

# CHRISTMAS AT WESLEYAN

Ed. Note:

The following article is a reprint from

The Decree of times past.

'Twas the night before vacation  
And all through the halls,  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not no one at all.

The suitcases were unpacked by the closets with care  
In hopes that a packing miracle  
Would suddenly appear.

The dorm was nestled all snug in their beds,  
While vision of T-bones danced in their heads.  
My roomy in his shorts and me in my togs,  
Had just settled down to an evening of poker.  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter  
I stumbled from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a fiend,  
Tore up on the curtains and knocked out the screen.  
The moon on the breast of new fallen sleet,  
Gave a luster of muck to the water fight in the street.

When what to my blood-shot eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.  
With a little ol'driver so lively and handsome  
I knew in a moment, it must be Quinton White.  
More rapid than co-eds his coursers they came,  
And he screamed and hollered as he called them by name.  
Now Pazin, Now Brock, Now Bird Woman, and Rushing,  
On Johnson, On Howard, On Chinn and Hedgepeth.  
To the top of the dorm, to the top of the wall,  
Now hurry up, hurry up, get a move on all!  
So up to the dorm the courses they flew,  
With a sleigh full of Schlitz and shouting White too  
And then in a twinkle, I heard on the roof,  
The pounding and tripping of each little hoof.  
As I pulled in my head and was turning around,  
Down the roof they slid and hit the street with a bound!

White was dressed in fur from his head to his foot  
And his clothes were all tarnished with rust and soot.  
A bunch of Schlitz he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a bartender just opening his pack.  
His eyes — how red! His dimples so merry.  
His cheeks were like 4 Roses, his nose like a cherry.  
His droll little mouth was drawn in a sneer and  
The beard was the color of German beer.

He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook when he burped like a bowl of jelly  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly ol' elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself,  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head, soon  
Gave me to know I had plenty to dread.  
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work.  
And filled all the ice boxes, then turned with a jerk.

And laying a finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, to the front door he drove.  
He stumbled to his sleigh, to his team gave a curse.  
And away they all ran like things could get worse.  
And I heard him shout as he drove out of sight.  
"Would you believe to H— with you all, what a Godawful  
Night!"

## ATTENTION

ALL STUDENTS AND FACULTY! YOU STILL HAVE  
UNTIL JAN. 9 TO TURN IN YOUR THE WESLEYAN PLAYERS' ONE-ACT PLAY CONTEST.  
AS LONG AS WESLEYAN HAS THE NEEDED RESOURCES TO PRODUCE THE PLAY, ANY-  
THING GOES.

## The Twelve Days Prior To Christmas

On the first day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
A pine cone from a pine tree

On the second day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
His dirty shirts to wash and iron

On the third day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
His Econ paper to write and type

On the fourth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
His Christmas presents to buy and wrap

On the fifth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
A free tour through open house

On the sixth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
the cold shoulder

On the seventh day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Somemore dirty shirts to wash and iron

On the eighth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Some more dirty shirts to wash and iron

On the ninth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
He hit me for a "small" loan

On the tenth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
A calldown because I was ten minutes late

On the eleventh day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
His veal cutlet from the cafeteria

On the twelfth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Some more dirty shirts to wash and iron

## THE STAFF OF THE WESLEYAN DECREE

*Takes This Opportunity To Wish*

*The Student Body, Faculty And*

*Administration, And Our Patrons*

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
and  
HAPPY NEW YEAR**