

# Maroon And Gold

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1952

### COMMERCIAL CHRISTMAS

Most of us will be leaving this weekend to spend the Christmas holidays in our respective homes, for another Christmas is just around the corner, and, if everyone is looking forward to Christmas as much as I am, there will be much merriment during the coming days.

But let us stop and think for a minute! Just what is Christmas anyway? What is its true meaning?

'Tis a question well worth a little thought in this day and time, for the spirit of commercialism has clouded the real meaning of this sacred holiday season and, perhaps, has actually crowded that real meaning entirely out of the minds and hearts of many people.

During the past ten years the merchants and business men have made of Christmas a time to make an extra dollar. They begin weeks ahead of time advertising the gift that's "just right for Mother," or "the perfect gift for Dad."

In most of our towns and cities the merchants begin decorating the streets for Christmas before the Thanksgiving dinner is digested. In fact, the mercantile bally-hoo for Christmas has almost crowded Thanksgiving itself right off the calendar, as far as the true meaning of Thanksgiving is concerned.

In numerous towns and cities the Thanksgiving Day is highlighted by a huge parade, heralding the coming of Santa Claus, this event taking place almost a month before Christmas; and, when all is said and done, all these parades are for is to attract the people into the shopping districts in the hope that they will start their Christmas shopping.

It's true that Christmas is a time of giving, but it's the spirit behind the gift and not how big the gift or how much it costs. The business men try to emphasize the amount and the size of the gift too much.

When are the American people going to come to their senses and realize once more the real and true meaning of Christmas? Christmas is a time for making merry and enjoying festive days, it is true, but after all it is really the time of the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ. It should be celebrated with a certain amount of reverence and meditation.

Many small children have begun to believe that Christmas is the time to get about anything their heart desires. They have been led to believe that Santa Claus is a god. We should correct this idea with great haste.

Let us, then, forget the troubles of the world and celebrate Christmas in a reverent way and have a good time.

To paraphrase Thomas Moore, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-bye!"

## MAROON AND GOLD



cash  
on the  
spot

By LYNN CASHION

Late the other night, when only a few were burning the oil over their studies, I noticed peculiar flickers of light bouncing about the campus in a sinister sort of way. Upon closer examination, I discovered that these weird lights were coming from candles, which a group of people, indistinguishable to me, were tossing back and forth in time to a song the group was singing. I strained to see who the songsters were, and what they were singing, but to no avail.

At first, the thought of the Ku Klux Klan took precedence in my mind, but remembering that the South has long outlawed this historic organization, and that there have been no reports of the K.K.K. since South Carolina forced the Old North State back into the union, I raised the question to myself if it were some of our Gullfordian friends paying us another nocturnal call. But, recalling that my good friend, Bob Ralls, who is President of the Quaker Student Body, made a truce with us at our N.S.S.C. meeting last Spring, and thus seeing that such a thought was ridiculous and highly improbable, I decided that I had better investigate the mystery more thoroughly. What if Dean Liles had returned unexpectedly to restore our beautiful shrubs, which our campus so direly misses since three years ago? Someone should be there to officially welcome her back and to thank her for her thoughtfulness!

Being very careful not to make any noise, I slipped around Alamance, tiptoed through the Colonnades, and crawled along in front of West. By this time, to my horror, the eerie lights were dancing merrily in front of the President's home. Becoming frantic, I dashed to the west gate and hid in the cacti, pausing to catch my breath. Working up courage and trying to swallow my heart back into the position it anatomically claims, I ventured nearer and nearer the phenomenon.

By this time, the lyrics of the music from the other side of the street became audible to my throbbing ears. Little by little, I sensed out the tune of "O, Little Town of Bethlehem." Who in the world could be so filled with the Christmas spirit at that hour of the morning and still stay out of trouble?

The flickering lights suddenly disappeared, all at the same time. Then I heard voices and the sound of footsteps coming toward my hiding place. Finally, the silhouetted figures of the dark emerged into the light of Elon's street lamp, and the mystery unveiled itself to me.

Prancing happily across the street were none other than the boys of Kappa Psi Nu! They were really full of the Christmas spirit, not the staggering kind, but the "good old times" kind. For one night, they had brought back the happy customs of the past and were carrying out Christmas in its best form and spirit. They were a perfect example of "thinking and doing for others," and all the while proving that the Christian spirit can be held dear to heart, benefitting the giver as well as the receiver; for in their Yuletide caroling they were having the time of their lives, just thinking of and doing for someone else the little things in life that mean so much. Yes, the spirit of Kappa Psi Nu, as manifest in this Christmas serenade, remembered by all of us. It is the spirit that all of us should cultivate, the spirit that should be Elon.

I don't know of any better time than Christmas, to get that spirit. Let's all find it, get it, and above all, keep it! That is the way we will build an Elon to be cherished by us in years to come. So, here is a big hand to the boys of Kappa Psi.

And to my fellow students, I extend to you, one and all, every wish for a very merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years!

This is the hothouse in which flowered juvenile delinquents, thrill-happy hot rodders, teen-



AMONG THE NEWCOMERS TO ELON this year are Dr. and Mrs. James Hess, shown above at their home near the college campus. After thirty-seven years in India, they have no doubt had to learn once more to feel at home in America.

## Back From India To Elon College...

By MATT CURRIN

Two of the most charming and interesting newcomers to the Elon campus are Dr. and Mrs. James Hess, who for the past thirty-seven years have lived, worked and taught in South India. Dr. Hess is now a member of the English faculty here, and they are living in the small cottage behind Atkinson Apartments.

Dr. Hess is an outstanding Shakespearean scholar, having written several books on the subject, some of which are commentaries on "Richard II," "Henry V," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Julius Caesar." He has also written a volume entitled "The Theater of Shakespeare's Day." His books were published by the Literary Society of India.

During thirty-seven years in South India, Dr. Hess taught Shakespeare at the American College of the University of Madras, was chief examiner and graduate thesis reader at the American College in Madras, the capital of South India and a city about the size of Detroit.

Dr. Hess states that the University of Madras is composed of twenty-six separate colleges, one of which is the American College. He was connected exclusively with that college.

Born in Camden, N. J., Dr. Hess was educated at Brown and the University of Pennsylvania, graduating with a major in English literature. He was for several years contract manager for the Curtis Publishing Company and later circulation manager for "The National Magazine." By this

time he was married, and he and Mrs. Hess went to the University of Chicago, from which he received M. A. and B. D. degrees.

Completing his work there, he and Mrs. Hess went to India, where he taught for seven years at the American College. Both then returned to America, where Dr. Hess received a fellowship at Harvard to do special work and serve as visiting professor. There he worked with Dr. Kittredge, famous Shakespearean scholar, and it was at Harvard that Dr. Hess's first book, "A Commentary on Julius Caesar," was published. The ability of Dr. Hess was recognized at Harvard, but after slightly more than a year, he and his wife returned to India.

Mrs. Hess was born in New England and calls Providence, R. I., her home. She was educated at Rhode Island College of Education and did special graduate work at the University of Chicago after her marriage.

After going to India, she was as busy as her husband, teaching English composition six years at a school similar to America's high schools. She later taught chorus singing for several years, and for four years taught religious education to girls. In 1932 she was named supervisor for four Hindu girls' schools in Madras.

She made a special contribution to the city of Madras while serving as librarian at the American College for three years, after which she organized a library for Lady Doak College and saw it grow to maturity.

Mrs. Hess also served as

special correspondent for "The Mail," outstanding South India newspaper that is published in Madras, and Dr. Hess chuckled as he told that his wife made her rounds in a jeep as she covered mission news, interviewed government officials and did special assignments. She and Dr. Hess together wrote hundreds of book reviews.

One might think Dr. Hess spent all his time working and teaching but he did not. He was chaplain for the American College and preacher to the University and was arch deacon of the Church of South India. He was also bursar of the American College for four years, and he saw the college grow from 150 in 1915 to over 1,000 last year. It is interesting to note that he built on the campus of the University the first tennis courts in South India.

Asked how Christmas is celebrated in India, Dr. and Mrs. Hess replied that it is much like in the United States. On Christmas Eve church members gather at their church and go out in groups to sing stories of the birth of Christ. Often they sing in Christian homes and then return to the church for special services.

One of the highlights of Christmas observance is the communion service, usually not later than 6 o'clock Christmas morning. Dr. Hess said, "Some churches have services all night long, while others have certain hours for worship. There is usually a vesper service in the late afternoon on Christmas Day."

(Continued on Page Four)

the  
moving finger  
writes

By MATT CURRIN



Your columnist takes this opportunity to thank Dr. Leon E. Smith, Elon's president, who consented to become a guest writer in this column, and we of the MAROON AND GOLD staff are proud to present, as a special feature of the Christmas issue, the following article by our president:

CHRISTMAS 1952  
By Dr. L. E. Smith

The love of God always manifests itself in due season. Man's rebelliousness became so intense throughout the passing centuries, his sins against man and God became so great and so evident, that God threatened to destroy him completely and remove him from the face of the earth. In the midst of wrath, God's love for man and the world was manifested in the gift of his son, our Lord.

Love is a moving force in human experience. Before it, barriers that separate men and nations give way. Darkness that obscures the pathway of wayward feet is scattered and the way made plain. Obstacles that would defeat the forces of righteousness are plucked up and cast away. Sins that would damn man's soul are, by the power of God's love, forgiven and cast away, and the sinner is given a clear title to priceless treasure that shall not pass away.

Each year at this season through the passing centuries, the Christian world has celebrated the birth of Christ. We sing the songs of nativity, hymns of adoration, anthems and oratorios exalting his greatness and power. We offer our prayers of thanksgiving and praise. We preach our sermons telling of his mercy and exhorting men everywhere to repent of their sins, accept Him as their Saviour, and enthroned Him in their hearts as the Lord of their lives.

This Christmas season 1952 shall not be different. Already Christian hearts are warm with sense of devotion as they prepare their gifts that proclaim Him Lord and King. May our gifts be our best and expressive not only of our devotion but of our faith.

As we make room for material growth and prepare for an upsurge in business, may we make room for Him in our hearts and prepare for that overflow of devotion and love that God desires so much to give to us on this, the birthday of His Son. "Whosoever hath Him hath life, and that life is the light of the world."

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And to continue our Christmas hospitality, we welcome still another guest writer to the "Moving Finger" for this holiday season in the person of Dr. John Truitt, superintendent of the Christian Orphanage here and an alumnus of Elon College. The following poem of the Yule season is used by Dr. Truitt's permission from "Across The Years," his book of poems, which has been read and enjoyed by so many lovers of poetry. The poem is filled with the spirit of the season.

OH! THE FRAGRANCE OF THE CEDAR

By Dr. John G. Truitt

Oh! the fragrance of the cedar,  
And the odor of the pine,  
And the light of lovely candles,  
In this sacred old shrine,  
Make me enter very quietly,  
And in reverent sort of way,  
To kneel in prayer a moment,  
On this happy Christmas Day!

To thank Him for our family,  
And the gifts of love and health,  
To thank Him for our Country,  
And the glory of its wealth;  
And for its singing children,  
And the fortunes they are worth,  
For they give an added lustre  
To this Day of Jesus' Birth.

Oh! the fragrance of true Christmas,  
Far more fragrant than the pine,  
As the light of altar candles  
Fall on this family of mine;  
While we quietly bow together  
In the glory of this place,  
To thank God for His blessings,  
And to praise Him for His grace.



CHRISTMAS—1952

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

What do we know of peace or good will? We, who in our life time have known little else but war and strife; we, who have been deprived of our loved ones by two world conflicts; we, the generation of the dead. What does Christmas, 1952, hold for us? What gifts do we bring to the Babe of Bethlehem?

As children we were taught to believe in Santa Claus, the spirit of love and generosity—the "good will." With the innocence of our youth we trusted and believed. Then one day our little bubble burst. We woke up to the fact that the world of our day is one in which the only real law is that of survival of the fittest. We grew up fast—we had to. We lived fast, too, burning our candles at both ends while the world applied a blowtorch to the center.

This is the hothouse in which flowered juvenile delinquents, thrill-happy hot rodders, teen-

## A Line O' Type Or Two

By PATSY MELTON

age dope addicts, and baby-faced murderers. What fear is it that knaws at the minds of today's young people that drives them to live every moment as selfishly as though it might be the last? What happened to the good will?

"Peace on earth." How many Christmases have we known that have been red with blood instead of tinsel and lights, and cold with death instead of snow? We're too young to have a voice in deciding about war and death, but we're just the right age to do the dying. If our dying were accomplishing anything, we would do it gladly, but where's our peace on earth?

Somewhere, sometime, somebody failed us. Our only choice is to play our parts in the little drama already planned. But in playing these carefully planned roles, we can try to revive the ancient ideas of the angels—"Peace on earth, good will to men"—and we can pass these ideas on to succeeding generations. Perhaps this might be an acceptable gift to the Babe of Bethlehem.

Now that we've editorialized and got all our gripes off our chests, let's look at the gay side

of this holiday season. Deck the halls and haul in the yule log. Bring on the boar's head and the flaming plum pudding. Let us make merry and enjoy the Christmas days.

You know what Christmas is, of course. It's a widely observed holiday on which neither the past nor the future is of so much interest as the present. Yes, Christmas comes, but once a year, and once is enough. Even so, the holidays are a welcome respite from the worries, the work, and perhaps the boredom of everyday life. It is the time when we can drop gaily colored curtain before our eyes and turn our backs on unpleasantness. Therefore, let's greet Christmas heartily as bringing a Saving Grace in more ways than one.

We would make some New Year's resolutions, but would never keep them, so let's not bother to make any here. Do you have any? If so, more power to you! Try to keep them. If your resolutions are good ones, that is.

Now, until next time, be gay, have a very merry Christmas, and lay off from too much of that wassailing.