

# What's What

By EMERSON WHATLEY



No Golden Gloves this year. With a team from Elon all ready to go, it has been announced that the annual Golden Gloves boxing tournament has been canceled. The Elon team, under the managership of "Honest John" Rossi, was just getting organized and was about to get down to the regular grind of training. Those planning definitely to take part were Jimmy Lyon, Fred Chandler and Whatley. Others had made plans but nothing had been assured. Thinking of this makes the older generation at Elon remember the headlines of a few years ago when Dick Casey, Lacey Haygood and Tex Lisman walked off with practically every trophy that the Burlington and Greensboro Chambers of Commerce owned. And then even further back there was the year that Joe Golombek went all the way to the finals in Madison Square Garden before he was defeated.

With spring here and young men's fancies lightly turning to

thoughts of baseball and tennis it seems that the girls are more interested in bowling. At least the girls' intramural teams are showing up for their games. At the first scheduled boys' game the only people who showed up were two upperclassmen. The next time a boys' match was scheduled two freshmen were the only people there. The alleys are for our use: let's make the most of the opportunity.

Although the tennis courts are not ready for games yet, some boys have been rushing the season a little bit and have found time to set up the net in the gym. Among those noticed on the floor were "Mule" Chandler, Joe Dunn, P. (No-kin-to-H.) Reid, and Junior Jenkins. Who knows, there may be a Tilden or a Budge in the lot at that.

A different sport . . . Not exactly a sport but still about the most enjoyable thing found yet . . . The most peaceful feeling in the world is found when you are about 2,000 feet up in an airplane. Up there you don't seem to have a worry in the world. The trees that are beginning to show the first signs of spring really do look like something that God made. At dusk the night creeps over the ground like a slow moving stream that fills the valleys first and then gradually covers the rest of the earth. The lights that wink in the distance appear to be fairy candles and the long even rows of street lights look like an incandescent checker board where God makes all the moves. The next time you get all down and out go out to the airport and fly. Just for a few minutes even. It does something to you way down deep.

# Girls' Sports

By EDNA REITZEL



In Coach Adcox's office the following information concerning team standing and number of points won was obtained:

**Volleyball**  
Ladies' Hall, 2nd place, 8 points; Day Students, 3rd place tie, 3 1-2 points; East, 3rd place, 3 1-2 points; 2nd West, 3rd place, 3 1-2 points; 3rd West, 1st place, 12 points.

**Tennis**  
Ladies' Hall, 2 points; Day Students, 2nd place, 5 points; East, 1 point; 2nd West, 1 point; 3rd West, 1st place, 6 points.

**Table Tennis**  
Ladies' Hall, 3rd place, 6 points; Day Students, 3rd place tie, 2 points; East, 2nd place, 4 points; 2nd West, 5th place, 1 point; 3rd West, 1st place,

6 points.  
**Basketball**  
Ladies' Hall, 4th place, 1 point; Day Students, 5th place, 1 point; East, 1st place, 12 points; 2nd West, 2nd place, 4 points; 3rd West, 2nd place, 8 points.

**Foul Shooting**  
Ladies' Hall, 4th place, 2 points; Day Students, 4th place tie, 2 points; East, 3rd place, 3 points; 2nd West, 4th place, 2 points; 3rd West, 1st place, 6 points.

Those students entering the table tennis tournament which was completed recently were Mary Warren, Edna Rumley, Marie Garner, Lib Holland, Ann Strader, Jessie Thurecht, Betty Blue, Margaret Rawls, Faye Rickard, and Hilda Malone. The finals were played by Marie Garner and Margaret Rawls.

Those entering the Foul Shooting contest were Helen Boone, Irma Canady, Vallie Paige, Edna Rumley, Mary Warren, Hilda Malone, Helen McBane, Hazel Johnson, Margaret Rowls, Dot Pierce, Margaret Rawls won.

Thus far in the shuffleboard tournament East defeated 2nd Floor West; Ladies' Hall over 3rd West; East over Ladies' Hall; 3rd West over Day Students.

In bowling East defeated Ladies' Hall; 3rd Floor defeated Day Students; East over 2nd Floor West, and Ladies' Hall over 3rd West.

# WITH THE ARMED FORCES

## LETTER FROM TEX LISMAN

Hello Prof.:  
Well I have just about gotten settled down here at my new base. I believe they call this sunny California, but it rained the first four days we were here. It is hot in the daytime and cold as hell at night. We use two blankets and still get cold.  
As for our training here we get combat exercise such as twenty mile hikes, swimming, and bayonet training. They give us platoons to train and instruct. I see that they are going to get US in good physical condition.  
Tell all the gang hello for me and tell Edna that I will write her pretty soon. I really enjoy reading the MAROON AND GOLD.

Your pal,  
TEX

Lt. M. O. Lisman  
7th Troop Leaders Class  
Inf. School Bn.  
M. T. C. Camp Pendleton  
Oceanside, Calif.

## LETTER FROM HARRY TURNER

Dear Dean Bowden:  
I received your letter and was really glad to hear from you. I felt sort of bad not writing to you first after the swell way you treated me at college. You gave me all the breaks any guy could expect. I don't know of any person I had rather have for my dean. I hope after the war is over I can come back to Elon and study under you.

I am out of the hospital now and back to duty. You would get a big kick out of me if you could see me drilling and especially with our rifles. This is one place I can't cut up and get into mischief.

I would appreciate it very much if you would let me know when the annual comes out. I would like to write for one.

I have met some swell fellows here but not like the ones at college.  
As always,  
HARRY

Pvt. Harry G. Turner, Jr.  
44060079  
2nd Plt. Co-A 26th I.T.B.  
Camp Croft, S. C.

Chaplain D. N. Vore  
Naval Unit, M. S. Bloemfontein  
care F P O  
San Francisco, Calif.

Lt. H. M. Austin  
Co. C, 178th Bn.  
96th Rgt., I R T C  
Camp Hood, Texas

Maj. James Gillespie  
care Command  
General Staff School  
Ft. Leavenworth, Texas

Jimmy Pritchett has recently made a couple of trips to Hawaii and is now stationed in the sunny state.

Lt. J. G. Pritchett  
V R-11; Fleet P. O.  
San Francisco, Calif.

## LETTER FROM JOE WHITAKER

Dear Dr. (Dean) Bowden:  
Thought it about time to write so I'll take time out and do so. This is strictly on Navy time as I am on watch. It is a hard life . . . all I have to do is answer the phone and it does not ring often.

Was out to see Leon Gibbs yesterday and I sure am thankful I got in the Navy. He should be at Elon soon as he was to ship out tomorrow.

As I told you I had taken the tests for flight training and passed ok.—I hope my luck is good and I get sent to Chapel Hill. Hope to see you soon if my orders come through.

As always,  
JOE

J. F. Whitaker  
V B 4, O 8 W 2  
N A A S No. 1  
Jacksonville, Fla.

Major Melvin L. Allison  
Hdqrs. Pacific Division A. T. C.  
A. P. O. No. 953  
care Postmaster  
San Francisco, Calif.

## LETTER FROM HANK BEAUDUY

Dear Dean:  
Well Doc Bowden, first let me tell you how happy I was to hear of your new position and responsibilities; and second to thank you for your continued interest in my welfare and as always that of our grand fraternity. I do have taken on new work since I

rid myself of the "assistant" before both my cargo and gunnery titles. It certainly is a great setup and I feel that as soon as things get squared away I'll be enjoying my work.

Fred Hoffman writes from Ireland that he is dead set on returning to the Elon campus to spend a few years after the war.

We have moved about seven or eight miles to a much calmer anchorage, and the natives are within 300 yards of our ship. They are isolated on two islands, but every once in a while we get over close by. The few words of English they speak are strictly hospitable ones, but as yet no one on board has ventured into their atolls.

I'm waiting patiently for Charlie Walters' next edition of Sigma Phi News for it surely is swell to hear about the boys. Well, Doc, I had better drop anchor here and give you the green light for a while.

Sincerely,  
HANK BEAUDUY  
Ens. H. L. Beauduy  
U. S. S. Elk 1x115  
care Fleet H. O.  
San Francisco, Calif.

Pvt. Roy H. Berry, Jr.  
Sq. P 3760 A. A. F. B. U.  
Sheppard Field, Texas



Now that spring is here add a young man's fancy turns to what girls have been thinking about all winter, we approach the Elon Casanova's with the question, "What do you look for first in a girl?" As usual the replies were various and sundry, and perhaps they might be of a little interest to the co-ed's who are interested in woo-ology:

- Casey Jones: "How she carries herself."
  - Tommy Wolfe: "Legs."
  - Lem Allen: "Likewise."
  - Bill Copeland: "Ditto."
  - Junior Jenkins: "Personality."
  - Phil Reid: "Curves."
  - Carl Neal: "Physical features."
  - Ed Daniel: "Outstanding features."
  - Jack Sunburn: "Knowledge."
  - Ed Mulford: "I want one who is dumber than I am."
  - Al Burlingame: "Two arms and two legs."
  - Emerson Whatley: "What kind of books she reads."
  - Bill Clapp: "It's hard to explain in words."
  - Tom Horner: Truth . . . because without it there can be no beauty.
  - Bob Foust: "Nothing so long as it's a woman."
  - Jimmy Lyon: "Red hair . . . Good figure."
  - Hal Foster: "Virginia accent."
  - H. Reid: "Sincerity."
- We would have asked Jack Burch but Benton says that he leaps before he looks.

## MOANING AT THE PRESS

Someday, when all patience ends, the faculty advisor will have his little say and depart for balmier and barmier climes. Somewhere where the bells ring like they used-ter. When that day comes, the editors who are absent when its time to go to press will learn that, in reality, that little blurb about a paper "by and for the students" is sentimental bosh.

At this sad moment, again the question of the hour becomes "What's become of Whatley, the big-game hunter?" Sports page lacks copy, blankit, and that blank sports editor has gone to the happy hunting grounds or somewhere in search of an oak shadow. Woman, in the case? No doubt. Cherchez la femme and you'll find Emerson. But never in the Print Shop when his page is rolling. The title of this column, pray note, is moaning at the press.

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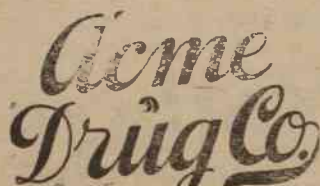
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