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ARMISTICE

"Who are you, whence come you, and what come you here to do?"

The foreigners are here in our America and they are not being assimilated into the regular citizenry of our country. Say what you will, the melting pot of America has not made a perfect job of it. All foreigners have not melted down into the social organism and had their dross destroyed. There are organizations secret in their nature, newspapers published in foreign tongues, and agitators who are stirring these unassimilated foreigners into an opposition to all that is good in our American democracy.

There are many "isms" here today, and these isms are dangerous in the extreme. There should be a reassessing, and if each foreigner who has not become an American citizen cannot give a good account of himself, he should be politely requested to leave the country. It is time for America to wake up to the dangers that she is fostering within her own borders and keeping under her own protection. A few shiploads of deported alien enemies should do America a deal of good.

Our own American citizenry is being undermined as to our independence and self-respect by grants of aid for a living which could be, but is not, earned on our own resources. To quote from Oliver Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* in paraphrase,

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth is freely distributed and men decay;
Old age pensions and grants may flourish or may fade;
Legislatures can make them, as legislatures have made;

But an independent citizenry its country's pride
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

—DR. WILLIAM H. FRASER.

THANKSGIVING

Not a week away is the day on which we must give thanks for our gifts of a whole year. It isn't possible, is it?

Think of thanking for a whole year on one day. That would mean that this day should be wholly consecrated to that effort. That is what we must do.

We cannot put off our thanks for that day, but we can set aside that day in particular for that duty.

Thanksgiving this year may be a special day. Make it the best you have had and thank deeply for your many blessings.

We can never thank enough.

Sally Writes Home To Sis

Dear Sis:

Well, all the stunt night excitement is finally over and maybe you'll see me to hear all about it Thanksgiving day. I am coming home for that turkey dinner, but I'll have to be back for Friday classes. Now that the stunts are over, we are all counting the days until Thanksgiving and then till Christmas. Just think—we get out the sixteenth for Christmas shopping, dancing, partying, etc. Lib Brammer had a row of glass dogs on her dresser about two weeks ago. There were 15 dogs, each dog standing for a day. As each day passes she takes one down to keep account of how long it is until Thanksgiving. Speaking of Lib, I guess you've noticed her pretty pin. Barbara Davis has just acquired a gorgeous opal and emerald jewelled Pi Kappa Phi pin. It's a beauty and a real shiner.

You know what Sis? There certainly are some puzzling boys over there at Davidson. What's this I've heard about one young gentleman being found under the table in the kitchen of a certain day student's house? He says he never would have been caught if he hadn't stumbled over that kitchen chair in the dark. Seems the girl came in rather late from a date with another boy and there he was. Another boy that goes regularly with a very prominent Queens girl sort of had her or someone fooled last year. After dates with her, he would call a certain day student who finished last year and ask her for a date. That was last year so I don't know how things are progressing now but he's seen right often in Burwell Hall.

Well, Sis, I feel like taking off my hat to Dot Wright. Of all the girls I've ever seen, I've never known one to be so wrapped up in any one boy as she is in some lucky guy in Columbia. Up 'til now we just couldn't imagine Dot settling down and taking life serious. Rex—we salute you! (P. S. Sis, one of your good friends wrote this and asked to enclose it in your letter.)

In my opinion, Sarah Thompson and Jennie Lynn took the cakes playing their parts in stunt night. Sarah made a perfect miller and even wrote home for her outfit. Jennie Lynn says her costume was one of her mother's evening dresses 15 or more year ago. My—how styles do change! Mimi Bradham was perfect in her part as the nun. Winnie and Helen Pope made cute rats and Ann Pease was a grand prince charming. The senior stunt was quite appropriate because everyone remembers so well the Avon Players production of "The Taming of the Shrew."

Mary McDevitt tells us of a certain young man who goes to her house on certain nights all dressed up. He won't say where he's been but we have ways of knowing he makes visits to one of our good friends out here.

Sis, that semi-annual Davidson affair was given here Thursday night. I'm wondering how all those people liked each other. I hear that piles of mail come in to the post office from Davidson this morning. Seems the boys were happy about the whole matter and I know of several girls who are still beaming all over.

One of the cute blond members of the sophomore class astonished all her friends by falling asleep one day in chapel. She was so embarrassed that I think she cut chapel several days following that. There's one girl, better known as Carolyn, whom I've seen actually sound asleep in one class two times. Both times it was on Monday.

Sis, you'd better try to come down for our Thanksgiving formal dinner Tuesday night. After dinner speaker will be the president of Winthrop College. Mrs. Moseley and Miss Robinson will be presented in a recital after that. Do try to come and I'll go back with you on Wednesday afternoon.

Always,

SALLY.

Campus Choice

Midst the ranks of the juniors, we find another campus choice, quite cosmopolitan, who hails from Charlotte, has a slight Virginian accent, an interest in Georgia, a fondness for Trenton, New Jersey, and a definite love for Philadelphia, Pa.; not to mention Columbia, S. C., Cedar Bluff, Va., and all points north. The story goes something like this:

She was born on September 22, 1919, at Cedar Bluff, Va., but she has lived in Charleston, W. Va., Huntington, W. Va., Richmond, Va., Lynchburg, Va., and Jacksonville, Fla., before moving to Charlotte. She graduated from Charlotte Central high school and is now studying for an A.B. degree, majoring in history.

As a freshman, she was treasurer of her class, a member of the Choral club and of the Book Tea group. In her sophomore year, she was treasurer of the Day Student Council and a member of the stunt night committee. This year she is chapel program chairman, assistant business manager of the QUEENS BLUES, a member of Alpha Kappa Gamma, national leadership fraternity; and junior stage chairman for stunt night. She is also a member of Kappa Delta social sorority.

Her chief joy is heading for points north and as for her ambition, she said she knew she was supposed to have one but just couldn't think of it right then. Ray Milland is the gentleman who causes palpitations of her heart on the silver screen (only the last phrase should follow gentleman). For her pet hate, she chalks up a funless life (don't we all?); and for real good clean fun, I chalk up her experience of last summer when she hauled in a fifty pound tuna fish salad—pardon me, I'm getting ahead of my story—a fifty pound tuna fish off the coast of New Jersey, and from which they ate for some time (this is where the salad was supposed to come in). There seems to be a "Hank" who is a Kappa Sig down in Columbia and a Georgia Cracker down in Georgia; and then, of course, there're the "912 boys", better known as the "gashouse gang", way up there beyond the Mason-Dixon line in the foine boig of Trenton, New Joisey, where there's a small joint known as Princeton. But since I'm just a southerner of the old school, you will have to see her for details.

An item worthy of note in her young life, but also for which you will have to do some personal contact work, is a garment fashioned from deep purple (yes, I said purple) crepe. 'Tis said to be quite and decidedly very! (note: see A. Pease for further description).

Now, all together, who is it? For shame! Of course you know. It's Georgie Hurt. Yet, I know, "you knew it all the time!"

Foolish Questions

People will ask questions of me
As they pass me every day,
And it really is amusing
Just to listen to them say:
"Why do you not show you're homesick?"
"What news from your folks out there?"
"Were you really born in Congo?"
"Have you crossed the ocean fair?"
"If it's true you are from Congo
Please explain why you aren't black."
"Do you like the U. S. country?"
"Do you plan to go straight back
To the land of palms and natives,
"Leopards, lions, jungles, too?"
"Have you been out hippo-hunting
"In a small dug-out canoe?"
These, and many other questions
Folks ask as they stare at me,
For I'm a girl from way off yonder
From the land called Africee!
—Dorothy Longenecker.

S. C. A. Corner

A new feature in the Cabinet plans at Queens-Chicora, for this year, is the regular monthly Chapel programs. These programs are conducted entirely by the students on the subjects of "Campus Ideals". The topics planned for discussion are:

Honesty
Unselfishness
Friendliness
Loyalty and Co-operation
Sincerity
Idealism.

It is hoped that these programs on vital campus ideals, planned and executed by students, will be a means of impressing upon the student body at Queens, the necessity of every-day Christian living among the students, as no outsider could do.

Are you watching the S. C. A. Bulletin Board?

Remember to bring your Thanksgiving food offering to Chapel next Wednesday. We, you and I, have so much to be thankful for; and there are some who have so little!

And don't forget that we have a Davidson Deputation on schedule for Vespers tomorrow night. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Fashion Fads

It's not often we get around to weddings in this column, but Thorburn Lillard's, which is to be this evening, is deserving of special note. Anyone who knows Thorburn will realize that she is definitely made for white satin, a veil and such stuff. Sara Kelly is to be a brides-maid, and the outfit she is to wear sounds wonderful. Her dress is of a soft shade of rose, moire taffeta and a hooped skirt. A low neck line will be set off with a piece of black velvet tied about her neck from which will dangle a lovely cameo. In her hair she will wear an arrangement of flowers dipped over the right eye. You can just visualize what a picture she will make!

From the sublime to the usual, may we mention one or two outstanding things we've seen on the campus of late: namely, that darling little vest Snoodie Matheson is proudly wearing. It has tiny checks of black and red and white and when worn with her black pleated skirt and a bright red blouse, it's really fetching.

No one looks any cuter than Frances Ehrhardt with those curls perched over her brow and that perky little bow nestled among them. Her suite-mate, Sally McDowell, is wearing one of the best looking coats we've seen thus far, of a heavenly shade of blue which, I don't need to tell you, makes her blonde hair and blue eyes even more blonder and bluer. The coat has a huge grey fur collar.

All of the fair Queens beauties have finally had their pictures completed and now we can scarcely wait to see them. All of the girls were dashing around madly for a while trying to find some dress with a becoming neck-line. We hope they all succeeded.

Walking down the hall the other day we noticed Eleanor Alexander waiting for a cab and looking very smart in a bright red and black plaid dress, and an off the face, halo-effect black felt hat. She had black shoes, gloves and bag and really looked grand. Speaking of plaids, they are without a doubt good on this campus. Skirts, dresses, and coats are all plaid, and most of them are the height in campus smartness.

I looked out life's window and
laughed and lived
And learned to smile with tears
Today your shadow falls across my
heart's door
And breathlessly I await the years.
—Henrietta McIver.