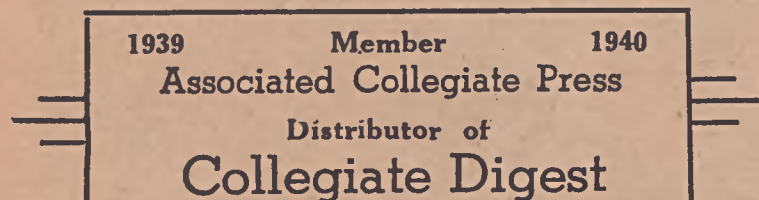


QUEENS BLUES

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association



REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.

College Publishers Representative
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO - BOSTON - LOS ANGELES - SAN FRANCISCO

Founded by the Class of 1922

Published Weekly by the Students of Queens College.
Subscription Rate: \$2.50 the Collegiate Year

STAFF

ANN GOLDEN.....Editor in Chief
ANN MAULDIN.....Business Manager
MISS LAURA TILLET.....Faculty Adviser

EDITORIAL STAFF

NELLE BOOKOUT.....Associate Editor
ANNETTE McIVER.....Associate Editor
IDRIENNE LEVY.....Managing Editor
MARY JANE HART.....Feature Editor
HARRIETTE SCOGGIN.....Society Editor
FLORA MACDONALD.....Sports Editor
ALICE PAYNE.....Music Editor
GLORIA COPPALA.....Exchange Editor
ELIZABETH ISAACS.....Poetry Editor

Reporters

Maurine Latta, Lucille Wayland, Kathreen Massie, Margaret Powell, Marion Miller, Louise Blue, Pete Munroe, Mary Thomas Carswell, Mary Webster, Harriette McDowell, Ruth Kilgo, Nancy Jane Dandridge, Elsie Kennedy, Dorothy Raley, Mary Jane MacFadyen.

BUSINESS STAFF

LIB SUMMERVILLE.....Auditor
NORMA HUMPHRIES.....National Advertising Manager
ESTHER VAUSE.....Assistant National Adv. Manager
LALLA MARSHALL.....Advertising Manager
INEZ FULBRIGHT.....Collection Manager
BETTY LOVE.....Circulation Manager

Advertising Department

Mary Heilig McDow, Nancy Isenhour, Eleanor Lazenby, Harriette Henderson, Helen Hendley, Gail Griffith, Margaret Brown, Elizabeth Killough, Mary Harriette Hurst, Laura Odum, June Childs, Helen Vogel, Terry Mosteller, Mildred Taylor, June Burks, Winnie Shealy, Lealie Wyatt, Ruth Civil, Helen Lisk, Joan Arrowood, Virginia Womack, Marjorie Imbody.

Collection Department

Dorothy Harms, Esther Vause, Nancy Gaston, Elsbeth Burnham, Boots Bowen, Martha Penland, Louisa McLean, Katherine Langerhans.

Circulation Department

Carolyn Williams, Kitty Sue Harvin, Eloise Bane, Mary Mason, Julia Miller, Sara Holliman, Jean Rourke, Franz Rummel, Alice Clark.

Examinations:

Loom Dangerously On The Horizon Make Each Day Count

With only two short weeks until Christmas holidays, and only thirteen days after that, semester examinations are drawing dangerously close.

There is so little time left that no one can afford to waste a single moment of it. Close attention on class is at this time an essential thing. Ten minutes of listening on class might save a half hour of frantic thinking during the examination. Well prepared lessons in the month of school days that remain can even do completely away with hasty cramming and burned midnight lamps.

Actually the thought of semester examinations should have stirred up scholastic response long ago. But, if it has not yet, it is not too late. In these remaining days, much can be accomplished if work is undertaken promptly and diligently. Examinations are things that cannot be postponed until the distant tomorrow, and neither can preparation for them, if successful achievements are to be gained.

The examinations are important to everyone at Queens, but especially so to the Freshmen. This is their first taste of college examination. The methods, form and procedure may seem a little difficult or different at first, but it is extremely important that Freshmen do well in their first year of college work. Therefore Freshmen should devote particular time to study.

Examinations are not to be feared. Day by day study is all that is needed. Opportunity is knocking now. All those who want to jump on its band wagon and come riding up with distinctions, study and make every one of those remaining days count double its worth

I. L.

"And So, Dear Mary—"

Well, looky! Headline says, "Greenville Superintendent to teach at L. S. U." . . . Prof. Chalmers, a wonderful man and teacher. . . . What a break for L. S. U. . . . but what will Greenville school do without him? I'm glad he didn't leave before I finished school!

"Cotton leaves for U. of Michigan." . . . Oh, my—the cute history professor I had such a crush on . . . I almost didn't recognize him with this mustache; I believe it helps—no! he looked better without—it is sort of cute, though.

"Elizabeth Ramsey announces plan for marriage to Ogbert Haney." . . . Well!!! Elizabeth Ramsey!!! Then there's still hope for me! . . . What's this? Ronald Simmons? Married? Married. Here I've been laboring under the impression that he cherished a secret passion for me. . . . Who'd he marry? . . . some prissy little blonde! "Both will continue their studies at Old Miss." . . . Sad . . . sad . . . one more old flame to consign to ashes and dust. . . .

"Mrs. Winter Stowe entertains," . . . ummmm, all girls who were in my class. . . . so Winter, Jr., is evidently married . . . must have missed a paper . . . makes me so mad. . . . at least, the old feud between Emily and Yvonne has finally been settled—but who? . . . wish I knew . . . I'll write Mary this very night. . . .

Anything under "New Arrivals" . . . oooh nooooo!! "Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilton announce the arrival of a son, Ralph" . . . how wonderful . . . plump little Mamie . . . always so domestic. . . .

Thought I saw Dale Wight's name . . . I did! . . . here it is . . . "Lieutenant Wight" . . . Lieutenant? Bet he looks grand in a uniform. . . . "stantioned at training camp." . . . such a wonderful dancer . . . "to visit family in August." . . . wonder if he's forgotten the night—oh, well . . .

"Dear Mary, how's school? . . . blah, blah . . . Don't you think August would be the best month for me to come?" Blah, blah . . .

E. I.

No One Can

- eat a sandwich with finesse like Ruth Kilgo.
- smile like Marie Pons.
- make snappy comebacks like Mr. MacGregor or Dr. Linton.
- play a violin like Marie Roseman.
- fly an airplane like Eppie Epperson.
- sing like "Copy" Coppala.
- be charmingly dignified like Marian Miller.
- have executive ability like Idrienne Levy.
- make Math work like Betty McClintock.
- be enthusiastic like Lib Isaacs and Eloise Huntley.
- grin like Margaret Hawkins.
- "dimple up" like Anne Wiley or Catherine Kittles.
- be clever like Lucy Hassell.
- have personality like Sara Thompson or Mary Payne.
- answer impromptu questions like Miss Har-rill.
- look demure like Frances Riddle.
- play the organ like Margaret Porter.
- be sweet like Terry Mosteller.
- swagger like Flora MacDonald.
- be as continental as Dr. Delano.
- be laconic like Sara "Diana" Alexander.
- wear knee-length socks, short skirts, and soft, wool sweaters like Patsy Niven.
- be just plain cute like Winnie Shealy.
- laugh like Miss Jean Orr
- be as winsome as Mary Marshall Jones.

M. J. H.

A Lot Can Happen Here

And We Can Tell You All About It Have You Noticed?

The gradual disappearance of the knee-length sock antagonists? . . . That Marion Miller has finally doffed the kerchief, that all the world may see that her locks are still pretty, in spite of the ravages of A Permanent? . . . What a nice teacher Caroline Edwards makes? . . . What a fine, upstanding young college man Mary Heilig makes? And technique, huh? How about it, Patsy? . . . The new engraved pencils, sponsored by the QUEENS BLUES? . . . The growing enthusiasm for the advent of Christmas? and the holidays!!! . . . Editor Golden's progressive ideas? And she doesn't get them all from conventions, either. . . . How consistently Catherine Kittles and Marguerite Johnson hold down one of the sofas in Burwell? . . . The plaintive look of the army of wistful students who "only want to pass, Professor?"

Interest Items:

Pan Peyton was a visitor on the campus last week-end. . . . It was good to see Doris "Mac" again. . . . Nancy Kerr, Virginia Womack, June Escott, Genevieve Hosmer, Margaret Chandler, Jane Kirkpatrick, and Patsy Niven went to the V. M. I. Ring Dances. Many, many thanks to Mr. Stephens.

Give And Take

Now that Carolina is safe from the scouraging remarks of Duke students for a whole year, they feel quite free to tell this story on their alma mater. It seems that one year the sports writers all gave the Tar Heels a 25-0 margin over the Devils. So Carolina bowed down to the tune of 26-0. Three weeks later a student at the latter institution smiled and every one wanted to know what in hail columbia was so funny.

We have it straight from the *Salemite* that—

The gum-chewing girl and the cud-chewing cow

Are somewhat alike, yet different somehow.

What is the difference?

Oh, I see it now—

It's the thoughtful look on the face of the cow.

From the V. M. I. *Keydet* comes this rose that blushes unseen for the first time in the eyes of Queens students—we hope!!!!

He told the shy maid he loved her; The color left her cheeks;

But on the lapel of his coat

It stayed fir weeks and weeks.

Home Economics students, take heed unto this item. In a recent poll taken at Davidson, our brethren college, as it were, the students showed a distinct preference for a gal "just like the gal that married dear old Dad."

WE PRESENT

MRS. HENRY McADEN

"I like people best of all," said Mrs. McAden, as she put on her glasses and answered the phone. "And my official job here at Queens is to make people welcome. I'm crazy about it."

Mrs. McAden is the very amiable lady one finds in the Dean's office from 4 P. M. until 10:30 P. M. every evening. It is from this vantage point that she has watched Queens in its everyday life. "It has the nicest spirit I have ever seen anywhere."

Mrs. McAden confesses to be a "rain coward"; that is, she loves the rain, but hates to go out in it and get wet. Like everyone else, she hates to get up in the morning, but she

and his force for their splendid co-operation on Stunt Night. . . . Libby Hoppe and Charlie M. are at it again. . . . "Peck" Smith will sponsor for the Sigma Pi Epsilon Dances at Davidson. . . . "Deanna" Blackburn will spend five of her Christmas holidays at West Point. A keydet, huh? . . . Harriet Davis is deserting school for a mighty good reason. . . . Rusty Kilgo is mighty good at whipping up continental soup luncheon. . . . Joan Arrowood and Pat remind us of a neon sign—on again, off again . . . Is there anything in the way of artistic hand work that Eloise Pickard can't do? . . . Powell's romance was torn to pieces in an automobile accident. He's better now, thanks. . . . Is there any one more absorbed and grumpy than a research-paper-writing student? . . . Ain't Caldwell's spelling terrific? So individual and all. . . . Does Idrienne remind you, too, of a walking encyclopedia?

Campus Choice

The curly-headed girl with the little turned-up nose that wrinkles when she laughs is Henrietta Louise Blue, president of the sophomore class.

This athletic young lady was born in Jackson Springs, N. C., August 9, 1921, but moved to Southern Pines in time to begin her formal education, in which field she has excelled for some fourteen years.

Since she has been at Queens, Louise has made remarkable grades, won many friends, been the spark plug on the basketball and volleyball teams, entered the tennis finals, and been a member of Alpha Gamma Delta sorority, Honorary Sophomore Council, Student Christian Association, Honor Council, and the QUEENS BLUES. She is this year's circulation manager of the *Queens Quill*.

Her favorite color is blue (she even uses it for a name!) and her favorite piece of music is Rachmaninoff's *Prelude in C Sharp Minor*. In spite of her preference for blue, she finds brown eyes to be more or less of a weakness. (Now, let's see, what was his name anyhow?)

Like all fine, upstanding American people, Louise really goes for steak and potatoes, but shrimp she positively dislikes. October is her favorite month and Queens her favorite college. (I told you she was a smart girl.)

She loves people, tennis, and steeplechases, but definitely dislikes hypocrisy, snakes, salesmen, and motion pictures with no story.

Modest and unassuming, Louise Blue would be any campus's choice!

balances that weakness up by hating to go to bed at night.

Beethoven is her favorite composer and Thackeray, her favorite author. She loves dainty foods (the sort that leaves men hungry) and "fixin's." She lists chicken salad, shrimp cocktail and cheese straws under the latter heading. Her favorite color is green.

Her hobby is growing and arranging flowers, and she also collects baskets of all sizes and shapes.

She dislikes discourtesy above all else, and is deeply impressed by the excellent telephone manners of Queens girls. She suggests that the girls be trained as teachers for all discourteous people in the world.