

Socially Speaking

Theo Strum, Doris Chandler, Betty Bob Stone, Hilda Malone, Flo Chandler, Dorothy Folz, Fran Hayes, and Frances Gunter were off again last week-end. This time to Mary Warren's home in Staley. They seem to have had as good time as they always do together.

With the help of hot dogs, Mrs. Smith's cake, a no-swimming and no-fishing sign, and one live dog, the Delta Upsilon Kappa party was held April 21 at Heritages cabin. Those attending were Dot Holland and Al Burlingame, Edna Rumley and Bob Foust, Frances Pegram and Casey Jones, Lib Holland and Ed Mulford, Dot Williams and Fred Chandler, Helen Morris and Jimmy Rumley, Pal Faulconer and Jim Looney, Kathy Young and Leon Hinton, Helen Newsome and Lem Allen, Jessie Thurecht and Ronald Grinstead, Betty Benton and Jack Burch, Verdalee Norris, and Etta Hooper, a former Delta U now at Meredith.

Faye Robinson spent the week-end with Leigh Flinchum in Carthage.

Betty Blue and Sarah Harris at her home in Aberdeen for the week-end.

We know that what everyone is wishing Bonnie Davis is a speedy and sure recovery. She is still in the hospital in Burlington.

Dot Pierce and Virginia Powell went home to Sunbury last week-end. That's close enough to Virginia to make anyone happy.

Last but not least, we want to say how much the Day Student party was enjoyed. You really can be proud, Day Students.

Campus Personality

Does she have bonny blue eyes, dark hair, and a baby complexion? Does she have a delightful drawl? Then she must be Mary Ellen McCants, 5 feet 4 1-2, weighing 108 pounds and hailing from that paradise of the Southland (sez she!) Anderson, South Carolina.



Mary Ellen will graduate cum laude this May with majors in English and French. During her four busy years on campus, she has gained for herself national recognition in WHO'S WHO AMONG STUDENTS IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES, has served as feature editor and editor of the MAROON AND GOLD, secretary and treasurer of Pi Gamma Mu Honorary Fraternity, and has been a member of the Senior S. C. A. Cabinet for three years, the Electoral Committee of the Student body, and last, but not least to her, a member of the Tau Zeta Phi Sorority.

This Southern belle likes to be babied, sleep late, loaf, day dream, and walk in the rain. "More than anything in the world" she likes the MAROON AND GOLD; strawberry shortcake, the name "Mary," peroxidized hair (on boys only), money; and the motto "Let me love you tonight" is tops with her. Dogs, stuffed animals, being broke, summertime, teaching, and playing basketball are delectable in her estimation.

Seems as though some of that printer's ink is in her veins, so Ellie's highest ambition is to be a writer something like her grandpop, Dr. Elliot Crayton McCants, author of historic novels. "But that comes after I get my man."

NEW MAROON AND GOLD STAFF



Standing from left to right: H. Reid, co-editor; Thomas Horner, editor; Al Burlingame, associate sports editor; and Ed Daniel, circulation manager. Sitting from left to right: Martha McDaniel, feature editor; Catherine Cooper, associate editor; Virginia Eze, circulation assistant; Kathleen Young, news editor; Jo Earp, news editor; Betty Benton, columnist; Mary Lee Norris, news editor. Not pictured are Emerson Whatley, sports editor; Bill Clapp, columnist, and Dale Hensley, news editor.

Day Student Sketch-Book Pick-Ups

By JUNIUS PEEDIN

Remember that day you took a test on French and hadn't read the lesson for three weeks? If so, you know just how lost I feel right now sitting at this typewriter. I'm glad my knees are shaking so; now if someone walks in and hears the thumping, they'll think I'm pecking on the typewriter keys.

The little gremlin that's forever pestering me is now informing my slightly empty brain (no one can say that but me) that the polite thing to do is to tell you how much I'm going to enjoy writing for you. But since I'm writing for and about you, I do want you to express your ideas and, by all means, make plenty of gossip, and when I say "make gossip," I don't mean for you to let all the air out of someone's tires and then say, "Well, she told us to!"

By the way, ladies, if you want to hear some "tall yarns," just congregate in the Day Students' Parlor with us when you have a free minute. For instance, there is the interesting story of why Marguerite Webster likes peanuts, but then, who doesn't like peanuts? Of course, Edna Rumley is right there, and I sometimes wonder if she lies awake at night trying to prepare her recitation for the Day Students' class the next morning. Dale seems to be walking on "thin air." They say "curiosity killed the cat," but I just couldn't resist asking her where she managed to get an extra shoe stamp; but that isn't all... Charlie's coming home!

We're starting off the year with a bang with new officers. These are Bill Clapp, president; Thoms Hoffman, vice president; Faye Rickard, secretary; and Leon Hinton, treasurer. Let's all get behind these officers and make the coming year another successful one for the day students. O. K.?

Nell, we're sorry to see you leave us, and we want to wish you the best this old world has to offer... a man!

PLEASE KEEP US INFORMED ABOUT THE CURRENT ADDRESSES OF OUR MEN AND WOMEN IN SERVICE.

Following is a notice that appeared on the North Dormitory bulletin board the day of this year's first great softball game:

EXTRA FLASH

Adcox to pitch for upperclassmen Freshmen quake in fear Register says "Victory is assured." Banks says "In a pig's knuckles." Thousands to watch game. Rossi bets \$500.00 on upperclassmen. Poe to sell scorecards and sweaters.

Have you noticed the striking resemblance of: Lucille Morgan to Bettie Davis? Florine Chandler to Laraine Day? Dynamite to Lassie? Fran Hayes to Ruth Hussey? Betty Benton to Faye Thomas? Nell Crenshaw to Joan Davis? Tom Horner to Donald Duck?

The "Green Hornet" is again a familiar part of Elon, having been acquired from Harvey Rawls by Ralph Long.

Some new courses of instruction to be offered soon are: "The art of love in one easy lesson, as a result of one night's experience" by Jack Morgan; "How to give evasive answers, how to never obligate oneself, and how to always win an argument," by Franki "Ambiguity" Rogers.

When a guy like Bob Gaskins returns to the campus he seems more a permanent part of the college than a visitor. Always keep that spirit and we will continue to look forward to your return, says all Elon and Marie.

BELLS to: Edna Rumley—have you ever seen her without that warm smile? Agnes Eason—whose eyes make you think of the painting, "Age of Innocence." W. D. Little—the most "playful" boy on campus, who makes you like him in spite of his mischief. Fred Chandler—for his ever present good humor and excellent school spirit. Ed Mulford—the perfect athlete, who can help liking a good sport? Dale Hensley—who will never meet a stranger. Prof. Hook—for the added features to the weekend movie program. Bill Copeland—whose good disposition and laughter spread smile rays all over the campus.

Mary Cox has again accomplished the impossible; she kept a bus waiting fifteen minutes so Verdalee Norris and Eliza Boyd could catch it, then preceded with their help to keep the people in an uproar all the way to Raleigh.

When I stepped into the day student party and saw Mary Lib Wright, Eva Carpenter, Lillian Perkins, and Margaret Clayton it seemed as if 'ol

about Capri—it's absolutely the most wonderful place on earth. If I exhausted ever poetic device I know it would still all add up to what you mean when you say something is "completely out of this world." Spring had arrived in all its glory—the island was simply covered with flowers and fruit trees in full bloom and the sea just couldn't have been bluer. In any direction you looked the view was breath-taking. When Mrs. Harrison Williams (of Williams Shaving Cream fame) turned over her villa to OSS she left it just the way it was—as it was when she was here for her summers—complete with all her lovely china, silver, furniture, even her servants. So I spent the most luxurious 4 days on record—breakfast in bed every morning, a little maid who waited on us hand and foot, wonderful beds with real linen sheets and pale green blankets (nothing ever looked G.I.) and did we eat big thick juicy steaks!

Mr. Patterson's stories, however, were completely overshadowed by Rose, a young officer just out of a Nazi concentration camp after many months. It was a real pleasure to see him call for seconds.

The other day some of us went to Fisa to take a look at the leaning tower. We dropped by a little night club for allied officers and apparently we were the first civilian girls who had made an appearance in that region. Before the evening was over, 6 North Carolinians had joined our party. Most of the hats in the checkroom were helmets and very few dress uniforms were in evidence. It was a totally different atmosphere from what we used to find back in headquarters.

"Tell all my friends hello for me."

Much love,
WILSIE."

LETTER FROM MISS WILSIE BUSSELL

Miss Wilsie Buswell
Co. C., 2677th Reg.,
OSS (Provisional)
A.P.O. 512
care P. M.
New York, N. Y.

Dear _____:

If you could have followed me around since Christmas you'd understand why I owe practically everybody letters. It seems to me that I've gone from one state of confusion to another. At the end of January my roomie and I both got 5 days leave so we took off to Rome, and had the time of our lives. We did most of our sightseeing with the help of the Red Cross tours—the only way we could find to solve the transportation problem. It turned out very satisfactorily considering our limited amount of time. The day we went to St. Peter's we stayed over to see the Pope and we got a big kick out of his inquiries as to our civilian status overseas. Shopping was almost out of the question for our gov't gal incomes but we spent a lot of time looking. We managed to get around to most of the nightspots. Being in Rome was just like being in a different country. The city was much cleaner, more prosperous looking, the people so much better dressed than in our part of Italy. And staying in a modern hotel with heat and a bathtub was a treat in itself.

"Back to headquarters and a couple of months of good steady work but also a great deal of gaiety after hours—dances almost every night—in Naples, or Caserta, or at Yorrente (one of my favorite spots in Italy). Just as I was feeling very much at home and considering myself located permanently for the duration things really started popping. Long after I had given up hope of getting the job I had had my eyes on since last October one day when I least expected it the cable came through requesting my release and this time it went through without a hitch. I trained my replacement and while I was waiting for final orders they sent me over to our rest center on the Isle of Capri. There's just now way I can tell you

father time had turned back the clock a year.

Here's hoping someone will pick up the cue dropped by Doctor Johnson Literary Society, the day students, and the music department and continue with some more of those swell chapel programs.

If you haven't attended vespers recently try it Sunday. These services have recently taken on a new spark of life and are giving with renewed vigor enjoyment and inspiration to all who attend. These services are not compulsory; your attendance is truly an expression of faith. Incidentally the seats do not begin to feel hard before the service is over.

Open Forum

I LIKE ELON

Tom (he of the soft voice) Horner came up to me the other day and asked how I liked Elon. It looks as if I can recommend Elon to others yet not only because it is a nice school, but because of a lot of little things.

What do I like about Elon? Well, there is the view from the front which should perhaps be in the back; the class rooms; and that spirit of comradeship—something that is sometimes sadly missing elsewhere.

I like the good humor of Lib Scoggins and Vallie Paige—I could listen to them all day. I admire the neat appearance of Myrtle Shepard; Don Miller's generosity, and his "grouchy room-mate;" and the way Fred Register plugs all the way, never quits, a man's athlete; Mule Chandler's muscles, Danny Bank's chuckle, and Peck's "Bad Boy" Pass.

Then there are the wonderful talks by Dean Bowden, Marie Garner's noise and Betty Blue's cuteness. Cootie William's spirit, and the way Coach Adcox gets in and plays hard with the fellows.

I like chapel; the way Mary Cox says "What would you like?" And Sarah Harris's ma; Oh! There are a lot of things I like about Elon. But I think, most of all, it is the friendly atmosphere of campus life.

—Eddie Mulford.

HEY

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Neal Wright

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