

# QUEENS BLUES

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## That Time Of The Year

That time of the year, which is the climax of all things, is fast arriving: Christmas. It is then that the most important and happiest holidays of the year are spent; memories from the old year that has almost expired and thoughts of resolutions and conquest for the New Year are running through everyone's heart; it is the birthday of One whom we love and honor the whole year long.

There are more connotations to the word Christmas than to almost any other word in the world. To some it means happiness and reunion with friends and family; to others it means solitude in line of duty, perhaps on a quiet hospital floor, or maybe in the midst of some ravaged battle field. To some it means giving, whole-heartedly and willingly, and for every phase of giving there is the joy and fellowship that someone gets in receiving. Christmas is far away, in Paris and Melbourne and San Francisco and Portland; and, yet, it is right here, in your city, in your homes, in your heart.

The only unique phase of this season is its spirit. Even the death rattle of guns, and the boom of cannons in the distance cannot drown out the peace and contentment that comes when the chimes ring out the noel of Christmas . . . "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!"

## The Galloping Poll Again

Question: Would you rather have a longer holiday at Thanksgiving with fewer days for Christmas than to have just the single holiday for Thanksgiving?

ELIZABETH PORTER: I prefer the change because Thanksgiving vacation is always so short that one hardly realizes that it is a holiday at all.

ELIZABETH HENRY: There are two sides to the question. I can't decide.

SARAH PARDEE: I like it as it is now with the single day for Thanksgiving and a long time for Christmas.

WHALEY WEEKS: I'd rather have a longer holiday at Thanksgiving to allow for better rest after several months of work. A longer Thanksgiving would give girls a better chance to rest and an opportunity to go home.

RUTH KILGO: I think our present set-up is satisfactory especially considering the problem of those girls whose homes are a long distance from Charlotte. To them a long Thanksgiving would often mean several days spent on a deserted campus while those whose homes are nearer could be with their families. Personally, I'd enjoy a few extra days for Thanksgiving, but I'm content to have the emphasis on Christmas.

JEAN BLACK: I think the present system is best, because during the long Christmas vacation a lot more can be done than could be done during the two short vacations. Some of the girls who live a great distance from the college probably wouldn't be able to go home during Thanksgiving while everyone wants to spend a long time at home during Christmas.

MARY ELVA SMITH: I'm entirely content with the present arrangement.

ELOISE ALEXANDER: I think the system we have now is best. It is much better to make Christmas longer so that those who live far away can have the best holiday possible.

SARAH HOLLEMAN: Since I'm from South Carolina, I find no trouble because the two states celebrate different Thanksgivings and I am able to have a holiday at home without triple cuts. If the two states do celebrate the day at the same time, I'd rather have just the one day at Thanksgiving and a long Christmas.

LUCILLE WAYLAND: I prefer to have just the single day at Thanksgiving because I couldn't get home in just a few days. I enjoy the spirit and unity of the students who do spend Thanksgiving Day here on the campus.

## Sad L'il Tale

Weep! Weep!

Short Cake was a heap big Indian chief.

Short Cake had reigned over his fellow Indians for three happy terms. He had a peaceful reign—nothing but labor strikes, unemployment and selective service had marred his rule.

Now he was ready to go to the happy hunting ground (which, contrary to PC student opinion, is not Winthrop, in this case).

I do not know why he was ready to die. It may have been because Senator Wheeler didn't want him to run for a fourth term. Ringling Brothers began an investigation to see if Governor Talmadge had poisoned him with arsenic to keep him off the Board of Regents. It may have been because his tribe was beaten by PC's Blue Stockings on the last play of the game.

A lot of people thought he was going to die because he didn't want to be drafted, but I don't believe that because he could always join the air corps.

So you see, I do not know why he was ready to die. But that is unimportant.

Now, Short Cake had a squaw. I do not know if she went to Winthrop or not. But that is unimportant.

The thing that matters is that Big Chief Short Cake had a squaw.

The squaw loved Chief Short Cake. (That was in the good old days when people married for love and not alimony.)

Well, as things went, Chief Short Cake was lying on his bed taking his last breaths. Even at that late date, a Listerine salesman stood by warning against offending.

Well, as his squaw sat impatiently by, waiting for Short Cake to die so she could drive into town to see Clark Gable's newest picture, Short Cake did just that—died.

I do not know why he died. We discussed that up in the third paragraph.

But he died. And his squaw gave him a decent funeral. (As soon as she'd seen Gable's new film.)

And therein lies the moral of this little story—for from this little story, we moderns get—

"Squaw burry Short Cake!"  
—The Blue Stocking.

## Queens Lookout

—By Rev. Edward Hancox.

Solomon wrote: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vine."

Little foxes are like the little sins which we overlook. They are innocent looking, yet cause such damage. We would not engage in outward forms of sinfulness, but little sins have a way of gaining admittance which bigger sins could not obtain. We guard the portals of our hearts, but these slip in unnoticed until they have become firmly rooted. We examine our hearts, overlooking them, yet they do such harm, hindering fruitfulness and blessing.

Let us catch some of these. Here is one with the name "selfishness." Another is named "temper." Here are more called "envy," "jealousy," "malice," "pride" and "evil-speaking." They are all innocent enough looking, when seen separately as little foxes. We almost make pets of them, when they are in our own vineyard. We recognize them as faults in another's life, but not in ours. We need to let God show us our hearts, revealing the true character of these little foxes.

What are we to do with these little sins? We should confess that they are sins and slay every one, then more closely guard the portal by time spent in reading God's Word and in prayer.

## "A Bike For Christmas"

By Lucy Hassell and Mary Jane Hart

"... with a horn and reel blown up tires and a red tail light. Please won't you bring me one?"

Johnny painstakingly finished printing it in crooked letters on his lined note paper and scratched his name at the bottom. The bell was ringing and the rest of the children were picking up their pencils and arithmetic books and leaving. Sticking the note in the back pocket of his brown knickers, he took his homework up to his teacher.

Miss Jameson looked up to smile as he put his paper on the desk, and said: "Oh, Johnny, here's your paper from yesterday. You're doing much better, and I'm proud of you. Want me to tell Santa Claus how well you're doing?"

"Wish you would!" Johnny grinned as he stuck the new paper in his pocket and ran whistling home to play.

That night when his mother went into his room to see that he was well covered and sleeping soundly, she stumbled over something. His pants! Right where he'd taken them off, the little rascal! She must remember to collect that two-cent fine for not picking up his clothes.

Something dropped out of the pocket and fell to the floor. It was some folded papers. One was a long sheet bearing a large "94" on it in red pencil. The other was a torn scrap that looked as though it had been in an active little boy's pocket through a hard game of football. Thinking that it, too, might be a test paper she unfolded it and went out into the hall where the light was brighter.

"Dear Santy Claws," she read, "Please sir I want a bike for Christmas more than anything els in the world. A silver one with a horn and reel blown up tires and a red tail light. Please wont you bring me one? Johnny Miller."

"A bicycle!" she thought, opening the door into her own bedroom. She had already planned on some bright warm gloves and a book about airplanes. Bicycles cost so much. The one in Comstock's window had a tag with \$37.50 on it.

"Jack," she said, going over to the chifferobe where her husband was laying his cuff links. "Jack, look at this note I found in Johnny's pants."

He took it and read it.

"Well, I'll be! And how strongly he puts it—More than anything else in the world—! Sure do wish we could give it to him."

"So do I," she said a little wistfully. "Don't you think we might be able to manage it somehow? It'd help build up his appetite, and—all the other boys his age have bicycles. Jack, I believe I could get most of it out of my next month's house-keeping money—if you could advance it. Oh, let's do it, Jack!"

"But, your new coat, Martha—"

"The coat can wait. Please, Jack, let's."

"Well," and he pulled her to him and kissed her. "Well, lady, if you're going to be a sport like that, there's no more golf for me 'til the thing's

paid for. What a Christmas we're going to have in this house!"

The words echoed themselves in her ears as Martha crept quietly into the other bedroom to slip the note back into a pair of brown pants.

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. Johnny awoke at six, opened his eyes half-way and stretched his toes 'til they almost touched the foot of the bed. Then suddenly he remembered what day it was.

"Gosh, it's Chris'mus!" he whispered, and in just that time he had his knickers on and was pulling the zippered jacket over his pajamas. In another twinkling his socks and shoes were on, too.

Down the steps he crept, so as not to disturb Mother and Dad. He need not have tiptoed, though, for a moment later his parents were snatched from sleep by a yell that spoke for itself. It didn't say "Hurray" or even "Oh, Boy!" It just said everything all at once.

"Guess we know somebody who's happy today!" laughed Johnny's dad. And Johnny's mother said "Guess we do!" as she settled back to sleep again. "Jack, I just wish we could have seen his face!"

And surely they would have given anything to have seen him as he stood there hushed, admiring, almost worshipping, the new bicycle. His new bicycle! Its smooth silverness, the real blown-up tires, the horn, and even the red tail light.

With eyes shining and heart beating fast in every little inch of him, Johnny wheeled his most prized possession through the hall and outside. Down the terrace he went; down the driveway, out into the street, up the hill, down the hill, coasting at a million miles a minute, with the air rushing past him and the wind whistling in his ears. Just wait 'til "Fats" and the others could see it! Away he went, faster and faster, down the hill and around the bend . . .

"Wonder who that could be at this hour?" said Mr. Miller, sitting up in bed and listening for the repeated sound of knocking. "Why, it isn't even seven yet." He threw on his robe, stuck his feet into his slippers, and went shuffling off into the hall and down the stairs.

Waiting upstairs, but hearing nothing at all, Mrs. Miller picked up her quilted housecoat and, putting it about her shoulders, followed him.

"Who could it be?" she mused. Just as she rounded the curve in the staircase she heard a man's voice say, ". . . it happened at the foot of the hill . . . a truck. Johnny saw me and turned to wave and shout something about that bike of his, and then, just like that—he didn't see the truck and I don't guess the truck saw him either. When I got to him—well—I don't think he even knew what hit him."

Dr. Burke handed Jack something very warm and limp and crumpled.

With a little scream Martha was by his side. A slip of paper had fallen from a pocket in the brown knickers, and through a blurr she read:

". . . more than anything els in the world . . ."



THE STAFF OF THE BLUES

— and the —

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

Of Queens College Wish to Extend the Student Body

The Hope for a Very Merry Christmas

And a Happy New Year.