

# Maroon And Gold

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1952

### FACE THE FACTS

Ill-will and ill-feelings have evolved over Chapel in the past few months, especially pertaining to the conduct of the students. No doubt that the prevailing question is that of student conduct, and it has been all the year long. However, another question arises when one ponders over the chapel situation. Are the students themselves solely to blame?

There have been times in chapel that the speaker could not be heard over the thoughtless whisperings of the students, and too, there have been times that the students could not hear the whisperings of the speakers. However, a loud speaker is not the answer to the problem. It is much deeper than that. A good speaker will always maintain the attention of his audience. Apparently, that is the excuse many students give in defense of their conduct, but even that does not excuse the student body from the standpoint of manners.

Bills have even been proposed in the Student Legislature of a mandatory nature regarding the chapel problem. One of these bills would have required that the students not carry their books into chapel. On the other side, those students who are studying in chapel are at least quiet, and to take their books from them could make things only worse. Chapel monitors were suggested, but anyone of college age should be able to conduct themselves properly and would certainly resent a guardian. Most people will agree that when you try to force someone to do something, chances are that they will do just the opposite.

Much thought has been given to the problem by the Student Government, the administration, and even some of the students themselves. Many solutions have been offered. Some of which were tried and failed, but there must be an answer that will solve the chapel problem.

Many think that the answer was found in the chapel program of last Wednesday, when the service consisted mostly of duets and solos, accompanied by the choir. That chapel period seemed to be one of relaxation and meditation for the mind for some, and for others, a period of musical enjoyment. It may be that it was only the change from the usual services that held the attention of the students, but, on the other hand, the students seem to really enjoy and appreciate the musical programs of the choir.

If that be the case, all the better, for we won't have to leave the campus to find the answer to the problem in the way of good chapel services of a religious nature that will attain the appreciation and attention of all those concerned. Diversified chapel programs certainly merit a try, but even they will not remove the pending problem without consideration from everyone.—L.C.



cash  
on the  
spot

By LYNN CASHION

My, but this is the busy quarter of the year! There is so much to do and so little time to do it in. This quarter might very well be called the "Society" quarter, for it is in this quarter that for one time in the year there is really a lot of social life on the campus. With the quarter already well underway, there is still to come the Junior-Senior Dinner, May Day Exercises, the Senior Dance, Commencement Exercises, and by no means the smallest attraction, the Spring Formal.

The most extravagant campus function in several years is scheduled for this coming weekend . . . the Spring Formal. The Student Legislature has appropriated money to make this a truly gala occasion, and the Dance Committee has planned decorations for the Alumni Memorial Gymnasium that will draw envious eyes from night clubs throughout this part of the state. The well known Jimmy Perkins Orchestra will provide the rhythm for the springtime highlight, and everyone is looking forward to a big evening that will end with refreshments in West Dormitory.

Of course, the dance being formal brings complaints from many of the campus courtiers . . . "It costs too much," and "I can't afford it . . . I don't have a tux," are expressions well known on the Elon campus. The Student Legislature, looking into this apparently pressing economic problem, has passed legislation requesting that flowers not be given by escorts for this year's Spring Formal. This means (and I am happy to hear it) that for the boys to attend the dance, they will only have to have a tux and a date, the latter being the most important. This request of the Legislature is not to discriminate against the campus belles, but it is purely an attempt to save the campus beaux money and to encourage the same to come to the dance.

The reason the Legislature took such an interest in this economic problem for many of us is because they still well remember the Spring Formal of last year. Then too, the Dance Committee slaved to give a big dance—the Perkins Orchestra was engaged, the gym decorated, and after much perspiration and burning of the elbow grease, the big night came. One four lettered word will describe the Spring Formal of last year . . . "FLOP." An estimated eleven (11) couples attended that dance.

Bright skies are ahead for this year's dance however. We have not really had a big campus dance all year long, and many of the students are anxious to cut the rug at this one. This anxiety was demonstrated in the Book Store the other night when the music department provided a dance orchestra from Burlington for the students. That dance was a big success, and many of the more social-minded campus caperers have expressed desires for more weekend get-togethers of that nature. There is no reason why we couldn't have a little more activity and social life here on weekends.

The Spring Formal is one of the main expenses of the Student Body. It is an event that draws from the Student Body fees that we all pay each quarter. When we don't attend these campus activities, we are throwing our own money down the drain. So, when you stop to think about it, there is an economic reason that we should attend the Spring Formal. Where's that Scotch blood? ("Scotch" is not referring to the well-known beverage of the upper classes!)

So, when this Saturday rolls around, let's all grab a partner and promenade over to the Club A.M.G. (A.M.G. stands for Alumni Memorial Gymnasium, and not Amalgamated Music Goers), and join together in having one big blow out. By the way, if anyone has an extra tux, or even a plain dinner jacket, I would greatly appreciate borrowing it for this coming weekend. I'll be sure to take good care of it . . . I don't engage in the "Huckle-Buck."

## BUSY DOCTOR RELAXES MOMENT AT HIS DESK



Dr. Jack Neese, one of Elon's own alumni, who has come back to Elon to make his home, is shown above in a moment of relaxation at his desk. Such moments are rare indeed in the life of a doctor who stays as busy as does this Elon practitioner.

## A Doctor's Work Is Never Done . . .

By MATT CURRIN

Dr. Jack Neese, the son of a Congregational Christian minister, may be described as a brilliant surgeon, the author of two books, a candidate for his LLB degree this spring, at one time the youngest M. D. in the Pacific Theater during World War II, general practitioner and philosopher. To add to these accomplishments he is a Diplomat of the National Board of Medical Examiners, a Fellow of the International College of Surgeons, and a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, which are the highest honors obtainable in the medical profession.

Dr. Neese graduated from Duke University Medical School at the early age of twenty-one; he had gone straight through school without a break, summer and winter. He felt that his real interest lay in the field of surgery, and with this in mind he continued studying in this particular field. While still at Duke he published his first book, "An Introduction To Medical Sciences for Medical Record Librarians."

In 1941 he went into the coal mining regions of West Virginia to obtain data and study conditions for another book. He lived with the coal miners and went deep into the bowels of the earth to find out how they lived and under what conditions they labored and died. The fruits of this intense study have culminated in a new book, "The Young Medico," which is coming off the presses this spring.

Jack Neese grew up in Reidsville and after graduating from the Reidsville High School, he entered Elon College. Due to pressing financial conditions he finished Elon in three years. He

went to school winter and summer without a break. Then to Duke.

During World War II he was called into service and at the close of the war, he headed the staff of doctors who were in charge of the health of the Japanese General Staff while the prisoners were awaiting trial.

After being discharged, he went into private practice with his uncle in Monroe, where he was a surgeon in the local hospital and earned a reputation as one of the most brilliant surgeons in that section of the state.

The outbreak of hostilities in Korea in 1950 ended his career as a private citizen, and once again he found himself in the service of his country. He was sent immediately to Korea.

Dr. Neese asserts that it was in Korea that he made his great decision not to return to his practice in Monroe as a surgeon. He began to feel that he could better serve the general public and the common man in a small town as a country doctor. He was tired of the routine of the hospital, and he was tired of punching a clock. He felt that he was a machine, and he wanted to be human again. As soon as he was discharged, he came to Elon College and set up temporary offices in the old post office building which had been remodeled. He remained in this structure for a short while during which time he made preparations to open a general clinic for the townspeople.

A large two-story house beside his temporary headquarters seemed to be the ideal place. He bought it, and soon the transformation began. Dr. Neese has invested over \$35,000 in equipment alone for his new clinic.

The building has a large entrance hall which serves as the reception room. To the left of the reception room is a spacious waiting room. This room is furnished like a living room in a private home, which is particularly attractive for children because it is such a direct contrast with the conventional hard-seated, uncomfortable, and smelly doctor's office. The clinic is more like a private home than a hospital, but yet it is as modern as any clinic can be, and it has the highest rating that Blue Cross can give.

In a large closet off the waiting room Dr. Neese has a refrigerator in which he keeps bottled drinks and candy for the patients in order to make their stay more pleasant.

He has a large, thick carpeted private office, a modern X-ray room with the latest machines for treatments, an operating room for minor operations (he takes his patients to the Burlington hospital for major operations), a modern lab, and a large storage room.

Upstairs he has several bedrooms for the patients, even though he does not like to keep patients over night. If their condition necessitates hospitalization, he takes them to the Burlington hospital where he is on the staff of the new Alamance County hospital.

Since there is no drug store in Elon, Dr. Neese is compelled to keep a complete supply of drugs and medicines on hand at all times in his clinic.

Dr. Neese maintains the opinion that children had rather come to a doctor's office in a home rather than one in a business building, and he tries to have the Clinic as appealing as possible. In the

(Continued on Page Four)

## WAITING FOR A PATIENT! WHO'S NEXT?



In another and more characteristic pose, Dr. Jack Neese is shown above beside the examination table in his well-appointed clinic, ready and waiting for the next patient. His clinic, which is located within a stone's throw of the Elon campus, is equipped with the most modern in medical and surgical equipment.

the  
moving finger  
writes

By MATT CURRIN



I'm not exactly sure what the medical term for it is, but I have certainly got it and from what I can tell most everybody else at Elon has it too. What am I talking about? Why, spring fever, of course! These warm and balmy spring days are too conducive to slumber and laziness, and I'm just simply too lazy to worry with writing a column anyway.

If you will permit me, I'm just going to ramble. You know after each issue of the "Maroon and Gold" somebody always comments on the mistakes in it. "The Reader's Digest" runs a page in just about every issue on mistakes which have appeared in newspapers during the past month. In Journalism class we read a pretty good passage the other day, and I would like to pass it on to you.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he blames it.

When a garage man makes a mistake he adds it on your bill.

When a carpenter makes a mistake it's just what he expected.

When a lawyer makes a mistake it was just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a judge makes a mistake it comes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows it.

But when an editor makes a mistake—the trouble starts.

—Tid Bits (London)

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### Passing Comment:

Well, Well, Well, Harry Truman decided not to run (remember we predicted this in the "Moving Finger" some time ago) and I can't help but feel that our campaign in the "M. & G." had much to do with his decision, don't you agree? I guess HST had more sense than we gave him credit for.

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Now let's get serious for a minute. I think that the Elon Choir, their excellent student soloists, and Professors Moore and Westmoreland deserve a great deal of credit for their wonderful interpretation of that inspiring Easter Cantata, "The Seven Last Words of Christ."

This recent performance was their crowning triumph, and they have never done better.

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When I was over in Dr. Jack Neese's office the other day working up the material for this week's feature story, he showed me a poem which he had framed on his desk. I thought that the poem was well worth passing on:

"When crew and captain understand each other to the core,  
It takes a gale and more than a gale to put their ship ashore;  
For the one will do what the other commands,  
although they are chilled to the bone.  
And both together can live through weather that neither can face alone."  
—Kipling

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Professor — "You in the back of the room, what was the date of the signing of the Magna Carta?"

"I dunno."

"You don't, eh? Well, let's try something else. Who was Bonny Prince Charley?"

"I dunno."

"Well, then, can you tell me what the Tennis Court Oath was?"

"I dunno."

"You don't! I assigned this stuff last Friday. What were you doing last night?"

"Drinking beer with some friends."

"You were! What audacity to stand there and tell me a thing like that! How do you ever expect to pass this course?"

"Wal, I don't, mister. Ye see, I just come in to fix the radiator."