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THANKS

Now that all the elections for the officers to serve for next year are being completed today, THE BLUES staff would like to take this opportunity to express its appreciation to those who have so capably served for this year.

First, there comes Anne Fuller who has served as a most efficient and energetic president of our student body. Anne has backed everything which has been sponsored on the campus and her enthusiasm has been responsible for the success of many projects. She has been an ideal for others to look up to and has helped the freshmen no end from the time of orientation up until now when they are almost full-fledged members of the rising sophomore class. Thanks, Anne, for a good year with a lot of good times!

Scottie McNulty has served as an unsurpassed president of the boarding students. She has led the boards in following the "straight and narrow path" and everyone will hate to see her come to the end of her path. Thanks, Scottie, for all the privileges you have given us!

Dot Duckett has been in office as the president of the day students. She has pushed all day student activities and we are sure the day student spirit has improved one hundred per cent. Blair Union has received good care under her direction. Thanks, Dot, for bringing up the student school spirit!

Lucille Gwaltney, who has served as president of the Student Christian Association, certainly deserves words of commendation. Her inspiration has been responsible for several projects successfully carried out in S.C.A. The Y Hut has undergone a complete redecoration and the spring services certainly were a high note in the school year. Thanks, Lucille, for keeping up the Christian ideals on this campus!

Martha Stoner, president of the Athletic Association, has put all she had into her job. She was right down there in the gym for every game and tournament played. This year, we feel that much has been accomplished in the athletic department. Interest in the department has risen to high degrees. Thanks, Martha, for making us more athletic conscious!

In closing, we would like to say that we have tried to co-operate with all of you, and the help you gave us has certainly been appreciated. Good luck to you all, and best of luck to the incoming officers!

FROM ONE CUZ TO ANOTHER

Dear Duty Dodger:

Today, when I was spying around trying to get some last minute dope to send you to read while you are dodging work, I was stopped by one of the girls asking me if I knew that a "slow leak is a steady drip." I thought of you immediately and tried even harder to hear a few forbidden bits of tripe.

I never could find out just exactly what it was she was trying to work out the other day, but RUTH WILKES was sure trying to figure out something. They tell me it was something in connection with JOHN STUART. She has been seen with him quite frequently lately and likes him a lot.

Several other girls in the student body have acquired rings in the past two or three weeks or so. They all declare that Leap Year has had nothing in the world to do with it, and I will surely take their words for it. I can't decide whether the faces of CALLIE McELROY and DOT McCoy are beaming brighter these days or whether it's the reflection of the beautiful rings they are wearing on their left hands.

DR. BYRD has four girls in his economics class who are wearing rings and they have certainly been good about a lot of teasing when the class was discussing budgets and home ownership. The two girls I mentioned above and GIGI BRANDON and ELAINE SUBER have all had their times in that class. VIRGINIA SPOON is still wearing that ring she got last Christmas and he still comes to see her every week-end.

KELLER YOUNG has had a visitor whom she seemed quite glad to see. I think his name is JOHN but I can't promise, when I have to get my news in the way I do. She is going to New York tomorrow with MISS ROBINSON, FRANNIE RIDDLE, and MISS WILLIAMS. They certainly have planned a full week of holiday entertainment.

One of the gals told me to get on the trail of SNOODIE MATHESON and try and find out what she is so happy about but she keeps mighty smug about it all. I guess everybody has a right, though, to be happy in this pretty weather. I'll leave it at that, anyway.

JEAN DULIN, who came here from W.C.U.N.C. after first semester, is of the firm belief that you should never trust one of your good friends. She says not to turn your back and be absent from said friend for too long a time!

BERT SETZER is making big plans for that wedding she's going home to be in in April. Sounds plenty good to me and I'm going to get a personal interview with her afterwards to see if some of her plans worked out the way she hopes they will.

If you ever have any trouble getting an answer from a particularly good friend at a boys' school not far from here, ask TINA GRAINGER how she got around the obstacle. It seems there was almost a break-up there but a 16 page letter straightened things up, I hear. (That boys' school doesn't always have to be Davidson! There are several around here.)

JEAN FERGUSON has been seeing an awful lot of that Davidson lad lately. By the way, in connection with that, she is the chairman of the junior-senior banquet which is supposed to be given April 27, but the date is indefinite because some Davidson dances are being given that same week-end.

HELEN POPE went to P. C. two week-ends ago for a set of dances. She bought a lovely new evening dress and brought it back a "little worse for the wear." She says people just wouldn't stay off the hem of her dress. She reports that she left him all right and has high hopes of seeing more of him in the near future.

Well, everybody is leaving tomorrow for spring holidays. I'll write you again as soon as they get back and I have a chance to see who all makes up and breaks up. You know, when spring is in the weather, there's nothing like all the things that may happen!

Best of bunnies to you in the Easter Parade,
Your Hear-All-Tell-All Cousin.

My First Year As A Golf Official

By CHARLES EVANS, JR.

(Former National, also Western, Open; National Amateur, also Western Amateur Champion; Chairman, National Collegiate Athletic Association Golf Committee.)

There is an untold story of the dramatic happenings of my golf life after I lost my championship equal of a present day novel in action, in drama and in heart throbs, and could apply probably to all exchampions of every sport.

From the very earliest days of my tournament playing, I cherished a great desire to be a golf official. My mother and I agreed, however, that no person who played in an event should ever, in the most indirect way, have anything to do with decisions large or small of the playing of a tournament in which he participated.

Just about a year ago when I was wondering whether perhaps my possessions of more knowledge of golf than anyone else in America would die with the increasing cares of business, from nowhere, as it were, came an offer to be Chairman of the National Collegiate Athletic Association Golf Committee. I was convinced while thinking it over that here would make an interesting place of pilgrimage for an aging golfer with a reverent admiration for the shrines of sport.

It may be that one reason I now so long to see college golf get ahead has grown out of the history of Cad-die Scholarships, for there are twenty odd Evans' Scholars going through Northwestern University at the present time; but there is something about College Golf, in spite of its general quite, that always gives me the feeling of the home for the true amateur spirit of the game. It may be too there is the feeling of gratitude to the National Collegiate Athletic Association who received so kindly an unknown official, one who had tried his puny strength against political golfing giants for thirty years.

Now the greatest difficulty for the golf official is lack of time. But this was partly remedied in my case by an invitation to play the 1939 Championship at the Wakonda Club, Des Moines, Iowa. The college golfers were invited to go to many other cities whose invitations were regretfully declined.

Before setting forth fully upon the voyage of officialdom, Mr. L. W. St. John, the father of N. C. A. A. golf, arranged a meeting with Professors W. B. Owen, President of the N. C. A. A., at San Francisco. The president kindly received me and allowed me to tell him my views and aims. He wished me luck on my official golfing quest and gave me assurance of his support while on the work. He immediately wrote some useful letters on my behalf. He is a fine man. It was easy with his support and advice and I pledged my best efforts. The N. C. A. A. stands squarely behind the movement for more and better golf in the colleges.

Preparations for the National Inter-collegiate then began under the N. C. A. A. flag. They reached into the four corners of the nation. A vote of thanks should be given by college golfers to a committee of Mr. St. John, Mr. Payseur and Mr. Bushnell for preliminary work.

All went well even to answering official question. In every instance I spoke candidly from long, hard experiences. I boarded the plane for Des Moines carrying my precious possessions of a life time of golf know-
(Continued on page four)

A Letter To The President

The following is a reprint of a letter sent to Anne Fuller, president of the student body, Mrs. J. R. Snell, formerly Florence Moffett who served as president of the Queens student body in the class of 1935. The plant she mentions in the letter has arrived at the college and has been on display in Dean Slaton's office. The letter follows:

Dear President of the Queens college student body,

I am so very far behind on the Queens news that I don't even know your name! Nevertheless, I recently sent you a small package and it is about this that I am writing.

I have been down here since December past with my husband who is doing Sanitary Engineering work for the Venezuelan government. The past month he had to go up into the interior to plan water supply systems for several cities and work on a chlorinator for yet another. Knowing that he would be gone some time, I treked along too.

During the course of our journeys we decided to endeavor to climb the highest point of the Venezuelan Andes. The Peak of Bolivar, which is 16,200 ft. — and that is higher than any point in the States. Incidentally, we missed the top by several hundred feet due to the fact that we really weren't properly equipped. The snow was frozen hard on top and was as slick as glass. One pair of sun glasses got broken and we had no rope. But it was all lots of fun, and maybe another time we can actually achieve the well-nigh impossible.

What I am getting around to is this: We made camp about six hundred feet from the top, right in the midst of a plant which at first I thought totally new to me — as are most of them down here. This I had never seen down here, and yet its blossom looked familiar. Finally, my old powers of recall got to working and I fetched up a vision of two dried-up Edelweiss flowers which used formerly to repose in a show case in Burwell Hall, I believe.

By the time my samplings reach you I fear they too will be dried-up. But I write this to tell you that those beautiful blossoms up there beyond the timber line and next to the blue-white snow gave me a thrill I have seldom felt before. I was all mixed up with recollections of class meetings, the back campus at sunset time, Dr. Sommerville and a lot of wonderful friends.

Don't bother to answer this because I know you have plenty to do—what with the elections probably coming off soon. I am hearing great things about Queens under her new president, and do pray that ABOVE ALL else she is teaching her girls how to live fearlessly and honestly. America needs women who can do that. I probably sound to you to be a million years old—but honestly I finished in 1934!

Best of luck to you. You might tell the gals some time that if they don't fully appreciate QC now, they will eventually—that's what the alums used to tell us but I never believed it until I got away either!

Just another alum,
FLORENCE MOFFETT SNELL,
American Consulate
Caracas, Venezuela, S. A.