

Queens Blues

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You Will Have Christmas; How About Our Soldiers?

Soon it will be Christmas and American boys all over the world will want to come home. Meanwhile . . .

An American boy is slowly cutting his way through a tangled jungle. Each step forward is three feet down; the mud sucks and pulls at his boots as he advances, tortured step after step. He brushes insects from his eyes to peer into the dense jungle masses ahead and at either side, alert for Japanese snipers. He reaches a fallen tree, stops to rest, closes his eyes a few seconds. Into his mind comes a picture of crowded sidewalks. It's five o'clock; Christmas shoppers and workers hurry through the streets; he hears the tinkling bell of a Salvation Army Santa Claus; for a moment he smells the crisp, cold air and feel the glow from the bright store windows . . . A bullet whines past him.

Somewhere in Germany, a boy from Vermont is fighting from house to house in the rubble-strewn streets. As he advances cautiously, waiting for the next shot from ahead or behind, he ducks into a doorway. For a second, he relaxes. The snow on the rubble suddenly becomes a picture of snow-covered Vermont hills, quiet, peaceful, serene. He sees his town, snow feathering the elms, candles shining in windows, awaiting the Christmas carolers who are singing at the far end of the street.

On a hillside in northern Italy, a kid from Chicago considers himself lucky. He won't have to dig a foxhole tonight. He crawls into a small cave, out of the bitter wind. As he falls asleep exhausted, he hears the wind howling around the rocks. It sounds like the wind roaring off Lake Michigan and he dreams he's back home. The Christmas tree lights are on and Mom and Pop are sitting around listening to Sis play "Silent Night."

In the Pacific, hundreds of miles from anywhere, a boy from Kansas peers into the night. Since the Jap attack that morning, his sub is disabled, it barely moves in the water, no one dares think how long it can keep afloat. No one knows whether the next planes will be rescue planes—or Jap planes returning. The surge of the sea, continuous, incessant, becomes a wheat field, the waves of ripe grain rising and falling as the wind ripples over them.

What are we doing at home? What discomfort have we? Are we cold? Are we hungry? Are we homeless? Or are we deciding to make this a good old-fashioned luxurious Christmas? Did we buy that \$50 handbag for sister? Did we buy the fur coat for mother? Did we buy that new china to dress up the Christmas table? Did we decide not to go to work today?

If the Japs return to the kill, will the Kansas kid have the ammunition to stave them off again? Will the rescue planes not come because they're still in the factories? Will the barrage preceding the boy in Cologne fall silent, because the batteries are out of shells? Will the kid on the hills of Italy freeze to death in his cave because he has no blanket to wrap around him? Will the boy in Burma die because we didn't buy enough War Bonds at home?

All of us in our hearts know whether we are doing our share; whether we are fulfilling our moral obligations to the millions of Americans scattered around the world in a struggle for survival—theirs and ours.

Queens Fashions Make Parade Of Picturesque Varieties

As one passes Queens College, Charlotte, North Carolina, he sees a picturesque parade of the latest in campus clothes.

A college campus is not the place for a display of an elaborate wardrobe, but instead, one of simplicity. One's clothes simply have to be right for the occasion, workable, good-looking of course, and easy to care for. A selection of quality fashions, designed for long-time service, to give one a maximum of smartness with a minimum of effort is plainly displayed at Queens.

Queens girls wear their brightly colored plaid shirts with much pride, along with sweaters of every color and hue that an artist could get from all his paints. The sweaters are adorned with pins of every shape and kind, pearls, or an attractive necklace from their best beau. On warm days one can see the girls dressed in their washable cottons strolling along the walks of the campus.

For footwear on campus and classes the girls have oxfords, saddle shoes and loafers which are topped with Argyle knitted socks and ankle chains.

The girls for church, dates, special informal occasions, and Friday nights wear their dark prints, crepes well-tailored woollens, or a frilly blouse with a dressy suit and their pumps with hose.

Queens girls follow the rule of Emily Post by wearing a hat to town. The shapes and sizes of the hats of various colors and kinds are noticeable as the girls sign in and out.

For gym classes the girls wear their blue play suits on warm days. On cold days they are seen with their gray warm-up suits. Whatever the sport may be, you

can rest assured the girls are dressed to the Queen's taste.

On formal occasions the girls take much pride in looking and acting their very best. The parlors of Burwell, filled with girls wearing multicolored dresses with low-cut necklines, make a pretty picture. The evening clothes at Queens vary as the personalities of the girls vary. The ultra-sophisticated girl will be attired in a revealing dress to match her personality. The demure, quiet girl will be dressed in the simple taste that her personality requires. Among these extreme types will be found the average school girl. Her clothes will contain no frills, nor do they stand out in the crowd as extreme.

Another very noticeable attraction of Queens girls is their long hair decorated with flowers the colors of the rainbow, and large and small combs, but to top all these there are the silver berets, engraved with the girl's names, that flash in the sunlight. This is the latest and most attractive ornament. Then there are the girls wear white on class and so as to wear their hair up on rats which makes a very flawless coiffure.

Another fad that catches one's eye are those horn-rimmed glasses the girls wear while on class and as they do their studying.

It is also the style for girls to wear the identification bracelets of their beaus. And too, if you hear a jingling sound behind you, it is probably an armful of those sterling silver bracelets which became so popular about a year ago.

No one knows what the next fashions and fads will be, but Queens girls will be one step ahead of the time.

SLINGING THE DUST

Well hey, everybody. We're at it again, but any resemblance to any persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

I guess the biggest and best news is all these new additions to the third finger, left hand. Congratulations to Betty Lou Spears, Melba Bailey, and Isabelle McDonald!

Throck really was happy about Cootie's visit. And weren't we all!

We wonder how Christine Carr rates 26 letters in one day—must be wonderful.

Wasn't Thanksgiving just luv? Never saw so many visitors.

Congratulations to May Court. It looks wonderful.

Frances Wright had an unexpected visitor the other week. And she looked mighty happy.

Becky Lyerly vows she's had some phone calls from V. M. I.! That deal seems to be going strong now.

Mary Libba Tucker and Jane Williams just received their Social Security cards—and what Social Security!

Agnes Mason's been seen a lot lately with a captain. Wonder could it be getting serious?

"Shif" is beaming these days. Ever since "the one" came home.

Shirley Warner had a very unusual experience the other day at Memorial Hospital. Now don't tell us it wasn't all planned, Shirley! For details, see Dr. Robertson.

Where does Joyce Carpenter keep herself every week-end? Couldn't be at home, could it? How long did he stay, for goodness' sake?

Laura Martin, it's rumored you had huge difficulties the other week-end when you went home.

Sarah Jo declares she's gon' have a big Christmas—or is it New Year?

Why was Betty McGill so excited Saturday about the football game?

Jane Carter's been seen a lot with "Martin" recently. We thought you were a man-hater, Jane!

Queens-Davidson day turned out to be a real success, from all reports.

Speaking of receiving mail, Josephine Ausley didn't do so bad herself—at least I wouldn't call ten at once from the same source bad!

What Sophomore got hold of what annual that had some solid writing in it? Orchids to the cast of "Nine Girls." And these are complimentary, not the kind Florence Robinson got at the curtain calls!

Heap Big Chief Annelle certainly was tickled over something at the Athletic Association "tapping."

Did you see the cute man Joy Beam was with Sunday? We'd like to see more of him!

Jean Galt, say you were surprised? Well, naturally. Anybody would be under the circumstances.

Pud has introduced a new jitterbug step—amusin' but confusin'.

Jo Ann Snyder's sailor has everybody starry-eyed. Why don't you bring him out of hibernation, Jo Ann?

We hear Bonnie Caldwell was very much chagrined in Zo lab the other day. Wonder why—?

Who is the mystery man who sends Miss Julia Miller flowers every day or so?

We hear Ruth Turner is trying to find out her ring size for the third finger, left hand. Sounds interesting, if not promising.

Elizabeth Fraser seems to be having numerous difficulties. Couldn't concern Johnny, could it?

We hear a junior is making definite plans which are to formulate in the very near future.

Laura Sanford, say you kinda got tired on your cross-country jaunt?

Who is it that Margaret Ezell hears from every day? Uh-uh, it's not Harry!

Lucy Bull certainly was excited when her sailor came. And was he cute!

Jessie Carter says she sure is gon' miss the lights going off in North—they've been fixed, worse luck!

Sarah Matheson, we hear you underwent a crisis in the Tavern Sunday morning.

Well, that's all. Merry Christmas to all you gals, and Happy New Year too. See you in '45.

Pictures In Burwell Hall Are Historical

Someone mentioned just the other day how little is generally known about the beautiful portraits hanging in the parlors of Burwell Hall. So, aiming to please, The Blues sent a reporter out scouting for information about the portraits, their history, and their subjects.

Have you noticed as you enter the left parlor in Burwell, the plump gentleman with the inquiring expression whose portrait hangs on the right-hand wall inside the door? He is the former president of Queens College, Dr. W. H. Fraser, who for seventeen years efficiently and in a memorable fashion guided and improved the school. Dr. Fraser, who is still living, was president of Queens from 1921 to 1939, and recently Fraser Hall was dedicated in his honor. During the time President Fraser was at Queens he accomplished many things which greatly improved the college in its appearance and service to the student body. Our gratitude goes to Dr. Fraser for erecting the present dining hall; paying off the indebtedness of the college; building the Practice House; and backing the project which resulted in Blair Union for day students.

The portrait of Dr. Fraser was done by Mrs. Huffman, formerly art instructor at Queens.

Opposite the portrait of W. H. Fraser, to the left as one enters the parlor, is a lovely painting of Mary Owen Graham, class of 1903, who is another famous figure in the history of Queens College. Dr. Graham for many years was president of Peace Institute and comes from a distinguished family of educators. She is a cousin of Dr. Frank Graham of the University of North Carolina.

The portrait of Mary Owen Graham was done by Dayrell F. Kortrever of Charlotte, who is well known locally for his fine portraits. He is one of those who has contributed so generously toward making the Mint Museum project for servicemen successful, offering his time every Sunday afternoon to painting water-color portraits of the boys who visit the museum.

Certainly among the never-to-be-forgotten women in the background of Queens, Miss Elizabeth Blair stands high. Her portrait which was painted by Mrs. Hunter Blakely, wife of the president, hangs toward the front of the left wall in the same parlor with those portraits mentioned before. Miss Elizabeth Blair was Dean of Instruction while she was at Queens and it is for her that Blair Union is named. She was

Review Of "Dragon Seed" From Movie

By TERRY GOODING

The motion picture, Dragon Seed, which was directed by Jack Conway and Harold S. Bucquet, had a cast of individual importance which gave a splendid performance as a group. The most important characters were: Katharine Hepburn as "Jade," Turhan Bey as her husband, Thaler Houson as the father, Aline MacMahon as the mother and Akine Tamiroff as the uncle. The fundamental motives of the Chinese people in their fight against Japanese domination are shown by the use of this one family.

The movie was a good rendition of the book, Dragon Seed, by Pearl S. Buck. Every moment of the movie was poignant and well expressed by the actors in it. There was a strong appeal to the sympathy of the audience in the use of children as the one hope of the whole family. There was also a point of interest in the movement of whole Chinese factories to the west for rebuilding and continuation of production.

The two faults which the picture had were that the ending was too much like those of other war pictures and that Katherine Hepburn's performance was too much like all her others. With only two faults, however, and so many good points, Dragon Seed is really a good movie.

WAR BOND BANNER

In chapel, Wednesday morning, December 6, the sophomore class was presented the War Service banner for having sold and bought the most stamps and bonds during the previous month. The juniors held the flag the preceding month.

a sister of Dr. Andrew Blair, prominent Charlotte physician, who often serves the college.

The remaining portraits have been loaned to Queens by a Mr. Latta of South Carolina. One of these, the large portrait of the little boy, which hangs in the main parlor of Burwell Hall, has been much admired. It was done by an English portrait painter, Brown, and loaned to the college by Mr. Latta. The boy, Latta Johnston, was related to the Latta family. The other portrait on the left back wall in the left parlor is of Mr. Latta himself.

All of which goes to show that a few inquiries about the portraits of which we ask "Who is that?" result in unearthed facts in history, ancestry, and education.