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TO THE NEWLY ELECTED OFFICERS

Congratulations to you who have been recently elected as officers of the student government association or of the organizations coming under its guidance. You should deem it an honor to have been chosen by your classmates and schoolmates to be their leaders.

At the same time you must realize that in accepting these offices to which you have been elected you have taken over a lot of responsibility. Honor is not the only aspect to be considered in being a chosen member of the student government association. Honor does mean a lot to some people when elected to do a job but the fulfilling of the duties of the job should mean even more.

How are you going to perform the duties of your office? Will you start off being very enthusiastic and then gradually get tired and bored with it all? Often the most enthusiastic workers turn out to be the most inefficient workers. Don't let this be said of you. Be enthusiastic over your work but let your enthusiasm be permanent until next year when you will go out of office.

The student body has made wise selections in all the offices for next year. Now you should do all in your power to prove that this observation is true. Each officer must do her part in the affairs of the school as a whole. One officer should not be blamed or praised for any specific action.

TO THE STUDENT BODY

Each of you (who has paid her budget fee) has recently cast her vote in the student government elections for the girls whom you have considered best for the various offices under consideration. If your candidate won the election you must prove that you thought her worthy of holding the office by giving her your best co-operation when she asks for it. If your candidate did not win in the election show your good sportsmanship by co-operating with and standing up for the girls who did win.

No matter how small an office may seem to you each one has its specific duties, all of which call for time on the part of the officer and co-operation on your part. If an officer knows she's being supported by members of the student body she will be much more apt to perform her duties to the best of her ability.

Remember this when the new officers take over their duties and see what you can do toward making next year's student government successful.

Sally Writes Home To Sis

Dearest Sally:

Everybody's going to conventions 'cept me. The Press convention in Charleston, at The Citadel, pardon me, and the Phi Mu convention in Washington are taking away quite a few of our gals for this week-end. Gosh, they are going to have a swell time. Whoo, wish I was going, too.

Mary Mac, Nancy, and Martha say that the K. A. party at Carolina was swell. And now the Betas—well they're o.k. too. From this same week-end Fanny Stough reported a wonderful time at the Elenisia at Chapel Hill.

"You'll burn" is one of Mildred Taylor's favorite expressions. Ask the Davidson lads. They know, and going back to conventions from which I can't refrain, Lucille Gwaltney lost her suit case on the Williamsburg convention and now she has to wear her sister's clothes. Honestly, that would be terrible. If I lost any of my clothes, I'd just have to go to bed.

Judith and Peggy found out about the statue at Duke last week-end.

Can you guess what two good friends received a bid to the same set of dances at Carolina from the same boy? He evidently was trying to make time in two directions.

The day student building has all of six modern records for the new radio-victrola, and everybody's jitter-buggin'. The porch has also been graced with four new chairs. The next time you come to visit me we might induce the day students to let us use them.

Newest riddle of Lib Imbody's: "What's the color of a sea ghost? Give up? Navy boo! I can just hear you groaning. Kill Lib, not me.

Love affairs have risen up and died down during Spring holidays. Many of our belles found new romance, but a few gave up old ones; one in particular, a Phi Mu, severed relations completely with the "one and only."

Do you know what Alpha Gam had an understanding with a Davidson boy about the Junior-Senior banquet and later decided that she wanted to invite somebody else? Poor thing, she doesn't know what to do.

Have you noticed the beautiful colors of the new Spring styles? Honestly, I'm afraid to leave the house on Sunday with my last year's rags. The Easter parade in Charlotte was simply gorgeous, with all the shades of rose, pink, blue and purple floating around. Veils seem to be as prevalent now as whimples were during the winter—and in all colors, too.

Exams will be here in four more weeks so that means I will be home for the summer before long. It will be wonderful to get away from the grind and home with the family. Sure will be glad to see you, too. There are so many things that I have to tell you.

Don't forget to write to me soon.

Your loving sister,

SALLY.

WHEN DOGWOOD BLOOMS

By FLORENCE T. HILLARD

(In April, 1939, Good Housekeeping)
 White rapture spreads along the stony slopes,
 Matchlessly fair.
 It might be young doves resting,
 Or the souls of saints
 At prayer.

He who looks upon a dogwood tree in bloom
 Stands at Heaven's gate,
 And forever will
 Feel kinship with
 The Immaculate.

CAMPUS CHOICE

Ever on the go, Sue Mauldin—she, of the Mauldin sisters—began her fast moving career at the tender age of one. Born in Greenville, South Carolina on January 28, 1919, she soon slung her knapsack over her back and set out for Charlotte. Not satisfied with what Charlotte offered, Sue was soon off to far China where she lived for a year and a half. Then tiring of eastern life, she came back to the States and tried Greenville again, then Boston, Mass., Ridgewood, N. J., and finally Charlotte. She attended Central high school from which she was graduated. If all goes well, she will soon receive her A.B. degree, having majored and done her practice teaching in English.

As a freshman Sue was editor of the freshman edition of THE QUEENS BLUES, a member of the Linnean Club, and of the Literary Society. In her sophomore year she was again editor of her class edition of THE BLUES, class representative on Day Student Council and was tapped into Iota Xi, journalistic fraternity. In her junior year, Sue was tapped into Sigma Mu, national scholastic fraternity; and Alpha Kappa Gamma, national leadership fraternity. She was also associate editor of THE BLUES, associate editor of The Coronet, publicity chairman on S. C. A. Cabinet, leader of the Creative Writing Group, and class representative on Day Student Council. This year Sue is editor of The Coronet, national editor of The Torchbearer, publication of Alpha Kappa Gamma; publicity chairman on S. C. A. cabinet and is listed in "Who's Who In American Universities and Colleges."

A redhead full of spirit, Sue doesn't even know the meaning of the word "lazy." In true Mauldin fashion, she works hard and willingly at any task presented to her. Quite inconsistent with this is Sue's chief joy of sleeping. (She also has a special fondness for McHardy.) Her pet hate is going to bed and getting up in the morning. (I believe I said that she was inconsistent!) Her ambitions are to have a secretary to write all her letters and a contraption on her car which will squirt mud on any other car that cuts in front of her. She is especially fond of spaghetti and will go to most any extreme to get it when she wants it. She has the peculiarity of enjoying her annual work. Here are the questions:

Question: Where do you hope to be five years from now?

Answer: In China—where the servants are plentiful.

Question: Is the annual going to be any good?

Answer: No, it's going to be terrible because there're so many blank spaces such as the one where your picture is. (Gee, thanks, Sue!)

Question: Do you think that Shirley Temple will be the future glamour-girl?

Answer: I think she's the baby tiger-lady type. (Now just what do you mean by that?)

Full of artistic ability, Sue has been elected class poet and knowing Sue as we do, we can be sure that the poem will be extraordinarily good. We, the students, salute you, Sue! You're a grand girl!



Queens-Chicora Week By Week

By VIRGINIA SMITH

Have You Noticed?

That in less than four weeks exams begin—no fooling! . . . that Ferdinand the true pacifist has come and gone, but the memory of him (and I hope the spirit) will linger on . . . the book-of-the-month, "Ordeal," which is the fictitious story of what one family does when war strikes England—peculiar story but quite thought-provoking . . . that we publications girls (about eight in number) are having ourselves a time in Charleston.

List of Likeables:

The acting in "Pygmalion" which I only recently saw . . . crab apple blossoms in Virginia . . . several distinctive features about this year's annual which before many weeks will be ready for the usual autographing . . . Mr. Ivey's tulips . . . the big blue hat which makes Sally McDowell's eyes even bluer . . . the graciousness of the great Wagnerian tenor Lauritz Melchior on his recent visit to Charlotte . . . southern warmth in contrast to northern coolness (figuratively speaking).

News Notes:

If I'm not mistaken, the next issue THE BLUES will be the last one issued by the old staff. That, girls, should be just cause for celebration (please note that I leave the celebration up to whichever needs it the most—the student body or the staff), and I, for one, am in favor of declaring a holiday.

Next week-end Junior-Senior banquet takes place and one of the major events of the evening will be the announcement of senior class president for next year. So all you juniors and

seniors get out your best bib 'n' tucker and trot out your favorite date for the occasion.

Then the next week-end, May Day and all its activities occur and the week-end after that Davidson has its spring set of dances. Following that we find ourselves in the midst of exams on the next week-end. Rather a full schedule, eh what?

Themes for Thought:

Would that all courses were neither "crip" courses nor courses that leave you ragged trying to make a merit grade, but a happy medium somewhere between the two that would provide stimulation for work without necessarily making one's motto "all work and no play." (P. S. Maybe I'm lazy) . . . how do orchestra members manage to play day in and day out the same numbers for weeks at a time and still look cheerful about the whole thing?

Whatever Became Of?

Boake Carter, the radio commentator . . . dainty little parasols that our mothers used to carry as protection against the sun . . . Greta Garbo (she's been gone lo these many months) . . . Dolores Costello Barrymore and the actor who once played opposite her, Conrad Nagel.

Parting Shot:

Quite a good take-off on the age-old excuse of unruly locks recently appeared in a cartoon in the paper. The unlucky fellow, after tearing through a barn and a fence and decapitating a tree, along with other minor mishaps, was telling the menacing patrolman—"I'm sorry, officer, but I just washed the car and I can't do a thing with it."