

Amuk and Anon

By Jim Cowan from The Mercer Cluster, May 9, 1947

"There are three kinds of snobs," announced Dr. A. B. Anthony, "those who have the old interstice well in hand, those whose ancestors emerged from the Mayflower and were never sent back, and those who by some hookamcrook managed to wheedle their way through the halls of some institution of higher learning. In other words, this particular species of snowbound sloth got that way because of money, family, or formal education."

When I sat down at the ole fellow's table in the Bus Station Grill, I had hardly expected the conversation to take this turn. I was on my way to Albany to see about the nuts in the "world's greatest pecan center" and Dr. Anthony was following his usual bachelor's procedure of "eating out". Suddenly, we found ourselves involved in a discussion filled with social implications.

Sticking his cigarette back down his neck and taking a last puff before chain-lighting another, the good-natured, unrepresentable, but keen-witted genius of the Economics Department leaned back in his chair and was suddenly reminded of a slight anecdote. "I recall when I was at Stanford," he rasped, "that there were three classes of students in the college phase of snobocracy: Greek, barbarians, and commuters, their respective positions being in the given order."

"But, Professor, were you—" I began.

"I was a commuter," he interrupted, "one who lived several miles from town and who had adopted the strange practice of putting studies first!"

"And what do you think of snobocracy?" was the next question.

"Don't you think I might be stepping on some good Mercerian's toes by answering that?" he asked cautiously.

"Certainly not!" I vowed indignantly. "Mercer is one place you won't find any snobs! No, sir! I'd just like to see one show his head on this campus! He wouldn't get to first base. Why, nobody would even speak to him!"

"I'm glad to hear that," declared the graduate of Stanford University and Libby McNeil, and Libby Plant No. 10. "After all, Mercer is a Baptist institution, Baptist is a denomination of the Christian religion, and Christians love their

neighbors as themselves!"

"The chief penalty of the snowbound sloth is his own self-circumscription. He draws an artificial iron curtain around himself and excludes himself from any developmental experience that he might otherwise have. It has been said that there is a book in every life; those who snub others deprive themselves of the opportunity of reading many interesting books. The price of snobbery is stultification. My rule is that everybody out of jail is worth talking to, as well as half the people inside."

At that point I heard a voice on the loud speaker calling: "Oglethorpe, Americus, Leesbury, Albany!" I was soon on my way, reflecting all the things he had told me, passing large white painted homes and crowded public housing projects, rolling plantations and small tenant farms, and suddenly understanding much.

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The Good Samaritan in College

(Editor's Note: The following article is reprinted from The Christian Century.)

Editor, The Christian Century:

Sir: Now that the colleges are soon to open the doors of the stadium and the gymnasium and possibly a classroom or two to the incoming hordes of students, it is a good time to give light again to a little classic on college life. This is a paraphrase of the Parable of the Good Samaritan in terms of present-day life in college. It was written many years ago by Charles W. Gilkey, then dean of the Rockefeller Memorial Chapel at the University of Chicago. It deserves continual reprinting. Here it is:

"A certain Freshman went from home to college and she fell among critics who said that she had no style, that her manners were awkward, and that she had an unattractive personality. Then they stripped her of her self-confidence, her enthusiasm and her courage, and departed, leaving her hurt, lonely and half-dead.

"And when the Seniors saw it, they were amused, saying, 'What a good job the Sophomores are doing on that Freshman'; and they passed by on the other side.

"In like manner the Juniors also, when they saw it, smiled and said, 'Yea, verily, for she hath not the making of a good sorority girl'; and they passed by on the other side.

"But a certain special student, as she went about, came where the Freshman was, and when she saw the Freshman she was moved with compassion, and came to her and bound up her wounds, pouring in sympathy and understanding; and she took the Freshman to her room and set her on her feet again, and brought her into her own circle and was a friend to her.

"Which of these, thinkest thou, proved a neighbor to her that fell among the critics? Go and do thou likewise!"

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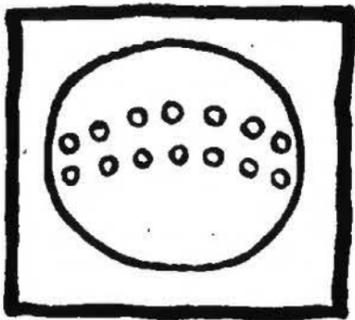
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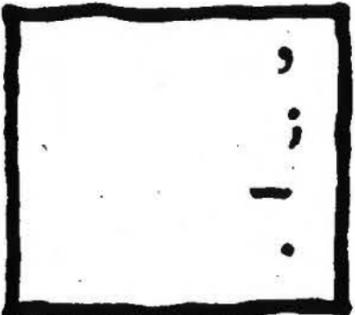
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