

# QUEENS BLUES

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## IN APPRECIATION—

To Miss Henderson, our capable and helpful sponsor, we wish to express our sincere appreciation. Without her interest and help the rocky road which every freshman class must travel would have been rockier still. We cannot express in true language our gratitude to her. She has helped us in so many ways—ways that are hard to explain. During our preparation of a stunt night program, Miss Henderson was constantly at hand making helpful suggestions and aiding us in the difficulties which arose during that novel and trying experience. Since we have had her capable help in that undertaking we have come to feel that if there is anything we do not understand—and how much there is! anything which we cannot, do without the guidance of a more experienced hand, we may always turn to our sponsor. We wonder if there is anything she cannot do! We doubt it.

THORBURN LILLARD.

## EASTER—

Again comes the time of year when one remembers more clearly just what the death of Jesus Christ, our Savior, meant. The suffering, the agony which he bore unflinchingly as he hung there on the cross, dying, that the sins of the world might be laid on him. Not only did he give up his life for the people of that time, but also for those of today.

And so, as this Easter morning dawns, cannot a few moments be spared to recall the events of that first Easter day: the women being told by the radiant angel that the Master was risen; his appearance to Mary Magdalene and to the ten disciples? Cannot a few minutes be spent in re-reading that part of the Holy Word which depicts the resurrection of the Son of God.

As the faithfulness of a woman was rewarded by her being the first to see the Savior after His resurrection, so may we all find favor in His eyes by our devotion to His cause and by endeavoring with all our strength of character to serve Him in all things, great and small, never doubting that a wonderful vision awaits us, too, when we shall see Him, face to face.

MARY LOUISE DAVIDSON

## Redemption

College life is a period of Redemption. The great purpose is to redeem ourselves from ignorance, littleness, unworthiness, low ideals, and contracted vision. We should be redeemed unto wisdom, into a largeness of life, worthfulness, noble ideals, and broad, inspiring vision. Thus liberated, we will be able to enter life with a great purpose and with a great opportunity.

There comes to my mind a legend of a Prince, who had been captured by the enemy. His redemption price was set at a room filled with gold, which should be as deep as the reach of many would measure. The story, hazy in my mind, tells of the selection of the Prince who had a long upward reach. This condition was met because the tribe considered the Prince worth the ransom, but alas! if we remember the story correctly, when the price was paid, the Prince was killed.

It costs to redeem ourselves from the incarceration by the things which we have enumerated above. It takes something more precious than gold. We ourselves have a large part in our redemption. Without our effort the redemption cannot be accomplished. With our efforts—our determined efforts—we can extricate ourselves. The purpose of every one should be to redeem herself and himself from the prison house of ignorance, littleness, unworthiness, low ideals, and contracted vision.

Queens-Chicora College is lending herself without stint in management, faculty instruction and influence, buildings and equipment, and every other resource at her command, to the effecting of the redemption of every student on her roster. Like the ancient tribe, she spares no means within her power to effect a glorious ransom. She sees in every life a greater greatness than the tribe saw in its Prince. The effecting of the release of every one intrusted to her care from the prison house of a limited personality and a limited opportunity is the reason for her existence, and the purpose of her life. She will pay the gold, she will energize for the ransom of those who are so precious to her. She calls upon her fine company of Princesses to come out of the prison house and enter into the largeness of a glorious life.

—Dr. W. H. Frazer.

## OUR CREED

*To conduct herself as a gentlewoman both on and off the campus.*

We all have a vague conception of what a gentlewoman is. It is probable that we have varied definitions. But on our campus, I believe, we would say in general a gentlewoman is a well-mannered and honorable woman.

To be well mannered one must think of others. This can be applied to any rules of society politeness, for example. All the little polite acts and deeds are done for

the sake of others—to help others.

Do you remember the little talk that Dr. Blair gave on honesty? She divided the students of college into four groups. The third one she classed as a gentlewoman, a girl who is honest because of principle. A girl who won't cheat because it just isn't done.

So it is, I think, with a gentlewoman in all she does. She does the upright thing because of principle—because it is the correct thing to do.

## HORACE IN IAMBICA

A pleasant change with break of winter comes,

Dry keels are gaily launched along the shore;

The farmer with his herd deserts his hut,

The meadows gleam with hoar frost now no more.

Fair Venus leads her dance beneath the moon,

The nymphs and graces make a magic land;

They strike the green with ever rhythmic tread,

While Vulcan molds his bolts with fiery hand.

Now flow'ry garlands twine thee round thy head;

They burst each hour from plain and forest wide.

Bring gifts to Farmer as he orders thee—

A kid or lamb—'tis blithe springtide!

Here life's brief span is short and full of woe,

The ghosts draw thee to Pluto's dwelling drear.

Cold hut of peasant, royal home of rich,

Are doomed to fall when pallid Death draws near.

## POEM

In a long black box, his friends carried him

Into the church where I married him.

I heard people whisper as I passed him by,

Too broken hearted for tears, I merely breathed a sigh.

I saw his broad shoulders where I'd often laid my head.

Saw his face was quiet and peaceful,

And I doubted he was dead. I watched them slowly lower him

And cover him with earth. Why was I left to live? I am not half his worth.

And now, Life, bruise me, Treat me cruelly as you can.

You cannot hurt me, Life, For I died yesterday with this man.

—Mary Wysdom Lambeth.

## TO A CHILD

I watch you as you play, And you never even bother

To notice men with devilish eyes

That are so like your father's.

For while I played with other men,

He learned to love another. Had I not been so foolish

I might have been your mother.

—Mary Wysdom Lambeth.

## OPEN FORUM

In a former issue of *Queens Blues* one of the upper classmen voiced her opinion of Rat Week. She, as an experienced, dignified student, radically denounced Frosh Week. She termed it as a silly, harmful, disturbing time. Now we, as Freshmen, with recent experience from which to form ideas, want to have "our say-so." We enjoyed it even if we did have to endure agony with our hair on rags, even if we lost some precious sleep in the wee hours of the morning, even if we came out of the last battle—or is that word strong enough?—Soph-scarred! Wasn't that the first time the Freshmen had a chance to make themselves known? Wasn't that, as upper classmen say, a good placement test "classically"? Didn't every Freshman look forward to hazing? Some with dreadful fear, some with joyful anticipation! Not a one of us would have been willing to miss that cruel sophomorph treatment. We would have been hurt more by complete ignorance of our existence than by supervised sweeping and scouring! At least I am quite sure each of us will recall with pleasure our soph-pervaded "Rat Days" and will look forward with eagerness as soph's next year to order with equal austerity another class of freshmen.