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"FOLLOW THROUGH"

Congratulations to the girls who have recently been elected to the various offices of the student government! The student body is glad you have been elected and wish you luck for the coming year.

Congratulations also to the Student Body for displaying such intelligence in choosing these girls to be the leaders on our campus for this next year! Each one of the newly-elected officers is a truly efficient and deserving girl and exemplary of the best at Queens-Chicora. Anyone would be proud to point them out as our campus leaders because they are so capable.

Why were these various girls elected? They were elected because the majority of the student body thought them to be worthy of support. They are not only worthy of but they need your support. Their goal for the coming year is to make the student government of Queens a smooth running organization. It is imperative that our student government be smooth running because it is essentially important to the happiness of the students and to the relationships between the faculty and student body. It is the duty of each individual as a student at Queens to co-operate with these officers in every possible way.

The present administration has been a successful one. The girls have done much for the development of our Alma Mater and for the upholding of her standards. They were able to be successful because of the combined efforts of the entire student body. So let's co-operate with the new administration in the same manner, and make the coming year a successful one also! May our slogan for next year be, "Follow Thru"!

FOOD FOR THOUGHT AND ACTION!

Students of Queens! Have you no pride? And where is your courtesy? If Dr. Ellwood's lecture in chapel last Saturday was over your heads at least you should not have shown that your degree of intelligence was so slight that you could not appreciate what he was saying. After chapel a senior told me that she had counted three rows of freshmen who, if they were not asleep (and, in that case, at least, they were quiet), were fixing their nails, studying, passing notes, or dropping books. And the freshmen were not the only offenders! I am sure that some of the sophomores do not even know what Dr. Ellwood's talk was about; I doubt whether the behavior of the juniors was exemplary, judging from remarks which have been made from the stage lately; and I feel that the seniors, as the most important class at Queens, should set the other classes an excellent example! But do they?

Dr. Ellwood is a noted sociologist—world famous. He is well acquainted with his subject; and yet we, insignificant college students, ignore the opportunity to learn of present conditions in the world and, through our carelessness, treat Dr. Ellwood very rudely. Students—Queens is a college, a place to which we have come with the intention of broadening our minds, in an attempt to make ourselves better citizens and more interesting people. Can we afford to ignore such excellent opportunities to learn more about this world in which we are living, as are offered by a large portion of the speakers who stand upon our platform? We can not, unless we intend to spend our college years simply marking time! And more than this—when we behave in the manner in which we have done lately, we are insulting our speaker. The manners of Southerners have long been considered excellent but if our chapel manners have any reputation, I'm sure that it is not a complimentary one. The men and women who stand upon our platform are talking to us—trying to interest us and it would be only polite to, at least, pretend that we are interested!

This whole subject is one to which our attention has been called several times from the platform. Dr. Kratz has mentioned it, Miss Edwards, Margaret Trobaugh, and even Dr. Frazer. It is a deplorable condition—one which we can not allow to go unchecked any longer. In the name of Queens-Chicora, our Alma Mater, and in the interest of each student, let's accept this challenge to stop our chapel rudeness!

OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor:

Rather a treat—the chapel program on good table manners—wasn't it? In fact all these Thursday morning chapels have been treats. I wonder sometimes if we realize the fact.

The word treat, to me, conveys the idea of something "extra special," something that is not altogether necessary, but is entirely a pleasure. And that's the reason, I think, that this word fits in so well here. It isn't absolutely necessary for a college to offer lessons such as we've had in our Thursday chapels. Many don't, you know. Student after student gets turned out of the scholastic

machine, a finished product as far as book-knowledge is concerned; a complete failure as far as—shall we say—culture is concerned. And which, after all, is more important? One couldn't say, really, because this so-called "book-knowledge" must be present to back up the other. But, from the other angle, what good does book-knowledge do anyone without the presence of that ease and sureness that belongs only to a cultured person?

Let's really get what is intended for us from our Thursday chapels by practicing what we learn. In other words, don't let's miss our treat.

JUST A SPLATTER

The most magnificently dull conversation you've ever read can be found in Zona Gale's *Miss Lulu Bett*. If you want a revealing picture of the American family at the dinner table, read Act I. No witty repartee, no scintillating conversation—just talk so banal that it's boring. It will be a shock when you recognize yourself.

I've just lately found out that the theater's a fascinating subject. Do you know that Katharine Cornell is now playing that almost mythical character, Joan of Arc, in Shaw's play? "Miss Cornell's Joan is new; a warm compassionate, and often feminine Joan." Cornell is an artist. She knows that even St. Joan was human. By the way, the Little

Theater is rehearsing *Private Lives*. If it comes up to their usual standard it should be excellent.

William Lyon Phelps says that poetry is an illumination of life. It's a subject that we need some light on. There are always people who say that "college is a preparation for living." They're wrong—college is living. Notice Wilson McDonald's poem:

"I love old books
Frayed from the searching
Of truth—hungry fingers:
Their warm, soft vellum
Leads me up through sorrow
Like a dear friend's hand."

We have life before us, and don't recognize it.

WHO IS THIS STUDENT?

A leader on our campus . . . in scholarship . . . in journalism . . . Alpha Kappa Gamma member . . . Home Economics major . . . in fact, took part in both Thursday chapel programs sponsored by that department . . . member of junior class . . . belongs to Book Tea group of literary society . . . semester honor roll.

But don't get the wrong idea! She is not a walking encyclopedia or a Webster II—and she is not one of these plain persons with freckles and horn rimmed glasses. Proof she rated

the May Court this year. Not very big . . . brown eyes and attractive blond hair . . . modeled in several style shows . . . rather reserved and quiet till you know her . . . Has lots of friends . . . leader in sorority . . . Dignified . . . Poised . . . Dependable . . .

But why go any farther? You have certainly guessed by this time of whom I am speaking and are agreeing with me that she is a girl whom we are proud to recognize!

More Etiquette

On March 19th, during the usual Thursday morning chapel period, Mrs. Warren Booker and her Home Economics students gave a very unusual and attractive program. Mrs. Booker's subject was "Table Manners." She traced the manners of eating from primitive times, when a man was fortunate if he ate his food without it being snatched away until the present age, with the precise manners now employed.

Following this little introduction Mr. and Mrs. Just Right entertained their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Not Quite, at an informal dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Just Right, portrayed by Betty Cabell and Mary Wilson, demonstrated the proper table manners, while Mr. and Mrs. Not Quite, Eleanor Clayton and Carolyn Wearn seemed always on the verge of committing a social blunder. The dinner was correctly served by the mail Thorburn Lillard. Mrs. Booker brought out the fact that our habits which are formed in babyhood are not permissible now and should be entirely done away with. Such practices as the smacking of lips, the eating of food with a knife, and others similar to these are disgusting in the modern light.

Mrs. Booker's keynote was "Good manners are the coin of social wealth."

On March 26th, Mrs. William Shaw Howell lectured during the Thursday chapel period. Her subject was "Etiquette in Public Places." Mrs. Howell mentioned the procedure to follow in traveling, dining in public places, and introducing people. This lecture was very interesting and instructive to every student at Queens-Chicora.

Concerning Nuts

Snap! Pop! Crackle! What a week Queens experienced! More fun! Least that's what I think. What's your opinion, girls?

The week began with an entertaining debate. Jean Orr upholding the affirmative and Elsie Setzer, the negative. Query: Resolved, that the nut of the herb, *Arachis Hypogaea*, of the family Leguminosae, is of more value as a friend than the shell of the aforementioned herb. Evidently, a decision was never reached for in the week that followed everyone was both nut and shell. However in some cases, a decision was unnecessary because some shells made no attempt to prove their value and left their poor little nuts shell-less. Nevertheless, some shells took upon themselves quite eagerly and cheerfully their responsibility. Thus their nuts received unceasing attention. Candy, chewing gum, cakes, flowers, notes, letters, Easter eggs and bunnies! In fact, our campus was a network of delivery. Day students, how many times did you run to your box down in Blair Union? And Boarders, well, just ask "Little Maggie" what her speedometer registered at the end of the week.

And boy, what a wind-up! If you missed the party, you missed it all 'Twas a happy reunion. But alas! There were some loose nuts and some unoccupied shells, and fit they wouldn't! But peanuts, nuts and shells, all found "gobs of fun" in the entertainment and refreshments. Those of you who participated, I am sure, got as much fun out of it as you put in it.

About Skoole Notes

March 12:

Mr. Kennedy enlightens us on the European situation. (Attention, Jean Stough!)

March 13:

Another one of those Black Kat days—and what happened to you? Day Students go 'round looking cheerful 'cause it'll be a big week-end what with Tommy Tucker 'n everything!

March 14:

We learn vaguely about something called—well, we're not quite sure—but we didn't miss that word nut! (Hmm—now *why* did they choose nuts as the common bond between us? After all—)

Spring is really here! (Don't laugh if it hurts.)

The Sophomore Edition of the Blues comes out and we are all much impressed. Congratulations, Mary and Jo!

March 16:

Mondays still come—and go, and still no Inter-Fraternity Sing! We find the thunder storm a trifle disconcerting.

March 17:

The political machine gets in motion. Jean Orr and Loise Thompson emerge as the candidates for Student Body President much to everybody's satisfaction. We also learn the meaning of Chicora.

Spring? Ha—snow and what not. Bother!

March 18:

Flourishing campaign speeches in chapel—posters punning on the name of Orr are flung around under our noses—and Jean is elected! Congratulations.

Pathetic Picture: Mr. Kennedy trying to compete with politics in the afternoon History section what with much knocking on doors and screaming under windows to tell us that the elected one sits calmly in his class taking notes.

The Queens Radio Hour is definitely established and will now "serve millions from Canada to Miami."

March 19:

Mrs. Booker etiquettes us on good table manners.

More politics—nominations for all the other major offices.

March 20:

Elections! Loise Thompson—Day Student President; Margaret Anderson, Boarding President; Elsie Setzer, Student Christian Association President. Congratulations to you too! Renominations for Athletic Association President.

The spectrum of quarterly tests looms again—more woe!

With spring here and April 9 drawing near, our thoughts just will turn to fun and romance! During our six-days' vacation, most of us will seek these pleasures at home. Betty Manning says that there's plenty in Cheraw so she'll go home. Mary Currie has the same idea and here's hoping that her often-planned trip home materializes this time. Springtime in the mountains allures "Baby" Faircloth so she's going to Andrews, N. C. What will become of our "Baby" up in "them thar hills?" And Lib Maynard says, "Back to Nature for me," and rushes off to Myrtle Beach. Be careful, little mermaid—you know how you hate crawfish! "Andy" is going to Davidson with Helen Cumnock. Watch her now, Cumnock! "This is a lovely time of year to go to Clinton" says Mary Wilson, so she plans to go there. And with the P. C. boys hanging around, who wouldn't if given just half a chance! And that's a very good place to stop and say to all of you: "Here's to a grand Spring Vacation!"

In the plans for the new university city at Rome, Mussolini instructed the architect to plan for a gymnasium for the students, and to include a gymnasium for the professors.