

J. C. SMITH, STATIONED IN GERMANY, HAS FURLOUGH TO RIVIERA

J. C. Smith, former student, now stationed in Germany with the army of occupation, recently had a seven-day furlough which he spent in the French Riviera. Before going into the service he had completed his Freshman and Sophomore years at Elon and was elected to be vice-president of the rising Junior class. In addition to his college studies, he worked in the field secretary's office. The furlough to the Riviera is described in a letter which we reproduce below:

21 October, Bavaria
Bad Tolz, Bavaria

Dear Tom,
This happens to be another very lonesome Sunday afternoon which finds me working, supposedly, but being true to our occupation theme song, "With Time On My Hands," would give a more accurate picture of how I'm to be found at the present so this being the case decided to take advantage of same by answering your last letter and boring you with experiences of my recent furlough to the Riviera.

After sweating it out for nine months, my turn for furlough finally came up and I was granted a seven-day furlough to Nice, France, with air travel authorized. Taking off from the Munich airport in an army transport plane, a C-47, used during the war to transport paratroopers and supplies, we flew south over the German, Austrian, Swiss, Italian and French Alps and landed at Nice. It was my first time to see Switzerland and Italy, I really think you can't say you've seen the Alps until you fly over them. They are breath-taking to me and although I'm crazy about flying, those charred-rocked peaks didn't look so good when we occasionally hit an air pocket and dropped a few feet towards the earth.

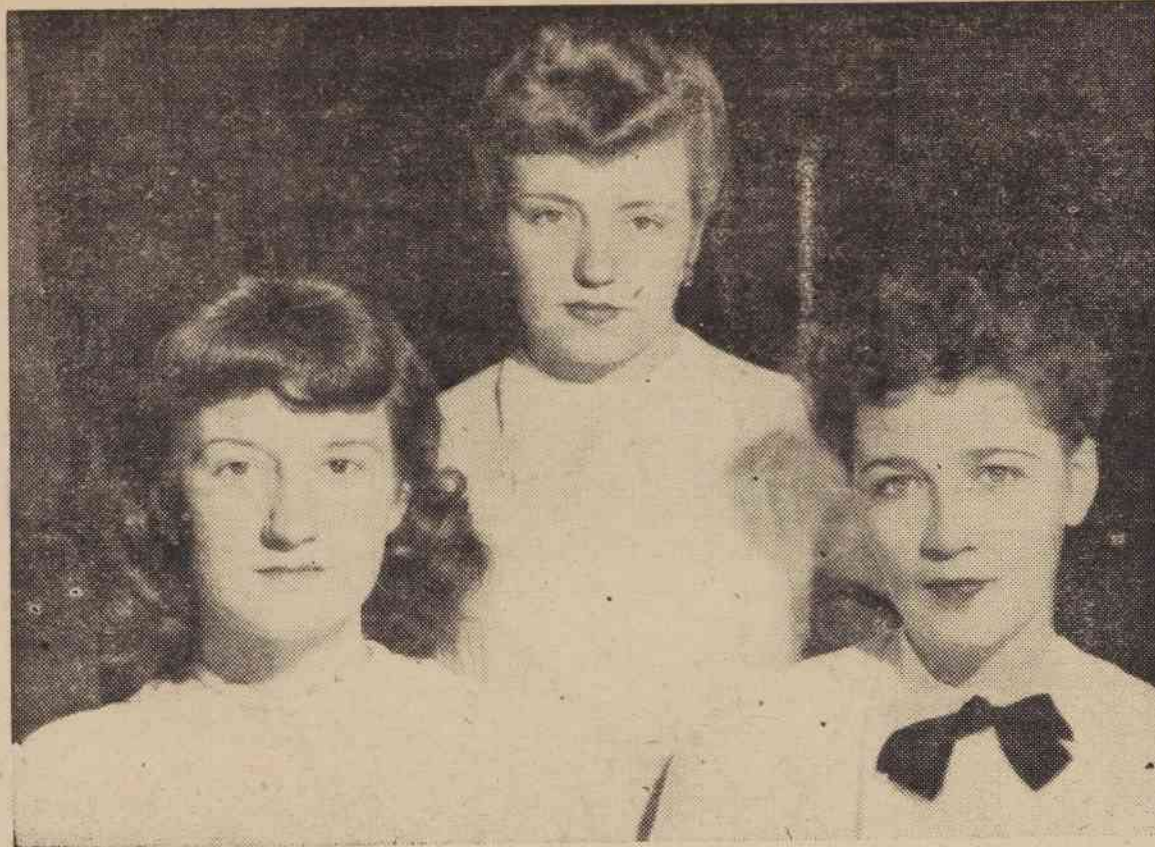
On landing in Nice, we were billeted in the finest hotels on the Riviera and from there out were on our own. Believe me it was great to get away from army life for even such a short time. Regulations there are practically "nil" so we wore what we pleased, slept as long as we pleased—knowing me, you probably will not be the least bit dubious when I say the latter was the greatest pleasure of all to me! Then the atmosphere was different too. Not only was the whole city standing and stores open for business, but the French people were really swell to us. Will have to admit that I've a somewhat changed attitude towards the French.

Since there were so many things to do, I went swimming in the Mediterranean only once. There were several conducted tours, most of which I took. One of them was to Grasse, the perfume capitol of the world. On the trip out we passed through several historic towns and upon arriving in Grasse were conducted through the Fragonard perfume factory where making of perfume was explained to us step by step as we passed through the factory. Of course the factory tour ended up in a sales room where we all dug deep into our pockets. An amusing thing was that they were sticking New York labels on the different lotions, lipsticks, etc., in the factory. On the return trip we drove through olive groves, flower gardens, the blossoms of which were used in perfume making, to Cannes and then along the coast where we saw the homes of many famous persons back to Nice.

Another most interesting trip was the one to Monte Carlo which took us within five miles of Italy. The Prince of Monaco has placed his small country off limits to American soldiers but since it is so small, a population of 10,000, we were close enough to see the famous casino (Monte Carlo) from the surrounding mountainous terrain.

One night on our way to the Nice Opera House (I went more out of curiosity than love of the music) we took a short cut through Old Nice. The place was put off limits to Americans because before it was so designated several American bodies had been found over there stripped of clothing, and been stabbed to death. The streets are so narrow that people in opposite flats can reach across and shake hands. Streets have no pattern, just wind this way and that, and in taking the short cut we got lost. However, we finally found the Opera House in time to catch the last half of the concert.

The rest of my furlough was spent bicycling in Nice, dancing, going to the French movies, etc. It was the best seven days I've spent in Europe and really hated to leave the place and return to Bad Tolz, where on the 5th of October we had our first snow. The last rumor has us moving to



THE BRONTE SISTERS, Emily, Anne, and Charlotte, who were the leading figures of the Elon Players production, "Moor Born," are pictured above. Reading from the left they are Kathleen Young, Vernon, Alabama, as Emily Bronte, the famous author of WUTHERING HEIGHTS; Dorothy Shepherd, Durham, as Anne, the third Bronte sister; and Ann Strader, Carthage, as Charlotte Bronte, the popular author of JANE EYRE. The five-act drama was presented to a capacity audience in Whitley Auditorium last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Smith.

WAXING WISE WITH EDDIE

By ED MULFORD

Leap Frog—Show Me The Way Les Brown

The band from Duke has long been one of this column's favorites, and a few times in the past years, on such tunes as "Mexican Hat Dance" and "Bizet Has His Day," it has come close to hitting the top; but always, for some reason, it hasn't quite clicked. Yet this time the North Carolinians really have something in "Leap Frog." An ingenious figure begins the opus, and everytime we put it on the turn table, half of North Dorm seems to draw to the room to listen. It's Les's theme, just recorded, and Ted Nash takes a fine tenor sax solo. The other side is a novelty, pleasantly arranged, with an adept vocal by Butch Stone.

Gotta Be This Or That—While You're Away—Glen Gray

The Gray version of "This or That" ranks among the least interesting of the already recorded tunes. Arrangement is stale and outside of nice piano is rather a monotonous affair. As for the reverse, it's off the beat; 'nuff said.

Carnival—11:60 P. M.—Harry James

If you go for show pieces all dressed up with overflowing rings and flowery trumpet, then this is your dish. Not exactly a masterpiece, "Carnival" nevertheless makes pleasant listening. The P. M. number is on all the juke boxes in the district and needs no comment.

Your Father's Mustache—Gee, It's Good To Hold You—Woody Herman

This is it! The Herman Herd continues its series of great hot recordings backed by pleasant ballads. The

Munich in about three weeks. I only hope that something intervenes and we may stay here in Bad Tolz. The excuse for moving is to join the two echelons now that the war has ended but I wish we would join here instead of Munich. There is definitely nothing to do or see in that big pile of rubble!

I'm anxiously awaiting arrival of my first issue of the M. & G. Know I won't be disappointed—what with this year's editor! From all reports I've received you're putting out a swell paper this year. Our mail delivery has been so bad for the past two weeks that we're at a loss to understand what's happening to our mail. Of course the usual grumbling prevails but that is a poor substitute for mail! Am sure, though, that in time I will receive the M. & G.'s you're sending me.

Keep an eye on my little sister for me and give my regards to Junius and the rest. Try to write me again soon.

Sincerely,
J. C.

His address is:
T/S James C. Smith, 44015755
AG Class Sec., Hq. Third US Army,
APO 403, c/o PM
New York, N. Y.

Campus Personality

"How about coming down to the house and getting some ice cream?"

Without another word everyone knows the person who asked that question must be a Hook. It really will seem strange when there isn't one of Professor Hook's daughters flitting around on campus. According to Pat one of her likes is Elon College, so, of course, after she graduates next year we know she'll be back often.

Pat has been a busy girl on the campus for the past 3 years. Last year she was secretary of the Sophomore class and secretary of the Day Students organization. She is an active member of the Education Club, Choir, S. C. A. Cabinet, Pi Gamma Mu honorary society, and the Tau Zeta Phi Sorority.

Pat's greatest assets are her smile and her pleasing personality. Knowing Pat one can easily imagine that she has more likes than dislikes, but one thing she heartily dislikes is the type of person who walks by without saying "Hi." Other dislikes are fish and washing dishes. Pat likes to play the piano, to help in her dad's office, and to paint houses. Ask her sometime what she painted last summer and what she is planning to do during Thanksgiving vacation.

This isn't an advertising column, but if anyone wants to buy a puppy just see Pat, who has a dog named Dopey which seems to have puppies quite often.

On October 16, 1945 this girl became famous. She is now the first woman to solo off the Gibsonville airport. Her greatest desire and ambition is to work at an airport and to fly a big plane—one so big that people will tell her that she is too small to fly it. A pet peeve of hers is to come in too high for a landing.

Her ambitions are mighty big for such a little girl, who is only 5 feet tall and who weighs only 95 pounds. (She doesn't have to take nightly exercises). One can pe downright envious of her size 4 shoes.

Pat has spent her whole life in Elon College so we can easily understand why she loves it so much.

When you hear her sing "Anchors Aweigh," you can easily tell that her heart belongs to the Navy. By the way, Pat, isn't it nice to have ensign unexpectedly arrive on campus. Here's one girl who has music in her heart. She loves blues, boogie, semi-classical—anything—just so it's music.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Her real name is Patricia.

Even though this girl is small in size she has a heart of gold.

This last line is strictly off the record but the Hooks do have mighty good ice cream and Pat is always ready with an invitation.

Mustache tune, which is selling fast in the record stores, is well arranged; a little raucus in spots, it is played with a spirit of abandon. As usual, Chubby Jackson's bass pushes like a mule. The other side has a pretty Frances Wayne vocal and another nice Herman vocal. No wonder Herman rides the gravy train.

The College Exchange

The recent issue of THE HILLTOP records an amusing incident during the presentation of the play production "The Barretts," at Mars Hill college. Near the end of the play, Elizabeth Barrett, finally deciding to defy her father and marry Robert Browning, was telling his goodbye. The scene was very emotional, and the script called for Miss Barrett to rise and put her hands on her father's shoulders as she prepared to leave the room. Miss Barrett remained seated as she said her adieu. Her long, full length, nineteenth century petticoat had fallen.

The youngest student ever to be graduated from Yale is Merrill Kenneth Wolf, of Cleveland, Ohio. Wolf, who was 14 years of age last August 28, was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He entered Yale in March, 1944, as a sophomore transfer student from Western Reserve University, majored in theory and composition of music. He also took courses in German, mathematics, the social sciences, and zoology.

THE DUKE CHRONICLE announces that Harry Conover, prominent New York connoisseur of beauty, will choose the yearbook Queen. The forthcoming Queen will be presented for the first time during intermission of the Coed Ball, which usually takes place Thanksgiving Eve.

Proposal for expanding the plant of Woman's College by erection of at least ten new buildings and of additions to four present structures at an estimated cost of \$3,328,500 has been announced. During the war Woman's College rose to the top of the list and was the largest residence college in the country. Present enrollment is approximately 2,200.

The gossip column of THE APPALACHIAN is entitled "Snoopin' Susie" by Eyecoughtcha. Sorta cute, eh?

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Your "Inquiring Reporter" decided to be in keeping with the season this week, and asked the following question: "What do you have on the Elon campus to be most thankful for?"
Helen Jones: "Just everything."
Helen Gunter: "One off campus a week instead of one a month."

Erna Nell Carter: "Sammy Glascock."
Erma Graham: "The boys coming next quarter."
Fleeta Moffitt: "Oak trees."
Charity Wheelless: "Eggs and bacon for breakfast."
Perry Ayscue: "Opportunity to learn."

Ann Strader and Florine Poe say it's the organ.
Betsy Smith and Bill Williams appreciate the atmosphere most of all. Jean Brower is most thankful for college life and all that goes with it.

The president holds first place in Fred Register's heart.

Gladys Rakestraw chooses the faculty.
Bill Burton: "Hard to say."
Tom Horner: "Just being here."
Eloise Fischel: "The third floor of the Music Building."

Jean Haney: "Dr. Bowden."
Patsy Wrenn: "My cat (in lab)."
Verna Lee Kernodle: "Week-ends and trees."

Nancy Jordan: "The Colonnades."
Sarah Yarborough: "Billie."
Sarah Brewer: "Dean Greenfield."
Emery Gilliam: "Professor Hook."
Frances Truitt: "Memories."
Don Kernodle: "Chemistry and Biology departments."

Sam Glascock: "The Christian atmosphere."
Anne Ashley: "The Freshman-Sophomore."

Jack Burch: "Dances and dates with Betty."
Margaret Webster: "My Freshman year."

Dorothy Dowd: "It isn't the rainy weather."
Jennelle Fuller: "Post office box."
Ronnie Cates: "Harry Turner."

RALEIGH ART PROGRAM PATRONIZED BY ELON GROUP

The Markova-Dolin ballet ensemble presented at Raleigh on November 12 was witnessed by a party of thirty-seven faculty members and students from Elon. Traveling in a chartered coach, the group left here about four in the afternoon.

This entertainment was the second of a series sponsored by the Raleigh Civic Music Association and presented at the Memorial Auditorium. Principal organizer of this enjoyable project is John S. Westmoreland, of the faculty of music. Students are from various departments, but mainly are majors in drama, art, and music.

The Raleigh program included selections from Chopin's "Les Sylphides," a Mozart serenade, part of Rossini's "Italians in Algiers," and numbers from Beethoven and Tschai-kowsky.

Second half of the program featured dances adapted from seventeenth and eighteenth century ballet. A capacity house applauded the excellent performance of the Markova-Dolin troupe, and particularly the art of the star, Mme. Markova.

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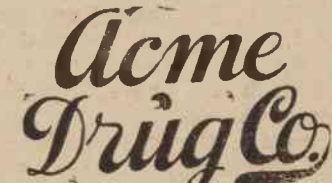
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