

Maroon And Gold

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1954

WHAT PRICE HONESTY?

This is one editorial I certainly hate to write. I'm sorry the occasion ever arose that it needed to be written.

Did you know that recently two March of Dimes containers from the dining hall and the book store were stolen? There is a possibility that the thief is a non-student, but the chances are greater that it is a student who is the guilty one.

We have on our campus several students who make light of integrity and honesty. I recently heard five boys discussing a Sunday afternoon's activity. They had been to a movie in Burlington. Four of them walked in the theater, each saying that the last man had his ticket. He did, his own. They hastened inside and found only twenty people, because it was still early. Four teen-age boys are fairly recognizable in a group of twenty-four; so the manager went straight to them when he heard what had happened. He asked the fellows for their ticket stubs. They exploded in indignant anger. They had dropped their ticket stubs! Why didn't he ask the other folks for their ticket stubs? For some reason the young girl selling tickets did not identify them when they were brought before her. So the boys saw the movie for nothing. "This is really fun. If we get caught, we pay. If we don't get caught, we got something for nothing. Let's go to Gibsonville and try it tonight." This was not dishonesty to them; this was just fun.

In the dining hall there is quite a bit of food swiping. I realize that some of the students feel that they don't get their money's worth and that taking extras are part of the game. We could argue all day about that, so let skip it for now. Nevertheless, the habit of scooting along with extra milk under one arm every chance one gets is not the best way to build character.

This has come a long way from the theft of the March of Dimes money. I'm not going to say more, except I'm regretful that we have in our midst someone who is so filthy low that he would steal money from such a worthy cause.—BRADY

EXAM TIME

A strange atmosphere pervades the campus during these days just before exams. There is a frightened expression in the eyes of many students as they hurry by, students who have done little studying throughout the quarter and who suddenly are confronted with the necessity of accumulating a quarter's knowledge in a few days.

There are many ways and places to study for exams, but Rule One might be cited as "Don't get panicky," devise a system. Study for a few hours, then take a break and go study some more. You'll find you can absorb more if you'll rest once in a while.

Some students may prefer to study in their rooms, hidden behind a stack of books and with a "Busy" sign on the door. Others seek quiet in the library, particularly when there is noise in the dorms. Music students seemingly do not have to have quiet, and many of them are found studying in Whitley, amidst the din of practice pianos.

One suggestion to all is—though you do not wish or need to study yourself—at least keep quiet so others can prepare for exams.—CLIPPED



jottings from here and there

by JAMES WAGGONER

ALWAYS A GOOD BOY?

This article is being written with the fact in mind that one of our chief duties in life is to look forward. Our golden age is in the future. While this is true, our column of today calls us to deal with the past—a look backward. In the past men have been praised for certain qualities of character, although many of them were ruthless men in history.

The fact need not be concealed that this article condones no part of communism, sin, or praise of Joseph Stalin, yet it is plain to see that some characteristics which he possessed are profitable for us to consider.

When we contemplate the early boyhood of Joseph Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili, his real name, we find that his father was a drunken cobbler, while his mother, a devout woman, wanted him to be a priest. She said, "He was always a good boy. I never had to punish him. He worked hard, was always reading and talking, and trying to understand everything."

Determined that one day she would see her boy in the priesthood, she entered him in the Tiflis Theological School. This did not work, however, as he was expelled two years later for heading a secret Marxist cell in the seminary.

He acquired his name after escaping his fifth from prison and continuing his clandestine activities. Thus he signed his pamphlets, underground newspapers with the name "Stalin"—meaning in Russian "man of steel."

A bantam in size, with a body built like a "football coach's dream of a tackle," his crowning glory is a straggling mustache and ominous chin. He possessed the inherent dramatic sense so essential to demagogues, to dictators like Mussolini and Hitler.

Since his reign of power he had largely wiped out illiteracy, striven to industrialize Russia, and "through his leadership, his country has bent back its German invaders."

The determined dictator has succeeded in every ruthless drive. It had been said that "by 1952, his word was virtual law for more than 800,000,000 people, a sway the like of which no man before had ever known, and still driving relentlessly on, toward the aim of ruling the entire world. It is possible that only death could halt him."

Death advanced! Yet it is a fact patent to anyone who has observed Russian leaders such as Malenkov, Molotov, and Beria that none of these men were going into something blindly. Those leaders had been waiting for the very second of Stalin's death to fill the Prime Minister's place.

But what then? Do not misunderstand the motive. Few people will dispute that Stalin was possessed of unusual character traits that gave him his high and powerful position. He had prestige and great qualities of leadership. He had a wide knowledge of literature. "He once told a deputation of Bolshevik writers that their work was rubbish and had no basis in culture. Read Shakespeare, Goethe and the other classics, as I do, he told them." He too liked good music and read widely.

Let us bear in mind that good qualities, no matter who might possess them are attainable by us, if we but cultivate them. Each reader can profit by the attributes of Joseph Stalin, choosing the good in him and realizing that he stopped at nothing in an effort to attain his goal. He was industrious, self-denying, courageous, enthusiastic, and dissatisfied with nothing less than the best. He had visions, hope of the future, and plans of achievement and success for himself.

May we aim high and take nothing less than the best. Read good books. Strive to learn to appreciate good music. Seek for great qualities of leadership, and thus profit from this "man of steel," striving to be industrious, self-denying, courageous, enthusiastic. May we too have visions, hope of the future, and plans of achievement and success for ourselves.

QUOTABLE QUOTES IN CRITICISM

"In every work regard the author's end."

Criticism, as it was first instituted by Aristotle, was meant as a standard of judging well.—Johnson.

What Is An Average American?

I want to do something that is not only rash, but probably impossible. I want to feel the pulse of America and tell you what I diagnose from it. That is, I want to share with you some thinking I have been doing about the American scene.

Let us look at the average American.

Now the minute I say that, you see the heresy involved. It turns on the legitimate question "Is there an average American?"

I admit the validity of the criticism. My knowledge of the U.S.A. is limited.

Nevertheless, there must be something which distinguishes an American from the Frenchman or the Spaniard, or a Scot besides language.

And that I must know as a preacher. Why? Because in my theory of preaching I insist, until my students are weary, that a sermon to be a sermon must have two points of reference:

1. The first is the Christian world-view, as it is found in the Bible, in the creeds, in the hymns and prayers of the church and in the lives of the saints.

2. The second is the human situation, as is found in the congregation in front of the pulpit, living in North Carolina in the 20th Century.

Which is more important? For the making of a good sermon, both are equally important. Either by itself does not produce a legitimate sermon.

Now what kind of persons is the congregation composed? There are men and women; adults and children; members of the professions, the business world, the working class; school teachers and pupils; housewives and retired folk.

Composite Christian

But let me lump them all together, and try to picture for you "Ecclesiastical Man," as the economists have created for their purposes "Economic Man." Let us look at the composite Christian.

There he is, then, a man of four primary interests.

He is bound up in his family to whom he wishes to give the best he can. He probably spoils his family; he may even intend to. One such father confessed to me: "What's the use of being a father if you can't spoil your children?"

Again, he is vitally interested in his job, which gives him the wherewithal to maintain his home. He knows that an American job is a good one in point of hours and wages. It may not last; that is a worry. But he shakes his head at the Biblical idea that work may be a curse.

Thirdly, he loves his country. No wonder. It may be that I as a naturalized citizen know better how favorable a land these United States are than one who was born into it. I come from a good country, but I appreciate what a "Promised Land" America is. If that is true from one from Scotland, think what America must mean to one from Latvia or Greece or Italy.

In the last place, he enjoys his contacts. He has an esprit de corps about his fellow workers, about his civic club and lodge, about the athletic teams, college and professional, which he backs.

It may be true that General Motors or the First National Bank is not the Kingdom of God, that Rotarians and Elks fall short of the beloved community; that sport, rather than religion, is the opiate of the people. But he enjoys them. "What harm do they do?" he asks, knowing that they do much good.

Culturally he admits he isn't very bright, despite his B.A. or B.S. He knows that he spends too much time with the Saturday Evening Post and the Reader's Digest and "Time" and the sports columnist. But he subscribes to the local symphony orchestra; he knows Walter Lippmann as well as Yogi Berra; and, if there is no football game being broadcast, he will at least keep quiet while his wife listens to the opera on Saturday afternoons in Winter.

Thinks Emotionally

He thinks emotionally about community problems. He is concerned about the Negro as a brother-in-law rather than as a

WORTH READING

What is an average American?

Such a question is well worth considering, although some people deny that there is such a thing. Whether there be or not, the accompanying article is well worth reading, since Dr. James T. Cleland, at least points out many characteristics of a person who might well be termed "Mr. Average American."

Dr. Cleland, who is minister for Duke University, used the topic in an address delivered before the North Carolina Press Association on January 29th, and the article on this page is made up of excerpts from that address before the state's newsmen. He, in turn, based his address upon a portion of a new book he is soon to have published.

Christian brother or a democratic neighbor. He is not quite sure where the Jew should live, but it shouldn't be in his neighborhood. He guesses it may be all right for some folks to be Roman Catholics, but he is glad he isn't.

Yet he is a sentimentalist. He wants the minister to speak on behalf of race cooperation, and better relations between capital and labor, and higher ethical standards in government, provided it is all done in generalizations with no specific application.

He doesn't really know very much about Christianity, beyond a bed time prayer, the simpler Bible stories, and a few key verses. Of course he doesn't know much about anything outside his home and his business and the income tax returns.

If you were to quiz him on American history, the Revolution would be a compilation of tea and Valley Forge and the Star Spangled Banner. The Civil War would be a concatenation of "John Brown's Body" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." General Grants Whiskey, the Gettysburg Address, "March-Through Georgia," and his grandfather's sword. He is not so much wrong as limitedly accurate.

Yet, having said all that, we must admit that even if it is substantially true, it is too general. Let us try again. Let us feel this man's pulse. Let us find what it tells us about his sentiments and opinions, about the ideas that determine his thought and action, about the drift of American life in the middle of the Twentieth Century.

Three Traits

There are three significant traits in his make-up which I must remember as I prepare to preach each Sunday.

1. The first is pragmatic assurance. This country seems to be remarkably sure of itself. To put it crudely, but emphatically, this country is booming. That was brought home to me on a motor trip to California in 1950. At point after point on the journey I was staggered by the achievements of American man.

The American can evidently do anything he has a mind to do; if it is impossible, it just takes longer.

The saga of America is a success story that is reckoned in monetary wealth. "The almighty dollar" is hardly the way to describe the norm. What foreigners cannot comprehend is the quantity of almighty dollars, sufficient for almost everyone to have a share.

All this has been done without much, if any, awareness of God. It has not been done in defiance of God—just without Him. God is not despised or obliterated; His Word has just become unnecessary.

What is the reason for this? I suppose the answer is due in part to Darwin and Marx and Freud, the most influential thinkers of the 19th Century, and to their scientific and economic descendants. The "scientific approach" which has dominated the liberal arts colleges throughout this century has not made it easy for a religion of revelation to keep its respectability, far less its influential position. Even where there

is a religious sensitivity left, it is found in such a prayer as "Lead us into the truth, come whence it may, cost what it will."

2. There is a second aspect to the general neighborliness of America. I have never known anywhere else such a country of "joiners." Read the activities going on in any small Word of this World, and that is the town as listed in its weekly newspaper: it is a potpourri of group activities. . . . I discovered—almost to my horror—the other day that the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood has 6,400 members and 325 different societies to which a member may belong. Thou hast made my Father's house a variegated and perpetual jamboree.

The unwillingness to be alone over here terrifies me. If, by mischance, one is left in solitariness on goes the radio or television. While the cult of the juke box may be a sign of neighborliness, I am in agreement with the plea for a silent record so that occasionally one may buy three minutes of silence.

Again to quote Frederick Lewis Allen—a most quotable man—"If we as a people do not obey the first and great commandment as numerous and fervently as we used to, at least we have been doing fairly well with the second." He is right.

3. There is a third aspect of this Word from the World which influences the members in our charges. . . . This an underlying uneasiness of mind respecting the meaning of life and the outcome of their individual existences.

It is partly caused by memory. The remembrance of the Great Depression of the early thirties makes one wonder if the present economic prosperity can last and if it does not, what then?

It is partly caused by the threat of war, irritated by the seemingly long stalemate in Korea and the dread of the atomic and hydrogen bombs.

It is due in some measure to the fact of responsibility on a scale that even Americans are not used to. To be one of two world powers, with the democratic segment looking to us for leadership, when we neither want it nor are ready for it, means that we stand apprehensively at the plate, in a real World Series, with two strikes called against us.

And beneath and behind and before all these worries is the certain promise of death. The farther it is pushed away by medical science the dearer life becomes, yet the fact is still there beckoning.

No wonder man says, "Whew! Let's skip it. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow, if we're lucky, we may still eat, drink and be merry. Let's forget death."

But he cannot. His father comes down with cancer; his son is killed in an auto accident, and his young brother dies of wounds received in Korea.

He is pervaded with a sense of futility, of transience, of personal insignificance. He longs for a real sense of security, he wants to know that he counts for something and will always, hereafter if not here, count for something. When he begins to be hopeful because of a sound digestion or a good business deal or a satisfactory home life, some expert writes an article which scares him anew.

There is, even where we would not suspect it, an ultimate anxiety. It is, as I said, impossible for me to give an accurate evaluation of the ideas which determine the thought and action of the average American to whom I preach on Sunday.

But, having felt his pulse, I know I must take into consideration these three attitudes; a pragmatic assurance, a general neighborliness, and an ultimate anxiety.

If this were a sermon instead of a speech, I would have to go a step further. No one has any right, in the pulpit, merely to diagnose; he must offer a remedy.

But this is not a pulpit, and I am not endeavoring to convert or confirm you. As members of the press, I suggest that these traits you must keep in mind, especially when you write editorials.

I think I had better leave the matter there.

bullets in the bull's-eye

By TOM TARGETT



Uncle Sam was in keeping with the Valentine spirit. . . . Joe Smith and Chuck Michaux received greetings. . . . Charlie Philips has been accepted by U.N.C. Medical School for the fall semester. . . . The Phi Psi Cli to be released on or about May 15th. . . . Bozo Riddle appointed parliamentarian of the Student Legislature. . . . The call is out for new members for the track and tennis teams. . . . How about planning for the track team earlier this year. . . . Let's cop some of those North State titles. . . . After reading the results of a recent election, Wright Williamson has announced he is in a new business. . . . Prof. West is working on a new novel. . . . "Pawn". . . . American Chemical Students are planning to fix-up a lounge in the Chemistry Dept. on the third floor of the science building. . . . Also, they recently attended a regional meeting at A&T College. . . . Choir celebrated Valentine's Day with a party. . . . They are in the midst of their preparations for the Northern tour. . . . The Stork has been quite busy visiting the folks at Vets Apartments. . . . Stacy Johnson poppa of baby. . . . Don Packer daddy of a baby girl. . . . And Mike Rauseo is batting 1.000 with his third baby girl. . . . The nurse reports a drop of illness on campus since the new cut system is in effect. . . . Alpha Pi Deltas redecorating their fraternity room.

It was with great regret that we read of Dr. Boone's death last week-end. . . . He had certainly served Elon well as the chairman of the Board of Trustees. . . . Are you interested in having an exciting summer? . . . Jobs are open for parts in the great production, "Common Glory". . . . See Wright Williamson for details and applications. . . . Betty Jean Chilton has designed the cover for the Choir's tour program. . . . A great job. . . . A discockey show is in the works for the May Day program. . . . It will take place on the campus. . . . A quote from a recent lecture by a prof. . . . "I'm going to be a disappointed angel if I don't get to see Hosea. . . . and shake hands with Amos". . . . The power house has a new automatic stoker which brings the coal from outside the building to the mouth of the furnace.

Afternoon Walk

Across the tracks and on the right there's a white house—now vacant. I recall a prim white sign—for it's no longer there—announcing the office of Jack Neese, M.D.

He—whose life was dedicated to suffering humanity—served his country in the Korean War, served the sons and daughters of Elon, and served the folks of the community. To me, Jack's spirit was that of a "big brother" to the boys of Kappa Psi Nu. They like others will miss him.

The dry oak leaves are now swirling about the untrodden steps of the empty white house. But see, they're uncovering the jonquills, which herald the spring!

Jim Mallory appointed head baseball coach at ECC. . . . Elon's football team to scrimmage Presbyterian this Friday. . . . A Lenoir Rhyne student wrote to the Editor of the L.R. school paper, "Wouldn't it help us all if they (Profs) made some effort to get to know the students?" . . . Why not come to Elon?

Little cuts from classes, Little slips marked "late" Makes a student wonder If he'll graduate.

At the University of Houston, the dormitory council issued the following regulations to govern necking on campus:

- 1. Area outside of 'D' and 'E' dorm reception rooms approved for good-night kisses only.
2. Cullen Boulevard, side of 'D' dorm, recommended.
3. Cars in dorm parking lot only if we can see heads showing over the car seat.
4. All other areas are taboo. Don't go about wrecking the necking by using the taboo area.

This problem seems to be a nation wide crisis on campuses, for at Northwestern University there is the following ruling: Students may extend an affectionate good-night kiss at dormitory doors—but only so long as the couple keeps all four feet on the ground.