

EDITORIALS.....

THE VALUE OF REBELLION

By JOHN ROBERTS

Our civilization exists and advances through the efforts of people who have the courage to rebel. Not only do these daring leaders rebel against tradition, but they go a step further by proposing something better to replace discarded methods and ideals.

It is dangerous and tragic for a person to get the idea that he has found the best method for doing a thing or that his ideals and standards are perfect. By the time he lets this notion settle into his head he is already far behind the times. Like Alice in Wonderland, each of us must "Run as fast as we can in order to stay where we are."

In the Ante-Bellum South, many strategic towns failed to grow and finally disappeared because the railroads by-passed them. The same could very well be happening now to towns that are by-passed by airports.

In like manner many a young person who shows contempt for his old-fashioned parents is already blindly accepting things as they are with no thought of changing them.

Rebellion does not mean destruction of existing forces. Rather it means supplementing or replacing them with better and more current methods.

What would our life be like if some Edison had not wondered if there might be a better light than the kerosene lamp?—If someone Morse had not wondered if there might be faster communication than the pony express?

What will it be like in the next century if someone does not wonder if there can be a better calendar?—Better methods of photography?—Better understanding among men?—A greater knowledge of the will of God?

Yours is the opportunity. As college students you have the inside track in meeting this challenge; long lives ahead in which to work—superior minds—strong bodies—freedom to explore—. Only one thing is lacking in this list, and you must supply it. That is the will, the desire to do something with your life. The challenge is set. The obligation is clear. The answer is up to you.

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Critique

By JOHN ELLIOTT

We are a lazy people. The majority of us are content to sit and let our civilization crumble and decay. There are no spectators for we all participate. Either we are among the determined few, who devote themselves to sustaining humanity, or we are just so many sheep bleating lazy approval to whatever command is given us. Our society is steadily growing multiple chins and is ever increasingly forgetting the fine art of saying "no" to corruption. This disease is not always easily recognizable for its destruction is on the inside, where we think. It is taking its victims not from the adult population but from among us, the youth. The only preventive is integrity and a keen sense of values, the ability to discriminate. The only cure is education. I am not speaking of the education one gets from the absorption of so many facts, but an education in the process of analytical, accurate, uncompromising thought. Our plight is the result of not knowing what is junk and what is treasure. We misinterpret weakness for strength, and strength for weakness.

The current trend in musical composition offers an effective illustration of our deficiency. For the purpose of personal introspection, what would you prefer if you turned on the radio for music? If you are in the majority, you would give a resounding approval to "Your Cash Ain't Nothing But Trash," the "Annie" songs, or "Hearts of Stone." If there is any margin of merit in any of this "moral degeneration with a rhythm," the dissatisfied listener is a hopeless victim of unfathomable insecurity. An honest appraisal of the so-called lyrics of these products of our "Snake, Rattle, and Roll" era will bring immediate consciousness to their decadent stench. Suppose you learn for yourself, if you don't already know, what sect makes this noise. Investigate their illustrious biographies for achievement. Investigate their scruples for moral aspiration. Listen to "Wallflower" for a message of Godliness. Venture into the philosophical caverns of "Twelve-Dee" for a guide to Christian character. These sordid sounds have nothing to give but further complexity, further pervasion to our faculties of discrimination. The manufacturers of such as the above are using the "art" of music, an art that should be employed for the most refined expressions of our loftiest experiences, as a front for a base sensualism.

Perhaps I should have used the official classification for this combination of wild rhythms and loose words at the outset. The name is as cheap as the content, "Rhythm and Blues." No single influence today is doing more to twist the thinking of our youth. The situation is becoming steadily worse. Only those who patronize it can eliminate its grotesque effects. Radio stations are saturating their program schedules with "Rhythm and Blues" and they think such is necessary to gain an audience. The condition seems to be reciprocal for if we patronize these sounds with our requests, we hear more of them. For each candidate who is initiated into the "Ko-Ko-Mo Clan," there is another demand for these "orgy overtures." He becomes a source of consumption, and makes the business more successful. As a result, the destruction of character has become an industry in America. It is a flourishing business for local merchants who peddle this trash and for so-called musicians who manufacture these plastic garbage heaps. Only we, the potential listening victims can administer inoculation for this fastly spreading epidemic. Only the intellect can preserve us. Only keen, discriminating thought can prevent otherwise inevitable decadence.

If you doubt the extent of this disease, spend one Saturday night at an urban teen-age dance and observe the behavior. Be a spectator to the effects of "Rhythm and Blues." There are those who, of course, would shrug it off and say, "well that's just a part of growing up." The question is: "Is it growing up or growing down? The attitude would be different, probably, if the participants were members of our family.

Seems, we have learned to sneer at anyone, king or clown who suggests a few hours inspection of Beethoven. As a thing to do, its "highbrow," its "pedantic," its "square." Yet Beethoven and his monumental companions must be something, for their greatness grows every year. They turn the light on for many who would otherwise grope along in spiritual blindness forever. And I dare to challenge Ruth Brown and her trade companions for a contribution to man's salvation such as has been made by the masters. I forecast that there

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