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THANKS

Meekly we "Froshies" gathered upon the campus of Queens-Chicora College to enter into something that was entirely different from anything we had ever experienced. Weak and trembling, we went in to register for our individual courses. Several hours later, having madly rushed around trying to straighten our schedule, we became tired and discouraged. Was college always like this?

Oh, no! Smiles, everywhere we turned there were smiles; friendly girls, girls wanting to help; girls giving advice; girls that were like big sisters to us; and these girls were the upperclassmen.

No one will ever know how much those smiles, those kind words, and that friendly advice meant to us Freshmen.

Now we are at home. No longer are we afraid. We feel that we are a part of Queens and Queens a part of us. We can find no better words to express our appreciation and gratitude for all that has been done for us except—

"Thanks, Upperclassmen. We think you are swell!"

All freshmen have been told again and again that the first few weeks are the hardest. Becoming adjusted to a new life involving new situations and friends is not easy. Fraternity rushing enters into this adjustment.

If you are planning to join a fraternity group, make your selection as wisely as possible, choosing the group with whom you are most congenial. Your choice should be made without interference from anyone.

However, there will be many of you who will not join any group, and you are the ones who may unnecessarily feel disappointed. Remember that many of the most outstanding girls on our campus in the past and in the present have been non-sorority girls. This will continue to be true, for democracy is prevalent on our campus.

There are many extra-curricular activities and organizations which provide outside interests and social contacts, open to all students. The six social sororities are only a small part of the social life on our campus. We are all here to play together as a student body and not as individual groups; and to work together, not for the good of one small part, but for Queens-Chicora, our alma mater and organization as a whole.

If you will take an active part in everything, you will make many worthwhile friends and your college years will be happy ones.

SALLY WRITES HOME TO SIS

Dear Sis:

There's been so much excitement going on around here since the last time I wrote that I don't know where to begin. The main topic of discussion here at school for the last two weeks has been sororities. All those involved in the arguments, of course, are worn ragged. None of us can wait (guess we'll have to tho') until Monday afternoon when each sorority president gets that slip of paper with the names of the new girls on it. Don't you know there'll be some yelling and cheering.

I don't suppose you were so surprised when you saw Thorburn Lillard's picture in the paper Sunday. Remember I said something about the ring in my last letter. Margaret Calder, another ex-Queens girl, became Mrs. James Mullen last week and her picture was lovely.

Now that the State-Davidson football game excitement is over, I'm wondering in what direction conversation will lean toward now. Queens certainly was well represented at that game with day students as well as boarders galore. Burwell Hall was full of Davidson and State men last Saturday afternoon. It was almost too hot to wear those new fall suits and coats but some few of the girls made the attempt. Lil Sample and Dot Muse had on lovely new coats and they certainly enjoyed the excitement of that one touchdown.

There surely are some cute looking girls in that freshman class this year. Among them is Vashti Garnto. She can forevermore wear that certain color of blue that she wore to the progressive dinner party. Mary King will have a hard time finding the twin with her beautiful dimples. They tell me she's not only popular in Charlotte, but Columbia also has its admirers. You should see Helen Pope and Winnie Shealy doing those new dance steps! They are really good at it. Martha Brandon keeps up the family reputation of being "tops."

Those deafening sounds you've heard for the last week have been the screams of welcome given the alums of the class of '38.

Quite a few of the girls have been here during the past week to enjoy "big days" and just look around. Among those present were Lil Smith, Peggy Sloop, Jo Hackney Huntington, Mary Currie, and Pidge Lafitte.

Mrs. Agnew's daughter, Louise, was here last week-end. She fascinated all the girls with her puppet, Dopey of the Seven Dwarfs. All the girls liked it so much that Louise had very little time to play with it. Others have found amusement in walking on Olivia's crutches while she played a game of balancing on one foot.

It must be exciting to have your father wire you from Atlanta and tell you he'd see you in the morning. This happened to Sara DuRant when her father came from Iowa on business last week-end. A certain Pi Kappa Phi was here too.

Frances Riddle had around eight people crying last week when she sang "There's A Far Away Look In Your Eyes" and "I Let A Song Go Out of My Heart." She certainly did put that touch of finesse on those songs. She and Alice Barron are still talking about that trip to Franklin this summer.

There are lots of sisters in school this year. Some of them are: the Pooles, Mauldins, Raleys, Waddills, Brandons, Harmons, Thomases, Edwards, Gwaltneys and Ducketts. There are several more groups but I can't recall them all now. Beatrice Joines is here this year and it looks like she's going to follow Doris' grand scholastic records—a case of running in the same family I guess.

Looks like the freshmen never get a rest in their first year of college. As soon as rushing is over, rat court comes along with the sophomores dealing the blows. Following that comes Stunt Night and everyone worries and works. I wonder what new talent will show forth this year.

Since this epistle is getting rather lengthy, I guess I'd better bring it to a close with promises of writing a more interesting one next time.

Excitedly,

SALLIE.

Campus Choice Personal Advice To Freshmen

There is no junior worthier of a place in this column than Anne Fuller, president of her class. Through her very friendly nature and her ability to do things and do them well, Anne has made a very definite place for herself at Queens.

Anne was born on Oct. 3, 1918, in Buffalo, Alabama. She attended schools in Buffalo before coming to Queens, and is now studying for a B.S.S.A. degree (yes, I had to ask too. It's a B.S. in secretarial administration).

As a freshman, Anne was on athletic council, and was a member of the Literary Society and the League of Evangelical Students. During her sophomore year, she was elected treasurer of athletic council and secretary of her class. She was also sports editor of the sophomore edition of THE BLUES. This year Anne is junior representative on S.C.A. cabinet, secretary of athletic council, and president of her class. These facts are evidence of Anne's ability and popularity.

When interviewed by ye olde snooping reporter, Anne was a bit reticent about her private life (do you blame her?) but she finally broke down under the volley of questions and disclosed a few intimacies.

It seems that Anne is not overly fond of math but I'm inclined to believe that she's only fooling. No one could be as efficient as she is and dislike math.

However, it is her ambition which startled me. Anne wants to, has always wanted to, and will continue to want to go to Spain. (Yes, they're having a revolution over there!) She must have met a Spanish cavalier somewhere or read "Ferdinand the Bull"; but, take it from me, Anne, if you go, be sure you wear an army tank and carry a cannon under your arm.

If you think that Anne is all work and no play, well, don't fool yourself any longer—there's a handsome picture on her desk (his name is Johnny) and don't ask me what I mean.

Queens is a better place because of Anne's having been here and it will continue to be better because of her being here.

Queens-Chicora Day By Day

Have You Noticed?

The grand spirit of our girls this year . . . the new faculty members . . . Marie's Roseman's unusual dirndl dress in black, white, and green . . . that Jane Davis, Madeleine Lotterhos, Carolyn Reynolds, Petie Burke, Martha Rayburn, Carolyn Hartman, Miriam Teal, Betty Guy, and others are not back this year . . . improvements on THE BLUES . . . how becoming the new style of hair arrangement is to Dr. Abernethy . . . that the singing in chapel is so much better . . . Cumnock's efficiency . . . the definite tang of autumn in the air and the sudden shortness of the days.

What Became Of?

The old-fashioned waltz . . . Gene Austin's recording of "My Blue Heaven" . . . pageboy bobs . . . the boycott on Japanese silk stockings . . . Maggie's bell . . . little Audrey jokes . . . world peace.

News Notes:

The V. M. I.-Clemson game and accompanying festivities scheduled for October 8th are anticipated with much excitement, and why not? It's not often that so many uniforms are seen around Charlotte.

List of Likeables:

The new telephones in the dormitories . . . Tommy Dorsey's new recording of "I'll See You In My Dreams, Marie" . . . Dorothy Meyer's smile and manner . . . Winchell's column . . . Bergen and McCarthy

YOU, dear girls, are just entering the threshold of another year, and before you start thrashing and doing things you shouldn't do, we are giving you a list of do's and don't's—just pure, good, old-fashioned personal advice.

First and foremost girls: do NOT rack your brains for something that is NOT there! No sense in IT!

And in your dormitories, I am sure there are a few things you must have observed. For instance: the fireplaces in the lobbies. Please, whatever you do, do NOT make fires in these fireplaces—they are a bit stopped up. In case of emergency, they are not to be used either.

Also, I know you couldn't have missed the coolers in the lobbies. Do NOT put fruit juice in the coolers to get cold—it would only become diluted; and besides, all girls do NOT like the same kind of fruit juice.

Do NOT swat mosquitoes in the presence of visitors, unless there is cause for applause, in which case you can clap your hands over the mosquito and injure no feelings except, of course, that of the insect.

Do NOT stick gum on chairs, please; for, as you know, some people wind their legs around the legs of the chair, and thereby get gummed up. So, under no conditions plaster gum any place on any chair—whew!

DO drink coffee in moderate amounts, as psychology tells us that a little java sharpens the brain; but don't take advantage of this fact. Two cups—6 inches in circumference and 3 inches high—twice a day is entirely too much; so judge from this formula and drink accordingly.

Do NOT put chocolate candy (Hershey's or otherwise) on hot radiators because it is very unpleasant and irritating to sit down casually on the radiator for a quiet afternoon of study and suddenly find yourself slipping; and then to get up (sad thought!) and find yourself much more mused up than when you sat down.

Do NOT whisper out loud up and down halls (stage whisper). If it's a secret, it can be heard just as well stage whisper style as if you screamed it.

Do NOT change your schedule every time the wind blows. Why? Well, what's the use? If you aren't careful, you'll do as Julia Edwards (changeable child!) did and sit through two English classes in a Burwell parlor, studying English for the next period that you think is your English class when all the time you've been sitting there studying—or am I repeating? Oh well, DON'T change your schedule every whipstitch. Now, girls, these are just a few pleasant (?) little suggestions and helps which, if you will follow explicitly, will make Queens a more delightful and beautiful place in which to live.

. . . the freshman class . . . any football game . . . the fact that we live on this side of the Atlantic ocean . . . the new strapless evening dresses with hoops . . . Maujer Moseley's new nose.

Themes For Thought:

Making good impressions on the teachers—there's always the apple trick (though it is a bit trite) and the comment on clothes . . . How to look as neat as Sara Durant, as cute as Sally McDowell, and be as smart as Einstein . . . The age-old problem of finding HIM, snagging HIM, and then holding HIM . . . What to do with Aunt Mary's Christmas present when she gives it to you . . . How to get up in time not to be late for that 8:30.

Parting Shots:

Punkiest pun—"Is that harmony? No, it must be grits" . . . silliest saying—"Shure" . . . Definitely daffy but delightfully different—"The Man of the Flergerts" by 'Jay'.