

Maroon And Gold

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1958

EDUCATION

In the throes of hysteria brought about by the recent successful launchings by Russian of two satellites into outer space, there have been many American writers who have pointed to the satellites as proof of the excellence of Russian scientific training and education, using the same thing to make an unfavorable comparison for the American system of education.

However, at least one writer whose name is unknown at this writing has spoken in interesting fashion of the Russian educational plan, which provides a government subsidy for those students who can qualify on the basis of their school work. This anonymous writer says—

Despite the recent reduction in the workload of Soviet students, they must still do three to four hours of home work daily, and must face a constant struggle for survival in their classrooms. They are graded every week, and annual exams decide whether they can go on to the next grade. The direct reward for success in elementary and secondary school is a stipend for going to college, which is the only direct route to a better job and higher standing in the stratified Soviet system.

Almost any student who can pass the entrance exams can enter college, since the state sees to it that he is adequately supported. In the U. S. on the other hand, about a third of the top 25 per cent of high school students cannot go to college, chiefly for lack of money.

For most Soviet students, college class work demands about double the class time required of American students. If the student is successful, his stipend may be doubled or tripled. If he fails, his stipend is cut. It would be tragic for mankind if we sought to imitate or compete with Soviet education on Soviet terms.

Soviet educational achievement has been accomplished at the sacrifice of freedom of choice for the individual. We in America will stick firmly instead to the central objective of OUR society—the fullest development of each individual and not in a pattern set by the government.

Quite interesting in this unknown writer's comments on the Russian system is his reference to the teaching profession. He writes that there is a saying in Russia that "if you see a man with a car and a dog and a woman, he must be a professor, for only a professor can afford all three."

CLIPPED BITS

They used to say airplanes for the individual eventually would be as cheap as cars, but now they're working on making cars as expensive as airplanes.

A New York taxi driver wound up an argument with another cabbie, "Aw, you don't know nothin'! You ain't even ignorant!"

It was once remarked of a venerable Oxford don who refused to retire that he had all the Christian virtues except resignation.



under the oaks

With
CHUCK OAKLEY

Bang! Bang! Bang! Such was the noise upon my door. It frightened me, because I could sense someone in trouble—deep trouble.

"Who is it?" I bellowed rather heavily, for it irritated me to be awakened at 2:30 o'clock in the morning.

"Help! Help! It's me, Beaky," it wasn't necessary to add the later part of his name, because I knew only one "Beaky." I opened the door hastily, and there was a thin, short, pale-faced youth, and without a second thought or look I knew it was the "Beaky" I knew.

Between sobs and gasps, he managed to get out the fact that "Square" Edmonds was giving him a hard time and "cutting" him so deeply that he could no longer take it. He was shaking all over, but I got him to sit down after convincing him that I would not let "Square" in.

I told him that if there was anything I could do to let me — but before I could get the sentence completed, he replied, "Cut Square in your column. I could not quite understand two brothers, I beg your pardon, I mean fraternity brothers, at each others' throats.

"But I have nothing on my friend, Square," I told him politely. Quickly he replied, "I have enough to fill your column," and he proceeded to use colorful adjectives to the best of his ability. For a moment I thought he was a freshman. I asked him to skip the tid-bits and get on with the facts, for I wanted the facts to protect myself from the other columns.

After gathering enough material to cover the subject, I gave him some "rest-easy" pills and told him to take two before retiring. Then, since I'm told there are two sides to every story, I thought it only fair to pay "Square" a visit and hear the other half of a brotherhood ruckus.

I knew that "Square" would be up, for it was only 3:30 o'clock in the morning by that time. He greeted me with a friendly smile (that Around-With-Square smile), and I asked him if he realized the condition he had "Beaky" in. He then informed me that it was not altogether his fault, but he was assisted by Johnny Mathis' new album, "Warm." He could have been sarcastic and played "Too Young To Go Steady."

"Square" was coming through with enough dope to bury "Beaky" when his chubby roommate, Woodhouse, entered the scene. He looked like a stuffed version of Sad Sack, who had a hang-over from eating too many pizzas.

I then dropped in on an old friend, Ken Dudley, who was clutching a "Dear John" letter. It was a sad situation, and I felt like calling the radio station and requesting "Tear Drops."

Stewart Cass and Bill Turner were making up cruelly jokes on — names withheld to protect the grades of above students. Then, on leaving the "wild jokers," I ran into Charlie Heywood carrying two bags under his eyes. Some guy down the hall was raising Cain about his grades, roaring forth, "Dye your hair red and wear purple if you want good grades."

I went on to the third floor, and as I reached the top of the stairs I heard a loud thud and knew that a chemistry experiment had gone over with a bang. I ran to Chris Peterson's room, but everyone looked healthy, so I continued searching for the site of an accident. Hearing groans in the shower room, I soon found that Gordon Yancey had dropped his soap and slipped on it. I managed to get Gordon to his feet, but the soap was nowhere to be found.

Lacy Slayton and Frank Harvell were discussing the girls on the campus they would like to date — but can't. VanCleve was putting on his "Old Spice" pajamas, He-Man Libby was lifting weights, Bill Reece was reading a novel in Spanish, and Bob Blanchard was playing with his fiddle. On the way back to the second floor I caught John Sheppard burying his girl's picture beneath his dirty laundry because she had turned him down.

My watch informed me then it was 5:30, and I knew I'd better get to bed or I'd miss breakfast. —Then, ring-g-g-g! It was time to get up, as my roommate tried to convince me. I just wondered why he doesn't get choked on a pillow sometime.

I hate to think of getting up and facing people on the way to wash-up. It's like stalking through a zoo. Harry Faust looks like he slept on a bed without a mattress, Jerry Creech's eyes look like left-over slices of peppermint, Rick Turner looks like he got all the fouls in last night's ball game, and Dickie Berne can't open his eyes for the first ten minutes. Thank Heaven, the other half remains in bed till 7:50.

Of Explosives And . . .

In The Realms Of Chemical Wizardry

By JO McQUADE

There was moaning and gnashing of teeth. Maroon and Gold Exterminators, Inc., had failed again and I was still around after my second journey through the Science Building. So Monday they sent me to the TIHRD floor.

I tiptoed hastily up the stairs past the Physics and Biology departments, then stood on the dread threshold of the Chemistry department. I opened the door.

There on the wall was a man, grinning down at me. But it wasn't a sinister grin; it was a friendly one. And it wasn't a friend but a picture—a painting, rather—of Dr. Ned F. Brannock, semi-retired Chemistry Professor, and better known as Elon's "Uncle Ned."

Courage revived, I ventured a few feet down the hall. I spotted a good-looking student of the masculine gender and called, "Hey, could you tell me . . ." My mistake! He was a professor.

Not my mistake, either — my luck. He was just what I was looking for—an interview victim.

His name, he told me, was Roy Epperson, Professor of Chemistry. He was twenty-five, single, and a native of Mississippi. When I asked him about brothers and sisters, he said, "Well, I was one of four. Then my mother remarried. My new father already had a couple children, and more were born to the second marriage until now I am one of ten. We call them 'His, Hers, and Ours.'"

Professor Epperson attended Millsaps College, a Methodist Liberal Arts school in Jackson, Miss., then earned his masters in chemistry at Carolina, where he was a graduate assistant. Last summer he taught at Campbell, and September found him here at dear old Elon. He, with four other young Elon professors, lives at the Neese House, or, as they affectionately call it, "The Monastery."

His hobbies are folk and square dancing, music ("mostly listening"), and cake-decorating. Also he has been active in youth work of churches for the past six years, serving last year as Director of Drama and Dance for the Wesley Methodist in Chapel Hill.

His philosophy of teaching is that a teacher has two primary objectives. "First, having complete devotion to his profession. Second, being a friend and advisor to his students."

My interviewee then offered to



I could start this column off by poking a sharp stick into the side of some poor unfortunate person like "Bucky" Fleming, but I will put the urge to wield the rapier-like thrusts to the side for the present.

Once I quoted, "It's the spirit that makes the difference." Well it might have been purely hypothetical on my part, but now it has become a statement of compulsion. Our basketball team is suffering from one of the worst seasons I have encountered here at Elon, and I must timidly admit that is an awful long time.

We have a fine balanced team with several outstanding performers and above all the capable guidance of "Doc" Mathis. The situation calls for full student body support from everyone, including the administration as well. Let's get behind the Fighting Christians and support them to the fullest measure.

QUOTABLE NOTABLES: Karen Smith, freshman, recently received a special recognition of achievement. I thoroughly agree with the choice . . . Ann Minter merely trails her lament of "Moonlight and V.P.I." . . .

TOUR COMPLETED

Still seeking the deep, dark secrets in Elon's realm of natural science, the Maroon and Gold's chief explorer climbed another flight of stairs in the Science Building this week and peered into the darkest recesses of the Department of Chemistry. If one is to believe her account of adventures in the realms of chemical wizardry, she was lucky to escape with her life after viewing more than one of the explosive experiments that go on in that section of Old Elo's campus.

guide my tour of the first half of the chemistry department, and we proceeded to "case the joint."

We had gone only a few feet when a student came panting up. "Excuse me, Mr. Epperson, is that stuff I'm heating explosive?" "Certainly," the professor answered. "Then would you come and check on it? It's acting kind of funny." Prof. Epperson excused himself and left me stand there, expecting any minute to be blown to China.

But nothing happened and seemingly aeons later, we resumed our tour.

"Now this laboratory," my guide explained as we approached a large room at the end of the hall, "is for organic chemistry and quantitative analysis. The students take an ore, run it through numerous tests, and try to determine how much of what is in it."

There were rows of work tables, each lined with bottles, burners, students, bottles and more bottles. Down the center of each table was a miniature canal system into which went all completed experiments.

To one side was an electric steam bath, not used for overnight folks but to turn solids into liquids. Beside this was an oven for drying lab apparatus.

Farther on, a door led into the Analytical Balance Room where stood rows on rows of glass cases containing weighing machines accurate to the fourth decimal place.

Back into the laboratory again, Mr. Epperson introduced me to Alton Durham, who works with Duke Power in Durham. He was completing his senior work by studying pollution of River Hall. His work table was stacked with gadgets, meters, bulbs, bottles,

burners, and more such stuff. Mr. Epperson explained the whole works to me and it was all very interesting, except that I didn't exactly know what he was talking about.

The next door we came to was the "Unknown Room." Now I was perfectly happy to pass that one by but Mr. Epperson insisted. I took a cautious preview through the key hole and went on in. All there were were shelves and shelves of containers. "On this side are the qualitative unknowns. We give a spoonful of one to the student, who tries to find out what's in it. We have records to decide whether or not his analysis is correct."

"And on this side are the organic unknowns. Here, take a whiff." I did. Ummmm! Cinnamon. "No," Mr. Epperson said. "Cinnamaldehyde. Try this." "This" smelled like vanilla. It was vanillin. Next odor was fingernail polish, really ethyl acetate.

"Now this," he said. B-u-t-y-r-i-c, I read to myself. Oh well. Why not? . . . I was half-way up the wall before he got the lid back on.

Yagh! Coming out of the Unknown Room, we passed a glass-enclosed thing with a stove pipe on top, which, I learned, was used in experiments where dangerous fumes were produced. The thing-a-ma-jig directed these fumes to the outside and harmlessly up into space.

We saw more equipment, including a tank of distilled water and a big hot plate, then went down the hall to the stock room. It looked more like a glass blowing plant, though, with innumerable beakers, Florence flasks, Erlen Myer flasks, burets, pipets, graduate cylinders, mortars and pestles, funnels, casseroles, evaporating dishes, bottles, a dewar flask, and more flasks of many, many shapes and sizes.

There was a hand centrifuge, a sodium vapor lamp, funnels to be used with filter paper, micro burners, bunsen burners, a volt meter, drawers of "Policemen" that people put on ends of stirring rods to chase particles out of beakers, more drawers of more stuff, and so on and on and on.

We saw 'em all, then came back into the hall where Dr. Cheek, another professor of Chemistry, was ready to conduct the second

(Continued on Page Four)

on the campus

JOHN BIGGERSTAFF



In Tribute

Here's to one of the most talented, versatile, and definitely attractive groups on campus—THE ELON COLLEGE MAJORETTES. They are to be commended for the excellent job they did this football season. Besides adding color and spectacle to the games, they were helpful in contributing to the spirit of the students.

Practically every afternoon the girls could be found at the band room working out new routines and perfecting the old ones. Their perseverance paid off in the best performances that Elon College has ever witnessed. The students of Elon have taken great pride in the majorettes accomplishments and would be glad to place them in competition with professionals.

We salute the majorettes—BARBARA ELLIS, who is a freshman, plans the choreography and has been in this type of work for eight years. She was chief majorette in high school for three years.

LAURA LITTLE, a sophomore handles all the business affairs connected with band and majorettes. She is an expert baton twirler and has had three years experience in band work.

KAY TYSON, who is a freshman, has just been in this type of work for one year and has shown surprising talent and adaptation for it. Superior performance is her job.

SARAH BARRINGER, a junior has had three years experience in high school band work and has been with the Elon Band for two years. She is a very talented baton twirler.

BEVERLY BENTLEY, who is a freshman, has had her first experience with majoretting this year and has an ability to perform which outshines many more trained majorettes.

MARGIE PUTNAM, a sophomore, has been with the Elon Band two years and had the honor of being chief majorette in her high school. She is a very apt twirler also.

LULU ROBERTS, a freshman, has been with the band for only one year and has already made herself an indispensable member. She was in the band in high school for four years.

Keep up the good work girls. You are a credit to Elon College!

Little Bits

FLASH!! Hardhearted Square has finally got what is known as a "love" problem—he had a fight with himself.

Wonder who nominated Turner Winston for Freshman Sponsor? Is he that helpful? From what is said the answer is definitely YES!!!

Who's the girl who's become an avid fan of high school basketball recently? Any comments readers?

Why has Doris Gaddis taken a sudden interest in New York City?

Well, Steve, you can relax now that there's a distraction available.

Wonder why Sandy Keith has such a liking for the music building?

Who is it that listens to the record "When Sunny Gets Blue" every conscious moment— and why?

Beverly B. has taken a new interest in local affairs lately—could it be because of Bob?

Congratulations to Bucky Flemming for a great cover up job at Garrison's Grill Tuesday night. Too bad Mr. Willet couldn't be blessed with the same discretion.

If you're in the mood for a good time, then stick around January 31st at 8:00 o'clock, for that's the time that the Freshmen are going to "show the upper classes how to have a dance." A good time is guaranteed.

A Good Feeling

Thanks to Miss Alene Rash, Sigma Mu Sigma Fraternity, and Elon College for combining their efforts in promoting the "March of Dimes Day" on campus. To those making contributions a hearty thank-you. The harvest can be seen in the thousands of children who are walking and receiving therapy.

Safety Council

A Safety Council was formed this week after being officially established by a vote of the Student Legislature at its last session. This council will handle problems of parking, fire safety, traffic safety, and a program planned to educate students in different phases of safety. The members are Paul Westerfield, Peggy Zimmerman, Stuart Cass, Al Wittchen, Dick Lashley, Barbara Johnson, and Bill Turner.

Closing Thought

Be ye givers of the dime and not receivers.

Around With Square

By WALTER EDMONDS

"The Stroll" and "The Chicken" have lost their popularity around the campus of Elon, but not "The Turkey Hop", it seems to be the thing. Especially with the likes of Barbara Ellis and Doris Gaddis . . . It finally is Uncle Sam, who will take the presence of Buddy Smith off the site. Ole Buddy has to report for his induction sometime next month. I truly hope he is as successful in the Army as he is here at Elon . . .

SHORT TIRADE: "Bucky" Fleming, a state of confusion within himself seems to be having his "ups and downs" in the arts or labors of love. Even the Salvation Army neglected him Christmas. If I were to mention the realities which have happened to him in the past few weeks, it would make a complete tirade. He is a firm believer in not "robbing the cradle", but any bassinets will do for him . . .

CUFF NOTES: Oral interpretation has not helped Mike Erlich's voice at all, especially in the wee small hours. The only comment I have to offer is, "piercing man, too piercing." Betsy Watson made a long awaited visit to the campus recently. It was good to see her once again; she is familiar as

Senior Oak . . . It's also good for these orbs of mine to see Sid Varney's charges in action once more . . .

OFF THE RECORD: It was great to have the roads paved around the campus, but I would rather have a dusty "short", than a daily ticket placed on the windshield. We might call these citations "true street assessments" . . . Mr. Garrison and Beaky have a conspiracy against me within the walls of Scrooges' Inn. "Scrooge" just can't pick his partners . . . Roberta Morrison has returned to the site after a brief stay in a Durham Hospital . . . It looks like the lasses of sorority BOB are the ones to beat in the girls' intramural league. They have a well balanced club with such performers as follows: Martha and Katie Langley, Marlon Glasgow, Lannie Wright, Pam Dofflemeyer, Nancy Lemmons, Jean Coghill, Roseline Toney, and Elizabeth Morrison. Yours truly wishes them all the success one can have on the hardwood . . .

Parting is such sweet sorrow, but for one, who basks in the realm of mediocrity, it must depart from the scene . . . Bye for two more gossip-seeking weeks . . .