

Elon Student Chosen To Become Fellow Of Royal London Society

A news item in a recent issue of the M&G received international attention when the London Society for the Extermination of Rampaging Rodents selected Elon's George Stanley as the recipient of its annual award for resolute rodent reduction, which was made on Saturday, April 1st, on the south lawn of the Elon College campus.

The investiture was made before a background of thrilling pageantry, with the entire student body of the college standing in reverential awe during the proceedings. Foreign dignitaries were very much in evidence representing each of the United Nations. The ceremonies were disrupted temporarily when the Russian representative walked out.

The 100-piece Elon College band played marital music prior to the presentation, and immediately before the investiture they played "Hail to the Chief" as Stanley walked forward to receive the decoration.

After a long roll of the drums and a clash of cymbals, the Marquis of Cesspool, personal representative of King George VI, rose from his seat on the back of one of Elon's sleek trucks and called Stanley forward. An excerpt from the citation follows:

"... as personal representative of George VI, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom, the Dominions, and formerly of Ireland and the American Colonies, I hereby make you a Fellow of the Royal London Society for the Extermination of Rampaging Rodents. This grants you all rights and privileges of the Society, and, in addition, a life-time membership in the back room of the Bull and Bustle."

Additional honors were accorded Stanley as he knelt to receive a British title. Whacking him across his posterior with the flat of his sword, the Marquis of Cesspool dubbed the Elon student a Night of the Bath. This honor was accorded Stanley because George VI was so pleased with the thought of another George making good in a big way.



Groom Center Of All Eyes At Spring Holiday Wedding

By **FREDERICA BILLS DOTTER**
(Society Correspondent)

Goldsboro, March 6.—Mr. Robert Bruce Smithwick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce L. Smithwick, of Norfolk, Va., became the bridegroom of Miss Faye Branch this afternoon at the Free Will Baptist Church here.

The groom, who was attended by Gorgeous George Stanley as groomsman, was the cynosure of all eyes. Blushing prettily, he replied to the questions of the clergyman in tones low but firm. He was charmingly clad in a three-piece suit, consisting of a coat, vest and trousers. The coat of dark material was draped about his shoulders and tastefully gath-

ered under the arms. The pretty story was current that the coat was the same one worn by his father and his grandfather on their wedding days.

The vest was sleeveless and met in front. It was gracefully fashioned and held together in the back by straps. Conspicuous on the front of the vest was the groom's favorite piece of jewelry, the Ruptured Duck discharge pin, and from the upper left hand corner of his vest hung a long watch chain, the bride's gift to the groom, which flashed brilliantly and gave the needed touch to the costume in perfect taste and harmony.

The groom's pants were of dark material and fell from the waist in a straight line to the floor. The severe simplicity of the garment was relieved by the right pant-lette, which was caught up about four inches by a garter worn underneath, revealing just the artistic glimpse of red and yellow plaid socks above imitation brown leather shoes with low heels and white shoe strings. The effect was chic.

Beneath the vest the groom wore blue suspenders, attached fore and aft to the trousers and passing in graceful curve over each shoulder. This pretty and useful part of the costume would have passed unnoticed had not the groom dropped the ring when the groomsman passed it to him. When he stooped to pick it up, the blue of his suspenders was prettily revealed. His neck was encircled by a collar, characterized by a delicate pearl tint of old-fashioned celluloid, and around the collar was a tie, loosely knotted, exposing a collar button of bright metal. The tie extended under the left ear with the studied carelessness which marks the supreme artistry in dress.

The costume of the groom's attendant was especially the same as the groom's, and as the two stood at the altar a hush of admiration enveloped the audience because of the complete harmony. Actually, one could hardly tell them apart.

As the new Mrs. Smithwick led the groom from the altar, it was noticed that she wore the conventional veil and orange blossoms.

Liles To Go To Ubangia On June 1

Mrs. Sadie Liles announced yesterday her resignation as Dean of Women and stated she would leave June 1, 1950, for Central Africa, where she has accepted a post with the Ubangian government. Her assignment there will be to clear the jungle thickets alongside the great super-highway from Doula to Djibouti.

Captain Liles (she is to receive that commission in the Ubangian Corps of Engineers) was chosen from a field of 40,000 applicants, and it is understood here that the choice was made largely because of her outstanding work displayed in clearing the jungles around Alamance Hall.

Many have commented on her expert use of the axe and bush-knife and her manifest interest in plant life and landscaping since her arrival at Elon. She had not had much to work here, but she worked hard on what little there is (or was). In fact the very land itself was lucky to 'scape when she started her "bush lifting" project.

Commenting on her new appointment, Captain Liles stated that she was delighted at the opportunity it offered. She stated that she had long felt the dense thickness of the Ubangian jungles imposed a hardship on the older animals, particularly on one-legged monkeys. She hopes to clear the thickets all along the highway so that the animals will have an unobstructed view of caravans traversing the Doula-Djibouti turnpike.

Danieley Taken For Moonshining

Deputy Sheriff Ethelbert Q. Schlumf, of the Alamance County "Revenooers" department announced last night the capture of Prof. J. Earl Danieley, of the Elon Chemistry Department, on charges of illegal whiskey distilling.

Sheriff Schlumf stated that Professor Danieley had been using the equipment in the Chemistry Department to run off "moonshine," sometimes as much as 250 gallons per day.

Danieley was captured after a running chase on the Greensboro highway. Dr. W. W. Sloan, identified as the driver of the escape car, and alleged to have been the distributor of the "stuff" Danieley brewed in the Chem Lab, made good his escape on foot. He is known among fellow-bootleggers as "Hot Rod."

Blanchard Invents New Explosive While Working In Chemistry Lab

Reprinted From
Moscow Daily Purge

Jake Blanchard, one of the most brilliant students to pass through the portals of the Chemistry Department in many years, is credited with a discovery that will take its place alongside the H-Bomb. However, as late as 9 o'clock last night, no one had been able to locate him to inform him of his new discovery.

His new process, which has been tagged "D" for "Destruction," was one of those rare, chance discoveries that comes to a few scientists only once in a century.

Blanchard, who, incidentally, is president of the Society for the Advancement of Lost Ancient Greek Culture, has been one of the most diligent chemistry students. He has often remained in the lab after everyone else is gone, working painstakingly to perfect new process and theories. Last Wednesday night was no exception. The faithful student purposely missed dinner (he's a country boy and calls it supper); he felt sure that a long hidden secret was about to reveal itself to him.

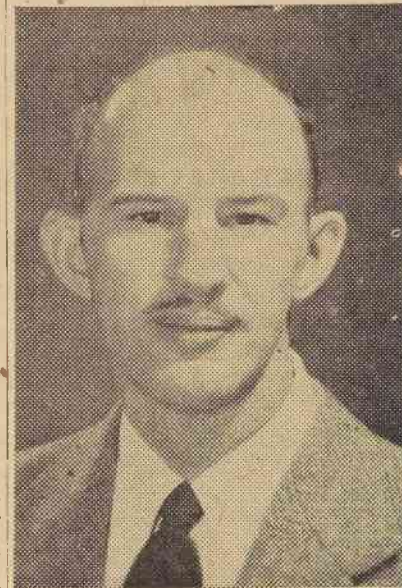
Suddenly the lab was rocked with an explosion that completely air-conditioned the entire Science Building, as well as every other building within a five-mile radius. That is with the exception of one building, for North Dormitory because of its modern design and structure, was unharmed. Paul C. Plybon, hard at work in his office in the basement of North, escaped unharmed and was seen speeding to Camp Butner for replacements within ten minutes after the blast.

Miraculously, none of the students were injured. It seems that a burlesque show in Burlington had attracted the entire campus populace, including faculty and administrative officials.

Fleetwood White, a young gentleman who does not approve of such anatomical display of the body, had not attended the burlesque and was the only student in the vicinity. As the only known eye-witness of the catastrophe, he has been an invaluable source of information. White, an English major and a man of unquestioned integrity, gives the following description of the incident.

"I was setting in the grill eating a hamburger and drinking a glass of beer. Then I heard the most gosh-awful noise and everything went blank for a few sec-

NEW DISCOVERY



Prof. John F. West, of the Elon English Department, has announced a discovery that rocked the foundations of the World of Science, having perfected a method of transplanting mustache hairs to the scalp. In announcing it, he says, "No one need go bald again," and he points out that his discovery will be a boon to penny-wise men, because "one may get a haircut for the price of a mustache-trim." The latter statement was of especial interest to Dr. Smith, who now regrets that he is not bald. He says, "With all the money I would save, we could build a new dormitory."

Well, for anyone who knows me, that there is unusual. When I regained ti normality, I looks around and finds that I'm a-setting on a pile of tooth picks and there ain't a soul anywhere in sight. It was downright embarrassing. Well, I looks over toward the campus and sees a tall colyum of green smoke with pink poka-dots rising about a mile in the sky. Every building on the campus was gone. I don't know, but to me the scene was that of simple beauty. Then I sees something in the sky. It were circling about the campus, first diving, then climbing and spinning all the time. Man, I just knowed it was a Russian flying saucer and they were beginning to strike the vital American institutions. When it grew closer, I got a real good look. It was about six feet in diameter, flesh colored, and—it's funny, but it looked like it had shoes on. Come to think of it, that thing looked just like Jake

Elon Prof Has Eloped

Dr. N. F. (Uncle Ned) Brannock, head of the Chemistry Department, eloped yesterday afternoon with Mrs. Bessie Walldroff, eminent Preiffer College psychologist. The elopement came as a complete surprise, although statements from close friends reveal that the couple had been seen together several times in the past.

James Earl Danieley, AB, MA, STBPhD, AP, UHT, LICWTT, reported that Dr. Brannock had been very moody and pre-occupied lately. He further stated that yesterday afternoon as he was working in his office, the venerable and beloved professor threw down his copy of "Esquire" and said suddenly, "I'll do it."

Danieley reported that he had no idea at the time what Dr. Brannock meant and that he was amazed to see his departmental chief grab up a box of Hershey bars, and a handful of chalk and dash out of the door, whistling "A-Hugging and A-Chalking."

When last seen, the couple was reported driving down Highway 62 at a mad clip, presumably headed for some Gretna Green in South Carolina.

Blanchard—especially on Saturday night. Efforts to contact Blanchard are still being conducted. Blanchard, if he was the unknown flying object, was last seen doing a perfect outside loop and dashing off toward Virgilina at an unbelievable speed.

RUNS FOR SENATE

Arthur Lewis Mizell, until recently vice-president of the student body, unable to find a job since graduation at the end of the winter quarter, announced last Saturday, April 1st, that he would run for the United States Senate in opposition to both Tar Heel Senators, Graham and Hoey. Mizell stated that he had entered both races, figuring that this would double his chances of winning.

Professor Is Charged With Plagiarizing Poe

Reliable sources disclosed today that Prof. John F. West, teacher of English at Elon College, was being sued for plagiarism by the Society For the Prevention of the Prostitution of the Works of Edgar Allan Poe. The S.P.W.E.A.P. has stated in its suit that West has written and published several short stories, taking the plot, characterization, and much of the flowery, macabre prose directly from stories written by Edgar Allan Poe.

An interview with West follows: Q: What about this plagiarism charge the S. P. W. E. A. P. has made against you? Would you care to reply to them? WEST: It had to happen some time. Q: What was that, sir? WEST: I said, "I wish it were summertime." Q: So do I. Now, what about the story? WEST: (furtively closing Volume III of the "Works of Poe") You can say that while I am a great admirer of Poe's work, I certainly would never use any of his material as my own. Why, that would be stealing!

Q: By that do you mean to imply that the material you use in your stories is all original? WEST: Well, ah, now that you mention it . . . which stories do you mean? Q: All of them in general. WEST: Well, let's take them one at a time. Now—ah—oh, yes. How about my story about the bullfighter, "The Basque of Amon-tillado." Nobody can say that wasn't original from start to finish. It was all mine. Q: Some have said it resembled Heming-

way's "Death in the Afternoon." Will you comment on that? WEST: Hemingway writes nothing but garbage. I certainly wouldn't copy him. Q: Any other stories you'd care to mention? WEST: I am working on a terrific story now that I may work into a novel if I can get enough material. (Here West glanced quickly at the volume he had hidden behind his typewriter). This is another one about a bull-fighter, but I am giving the plot a truly ingenious twist. You see, this guy grew up in an old home that had a grandfather clock in it; and one day, in a fit of pique, he smashed the clock with one of his father's old picadors. Ever since then he has been haunted by the clock. He hears it ticking all the time, and he dreams he is tied down in a pit and the pendulum of the clock is swinging down on him. I am calling it "I Spit On Your Pendulum." Q: How do you get all these ideas? WEST: They just seem to come to me.

Here West offered to add, "I write nifty poetry, too. Did you ever read my poem 'The Craven'?" It's all about a guy who is afraid of birds. Kinda superstitious, you know. He thinks that if a big black bird ever gets into his house and sits on his clock that it would be extremely unlucky. And I am also . . . Q: Is there any final statement you have to make to the S. P. W. E. A. P.? WEST: Yes. Tell them I this-and-that on them, and I am going to sue THEM for libel.

All "April Fools" Welcome At

THE CAMPUS SHOP

A Shot Of Hadacol In Every Milkshake

We Feature
The New West Mustache Method

Brannock's Barber Shop

Elon College, N. C.

Elon's Only Licensed "Bookie"

College Bookstore

Noon Deadline For Afternoon Races

We Specialize In
HAMBURGERS FOR VEGETARIANS

ELON GRILL

"Try To Find The Meat"

A welcome Awaits You At

ACME DRUG, Inc.

AND
MAIN ST. DRUG, Inc.

BURLINGTON, N. C.

COMPLETE OUTFITTERS FOR THE STUDENT

Sellers

DEPARTMENT STORE

Burlington Born • Burlington Owned • Burlington Managed