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MATURITY

We have all reached the state called, by most, maturity. But how mature are we in reality? There are numbers of varieties of maturity, and unless most of all of these are attained to a greater or less degree, we are yet mental, emotional, and spiritual children.

How many of us honestly try to refrain from breaking the rules set down in the handbook, merely because we have been asked to cooperate in maintaining an orderly institution? Or, if we refrain at all, isn't it because of the resulting penalty? How mature does this make us seem?

When we are frequently sorely tempted to throw books to the winds and "bull" all afternoon, or dash off to the show, or do something else equally tempting at the expense of our scholastic progress, and give in, what measure of maturity do we show? And this does not condemn all except the "studs," for writers do not often condemn themselves.

Does a slight disagreement with teachers or friends cause depression or more violent after-effects? If so, we are far from being emotionally mature.

Do we think of God as one to whom we may take our least as well as our greatest problems, with the assurance that He will do what is best for us? Or do we still think of Him as we did when Children—the One who sees every wrong thing we do, and gloats over our punishment?

Maturity includes these things. Are we Mature?

FORWARD!

Dr. Godard has recently issued to some of the student body a request to act as subjects in an "investigation of extra-sensory perception." This marks Queens-Chicora as a part of a forward-moving movement which is of interest today in all parts of the world. Psychology and its concepts are of the greatest interest and value to all thinking people. It is constantly changing our teaching methods and the psychology of our relations with other people in any way in which we come in contact with them. It should be of great interest to everyone of us to know more about the human mind and its intricate workings.

This is only one way in which we are showing our alert attitude toward all information and progressive research which will bring us nearer to scientific truth. This attitude of mind should be extended to all departments of our learning and activity. An open mind is the first requisite of a student.

Painstaking investigation carried on without bias in any activity of life will be rewarded with greater knowledge. To college women knowledge should be one of the most important objects in life. Our school subjects can be treated in just this way.

Dr. Godard has issued to us a challenge. We should find in it an inspiration to live up to, a goal to achieve.

Freshmen Speak

First impressions aren't always lasting ones. Few Freshmen ever retain in their minds the vivid pictures of college life which they form during those exciting weeks of orientation and general confusion. As the welcoming banquets and teas become less frequent, and the thrill of making new friends of girls from far and near places begins to lessen, the Freshman class realizes with startled gasps that math, and French, and biology are waiting, with impatient scowls, to snare each unsuspecting victim in a knot of monotony.

The majority of the impressions of Queens-Chicora seem to be favorable. That popular Freshman Class Chairman, Mildred Sneeden, is delighted with the friendliness of upper classmen and faculty. She also speaks highly of the loyalty and co-operation among her own class.

"Loquacious" Mary Payne, who is now spending her days and nights thinking up original ideas for the Freshman stunt, calls it "the most scrumptious college I've ever belonged to." Sarah Thompson, Highland's gift to that great art of originality, is impressed with the teachers and the stove-pipe hats that girls in these parts wear. She is in love with Mary Currie and the way she "does" Sarah's hair. Peggy Williams is in favor of everything but the food—she seems always to be hungry. Virginia Morrison has only one objection—the morning bell.

All in all, Queens seems to measure up to the best expectations of this year's new class. It is a sure sign that the class will live up to its present good name.

Exchange

Wellesley boasts of two spinster clubs. One is the "No Rata Datas" with the bleeding heart as its club flower and "Solitude" as its theme song. The other club, "Forgotten Women," honor the bachelor button and the lyric, "All Alone." Taking their cue from Esquire, each prays "not only for myself but, dear Father, please send my sister a brother-in-law."

—The Torch.

Understanding

"What have you done," St. Peter asked
 "That I should admit you here?"
 "I ran a paper," the editor said,
 "At my college for one long year."
 St. Peter pityingly shook his head
 And gravely touched the bell.
 "Come in, poor thing, select a harp,
 You've had your share of Hell!"

—From Los Angeles Collegian

A girl can be very sweet when she wants—the average co-ed thinks that a flat tire is all right if he has the jack—the difference between an insane asylum and a university is that you have to show improvement to get out of the asylum — you've never really been around until you've been through a revolving door—as the worm said to the sparrow on the last swallow: "I'm about all in."

—The Tatler.

Modern Maxims

The difference kinds of sense are common sense and nonsense.
 Etc., a sign make others think you know more than you do.
 Tangerine: loose-leaf orange.
 Vacuum: nothing shut up in a box.
 Love is a game often resulting in a tie.

The wife of a duke is a ducky.
 For anti-flu patients: "To prevent head colds, use an agonizer to spray your nose until it drops into your throat."—Watchtower.

—The Colonnade.

Candid Camera

Georgie Underwood—Senior—Business Manager of *Coronet*; steady worker. Seems to have the interest of Phi Deltas at heart.

Sally McDowell. One of the most attractive girls on campus. A smile as sunny as her hair. Alpa Delta Pi.

Martha Elizabeth Alexander—Maid of Honor in last year's May Court. Always well-dressed.

Edith Gallant—Ultra-ultra clever. Dean's list. Charlotte's bid for Scholarship Honors.

Mary Brooks Folger—"Brooksie"—another campus beauty from McIntyre's test. Alpha Gam pledge.

Jennie Ann Efrid—One of our cutest. Très petite and chic. A favorite with all. Carolina, Davidson, Navy claim her attention.

Book Reviews

Of All Places, the Abbe children's new book, was recently given to the Book Tea Group by Miss Harrell.

Ratience, Richard, and John Abbe are the children of James E. Abbe, internationally known photographer, and his wife, Pally Platt, formerly of the New York stage. The children have traveled like gypsies since their birth. They recorded their adventures in their first book, *Around the World In Eleven Years*.

In their New work the children tell what has happened since they left the Colorado ranch: how they stayed for a while in Connecticut, became "famous" authors, autographed books in New York and Boston, were overtaken by movie scouts, journeyed west and settled down in Hollywood with Mama while Papa dashed off to report the Spanish war. We are introduced to Hollywood's Kings, queens and clowns through the unpredictable eye of childhood and the results are close-ups you'll never see on the screen. Yet Patience and her brothers are not debunkers. For more often than not they like these famous friends they have made; Gable, Taylor, Muni, Cantor, Temple, Spanky and dozens more, both ladies and gentlemen.

As Harol Hansen of the New York World-Telegram, said, "It is a barrel of fun!"

Orchids On Your Budget is the answer to the many questions received after *Live Aline And Like It*, Miss Hillis' first book. Some of these questions were on this order: How were they to live smartly on what they had?

Miss Hillis in turn asked, "Are you poor, or do you just think you are, and what difference does it make anyway?" The feelings of poverty isn't a matter of having a small income, so much as being behind with your bills, or not making your income stretch over the things you want. Not knowing how to pay the grocer can spoil even the taste of champagne. If it doesn't, it ought to.

Once you accept the gloomy fact, Miss Hillis states that you can have as good a time on a slim budget as a fat one, (well, almost as good a time). The idea is to live within your means, and if you do it comfortably and with out too much worry the methods and records seem unimportant.

It is being poor dowdily that gets you down, but that no one would need to do that after reading this book. Being smart on a limited income is an amusing game with winnings that are worth getting. You'll find all the rules in the pages of this book.

Miss Hillis believes in having orchids, theatres, parties, trips, permanent waves, and even football games—and "miscellaneous" is the item that puts these orchids on your budget.

Chatter

Poor Evelyn! she looked awfully lonesome sitting in the Little Store on her birthday late in the afternoon and still no word from P. C. By the way, did it really come the next day?

Mimi, did you ever answer the letter from the boy who saw your rat week picture in the paper?

What faculty member asks for her taxi drivers by number?

We hear that Alene is wearing a fraternity pin these days. They say it's a doctors, too!

There must be a reason why Marjorie Timms has been home every week-end so far this year. Would it have anything to do with that new picture on her dresser?

Missing from South Dormitory at 6:30 and 10:00 every night—Adelaide Fisher. Doesn't she ever run out of conversation?

Helen and Sally have that cooperative system with their Pika pin.

Grace Clarks says she certainly wishes she had gone to the Myers Park Presbyterian Church. He did look grand!

Evidently Frances Stough's Grandpa found the Fountain of youth!

That letter from the seminary brought back memories of the sweet summer time, eh, Katherine?

Who was the lucky girl who rated a "hello" from our A&P Robert Taylor down town the other day?

Looks like the party was a high success. Sara Thompson says she had the best time she ever had in her life.

What a situation! Jager left her man here with the Bingham menace and went off with Sally's David.

And have you heard about the Sophomore whose ex-flame sold her picture to the current heart-throb?

By the way, Evelyn, did you really hear from P. C. the day after your birthday? Incidentally, did you convince Elmore that it was your birthday?

Jane and Zoe must have had a wonderful week-end at Carolina. In fact, so wonderful that we're worried about that message that Jane was to have delivered for Lil Smith.

We've been told that Hilda McManus is doing everything well now.

They say that Trip has acquired a number of gray hairs since she met that cute aviator.

That gift from Carlyle is quite the nicest thing yet, eh, Gunny?

Everyone is still wondering if the Pika who congratulated Hazel is really her big brother?

The Spectator

Did you ever stop to think how many times you use the personal pronoun "I" in everyday conversation? And how many people with whom you talk, are really interested in you? When you see a group photograph that you are in, whose picture do you look for first? Are you really interested in other people? Why should others be interested in you unless you are interested in them?

You are right. They aren't!

There are many who have not read Dale Carnegie's remarkable book *How to Win Friends and Influence People* who really need it. All of us should read and absorb every word of this personality changing little book and practice its rules. The whole theme is that of becoming genuinely interested in others and winning friends. When we have our friends, we may influence them.

Dale Carnegie puts down with unusual appeal, the principles that everyone from Dorothy Dix to eminent psychologists have been telling us for years; and the fact that about 500,000 copies of this non-fiction book have been sold, proves its popularity as being one of the outstanding books of the decade.

The Book Tea Group of the Spectator Club chose this as one of the first three books of the year to buy

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