

# QUEENS BLUES

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association  
Founded by the Class of 1922

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

## EDITORIAL STAFF

ELSA TURNER.....Editor-in-Chief  
BETSY HODGES.....Associate Editor  
PAT STOYLE.....Associate Editor  
MISS LAURA TILLET.....Faculty Adviser  
MISS EVELYN BATY.....Faculty Adviser

REPORTERS—Bettye Welche, Hilda Brewer, Dot Mauldin, Polly Foglesong, Betty Howard, Louise Leitszy, Marjorie Rogers, Patsy Scoggin.

FRANCES BRYAN.....Business Manager  
DOTTIE SAPPENFIELD.....Business Manager  
Ruth King, Betty Kenyon, Marie Sitton, Jane Boovy.

## ATTEND CHAPEL

Let us hope that all members of the student body are availing themselves of the unusual series of Friday chapel programs which are now being presented. In these programs we are given the opportunity and the privilege of hearing an explanation of the different religious beliefs of our friends and neighbors. On February 13, Rabbi William Greenburg of the Jewish Synagogue gave an excellent presentation of the Jewish faith; on February 20, Father Daniel Baran of Belmont Abbey spoke clearly on the Catholic faith; and in weeks to follow we can look forward to other speakers who will explain other beliefs. How can we better become acquainted with the many different faiths with which we come in contact and thus understand better our fellowmen, than through such talks as these, given in a spirit of good will by excellent and learned speakers?

Such an opportunity to become better acquainted with the faiths about us should not be allowed to slip through our grasp.

## A BOTTLE TALKS

Gee, I'm so full I could pop—almost. Honestly, spring fever really has me this year. I've never felt like this before in my life. Spring fever is a lot of fun, but if somebody doesn't hurry and drink this Coca-Cola I'll just die. Think of any respectable bottle having to hold Coca-Cola all its life! Why it's an outrage!

Ah, here comes a nice looking Queens girl. Maybe she'll decide to take me out of my misery. Oh joy, she did! I feel as free as the breeze now. Can you imagine anything nicer than being an empty Coca-Cola bottle on Queens campus. I can't. Wonder where I'll go when I leave this "Y" store? I've even heard of some bottles being sent back to the plant to be refilled. Here's hoping I'll escape that. Here we go out of the store—somewhere.

My, but it's nice under these trees. Doesn't seem like winter at all. Now for some excitement. Oops! Pardon me, please, but I just got kicked—maybe that's just one of the things that has to happen to an empty bottle. Is that wind I feel? I thought Spring was on the way. Drip! That's rain, so help me. I don't know whether I like this business of being empty or not. At least I was in a nice place when I was full.

Why do all these girls pass me without picking me up? Heartless, that's what they are. I believe I see another fellow in the same shape lying over there beside the Music Building. Poor guy, I feel sorry for him, but sorrier for myself. I always thought that Queens girls were tidy and respected the looks of their campus. As much as I hate to admit it, I'm about to change my opinion.

You would think that they would be doubly careful now that so many visitors are coming to inspect the school. What an opinion they must form of Queens in general! Now I don't say that all Queens girls treat bottles like this, but there are always a few who just don't care. They must think that bottles lying around add a bit of spring color to the scene. Oh, how I wish someone would tell them differently.

Here comes a lady now and is she giving me the once-over! One would think that I put myself out here to make a laughing stock of Queens. If I could just talk to people, I'd make them understand. Right now I wish I were in a crate with the rest of my buddies.

What's this sensation I feel? Is it really true that I'm being picked up? Bless this kind-hearted soul. She'll never know what this means to me.

Now, girls, let this be a lesson to you. The very next time you see an empty bottle lying where it shouldn't be, make it your business to put it where it should be. You'll improve the looks of your campus 100 per cent, besides bringing joy into many a bottle's heart.

Gee, but this crate feels good!

## EXCHANGES

*Wordsworth certainly would have had us in the florist business this week.*

The campus costume this week has been kerchiefs plus. I have never seen so much color even at a spring festival as the gals wore on their heads. It's a preview show of May flowers, hotel mosaics, tropical splendor, New York panorama, Florida warmth, all put into the raininess of the campus.

We've tried to rush this paper to press today so that you might use some suggestions printed by The Gamecock. Perhaps, if you haven't written your family yet after the catastrophe of report cards arriving, you will have a chance for some good persuasion technique:

(1) "Y'see, mom, the Prof's got the wrong text and doesn't know it yet—"

(2) The instructor hates me because I comb my hair, and he hasn't any."

(3) I didn't know he was in the classroom one day and I took his name—in vain, that's why."

If these don't work, you'd better just mention the new style of khaki uniforms or the great demand for skilled laborers.—*Hi-Po.*

It is alleged that a schoolboy in Kansas wrote the following, entitled, "An Editor."

"I don't know how newspapers got into the world, and I don't think God does, for He ain't got nothing to say about them in the Bible. I think the editor is the missing link we read about, and that he stayed in the business until after the flood, came out and wrote the thing up, and has been kept busy ever since.

"If the editor makes a mistake, folks say he ought to be hung, but if a doctor makes mistakes, he buries them, and folks don't say nothing because they can't read Latin.

"When the editor makes mistakes, there is a big lawsuit and swearing, but if the doctor makes one, there is a nice funeral with flowers and perfect silence.

"A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or anyone else knowing what it means, but if an editor uses one, he has to spell it.

"If the doctor goes to see another man's wife, he charges for the visit. If the editor goes, he gets a charge of buckshot.

"Any college can make doctors to order, but editors have to be born."  
—*From the Tulane Hullabaloo.*

## These I Have Loved

"SCOTTIE" NISBETT  
*A Parody on THE GREAT LOVER*  
By Rupert Brooke

"These I have loved:

Bare trees like lace outlined against the sky;

The drowsy drone of bees at work nearby;

The pungent smell of pines beneath the sun;

The hazy days when autumn's just begun;

A mother's hands with gentle, soothing touch;

A winding woodland path I love so much;

The ocean broad, and powerful and deep;

And after work, the comfort of deep sleep;

The endless throb of engines in a ship;

The graceful flight of sea-gulls as they dip

And soar above the restless tossing sea

The soft white clouds that form and flee;

The calming stillness of the sunset hour;

The mighty mountains which above me tower;

Green moss upon a rugged stone;

A child's warm hand within my own;

All these have been my loves."

## A Visit To The Old Stamping Grounds

By BETTY HOWARD

I wish they'd hurry and start. Oh, why don't they hurry? Just think, I haven't seen a basketball game in months! That's what comes from being cooped up in a college all fall. I almost feel like an escaped convict. It's great to be through exams and to be at home. I never have crammed as hard before in my life. Oh, darn exams! Who thought them up anyway? It must have been a teacher and a heartless one at that. Say, I thought I was going to forget school for a while. Oh yeah, just try to do it!

Oh boy! Here comes that flashy Oakboro team! Wonder who has my suit this year. There she is—number seven. Well, I wish she'd tuck my shirt tail in. I never left it out like that. It does look like she'd at least start the game with it tucked in.

Here comes our coach. "Will I keep the score book? Well, yes—I guess so. College? Oh yes, it's wonderful! No, I'm not playing hookey, I just finished exams early. Sure, they were hard! In fact, that's hardly the word for it." People can ask such dopey questions. I guess I'll be explaining to everybody here what I'm doing at home. Well, that's a small town for you.

There's the whistle. Let's see; what's our lineup? *Hooks, Harkey, Moore, Benton, Funderburk, and Stilwell. Stilwell?* On the first team? Why she didn't even practice last year! *Miss Hood* must be hard pressed for guards. I'll bet she misses us old players. Gee, but we had fun! I wish I were out there playing now.

## GONE WITH THE WIND

*With Apologies to Margaret Mitchell*

By MARTHA MURRAY KELLER

Now, let's see; where was I? Oh yes, that paragraph about Rhett telling her to go to—I forgot. I mustn't say that; it's not ladylike. I wonder why I can't get my mind on this book? Maybe it's because this is the third time I've read it . . . I know. I know exactly. I ought to spend my time reading more worthwhile books like Dickens', but—there goes Glenn Miller playing "Deep In the Heart of Texas!" I love that song. Or maybe it's Tommy Dorsey. How do people ever keep them straight? I guess I just haven't a musical mind. Musical mind, that sounds good. It's something Poe used isn't it? In "The Raven" . . . Alliteration, that's it. Why couldn't I think of it sooner? What's going to happen to me if I don't soon acquire a memory? I'm just no good at anything. I can't even concentrate on this book.

Where was I reading? Here, right here. "He said, 'Scarlett—'" Oh, I remember all of this part. I believe I'll turn over nearer the back. Never satisfied, that's what I am. One will never get anywhere in this world by being like that. I've heard it a million times: don't remind me. Who's reminding me? I'm reminding myself. Well, whoever's doing it, I wish they'd stop. I'm going crazy. I know I am. I don't care, I don't believe that saying about people who are never think that they are. Are what? I'm sure I don't know. I must be dreaming. Wake up, you! I'll stick me with a pin; that's what I'll do. Then I'll know whether I'm awake or asleep . . . Ouch! It's awake I am. Let's see if I can talk some more like an Irishman. And it's a walk ye'll be takin', is it, ma lass? Or is that Scotch? Who cares?

To get back to this book—"Dreams, she thought,—"Dreams, dreams, thoughts, thoughts, thoughts, thoughts, is it all that Georgia woman can write about? Or is it me? I mean I. Whoever invented this foolish English language anyhow? The Greeks? How silly of me! What am I thinking of? Just because the Greeks invented—what! I can't remember? And after all that studying for an Ancient History test last week. That just goes to show you.

It seems like old times with the crowd waiting for the excitement to begin.

The referee has the ball. Here goes. Oh, I hope we win! I wonder if *Long Hollow* is as good as it was last year. Oh, oh. I'm afraid they are! Look at those girls pass the ball. A shot! Did it? No—thank goodness! I'll have to be careful keeping the score. First time I've ever done it. Hope I don't get mixed up. That would be terrible. Why, it might even start a fight!

"A substitute for Long Hollow? Clinchford for Sullen? How d'you spell it? O.K."

Boy, this is a fast game! Honestly, I didn't remember basketball as being so fast! I believe we're going to win. Can't be sure in the first quarter though. Anything can happen. Yeah, and it probably will too.

I hadn't noticed the crowd. Pretty big for a rainy night. Who's Ruth Jackson with? Well, when did this happen? And I thought Joe was the one and only.

There goes the horn—the end of the quarter. I'll bet those girls are tired. Ten to six, in our favor. Hmm, not bad, but it could be better. I've got a feeling we'll win. Why, of course, we will. Our team just has to beat tonight, even if they never win another game. This is my first chance to watch them play this season.

There's the horn again. I wonder how this quarter will turn out. My, but this is exciting! I mustn't forget the score book. *Miss Hood* will raise cane if I mess it up.

Another substitution. McCluntok for Depon. "Does that start with a 'C'? O. K."

Tests do not one iota of good. You don't remember them one week afterwards. Oh my, I didn't mean to say that. I really didn't mean it—honestly, I didn't. What would my teacher think of me if she heard? Probably the same thing she thinks now. I do think I'm in a stupor.

I believe I'll turn over a new leaf, or maybe a whole chapter, or two. It looks a little more interesting over further. All about—what's that I hear out in the hall? Hey-hey-hey, on a hey-dey ride, and about fifty other verses. Now who in the world even went to so much trouble to make up a giddy little verse like that? Sometimes I do believe that half the world is mad. What's that quotation, or maxim, or something-or-the-other? "Everyone art queer but thou and me, and methinks thou art a little odd at times," is that it? So much for that.

Oh, here it is. Settle down and prepare yourself for a shock now. It always gives me a thrill, even after reading it five times. "He drew a short breath and said lightly but softly: 'My dear, I don't give a (revised version) hang.'" Oh, he makes me so mad I could kill him! Oh, men are so mean! They don't have an ounce of sense. Women are much more sensible in so many ways, and we aren't nearly as conceited as they are. Oh, the unfairness of it! But he loved her, and he did come back to her. She got everything else she wanted, did she not? Well, she got Rhett back too. Of course, it's just a book and not anything to get excited about. I can't help it. A person has a right to his own opinions, hasn't she? And mine is that Rhett Butler came back to live with Scarlett O'Hara before one year was over. What's my opinion among thousands of others? But that's enough for a' that and a' that.

(Next page, Scarlett's memorable speech): "I'll think of it all tomorrow, at Tara. I can stand it then. To-morrow I'll think of some way to get him back. After all, to-morrow is another day." To-morrow! "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow creeps forward in this petty pace from day to day."

(And that reminds me. I have to hand in an English composition tomorrow!)