

# Maroon And Gold

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1956

### NOTE — HONOR SYSTEM

According to a recent issue of The Lenoir Rhynean at Lenoir Rhyne College, there is something amiss with their Honor System. Seems that Professors sit in on exams, and there have been students who actually boasted about cheating on tests.

It would be nice to be able to say that it can't happen here at Elon, but anyone can see that it can, and, in a small degree, is happening. What we forget, however, is that the Honor System exists in spite of liars, thieves and cheats, not because of them.

The real danger lies, not in the presence of violators of the Honor System, but in that students with honor and integrity may become hardened to dishonesty in others if they allow themselves to be exposed to it too long. As long as a menace is recognized as such, it is neither too dangerous or too late to do something about it, but when students turn their backs to it, they soon feel the point of the dagger between the shoulder blades. —G.B.T.

### REGENERATION AND EDUCATION

How can we consecrate our college life? First by a right appreciation of wisdom. Knowledge isn't wisdom. A man may know a great deal yet utterly lack in education. Knowledge is a matter of books, education is a matter of the soul. The writer of the Proverbs urges his son to get wisdom; "with all thy getting, get understanding." TO BE IS GREATER THAN TO KNOW.

A few years ago one of our state penitentiaries had two hundred and thirty-five college graduates as prisoners within its walls. Talking with a prisoner at San Quentin a short time ago, W. H. Geistweit, learned that the character of the prisoners from an intellectual standpoint was high. "We have men here who are capable of any position in the world; there is no task or project they couldn't carry through to success," said Geistweit.

What is wrong with them? An unfortunate moral twist. So, our first effort in the consecration of college life is to realize the worth of wisdom as against the common idea of knowledge.—G.B.T.

### MARKS OF EDUCATION

A professor in the University of Chicago told his pupils that he should consider them educated in the best sense of the word when they could say "Yes" to every one of the following questions:

Has education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them? Has it made you public-spirited? Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Have you learned how to make friends and keep them? Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself? Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye? Can you see anything to love in a little child? Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life? Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano-playing or golf? Are you good for anything yourself? Can you be happy alone?

Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents? Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator? —G.B.T.



## Sounding Off

By LARRY BARNES

The Maroon and Gold office is bustling with the usual activity, for it is press time once again. I will cover very briefly a little of the behind-the-scenes actions.

Professor Byrd, munching madly on chewing gum, now that he has given up the pleasures of his beloved cigars, is busily checking on the athletic statistics.

Someone bellows, "I don't see how I can get my column in..." I glance toward a voice from behind a stack of musty newspapers to see if the person who yelled is known to me. It is the Quidnunc, G. Boyd Thompson, writhing in intense pain. He is in utter despair. (Beads of perspiration drip from his lean person and hysteria is written across his sallow face.) His Joe Miller Joke Book has been stolen.

Bill Walker walks a chalk-line through the door, playing his sports-writing role to the hilt. He is attired in sweat clothes and, as usual, is late getting his column in.

Worden Updyke is beaverishly oiling the huge press getting more of the gooey liquid on himself than the machines.

This is a typical picture before the presses roll.

My head is swathed in bandages. I had beat it against the wall continuously for an hour before finally coming up with an idea. Smiling with self-satisfaction, I commence to peck away at the portable...

### Wahoo Days In Retrospect

Every college student knows or should know sometime or other, how it feels to be broke. Allow me to pass on to you a true story, bordering the near genius, on how to obtain money when your pockets are depleted. This tale was told to me by jovial Arthur Pitts. The locale of this little epic takes place at the University of Virginia about five years after the turn of the century. Its principle characters constitute Art's father and two collegiate companions.

The three young men had just graduated from the Wahoo Institution and found themselves without spending green. It was necessary to have funds so they could properly celebrate their conquest. Gaiety filled the atmosphere for everyone but the trio. Parties and dances were being held all over the campus. Laurie Pitts and his colleagues, John Bell and Frank Hoffman, sat in the local hangout pondering how to acquire some moola. Their faces had that long, downcast look and gloom permeated their infrequent chatter. Suddenly, Hoffman's mind flashed a brilliant idea. He got up from the table, excused himself for a moment, and headed for Western Union. Unknown to his two friends, he sent an urgent telegram to Bell's father, a man of some wealth. It read...

JOHN DIED EARLY THIS MORNING. WIRE MONEY FOR CASKET AND EXPRESS ON BODY HOME. REGRETFULLY. HOFFMAN AND PITTS

Hoffman then returned to his companions and told them nothing of the deed just done.

The next morning Laurie Pitts was roused out of his bed by a constant knocking. He went to the door and was met by a Western Union delivery boy who thrust a telegram into his hand. Pitts had no idea who could have sent him a telegram. He noticed that it was addressed to Hoffman and Pitts. That discounted the fact that maybe someone at home was ill. Maybe the Dean had sent it telling them that they did not graduate after all. Hurriedly he opened the envelope. Surprise crossed his face as he scanned...

SHIP JOHN C.O.D. KNOWINGLY, MR. BELL

### Feminine Hoopla

We have on the Elon campus, some very capable feminine basketball players. To be readily aware of this fact, all one has to do is to saunter over to Alumni Gymnasium around 6 o'clock any week-day evening. It would be nice if we (Elon) could be represented by a girls basketball team. There is a wealth of talent on this campus toward achieving such.

I read recently where a number of colleges and universities in Florida were forming a conference for womanly sports. Some of these centers of higher learning are Florida Southern, Rollins, and the University of Florida to mention just a few. A neighbor of ours started playing college basketball on the girls level this year. The neighbor referred to is High Point College. Possibly in the near future we might be able to have a North State Conference in sports for the ladies. I'll bet a lot of them can give the boys a run for the money.

## ELON PROFESSOR WITH MAP OF HIS NATIVE EUROPE



Dr. Konstantinas Avizonis, member of the Elon faculty for the past seven years, is pictured above as he points out some of the historic spots he speaks of in his European history courses. A native of Lithuania, the popular professor lived through much of the modern European history that he teaches.

## Dr. Avizonis Came To Elon College After 'Stranger Than Fiction' Life

By GARY THOMPSON

Only seven short years have passed since Dr. Konstantinas Avizonis and his wife came to America and Elon College. As a professor of history and German on the Elon faculty, Dr. Avizonis can look back upon a varied and not always pleasant route from his native home in faraway Lithuania to his present post.

Students who have seen this quiet and unobtrusive figure, walking quietly through Elon's peaceful colonnades, would little guess that the story of his experiences in war-torn Europe could be used as living proof that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Born in 1909, Dr. Avizonis' birth place was located in Eastern Europe near the boundary of Russia and Estonia. His father, Dr. Petras Avizonis, was a former dean of medical school and president of the University of Lithuania. Dr. Avizonis, himself, was educated in some of the oldest and best universities in Europe.

He received his early education in the Lithuanian government schools, which offered instruction equivalent to that in the undergraduate levels in American colleges, fitting their graduates for advanced study at the graduate level. From 1927 until 1929 he was a student at the University of Lithuania, after which he transferred to the University of Friedrich Wilhelm in Berlin, where he majored in Eastern European history and was awarded the doctoral degree in December, 1932.

While still studying in Berlin Dr. Avizonis witnessed the rise to power of Adolph Hitler and his henchmen. The Elon professor stated, when asked about the sentiment in his university toward Hitler, that only a minority of the university students favored the Nazi party, and that the members of that Nazi minority were hostile toward the other students.

Dr. Avizonis left Germany before Hitler gained full power, probably just in time, for some of his colleagues were driven from the country in 1933. During the following years he was a researcher in the Archives of Krakow, which dated back to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, his chief work being in the study of historical documents concerning Lithuanian history from the Seventeenth Century.

He spent nearly six years in gathering the material for his principal written work. This was "Nobility in Lithuanian State Life at the Time of the Reign of Aca" a 502-page work written in German. This book was written entirely on studies of unpublished information. He also spent some time as an instructor in the government boys school or gymnasium in Kaunas, Lithuania, and in 1938 he assumed duties as a manager and scientific secretary of the Institute for the Lithuanian Language, History and Ethnology.

Dr. Avizonis continued in educational work, despite the unsettled conditions during the early

years of World War II, serving as a member of the faculty of the Lithuanian University at Vilnius and working with the Historical Institute of the Lithuanian Academy of Sciences.

The Russians occupied the country in 1940 and began a series of prosecutions against the church, and Dr. Avizonis recalls that 20,000 Lithuanians were deported to Siberia in two days, June 15-16, 1941. About 5,000 teachers and thousands of pastors were deported because they would not acquiesce to Russian demands. Fifteen of Dr. Avizonis' own relatives were among those deported by the Russians, their ages varying from small babies to those seventy years of age.

Then came the German occupation on June 21, 1941, and many people were forced to go to Germany as slave workers. The Universities were closed, and many students became forced workers.

The summer of 1944 saw the Russians pushing nearer and nearer and this caused the Germans to force most of the intellectuals to leave for Germany. It was then that Dr. Avizonis and his wife were taken to a forced labor camp in Germany, and he was assigned to the job of digging trenches for defense against the French and American troops. The Germans sought to put Mrs. Avizonis to work in a manufacturing plant, but good fortune gave her an assignment as a maid in the kitchen of a hospital.

(Continued on Page Four)

## LEADERS FOR GIRLS' ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES



Leading the girls' athletic activities on the Elon campus this year are the five girls pictured above, who comprise the corps of officers for the Women's Athletic Association. This organization which functions with Mrs. Jeanne P. Griffin as faculty sponsor, is responsible for promotion of all girls' sports. The officers, left to right, are as follows: FRONT ROW—Ann Dula, secretary; Carolyn Abernathy, of Graham, president; and Norie Luce, of Riverhead, N.Y., treasurer. BACK ROW: Evelyn Fritts, of Lexington, vice-president; and Kathryn Lambert, of Bennett, reporter.

## the quidnunc

By GARY THOMPSON



Elon's gift to CONFIDENTIAL is back on the scene again... Belated congratulations to all those Elon students who have taken that fatal step toward matrimony... Carolyn Abernathy, the Fighting Christians' chief yeller, recently broke her ankle. Hope you recover soon!... "Sounding Off" Barnes named editor of the literary magazine the COLONNADES... Elon was well represented at Winston-Salem's rock-and-roll show last Friday... Dr. Brown, night school prof, is back from his Caribbean cruise. Evidence of this fact is his sun-baked head. What happened, Doc, too much Virgin Islands?... Wonder when Tony Carcaterra and Butch Leitch will take off for the Empire State again... The Carlton House has its own private aquarium. A lot of "fish" can be seen floating around most any time... "The Little Foxes" acclaimed a success... Betsy Watson??...

I flex my brim in a voice of praise to all who recently gave blood to one of the members of the Elon Community Church... Prof. McKants, Paul Westerfield and "Yogi" (Give him an A in English 41) Frederick were among the first to donate and are to be commended... North Dorm's Yonnie Apeposis is giving free haircuts these days. Have you been scalped lately?

Small Colleges vs. Large One is always hearing arguments over the relative advantages of the small and large colleges, and there are many good words to be said for each one. One of the interesting discussions on the subject was found in a speech delivered recently by Dr. Harold A. Landree at Union College. Excerpts from his speech are offered below:

"Some students would grow and even flourish almost anywhere; others seem immune to the whole educational process, no matter how or where it is conducted. But the vast majority fall in between the two extremes; some of them are fitted by temperament and background to thrive at the small college, and others at the big university. So it may be worthwhile to ponder the advantages of each.

"The big university, for one thing, can command and keep top teaching talent in an amazing variety of fields... In higher education, there is no substitute for either quality or variety... A university or college without first-rate teachers is no college or university at all, no matter how grandiose its buildings or how bulging its treasury.

"But... if the 'great teachers' appear only infrequently before large lecture courses, or if they appear only in the advanced courses to which admission is difficult, where is the educational profit to the average undergraduate?

"It is here that the small college scores a point, and an important one, for the student at the small college has a dozen opportunities to get acquainted with his teachers for every one that he would at a big university.

"This is not, I hasten to add, because of any lack of cordiality or good-will toward their students on the part of the university teachers as compared with college teachers. It is rather a matter of tension versus comparative relaxation. University professors in a metropolis (and no one knows it better than their students) are swamped with work. One result is that their students approach them, if at all, in a mood of 'I know I shouldn't bother you about this, but...' A small college teacher senses less of that kind of hesitation.

"For the student who needs teaching stimulus and guidance to bring him up to the university level, the small college has it 'all over' the big university, in my opinion. It must strive constantly, however, to see that its relatively relaxed intellectual atmosphere does not become relaxed to the point of slumbering mediocrity. It should expect an ever-greater degree of maturity and intellectual interest in its students, hoping thereby to gain some of the adult verve and vigor of the big university without sacrificing the intimacy and friendliness of the small college."

Time now to stack a few Z Z Z Z's!  

## Sounding Off

A Ship Sinks  
As you well know, the Corsairs from East Carolina sail into this port of no return Saturday night. A new subject will be taught them at the gym. It is a course called—vertebrate boology.  
Now is the time to oil up those blunderbusses and put out that Pirate's other eye. We have been waiting for this chance for a long time.