

Much
Ra-Ta-Ta
Christmas

QUEENS COLLEGE BLUES

Successful
Leap Year!

Vol. XI

QUEENS-CHICORA COLLEGE, DECEMBER 17, 1931

No. 6

ALL HAIL!

WHAT SAY?

SHALL WE EAT?

Good evening everybody! Ain't dis sumpthin'! Once more the ol' dining hall gazes at a joyful scene! Once more it bears the din of many voices and conglomeration of noises and what not! And more it sniffs at the smells wafted about in its spacious dimensions — ah! Those smells! Take a sniff! Nize, eh, what? Hum! Sniff again! My, but does that turkey mit stuffings smell highly, yes?

Wait a minute! Look at Dr. Frazier! Look at that wicked little grin of his! Hum! Bet his grinnin' 'cause he's knows what's coming after the turkey! Huh! He's not the only one!

Oh girls! There's Joe McEwen — well, the Misses didn't disappoint us after all — 'bout time don't you think? Can't say as we blame her tho' for wanting to keep him out of circulation. Let's hope he'll get enough good cooking tonight to last him for awhile.

Really, the Senors are too quiet for words. Just a minute and we'll have Miss Jones run down and pep them up a bit. There she goes — ah! And there they go! Really, what a surprise. You know that class has the weakest lungs of any class ever — they never make any noise in the dining hall.

Stop! The Dean has dropped her horn and can't make any noise. Oh, there's Mrs. Wilson changing her trombone for the Dean's horn.

Be sure and get Miss Edwards to sing that solemn song of her's — oh, pardon me — she's singing it now — watch out!

Snicker, snicker! Ezel almost spilt some good ol' peas down Miss Cathy's neck and what a calamity that would have been.

Don't the tables look pretty? And aren't the girls pretty? All curls and powder and pretty dresses — my, what a sigh. But have you noticed their faces? No? Why, they just radiate! Aren't they all on edge to take off to their various homes in the morning? They are all anxious to reach their chosen destinations to await the coming of dear ol' Saint Nick! And just what will he put in all their stockings? Let's hope that he puts bundles of joy, happiness, peace, friendship, love and contentment.

Ah! There is the Doctor inviting us over to the Xmas Tree in Burwell Hall! Don't forget! Take your noise makers with you — everyone is needed.

And — before we say a last goodbye, may we wish you the happiest of all Christmases and the most prosperous of all New Years.

MENU

ENGLISH PEAS	RICE AND GRAVY
DRESSING	ROAST TURKEY
RED APPLES	CRANBERRY JELLY
ROLLS	ASPARAGUS SALAD
ICE CREAM	BUTTER CAKE
	COFFEE



SANTA'S MAIL BOX



Queens-Chicora College,
The City of Charlotte.

Mr. Santa Claus,
North Pole
Right Side of Street
My Dear Sir:

I have been informed that this is the season of the year in which it is fitting that I should advise you as to what I deem necessary that I should have at coming Michaelmas.

This is the greatest present that I could ask of you. I want you to bring some sense for "my deah children." Surely you will not fail at this needy hour, what with examinations staring us in the face.

Feeling sure you will comply with my wishes and thanking you in advance, I am yours,
Sincerely,
Otis C. Ingebritsen.

My Dear Santa,

Well, it's only a week till you'll be tearing down my chimney and bringing me a few little presents, maybe, yes?

If you do perchance do that, here's one thing I would appreciate so much. You see, I need a new Biology II book. I gave the girls a test the other day that just went from one end of the book to the other, and course I can't use it any more. Won't you look into this for me.

Would certainly appreciate it.
Heaps of affection,
Eloise Green.

Dear Santa,

I've been thinking of writing you every day but I've just been so busy. I hope you won't slight me any on account of the depression.

I'll tell you what to bring me now. Please bring me a new bottle of foot-balls the ones you brought last year have kicked out. And will you please bring me a whole lot of other things like pans, rakes, axes, grates, biscuit cutters, and all the out landish

things you can think of so that I may loan them to other little girls and boys. Please bring me a telephone and a hot water bottle, and that's all.

Good by,
Margaret Wilson.

Dearest Santa,

How are you? It's certainly been lonely around here and I've been working so terrably hard. I'm really tired. Bring me some powder and rouge and perfume. I'd love to have some cook books and some patterns — and I'd adore a pretty little dolly.

Don't forget all the other little girls and boys.

Lots of love,
Maggie Collins.

Dear Santa Claus:

Please bring me a big pencil box because I have learned to write my name and lots of other things. I would also like some good story books: Mother Goose Rhymes, The Bobsey Twins, and Elsie Densmore are my favorites. I don't want to ask for too much but if you can please leave me a red beret and a scarf to match. And don't forget the nuts, fruit, candy and my favorite lemon drops.

With best wishes for a merry Christmas,
Sallie McLean.

Dearest Santa Claus:

A jolly greeting to you, ole' man. When you come down our chimney, be sure to take off your gloves and get warm. The table by the Christmas tree will be large enough for the things we want. A nice checker board, some sparkles, fire crackers, a kaleidoscope, a box of nougats and two framed pictures of Clark Gable and Greta Garbo will be sufficient. If you can't bring us anything else, don't forget the pictures.

Good luck to you on your tour.
Sincerely,
Samuel and Wilhemina Byrd.

(Continued on back page)

GLEE CLUB HAS XMAS CONCERT

Excellent Program Planned By Miss Starr

One of the prettiest of all the concerts presented by the Choral Club in the history of the school was given at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The college auditorium was packed with the students and with people from out in town. Miss Starr had turned the stage into a beautiful background for the girls, who were all dressed in white.

The program was composed of an unusually large number of selected Christmas carols and songs.

"Strangers say a King is Born," "Hearken to Me Mother, Dear," "Tryste Noel," sung by the entire choral club, and "No Candle Was There," sung by Martha Frazer, composed the first group of songs.

The second group included two solos, "Sleep of the Infant Child," by Margaret Lillard, and "Gloria In Excelsis," by Martha Frazer, along with three carols, "Thou My Jewel," "They Who Seek, Find," and "Hark Bethlehem," by the choral club.

This was followed by two more carols, "Tenderly, My Babe," and "He is Sleeping in a Manger," by the Choral Club, and a solo by Iris Bryson, "Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion."

Then came "The Flight Into Egypt," sung by Iris Bryson and the Chorus. The last group was made up of another solo by Miss Bryson, "O Holy Night," and two carols, "Angels Singing O'er the Plains" and "Silent Night," by the chorus. This last number was especially beautiful, bringing to a climax the whole program with the appearance of a star in the back of the stage. Then the girls quietly went away, still singing, and the song faded out in the distance.

Home Ec. Christmas Party Huge Success

On Tuesday afternoon, December 15, the Home Economic girls entertained eighty little orphans from the Thompson Orphanage and from the Associated Charities. It was a regular Christmas party with Santa Claus, tree, and gifts for all of them. The clown and dog from Ivey's came out and helped the children have a big time.

All the children came at four o'clock to Burwell Hall where the tree was. After meeting so many of the girls, the children were served Christmasy refreshments. There were pop-corn balls, lollipops, candied apples, and fruit. Then Ole Santa came and sent the children home.