

PATRONIZE ADVERTISERS

Many Charlotte firms advertise in THE QUEENS BLUES. So far the student body has not responded to these ads in the proper way.

A paper can not be published without the support and interest of its advertisers. When advertisers become dissatisfied they stop giving ads. Naturally, they do not want to spend money if they are not getting response.

All subscribers to this paper should be interested enough in its welfare to want it to pay for itself each week.

It would certainly help matters if each student would make a special effort to look at each ad in each issue. How about turning to page three and page four right now? Really, we have a fine bunch of advertisers!

KEEP QUIET!

Four weeks of school have passed and in those four weeks students have learned more and adjusted themselves to more changes than they ever have before. These students are certainly to be congratulated on their fine response to many Queens-Chicora rules and regulations. However, there is one rule that has been overlooked entirely too much and that is noise in the dormitories at night. Talking, loud radios, doors open while "bull sessions" are going on, running up and down the halls have got to stop. Emphasis on the importance of a quiet and orderly dormitories has been expressed to the students. Points will be given without hesitation from now on to those girls who continue to violate these noise rules as set down in the hand book.

If the freshmen would remember that study hall and all noise regulations are not over until ten o'clock, our dormitories would be a much more homely and orderly place for us to spend our four years.

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 AGNES STOUT, PH.D.....*Faculty Adviser*

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Two Freshmen Give Impressions

College is all so different from anything we freshmen have ever experienced before. The big sisters are so nice, and the faculty so very cordial, that for a while at least it seemed that we weren't going to school at all. Now that we are settled, though, here are a few first impressions:

MISS SLATON'S charm, ANNE FULLER'S friendliness, and ERMINE WADDILL'S bustling efficiency—all help Queens-Chicora out considerably; those two very sun-tanned individuals who go under the names of DOT DORN and MURIEL SPAETH — wouldn't you give anything to be their color?—MARIE PONS' brunette beauty, sighhhh;—JEAN WELSH'S bell-like laughter, 'nother sighhhh;—witty, long-winded SARAH THOMPSON — what would Q-C do without SARY — JACKIE ACKERMAN'S striking red pageboy bob, the spice of any man's life; — PETE MUNROE'S Chinese accent, it's so fetching!— And say! what about DOT MUSE'S smart Park Avenue deb look;—ANNETTE McIVER'S adorableness (pardon, Mr. Webster);—KITTY KITTLES' gawjus blond hair, too pretty for words; ALICE CLARK'S clothes, Fifth Avenue personified;—FRANCES BERRYHILL, sweet as a chocolate eclair!

Other Schools' Losses, Q-C's Gains: LALLA MARSHALL, late of Agnes Scott where she was president-elect of the rising sophomore class; MISS TILLET, from Katherine Gibbs School—we've heard she speaks five languages including Latin; MISS SLATON who comes to us from Northwestern; our own DR. BLAKE-LY, who, since bidding goodbye to Mary Baldwin, is fast making a place for himself in the heart of Queens-Chicora; ANNE BRANAN and DORIS BECKUM, who came via the Shorter route.

More Differences between high school and college: A really quiet library with running water . . . running from building to building for different classes . . . dorms . . . no study hall, thank goodness . . . limited cuts . . . Y store, bless its little heart . . . Maggie . . . sorority houses, and ain't they cute, and don't they grow? . . . parties for new students . . . big sisters . . . signing out . . . signing off.

FORWARD LOOK

Sorrows have I none
 Yet, no bliss.
 Can it be that time will run
 Its endless course
 Like this?

Strangely have I no delight
 In small things of the heart;
 And yet again I find no joy
 In large things set apart.

It must be that I am one
 Who peace and joy will find,
 When my soul's death
 Admits the light
 To my resurrected mind.

—Elizabeth Isaacs.

SLEEPING

Alone he sits and broods his fate
 Ah sad indeed—it is too late.
 Would he had lived while life was new
 For now he cannot live—he only hates.

When he was young he used to dream
 Of how, one day, in glittering gleam
 he'd rule the world.
 But now like silent death he sits,
 and yet he dreams.

Arise! Awake him for he dies!
 Alas, it is no use.
 Not dead but sleeping, there he lies,
 While earth's immortal caravan
 Moves on to Mystic Paradise.

—Pete Munroe.

Snooping Around Among The New

(Simply Because I Didn't Know)

Lately, while snooping around, I've noticed quite a few outstanding personalities. Some struck me as being sweet, some unique, and some just knocked me out.

I wonder if you've noticed that smile which plays around the corners of a certain girl's mouth; namely, Gladys Hartzell. It's the sweetest, most heart warming smile that has ever been flashed my way. Be on the look out, it's usually "always present!" Oh, and by the way, have you ever listened to Rice Robbins talk? She is a replica of our own "Red" Rein. That good old mountain brogue that never grows tiresome, but speaking of brogues, maybe you know Isabelle Rodgers, that adorable Sumter belle who draws out her words as if tomorrow were a million years away. She doesn't know what it is to hurry; in fact, it never occurs to her—"Ya'wl jus'-oughta-listen-to-her-sum-time!"

Beauty, too, predominates in the freshmen class this year. Of course, you can't have missed Alice Clark with the "Venus de Nulo" profile. Nan Daniels with the hair of an ethereal creature; Laura Mitchell, enough said; and Jean Pettaway, who is but definitely following in the footsteps of Martha the Queen. Maybe beauty is only skin deep; but still, if I were these girls I wouldn't like the idea of being skinned. Beauty is so nice to have around in case of an emergency—if you get what I mean!

When I say "a dazzling blond" I can think of no better illustration than one like Peggy Dunaway. She is not of the extremely beautiful type, but rather the unusual type—by that I mean if you look at her once you're bound to look again, because you want to make sure you're not having an optical illusion; and too, you usually like what you see.

If you're on the look out for a very sweet girl, cast your peepers over to Martha Nixon. She is very attractive and almost too full of practical jokes. However, just say "Nix," and Miss Nixon will stop. (I can see I'm headed for the old "punitive.")

Of all the neat girls (spelled with a capital N) I have ever seen, I hereby award the academy prize to Isabelle McDowell. "Not a hair out of place." When it rains, personally, my hair pours!—but with Isabelle, not so! Rain or shine, snow or sleet, under any weather conditions, Isabelle still looks like Isabelle. Three cheers for patience which is a great virtue you know.

Well, now that I've just characterized a few Freshmen for you, I'll leave it up to you to find them. Look and Listen and see if I'm not right! Your snooping sight-seer!

S. T.

ALPHA IOTA HAS MEETING

(Continued from page one)

well of Concord, president; Callie McElroy of Charlotte, vice-president and pledge captain; Helen Cochrane of Charlotte, corresponding secretary, and Anne Fuller of Buffalo Springs, Ala., treasurer; Marjorie Poole of Mullins, S. C., is the chaplain.

The meeting was dismissed by the president who gave the Alpha Iota Benediction.

After the meeting, refreshments were served by Miss Vann and Miss Hutchison.

VARIETY SHOW GIVEN HERE

(Continued from page one)

Maujer, Frances, and Elsie, who will give several original arrangements; a skit "Traunt Husbands," with Misses Elaine Suber and Mary Griffin of Charlotte; a monologue, "Mrs. Tutle Adams Speaks," Miss Anne Pease of

Bundles In Doubles

One day, nineteen years ago, a stork flying over Greensboro, N. C. found his load too heavy and dropped two "bundles from Heaven" over the same house. That day was May 28, 1920; and the two bundles were the Edwards twins, Caroline and Julia.

After living a while in Greensboro the Edwards' moved many times to a variety of towns in North Carolina; and finally, when the twins were twelve years old, they landed in Richmond. At the age of fifteen they arrived bag and baggage to Charlotte and have lived here ever since.

When asked to tell something about themselves, Caroline reminded me not to forget Bill, and Julia hastened to put in a word for Rush. They both insist that they first blossomed into womanhood when those boys came into their lives, saying that up until that time they were in the embryonic stage. I am sure no one noticed any difference in their outward appearance. The change must have been purely in the heart.

Incidentally, Julia and Caroline are the third straight generation of twins in their family. They seem rather resigned to the fact that they, too, will in all probability have their "bundles" in doubles. Due to the fact that they do not look alike many people have not believed that they were twins. Their usual answer to the doubting Thomases is, that fifty million genes and chromosomes can't be wrong. Julia says that they are fraternal, not identical twins. (How about it Dr. Abernathy?)

The sisters have four pet hates, and all of them arise out of the fact that they are twins. As you probably know, the girls call each other "sister." Well, their first pet hate is the too-smart fellow who says, "If you call each other "sister," don't you get mixed up?" Number two p. h. is the question, "Who is the older?" Then there is that person who accuses Caroline of having drunk all of Julia's milk and eaten her spinach just because she happens to weigh a little more. The fourth hate is the answer to the question, "Why don't they dress alike?" Well, here's the answer—they don't want to. After twelve years of measuring like dresses to see which was the longer (Caroline was taller) every morning before getting dressed, they became fed up on it.

When asked what they liked (outside of the afore mentioned gentlemen) Julia replied, "Chocolate" and Caroline, "red." Their favorite sport is swimming. Caroline's favorite pastime is playing the piano; Julia's is reading. In fact, Caroline says that the reason Julia does not weigh more is because every time some one wanted her she had to be pulled out from between the pages of a book.

Since Julia and Caroline have been at Queens they have been active members of their class. They have made a name for themselves for leadership, scholarship, and for being just plain "swell" girls who happened to have been born into the same family on the same day.

PRIM IN PRINTS

Two small girls are clean
 With starched, sweet dresses
 Stiff outright.
 Their perky bows of blue
 And green
 Hug close to flowered print.
 The sun,
 And restless beams lie captured,
 Warm and stilled,
 On scrubbed brown cheeks and
 Knees.

—Elizabeth Isaacs.

in 1934," Miss Mary Cathrine Martin of Richburg, S. C., and "A Woman Plays Bridge," Miss Eleanor Anne Ratcliffe of Charlotte. Charlotte; a monologue, "New York

Why

Not

Read

Each

Issue

From

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To

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