

Day Student Sketch-Book

Cracks by Dale, and Corn by Cornish
You've probably heard the saying that two heads are better than one; well, that's why Cornish and I got together to "compose" this one.

This particular time always comes; there's nothing that can be done about it; unless, perhaps, we make our professors remember the time that they had to face the same ordeal. You know what I'm talking about—EXAMS!!! Can't you take a hint, Mr. Coble? Remember, it hasn't been very long since you went through the same thing.

Along with the holidays come some things that aren't too pleasant! Such things as not seeing Hilda Neese and Min Riddick around to brighten things and make the sky seem just a little more blue merely by their presence. Min is going back to Alabama, and Hilda graduates this quarter. Congratulations, Hilda, but we really are going to miss you.

Jackie Pierce reports that Cornish made a gross overstatement (hyperbole, Miss Keen.) Jackie says "There's a vacancy," not, "Sorry, taken!" There's your cue, Biddie.

That tall, dark, and shapeless character you've noticed lately is Wade Lowe; a swell guy to know.

Guess what! Warren Wilson went out with a girl the other night. What gave you the nerve and how did ya' do it?"

"Dub" Brown reports "No COMMENT!"

I wonder if Wrightenberry is still writing those sugar notes to that cute cheer leader in Miss Keen's English class?

Richard "Stupid" Moore's theme song: "Whatcha Know, Jo?" (Ask him how he acquired that name. It's really quite an interesting story, eh, Richard?)

Kathy Young is going 'way down in Alabama for the spring holidays. Have lotsa fun, Kathy; and be sure to tell Kenneth to make certain that he sends you back AND with the stars still shining as brightly in your eyes.

If you want to have some fun, ask Norma Jean Edwards what her new name is, and just how she "picked it up."

I want to take time out to let the ball team know how proud the Day Students are of them—just as everyone who loves Elon is.

Earl (Ty-Ty) Short is a regular fan of Charlie's Wildroot creme oil. Haven't you noticed that "Maiden Swoon Sweep" that he spends hours on every day?

Bad news! Cornish plans to transfer to _____ at the end of this quarter. We'll really miss you and the splendid personality that you so easily display. (It seems that his real reason for leaving is to study human anatomy by the Braille method!) Good luck, wherever you go.

Now, here's hoping your exams are the easiest ever—or rather, that you know them better than ever; and have fun during the holidays.

See you later!

DALE.

SPRING FOOTBALL PRACTICE BEGINS

Muscles are aching and backs are creaking these days, now that spring (Brrrrr) football practice has begun. Three more weeks of hard work will face the boys immediately after the spring (Brrrrr again) vacation. Coach Perry is working hard with the team and has high hopes of a good showing next season. A practice scrimmage was held with Burlington High School's Mallorymen on Tuesday, and some of the boys showed promise. Next year's schedule will open at Davidson in early September, and close December 6 at Savannah, Ga., against the University of Georgia (Extension).

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NEWSPATTER

By
"PAT" PATTERSON

LOOKING AT THE BUDGET

Of utmost importance to thinking Americans at the present time is the controversy over the proposed GOP slash in the 1947 national budget. President Truman has asserted that thirty-seven and one-half billion dollars would be required to keep the wheels of the federal government machine rolling for another year.

On the other hand, however, Republicans of the joint budget committee, ever mindful of campaign promises to reduce individual income taxes, maintain that six and one-half billions less would do the job just as efficiently.

A cut of this size would, according to our top ranking naval and military officers, seriously impair the ability of the armed forces to carry out their job of backing up outstanding U. S. world commitments. Also the Veterans' Administration would be an obvious victim of withheld government funds.

Another inconsistency apparent in such a reduction would be a proportionate weakening of U.S. diplomatic power at the conference table. In view of a lack of satisfactory international control of atomic energy, and an approaching vital Moscow conference, would it not seem wise to reinforce the bargaining power of the United States by strengthening our armed might? To do this, there must be sufficient funds. Would a smaller budget solve the problem? Our congressmen will answer this pressing question in the near future—an answer upon which might well depend our nation's history.

Personalities

NEESE

Once upon a time in the year 1947, there was a blue-eyed, blond-haired girl at Elon College. . . Hey! wait a minute—this is the year 1947, and that very same girl with the azure orbs and "yaller" tresses is still here. But, alas, not for long, because Hilda Gray Neese is going to graduate from Elon at the end of the present quarter, on February 28.

Hilda, a day student who is practically a "day-night" student because she is seen so often on the campus, lives only a little way down the road from the college and owns a last name that has been familiar to Elon folk for years and years.

Along with the color of her eyes and hair come the green and gold of Tau Zeta Phi sorority and a major subject in home economics. She also bears a big appetite for sizzling steaks and chocolate cake, loves her fraternity brothers almost as much as her sorority sisters, and dotes on semi-classical music, the song "The Old Lamplighter," dressy clothes in her favorite blue, football games, gardenias, physics class, and Professor Hook's jokes.

During her four years at Elon, she has been singing every Sunday in the choir, has been a member of the Household Arts club, Panvivo Literary society, Pi Gamma Mu, Day Students' organization, and goodness knows what else. Last year she was president of Panvivo.

One of the things she likes to tell people about is a plane ride she took from Danville to Norfolk. She said there was no air sickness, but the take-off was "like a big whiff of ether."

Another event she feels is really important is her becoming a friend of Richmond authoress Louise McGraw. Hilda seems to be interested in writing, herself—after four years she has finally gotten up enough courage to treat M. & G. readers to one of her poems. If you haven't read it already, just take a glance at the opposite page. You'll know Hilda better after you do.

STRICT TO THE LETTER

Jack Meredith approached Mrs. Johnson in the library the other day and asked for a copy of Young's Analytical Concordance to the Bible. When she returned from the one-day reserve stacks with the dusty old volume, she opened the back cover and removed a yellowing card.

"Why!" she exclaimed. "You're the first person to take out this book in fifty years." As she handed him the volume, she added absent-mindedly, "Be sure to return it in the morning—someone might want it."



RECENTLY APPOINTED as editor of the spring issue of "Colonnades," Elon College student literary magazine, was Edward Ray Day, Norfolk, Va., shown here with Miss Clegg Miller, Winchester, Va., who was selected as associate editor. Day, a senior, has been a regular contributor to MAROON AND GOLD, both as a columnist and a poet, and is well qualified for his new post.

Students Are Amused But Confused At Opera

By CLAUDE COMER

Confusion was the predominant factor in Whitley Auditorium a week ago Wednesday, at the matinee performance of the New York Civic Opera Company. An estimated audience of 350 people, most of whom were inexperienced opera fans, sat through almost half of the company's presentation of "La Traviata" before it became apparent to them that they were not observing a performance of "Rigoletto."

The mixup came as a result of the lack of operatic education among the students and townspeople who attended the matinee, and because of the New York Civic Opera Company's faulty publicizing of its daytime performance. Local newspapers and advertising posters had announced that "Rigoletto" would be the afternoon production of the company. To make matters worse, at the

entrance of the auditorium, "Rigoletto" programs were available, and librettos were on sale. A majority of the unsuspecting opera-goers purchased what they thought were librettos for "Rigoletto" but, on reaching their seats, were confused to find a description of "La Traviata" contained therein.

Slowly, as the singers proceeded blissfully with their arias and duets, word passed through the audience by the "grapevine" route that it was "La Traviata" which was being presented instead of the previously announced "Rigoletto." As the realization dawned, confusion subsided, and the listeners finally settled back to enjoy the rest of the performance.

Happily for all concerned, the Civic Opera group's evening attraction, which had been advertised as "Carmen," turned out to be "Carmen" and not "Barber of Seville."



There's an old Latin saying, "De gustibus non est disputandum," meaning there's no argument about taste; so respecting each person's opinion, whether or not we agreed, we presented the question of the week: "Whom do you consider the most handsome man or the most beautiful girl on the campus, and why?" These are some of the answers we received:

Paige Eaves: "Bob Gaskins—I think he's cute!"

Mack Paul: "Why, Gayle, of course. Have you seen that new haircut?"

Fred Shoffner: "I think Jack Meredith would be a better authority on the subject than I."

Jack Meredith: "I don't want the girl to have the satisfaction of knowing anyone thinks she's the best looking, so I won't name her."

Shirley Woods: "I'll get murdered if I say it!"

John Watson: "If I told you who is the best looking girl, it might cause somebody else to feel hurt; but if you want to know who is the most handsome man, it's Tom Fulghum—he told me so himself."

Jake Thompson: "I don't know her name, but she hails from Florida and lives in the same house as Mr. Johnson." (Ed.—It's Betty Hill, Jake.)

Carolyn Monsour: "It doesn't matter who he is—if you love him, he's the most handsome."

Anne Byrd: "Anything I say will be held against me."

Bill Scott: "Just put me on the Betty Hill bandwagon. Why? Have you had your eyes examined lately?"

Jeanne Meredith: No answer. (Just blushed at the thought of handsome men.)

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"What's that you have there?" asked her father.

"Oh, just an ad about Heaven."

Pop: "And that, my son, is how the first world war was won."

Son: "Pop, why did they need all those other soldiers?"

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