

QUEENS BLUES

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Spring Fever

Should Be Cured Now
Before Disaster Results

Spring fever! Why, even the very name makes us lazy! We walk around, smelling the flowery air—we couldn't reach the flowers themselves: they're too far away from our nose—and singing little far-away tunes, and sitting in the glorious sunshine, until we get so lifeless that we can't move, for fear that our beautiful mood might pass, (and anyway, somebody would just love to use that chair we're sitting in).

BUT! The day of recokoning will come! Exams are in the not-far-offing, and they are pretty hard on the persons who, in the spring, are stricken with the well-known S. F.; summer school is the inevitable result. Exams are the complete summing up of a semester's work, with modifications to suit the professors. The faculty members don't like to have to teach classes in which the pupils all sit up and stare off into space anymore than the pupils like to attend them.

As one girl, when asked a few years after her graduation, what she remembered of a certain little-known poet, said, "I don't remember anything about him. The day the teacher talked about him there was a beautiful cardinal sitting on the window-sill singing, and I didn't hear a word she said."

This little example is very typical of the Average Student's attitude towards spring studying along about now when "it's just too pretty to sit in an old, stuffy classroom!" But the Average Student should snap out of her lethargy if she expects to graduate in four years or less.

It's not easy to pull your mind back from somewhere miles above the clouds in a dream-castle and put it on such commonplace things as trig problems and the poetry and life of Shelley; but just remember: Shelley has been dead long enough so that three or four students who fail English Lit., on account of the fact that they study Shelley in the spring—pardon, we should have said, instead of the word "study", the word "have in class"—don't matter. The only ones who care whether YOU fail English Lit. or not are YOU yourself and your English teacher. The professors put all they have into the everyday class lessons, and the least we, as their hearers, can do is listen to and acknowledge their well-prepared lectures and their painstaking efforts to make us absorb a little learning. Just remember:

THERE'LL COME A DAY WHEN YOU'LL
NEED YOUR HARD-WON KNOWLEDGE;
AND THEN YOU'LL RECALL THIS
LITTLE EDITORIAL
AND WISH YOU'D HEHEDED
IT.

Milestones

Of Things Accomplished
This Year Pass In Review

Looking back over this school year, we see that numerous milestones have been passed and many things accomplished. With our seniors setting the example, we have taken many steps forward in the development of a better Queens.

As a student body we have established an honor system which has for almost a year flourished on our campus. This pledge which we took has bound us closer together as a student body and has marked a major step in our character development.

When faced by the problem of the support of an aggressive nation, we volunteered to boycott Japanese silk, and thus we showed that our sentiments were not in accordance with those of any nation that resorts to violence and cruelty.

The concert and lecture series has been another important example of our development. Not only did the series benefit Queens students themselves; but it also made the citizens of Charlotte feel that we, as a college, are progressing culturally and that they, as our neighbors, are able to help Queens and at the same time derive benefit for themselves.

Musically, Queens has advanced this year. Our Choral Club and String Orchestra have combined with the Davidson College Music Department to produce some fine programs. These musical organizations are representative of our school and have had excellent cooperation on the part of the student body.

The seniors who are leaving us so soon may point with pride to the achievements and the changes which have been evident in our school. They may be proud of every accomplishment and feel that they have played no small part in the development of Queens.

It's Quality

Not Quantity That Makes
The Favorable Impression

The oft-quoted maxim, "Quality, not quantity, counts", is applicable to most items, groups, and institutions. Certainly one finds the value of a student body measurable by great truth.

What are you doing to raise the quality of your student body? Every day brings an opportunity to raise it, or lower it. The choice is yours to make. You, as a Queens student, are not infinitesimal, as is true of the students in colleges of larger enrollment. Your opinions, objectives, and actions are caught instantaneously, and mirrored over the entire campus. Good or bad, your influence spreads and helps form the mold that is Queens College.

To be progressive and enduring, Queens must have every link a strong one. The number of students is relatively unimportant; it is the calibre of each individual student that counts. In tradition, resources, administration, atmosphere, and community standing, the conditions are entirely favorable for the growth of an unusually outstanding student body.

In statistical records, large numbers will impress, but accomplishments will endure. Our student body has the power to be impressive in its accomplishments!

To The Seniors

The time goes by—so fast, so fast—
But four short years ago
You entered here,
And now you stand—
One hand upon the gate of life—
Ready to fling it wide—
And hurry down its varied paths.
Alas—alas—no matter what your way
It leads but to the grave at last.
But 'tis a happy death when you will reunite the class.

We'll miss you, Senior Class—
These four short years—
Have seemed but as a day—
A day so full of love and worth
That looking back
You won't regret a thought.
And looking on—
We'll find a better success
Because of you—Good luck!
And may God bless you "41"!

Dear Reader (?)

The Senior Girls Are Like Pretty Melodies

DEAR READER (WE HOPE),
Dear Reader (we hope),

Irving Berlin really started something when he wrote "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody," didn't he? Really though, he has just put into words and music a thought which has been "thunk" for years and years. But all this is beating around that proverbial bush—let's get down to business, seniors to be exact, to see if we can't find some appropriate song titles to fit them and perhaps those A.S.C.A.P.-B.M.I. people will let this much slip by anyway.

We will begin with Brammer—"Carry Me Back To Old Virginny"—no, she isn't lazy, but she has to get back one way or another. How about "You Are My Sunshine" for Mimi Bradham; "Here Comes the Bride"—Mary Lyon; Marie Rose-

man—"Say It With Music"; Virginia Cothran—"Pardon My Southern Accent"; Hilda Harmon—"Perfidia," Franny Riddle—"Life Is A Song"; "Sweet Sue" McNulty; Tera Bailey—"Information Please"—Whoops! that's a program, but very a propos.

Rachel West—"Write Me A Letter And Send It By Mail"; "Just A Little Bit South of North Carolina"—Margaret McIntosh; M. M. Johnson—"Just My Bill"; Marie Pons—"Lovely Lady"; Judy Killian—"Whats New(s)"; Sarah Thompson—"I Like Mountain Music"; Mary Payne—"For She's A Jolly Good Fellow"; Lib Taylor—"It's A Wonderful World"; Anne Brannon, Alice Barron, and Jean Ferguson—"Artists Life"; Cornelia Truesdale—"Ever See A Dream Walking"; It's "Rah, Rah, Carolina" for Carolina Edwards; a fine place it is, too, and we do mean school.

Guess yours truly had better be an artist and draw this to a close. Kindly note any resemblance to movie, song, or book titles is merely "Accidentally On Purpose."

Sorority Socials

Chi Omega

Set off by a southern atmosphere of darkies, melodies, and dances, our Juniors and Seniors had a marvelous time at their annual Junior-Senior banquet. Leading the Grand March was Mary Marshall, and all the girls looked their prettiest that night. After the banquet we held open house, ending a momentous evening.

June Burks returned from the Atlanta prom exclaiming about the perfect time she had. June Escott and Patsy are galavanting up to the V. M. I. dances this week-end, where they will swing to T. Dorsey.

Alpha Gamma Delta

Have you heard about the Alpha Gam's hayride Thursday night? Of course you have. Everyone had the time of her life at the Elk's Club with plenty of food and plenty of cute...well, you guessed it!

Has Trulock forgotten school completely? Evidently. Tuesday she went to Columbia to Enid Waggett's recital and came back Wednesday. Thursday she went to Raleigh to model a dress in the State College fashion show. Nope, she hasn't settled down yet. Saturday she is leaving for the S. A. C. Retreat.

Kappa Delta

What a week-end! The Junior-Senior banquet certainly caused many K. D.'s to be in the air, and why not, because Tab, "Speck", Charlie, and many other heartbeats were there. Everybody, including Lib, agrees that Cookie hasn't talked a bit too much about Tab, because he is more than anyone expected. After the banquet Lib Taylor invited all the K. D.'s and their dates over to Mount Holly for open house.

Phi Mu

The most important event on any body's campus is Junior-Senior, and Queens was no exception.

After the banquet the girls entertained their dates at the house. Hilarity must have been the keynote to a marked degree—at any rate in one particular case domestic instincts ran amuck, leading into a screen-breaking party.

The finish-up of elections last week proved historical for us in two ways at least—little Marjorie Imbody threw in her cap and got it back with two major offices—vice president of the rising sophomores and treasurer of the day-students.

Campus Choice

Let's give a hand to Jean Neu, who occupies the limelight on this week's **Campus Choice** Stage. Very reticent concerning her achievements is this Phi Mu senior, and it was only with much difficulty that I was able to learn of her active participation on the QUEENS BLUES staff for three years, acting as news editor during her junior year. After further wrangling I found out that she had been a Camera Club member for the last three years and is, this year, secretary of that organization. She couldn't look at me while she mentioned the fact that she was a commencement marshal her freshman and junior years. In a low and subdued tone she told me that for two years she had served the International Relationships Club, this year as president. Then for a long moment she stood with her head low and her cheeks aflame. There was no need for words. I understood...Two years ago Jean had been tapped into Sigma Mu, the highest scholastic honor the college can give. Furthermore, Jean has found time somehow, during her steady accumulation of honors, to maintain her Dean's List standing for the whole four years.

She was born in Union City, New Jersey, on January 26, 1921. She has been in Charlotte for some time—long enough to decide to remain a Southerner. She has so long a list of likes and dislikes that you're sure to find several of yours among those present. She likes soup, opals, apple pie, swimming, tennis (though she claims no proficiency at either of these two exercises), flat-heeled shoes, mountain climbing (especially the day after junior-senior banquet a sort of private tradition of Jean's and her chums), and the beach.

Although my topic was not nearly exhausted, I realized that I had, by this time, exhausted my victim, and so left Jean Neu under a front-lawn tree with her lazy thoughts of spring and Dave.