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ELECTIONS

A wise man once said that there is progress in change. His words stand upon the foundation of history, tracing their red letters across the pattern of civilization, springing with new life from the crumbling of each man-made institution. And with this year's election, they have been stamped in the annals of our own institution.

An entirely new procedure was placed before the student body, and it responded admirably. A campaign spirit prevailed the campus, evidenced in placards and ringing speeches. The actual voting was run through smoothly and the results received with universal enthusiasm in spite of the violent discussion and hand shaking which preceded the putting into effect of the new plan. It is to be remembered that the core of the situation originated from the floor and not the platform.

Has this supplanting of the old by the new—this effort towards a united student body and the equality of its rights—this step of progress, been taken in vain? That rests with you, officers-to-be, under classmen—and those yet to come. May the next election close a year of consistent co-operation and growth.

—C. R.

THE DOGWOOD

Among the most beautiful trees which are conspicuous in the spring are the dogwoods, which are in full bloom now and are spreading their snowy white branches over the campus. Many eagerly wait for the hard green buds to burst forth into young white flowers, for this is a sign of spring with all its hopes, joys, and expectations.

The soft, white, petal-like structures, that attract insects which pollinate the flowers, are not a part of the corolla but are bracts which surround the true flowers, minute and insignificant. There is an interesting fable about the dogwood which tells why the white petal-like parts are notched at the top.

The dogwood was Adam's favorite tree in the Garden of Eden. It flowered so beautifully and gave so much pleasure that Diablo, who is called the devil, wanted to kill it. He made up his mind that he would destroy every shiny leaflet, and with this intention he climbed a honey-locust tree and swung by his tail over the wall, intending to blight the lovely flowers. To his amazement he discovered that each flower was in the shape of a cross and beyond his power of destruction. He was furious and all he could do was to bite a piece out of the edge of every snowy flower. And that is the reason why the white bracts of the dogwood are cleft, which makes the flowers more attractive, probably to the great disappointment of Diablo.

Inter-Collegiate News

A freshman at Northwestern placed himself in an awkward position when he referred to the scholastic prodigies as "dumb-bells" in the school paper. These students, who were selected by the university for an educational experiment because of their exceptional records, immediately issued a challenge to the offender to meet any one of them in an intelligence contest.

—Virginia Tech.

At the University of Berlin the students are permitted a period of six weeks in which to analyze and select their professors.

—Sun Dial.

If you have a college girl, you can be fairly sure that any thing you say to her will reach mother's ears. A survey of the co-eds at Syracuse University showed that 66 per cent of them talk over their love affairs with their mothers. The survey also indicated that 31 per cent of the girls interviewed had no love affairs. (Their veracity is doubted.)

—Virginia Tech.

Randolph-Macon is continuing its bid for Washington and Lee favoritism among the other feminine schools with a pair of new rules which allow the inmates to have dates during the week-end until the frightful hour of 11 o'clock.

—Ring-Tum-Phi

Campus Copy

By Fritz Freshman

Mary Young is going home with Squat Quattelbaum . . . look out, Conway! . . . and we know quite a few girls who gaze at the moon every night and wonder if that moon will be full Easter.

Quarter exams are over . . . now maybe our fingernails will grow out again, our brows will un-wrinkle, and we can take the blankets down . . . maybe.

Elections were so much paper and pencil to a great many, but we're glad that they turned out the way that they did . . . our new officers are fine and worthy of an A-1 school . . . our old officers have been great, and we salute them both.

Things that make history: the dogwood in bloom . . . Eve Stevenson's plaid tunic dress . . . Dot Cothran's nomination to secretaryship of student body . . . the cheese soufflé we had the other night . . . Mr. Beck's marvelous talks . . . those pink rosebud mints we had at the faculty tea . . . Mary Mac giving a 12-inch frog a bath in biology lab . . . the alarm clocks in Anne Smith's room on night of March 31 . . . and there are six days, there are 124 hours, there are 7,440 minutes, there are 446,400 seconds till SPRING HOLIDAYS.

THE SHADOW

Well, we're back on the job, and our "shady business" is still going on. It's a funny thing about us—we've had rather a checkered career. Sometimes we have found you all out, but sometimes you've almost caught us.

It's a peculiar thing about that cocoa butter. Carolyn Hoon and Betty White liked it so well that Mary Brown has decided to try it. The Shadow cannot understand this passionate craving for cocoa butter. Is its flavor more delectable, or what?

It won't be long now till the new council is installed. We imagine that the old council isn't a bit sorry—with the exception of one or two, maybe. Anyway, we want to tell them how much

we appreciate what they've done. They have had an unenvied and thankless task. To the new council we extend our best wishes and hopes for a successful year. We're sure you are the girls for the job, and we're betting on you!

The Shadow prides itself on giving good advice, and now we're giving some more. If Mamie Hunter will write to Dorothy Dix, we're sure that she will find out whether or not she's in love with Chester, even though she does kiss him in front of her mamma. And if the other love-lorn girls will go to Carolyn Hoon, perhaps she will tell them what it takes to make boys come all the way from Emory to see them.

(Continued on page 4)

ABOUT OUR COLLEGE

Lily Webb Long

"Lily W. Long Hall, erected 1914." How many of us have ever paused to think of the real significance of this tablet which, placed on the corner of North dormitory, dedicates this building to the memory of Lily Webb Long?

Lily Webb Long was connected with the Charlotte Female Institute, and she was dean after the reorganization of the Presbyterian College for Women. Her high ideals and gentleness of character long endeared her to the college students, and when she grew too old for active work, they still loved her for her deep interest in the college and for her

helpfulness in its attaining a high rank among other colleges.

The Queens Alumnae Association expressed its love and respect for Lily Long by making her honorary president of the association. She died on the morning of September 5, 1929, and the Alumnae Association read a memorial service to her on the opening day of the college, September 13, 1929.

Let us not forget, in our hurried every day life, this great spirit of our college's earlier days. We can remember her whose thoughts were ever for the progress of Queens College, and then be inspired to do our very best to make this college what she would have wanted it to be.