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## ATTENDANCE AT STUDENT RECITALS

At a recent student music recital only a few students of the music department were among those present. There were twelve girls in the recital and only a few in the audience.

Those twelve girls and their teachers worked on the recital for weeks in advance. They spent their precious time practicing and preparing themselves not only for their own good but for the pleasure and enjoyment of others.

Members of an audience get almost as much musical education while listening to a recital as they do when they take part in it. Anyone who wishes to continue with her music training should make a habit of attending as many recitals and concerts as possible. By watching and hearing other students play or sing she can profit in correcting her own mistakes. Now, how would you feel if you had worked about two months on a recital piece and had expected to have at least the students of the department in the audience and then a mere handful of students showed up? If others had not come to your recital, more than likely you would not bother to go to theirs.

But that is the wrong spirit all the way around. Of course all members of the student body should be interested in each other. A.B. students should want to know and hear what music students are doing in their work. This interest should send them to the concerts and recitals but if the music students themselves do not attend the recitals, how can other students be expected to keep an interest in them?

This question must also be considered from the standpoint of the student who is playing in the recital. Part of her training is based on getting used to playing before an audience of a good size. No one can simply play or sing with perfection the first two or three times she makes her stage appearance. If she has no audience to speak of, naturally this type of practicing will not do her much good as far as stage performance practice is concerned.

Music students, here is a challenge to you from faculty members of the music department and from others interested in music. Why not try to turn out with one hundred per cent perfect attendance at the next student recital? Build up the interest in the school music department by proving that you yourself are interested in the department and its members. You have a right to be proud of its accomplishments in the last few years so why not do something about showing this pride? You set an example by your attendance at recitals and others will soon show more of their interest in music!

Members of the staff of the QUEENS BLUES wish to extend their deepest sympathy to Annie Laurie Anderson and Frances Marion O'Hair in their recent bereavement.

## Sally Writes Home To Sis

Dear Sis:

You owe me a letter, my one and only, but there is so much happening around here that I must write. It may be the urge of spring, but noting the snow outside the window, I would rather put it down to the irresistible impulse which drives people to disclose gossip.

Rather crude, but you see what I mean. Maujer and Nancy have joined the ranks of those listed in that feature in the *BLUES* recently as attached to a fraternity pin. Maujer's is a sweetheart pin, but, to my experienced eye, Nancy's looks like the real thing. Congratulations, Fiji's!

Speaking of fraternity pins, only yesterday I noticed Nina Brown's SPE pin. Very excited, I said something to some one about it and they rewarded my wide-awake vigilance with, "She's had it since before school started this year, you nut!" Oh, well, I did find out that it is somehow connected with Lulu Lowrance's brother.

Ruth Archer is looking forward to Lin's visit sometime soon . . . Winnie is traveling with Mary King this week-end to see Harold in Columbia . . . Dot Wright is spending the week-end with Rex . . . at her home . . . Ellen and Dobby and Margaret form a triangle on Sunday afternoons . . . though not on the same Sundays . . . Judy and Elliott are bewailing the fact that spring holidays have been changed so they don't coincide with Clemson's . . . Roger seems to have met his match . . . Oh, Susie . . . Davidson and Queens definitely click on the midnight dancing hour . . . the airport was popular the other night and were some of the people embarrassed . . . the newspaper man even thought Monday was Tuesday and definitely scared our ed . . . Some of the people around here look like an army officer or Indian Bill with their e-e-er metals . . . Who gets letters addressed to Little Baby from Big Baby . . . Dot Branon will disclose if no one else will . . . though it's like pulling eye teeth . . . (?) . . . some of us are planning to go to the dogs in April—the bull-dogs—Ermine, explain yourself.

Thought you might like to know what college and why some of the girls here prefer. Read on and learn. Doesn't change my mind a particle.

*Mary Payne:* Clemson — because George and Tebee are there. O boy!

*Peggy Williams:* The University of Florida because Florida boys go there and because you can pick breakfast off a tree in your own backyard.

*Caroline Edwards:* State, because Bill is there.

*Sybil Trezler:* Davidson, because it's just twenty miles away.

*Frances Reins:* University of North Carolina because they have such a fine med school and such a fine A. T. O. fraternity.

*Margaret Jager:* Ditto Red.

*Anne Mauldin:* University of North Carolina because it's just the best school.

*Vashti Gornto:* State, because a senior goes there.

*Marjorie Russell:* Duke, because it's interesting all the time. Interested, too.

*Mary Lyons:* University of Alabama because Sammy is there.

*Eleanor Alexander:* University of Tennessee because I'm loyal.

*Doris Raley:* Clemson, because the uniforms are so pretty and the guys in them are all right.

*Virginia Cothran:* Citadel, because it has the cutest grads who are men and not monkeys and because at night their mothers know where they are.

Oh, well, each to his opinion. Personally, I'm an intercollegiate idiot and love them all.

## CAMPUS CHOICE

Among our freshmen there is one who quietly and unassumingly has walked away with the biggest honor of her class—that of freshman president. Of course you know that I'm talking about Vashti Gornto. You would never know from her demeanor or that she is not just Vashti Gornto but President Gornto as she is very modest and accepts her honors with quiet dignity.

A week ago last Monday I happened to glance into Vashti's room and you should have seen her bed—literally covered with gifts. I saw a brand new Chinese Checkers game, a box of candy (mmm!) and lots of other attractive gifts. Why? Well, that Monday Vashti celebrated her eighteenth birthday and from the looks of those presents she had just cause to celebrate. She was born on Feb. 20, 1921, in Wilmington, N. C. Since that time she has moved around quite a bit but eventually she settled down in her native Wilmington where she finished in the high school there last spring. She is now studying for a general A.B. degree.

Besides being president of her class, Vashti will be a May court attendant this spring, and she was on the freshman staff of *THE BLUES*, and is a member of the advertising staff of *The Coronet*.

The only time I could catch Vashti to ask her a few personal questions was during her gym period as she cavorted around the gym. Between kicks she informed me that her chief

joy will finish as a senior at State this year, that Tyrone Power is her favorite movie star, and that her favorite food is cocoanut pie. She claims that her ambition is to be a big executive in some large corporation (but I imagine that she'll get sidetracked on the matrimonial road.) There've been rumors of a certain Mr. B. and a certain Mr. C. (I'm wondering where Mr. A. comes in) but you will have to see Vashti to confirm these.

When asked if she would answer a few questions, this blue-eyed blonde dimpled up and said "shure." The following were the results: Question: What do you think of Ferdinand? (ye know ye olde columnist would get this one in.)

Answer: Oh, he's a lot of "bull." Question: If the dormitory should catch fire what would be the first thing you would take out?

Answer: Picture of my chief joy. (I imagine her roommate would feel very neglected not to mention being a little scorched also.)

Question: Do you believe that two can live as cheaply as one?

Answer: Certainly, if the other one can starve by himself.

So there you have it—or rather her—fellow toilers on destiny's highway, and she's quite a lot to have, speaking in terms of value. In fact, she would rate "tops" on any campus and we're proud to have her on our own. Best to you, Vashti!



**Queens-Chicora**  
**Week By Week**  
 By VIRGINIA SMITH

### Have You Noticed?

The happy excited faces of the newly initiated and the expectant faces of the initiated-to-be's . . . how quickly most of this year has gone by . . . how "whupped" down so many of our practice-teaching seniors seem . . . how students do not sit on the steps of Burwell in groups as they did last year . . . that Walt Disney is now making a film version of "Pinocchio" (remember?) . . . that the majority of people cannot tell you the color of their best friend's eyes . . . that we still haven't had a real good pep meeting in student chapel . . . that everyone on campus (at least students) seems to be in a decline, blank faces showing only bewilderment when called on in class, with neither ambition or energy being expressed anywhere (I believe the common name for it is "spring fever") . . . that Dorothy GLamour would be a good way to spell her name.

### List of Likeables:

The song "Deep Purple" and the new sure-to-be-a-hit "This Is It" . . . the ever agreeable Longenecker sisters or Africans as they prefer to be called . . . the days that it doesn't rain . . . Cary Grant's naturalness in "Gunga Din" . . . teachers that don't bother to give tests or to meet classes after a heavy week-end (yeh, I know I'm just day-dreaming—would that there were such a mortal!) . . . Alarm clocks that don't work . . . fried chicken a la Stough style . . . the spunky way in which our co-ed replied to Editor Brown (though we upperclassmen had nothing to do with the article which appeared in the freshman issue). After all it's a rare thing when a male braves this campus to attend classes, but when he accepts kidding good-naturedly at the hands of our freshmen, then he really does deserve a big ice-cream cone . . . Dr. Godard's optimism (whenever he's pessimistic, it's in an optimistic manner) . . . the purple violets in the triangle between Science building and Burwell Hall.

### News Notes:

May Day isn't so very far away and Miss Henderson has already announced the theme for this year. It's a most appropriate theme for the month of May and should be very colorful and lovely.

In this issue there is a questionnaire which *THE BLUES* staff has made out and plans to send to a group of North and South Carolina colleges to be answered and returned. *THE BLUES* plans to print the results in later issues. The results should prove most interesting!

### Whatever Became of?

The original Oswald of "ohhhhhhh yeah" fame . . . all the old-fashioned parlor games . . . corkscrew curls . . . those long rainy days in the attic when mother's old finery furnished us with a whole morning's entertainment . . . the game of "old Maid" . . . all the charm bracelets . . . country breakfasts of pie and meat and real honest-to-goodness food . . . the organist that years ago (I reminisce so much in my youthful old age) used to play between features at one of the local theaters . . . Miss G. Garbo . . . Stoopnagle and Bud as a partner act . . . the search for the lost aviatrix Amelia Earhardt.

### Themes For Thought:

To be perfectly truthful I haven't been doing much thinking lately, so I don't have any worthwhile themes to pass on to you dear readers; however, I don't imagine you've overworked your brains lately either. Suppose we just see who can think the most about nothing this week.

### Parting Shot:

Once again co-joke-finder Maujer comes to my rescue with this bit of humor (?). A woman stopped a little boy who was standing on a street corner crying very hard, and asked him what the trouble was. He replied, "I'm lost. I shoulda known better than to come uptown with grandma—she's always losing things." Oh, well, if that isn't good (or just the opposite) enough for you, go borrow a "Buccaneer."