

Dr. William C. Young Delivers Opening Convocation Sept. 11

Using as his subject, "Come, Let Us Reason Together," Dr. William C. Young, Chowan College Chaplain, delivered the principal address at the opening Convocation service Friday morning, September 11.

Speaking to the largest student body in the 112-year history of Chowan College, Chaplain Young said: "If this academic year is to be successful for you, you must accept decorum responsibility, academic responsibility, and maturity responsibility."

"You are a selected student body," Dr. Young told the more than 435 students, as he discussed decorum responsibility. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "this is your school; guard its honor and integrity as your very own."

Commenting on academic responsibility, the Chowan Chaplain said: "A good student is one who decides that he is going to take advantage of educational opportunities. He takes the time to learn how to study; he seeks to improve reading skill; he attempts to stimulate curiosity and then to

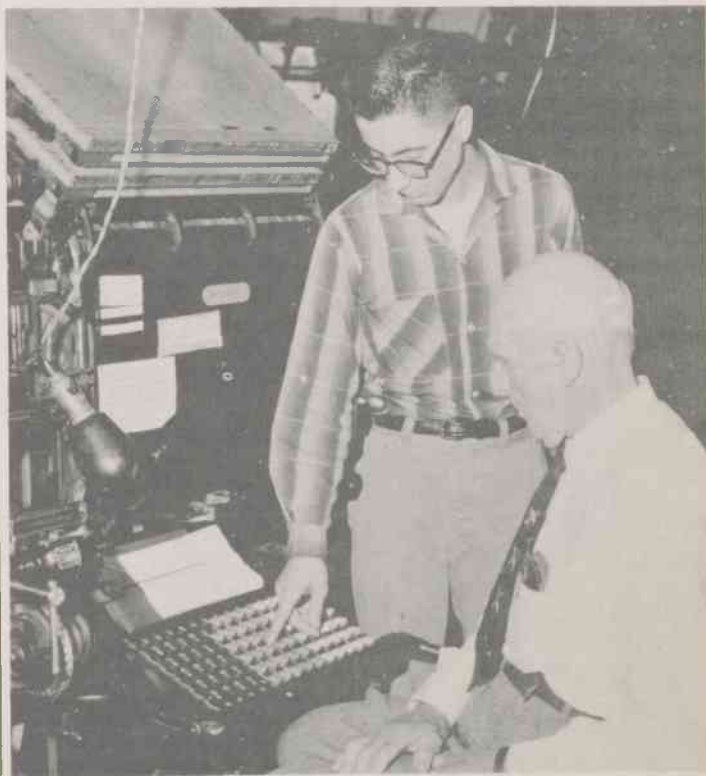
satisfy it. The good student is one who is diligent to prepare his lessons and relate such studies to life, or to life goals."

Here, Dr. Young, in pointing up maturity responsibility, went on to say: "If you are to be your best, and do your best, you must accept responsibility for yourself. You must learn to face your strengths and your weaknesses. You must face and accept the control of others over your life, and you must understand your own lack of control. Many individuals are corrupted all of their lives by deception. Pseudo-independence has deceived them so that they are unable to assume responsibility for their own selves, and become the problem and burden of the society in which they live."

Concluding the Convocation address, Chaplain Young said: "You must realize that men living together must trust each other and promoted the group welfare. The more mature we are in our thought, actions, and conduct, the more useful and helpful are we in our relationships to each other."



MRS. MIXON IN JERUSALEM — This is a picture of the Menora (candlestick), symbol of Israel, which stands in Jerusalem in the garden next to the Knesset, the Israeli Parliament. It is a gift from the British Parliament and will be moved to the grounds of the new Israeli Parliament building as soon as it is completed. The Menora is the work of the sculptor B. Elkhan. It is executed in massive bronze and its seven branches are decorated with twenty-nine panels, representing in relief figures and events which are highlights in the history and revival of the Jewish people. Mrs. Mixon is shown on the right of the Menora.



EIGHTY AND HEARTY — Mr. Hartwell V. Scarborough, of Raleigh, who is 80, is shown a linotype machine by his grandson, Conrad Hopkins, who is a freshman in the School of Graphic Arts. Mr. Scarborough is the grandson of Dr. John Scarborough, president of Chowan College from 1897 to 1909. Also, he is responsible for the planting of several rose bushes in front of the "Columns" building and he returns to care for them almost every year. Although well advanced in years, he is currently the night watchman of the Justice and Library buildings in Raleigh.

Mrs. Mixon Travels Holy Land Under Scholarship

While studying in the Holy City of Jerusalem during the summer, Mrs. F. Orion Mixon, chairman of the Department of Religion, wrote a series of letters to Bettye Jo Lassiter, 1959 Chowan graduate and now on the editorial staff of the Ahsokie Herald.

The letters are very interesting and the editors of The Chowanian are glad to have permission to republish them.

A scholarship was granted Mrs. Mixon by the Department of Hebrew Education and Culture of New York University.

This is the first of a series of seven letters.

Malon Or-gil
Jerusalem, Israel
July 10, 1959

Jerusalem! The city set on a hill and known to me since childhood from Bible pictures! The city that Christ wept over! The city we have mentioned so frequently in religion classes at Chowan!

To reach Jerusalem we flew about 6,000 miles over the North Atlantic, making stops at Manchester, Brussels, Vienna and Athens. We were only 35 minutes late, after 24 hours in the air, when we arrived at Lydda,

the airport which serves Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Although it was past midnight there were many people to greet the new arrivals. Repeatedly we heard, "Shalom! Shalom" (Peace), "Welcome to Israel!" That is what they all said—the official in the white uniform at the airport; the young Jew, originally from South Africa, who drove us to Jerusalem, a distance of 40 miles from Lydda. The citizens of Israel are warm in their welcome to visitors. They are anxious to exchange ideas, to talk, to hear impressions.

By the time we had cleared customs and were on our way to Jerusalem, it was past midnight—that mysterious hour which precedes the dawn. Great stars hung close to the earth, and there was the smell of herbs and dry soil. The pale stone houses in the small vilages were washed to a dead, flat whiteness in the dim light of the early dawn. We got to bed at 4 A. M. in our comfortable quarters in a small modern downtown hotel, Malon-Or-gil (House of Joy).

When we were awakened at 10 A. M. for orientation, the sun blazed, but the day was still cool. The sky was blue above the whiteness of the walls and

the silver-gray of the olive trees.

Breakfast was something of a shock to us Americans. It is served Smorgasbord. On the buffet were fruit juices, hard crusty rolls, butter, three kinds of cheese, marmalade, sliced cucumbers, tossed salad, dry fish, two kinds of olives, yogurt and sliced tomatoes. The waiter brought hard boiled eggs and French coffee (very strong!) after we had served ourselves and found places at small tables. The same breakfast menu every day! Have you ever eaten sliced cucumbers for breakfast? Try it!

In addition to six hours of lectures daily, we spend hours touring the city with guides from the University. We traveled to Ramat Rachel, the Mount of Rachel. Rachel was buried almost in sight of Jerusalem, but her tomb is in territory now held by the Arabs. During the war there was furious fighting here, and we saw a wrecked building, its walls packed with bullets. We stood above a trench protected by sandbags and saw in the distance the spires and belfries of Bethlehem. There is something sad about seeing Bethlehem from behind barbed wire. (Of course we will go there after

summer school when we have crossed the Mandelbaum Gate into Jordan.) We saw the fields in which Ruth reaped and where the shepherds saw the angels. Here are Herodian excavations and the remains of a Byzantine Church and beyond these, the frontier.

Jerusalem in Israel is a modern city but one can never forget the past. From the balcony outside our room in the hotel we can see the road from which you look away beyond the wilderness to the Dead Sea and across it to Mount Nebo, the traditional burial place of Moses.

We visited the classrooms of a Talmudic school. Little boys with side curls and skull caps sat opposite a rabbi, repeating his words in monotonous sing-song voices. In another room were older boys. One was interpreting a point of law; his face

was bright with intelligence. In another, the children had been left on their own, and like American children, were making the most of it.

A Franciscan went by—his brown coat fastened with a white knotted gridle, sandals on his feet. Then a young Jew in a short sleeved nylon sport shirt, a brief case under his arm. We passed the beautiful large YMCA building which reminds one of the Westminster Cathedral.

My Hebrew lessons are progressing. I can now say in Hebrew, "What is your name? My name is Daisy Lou." My name gives the young Hebrew instructor, Itania, much trouble. Rebecca, Rachel, Sarah, David, Peter—good! She knows the Hebrew equivalent, but "Daisy Lou"???