

QUEENS BLUES

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A TRIBUTE TO THE DESERVING.

Just now everyone seems to be facing all the new officers and workers, and the retiring ones are slowly receding into the dimming background of 1934-1935. But before the change is complete, I want to pause and give a cheer for the out-going staff of the *Queens-Blues*.

There has been no time in our hectic staff meetings to sing praises, but the staff does deserve all that I can give. They have been the backbone, the essentials, in this year's newspaper work. Without them the *Blues* could never have been.

To the staff I say—just two words, but I mean them sincerely—
“THANK YOU.”
BETTY MANNING.

FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW.

It's all been a great adventure editing the *Blues* this year. It's been a venture too, and an even changing one. It has been fun and work, pleasure and pure agony. It has been comical and tragic. But it has always been interesting. Editing the paper has been an experience and a unique education for each of this year's staff. We hope that for the new staff it will always be as interesting and never unpleasant.

And as we pause now in the midst of Exams to view the year's journalistic work before we hand over the dummy sheets, we recognize some success, some failure. We can be moderately proud that we have broadened the news field of the *Blues*. There is satisfaction in knowing that we have raised the standard of our journalistic expression and have developed a true newspaper style. We can take pride in the six-page issues we have published. We can boast of our scoops and rush editions. But the greatest satisfaction comes with the knowledge that we have some constructive ideas to pass on to you. But we see so many gaps that stand for our failures. And yet there is consolation in the fact that these are landmarks and markers, not pitfalls, for the new staff, for we can tell them and show them why we failed.

There is, however, one thing that turns our eyes from the past to the future—The New Staff!! Under the leadership of Thornburn Lillard and Martha Petteway, the *Queens Blues* is certain to become an improved college paper. Both of the staff heads for 1935-1936 have proved their ability and tact, their leadership in executive positions. Everything which they have managed has been a success. Both seem to possess that rare gift of organizing the jobs and the people. And to make the year seem even brighter, the team of Lillard and Petteway and the entire editorial and business staffs have that famous Sophomore Pep!!!

The temptation is great to say, “Godspeed and Bon Voyage!!” but instead we'll cry, “It's forty words to the inch, and copy must be in on time!!” “Bottoms up” then, and here's to you. You are bound to win, for you have what it takes—spirit, ability, the will to do, an appreciation of co-operation, and *The Leaders!!!*

TO THE RETIRING STAFF.

Here's to the retiring editor and staff of the *Queens Blues*. For a year we have watched you at your work, scouting the campus for news, madly pursuing tardy reporters, reading copy and proof, contacting advertisers, and making up the paper. We have admired the skill, efficiency, and perseverance that you have shown on all occasions. Especially do we wish to congratulate Betty Manning, retiring editor-in-chief of the *Blues*, on her splendid work this year. She has truly done her share to aid in the progress that Queens-Chicora has made this year. Under her leadership, the *Blues* has taken some very definite steps forward in accordance with the plan of the

AND WHO ARE THESE STUDENTS?

A Dream Come True

Her name tells you many things about her—of her petiteness for one thing and of her daintiness for another. She's one of the loveliest girls that ever hit the Queens-Chicora campus . . . Bravity contests are hers for the asking. She's as inconsistent as champagne bubbling in a beer stein . . . she's like a fragile, Dresden China shepherdess playing a saxophone . . . you'd like to wrap her in tissue paper and pink ribbon, but she prefers blue with silver stars. Those long lashes were just made to look coyly under, but you should see her wink at a football captain. She's a lover of the classical, but she can sling a smooth line on a dance floor . . . sweet . . . lovable . . .

She's capable—an honor student and a leader of honorary clubs. She should be able to converse fluently with Latins, Frenchmen, or Englishmen. Perhaps she contemplates a life of travel . . . meeting fascinating people and seeing things.

The gal has writing talent too . . . publications . . . Coronet . . . one of the founders of the poetry club. She's a dream come true—beauty and brains combined in harmony.

A Diplomat At Heart

She's nonchalant . . . wears a tan polo coat and a brown toque matching the fiery brown of her eyes . . . grunts acquaintances with a casual “Hey” . . . blonde hair and brown eyes . . . a peppy swing to her walk . . . an exciting voice . . . maybe a rose scarf or a blue one . . . and you remember her.

She's alive and vibrant with ideas . . . She writes with zip . . . whenever ye editors congregate, she's among those present. She attends journalistic conventions at Carolina with much more than writing enthusiasm . . . great things are expected from her writing talent.

She's a diplomat at heart . . . knows everything about everybody, (but she won't tell) . . . an individual . . . should like “Christmast Night in Harlem” and “She'll Be Coming Around The Mountain.”

She is a leading “socialite” of Charlotte and has more fun. She's the rare individual who can mix business and pleasure and be “the top” of both.

A painting by Rembrandt—
Martha Ward.

Turn to Page 4, Col. 3, for the names of these Students

JUST SO MUCH INK

In Dr. Tom Sykes' address the other night he mentioned one Sir Phillip Gibbs. He forgot to mention the fact, however, that this Gibbs was one of those who did not see the war from the battle ground at all. He held a comfortable seat on the side lines and from that point described its panorama so convincingly that he received a knighthood from King George. We are told he later relieved his conscience by writing what is now an almost unknown book. I mean *Now It Can Be Told*. I wanted to ask Dr. Sykes has it been told. I don't believe it has. I doubt whether it ever will be. I mean, told so that people will listen. *Journey's End* told the English side; *What Price Glory*, the American; *All Quiet On the Western Front*, the German. But have we listened? I think not. I have heard it said that if any one has told it, it was Siegfried Sassoon. But who reads Sassoon? The English? Perhaps? Very few. All I know is that it should be told. All of it should be told in such a way that we would listen and not fail to understand.

Four years ago, William Lyon Phelps published an Armistice Day challenge that should be read by every American. “In the next big war, for which the world is now eagerly preparing,” said Professor Phelps, “those who die will be the lucky ones; for the conditions which follow the next war will be worse than the war itself.” He gave his ideas of the two

strongest individualities that emerged from the World War: Lenin and Mussolini. “The best thing we can say of Mussolini is that he saved Italy from Leninism. If I had to choose between the present Italian dictatorship and the present Russian dictatorship, I should not hesitate a moment. But there is something better than either: “Liberty.”

Where do we stand as students? Are we looking backward or forward? Are we for Americanism and all that it stands for; “religion, morality, liberty, representative government, domestic and international peace,” or are we against all this? In one of Thoreau's speeches he exclaimed, “There's a good time coming!” A man in the audience cried out, “Can you name the date?” Thoreau replied, “Will you help it along.”

AROUND THE CAMPUS AND IN THE CLASS ROOMS: Spoke Pidge Laffite to Dr. Delano: “You're just trying to make a problem child out of me” . . . Isabelle Read took her first cut this year and spent the hour down at the union playing and singing hymns for consolation . . . Mrs. Townsend advised her class to put their misspelt words in their mirror so they could take a peep at them now and then. Edith Creig informed her that if she put all her words up, there would be no room left to see herself . . .

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college that it and everything about it shall grow and improve. We hope that we shall be able to “carry on” in a manner worthy of the example set for us by our predecessors and continue to make the *Queens Blues* a newspaper of interest and value to our college.

HERE'S TO YOUR SUMMER.

The *Queens Blues* wishes every Queens-Chicora faculty member and student a most enjoyable and entertaining summer vacation.

To the seniors first of all, we are saying *au revoir*, *not adieu*, for we expect them to visit us often next year and in the succeeding years. However, we advise them to undertake first of all to rest, for, believe us, they will need it after all their entertainments, examinations, and graduation exercises.

To the faculty and students who will return next fall, we also say *au revoir*. We wish them a happy vacation whether in Florida or in Maine, in the mountains or at the seashore. And, in about a month's time, we will be looking forward with great anticipation to meeting here again in the fall.

Campus Comment

Congratulations to the creative writing group, Martha Dulin and Mrs. Lyon. The play was a beautiful success, dignified, stately, and charming. Clare made another lovely queen, her third. Elsie Setzer was a handsome George. The Duchesses were ridiculous, and I think more movements such as these should be sponsored on Queens' campus. The students should be blessed out good and proper, for not supporting the play. Charlotte citizens were more responsive than the college girls.

There's nothing like doing a little investigating when you want to find things out! For three years now, I've heard little side remarks about “plain ole vegetables,” “same ole meat,” “nothing different,” etc. Evidently someone was displeased about something. I looked around and, not finding anyone anaemic on the campus, decided that everyone was eating heartily, anyway. Well, by way of making a short column long, I appointed myself to lunch of the bread and water (?)—and found, to my surprise, desserts, salads, soups, and even spring onions! Now, maybe I haven't hit any off days, maybe I'm starved at home, maybe I'm just not particular, but I do know good food when I eat it. And I've noticed quite a few of the—er—dissatisfied lingering at the tables. Or is the reason for that, the sight of so many merry classmates? Anyhow, why don't you pick on some one your size to fuss at?

This year, as all years, has brought to light certain unforgettable characters—unforgettable not because of what they've done, average, but because of what they are, too. I shall remember Margaret Crocker as I first saw her in September, speaking Spanish hurriedly. I shall remember the boom of Mary Phillips' voice in the Junior stunt. I shall never forget the click of knitting needles, which in turn remind one of Martha Ware Pitts. When I think of Dr. Delano, I see her waiting for Dr. Ninniss' signal—and then, like a little girl, joyfully turning the organ switch on in chapel. I always associate books with Emma Renn Jones—books of poetry and songs. And Trobough doesn't make me think of Morristown—she reminds me that she has a giggle I like—because she laughs as if it were loads of fun. I can't forget Sara Lily Liles, because she doesn't suit a name like that. And Doodle Dulin does. We have the characters, all right, but where is the successor to Sue Tyler Jopling?

Oh why, oh why, don't we do something about the campus in front of Morrison? It could be a beauty spot, if given a little attention. Perhaps the benches that were on back campus could be put there, and the side door to the dining hall used some. I'd like to see girls using that lawn for something other than scenery from a Morrison window.

And, not as a post-mortem, but as a finishing touch to a well rounded year, may I sing the praises of Betty Manning, our editor? She has worked those blonde curls almost off this year. There will never be another editor quite like her, quite as patient, or as methodical, or as persevering. She has upheld the highest standards of journalism and deserves handshakes, backslaps and hats-off!