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Hollins Student Life (1936 Dec 18)

Hollins College

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CHRISTMAS EXTRA

Santa Claus Visits Hollins

'Twas the night 'fore vacation and all through Keller,
Not a record was playing, there wasn't a feller.
The ashes were dropped in the ash-trays with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.
When all of a sudden outside of the door,
We heard a loud noise, a thump on the floor,
And there was old Santa Claus with a full pack.
We all stood aghast, quite taken aback.
Outside on the rooftop and covered with snow,
His reindeer stood waiting, all ready to go.
As he was unloading his bag full of gifts,
Fragrance of Christmas trees came in brief whiffs
"Ada," he called. Reifsnider stepped up.
"A mascot for the cause, a lavender pup."
Next came the head of the Senior Class,
Little Kate Spruill, a winsome lass.
"To you some golf clubs, on the condition
They're left in the corner in upright position
At night when you retire to sleep.
The clubs in the closet its safer to keep.
To Milly a football with this good advice:
Before you kick better count the price.
For Hannah Taylor of the Sophomore group,
I have brought a little tin troop
Of cadets in grey, and, winking my eye,
Wish her fun at V. M. I.
For Polly French, the next I see,
A rocking horse I've here with me.
To Professors Janney and Haines the best
Of wishes and volumes of E. A. Guest."
Thus with a chuckle and many a grin,
Old Santa kept on calling in
One by one the girls and boys,
Until all had received their toys.
Then bidding farewell to the merry band,
Climbed into his sleigh with a wave of his hand,
And the last that we heard as he sped out of sight
Was, "Happy Christmas to all and to all a good night."

White Christmas

Well, Santa Claus'd been to see him
But he hadn't brought no toys,
Reckon gloves an' shoes an' things to wear
Is 'nuff fer nigger boys.
Huc' come de white folks gits playthings
'Sides other things to wear?
Niggers never gits as much,
Mist' Claus jus' ain't quite fair.
Dis Christmas he'd even lef' Mist' Claus
Cake on de mantel shelf;
But niggers jus' is different,
An,' den, Santa's white hisself.

A Nightmare

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the wildest dash of all the year.
'Twas the 19th of December in '36,
A class at eleven put us in a fix.
We said to our friends now that we are free,
Let's be getting out of this gymnaze,
Our taxi's waiting; the quad's alive
With passengers for the twelve twenty-five,
We finally made it (you always do)
And the Lynchburg dash was successful, too.
As we settled down for the homeward lap,
We were glad to be out of that firetrap!

Under the Dome

Last year it was cats. This year it's dogs that are all but running us out of house and home. First, there was Jo-Jo who never missed a party, the Junior Prom included. Now Bismarck is ruining our er—peace of mind. Run along home, Bismarck!

"IT'S JUST THE THOUGHT"

You may study your friends, and decide on their gifts,
And take lots of time to arrange 'em;
But why all the bother, and why all the fuss?
Remember, they'll prob'ly exchange 'em!

Tomorrow we will all be on our various ways home. Since going home necessitates a train ride for most of us, we feel that we must say just a word about the etiquette of train travel. In view of the fact that V. M. I., V. P. I., W. & L., and U. Va. are all taking vacations at this time, a journey on the train is quite an undertaking. You will find, however, that a dark brown felt hat with a drooping brim, and a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* carried conspicuously under the arm will be adequate protection. In order to while away the time from dinner to bed, you might take along a little English or Ec. parallel—there's no time for concentration like going home. If your finances are, at this point, at all comparable to ours, you will find yourself faced with the problem of getting undressed in an upper berth—Prerequisite: one course in Danish Gymnastics. However, we ourselves usually find it quite easy if done in the following manner: in rhythm, begin!

1. Remove shoes and stockings and put them in the little hammock. Loosen all buttons, hooks, etc., and lie flat on the back. Breathe in and out, deeply.
 2. By means of a squirming motion, wiggle out of your clothes.
 3. Wiggle into pajamas, legs first. Avoid allowing legs to dangle out between the curtains into the aisle.
- You should, by this time, be thoroughly exhausted, and ready to go to sleep. Only one fear may disturb you, and that can easily be dispelled. The berth is guaranteed not to fold up with you inside.

We know the nicest game! You play it like this: Who was that lady? That was no lady that was a dietician, and she gave me the razzberries.

Roll your own!

OPEN LETTER

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring us:
An alarm clock that will wake our room-mate without waking us.
A bicycle, for quicker transportation to the Tea House.
A lightning calculator, for Physics problems.
1,796,432 bobby pins.
A pencil sharpener that works.
One bottle of liquid shampoo.
Four dozen Heath Bars.
One unbreakable study sign.
Ten days' sleep.
Hoping we haven't asked for too much, we remain
Gratefully yours,
THE SEAL.



Elizabeth Williams is
Madonna in Pageant

Following the white gift service on Sunday night, Ye Merrie Masquers presented the Christmas Pageant, with Elizabeth Williams as the Madonna.

The play, which was written by Adelaide Smith, centers around a town in North Germany, where a few peasants still remember the legend that the Virgin is to return to earth this Christmas. Someone has told the story to the boy Hans, whose absolute belief causes him to persuade his parents that he must be left near the cathedral to await the Lady. As he sits waiting, a woman speaks to him of his faith in the story; together they go in search of the Virgin. When his parents return and cannot find him, they are frantic. The mother makes a desperate plea to the Holy Mother. Then the boy appears, holding to the woman's hand, and repeating his belief. The identity of his companion is made known to the group as the Madonna's face is illumined and a light shines around her. The faith of a little boy has again brought the Virgin to move, for a time, among men.

The simplicity of the set, designed by Jacqueline Byrd, the costuming and the lighting contributed to the effect. Dressed as monks, the choir had entered the cathedral and as their *Stille Nacht* drifted out softly on the awed peasants kneeling before the Madonna, the beauty of the scene was heightened.

In the role of the child, little Betty Neale held the audience, from the time of her entrance, by the charm and naturalness of her portrayal. The pathos of the mother was well portrayed by Virginia Block, and Landis Winston was convincing in her role as the child's father. The clear diction of each character added to the total effect.

The production was under the direction of Miss Susie Blair. Ye Merrie Masquers were aided in staging by the play production class who played the characters. The cast included:

- | | | |
|----------|-------|---|
| Anna | | VIRGINIA BLOCK |
| Hans | | LANDIS WINSTON |
| Child | | BETTY NEALE |
| Priest | | VIRGINIA REIFSNIDER |
| Watchman | | JEANNETTE OGSBURY |
| Peasants | | MARY BLACKERLY
NANCY PENN
JANET REYNOLDS
RUTH RHOADS
KATHRINE WHITEHEAD |

Is There a Santa Claus?

Is there a Santa Claus? How many times has that question been asked? And, sadly, how many times has a childish faith in what was kind and beautiful, and a childish heart of love been broken by the skeptical answer.

It was in 1897 that Virginia, puzzled by the assertions of her friends, wrote to the *New York Sun* for an answer to her problem, confident that the paper she knew and believed in would not fail her. *The Sun* proved worthy of her trust; the assignment was given to an editorial writer, and his answer is reprinted every Christmas in the columns of *The Sun*. Because it is a classic of journalism, because it is beautiful in its very simplicity of thought and expression, and because it expresses so fully the true spirit of Christmas, *STUDENT LIFE* reprints it below:

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except what they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of the truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy! Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all the world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No Santa Claus! Thank God! He lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

Here and There: Dr. Janney imitating a setting hen—Astronomy Class praying for rain—Kate Spruill going to bed with a bag of golf clubs—Miss Tut wondering why they called it "Go West, Young Man"; there wasn't anything in it about the West—.

Hollins Campus Signs "What Price Vacation?"

It was the week before vacation, and all over campus students were stirring like everything. Between basket ball practices, writtens and term papers, life was indeed hard; each student was like a fly, caught in a web of complexity. The library resembled a sub-way on a rainy day—dark, dreary and crowded. The tricky light cords require a technique not easily acquired. Numerous forms passing back and forth jabbed one with corners of books, or pushed up one's chair when the space between it and the next was too meagre to allow passage. Students experienced bitter disillusionment on finding an apparently vacant seat occupied by someone's feet. (Some people remove feet; others merely glare and point to a chair at the other end of the room.)

Sadly, under a load of books, one staggered to Keller. There, amidst smoke, dopes (both varieties), the tap of a ping pong ball and the cheerful strains of *Pennies from Heaven*, sorrows were temporarily drowned. As days went by, efforts to concentrate resulted only in blank staring into space. Assignments took longer to prepare because the same paragraph was read five or six times.

Gradually, smiles appeared on previously solemn faces; eyes attained a glow similar to that of Jo-Jo's when Mr. Canaday emerges from the dining room; long forgotten correspondences were renewed; quarrels, patched up. The chapel echoed with carols. Everywhere thoughts of vacation prevailed. Time was measured exclusively from Saturday, December 19.

After berths were reserved and tickets validated, came another long and painful ordeal, packing. One's roommate can certainly get in the way at times. As a matter of course, one discovered millions of essentials left out of suit cases that were already locked and bulging. Last classes were somehow endured. Taxis piled with luggage rushed through the gates to make hairbreadth connections with trains. We were free at last. But, in the midst of that hectic week, one had paused often to sigh, what price vacation!

Two New Members Join the Society of A. D. A.

The S. S. A. D. A. with Mr. David Windsor and Mrs. Wally Simpson arrived at the port of Keller Tuesday night, December 15. In order to escape undesirable publicity the famous couple was disguised as Helen Hudgins and De Nysse Wortman, candidates for membership in the Society of A. D. A. While waiting for the boat to dock the couple got into a "royal" discussion of their reception committee, which was headed by A. D. A. Reifsnider, Wally's cousin from Baltimore. It seems that Edward is partial to blondes—Well, rawther (Oxford accent), and did Simp "smell smoke" when she heard that; perox she'll get over it and perox she won't. They discussed and discussed the entire committee, for when you are miles from home Kennedy pass without Simp-thing to talk about? These two carried off their stunt in true A. D. A. form (we thought them fairy funny) and it was with the full approval of their entire audience that the famous couple became Madams. We hope they all live happily ever after. Cherry-O everybody. Merry Christmas!



White Paper

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