

Maroon And Gold

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1962

PROGRESS BRINGS CHANGE

Progress in every phase of human life means change, changing methods and changing tools, and a certain nostalgic writer in a recent educational pamphlet, cites an interesting change in the field of education and points to the old-fashioned pen-and-ink instruction in writing as a vanished part of American school training. He writes as follows:

There once was a time in American schools when children were taught to write with pen and ink, but those days are gone forever. Even the holes in the desk where the old ink bottles were stored have disappeared, for the new school desks with the carve-proof tops no longer provide for an ink bottle. Along with this change in school furniture has come a change in the terminology for the mighty writing instrument.

Today's children are still taught penmanship, but they are no longer taught to "write in pen and ink." This is the day of the ball-point pen or the solid-ink pencil. Since the old penholder and ink bottle are no longer a part of a child's experience there are only two writing instruments using ink that he is familiar with. These are the pen and the ink pen.

When I first heard the expression "ink pen," I heard it from a person whom I would classify as a speaker of southern sub-standard American English and I have always labeled it as nonstandard since, I did not hear it after then, yet today I hear it everywhere. I have heard it in North Dakota, Michigan, and all through the South. Are children just aping their parents' substandard diction or is there now a need for this word which is wide enough for it to be in general standard use. Both grammar-school students and college students use this term.

It is interesting to speculate how such a term which I once shuddered at could come into such general use. This is what I think. Just as the fountain pen had to have a distinguishing adjective to indicate that with its self-contained ink supply it was different from the most commonly used writing instrument, the pen, so the adjective "ink" has been used to distinguish the fountain pen from what is today the most commonly used writing instrument. It is also interesting to note that the pen with an internal reservoir for ink still is the writing instrument that needs a distinguishing adjective.

Since the ordinary writing instrument other than a pencil for most students today seems to be a ball-point pen, this is now called a pen and no adjective is needed to identify it. A fountain pen uses ink, so it is distinguished from an ordinary pen by the only adjective needed—ink. I have no doubt that the schoolteachers of America are discouraging this usage just as I would have, but since there are now only two types of pens in general use, I would predict that the now unnecessary adjective fountain will become as archaic as "pen and ink" and that the expression "ink pen" now unknown to dictionaries may find its way into them with an appropriate label. Will this usage be labeled colloquial, dialect or localism, or slang, or will it be called standard usage?

Taxes could be a lot worse. Suppose we had to pay a tax on what we think we're worth?



shades of elon

By HINSON MIKELL

As we approach another Christmas season, let us pause to contemplate seriously its meaning. Christmas, which brings to us recollections of many happy times past, wouldn't be complete without yule trees, gaily colored lights, and tinsel. Presents, Santa Claus, and parties for the older sets also have been closely associated with this season. For most of us students, a two-week vacation from tedious studies is another blessing eagerly anticipated. Christmas has a multitude of meanings which vary to suit all age groups.

Beneath the surface, however, there is something about Christmas which is hard to describe. This something is often referred to as the "Christmas Spirit"; to me, it is an overwhelming realization of my place in the brotherhood of all mankind. Regardless of our various religious affiliations and beliefs, we are able at this time of the year above all other times to put away our prejudices and see for once in our enemies a good point here and there. It only strikes me as a shame that this "something" peculiar to the Christmas season cannot be realized to the extent that people would adopt it as part of their everyday lives. My approach is an idealistic one, granted; in fact it only makes me wonder how real Christmas actually is. Wouldn't it be fine if we could make this "Christmas attitude" a permanent one and carry it as part of us into the ensuing year.

Above its "Sounding brass and tinkling symbols", Christmas is a season of general good will and charity towards the more unfortunate. As part of their annual activities, the fraternities and sororities on campus, working through the Pan-Hellenic Council, provided a Christmas party for the children at the Congregational Christian Home for Children here in Elon College. Last night these groups conducted this activity by decorating a tree at the home and by providing presents for the children. The social groups ought to be congratulated for this endeavor, which is hopefully something above administrative suspicion. Perhaps this sort of activity will at least preserve the names of our fraternities and sororities, lest they fade out altogether because of the restrictions under which they must function. But why should one complain about a lack of social freedom when there is so much studying to be done? Judged especially from a scientific point of view, one is better off just being an electronic brain or perhaps a chemical computer.

Last Tuesday, during chapel period, the students and faculty of Elon College were addressed by a Mrs. Whitney in tones far out of the ordinary. Although I am not in a position to elaborate on religion and politics, it seems fitting that a few comments concerning her talk be made if only to serve as a reminder of this event.

Mrs. Whitney is compelled to speak at least five minutes on the topic of communism during her every lecture (like unto the ancient mariner who was forced as part of continuing consequences to tell his tale. Therefore, she spent most of her half-hour during chapel propounding the evils of a socialistic way of life and challenged us (students) as a "militant minority" to stand against these encroaching evils. This point could have been effective had she not weakened it by telling of her own private experiences.

Her challenge as presented seemed to say that we ought to pay more attention to communist advances which have been predicted to culminate in world supremacy for Russia in 1972. However, in a particular example, she made me wonder if she really wanted us to think or was just preaching a dogma. Her experience, as she told it, was this:

In graduate school she was forced to take a course with a majority of freshmen. The professor, instead of welcoming the newcomers in the usual fashion, began his class by asking how many of the students had attended church services the previous Sunday. A unanimity of hands was shown and upon this the professor began questioning as to reasons why they had attended. The answers given which, in my opinion, were trivial.

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After Colorful Career . . . Wooten Is Praised By Alumni Writer

By H. REID

Four years ago, a tall, scraggly boy stood beside an automobile on the Alamanace Hall parking lot.

He looked anything but a football player. His stovepipe legs, spiked with wisps of soot colored hair, stuck out flimsily from Bermuda shorts. He weighed—and his coach back home at Hamlet, never scribbled on program figures—all of the 130 pounds.

George Wooten, uncertain, feeling very young and looking the part, wondered if Elon College really were as good a school as his pal Ed Thrower from over Rockingham way had been telling him. As an afterthought, George called to his mother waiting in the car. "I don't think I'll be too long."

Wooten miscalculated slightly. Thrower had been correct about Elon. Wooten stayed for four years, passing up overtures from the University of South Carolina and East Carolina College. He never rued it an instant. George Wooten developed into a pretty fair student. He also found a pretty Virginia bride at Elon. On the football field, Wooten combined being in the place at the right moment with ingrained natural talents. In four years, he was boldly mentioned in the same breath with such Elon untouchables as Jack Rabbit Abbott, Pete Williams, Joe Sal Gero.

The day third string Wooten first scrimmaged, though, he was far from that noble echelon. He doubted he would make the first team.

Bumped on his meagre behind time again, Wooten soon became convinced his opposition was terribly big and that he was quite, quite small. He picked himself up, resolving to improve. He did so much better, in fact, that he started against Newport News Apprentice School in the '59 season, although he was hardly prepared for what the press is wont to label a hero's role. Wooten was, in a word, frightened. For lack of anything more clever, he called a curious opening play, a quarterback sneak. It was good for

Reid This!

Football players come and go at a school like Elon, but few of them make as great an impression upon student and alumni supporters as did George Wooten during his four-year career that came to a close with the end of the 1962 season. Symbolic of Wooten's "foot prints on the sassa of football time" is the accompanying article, which was contributed by H. Reid, well known alumni journalist for use in his regular "Reid This" column. The word-picture of George Wooten and his career is vivid enough to pull "Reid This" to a new and bigger spot in this issue.

four yards and even longer confidence.

Since that first call, with commensurate aid from 10 other guys, Wooten has associated himself with some remarkable events:

In the Elon homecoming game of 1960, safety man Wooten and halfback Jim Short were amazed



GEORGE WOOTEN
Made Fine Reerd

to see Catawba—the game practically won with but 15 seconds left—line up for a field goal. Catawba had missed in three previous placements. With an eye toward a fourth failure, Short counseled, "Get that ball and run." Wooten followed the suggestion. He ran for 108 yards with the errant kick for the winning touchdown. It was the longest-ever Elon punt return.

In another homecoming game, again in the later stages—two seconds remained—Wooten deployed a 32-yard field goal to defeat Western Carolina in 1961.

Against Newberry this year, he made a quarterback keeper, normally a short gainer, good for 89 yards and a score. The longest running play from scrimmage in Elon records.

In the Apprentice game this season, he topped another Elon mark. He intercepted three Newport News passes. It was such defensive performance that had earned a Little All-America rating in '61. Oddly, had he been spared from defense and 60-minute playing, he may have made it on offense.

This past weekend, Wooten called his final signal as an Elon undergraduate. He faked a placement kick against Frederick, running the ball over for two points.

In his four years at Elon, the young man's helmet still fits. The Horatio Alger-Frank Merriwell exploits have not left him heady.

"A good way to end it," he said in that foggy, country-boy voice. He slapped a teammate on the shoulder and said, "It's been a good four years."

Somebody in the after-the-game crowd needed, "Suppose you'd gone to South Carolina?"

"I've got no regrets."

There was that look in his eyes hinting of his miscalculating again.

He stood looking at the field, absent, and, in a sense, fondly.

He was one of the last to get on the team bus. Obviously, there was a regret: Those four years at Elon had slipped by all too rapidly for George Wooten.

a voice from the corner

By

DON TERRELL



This being the final issue before being released for the Christmas holidays, I would like to recreate a little story printed during my Sophomore year in this column. It is entitled "Santa's Coming So Get The Legs Out Of Your Stocking," and it goes something like this.

It was the day Reginald had looked forward to for quite some time, as a matter of fact, some ninety-odd days. Christmas clemency was to begin immediately after his four Wednesday classes.

The stimulus of the ensuing occasion made it easier getting up this particular morning, although the night before had been spent in gay laughter and other frivolous undertakings at the local scene of regular collegiate festivities, the Dug Out.

The glass of ice water which his roommate had poured into his pajama tops could be overlooked in view of the season's cheer, and the fact that MERRY XMAS was beautifully squirted across the door with the very last of the Rapid Shave, and one of the monstrous trash barrels had been quietly overturned in the center of the room, and all night long he had slept with feet poking through two perfect circles in the sheet resulting from a cute little game of short-sheet. The popular Elon tragedy, "No-Heat", was being performed as usual, and the guys in the next room had been loudly amusing in their telling of past personal experiences, (the good kind) all night long. Also someone had stolen the term paper, which he had stolen from someone who bought it from a guy who got it from a fellow who knew someone who was related to a very influential character. Had it not been the day when all little angishes are overlooked for awhile, Reg just might have been a little perturbed, but not today.

With a smile that would have made Ike's and Jack's sadistic, he gently removed himself from within and without the sheet, and tenderly tapped his roommate with the ole trusty fraternity paddle, (eighteen stitches) and informed the swell chap that it was time to shove off to knowledge-land in history, English, French and religion.

After a quick shower, which was followed by an ingenious thawing out process created by the guys in H. Reid's class (thanks a H of a lot, H), our hero was ready to face those four sweet contributors to his intellectual development.

Today, the history professor felt real good and especially inspired. He gave a little quicky-quiz covering only the last seventy-two typewritten pages of notes. Being overwhelmingly nice, the dear old prof informed the class that everyone who finished early was free to leave early. The real nice guy then proceeded to hand out the twenty-three pages of questions. On the first page were one hundred well-squeezed-in true or falsies (is that the word?) On the succeeding pages were some crisp essays. "Trace the trend of thought everywhere from 6 B.C. to 1962." "What happened in Europe before 1900?" Natch, as professor expected, our boy Reg knew all the answers and proceeded to write the information down, being interrupted twice by needs which were only satisfied by trips to the Union for note book paper and things. He left class early, and spent the remaining thirty-five minutes with his lived one, checking her over. She sure looked sharp from all angles and sported quite a chassis, but most Chevys do.

The jangling bell interrupted his meditation and summoned him off to English. The professor there was in such a holiday spirit that he dismissed the entire class—after he assigned a three thousand word paper on just any old phase of American literature, due upon arrival back at school.

After a visit to the Union, which brought on a cherry-Pepsi, two bags of potato chips, a moon pie, a pack of nabs, thirteen honey buns, a double dip of tutti-frutti, but no beer, Reg was off like a herd of hungry turtles to French. Here the coach was in festive dither to such an extent that he held individual recitals of Christmas carols, naturally graded and in francais. Reg, being the class brain, came through without making a mistake, except for one small one—he sang with a Spanish accent, which is hardly appreciated. This is real funny too, 'cause Reg ain't never passed a Spanish course.

Time for religion class rolled around, and Reg strolled in and sat down. When the class was silent, the little ole prof leaped from his seat and announced, "We're gonna havva pop test." Of course, when Reg and the remaining scholars had returned to their seats, the questions were

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A View From The Oak

By MELVIN SHREVES



Judicial System Revisions

The Committee on Judicial System Revision has presented a preliminary report on its proposed revisions to the faculty Committee and should soon have a reply from them on the report. It is good to know that something is finally being done about this matter, since such a committee has been needed for many years. The committee, chaired by Ken Lumpkin, deserves a great deal of credit for the work it has done and is continuing to do.

The Oak Room

Although some people didn't think the little deminstration in front of the Oak Room would bring any results, the appearance of the cafeteria has improved. It can be assumed that Slater is using psychology in trying to make students think the food is better by making the service better. But one must admit that any little improvement is a big improvement.

Christmas Dance

The Entertainment Committee is using a few gimmicks to attract students to the Christmas Dance this week-end in hopes that the dance will not be as poorly attended as it has been in the past. The Committee, headed by Ken Broda, will give away gift certificates (six of them) as door prizes. In order to be eligible for the prizes, persons in attendance

must be at the dance between 7:45 and 8:30. Another big attraction will be the announcement and crowning of the campus' ugliest man. Providing music for the dance will be a group from Greensboro known as the Fabulous Five. This dance should be a hum-dinger!

Telephones In The Dorm?

It used to be that it was all you could do to get the telephone company to install a pay phone in the dorms, but now the Southern Bell Company has approached Elon College to see about installing private—that's right, private—phones in the dorm rooms. Several weeks ago Southern approached Dr. Daniele about introducing such a system on our campus. From reports received to date, Southern must have at least 300 phones, fifty or more taken up by office phones, at a cost of \$3.00 per phone per month (in the dorms, \$1.50 per person) plus charges for long distance calls. If such a system were to be installed at Elon, and the Administration is in favor of it at the present, our college would have best communication system in this section of the country.

On Other Campuses

For those of you who haven't read about it in the daily newspapers or visited their campus in the past two weeks, you may be interested in this little bit of news from the Woman's College in Greensboro. Students (most of whom are girls) at WC are permitted to drink alcoholic beverages within a 50 mile radius of the campus under a new regulations which went into effect two weeks ago. The new rule was approved by the Student Legislature at the College and by the Chancellor.

Last week this columnist learned from students at East Carolina College that the student body there does a little evaluating of its own at the end of each year. Last year they evaluated their professors and instructors on their ability to teach others, and this year they will also evaluate the dormitory hostesses. Any suggestions?

Goodbye, Old Year

The Christmas season is now upon us and we are all looking forward to a fun-filled vacation. It is my sincere hope that each of you has a very Merry Christmas and great New Year.

administration for the expressed purpose of paving all of the parking lots on campus. At the present time, the school is waiting for bids on such an operation to see if it would be feasible at the present time. The school has wanted to have this job done for some time because of the unsightly appearance, the uncontrollable dust, that the dirt parking lots now provide.