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## CHRISTMAS GREETING

The soft, sweet strains of beautiful Christmas carols accompanied by the pungent fragrance of cedar and the flickering light of candles are once again weaving a magic spell of enchantment over us all.

Once again we who have the advantages of Christian homes and background pause to adore the greatest King of all times—the Christ Child.

For over nineteen hundred years the universal sentiment at each Christian season has been "Peace on earth, good will to men." With this thought uppermost in our mind, the staff sincerely wishes you all a very happy holiday season.

"Following yonder star"—with the Christmas season here, we sing these words, having in our minds a clear picture of the three wise men traveling to the birthplace of the Baby Jesus. Over field and fountain, moor and mountain they traveled to reach the lowly manger where the Christ Child lay. As we go to our homes to be with our families and celebrate the birth of Christ and greet the New Year, why not apply this phrase to ourselves? Are we wandering aimlessly through our college life or do we have a definite destination surrounded by high ideals and purity of thought and deed? Do we enjoy Christmas because it is a time of fun and frolic, free from all care or because once again we can rejoice that He came to save us? There is no better time than the coming of a new year to raise our eyes to the resplendent heavens and seek our star. With this thought, we can indeed sing with a deeper meaning the inspiring words "following yonder star."

The staff is so excited about Christmas that it almost forgot that close on the heels of that wonderful day and before we have a chance to see you again, all of us will be helping to push bearded old 1937 off this mortal coil, and welcoming a new baby so wrapped in tangled bright streamers that we can't see how he really looks. In blind faith we'll accept him; we'll christen him with much gayety; and when we're too sleepy to move, take the little fellow home with us.

We know that the growing maturity of the little stranger holds something different for each one of us. Our year may be as bright as the red streamer, as beautiful as the blue, or as sad as the black. To each one of us belongs the right, whatever color may be given us, to grow along with the baby 1938.

And so the staff wishes you, not a happy New Year, but the ability to grow stronger by whatever experiences do come to you.

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM MRS. AGNEW

Christmas week is the high point in the festivities of the loveliest of all holidays. All Queens-Chicora students will leave the college and go to their homes for the holidays. May the few days before Christmas be happy, although busy, days for each girl. This week before Christmas holds more magic than even Christmas day, for it is a time when all preparations seem to work up to a blissful climax. The fragrant spiciness of the fresh balsam and pine brings thoughts of frankincense and myrrh. How wonderful, as we celebrate every year the birth of our King, that there is an air of expectancy, of something about to happen, as on the Christmas Eve so long ago. That this Christmas season may hold for each Queens-Chicora student the true Christmas spirit and great joy and peace is the sincere Christmas wish from Dean Agnew to the students.

### Please, Santa!

Dear Santa Claus:  
 On Christmas morning I should like to find in my stocking something very easy on the eyes. With these qualities in mind, please Santa, see what you can do for a hopeful Boy.

Eyes like Madeline Hurt's  
 Hair like Helen Jenkins'  
 Smile like Dell Southerland's  
 Personality like Caddie Willis'  
 Complexion like Margaret Montgomery's  
 Style like Lib Gammon's  
 Voice like Eleanor Alexander's  
 Charm like Mrs. Agnew's  
 Disposition like Peggy Sloop's  
 Dignity like Mary Currie's  
 Poise like Jane Wiley's  
 Sparkle like Julia Thomas'  
 Figure like Mildred Shuford's.

### Music In The Air

From the looks—or should I say feel—of the weather (at least while this is being written) it should be a snowy Christmas—and what fun! But rain, shine, snow, it's always a gay Christmas!

Oh, so soon, restless rustling silks and taffetas will be sweeping along over polished floors and slippers will be twinkletoeing—swinging and waltzing. And this is what you'll dance to. Those tunes that will bring a reminiscent starry gleam to your eyes weeks after Christmas has come and gone.

"An Old Flame Never Dies" . . . velvet torch song . . . "You Can't Stop Me From Dreaming" . . . catchy . . . "In The Still Of The Night" . . . another ultra-smooth Cole Porter tune . . . "Bob White" . . . well, can you suggest a better swing? (and we don't mean swing as in hang—) . . . Nomination for a top-notcher in this sparkling whirl of music—"True Confession" (not the magazine) . . .

Not so new, but still we love them. "The One Rose" . . . "That Old Feeling" . . . "Little Fraternity Pin" . . . aiming to collect any this Christmas? . . . "Got Any Castles, Baby?" . . . "The First Time I Saw You." . . .

And old number recently popularized, and snappy! . . . "That's Why the Lady is a Tramp." . . .

And then those songs that bring a tear in the eye or a smile to the lips—the music that calls back memories of other Christmases, and other loves. Do you remember?

Christmas—1936 "Easy to Love" . . . "I've Got You Under My Skin" . . . "These Foolish Things" . . . "This Year's Crop Of Kisses."  
 Christmas 1935—"Lights Out."  
 Christmas 1934—"Object of My Affection" . . . "June in January" . . . "Continental."

And so the years roll back—"How Deep is the Ocean?" . . . "Take Me in Your Arms" . . . "Night and Day" . . . "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" . . . it really was a song! . . . "Carioca" . . . "Temptation" . . . Did you remember?

### Xmas Stockings

Little stockings, big stockings; fat and thin ones; striped and checks; cotton, wool and silk. All hung in hopeful anticipation on Christmas eve!

I wonder where this quaint custom originated? Maybe the custom was started in memory of the Greek born of plenty, the cornucopia. But whatever the origin, the hanging up of stockings has come to be a symbol of Christmas just as have the holly, mistletoe, and the ornamental tree.

### Giving

Christmas! How we all thrill at the very expectation of that wonderful day—which brings with it giving and receiving. And there is nothing more fitting than we should give and receive in His name on that day when all Christians bow before the manger.

In that far off day with the light of the star guiding them, the shepherds came bearing gifts to Christ's manger—gifts made priceless by the love that went with them. When we have achieved just such a manner of giving and receiving we can listen to the Angel's song with peace in our hearts as they sing "Glory to God in the Highest."

### Double Trouble

Were we seeing double or did it really happen? Tuesday, December the 7th the whole Boarding Student Body witnessed what appeared to be a miracle in the dining room. First, every one saw the faculty walk in, heard the blessing said, saw everyone sit down and begin eating as usual. Then, low and behold, an exact replica of the first set of faculty members strolled, limped or strided determinedly in and sat down at the tables in the center of the room. After the stunned faculty and students had recovered the request of the new faculty to promenade around the tables was shouted. After a hilarious parade around the room, they returned to their table, where amid various requests to perform, they proceeded to sing, recite poems, make speeches and even truck.

Later, it was found that everyone really was in her right mind even if she had seen double. It had only been some of the students impersonating the faculty.

Eleanor Alexander had entered as Mrs. Booker; Eleanor Robinson as Miss King; Huldah McNinch as Dr. Stout; Betty Gardner as Dr. Howe; Frances Stough as Miss Nooe; Carolyn Reynolds as Mrs. Watson; Madeline Lottos as Mrs. Agnew; Josephine McDonald as Miss Harrell; Sally McDowell as Miss Bremer; Mary Currie as Miss Albright; Louise Crane as Miss Edwards; Helen Cumnock as Miss Jones; Sara Kelly Lillard as Miss Patricia; Bessie Joyce Lewis and Elizabeth Walters as Mr. and Mrs. McEwen; Annie Laurie Anderson as Dr. Graham and Kay Spaeth as Miss Wharton.

## Cattie Chadder To Sallie Snoop

Dear Sallie:  
 Naturally, I fairly devoured all the news in your epistle and now chew my pencil to bits to get some tidbits (hmm-catch on?) that will enlighten you on the campus situation as I see it.

Thanksgiving is over—so, sad. But pick up—rally to the cause. Christmas rapidly approaches with much caroling and jingle belling! And of course we've all had fun raking the ashes of the holidays over the coals. So life isn't really so dull. Everybody trooped back from the holidays with ye olde weary-but happy-after-the-fun-is-over look. Much babbling and bubbling over trips, fun, et cetera, so I snooped around keyholes to pick up the news.

Georgie Underwood ring-figured it at V. M. I. (Did you really get kissed right there in front of everybody, Georgie?) This military glamor must really have what it takes, for Betty Shull and Lib Gammon skipped up North to view with alarm (or something) the situation at Annapolis and Philadelphia (Army-Navy game). It must have been one grand whoop-la! Speaking of brass-button glamor, Nancy Hovis had a gorgeous trip to New York some weeks back for the Army-Notre Dame fracas—and to polish the Fall frolicing off—tripped to Vanderbilt for Thanksgiving. Another smooth jaunt some time ago I thought might interest you, Sally—Peggy Burde took in Virginia openings with Hamp, the one and only. By the way, have you seen that gorgeous photograph of her at St. John's? A professional model if ever I saw one. Maybe we have another Claire Hazel in our midst!

Other Thanksgiving trips—Annie Laurie Anderson and Virginia Garrison to Baden and a gay party. Hibernia Friend home to Petersburg for a whole week!

Lots of things have been popping off lately, even though this is the pause that helps us refresh for Christmas.

Senior Superlatives were elected not long ago, and all turned out beautifully. You know, Sallie, I feel sorry for Ora Lee. Wouldn't it be a pressure to be witty all the time just because you were elected the wittiest?

Off hand observations: Jo Hackney has a smooth looking grey caracul swagger coat that she wears over a dark green dress which looks elegant. Spied Caddie Willis, the Concord Whiz, at Davidson wearing a favorite combination—bright red velvet with white fox fur around the shoulders. She designed it herself!

I heard that Grace Clark was receiving a visitor from Rockingham the other afternoon! How long has this been going on, Sally? And Dame Rumor would have it that a certain Phi Mu sophomore is very, very interested in a young Davidson scholar and vice-versa. Ah-ha! Wish I could be specific.

Jane Wiley will be maid-of-honor at May Court—isn't that grand? She will be a lovely one.

There are three bits of news that I know you'll be sorry to hear as we all are. Peggy and Lois Hodges have both been operated on for appendicitis—Peggy at the Charlotte Sanatorium and Lois at St. Peter's. Jean Ferguson, badly hurt in two car accidents, is in the hospital recovering. I'd better begin to pack now—isn't it thrilling? Christmas is here at last! Can you believe it, Sally? Keep your eyes open for news of the holidays and tell me about it all when we come back—unhappy thought.

Hope Santa is good to you!  
 Ever your informative and gossipy  
 CATTIE CHADDER.

P. S.—Don't forget the Sword of Damocles that hovers o'er us each and everyone—Exams. Ha!