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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Of course, you've heard it before. In fact, you've probably heard it every year you've been here. Perhaps you feel you're lucky to be a freshman and not have heard it before.

Here it is again. Patronize our advertisers.

Those are not mere idle words. They mean something. Do you, the students of Queens-Chicora college, like the weekly paper? Do you like the paper at all? If you have one iota of feeling about the college publication, then it is now that you must act.

This paper is not for the staff. It is for you, and you alone. But you must do your part. We can not publish a paper on air, nor can we leave a life-long debt to *The News*, who furnish the air.

It must be your part to go into the shops advertised herein and if you plan to buy, buy there. You will get your money's worth.

If you feel that this is asking too much, drop a short note stating such to the *BLUES*, and we will see that justice is done, if it means dropping the weekly editions and replacing the bi-monthly journal.

It's up to you entirely. What do you say?

BE ON TIME

For some vague reason, most people are late wherever they go.

Whether it is to a meeting, to meet some one, to a class, or to bed, there are always stragglers. There must be some cause.

It takes but little effort to be on time. One sure remedy is to set the clock a few minutes fast—and then forget that it is fast. Another remedy is to put forth the effort to be on time. You can be.

Sometime some one will become tired of waiting for you. Turn now before that time comes. Resolve to be on time for a week. You'll keep on being on time.

There's so much you miss by being late.

Sally Writes Home To Sis

Dear Sis:

You should have seen the fashion show last Friday night. All of the models looked lovely. The clothes were such gems that you wanted them every one. In fact I heard that Trip was so infatuated with a little red hat she modeled that she bought it and kept right on wearing it. Many of the clothes brought audible oh's and ah's from the audience. My choice for the dress of the evening though would surely be the strapless black net evening dress modeled by Dell Sutherland.

And, speaking of clothes, have you noticed the stunning fur jacket Nancy Raley has been wearing and the lovely teal blue suit that Sally McDowell has been sporting?

It won't be long before stunt night rolls around. I hope the classes put on their thinking caps and have some really clever entertainments. If we can judge by the Freshman entertainment for the Sophs the green ones have talent and will probably have something swell to offer.

Then the first Queens-Davidson party is to be the night after stunt night and who knows what will happen? The last time Davidson came to visit Queens (the Spectator-Philanthropic party) quite a few things happened. Everybody had a howling good time (just ask Mary King). Miss Walker's rendition of "The Maple on the Hill" (yes again) caused quite a lot of comment. It seems that the Philanthropic's Social Chairman was just a little anti-social or shall we call it exclusive?

And who isn't going to have fun? What with Davidson playing a big game with Carolina this afternoon and being in the midst of their first 'festivities' of the year methinks there will be not a few girls off from school this week-end. Our brother college is probably out to prove that military men aren't the only ones who can give a swell dance. Their homecoming dance is usually swell too.

Among those homecoming will be the Mr's, also up to see two of those attractive girls who wear Pi Kap pins. Perhaps it's time those lads were coming; just to sort of see that those outside interests don't become too interesting, you know.

Had you heard that there was a certain gentleman (who has recently acquired the nickname of Plaid or Tweed or something like that) who two or three times last week offered to take just any junior or senior to the show. Where were you, girls? And the particular girl he asked for was ill, I heard.

Here's wondering how many girls crawled out of bed at six o'clock yesterday morning to go to the show and free breakfast. Was it Clark Gable or the cats that was attractive? Maybe it was both. Or maybe they have to serve food with the Clark Gable shows now since Tyrone Power seems to be such a current favorite.

Martha Wilson and Nancy Raley, it seems, have both been bothered by his family demanding sonny's attention. Don't blame the fond parents though. Maybe they like them too. Those uniformed pictures look mighty good. Anyway Freddy came to see Martha this past week-end and everything was rosy again.

We see that Saturday night is still Caldwell Memorial night with Frances Stough. It seems that she is extending it to other days of the week too.

Her room-mate has been seen in a good looking roadster lately. We hear he's a cute fellow, Sara Kelly.

Lib Porter has been looking toward Columbia all week. Wonder if she will walk out on the "family" as she did on another lad a few weeks ago? I doubt it, and here's betting it will be Sid with a capitol S when she gets back.

What cute little Morrison girl (Morrison being the name of her dormitory of course) seems to be making some time with a fellow from a nearby college town, whom she met only recently on a blind date?

Yours with an ear to the keyhole.

—SALLY.

Campus Choice

She is small, has long brown locks, and was elected the most energetic girl in her class at high school—the last feature is one which has made her so well-known and well-liked on our campus. Brown is the name—Annie Mae Brown—and she is full of energy plus.

Annie Mae was born in Charlotte on August 18, 1919 and has lived here since that time. She attended the Charlotte schools and is now studying for an A.B. degree, majoring in English. She hopes to work on a newspaper when she finishes college.

As a freshman, Annie Mae was editor of the freshman issue of *THE BLUES*, which won out over the sophomore issue in the contest that year. She was also a pledge of Alpha Delta Pi sorority. In her sophomore year, Annie Mae was news editor of *THE BLUES*, a member of the stunt night committee, and received the ten dollar award given each year to the sophomore contributing the best and the most articles in *THE BLUES*. This year is Annie Mae's junior year at Queens and she is more active than ever. She is editor of *THE BLUES*, sorority editor of *The Coronet*, school news writer for one of Charlotte's local newspapers, a member of the Creative Writing group and of the Radio club, and was recently honored by being tapped into Alpha Kappa Gamma, national leadership fraternity. On top of all this, Annie Mae has been instrumental in having improvements made on *THE BLUES*, and was responsible for its being made into a weekly paper.

Interviewing an editor is no cinch, as some of you may think. However, the following poisonous items were obtained through much beating around the mulberry bush. Editor Brown's chief ambition is to write the great American play (where have we heard that before?). As minor ambitions, she would like to see Duke go to the Rose Bowl (who wouldn't?), and have six children. Her chief joys are dancing with a Citadel uniform (regardless of who's in it, Annie Mae?), and getting a news scoop. Her pet hate or shall we say hates are "two-timers." She loves ice-cream, Kay Kyser's orchestra, and wants to go around the world. She is most excited at the moment about the forth-coming state press convention at Duke. I really think there must be some super attraction in the vicinity of Durham.

Keep up the good work, Annie Mae, and remember that we're all rooting for you. We'll come en masse to see that play, so be sure to have the peanut gallery reserved for us.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN REVERSE

(In English Class)

The old man plodded up the hill
 Making the progress that Pilgrim did,
 When of his soul he lost control,
 And his feet began to skid.

Down toward the stream below he
 rolled,
 Not stopping at the brink
 The difference between him and Pilgrim was
 That Pilgrim didn't sink!
 —SARAH THOMPSON.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE FEEBLE-MINDED

Itsy bitsy pider
 Went up de wader pout
 Down cum de wain
 N' wash de pider out
 Out cum de sun
 And dvided up all de wain
 Den itsy bitsy pider
 Went up de pout again.
 —The Buccaneer.

First three girls to make contributions of any nature to *BLUES* this week will receive a pass to the Imperial Theatre to see "Hold That Co-Ed" or the quintuplets.

Fashion Fads

The swish of taffeta, the swirl of silk, and the swank of tweeds are gaining momentum as each week brings new excitement to the students. Of course on any girls' campus (as well as on the boys', we've heard) clothes are the best part of school, and all these brand new fads and fashions are most becoming, though some of them take a brave lass to attempt the wearing.

We've mentioned before those grand suede jackets. Now Sally Crossland has sprung a bright green on us, which, when she wore it with a gaily plaid skirt and white sweater was very eye-catching. Miss Albright also has a smart natural one which zips up the side.

Blouses and more blouses are worn here at Queens. That lovely light blue one of Sara DuRant's deserves special note. It is of soft silk, with big flaring sleeves caught at the wrists and a snug fitting waist. She wears a black skirt with it and looks grand.

For the best looking outfit of the week, we give you Helen Hatcher's yellow ensemble. We saw her in a luscious lemon shaded hat and yellow coated-effect dress with big pleats down the back. It was belted at the waist and was wonderful looking. That sudden splotch of yellow was very appealing.

The dizzy whirl of another big football week-end has descended upon us again and we imagine many a de-lovely outfit will make its appearance at the football game this afternoon and at the dance tonight. So keep both eyes open for a new touch.

Sue and Ann Mauldin are sporting sweaters and matching hats which are note-worthy. Ann's is a bright blue, Sue's a deep aqua. The sweaters are the nice fuzzy sort, the hats of the very softest material with a perky feather reaching oh, so high!

The fashion show here last week, with clothes from Ivey's touched most of the high spots in the new fashions. The sport togs modeled were the very latest word and we imagine that several of you will be taking advantage of this showing and get some of them for your very own.

CROSS-SECTION OF LIFE

I sat in the crowded bus-station,
 And watched the people go by.
 All types of human nature there,
 Hurrying and scurrying everywhere,
 Each engrossed in his own occupation.

An elderly lady stood by the door
 Her gaze was fixed on nothingness
 Fate to her had been unkind
 And, interrupting her daily grind
 Had taken some one that was hers
 no more.

A young man brushed past me on
 his way,
 And the smile on his happy face
 Gave me to know that his success
 Was due to hard work—nothing less,
 And life to him was good—at least
 this day.

Then a laughing college girl came
 dashing in
 No doubt she was going back home,
 Her carefree "happy-go-lucky" air
 Her odd remarks about the bus fare
 Made my heart ache to be like her
 again.

The bus came—and I left, but hesi-
 tantly
 Reluctant to leave those inside
 A cross section of life had just been
 mine;
 I had grasped it in that fleeting time
 And felt that they, too, had been
 judging me.
 —SARAH THOMPSON.