

# Maroon And Gold

Edited and printed by students of Elon College. Published bi-weekly during the college years under the auspices of the Board of Publication.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Elon College, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Delivered by mail, \$1.50 the college year, 50c the quarter.

### EDITORIAL BOARD

- Doris Faircloth Editor-in-Chief
- Don Terrell Assistant Editor
- Edwin Boelte Assistant Editor
- John DalCin Sports Editor
- Davd Marshburn Intramural Sports
- Judy Burke Girls Sports
- H. Reid Alumni Editor
- James Waggoner Alumni Editor
- Luther N. Byrd Faculty Adviser

### TECHNICAL STAFF

- Carl E. Owen Linotype Operator
- Louis Jones Linotype Operator
- Grant Hall Press Operator

### REPORTERS

- Horton Callahan Bobby Johnston
  - Barbara Day John Koenig
  - Nancy Ellington John Ling
  - Mark Foster Howard Little
  - Wayne Gardner William Long
  - Robert Garrison Harry Murray
  - Ralph Gilbert Jerry Nance
  - William Graves Bob Overton
  - C. G. Hall David Plaster
  - Thomas Harris James Rosser
  - Charles Hawks Judith Samuels
  - Barry Hodge Don Szydlak
  - Jackie Holmes Gary Teague
  - James Holmes Wilson Teal
  - S. J. Irvin Aubrey Utz
  - Sandra James Don Whitaker
- Dean Yates

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1961

### LANGUAGE AND NATIONAL SECURITY

A new cliché is coming into our thinking here in the United States. Along with "we are one world" and "Russia is ahead of us" and "We must land on the moon before Russia", one hears over and over again statements to the effect that we Americans have too long minimized the importance of the study of foreign languages in our schools and colleges — the result being that our national safety and perhaps even our survival are threatened.

But someone is probably saying, "How is our national security related to the study of foreign languages?" The whole matter can be summed up by a few words: Right now the U. S. needs friends and allies. We are confronted with the Cuban situation, Laos, and the Congolese. We can no longer depend upon the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for defense against a possible invader. The moment that the first V2 missile soared across the English Channel in the Second World War, each of the two oceans shrank to the size of an irrigation ditch. There is now only a fence between us and our enemies.

Most nations do not understand our aims and attitudes, and we do not understand theirs — mainly because of our inability to communicate in their language and to convince them that we are friends.

As Archibald McLeish, famous poet and former Librarian of Congress, has said: "Wars aren't won on the battlefield, but in the hearts of men."

Let us take a glance at this depressing situation and see how it has come about. Apparently we just did not have intelligence enough to foresee and avoid this crisis.

Everyone took for granted — as John Dewey remarked in 1944 — that inasmuch as we have assumed a position of leadership in the world, economically and politically, we have correspondingly evolved into a position of world leadership, psychologically and morally. But, said Mr. Dewey, such things don't automatically happen — they must be attended to — and we didn't. The result being that we have bitten off more than we can chew. The Sage of Concord aptly commented upon the dance power of the world: "There is only a spoonful of wit to forty fathoms of sandstone."

Encouragingly enough, we are taking steps to fill the gap. From a meager 5,000 students studying foreign language in 1941 to more than 500,000 at present is the heartening story of the growth of foreign language instruction. Languages are now being taught in the grades in hundreds of cities.

Dr. Milton Eisenhower, president of John Hopkins University, recently expressed a hope that by the 1961 academic year, at least 100 colleges and universities in the U. S. would require that no student could be admitted to the freshman class without showing proficiency in science, mathematics, and foreign language.

The NEA conference on the academicly talented pupil, with Dr. James Conant as chairman, recommended that foreign



## the chatter box

By DORIS FAIRCLOTH

So here's to dear old Elon students — they come and they go, and quite a number of them have gone since the first of the new semester. They are the ones that didn't quite "make the grade" in the fervent battle of the strained brain. Many of us were lucky and were only wounded in the battle, having our names added to the probation list. Whether these wounds are fatal can only be decided by the amount of patchwork our q.p.'s receive in the future.

"How come is it" that a great number of the students found that the schedule destined them to undertake four of their examinations during the last two days of the past exam period? Registration on those days gave little relief to their pains. These two very rushed days may account for a small portion of the flunk and probation lists.

Many students agree that they had much rather have one examination per day, with a shorter break between semesters, than to have to complete one brain-twister only to rush into another one. It is the general consensus that this system of scheduling exams could be improved for the student, and perhaps for the professor also.

Rush week is growing near, and preparations for rush parties are being made by the fraternities and sororities. Eligible and interested students will do well to remember that in order to be assured of choosing the right group for him, he should attend all of the rush parties to which he is invited.

One element of Elon life that has taken a definite upward trend is the relationship between the different sororities and fraternities on the campus. Those who were graduated two years ago would be pleasantly surprised to see now the harmony between the fraternities and between the sororities, for at the time that they were in school there was an incomprehensible feeling of resentment among these groups. Those who were active in any one of the groups and who themselves felt the resentment toward the other groups were usually unable to elucidate, to themselves or others, their reasons for this hostile attitude.

It has been said that the closeness of the members in a fraternity or sorority could not be maintained without a closing out of friends in other such organizations. This theory may be acceptable in a larger school in which the great number of students may force members of one sorority or a fraternity to form a clique, but on the Elon campus, it has been proven to be without basis by the actions and the attitudes of the members of our own sororities and fraternities.

There are, and will probably continue to be, one or two members in each organization that will attempt to keep the flames of hostility burning by failing to repress their own narrow-minded feelings. But if the greater majority of the members of these organizations maintain their present broad-minded attitudes on this question, this type of person will soon realize that he or she is standing alone and will be forced to either change that attitude or remain in silence.

The Midwinter's dance has been scheduled for March. It is hoped that all students at Elon, commuters AND dorm students, will make an attempt to go, for if participation is good, it will no doubt be a very successful dance.

One very hard lesson to learn at Elon is that the best way to keep your nose clean is to keep your mouth shut.

Only 48 days to go . . .

language study begin in the grades and continue through the four years of high school.

It amounts to saying—"Let's give the schools and colleges money for language instruction by superlatively trained professors. Let's provide students with extraordinary motivation for learning languages and let the rest of the curriculum wait until this is achieved."—CLIPPED.

### Pointed Phrases

- Women's styles may change but their designs remain the same.
- The only thing we can put away for a rainy day these days is an umbrella.
- You can't stumble on anything sitting down; you must be up and going.
- Some of the most disappointed people in the world are the ones who get what's coming to them.

## With True Elon Spirit . . .

# Hook Has Filled Many College Posts

By JAMES WAGGONER

The living embodiment of the spirit of Elon College — such is one description which has been heard of Dr. Alonzo Lohr Hook, member of the Elon faculty for nearly half a century, and one can recall many compliments to him in regard to his long career as both teacher and friend to the men and women at Elon College.

There would be one student who would tell how Dr. Hook taught a boy to be a man, imparting to him ingredients of character which may have played a bigger part in that boy's life than did the mathematical equations or the formulas of physics which were also part of his education.

There would be another to relate how Dr. Hook continued to hold a deep and abiding interest in his students after they left Elon and how such interest, in reality, remained to be a part of his earlier instruction.

Of all the faculty members at Elon, perhaps no one has been more often sought out and visited by returning alumni, and perhaps no man living knows more of Elon's former students than does he.

### From West Virginia

Dr. Hook was born at Hanging Rock, West Virginia, in 1892, the son of Robert C. Hook and Elizabeth McDowell Hook. His father owned a cattle and grain farm and was also a lumberman.

After receiving his early elementary and high school training in his native state, he graduated from Curry High School in Winchester, Virginia. His pastor was instrumental in directing his choice of Elon College, a school destined to become the center of his long career of service.

During the fall of 1909 he enrolled at Elon as a freshman, and he was graduated with the Class of 1913. He played a definite part in inaugurating the annual pub-

## ELON VETERAN



D. ALONZO L. HOOK

lication of the Phi Psi Chi, which tells each year the story of Elon's student life.

In 1914 he became a member of the faculty of his Alma Mater. After assuming his faculty duties, he went on to graduate study, receiving his master's degree in physics from Cornell University, along with additional graduate study at Johns Hopkins University, Chicago University and Duke University.

### An Elon Family

It was in August of 1914 that he married the former Jessie Irene Dawson and their home through the years has always had "open doors" to Elon students. They have four daughters, Sarah, Irene, Jean and Patricia. Each of them is an Elon graduate.

Sara Virginia is married to Dr. Herbert W. Burton, and they reside in Atlanta, Georgia. They have four children, two boys and two girls.

Irene is married to Dr. M. Cade Covington, and they live in San-

ford. They have five sons. Jean is also married to a doctor, D. B. Harrell, and he is practicing medicine in Concord. They have four boys.

Patricia apparently felt that three doctors was enough in the family. She is married to E. J. Neal, Jr., an electrical engineer. They have one son, and their home is in Charlotte.

### Has Varied Service

Always interested in athletics, Dr. Hook was at one time graduate manager of major sports at Elon for a number of years, and he has for years been chairman of the athletic committee. He has been affiliated with the North State Conference since its beginning in 1931. He is a charter member, a former commissioner and twice president of that organization, his last term as president being last year.

Outside the college he has been very active in both his church and the Rotary International. For over fifty years he has devoted his time and energy to his church as both a member and officer. In Rotary he has served as president and has served in other capacities as well.

At Elon he has always served faithfully in every way—as professor of physics, head of the Department of Mathematics, dean of the college and registrar, to name a few of his positions. Presently he is head of the Department of Physics and professor in that field. He is also serving on the administrative and curriculum committees.

In the past Dr. Hook served as coordinator of the college program during both World Wars. His service has been varied and plentiful. Only recently — last commencement — Alonzo Lohr Hook received the honorary doctor's degree from Elon College, a tribute long-deserved. He continues to be the living embodiment of the spirit of the school which he is still so faithfully serving.

## Scribendi

By ED BOELTE

All students, employees and faculty who drive vehicles to the campus must register their vehicle. There are no exceptions. Registration has not been completed until the numbered sticker is prominently displayed on the appropriate vehicle on the right front windshield or ventillator.

Stickers are obtained from the Registrar's Office. Any student who does not register his car will incur a fine of \$5.00. Where state laws conflict, the sticker may be placed behind the rearview mirror.

No students, evening or day, may park in the faculty lot at any time. Only girls who live in the women's dorms may park in the lot between the two women's dorms. Commuter students may park in the circle south of Alamacene Building, the streets surrounding the campus and the gymnasium lot. The commuter students really have no problem for there is enough room for every student at Elon to park in the gymnasium lot.

Parking on grassed areas is strictly prohibited. There should never be any reason for a dorm student or any other student to park in the middle of the dorm lots. The old north lot directly behind the science building always has available space for dorm students.

Each violation of any of these regulations will incur a fine of \$1.00 with such added penalty for successive violations as the Administrative Committee of the college shall see fit to approve. Proceeds from fines go into and become a part of the Student Body Treasury. Students who desire to appeal parking fines must do so in writing to the parking committee and appear before the committee if

called. Appeal should be done within five (5) days. Parking regulations will be strictly enforced this semester.

Eight groups, each containing twenty to thirty American college students, will pay a seven-week visit to a European city next summer to study the language, culture and civilization of one country during their stay. Designed for serious students who do not plan to see all of Europe in a short summer, Classrooms Abroad tries to teach a seminar in area studies through a summer of actual living in one of the following cities: Berlin or Tubingen in Germany, Vienna in Austria, Besancon, Grenoble or Pau in France, and Madrid or Santander in Spain.

Members of Classrooms Abroad will live with German, Austrian, French, and Spanish families, eat most of their meals with the host families and share the activities of their sons and daughters. They will have ample opportunities to meet young people from student, religious, and political organizations.

Full information on the program can be obtained by contacting Gail Hettel, the Elon College representative for Classrooms Abroad. It is often contended that such an experience is an education in itself. Here is an excellent chance to take advantage of a good opportunity. Gail can be contacted in the Student Government Office on Tuesdays at 2 o'clock.

Now is a good time to get that date for the Mid-Winters dance to be on the 25th of February. Don't wait until the last minute like the writer. There is

(Continued on Page Four)

## a voice from the corner

By DON TERRELL



I sat quietly last week in my tiny and dismal den of intellectuality and consulted with my Muse concerning a column topic for this issue. The crazy-legged crickets and armadillo beetles competing for freedom of the runway along the floor were very distracting and quiet amusing, so I thought maybe I'd write about two young, sweet, and innocent bachelors I know who share a single home. I'll call these guys Cap and Ci, but to let them remain anonymous from those who may wish to criticize or disrupt their playboy station.

These fellows are typical, if there is such a term, of all those guys who are typical of guys like these guys. They are experiencing something new and something of value in their current life, as well as something which will be of value in later life. Their new experience is the pursuit of domesticity. They cook their own meals, wash their own dishes (once a month), make their own beds (when company's coming), and search for education in uninterrupted peace. (Cap at the oil lamp, Ci by the fireplace). They scrap over closet space and first turn at the shaving mirror, but once an enemy army of insects marches under their door, Cap and Ci unite with grand allegiance in an all-out endeavor to conquer the foe. Comrades true!

Cap is a kinda settled fellow who has chosen the field of science for his vocation, and whose chemical concoctions have proven effective whether used on invading rodents or on ice at the parties they occasionally sponsor. His bifocal lenses and his crooked smile make him a target for feminine suitors, and this contributes to the realization that poor Ci is left flailing a bat from the back porch at the persistent lasses to keep them away while cool Cap sips a Haw River Pepsi and cooks a meal.

His taste in art is displayed by the painting of a young and charming beauty which is propped on the shelf above his bed. She seems to be quite comfortable even though her attire would make one wonder in chilly weather.

Ci is much less settled than Cap. He is only one among those who came to college for an education with no definite career plans pending. He thus far has stumbled through enough "D's" in a variety of courses to throw a bit of confusion into his alignment of a major field. He serves as Cap's alibi and has spent many hours shuffling around in the cold while Cap interviewed prospective housekeepers. Cap never hires one, but he insists on the extensive interviews. Ci has asked about these interviews, but all he ever gets is a silly grin from his colleague.

Their abode of duo confinement is similar to a German rathscheller in that the only entrance is down an alley, over a back fence, down steps, and through a door built especially for dwarfs. There are no wine skins hanging along the walls, but an interesting cemetery of dead soldiers is assessable for the pleasure of sight-seers.

Lighting effects are amazing in this place. Four jars of lightning bugs placed strategically around the room furnish ample light, but by draping a dish towel over each jar only the light from the fireplace is used. The gals just love this fireplace and the fuzzy bear rug. I recall hearing of an evening there when Cap was entertaining a sweet young thing by the soft fluttering light of the fireplace, and poor ole Ci was hidden in the closet imitating rain-on-roof sounds with tin foil and a sprinkler while playing a harmonica to the delight of his buddy and companion. Ci volunteered to do this to escape washing the January dishes.

The dog which inhabits the back yard of their mansion is very popular with the guests and is dearly loved by the landlady, although not so well appreciated by our young friends. If ever he escapes his residence for a little "frolic on his own", landlady is horrified at the prospect of losing her pooch. On one recent adventurous night, our two humane lads plotted to rid themselves of this annoying culprit, so they loosened the back gate, allowed the animal to escape, and then spent two hours trying to run the thing down in Cap's Ford.

Cap's heroine is Jane Mansfield, because Cap is a physical chemist (enough said). Ci's hero is Bill Troutman because Mr. Troutman is such a nice and naive guy that women just flock around him and keep him so busy that he never even has a chance to shave. So, whenever you see him with a growth of whiskers, you know what he's been doing.

Just about the time you teach your kids you can't put more in a container than it can hold along comes some woman in slacks.