

Maroon and Gold

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THOUGHTS

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

Glory to God, in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

St. Luke 2:12-14

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and to look around for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.—Henry Van Dyke.

OLD ENGLISH CAROL

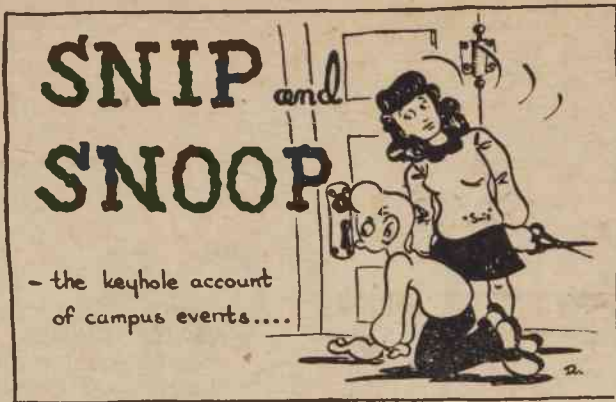
Christmas is coming,
 The geese are getting fat
 Please to put a penny
 In the old man's hat;
 If you haven't got a penny
 A ha'penny will do,
 If you haven't got a ha'penny,
 God Bless You.

What's The Rush?

When the new year begins, most of you will have been home, enjoyed your first peacetime Christmas in four years, and most likely will return with a hate-yourself-complex because you celebrated too much and too long. Now we don't like to point our morals or revolutionize lives, but why don't you let that post-Christmas hangover be a lesson to you to take it easy during the year to come—1946?

Somewhere back in the years B. C., someone developed a calendar with 365 days in a year and seven days in a week, and gave it to the rest of the world. Those 365 days are a gift to you and one of the best you will ever receive . . . use them wisely. Don't try to crowd a life-time in the span of 365 days. Look around you, widen your horizons, develop new interests.

During wartime there is a speeding up and a specialization of everything—including living. Now that we have a peace time year let's make the best of it, and take it easy. We are all young yet, and now is the time to look around and find how someone else lives. The grind who spends ten hours doing outside study needs to loosen up and join the gang in the drug and bookstore occasionally; Mr. Popularity Plus, who spends all his time gabbing and spreading joy needs to adopt some of the grind's habits; you, who discuss nothing except football should read a book occasionally (something other than the funnies); everybody pick out a new hobby, a new interest—go on a personal campaign to better yourself. Maybe you think you are a well-rounded individual; well, maybe you are wrong. Take a personal inventory, slow down in your race with the world, and see what is going on around you. Know where you are going, but know how and why you are going. Take your time. You have 365 days in which to do a heap o' living, but don't try to do it all in one day.



"Jr., in the form of a blue convertible, is affording the Ladies' Hall gang a lot of fun. You pass interesting people out on the road, huh? . . . This is not a classified ad column, but as a special favor to Dot Shackelford—has anyone an old, used, worn-out, but workable pair of stilts available? . . . "And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine," but make it plural—Bobby Foust leaves for Fort Bragg the 20th of December . . . Four cornered-triangle—Ann Ashley, Ed Daniels, Nancy Jordan and Johnny Hill . . . Triangle—Betty Benton, Jack Burch and Roxboro . . . Just cornered—Joe Westmoreland and Dot Brinkley . . . Just Corn—Ruth Everette and Sarah Harris, among others, with their "Helo, Lena," "Hello, Tina," stuff—and they really are hoeing it! . . . Humor has it that Bobby Harris with his turned-up saddle shoes, soup bowl special, and his "I just swallowed the canary" grin should be nominated as the typical college boy . . . Nominated as the luckiest people on campus—the seniors. Why? Have you heard about the new senior privileges? Brother, wouldn't that start a stampede in either the Freshman or Sophomore class . . . Romanticcouple—Peggy Comer and Calvin Milan . . . Question of the week—Why doesn't the Veteran's Club give a get-acquainted party for the co-eds? . . . Ermine Davis has been "Hooked." . . . Ed Daniels is back on campus—the line forms to the left, girls . . . By the way, that joke that Ed told Verdalee got her into what one might call a "sea of trouble." . . . Tess Coffin plans to trek the long aisle soon; she's already departed from these parts . . . Anyone having the time, and 'twill take a good long time (if you don't believe it ask Shorty Smith), get Rachel Futrell to tell you her "Bedtime" story . . . We've had the engagement and the love epidemic on campus this year, but the Flu epidemic which is sweeping the campus at present is by far the most powerful. If the nurse's statistics are right, it is claiming about ten times as many victims . . . Question asked by Snip and answered by Snoop. Where did Mr. McClure get that arch in his eyebrows? Me, I'm not sure, but I think it just developed from those quizzical glances he gives his students occasionally, especially the MAROON AND GOLD STAFF . . . Famous First Words: Senorita Chegwin in Spanish I on the first day of the quarter: "No hablo, Alan Pierce." . . . C.T.I. has been renamed by the management: "Come Thither, Imps." . . . What young couple are wearing the paint of the east gate and holding lengthy hand-to-hand conversations without finding out that it's raining? . . . Slew of letters on pliable stationery were in the mail this week marked "Handle with care" for the benefit of the Postmaster . . . Enuf's Enuf, so until the sands of time have slipped through the hour glass enough times to make it four weeks, and enough gossip (or should we call it dirt) has slipped along the grape-vine to fill another column, we depart.

College Humor

Where there's a will, there's relatives.—The Johnsonian.

The sermon had lasted an hour and a half already—an hour and a quarter to the major prophets, and the preacher had not got a third of the way through the minor ones yet. At last, he paused impressively, and exclaimed: "And Habbabuk—where shall we put him?"

A man rose in the back row. "He can have my seat, Mister."

—The Pioneer

The average man is proof enough that a woman really can take a joke.
 Never admit you are fat. Just say you come in the large economy size.

—The S.M.U. Campus

Sara: "Why do you call your new boy friend "Bernuda Onion?"
 Ruse: 'Cause he's jes so big and strong.

He: Darling, I love you terribly.
 She: You sure do!

Freshman: Who was the first inventor?
 Senior: Adam.
 Freshman: How come?
 Senior: He supplied the parts for the first loud speaker.

Mrs. Danieley: (looking out of window) "Earl, here comes company for supper."
 Earl: "Quick, everybody run out on the porch with a toothpick."

He called her "Spearmint" because she was "Wrigley."

Mr. Long: "How are you getting along at college?"
 Ralph: "O pretty well, thanks. I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead."
 Mr. Long: "That's good. You need one."

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the sink.

Mr. Coffin: Look here, Tessie, I don't mind your sitting up late with that young man of yours, but I do object to him taking the morning paper when he leaves."

There was a stranger who asked a native of a re-

Science In The News

By BILL CLAPP

"Tomorrow you may be young." William L. Laurence reports in the December issue of the LADIES HOME JOURNAL that in Soviet Russia Prof. Alexander A. Bogomolets has achieved a result even more astounding than the discovery of the atomic bomb.

An increase in the probable life span to 150 years is a possible result of his work on connective tissue and its regeneration. Discovering that good connective tissue was the one characteristic possessed by all who enjoyed longevity, Dr. Bogomolets narrowed his work to the problem of rejuvenating connective tissue.

Studies were made of over 30,000 Russian people who had passed 100 years of age. The connective tissue of these people was found to be in a remarkably healthy state as compared with that of people who did not live so long. He further found that the connective tissue was necessary for the transfer of food and wastes in the body between the blood and the body cells. The walls of blood capillaries are closely knit with connective tissue; and when the connective tissue gets clogged, the entire system is impaired because the connective tissue is not an active part of the body, but is necessary as an intermediary and regulator of the basic metabolic processes of life.

Bordet discovered that tissues of an organ of one species of animal caused a serum to be produced which would destroy that particular tissue if injected in the blood of an animal of the same species as the first one. His teacher, Metchnikoff, discovered that small doses of the serum activated the tissue rather than destroying it.

Bogomolets began in 1937 to develop a serum for human connective tissue, experimenting first on animals and then on humans over fifty, giving small doses of the serum.

The results were enough reward for the years of research. The health of the "old men" improved rapidly. Headaches, insomnia, rheumatism, and other ills cleared and the working capacity of the individuals increased. Then the Nazis marched on Russia and the serum was used on many of the wounded. It was reported useful in the knitting of fractures that had not otherwise healed, curing of high blood pressure, preventing recurrent growth of cancer, and the curing of mental ills. The possibilities are numerous; but it must be remembered that the serum acts as a general health promoter, not a specific cure for any particular disease.

Experiments on this serum are now proceeding in the United States at a rate similar to the penicillin experiments during the war. The U. S. has something to add in the method of preparing serum, it is believed. The Russians obtained connective tissue for preparing the tissue from the spleen and bone marrow of healthy young children who had died by accident. Serum production was difficult because the material had to be used within ten hours after death. If we can use the method of growing tissue in an artificial media as is done with the chicken heart at Rockefeller Institute (it has been growing for thirty-three years and has produced an enormous amount of tissue), we can produce the tissue in quantity from a small start.

Bogomolets' anti-age serum may be in full production in a few years and have a tremendous effect on the entire social-economic system. Authorities in this country agree that most people die because they lose their resistance to disease, not because they exceed the possible life span. The increased resistance and vitality produced by this serum may enable us to increase our life expectancy to well over the hundred-year mark.

TO WILL CRICKET AND A GRASS HOPPER

All green and gold and stitched with red
 Wave the patchwork meadow quilts.
 Will Cricket and Grass Hopper tread
 Over clover on crook-joint stilts.

Bright hummin' bird and honey bee
 Go swimmin' on a sun-lit sea.
 The yellow-jackets dart and buzz
 Lookin' where the broom-sage wuz.

A curly-head with saucer eyes
 Tiptoes where the high ground lies:
 It's Little Un, lookin' for Little Bits,
 Cause

The M & G's
 Most prominent editor and "Beeg Cheese"
 Wants "poetrees.

And if they don't fit the column size,
 He's fit to be tied,
 He ith, he ith! O My! O My!
 (That's two "O My's.")

We could go on,
 And rhyme with pies,
 But

Thith
 Ith
 Enough—
 We hope.

note region in Jackson county if he didn't have trouble getting the necessities of life in that inaccessible spot.

"Yes, we do," said the mountaineer, "and half the time it ain't fit to drink."

"What are the names of your three children, mammy?"
 "De fust is Ruby; de secon', Pearl; and the baby is Onyx."

"Why in he world did you ever name a child Onyx?"

The old woman smiled sadly. "It wuz so onyxpected, ma'am."

"Every time I kiss you I feel a better man."
 "Well, you don't have to try to get to heaven in one night."

Scottish football yell: "Get that quarter-back."

LITTLE UN'S LITTLE BITS

By Verdalee Norris



Betty Benton, my roommate and chief worry, had planned to be guest columnist this week, but at the last minute she was troubled by complications in her love life and was in no mental state to take over. However, she plans to try it later and in the meantime, I shall use my column space to write an open letter to that gentleman of the Yuletide, Santa Claus.

Before I begin the letter, let me tell you the truth about Santa Claus, if your parents haven't told you. You see, the old man is really a Southerner. During the Civil War he moved to the South Pole and has been there since that time, and when he disappears into the night he does not say "A Merry Christmas to all," he says "Merry Christmas to you all."

Christmas poem:

Christmas he come,
 He do not tell where from.
 He brings some toys and
 presents and stuff.
 Oh, why were it all was.

Now for the letter:

Dear Santa Claus:

Your fairy and elf workers have probably told you what nice boys and girls the Elon College students have been so we won't go into that. Be good to all of them and below we have listed a few gift suggestions. Do your best in fulfilling these needs and wants and maybe you will find a surprise in store for you on Christmas morning.

Bring Jack Burch a pre-fabricated, post-war model dog-house. He has lived in the old one so much recently that it is getting a little worn.

Jessie Thurecht wants a new tooth to replace the old one that Dr. Joe took the other day and you could give her a sampler cross-stitched with these words: "Of all glad words of tongue-ar pen, the gladdest are these: 'I might have Ben'."

Please see that Joyce Smith gets a Phi Beta Kappa key with a man (attached, a package of Nabs, and a glass of water. We know this is a lot, but, Jumping Jimmy! you understand.

For Margaret Rawls we ask nothing special; she has George Bullard with a discharge button. For George we ask that you bring new civilian clothes and a wig to cover that bald spot.

Show the Naval authorities that Bob isn't half so important to them as he is to Frances Truitt.

The Chegwins and Al Valderama will be far from home Christmas, so be extra nice to them.

Lib Holland wants the nicest, biggest, best-looking, best-dancing hunk of man you can find. He must be heaven on the half-shell because he must escort her to the Dean Hudson dance in Senator Hoey's and her home town, Shelby.

In the book-department you can find Bill Clapp a good dime novel to take his mind off the heavy things like science, play-writing and so on.

Joe Golombek can use one titled "Debating In Ten Easy Lessons."

Bring the basketball team a good season with all victories, and the full support of the students and faculty.

Keep the mail service between Henderson and Ramseur the best so Dick York will get Paiges and Paiges of letters. Ditto that order for the service from Burlington to Albemarle for Jo Earp and Tom Hoff-man.

If Bob Harris, the new veteran who resembles a centaur, stops calling me "Myrtle," you can be good to him. If he doesn't stop, forget him.

I was going to ask that you forget Calvin Milan, but that was before I found out he likes people who are twenty years old. For Calvin I am requesting a huge box of crisp, crunchy corn-flakes.

Bring Jack Holt and Don Kernodle your best hair grower and bring the sophomores a new pair of scissors. Find a nice goldfish to keep Graydon Butler's "Gregory" company. He gets lonely in that glass house of his.

Santa, please send more single veterans to Elon. The co-eds will love you.

As for me, I don't ask much, now that we have peace on earth. I have always had good will toward men—just give men good will toward me. If you have any ideas for writing a column, please pass those along. Merry Christmas, Santa.

LIBRARY NOTES

With the addition of several boys, the library staff has become co-ed. Kesiter Glascock, Marion Chase, and Junius Peedin have found themselves a place among the stacks of books and are orientating themselves to their work.

Mrs. Marlette announced this week that the library has recently received a number of new books, fiction and non-fiction. Books included in this shipment are "The Gaurtlet," "January Thaw," "Inocencia," "Friendly Persuasion," "The Age of Jackson," "With No Regrets," "New Chum," "Hercules, My Shipmate," and "O Henry Award Prize Stories." Anyone wishing to check out any of these books over the Christmas holidays may do so by seeing Mrs. Marlette.

In the NEW YORK TIMES of Sunday, December 2, Benjamin Fine discussed the announcement of a new plan of study at Princeton and other colleges and universities of the east. This plan provides for "closer control over the selection of freshman courses, places, increased emphasis on independent research by upper-classmen, and supplies a bridge between the general courses of freshman year and the specialization of the senior staff.

The staff has recently commented favorably on the conduct in the library.