lost now to the air Little son grown tall! I speed You on your high way to sow seed." So tender yet simple are the ideas expressed that the Springfield Republican says "they are seasoned by a wide-eyed reverence and a residue of thought that lingers after the page is turned."

Beauty of language is a distinguishing characteristic of this poetry. No matter if the little son has just received a new drum or the older son wings to be a fighter pilot the picture drawn is always clear and beautiful.

Coffin's own boyhood seems not to be forgotten when he speaks of the little boy eating apples from a tree: "I ate apples fast so there would be More apples in his overalls than boy."

The religious touch found in many of his poems is not the kind that most will turn aside. The author sees "the glory of the Lord of harvest in the farmer's big hands as the man sits in church."

All of the usual farm animals are talked about in this collection of poems. Perhaps the deepest expression concerning them comes when speaking of the ease with which the spider flies and in wishing "... that we on our new wings could always be sure of things."

For the love of nature the charm of winter is expressed thus in visual

The College Exchange

Hubba, hubba, hubba!!! Wolves of the human variety hooted and howled, whistled and drooled at Carolina on Friday evening, January 25, when Miss Patty Harry was acclaimed the "Hubba Hubba Girl of UNC." The contest was the highlight of a dance with Woody Hayes' orchestra furnishing the music. There were twelve curvaceous contestants sponsored by girls' dorms, sororities, and various campus organizations. After each contestant was introduced, she strolled across the "Wolf Platform" to the fury of whistles and wolf calls. Miss Harry was presented with a loving cup and a long white ribbon bearing the Hubba Hubba title. One contestant drew whoops of delight as she slipped off a short fur coat to reveal a swim suit.

Third annual all school "Debutramp" dance was held last night at Southern Methodist University. Twenty debutramps—available males, unpinned, dis-engaged, but not disinterested—were selected by the members and pledges of Theta Sigma Phi, women's national journalism honorary, and each girl at dance voted for one King. The debutramps were chosen because they know how to mix and mingle. At least three young females have gazed at them during the past six months and sighed, "Whose dream are you?"

Two social fraternities at Duke University, Kappa Sigma and Sigma Chi have been barred by the Pan-Hel Council from holding any social events which include women guests until May, although leniency may be granted during the March rushing period. Formal conviction awaits review of the decisions by the administration.

Charges of use of alcoholic beverages and use of obscene language in the presence of guests and chaperones at a cabin party held by the Duke chapter of Kappa Sigma were preferred by the chaperones and students. Members of Sigma Chi were found guilty of holding a non-registered dance on Sunday without chaperones.

INQUIRING REPORTER

February being what it is—the months of hearts and lace—the Inquiring Reporter armed with pencil and paper set forth with Cupid and his bow and arrow to find out about this thing called "love." He asked people "How Do You Know When You Are In Love?" and below are printed the answers in hope that they may help you diagnose your own case. See you in the middle-aisle!

Merritt Burns, Budding actor: "You never know."

Bill Williams, Sinatra simile: "You aren't going to ask Jo that, are you? Well, she won't tell you and I'm not either."

Jo Watts, Sinatra fan: "Well . . . Dean Greenfield, Wearer of the Red: "Don't quote me!"

Emerson Whatley, Mott's man: "Somebody tells you that you are."

Helen Newsome, Delta U: "Don't ask me! I wouldn't know. I'm still waiting for somebody to tell me."

Joe Golombek, Star basketball player: "Don't ask me. I don't know about such things."

Betty Benton, Virginia Ham: "I guess I love Jack 'cause I couldn't get so mad at him if I didn't."

Dr. Bowden, Answer Man: (Long, low whistle) "That would take more time than I can give you right now, but I can tell you this . . . You'll know!"

Marie Wagoner, Day student: "Everything's topsy-turvy, everything's hunky-dory and I'm walkin' on air."

Jimmy Madren, Hash slinger: "You never know until it's too late."

"Ruse" Everette, Embarrassed One: "Hah! I been fooled so many times I can't tell!"

Al Burlingame, Genius: "When you absent-mindedly go to dinner in your gym pants—that's love."

Leon Hinton, Spanish scholar: "I form. "Te trees which shine alive against the snow

Are the greenest and loveliest that that grow."

Moving from subject to subject, always holding his native state, Maine, in reach, Coffin writes of the momentary experiences and feelings of plain Americans.

Pix Day Student Sketch-Book

By CATHERINE COOPER and JOYCE SMITH

BRADY Elizabeth Alston . . . answers to Lib, Lizzie, Betsy, and several unmentionables . . . five feet six, one hundred and thirty pounds . . . freckles dusted over her smooth complexion accentuate those grey eyes and brown hair, and wings over her heart accentuate her heart interest . . . senior English and History major whose greatest desire after engaging in personnel work for several years is "to be some man's sweet wife and manage a bunch of little personnels."

Her 620 Agfa accompanies her on trips and sometimes even on dates (!!!) . . . has already filled five books with snapshots to drool over in old age and infirmity . . . likes sport cloths, Ray Campbell, dependable and persevering people semi-classical and popular music, historical novels, and social science literature . . . to dance, picnic, bike-ride, hike, bowl, write and treasure letters, and travel, (preferably California way by plane) . . . her experience as a B-town "hello girl" has made her shun winey people . . . violently dislikes "true and false" tests and getting ready for bed with ceremonial hair rolling.

Lib is an outstanding Day Student, the daughter of an M. D. and nurse, member of the Elon Players, Delta Psi Omega, Tau Zeta Phi, S. C. A. Cabinet, Education Club and is secretary of the Pi Gamma Mu.

CLAYTOR

It all began on May 25, 1920, in the historical town of Hillsboro, N. C. On that never-to-be-forgotten day, a small bundle of joy (?) with brown hair and grey eyes was delivered to a certain Claytor family. For some strange reason, it was decided to call this fourth child John William. Sometime later this was shortened to just "Bill," and so it is today after three-and-a-half years with the Army in England and Ireland; a discharge; and a return to Elon to continue his studies as a senior.

Sports seem to be his chief topic of conversation—he likes 'em all, and some day hopes to be a coach or physical education instructor. With a pet peeve against the Army in general, he dislikes sweating out lines (no mention of what kind of lines), and thinks that the well-dressed man of 1946 wears anything except G. I.'s.

Between jerking sodas and toasting sandwiches, Bill informed us that he wishes someone would invent a calendar that would give him more hours each day to study business law (watch that leg-pulling, Miss Hardy), and find a job for him that pays five hundred a month working from twelve to one, with an hour off for lunch. (Need a secretary?) He likes Mamma . . . Daddy . . . movies . . . fried chicken . . . traveling any way but with the Army . . . the Ink Sots . . . Glenn Miller's recording of Brahm's Lullaby . . . and as an afterthought, he added Ladies' Hall" . . . (Thanks, pal, coming from you that's pretty nice).

Once while making a train trip from Manchester to London, a kid about two years old came through the car, gave Bill one good look, and yelled "Daddy!" (The fatherly type you know.) Are we correct, Bill, when we say this must have been a very embarrassing moment for all concerned.

Bill, just keep that personality up and those "groovy" chocolate nut sundaes coming . . . commission, please?

declare I don't know."

Jean Terrell, Lonely Hears Club Member: "I don't exactly know. It's a wonderful feeling."

Hai Foster, Feather-brain: "Having never been in such a condition I wouldn't know."

"Ace" Harrell, Jewel buyer: "It beats the heck out of me, but "Cow" Coxo told me that you have butterflies in your stomach."

Brevitt Hook, Studious one: "It's undefinable."

Calvin Milam, Runner-up for Biggest Wolf title: "There's a golden over everything and I have to stay in the "sack" 'cause I'm too weak to walk."

"Shoeball" McClenny, Morale builder: "Ha! Ha!"

Bobby Harris "Boodle-baby's cuddle bait: "Let me tell you later."

GEORGE WEBSTER RETURNS TO ELON

George Webster, of Burlington, who was recently discharged as a major in the Army Medical Corps, is enrolled at Elon this quarter taking refresher courses before entering med school next year. Major Webster graduated from Elon in 1939 and since that time has been in the armed forces, serving first in North Africa and then in Italy. He and his wife are now living in the Clubhouse apartments.

He is a member of the Kappa Psi Nu fraternity. His sister, Margaret Webster, is a junior at Elon this year.

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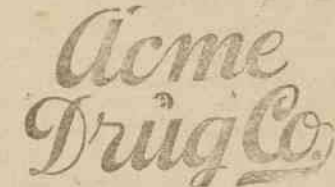
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