

CAMPUS CHATTER

by June Murphy and Wesley Holland

This week I am more than pleased to announce that I have a co-worker. From now on she is to be a definite part of the column, I hope. Spud has shown an interest in the paper since the beginning of the paper. I am sure she will give time and energy toward making the chatter portion of your diet as interesting and entertaining as possible. Let me say now that if you have any remarks other than for the betterment of what is trying to be done, spit 'em at me not her.

Since last week's edition plenty of things of note have happened. Duke took Pitt, and I hear they are going to divide Durham into eleven parts. Too bad Burlington and Greensboro don't feel that way about Elon.

It is rather late to hand out slaps on the back for the members of the football team, but I do want to say that I think the boys did a fine job this season. Some of the boys on this year's team are as good as can be found anywhere.

Winter sports are taking the spotlight soon; and that reminds us that Elon should be right up there in this coming basketball race. I saw the squad working the other day, and here are my boys: Fesmire, Whitley, and Pearce, who are old regulars, and Manzi, Gardner and Steinitz, who are the newcomers. Coach Hendrickson may not have as many headaches with this group as some expected.

Joe Golombek is planning to enter the Carolinas-Virginia Golden Glove Tournament to be held in Raleigh just before Christmas. Joe attracted quite a bit of attention last year by winning three tournaments. Most of the fights he won by knockouts. He started working out a couple of weeks ago, and hopes to be in good shape for the event.

Now I'm not a fellow to rave about religion because I haven't much myself, but there are a few things that I think are wrong. Some boy said to me the other day, "I wonder how many students here at Elon pray". Well,

I wonder too. Outside ministerial students, do 10% of the students read the Bible regularly? I doubt it seriously. Yet the average person on the campus would tell you that he knows the Bible fairly well. I don't always observe the Sabbath as it should be, but unless I am sadly mistaken many others are in the same boat. I once worked for a Christian printer. That sounds like a fish story, but it is true. He didn't allow smoking or profanity in his shop. On Sunday morning on his way to church he stopped by the office and found the linotype operator and me working on a big eight-page circular that had to be out on Monday. He came back and said, "Boys, if we can't make a living in six days of the week, let's starve together". I have never forgotten that and I don't work unless it is necessary.

Editor Perry comes by room 28 East for his nightly jolt. He is fastly losing his screwy idea that sweet music is the thing. Who wouldn't after hearing records with titles like these: Every Tub, Milk Cow Blues; Mama Don't Want No Peas; and Rice Coconut Oil; Sing, Sing Sing; Texas Tea Party; and a few others.

This campus is soon going to resemble Carolina Beach with all of these loud autographed shirts staring you in the face. Of course a campus and a beach are alike in many ways. With the machine concessions and a few other fixtures around, the only difference that I can make out is that there are no waves—of the right type. The campus is for winter, and the beach for summer. They both cost.

The local papers carried an article recently that revealed State College's intention of installing a complete printing plant. Here is a secret for you. State decided to make this move after finding out about Elon's success with their experiment. Does that sound reasonable?

HOLIDAY SUGGESTION:

Christmas is for celebration of Christ's birthday; not suicide wrecks, accidents, and slaughter in general. Do your part. You'll have reason to say, "Peace on earth, good will toward men".

Radio Brings Varied Entertainment To Dial-Turners

The Metropolitan Opera made its annual debut over the radio some weeks ago with an old opera written by one of the earliest opera composers. "Orfeo et Euridice" was the name of the work, composed by Cluck. Each week an opera is broadcast from this great opera house. Today, Saturday, we are to hear a very fantastic opera by Richard Wagner, "Die Walkure". One may listen to these programs over the N.B.C. at 1:45 p. m.

We say that variety is the spice of life. If this be true there is a rather good program which comes on early in the morning over WBT. This is the alarm-clock program at 6:30 a. m. I merely make mention of this so that those who are awake at so early an hour may listen to it if they so desire.

The Lux Theater comes over the C.B.S. every Monday night at 9:00. Those interested in drama should not miss the opportunity to hear this program.

For those of us who once listened to Joe Fenner regularly, we have some thing to announce concerning this comedian. We had wondered if he was still on the air since he used to come over on Sunday nights. He may be heard on C.B.S., Thursday nights at 7:30.

"The wheel of fortune spins, around, around she goes, and where she stops nobody knows". Folks does that remind you of anything? Yes. . . Major Bowes and his amateur hour. There's a decided variety program here. It comes on at 9:00 p. m. C. B. S.

To those who love poetry there is a program called Poetic Strings, which we heartily recommend. This is a combination of the reading of poems with the playing of music. This is an illustration of the close relationship which poetry has with music.

Co-ed: "Honey, you should see me swim: I can float like a cake of ivory soap."

Joe College: "Yeah, but Ivory soap floats because it's pure."

(ACP) The book value of Harvard University this year is \$137,157,835.44.

Personality Chats Take Up Questions of Manners and Conduct

Well boys, it doesn't seem that you are very much interested in what your girl friends are going to wear for the coming season. Whether you know it or not, Dean Oxford gave a talk on girls' fashions Wednesday night, November 30, and quite a few girls showed up; but the boys were shy, or something, and preferred not to venture forth. However, there were a few boys there, and we hope they gained some valuable information.

Table manners were discussed at the last meeting, and the number of boys increased, as well as the girls. Let us hope for improvement in dining-hall manners in the future.

Don't forget, boys, these meetings are for both sexes, the problems to be discussed on equal basis; and maybe some improvements can be made.

Iris Shepherd And Bill Fonville Feted At Burlington Party

A delightful party was given in the American Legion Hut, Burlington, on the evening of December 2, in honor of Miss Iris Shepherd and Bill Fonville, whose engagement was announced recently.

A large number of Elon students took advantage of the invitation to attend the party. Music was furnished by a nickelodeon; refreshments were served at 11 o'clock.

To Miss Shepherd and Mr. Fonville go the best wishes of the Elon students, and many thanks for a fine evening of fun and frolic.

For Lost, Strayed Or Stolen Silverware See North Dorm

Wally Fonville and a colored man, recruited from Miss White's staff, made a tour of North Dormitory collecting "borrowed" glasses and silverware. It seems that whenever the eating utensils disappear noticeably, the most logical conclusion drawn is that North Dormitory students are partly responsible. From a look at the array Wally collected, this conclusion is well founded.

B. O. B.'s Entertain At Saturday Night Party

Last Saturday afternoon, somebody mentioned the fact that the Y. W. would be open for games and general socializing that night. Everybody thought that it would be just another Saturday night with not much to do but sit around and maybe play some Chinese checkers and bridge.

But came the night, and folks started going over to the Y. W. By eight o'clock there was a crowd there. The Beta Omicron Beta Sorority had taken the situation well in hand. They'd decorated the room with ivy, ferns, and candles. They'd set up a huge Christmas tree and decorated it. Red and green ropes hung between the ceiling lights, and the stage was bedecked with candelabra and sorority and fraternity pennants, with the center of the stage amply filled by Sir Nicklodeon.

The sorority rooms were open for games. Punch and cakes were served by the B. O. B. girls. To them — Thanks for one of the best informal parties of the year!

Reeling Along

by June Leath

A hand to Prof. Hook for the excellent showing of "Stage Door". The subtle (or not so subtle in spots) humor of the picture was not interrupted by machine trouble. You freshmen can't appreciate this as we uppers do; you should have been here when we had a virtual intermission between reels. Just like college.

This weekend we bring you the cream of the crop, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," featuring Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Tyrone Power (alias Wellington Saecker). The snappy tunes will keep you whistling for a week, and the fast-moving action will give you a bit of pep. A good show to have as our last movie of the year.

And our last gripe of the year: We strongly resent having the Mounties as a background for Shirley Temple, she of the gooey smile. Imagine those huskies associating with such a sissy!

So long for this year, and best wishes for a full run of four-star productions next year.

Ministerial Students Discuss Meaning Of Christmas

Last Monday the Ministerial Association was conducted by Jimmy McDade. The subject which he chose was "What Christmas Means to the Christian with the Aid of the minister." "First of all," McDade said, "Christmas should be a period at which one may exercise the spirit of giving. Second, it should be a period of helping others to be happy. It must also be a period of realization of the Great Gift and what that Gift means to the world. One should rejoice with exceeding great joy."

After the brief but interesting talk the floor was open for discussion. Each individual gave a few words concerning the meaning of Christmas to them.

One of the most impressive contributions was made by Dr. Bowden. Dr. Bowden stressed the point that Christmas has become extremely commercialized, and for this reason many have lost the real meaning of Christmas to the Christian.

Cause Of Fly Swarms Revealed By Snooper

By Vernon Hayden

Flies! Flies! These bothersome little creatures are waging a terrific but losing battle for possession of several of the dormitories. Of course at this time of year the little pests always start looking for a place to hole-out and we've come to accept this as matter-of-fact. But this year it's different; every time we tried to kill a fly, two more seemed to take its place. Why? Well, that puzzled us too for a while, but we soon found out.

Jimmy L. Parker has been breeding the consarned things in Biology Lab. Can you imagine a feller having such a hobby? My, my! It sure takes all kinds of people to make a world. According to our own statisticians, Jimmy and Jack Neese, after the first ten days the new flies start breeding at a rate of about six or seven an hour. So, if you swat at and miss a couple of them they'll be right back in ten days with 63,896,562,278,600 (you count them) relatives to drive you nuts.

This is really an interesting experiment.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS FOR HER
COATS, DRESSES, HOSE, GLOVES, BAGS, SCARFS, AND A COMPLETE LINE OF LINGERIE
Princess Dress Shop
Burlington, North Carolina

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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS TRAILER TRIP
SHIP AHOY, CAPTAIN! THERE'S COMPANY ON THE MAIN DECK!
WHY, ROB, YOU OLD GLOBE-TROTTER! WHERE DID YOU HAIL FROM?
WE COULDN'T PASS YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD WITHOUT STOPPING
AND LOOK HOW CHUBBINS HAS GROWN! YOU PROBABLY DON'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME YOU SAW ME, BUT IT WAS AN EVENTFUL DAY IN MY LIFE.

WE WERE VISITING THE CAPTAIN ON HIS SHIP, AND YOU THREW HIS TOBACCO TIN OVERBOARD. I CAN SEE THE EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE YET
OH, HOW AWFUL! HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO RUDE?
AS IT TURNED OUT, YOU DID ME A GOOD TURN THAT DAY. IF I HADN'T HAD TO BORROW YOUR DAD'S PRINCE ALBERT, I MIGHT NOT BE SMOKING P.A. NOW!
OH, I THINK BY THIS TIME YOU WOULD HAVE DISCOVERED THAT PRINCE ALBERT MEANS NO-BITE SMOKING
THAT'S LIKELY. BUT I'M GLAD I LEARNED IT SO EARLY. LOOK AT THE YEARS I'VE HAD TO ENJOY P.A.'S EXTRA MILDNESS!

PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES MELLOW FROM FIRST PUFF TO LAST. NO BITE, NO HARSHNESS... JUST RIPE, RICH TASTE IN EVERY PIPE-LOAD!
SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina
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