



BOAR'S HEAD PROCESSION

CHAPTER CHATTER

Things have really been going on with a bang at the Alpha Gamma Delta house—bang—that is. They will soon be sporting a repaired, remodeled and newly painted house. Those Friday night get-togethers with a blazing fire, hot chocolate, and marshmallows, and Sunday night feeds keep them busy. What fun and what grand food were had at the Christmas feed before the dance. Here's to everyone who made it possible with turkey and cranberries, a Christmas tree and a happy crowd of Alpha Gams and their dates! Then the pledges had a wonderful "big" and "little sister" party about the Christmas tree on Sunday night.

The Alpha Delta Pis and their dates enjoyed a formal Christmas banquet at Kuesters before the annual Christmas Dance. The Christmas spirit was carried out by attractive menus and the singing of carols.

The members of Kappa Delta and their dates had a grand time on their hayride to the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Archie S. Reynolds on the Huntersville-Mount Holly road. After the hayride the Kappa Deltas were guests of Nancy Huddleston. Recently Mrs. Genevieve Forbes Morrse, President of Alpha South Providence of Kappa Delta, was the guest of Alpha Omicron Chapter. She attended an informal meeting and after-dinner coffee on Monday and a formal meeting and a pledge meeting on Tuesday. She also had a conference with each officer. Plans are well on the way to give the children of the Spastic center a Christmas party on December 14th.

The Phi Mus brought in the Christmas spirit with a bright and gay buffet supper before the traditional Christmas dance. Colorful decorations and bright glowing candles made everyone realize that Christmas was just around the corner. Even Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer was there, led by the jolly and lovable Santa Claus. One of the big social events of the year was the "Big Sister-Little Sister" banquet with the clever gifts and "Moppy" Harrison with her pillows and Santa Claus suit.

The Woman's Exchange
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DEAR MOM:

Even with all the tests and term papers there are at Queens, there has been time to remember that we are approaching the Christmas Season. Not just holly and red candles to prod our memory; but rather, there has been a series of Christmas services throughout all of December. The first Sunday night of December we had a deputation of five students and one faculty member from Converse College in Spartanburg in charge of the vesper service. They used as their theme "The Meaning of the Christmas Star." The second Christmas vespers was a one-act-play presented by the Queens Players based on *Mary, the Mother*. But that one great traditional vespers, which we all looked forward to, was the one of Christmas music given by the Queens choir on December the 17th.

You have often heard of the "old ladies' sewing circle"! Well, this year at Queens it was a group of "Christmas knitters" enjoying another Student Christian Association Fellowship meeting in the Hut at 3:30 P. M. on the 13th of December.

I heard, too, of the Christmas Services which Queens students presented at Clemson College on December the 10th. The group that went down to Clemson included Rainey Gamble, Martha Holleman, Gwenda Ewell, Jane Tipton, Joyce Miller, Florence Ashcraft, Gordon Faucette, Deannie Berryhill, Margaret Barron, and Miss June Holtzendorff. They went down on Saturday for an informal meeting and fellowship with the "Y" cabinet at Clemson. Sunday morning they had soloist from Queens in three of the community churches, and then the group conducted two vesper services on the campus.

Christmas is really a joyful season. Not just because we get a few days at home; but because we can't help but remember that first Christmas day and what a wonderful meaning it had for us.

See you the 19th of December.
Much love,
SUE.

Fashions

(Special to the Queens Blues From the Editors of MADEMOISELLE)

Home for Christmas is the campus cry these days, and coed chatter is likely to center on a full schedule of holiday parties and clothes for THE dance or cocktail party.

This particular Christmas, according to MADEMOISELLE magazine, is likely to be whiter than Bing ever dreamed. Sheer off-white pleated wools or white wools edged in pearls are guests of honor at afternoon parties. The white worsted jersey shirt dress fastened with chunks of rhinestones and the stiff white rayon and cotton bengaline suit, rhinestone-fastened too, for an ice-and-snow effect, are going to be holiday sparklers.

There's word on white for the sports enthusiast too. You'll see black ski pants topped with a bright white jacket, or an all-black outfit, a sharp shadow on the snow. There'll be a dash of color too—a polka-dotted ascot and sash or a brilliant silk scarf—to set off snow white and black.

At night white really comes into its own. One dance-floor favorite is the short sheath topped by a frothy lace overskirt with tiny black velvet straps and sash. Another is a billowy gold-dotted white net, made for waltzing with its rayon taffeta underskirt and matching stole. And still another, a short white rayon bengaline spangled with topaz glass—a white evening dress that looks like Christmas. Look for white in the December Home for Christmas issue of MADEMOISELLE.

MERRILLS PRESENT DUO-CONCERT

E. Lindsey Merrill, violinist, and Martha Rowe Merrill, pianist, presented a duo concert in the first of the Queens College Faculty Recital Series, Friday, December 1, 1950, at 8:15 P. M., in Ninniss Auditorium. This is Mr. Merrill's first year as a member of the Queens College faculty. Mrs. Merrill teaches private piano lessons.

The program was as follows:
Bach—Sonata in A for Violin and Piano

- Andante
- Allegro Assai
- Andante un poco
- Presto
- Stravinsky Duo Concertant
- Cantilene
- Eglogue I
- Eglogue II
- Gigue
- Dithyrambe
- Franck—Sonata in A for Violin and Piano
- Allegretto ben Moderato
- Allegro
- Recitative—Fantassia
- Allegretto Poco Mosso

HAPPY HOLIDAY

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WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE

MERRY CHRISTMAS VS. PRE-HOLIDAY FATIGUE

Even as you wander through Burwell, admiring the dark holly and fat red candles, you are aware of Queens' pre-Christmas philosophy: attend to those "errands" early so you can fully appreciate Christmas. You stop a moment to admire the bells and evergreen on the main door; they sway as the door swings to admit a lowly freshman, a very low freshman. Bowed by the learning of centuries she stands, *Omnibus* in hand, her soulful eyes wandering in abstraction over the "holiday scene". Feeling a bit cheerful over life in general and diminishing "day dolls" in particular, you amble over to speak. "Say, pal, realize where we'll be in less than a week?"

She stares at you (or through you, it seems). "A week? Was it indeed a week?" A pensive smile brings a pallid cast. "Only a week between the connection of the three Estates and the Tennis Court Oath? Let us hope that Thermidor will be unscathed by the wind that blows against Mazarin."

Startled, you mutter, "Freshman," and beat a hasty retreat to the Y store. Alas! A learned senior is expounding relativity to a professor of education—all this and tuberculosis seals, too. The professor puffs speculatively on his pipe, generating atmosphere for his coming discourse and a smoke screen for your flight to a more concrete realm. Your trip, however, has not been in vain for you gain a dynamic touch of the Christmas spirit as you bark a shin against a mammoth package—someone elses.

A classmate joins you at the door, hastily setting a coke bottle in an empty crate. As you hold the door for her she queries, "Going to the Phi Kappa Tau Christmas function?"

Infected with the spirit of the season, you smile cheerily. "Function? Will there be a lecture or a seminar? Hope it's not forty-eight hours before or after the holiday!"

Your friend, whom you loved for her level-headedness, gives you a hearty clap on the shoulder. "Pull yourself together, old girl." (Any nut should have seen you're pulling the strategic retreat. Men are only half the world anyway.)

"Sure, sure. Try handing me a cup with only the top half full of coffee." You reply as you and she walk up the science building steps.

The professor smiling expansively as the second bell heralds your arrival. "Come in, come in." You and friend flounder to a halt as he announces cheerily, "The instructors in the Department of Niebilungenlied Neologisms have decided that it would be quite nice to have a Christmas party, a costume party in the dress of the Nibelungs. Would Saturday night suit everyone?" The sweet young things look at each other appealingly. Several wave their eyelashes to you in desperation, and your gentle voice addresses him.

"Sir, I believe Monday morning at four o'clock is our best bet."

All the curly coiffures except one nod their assent enthusiastically. This lady timidly says that she has an appointment at 4:30 that morning, but icy stares inform her that no change can be made. She has simply overcrowded her schedule.

There follows an exciting, fifty-minute discussion on the question "Did Siegfried really think the ring was twenty-two carat gold?" The professor then with his genial smile dismisses the ladies for their half-hour break, during which they may eat and/or attend any number of called meetings.

With a wistful glance in the direction of the dining hall, you head for your private cell—er—room, where you hunch over a typewriter, muttering to yourself, "Who has not known depths cannot know heights" as you pad with fiendish glee your sixth research paper. As an ironic afterthought you append a twenty-fifth footnote to the thirty-first page: Merry Christmas!

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