

QUEENS BLUES

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

1938 Member 1939
Associated Collegiate Press
 Distributor of
Collegiate Digest

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative
 420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
 CHICAGO - BOSTON - LOS ANGELES - SAN FRANCISCO

Founded by the Class of 1922

Published Weekly by the Students of Queens-Chicora College. Subscription Rate: \$2.50 the Collegiate Year

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SINGING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" IN DINING ROOM

Recently there has been much controversy over the singing of "Happy Birthday" in the dining room. The opinion has divided, some who are in favor, and others who do not like this custom.

To some this habit seems childish and not quite the proper thing for girls of college age to do. The dignity, which a college girl should possess, is not apparent when each joins in this singing at the table. Because the dining room is one place where one should show his best manners and because quietness at meal-times is a sign of good manners, this singing is not proper. It is a form of impoliteness to others who regard meal-time as a time for rest and relaxation and an interval from the classes of the day. It cannot be this way when the student body sings out "Happy Birthday."

Let's keep the atmosphere of our college dining room similar to our own homes where it is enjoyable but also conducted in a quieter manner.

But, the average student says, "Singing 'Happy Birthday' is merely our way of extending good wishes to a fellow student at the time when everyone is present. We do not mean to upset those dining, but we use this as a means of enjoying ourselves while we eat and of wishing them a happy birthday at what we think is the best time since all are assembled then. We wish to continue this custom."

BE BOOK CONSCIOUS

Now, what do I mean by book conscious? Surely, I am not telling you that there is a library here full of very good books! You know that. You know, too, the value of reading books. Is it that you need to be told the care of books?

Tell a college student to be careful with books, keep them clean, refrain from marking in them, resist the temptation to roll up the corners of the pages or tear out little nips, and you insult his intelligence—and no wonder. That is for kindergarten children.

Let's just say—cultivate the right attitude toward books—a consciousness of books and not scratch pads. Without realizing it, you will have a better feeling about books, and the books will profit, too.

Sally Writes Home To Sis

Dear Sis:

I know that little Sis writes you every week to give you the low down on "Who's Who" and "What's What" up here at your old Alma Mater, but I thought you might like a picture of "What goes on here in these hearts dear" as seen through the male eye and heard through the male ear. My report may not be as orthodox as Little Sis' is, but I would say it is pretty straight dope.

First, I do want to say that Dear Mrs. Agnew is just as sweet as ever to all the social callers.

The other night just after entering the sacred halls of old Burwell, I was greeted by melodious strains floating through the hall of that new song hit which has replaced "If I Had The Wings of An Angel", beginning thus "There's not a man in this whole nunnery." But after a couple of lines of O Davidson I heard steps thumping up the stairs.

During that never failing wait for the advent of that particular bit of loveliness, my attention was drawn and centered upon two gentlemen, who, having arrived simultaneously, had immediately fallen into a dispute over a girl residing in Morrison dormitory. It seems that each had the idea that he was the one expected, though frequent phone calls from both to sound their arrival had not been answered. After much debating and flipping of coins, they could not reach a satisfactory decision to both and as the result again the coin went into the air, this time to decide who would buy the tickets to a show up town. Then, much to my surprise, they went out arm in arm and to date neither has returned. I shall never forget the look of anxiety and perplexity upon the face of the girl at the desk who had been the messenger to summon the girl of their dreams and had come back from this mission with a very pert reply. Soon my prospective date really showed up and we withdrew to one of the darker corners in the living room on the right.

Sis, I know that you remember all of the clubs and sororities on the campus, but since you left they have formed a new one. It is very new and is not known generally, as yet, but I'll wager that in another month or two it will be one of, if not "The Leading Club" on the campus. It gains in popularity and numbers nightly. It is hard to learn just what goes on in the meetings but it certainly must be interesting. Well, I've kept you in suspense as to its name long enough. It is called "The D. R. R. Club." If you come back on a visit I hope you won't join this organization. I, personally, am "agin it."

Here's another bit of gossip that I picked up with my ear to the ground. It seems that last fall about this time a certain Pi K A at Davidson, referred to in Little Sis' Letter last week, had two true loves (only his Queens' true love didn't know); now he has only one and she is true, not the kind that likes to go to football games and have birthdays.

Neither Here Nor There:

A Phi Mu is devoting a lot of time to the center of the line of Davidson's team . . . I hear that Lib Brammer still receives perfume and other gifts from a certain handsome lad. He never misses. Nice work, Lib . . . just ask Tiny Waddill about taking pictures and watch her blush . . . fine time reported on the Phi Society-Spectator Club shindig. . . . Have you heard about the cute Alpha Delta Theta who rolled her hair down instead of up before dating a certain boy the other night. They say that Mimi Bradham was looking so lovingly into the eyes of a certain Swede the other night that she couldn't distinguish another couple in the bright moonlight. Ask her. . . . Oh, yes, one of our boys saw Lib Porter wearing a familiar-looking locket that used to belong to a Sorority Sister of her's; wonder if there could be a certain U. of S. C. boy's picture in it now.

Sis, if you would like another epistle, giving you the dope around the Alma Mater as interpreted by the opposite sex, just let me know.

Lovingly,

"CURLY."

Campus Choice

To begin with, her name is different. Not only that, but the girl is different also. In fact, she's quite different; and I believe you'll agree with me when I tell you all I know. Keller Young is her name; and she was born on June 2, 1922, in Whitmire, South Carolina. She attended schools in Whitmire before entering Queens this fall, and she is now studying to be a laboratory technician (that's what I call ambition plus).

Though a right brand new frosh, Keller is already walking away with honors on our campus. She has been elected chairman of the freshman class, freshman chairman of stunt night, is a member of the Linnean club, the Book Tea group, and a pledge of Alpha Gamma Delta social sorority.

Keller's chief joy is "Harry" (none of them are different when it comes to their chief joy) but she has no pet hate (there's a catch in it somewhere). Her favorite food is shrimp cocktail, and she loves sports—chiefly horseback riding, basketball, tennis, and golf (which she is learning). Dogs are definitely on her list of likeables, and she likes to read good literature (rheally, my dear) such as "An So Victoria" and "The Citadel."

Big brown eyes and brown hair distinguished Keller but distinction enough is the fact that she was May Queen in high school. Only in the last couple of years did Keller decide to do away with her boyish bob and assume a more sophisticated role. Her biggest mistake or rather investment, it seems, was the buying of an interest in a T-model Ford, with the plan of taking turns using it; but apparently it didn't work out so well.

Biggest peculiarity of Keller is her lack of interest in the national past-time of dancing. She claims that she would rather just sit and talk. I told you she was different. Am I right? But then, that's the way we like her. So be as different as you want to, Keller, and more power to you!

Don't You Agree That They Suit?

If suddenly we were magically limited in our ever bubbling-over vocabulary to monosyllables, and had to put down the first word that came into our head when a name was spoken, we would give monosyllabic descriptions of—

Sara Durant, Sleek; Olive Crosswell, conscientious; Kay Duncan, striking; Georgie Hurt, Efficient; Anne Fuller, business; Mary King, dimples; Cookie Scoggins, personality; Sarah Thompson, unique; Helen Cunnock, congenial; Mary Lou Wright, the duchess; June Escott, dainty; Brooksie Folger, beauty; Marjorie Russell, collegiate; Mildred Sneeden, popular; Virginia Hickman, peppy; Julia White, honey; Dot Baker, angora; Helen Hatcher, "Hank"; Mary Katherine Martin, style; Frances Stough, sweet; Snoodie Matheson, vivacious; Marie Roseman, different; Barbara Davis, streamlined; Mary Payne, ??????; Ellen Hardee, piquant; Lillian Stample, jolly; Nataline Niven, sporty; Annie Mac Brown, QUEENS BLUES; Nancy Hovis, swank; Frances Riddle, the preacher; Dot Muse, striking; Lib Brammer, capable; Mimi Bradham, old-fashioned nosegay; Mary Lib Stevens, midget; Winnie Sheely, fun; Margaret Harden, happy; Mary Marshall Jones, smooth; Ann Mauldin, life; Lucy Williams, flirt; Becky Patton, red; Ann Peyton, ability; The Edwards, double-check; Anne Cromartie, charm; Margie Poole, appeal; Keller Young, stunt night; Anne Pease, twinkling; Sally McDowell, David(son); Alene Ward, friendly.

Fashion Fads

One of the smartest items on this year's fashion list is the great amount of costume jewelry being worn. Not only are the traditional pearls gracing mi-lady's neck, but also ornated strands of glass beads, gold and silver chains, coin necklaces, and coral strings, besides numerous other concoctions some have found. Tailored suits are being dressed up by the use of various gadgets designed for your lapel. We noticed Rita Clary the other day with a pair of red knitted gloves dangling from her jacket. Others are wearing objects fashioned from wood, leather and all do add a lot. Another noteworthy dress-up feature is the use of broaches and pins clasped at the neck of blouses. Sara DuRant has a lovely blue crystal one. Also notice the flowers that Julia White pins to her sweaters.

Those belts with Queens-Chicora printed on round leather disks tied about the waist are gaining in popularity and many are being worn. Maybe we ought to make them official!

Dot Failor has a very attractive rust wool dress for school wear. It has a broad brown belt and a fetching wool flower worn on the left shoulder. The skirt is flared and tiny buttons line the back for an inch or two at the neck.

These warm autumn days are inducive to lazy-living, and were it not for quarterly tests, most of us would settle down to just that. But being as we do have to be on our good behavior, mentally speaking, it's just as well that we also keep an eye open for new and sundry trinklets. For instance, when all's right with your allowance, who can resist those swanky wool dresses which are being shown in town. And as for evening clothes, well, all we can say is that this is a season where you can definitely afford to be different. If you've always had a yen for disturbing and amazing hair-do's and alarming do-dads stuck in your curls, now is your chance to blossom forth. And as for the dresses, everyone is going feminine, for who can deny that when you swoop your hair atop your head you just have to go in for frills and feathers. Not that we advocate going back to your first-dance styles, but anything worked out with a smooth idea back of it is bound to go over big. Just try it!

Getting back to school clothes, have you seen that black, grey, and red checked skirt of Marjorie Timms? It is also pleated and worn with black oxfords, pearls and a black sweater is the height of class-room smartness.

Naturally Miss Albright's rust suede suit had all the girls envious. We suspect that as cold weather settles down, for it surely will in the near future, many smart coats will make their appearance. So here's one to look out for—Sara Kelly Lillard's with the matching hat.

Masks

You wear a mask at Halloween, and think that I won't know you. Ha, 'Tis simpler far to see through that Than do what's done —unmask your soul. —Margaret Caudell.

The Time of the Wishing Star

The soul of the sun spread its rainbow wings Tossing tumult into hearts and the sky; And folding them again, slipped down then Into the trees' stens cradling sigh. O'er humming of pines a slim star loomed In a pale gold dusk tinged with grayish bloom; In a child's wishing verse striving spirits the while Found peace in that star like a madonna's slow smile. —Elizabeth O. Green.