

QUEENS BLUES

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EDITORIAL

FRESHMAN GREETINGS!

We, the Freshman staff send greetings to the students of Queens-Chicora! This is the class' first appearance in a literary way before the public eye, and therefore a very important one. The work done by individuals in this paper is typical of what they will do throughout their college course. So this issue may be considered as a sort of guide book for the future writers of Queens.

We feel it quite a difficult task to compete with the issue of the sophomore class. We congratulate them on their splendid edition! Their paper was well planned, well written, and extremely newsy.

Glancing over the pages of this paper, you will see the fruits of our first literary struggle at Queens-Chicora. We hope that it will find some slight degree of favor in the eyes of the student body.

HOARDING

Panic, Depression, Hard Times, are three terms which constitute most of our discussions today. Why is the country in this condition? Evidently man has lost faith and confidence in the world at large; he no longer deposits his money in banks or invests it in safe investments that it might gain interest for him as well as keep it in circulation. Some people are taking advantage of hard times and hoarding great sums of money; some people, fearful of losing their small possessions, are hoarding them so that the world may not snatch their life labors from them. For the first man one feels little sympathy, but for the second one hardly blames him. Do you know that approximately ninety to ninety-five percent of the world's business is done on credit terms which leaves the small amount of about five to ten percent cash money on which to run the country. Now take that small percent and cut it in half and let the well-to-do man hoard his half. What will be the result? Think it over, gentle reader, will the hoarder be on top if the money standard breaks? No, he, being cause of the break, will suffer the loss. But the smart men of the country have found a way to get the money back into circulation; the government has issued "Baby Bonds," which are United States Bonds, in denominations of fifty, one hundred, and five hundred dollars. These bonds pay a small rate of interest, and are approximately worth a hundred percent face value in any bank. They are good securities, and cannot fail unless the government of the United States fails; and if that should happen, which is possible but not probable, what good would the money be regardless of how we have it in green backs or bonds? The hoarder is a coward in my opinion; he grabs his money and ducks and leaves the country to fight its own battles. So, friends, spread this nation-wide sentiment and let's get the money out of the socks, strong-boxes, holes in the wall, and the like; and put it back into circulation so that we can bury our present topics and enemies—Panic, Depression, and Hard Times.

Oh, Paddy dear, did you hear that March 17 is St. Patrick's Day? Don't forget to wear the shamrock that's so dear to the heart of every Pat and Mike.

TO THE DUMPS

It was sad, even sadder than one can imagine—not because she was dead; but how much she had reminded him of her mother. Those wonderful understanding brown eyes that were now closed, her fluffy brown hair that was so long, and so fine. And yet—had she not always been just as fine?

Why was she like this—his own dear little daughter? She was playing only today—why wasn't she still? The whole thing seemed incomprehensible to him; perhaps it wasn't so. Then the whole truth returned. She had been hit and unmercifully killed by one of Henry Ford's productions. Oh, that had been years ago, it seemed. Why didn't they come for her, he wondered.

Then at last a man in an automobile arrived. How the father did hate to part with her—his own little brown eyed daughter. The man at the wheel roughly gathered her up and tossed her in.

Tears filled his brown eyes. His ears fell flat upon his face. He dropped his tail between his legs, as he watched his little daughter go the way of all dead dogs—To the Dump.

A Winter May Day

You know, due to a reverse in the seasons I'm 'fraid all of us will be shocked and 'sprised by the Winter May Day. Wouldn't it be funny to see the Queen very graciously stroll out on a snow covered campus, clothed in a slinky, grey fur coat trimmed with a beautiful mink collar, her feet daintily shod in fur-lined galoshes, while in one grey gloved hand she carries a beautiful bouquet of holly artistically trimmed with icicles, lending a delightful glow to the atmosphere and mingling beautifully with the grey of the Queen's coat. A dazzling pathway is made by little Eskimo-looking flower girls who trip lightly over the snow, casting sprigs of mistletoe over the white area.

Following her Royal entrance, the Queen's attendants glide sensately after her on snow shoes. They clash royally with the color scheme in short lapin coats of various striking shades.

After the queen and her train are settled in a built up igloo decorated with boughs of cedar, the entertainments begin with the entrance of graceful dancers to the slow, rhythmical tune of "Jingle Bells." They glide over the cleared frozen spaces on ice skates. After a few introductory turns and glides they become flying bundles of fur, only to subside to a gliding turn which complete their dance.

"Gosh—Where am I"—Miss Henderson rubbed her eyes and jumped out of bed to pull down the window and shut out the cold draft. "Must have been dreaming," she muttered as she recalled the frozen wonder of a Winter May Day.

Exchange

A wage scale to be effective next September for editors and business managers of Washington and Lee publications was adopted by the Publications Board at its monthly meeting last Friday.

According to the new rule, the salaries of the respective heads of the publications will be placed on a graded scale. The editor and business manager receive \$200 apiece. — The Ring-tum Phi, Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

At the University of Alabama a student received thirteen B's and one F for work during one quarter. The single failure was a psychological course, "How to Study."—Ring-tum Phi.

The University of South Carolina and other state institutes are in danger of being dropped from the list of accredited colleges and universities unless adequate appropriations are given them by the State Legislature. — The Game Cock, Columbia, S. C.

From Judson College, in Alabama, we get the following code of ethics as outlined by one of the Ethics Class.

The code as formulated includes:

1. Temperance.
2. Honesty and Trustworthiness.
3. Good sportsmanship.
4. Reverence.
5. Openmindedness.
6. Service.
7. Self-control.
8. Knowledge and alertness.
9. Appreciation of the beautiful.
10. Courtesy and friendliness.

We are glad to get these points from Judson College as they are valuable in character forming.

The Juniors of Newberry College presented the play, "The Hoodoo," last Friday, March 4. The play was a comedy, and was accompanied by several short skits. This play was given to raise funds for the Junior and Senior Banquet.—Newberry College, Newberry, S. C.

Frank D. Waterman, President of the Waterman Fountain Pen Company, presented 900 Berry School students with fountain pens. The gift of fountain pens was valued at \$4,500.—The Triangle.

Perhaps if I had not
Loved you so deeply
I could take up the
Old threads again,
But, loving you so,
I no longer have the patience
To weave so commonplace a pattern.

—Lottie Lane Joyner.

FACULTY ENTERTAINS

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lightful refreshments, carrying out the St. Patrick's Day color scheme of green and white and served by faculty members.