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EXAMINATIONS

"What's to be, is to be." So runs the old adage, and that might just as well be used for the foundation of our attitude about Examinations. People grow tired of hearing about attitudes, but then, they really do need one to survive Examinations with comparatively complicity.

All students hate them, even loathe them, and quaking in their mental boots, await the doomed hour. That really might be termed this fatal method. Let's TRY to be scientific about Examination Week this year. None of us like those hours of study and hard work. The professors do not like to give them. But—Examinations have to be. They are an essential in the modern educational program and have been abolished by only a few schools. Queens-Chicora has not abolished Examinations, because it has not yet been conclusively proved that another method is more effective.

So—one point for us is that Examinations must do some good for us. They do good even though we do not pass the Examination, for they teach us how to face difficulties and "come through."

Then, too, we might remember that Examinations are not a mean trick that the faculty plays on us. They are given neither for meanness nor for spite. The one way that spite can get in the situation is through the way that we treat ourselves by not eating and sleeping during the period and by staying in a mental "grip."

So suppose we be a bit more cheerful next week. Let's remember to smile. Let's not forget that there are other things besides Examinations to talk about. And let's everyone pass ours! It would be such a lovely "gift" to Dr. Blair.

PUBLIC OPINION

Public opinion—it can make or it can break. That is true in every phase of life which concerns the public as a whole—or concerns a great part of it, or holds the interest of the public. Everyone can cite endless examples of the fates of political moves and programs that have flourished or died, because of the attitude of the public—the opinion of the public. We know of cases where the life of a person has been gravely changed when, after being in the public's eye, that person has incurred the enmity of the public's opinion. There are still other cases of people being condemned in the public's opinion as soon as such persons have come in the limelight.

What better example can one quote of the influence of public opinion on the life of a man than the Hauptmann Case. Only a very minute number of people in America knew of the German before the kidnap money was found in his garage. Yet today the eye of the Nation is on him—the whole world is watching his fate. And a vast number of people have decided that he is the kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby. Papers have even adopted a biased view of the case. I am not saying that their attitudes are deliberate, but the reporters are writing of the case in a way that will show up the defense in a poorer light. And in the face of that public opinion, twelve people have to determine the fate of that man. The world is wondering if—regardless of the outcome of the evidence—public opinion will rule.

And—as a thought—public opinion of the student determines the fate of measures and plans on this campus. Perhaps we do not realize the fact, but by the way we act, the way we think and talk, we make the possible and impossible come true. It is true that we alone can make this college what it is to be or what it might be by the way we support the officers of administration and the student government. And what is even more true, the opinion of the students—whether the students support a program or not—is the thing which creates the spirit on the campus, which in turn makes the college.

AND WHO IS THIS STUDENT?

She's different, unusually individual, this Queens student of whom I am thinking. She's likeable, loveable, and a "true-blue" friend, a pal to every girl on the campus. She's gay. And, unlike so many of us, she sees every bit of fun which might exist. She loves to tell jokes. Indeed she accumulates the pointless kind, but she doesn't like "puns."

But this gay person has a serious and studious side, too. She seems to have a "hankering" for those subjects which most people consider impossible. One might say she plans to travel extensively in Europe if the number of languages she takes is an indication. One might also predict with reasonable accuracy that she will do research work in her later life.

And this versatile, likeable person is capable as well. She holds several important offices on the campus. So fine is the opinion which many students have of her that already she is being considered for one of the major offices in Student Government next year.

The one thing, however, that to my mind is most striking about her is her friendly nature. I've seen her make real sacrifices to help girls on this campus. She's the type person who does a great work without the aid of balyhoo.

And another cue as to her identity—she has hair that is like her—gay and individual. Her eyes are laughing at the world. She doesn't dress up. She's nonchalant about her clothes, which are black or generally some shade of blue. Blue is a typical color for her. It belongs to her—even her eyes are blue.

Who is this student? You know her. Indeed she will probably be telling you a joke in five minutes—and enjoy it as much as you.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is Claire Hazel.

JUST SO MUCH INK

Some time ago I introduced through the medium of this column a person whom I believe to be a poet of the first school. I mean Sara Corpening. This week I introduce another such animal. I do not believe, however, that the poetry critics would call her that. Indeed, I hate to think what they would call her. What strikes me is the fact that I, myself, am the person of whom and to whom she writes. Who knows, I may go down in history as another Dark Woman. This new eighth wonder of the world is Peggy Mitchell, and the verses (there are only two, thank goodness) are here published for the first time.

The world's unbalanced
So are you—
Just to think of it
Makes me blue.

And again she comes back with such as this:

So, no longer can I bear it
You are such a sap
I think I'll use a pistol
And wipe you off the map.

Continuing with "Things I Never Knew 'Till Now" with all due apologies to Walter Winchell:

That Dante Gabriel Rossetti buried in the grave of his young wife the manuscript of a book of poems which he afterwards was prevailed upon to have exhumed and published.

That Eugene O'Neill is harder to interview than any other writer.

That Charles Lamb hissed louder than any else at the first night of his play *Mr. H.*

That Helium gas will make the deepest Basso sing Tenor.

The height of Ignorance: The announcer of a Hill Billy radio program recently introduced a number by saying that it was Italian and he could not pronounce it. He thought, however, we would recognize it any way. And recognize it I did. The piece was Duke Ellington's *Mood Indigo*.

I am glad to welcome into the Anecdote Club two new members. The first is Ruth Freeman who sends in one of Whistler's cutting retorts.

"It seems that a patronizing young lord was seated opposite the celebrated painter at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward in the direction of the artist.

"And y'knew, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I passed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler, "Thank you very much."

The second new member is Nan Kelly. She sends in the following:

"They were discussing the relative position of various countries as musical centers. Germany seemed to have the most notaries, much to the evident displeasure of one excitable Italian. "Italy is turning out the most musicians and has always turned out the most," he said.

"Ach Gott!" exclaimed one of the Germans. "Can you blame her?"

THE HONOR SYSTEM

Just why we should have to begin talking about and bolstering up our Honor System just before Examinations is a mystery. We have an Honor System here. At least we have the rudiments of one. Why do we not develop it vigorously? Why do we not make it such a vital thing that we will never need to "pep talk" it?

Why? Here is the answer: The system, the idea of it does not mean enough to the individual student. Like everything else, the system cannot be developed and vitalized by the work of a few—Dr. Frazer, Grover, Dr. Blair, and Dot. The growth, the development, the reality of the Honor System has to come through everyone of us—the students.

It is not an impossible thing to achieve. It may be difficult to develop, but the easy road is for cowards. Why not make this an all-time resolution for all Queens' girls?—Queens Students Live In Strict Accordance With Their Honor System?

Other colleges live so. Queens can do likewise.

TREND OF COLLEGIATE THOUGHT

Studies are the important things in college life after all—or so it would seem from a resolution made by the National Student Federation of America at its tenth annual meeting held in Boston recently.

The congress suggested that a body of students aid in selecting the curriculum that would best help and appeal to the students of the college. It further stated that the interest in the curriculum should excel the interest in extra-curricular activities such as competitive sports, fraternities, clubs, etc.

Other organizations discussing the question of curriculum versus extra-curricular activities have come to the same conclusion. Perhaps they are right. The more knowledge a student obtains in college, the more capable leader he will be later on.

Campus Comment

It's queer how quickly one falls back into the usual grind. Everyone seems to have experienced the same feeling of never having gone to college during the holidays, but as soon as we wearily answered "present" in trig, we were convinced that there had been no Christmas! And you realize that you might live until May, after all. I know, that when I rode by Queens going to and from some holiday gatherings, the college was a detached part of Charlotte that had never touched on my horizon. Nothing about it looked familiar. Indeed, it took on new beauty, which had eluded me before. The dark red brick with touches of velvet green made of Burwell a state-ly mansion. At dusk the view of Morrison through the shady campus facing Selwyn avenue reminded me of legendary castles framed in shadows.

On the Wednesday on which we left for the holidays I fulfilled one of my wildest and very foolish longings. I had decided about five o'clock Wednesday afternoon to strip the sorority tree of its tinsel and balls. It was growing dark as I went into Burwell in search of Elizabeth for some keys. Apparently she had gone, as had the dean and Dr. Frazer. What an opportunity! The dark old halls, now empty, would echo beautifully. Here was my chance. I was standing between the psychology and English rooms and without further deliberation joyfully threw my hat on the floor and raced madly down the hall, shrieking wildly, calling, shouting to Elizabeth, the deans, Dr. Frazer, and my instructors. And having left dignity completely out of the scene, I dropped the formal manner of address, and gleefully screamed their Christian names. But oh—terrible thought! As I reached the history room I stopped abruptly, remembering Aunt Maggie and Uncle Ben upstairs. Feeling extremely foolish and small, I crept out the back door and flew to the friendly little sorority house.

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The absence of certain personalities robs an environment of much of its charm and friendly air. And the temporary loss is felt keenly. The new year at Queens cannot begin rightly until Dr. Blair is back in her office, waving to students in the hall, while mentally mapping out new cultural programs for Queens every day. It's not only that Dr. Blair is missing, but a definite part of Queens is also missing. I sincerely hope that by the time this column is read, you can laugh and say—"Pshaw—that's old news—Dr. Blair's been back."

* * * * *

I can't wait to see the next two issues of the *Queens Blues*. You know, they're to be put out by the freshmen and sophomores who are competing for a prize. Besides taking a load off our shoulders, it will enable the "cubs" to find new talent which they will surely need next year. These issues never fail to produce surprising journalistic talents. The freshmen are going to give the sophomores a lose chase and plenty to talk about, I believe.

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You can't possibly find time to read any more of this because, my dears, exams are just around the week-end.