

## Maroon and Gold

Edited and printed by students of Elon College. Published bi-weekly during the college year 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.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1951

### LISTEN, YOU SHALL HEAR

Almost two thousand years ago there was born in Bethlehem of Judea the Savior of the World, The Prince of Peace. His coming had been predicted by John the Baptist as "One Mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose. I indeed have baptized you with water; but He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost."

And so it came to pass that the Messiah was born in a lowly stable in the city of David because there was no room in the inn; and from this stable came the Light of the World, a light which has shone to all parts of the globe.

God came to earth in the form of Jesus, "His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The Christ Child grew up in Nazareth, the son of a carpenter, whose trade he also followed for a time. We all know and love the stories, recorded in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, of how Jesus grew to manhood and went out into the land to preach the gospel of love. And then came the tragic end when He was only 33 years of age, the age when most men are just going out into life. But on the third day He arose from the dead and ascended into heaven.

In scarcely thirty-three years of life, only a few of which he preached his gospel of love, He made a mark on civilization which wars and totalitarianism have not been able to eradicate or even blemish.

Some have rebuked the story of Christ as supernatural in a realistic world; but after all supernatural is defined as something which is not natural, in other words something unable to be understood. How many phenomena there are in this vast and wonderful universe which the mind of Man has not been able to explain or even understand.

I dare say that fifty years ago we would have called the miracle of television supernatural; but now we understand it. The same with religion. God is all powerful; He can do anything—we should always keep this in mind before adopting the attitude of skepticism.

Man is but a speck in this great universe of ours, how can we expect our little minds to comprehend all things.

At this Christmas season of 1951, let us be reminded of that Christmas morn so many years ago on the other side of the world. As we sing the beautiful and inspiring Christmas cards, let us be reminded of their true meanings.

If we listen, we can hear the song of the angels of old singing once again:

"For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

A Very Merry Christmas to you all!

—M. C.



## cash on the spot

By LYNN CASHION

The other evening, as is my custom, I was enjoying my after-dinner smoke while warming my feet before the open fire which burned in the ancient fireplace of my bedroom. My chair was more than usually comfortable, and the restful glow of the red coals cast dancing shadows into every portion of the room.

It must have been the darkness of the room and the flickering fire that had impressed my sub-conscious mind so, for I was not for long to enjoy my restful slumber. I am often subject to dreams, but by no means a dream so vivid and terrifying as the one that agonized my mind at that time. It seems that I was dreaming of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," but the thing that shocked me so was that I was Scrooge. Yes, I was acting the role of that old tight-fisted, squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, miserable sinner, Ebenezer Scrooge.

As I reclined there, I could feel the cold within me freezing my features, crooking my nose, shrivelling my cheeks; my eyes turned red, my lips grew thin and blue, and my snoring became the voice of a pitiless and merciless old skinflint.

It was not long until I heard a clanking sound, deep down below, as if someone were dragging a heavy chain over the steps leading from the basement. The cellar door squeaked slowly open, and then I heard the noise much louder coming down the hall, straight toward my sliding doors, which had no lock! Slowly the doors parted, and there stood Marley, his body transparent amidst the vapors of death. I sat there petrified, listening to the eerie voice of Marley as it explained his burdensome chain and the reason for his not resting in peace, for Marley had been dead for years, and there was no doubt about it. Marley was as dead as a doornail. The apparition finally vanished as mysteriously as it came, leaving with me the warning that I would be exposed to three ghosts, to all of which I was to be accountable for my sinful past.

Upon the stroke of twelve, a cold, moist hand enclosed mine within its grasp, and I found myself floating into the ages past with the Ghost of Christmas Past. As we went our way, we passed old acquaintances of mine, who were conversing in the streets. The ghost drew me nearer to them, and I could then hear their conversation. They spoke not one kind word of me. My good deeds of the past had been few and thoughtless; my shame was to no avail.

Then came the hour of the Ghost of Christmas Present. Oh, but how unbearable was my suffering! Was it possible for one person to have had so many faults? I could do nothing in amendment. Time passes but once, and chances come but once. I begged for mercy, and received the same, undeserved. Once more I found myself reclining in my bedroom chair.

At last I was again resting, but good things are truly brief. My heart began to throb; my face broke out in a cold sweat, for it was then that I remembered Marley's warning. I was next to face the most dreaded and feared ghost of all—the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come. What would the future hold for me? My mind pounded upon this question. Was there no way to escape the last of the spirits? If only I could awaken myself from the tortures that surrounded me. But wait, something was burning my fingers. Was I to be burned alive in punishment of my sins? Was my dream mixing the spirit world with the physical?

Suddenly I awoke to find that my cigarette was scorching my fingers. The room was in total darkness. The fire had died down. My body was still moist with perspiration, my throat miserably dry. I turned on the lights and rushed to the mirror; I beheld my face, and not that of Ebenezer Scrooge! I sighed with a thankful relief . . . and then, I thought that I heard music. I listened closely . . . it was, "God rest you merry gentlemen, may nothing you dismay!" rang throughout the community. I hurriedly dressed and dashed onto the campus, greeting everyone in sight with good tidings.

Merry Christmas, humbug! Those are words of the past. It is Christmas Present, and I am again myself, so it is "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all, and God Bless Us Everyone."

## AT WORK ON NEW EDITION OF PHI PSI CLI



The staff of Phi Psi Cli has been going all out in recent weeks to prepare the 1952 edition of Elon's yearbook for the printers. A quartet of those busy beavers, busily at work is shown above. Left to right, those in the picture are Reita Durham, business manager; Page Painter, editor-in-chief; Joe Spivey, sports editor; and Laverne Brady, associate editor.

## Another Annual In The Making . . .

Page Painter is a busy man these days. He told an M. and G. reporter that being the editor of the Phi Psi Cli is a full time job if it is done right, and that reporter is sure that it will be done right with Page Painter as the editor. Page was named to this position at the beginning of this current school year, and he has been working an average of about six hours per day since then in preparation for the deadline, which is February 15.

After having climbed three flights of stairs in the library building in search of the annual office, the roving writer realized that climbing the stairs three or four times daily in itself would be a strain, and when there are hours of hard work sandwiched in between it seemed sure that members of the annual staff have

gone back to their dormitories very tired many nights and will do so for many nights to come. Page was found seated behind a long table on which were piled stacks of papers, literally hundreds of pictures, ranging from small individual shots to large group pictures, and in the very middle of the table what resembled a scrapbook, which Page stated was the book in which all the pictures and stories were arranged and then sent to the publishers as a copy of what the annual is to look like.

Page invited his visitor to have a seat, and it was then that the reporter started firing questions at him right and left. In just a few minutes he had a fairly complete picture of the work which goes into the publication of a college annual. To be perfectly

frank, he had no idea that the job of editor of the Phi Psi Cli was such a long, hard task.

Page says that the annual should be out by the middle of May at the latest, and if everyone will cooperate with him he feels that there may be a possibility of getting the annual from the publishers some earlier. His main problem now is in getting the students to turn in informal shots, so if any of the readers have shots that might be of interest, he requests that they please submit them to him immediately.

Just before the reporter departed, Page let him have a glimpse of the plans of the 1952 Phi Psi Cli, and an advance tip is that this publication is going to be one of the best since it was first printed in 1913.

## Elon Student Produces Own Invention . . .

By MATT CURRIN

Roger Gibbs, the president of the Student Body of Elon College, is not only an outstanding musician and politician but he is also a manufacturer and inventor, for just around the corner from the Elon Grill is the sight of the Elon College branch of the Gibbs Machine Company — home of the

Roll-O-Wax, which is the invention of Roger and his father, R. A. Gibbs of Greensboro.

The Roll-O-Wax was first conceived during the summer of 1950 and developed during the latter part of 1950 and early 1951, at which time the Roll-O-Wax division was opened at Elon College. The Elon branch was at first an

experimental station, but, as the invention grew into maturity, Roger began making the machine in his own shop here at Elon as well as in the shop in Greensboro.

The Roll-O-Wax resembles an electric waxer, but instead of waxing floors the Roll-O-Wax is primarily a paste wax applicator, and Roger tells me that it is the only one of its kind on the market today. However, the Roll-O-Wax will also double as a waxer. A cover comes with it, which may be attached to the roller, and then the machine can be used as a waxer as well as an applicator.

It's as easy as sweeping the floor to apply paste wax with the Roll-O-Wax, and I can vouch for this statement, for I tried out the machine and was convinced. It takes only about eight to ten minutes to apply wax in the average sized room. The machine eliminates bending and stooping, thereby preventing infamous backache and strain. No messy hands either, for all one has to do is just roll the wax onto the floor. A touch of the toe unlocks the roller for applying paste wax. Another touch of the toe locks the roller into position for smoothly spreading the wax onto the surface.

Yes, it's as simple as A-B-C to operate the Roll-O-Wax, for all one has to do is open the cover, fill with paste wax, close the cover, and the operator is ready to apply wax. It is economical, because it does not waste valuable wax . . . it smoothes it evenly, without streaks. It saves time, and it saves tempers as well.

Roger has proved the old adage to be true that "Necessity is the Mother of Invention." He invites anyone interested in seeing the machines in different stages of development and in seeing a dem-

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## of cabbages and kings

By ED ENGLS



Well, happy day. Things are popping at dear old Elon these days. Brisk new quarter beginning, basketball season opening, the Choir has given their usual excellent rendition of the "Messiah," the Barter Players are due soon with another Shakespeare production, "The Merchant of Venice" (which should also be excellent, if past performance is any criterion), Christmas vacation just around the corner (and with the bloated bellies just beginning to subside from the Thanksgiving orgies).

But perhaps the most significant news of all is the book of poetry published by John Foster West, Elon's own. Bearing the provocative title "up ego!", the book became available on December 1, on sale (autographed copies, but natch!) in the Elon College bookstore, as well as at the Alamance Book Store in Burlington. The edition is a limited one, and the autographed copies are even more so; so hop onto it kiddies . . . ten years from now an autographed first edition of Professor West's poetry might very easily be a collector's item.

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A new and happy addition to the Elon scene is the small art studio recently opened by one Mrs. Betty Wesson, an amateur (don't let the word deceive you) sculptress of remarkable talent and even more remarkable disposition. I comment on the disposition because, at the expense of her own time and material, and with truly incredible cheerfulness in the face of dismal adversity, she is coaching me as I laboriously poke at a shapeless lump of clay, which might, the Muses willing, some day resemble Buck Keaton. Which I think is funny, even if you don't.

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And now, kiddies, the time has come for a little moral lesson on the danger of lifting direct quotes out of their context. (Isn't it nice that I am in a position to decide when it is time for you all to learn something?) For subject matter I have chosen a book at random, Bertocci's "Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion."

In the opening chapters of the book, Mr. Bertocci rambles along easily and harmlessly, then, waxing more enthusiastic, he begins to get his teeth into the argument, and he states, abruptly, "All cats are dogs." (p. 52) This is not too difficult to assimilate, but later (also on p. 52) Mr. Bertocci distinctly slants his material, and, if I may say so, in a rather unnecessarily personal manner, when he says, "The professor is a dog!"

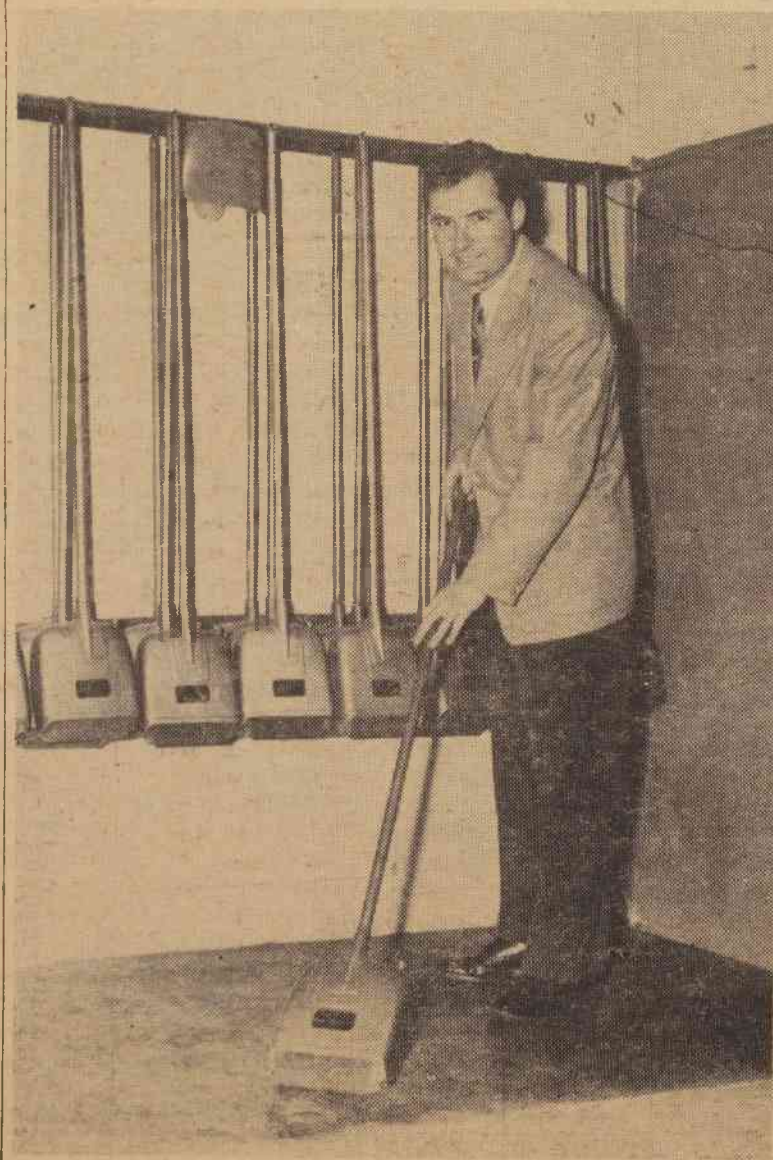
His next memorable statement comes on p. 55, when he points out that ". . . daddy has only two hands . . ." We don't feel quite up to disputing this with him, but I doubt the profundity of the claim on p. 54, ". . . we cannot be sure of the truth of any conclusion . . ." At this point it is easily seen that Mr. Bertocci is wiggling away from scrutiny, and later he goes into generalizations, such as, "Plates usually break if dropped in the sink . . ." (p. 56).

On p. 59 he goes completely to pieces, having argued himself into a dismal state of confusion, and says, of the lines he is writing, "I might be wrong about the fact these lines actually exist." Regaining a certain small amount of confidence on p. 60, he aggressively asserts that ". . . I am the same person that I was ten minutes ago . . ." but he later hastens to add, "I have decreasing confidence in these matters . . ." Page 60 also contains a deprecatory reference to ". . . my own limitations and dias . . ." but it is tucked away so obscurely that only the most careful reader would see it and realize that, if the author is admittedly biased, then the book is actually worthless.

So we can just ignore a greater part of the following text, but there are a few quotes farther back in the book which deserve mention, in the light of the author's plainly seen biases. For example, on p. 233, we find that "Right and wrong as moral terms are nonsense syllables . . ." and on p. 414, in a chapter entitled "The Best of All Possible Worlds?" he allows that "This question is critical."

However, I suppose it is only poetically just to close with the neat line found on p. 451, which also saves me from drawing a moral from all this, as the author says, "We do not mean what we seem to say, if you take us literally, without remembering the context of our discussion."

## STUDENT PREXY IS MAN OF BUSINESS



ROGER GIBBS, THE BUSINESS MAN