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EDITORIAL

TRIBUTE TO EDISON

Thomas Alva Edison is dead but his name is indelibly etched on the minds of his own people as well as those of foreign nations. His life was a model of unselfishness from its beginning and to its end he was striving to benefit mankind.

Edison has influenced us all through his work and it is difficult to think of anything that isn't bettered by his inventions. This world would be somewhat backward without the use of his electric light. Progress would be hard to imagine unless lighted by millions of candle power shut up in glass globes.

Lincoln, another of our country's outstanding men, rose to great heights through study by firelight, but did you ever stop to think that we all aren't "Lincolns?" Some of us are very bright but haven't the initiative to work or the urge to drive as hard as Lincoln did against all manner of drawbacks. We have bright lights with which to study by; that is enough to make slackers ashamed of themselves for not taking advantage of the opportunities that are given them and to which they pay no attention. Our parents and teachers are working to every end to see that we get every chance in which to make something of ourselves. Why can't we get out of these ruts that we seem to be contented to stay in, and prove that we are taking advantage of our many opportunities given us today?

Edison has further encouraged the younger generation in their work, by selecting promising young boys from every section of the country to compete in examinations. He has given scholarships to different technical colleges as a prize and has made the dreams come true of many worthy boys who were brilliant yet couldn't afford to get the right education. This should help to make our coming generation a successful one in aiding our country.

Edison's younger life was so entirely different from his later one. He chewed and smoked tobacco, was careless of his personal appearance, he quit school as soon as possible, but was at the foot of the class as long as he remained; he was discharged frequently from various jobs, his inventive talent that made him so well known in later years, was turned to getting out of work in his younger days. He wore his suits of clothes until threadbare; just neglecting to buy a new suit, but was thoughtful enough to wear silk night-

gowns and carry India silk handkerchiefs a foot square. In many ways he is like the boys of today, but in this way especially, that of scoffing at the idea of getting the conventional eight hours of sleep at night, he typifies the entire younger generation.

Surely, all these traits or peculiarities of his didn't speak of success in his future life. Who knows what our future holds for us? No one knows but we can do our own part toward making it the most successful one possible.

STUDENT HONESTY

We have often heard that honesty is the best policy. To be entirely honest about all things is far more difficult than one thinks when the word honesty is in mind. There is honesty in dealing with money, in performing a written examination and in conducting one's self daily—but there is an inward honesty which is not so definable and not so evident. "To thine ownself be true," is sometimes not easily practiced, for what is being true to yourself? Practicing honesty is one method of being true to yourself. Within us there are vague fears which sometimes bother us; there are cherished faults and habits scarcely recognizable and there are things in our nature which we know we ought to get rid of. We should become more conscious of these lurking, indefinable creatures which hinder us; we should be watchful to recognize them and thrash them out. Often these little stumbling blocks lead to outward dishonesty and untruth. Our refusal to be frank with ourselves, to recognize our faults and to correct them often leads to further submersion into evils.

"To thine ownself be true

And it needs must follow as the night the day

Thou canst not then be false to any man."

BEGINNING OF RAT TRIBULATIONS

Sophomores Initiate Frosh Into College Mysteries

After many hints and suggestions as to the dreaded days coming, the Sophomores, after great deliberation, decided that the days of doom for the Frosh would start Wednesday and continue through Friday. Rules were posted and explained to the green little rats and to listen to the sighs and groans that went up from them, people would think that the rules were all that was to be expected.

They covered the following:

Be out on campus Wednesday at 6:00 A. M. dressed. Wear flat shoes, different colored hose, dress on inside out and backwards, wear a glove on right hand only, hair plaited in five braids, brows very black and no other make-up.

Have a sign on back with name distinctly written on it. Have blue book tied to right hand and toothbrush tied to your left hand.

No Freshman is allowed in Post Office until everyone else has received mail.

When bell rings (five minutes before each meal) line up in front of dining room, on edge of sidewalk and sing, "How Green We Are," as they go in, to tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

No freshman allowed on sidewalks.

Freshman must each take a bouquet to the teacher of her first class. These must be picked on the back campus but there must be no destruction of garden

vegetables or flowers.

Go to bed at 10:00 unless otherwise warned.

Be in chapel every day from 6:30 to 7:00.

Thursday rules were as follows:

Dress in skirt, or dress with gym skirt on, not stuffed in, ten safety pins on front of skirt, no make-up, buttons on seams of hose. Must carry gum for Sophomores. Evening dresses and gym shoes were delightfully in order for dinner that night.

Today the rules seemed to be even harder to observe as beauty was involved. Surely the sight of roughed noses, heavy powder on cheeks and black ears was enough to drive one's Bohemian nature crazy. The poor frosh wore slickers and carried umbrellas whenever they left the campus.

This time in a Frosh's life is an eventful one, and influences her college life to a great extent. If good sportsmanship is observed by a Frosh she gains the respect and good will of her upperclassmen, but a poor sport encourages very little good will. Why not be a good sport throughout your entire college life? Don't subject it to just three days in your Freshman year.

To show the good feeling existing throughout all the trials and tribulations, the Sophomores served marshmallows and apples at the party down at the gym this afternoon for the mistreated (??) Frosh—here's to them!