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Contest! Contoot? Sure You Con!

How To Win A Blonde For The Editor, Who Needzone: Damit

The last word in the headline is in German. And the sweet picture, ah! That is the Robinson Crusoe of the Pacific, or the Atlantic, or Lake Woppee—penokee—alas-alas. Calling the Waves. You have seen him. No foolin, you have. He's been on Elon campus all year. The question is, not "Whodunit?" but "Whoizit?" He is a delightful acquaintance, even though it is probable that before he was lost at sea and grew the thatch that he sailed on—back to the U. S. A.—he ate the bosun's mate and the two admirals who were last seen on a raft with him some where east of Oahu (Yep. Four degrees west of the Virgin Islands, or as they say in the army, the Twin Peaks).

The GOLDEN MORON is offering a prize for the first blonde to identify him. He has no birthmarks and does not use talcum on his tootsies. His feet, we suggest, are the best means of identification, since he never wore store shoes before going into the Navy, and the Navy forgot to issue him any. It is true that the feet do not appear in our pickshur, but you will recognize them anyhow. They had no odor, than which (the Virginia "which") there is no more dazzling means of identification known to modern psycho-analythics or the F. B. I.

I forgot to mention the prize. We will give absolutely free, one ounce (bottled) of bonded snake-plizen, plus

a bottle-opener, to the first blonde who calls him by name while carressing (kissing, that is) him. Or we will, on second thought, give the prize to the editor. Or, on third thought, we'll just give the editor the blonde. Al is the editor. Burlingame, that is. He needs a blonde, if anybody does. And there's no durn sense in running a raffle if you can't win it yourself. Or so he says.

BOOK REVIEW

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

We would have reviewed this, but since it's "Gone With the Wind", will have to go look for it first.

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Personalities

KILROY WAS HERE

There can be no doubt that this weeks personality is really the most outstanding and the getting-around est character on campus.

No matter where you go or when you go, Kilroy has been there before you. Getting an interview with him (her or it) is next to impossible. In fact, the most outstanding thing about Kilroy's character is his elusiveness.

Everywhere you go you see signs of Kilroy—in the dining hall, in the girls' dorms, in the boys' dorms, in the library, in the la-well everywhere. In fact it is rumored that one person climbed to the flag pole atop the Al-mance Building and arrived triumphantly there only to find a note "Kilroy was here," and another dived to the bottom of Elon's Kiker Lake to find scribbled in the mud "Kilroy was here" (probably used one of those under-water pens).

Truly a B.T.O., Kilroy claims title to every campus office and honor in school from the honor role to the football team. If you don't believe it, watch the notices of newly elected officers, club meetings, and so forth posted on the bulletin boards and within fifteen minutes Kilroy's name appears on these lists. In spite of all the honors Kilroy is just one of gang. Evidence? Well, Kilroy is written on every party and petition list drawn up and even Senate probation lists Kilroy. Not to discredit Kilroy's rep but rumor has it that his pastimes include stealing the flavor from the chewing gum left on the bed posts overnight, leaving lip-stick on unsuspecting male faces, and of course, throwing water bags (Water Bombardier, First Class.)

Not much is known of Kilroy's past but it is thought that he (or is it she?) was a war baby closely related to Yehuid and the Little Man Who Wasn't There. As for now, Bob Furr says that Kilroy is majoring in religion because from some of the places he has been he needs religion. His ambition for the future seems to be to get a-head.

Kilroy dislikes nothing, but likes include the book "Gone With the Wind," the songs "I Ain't Got Nobody," and "After You've Gone," the foods, peanut soup, banana slip, and apple sauce; and dancing in the dark.

Now who wrote this? KILROY, no doubt!

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Science In The News

By STILL BAFFORD

Fellows who have been having trouble getting a pretty Windsor knot in their ties can stop worrying: Earl Danieley, Elon's mad scientist, has invented a machine which will knot your tie for you. First, you buy a necktie; then put it around your neck and stick your neck in Earl's machine. After thirty or forty minutes, if you haven't been strangled to death, you should have a pretty good knot. Calvin Walker plans to sell the machines at the Elon Grill for a reasonable sum. It will be guaranteed not to strangle more than one out of every three users.

Students who have been getting low marks will be interested in the great development of surgery which occurred at Puke University Medical School recently. A method has been perfected by which an old, worn-out brain can be replaced with a new 1947 streamlined model. Of course, old ones will have to be traded in.

A new method for obtaining electricity is from the electricity in a person's hair. Duke Power Company's research department found a way by which they can harness the power of the electricity from human hair. They are urging everyone to let his hair grow down to his ankles, so there will be an ample supply of power. No cheaper means for obtaining electricity is known. It's shocking, to say the least.

PROFESSOR G. A. JOHNSON ANNOUNCES COURSE IN THE OXFORD MANNER

Professor G. A. Johnson, Elon's noted authority on authorities and probably the most popular versatile educator in all the Eastern (and Western) fronts of learning, today announced that during the summer quarter he will conduct a course in Morphologic Desuetude. Notable feature of the course is that it will be conducted in the Oxford manner.

Anyone who has observed Professor Johnson floating smoothly along, in fair weather or foul, with that supremely undisturbed aplomb and savoir faire (to know (how) to do) (translation for the benefit of the illiterate minority), will at once grant that he is superbly, perhaps even supremely, qualified to inculcate the Oxford manner.

Our editors, puzzled by the title of the course, hurt one another in their rush to the battered copy of "No Webster" which adorns the equally battered desk in the editorial room of the M. & G. "Noa" left them still in a state of strain and complete bewilderment. (The rest of the staff does not consider this to be an unusual condition for the editors, however.)

"Noa" says "Desuetude" means "cessation of use," or "state of disuse." We are undecided whether this is expected to apply to the course, the Oxford manner, the instructor, or the class. Certainly sounds like a good summer crip, though, and we know a couple of guys who will sign up.

Day Student Sketch-Book

(Remember, anything following which might be a true statement is strictly accidental!)

This is just the chance I've been waiting for—to write some of the things I've often thought would work out very well and some of the things I could never imagine happening.

Gus Muskenfuss, the great composer, has written a new song called "White Easter," dedicated to the weather expected Easter Sunday. Nick Galanis is worried sick about the new Easter bonnet he plans to wear, but that's all right, Nick—I'll roses and a dainty veil look simply divine sprinkled with snow.

Emery Gilliam is off women for life. Doris wants him to play the role of a dignified man, and he wants to keep right on being "Joe College." Keep trying, you two, and maybe you'll get together some day.

Pat Hook, the largest girl on the campus, just loves teaching typing at Broad Street High School. She has decided to make it her life profession. Personally, I don't think she is the type.

Julius Holt has been arriving at school at 7:00 every day, so has resolved to get another hour's sleep each morning. So what if he is late to class?

Have you noticed how gloomy Edith has looked since Dave came back to school? She lost her position as executive vice-president of Floyd Boyce's "Lonely Heart Club." If

anyone is interested in applying for this position, see Floyd immediately; he says the "Club" is still existing.

Kathy Young has decided to spend the summer in school instead of going back to Alabama. There is no one there she cares about seeing, and she gets more pleasure out of the 8 o'clock "scrap" with Joe Golombek in art class than she could ever get wasting all her time with Ken. Besides, she doesn't like Alabama at all.

Here's one to make you perk up your ears and take notice "Peep-Eye" and Jimmy have quit dating—each other, I mean. Why don't some of you foolish girls get on the ball in a hurry? You don't find two guys like that standing around loose everywhere. (Thank goodness!)

Cornish was on campus one day last week. Why doesn't he come back more often? I'll tell you why—every time he comes around here he sees me; he can't stand the shock.

Hal and Burch are going to declare a "no date" quarter, because Clegg and Benton have kept them up too late and caused them to miss their beauty sleep—especially Hal.

Norma Jean Edwards is opening a shop to sell little bubble-blowing sets. Gaynell will be her manager, because it'll take a bubbling personality to promote sales.

Have you heard about Don Kernodle's changing his major subject to voice, because Baker doesn't like the way he serenades her over at East?

Well, that's all for now, although you probably could read this wonderful column all day long and not get tired of it. I'm sorry, but I must go. Good-bye. I hate you all.

DALE.

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