

BE CONSIDERATE

Last week the "campus voice" seemed to be "Tests, tests, and more tests." Naturally at the end of the quarter we have tests and reviews in almost every subject, and as a result, need every spare minute for studying. Therefore, to you who visit us, please be considerate when we are working.

Of course all of us love to see and talk to our friends, but there is a time and place for everything and the time for visitors is not during the study hour. Even if you yourself are not working at the time, be considerate of your roommate.

Dale Carnegie says to "win friends and influence people," put yourself in the other person's place, think of him instead of yourself. Why not follow his advice and think enough of the other fellow to let him study in peace?

Queens-Chicora girls are noted for being friendly; let them also be noted for being considerate.—A. Boarder.

THIS IS YOUR PAPER

This paper is being put out under the sponsorship of the junior class. This does not mean that members of other classes cannot contribute to the paper. The staff members are not chosen from the junior class alone and very few of the reporters are members of the junior class.

This paper is your paper. It does not belong to the junior class. How about taking more interest in it? We would love for you to come to any staff member and give suggestions for improvements, or criticisms of the way it is or is not edited.

Remember that you are a member of the student government association and you have a part ownership in this publication!—The Staff.

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Thompson Gives Views On Fashions

One week out of every year I find it my exceedingly doleful duty to give you my views on fashions — I feel that a word to the wise is sufficient and so, when I tell you of my fashion finds here on our own campus, you should "no," not follow the example of all that has gone before, but find something different, amazing, bewitching and, in this respect like all the others "idiotic looking!"

After a year in Paris, I am "honor bound" to tell you that our clothes over here are quite simple and sweet in comparison with some of the apparitions they wore over there, however, I still say that we're a little on the "twisty" side.

This year I have noticed hats and coats more so than dresses, because dresses are more or less a repetition of days past, except perhaps, for a hoisted waistline and a shorter length. Oh! yes much shorter!

About the hats, pork pies are very predominant in the hat menu this season and to be perfectly frank, I am about to get fed up with them, but everyone to her own taste. Lib Erwin has a delicious looking red one which blends in beautifully with her lovely black locks!

I must tell you about a hat I saw the other day. "The girl who wore it really had a feather in her cap" but the poor buy behind her acquired a "gleam in his eye" and believe me he had "malice toward one"—rightfully though, I think. The hat, was beautiful "Robin Hood" green and true to her predecessor she never failed in her marksmanship. She got the poor fellow in the eye every time she moved her head; and she never stopped moving! Girls, if you must have feathers let them point definitely upward and if you find that you are maliciously destroying something more than the person's pride behind you, won't you kindly pluck it?, and I'll guarantee you, you'll have a real "feather in your cap!"

Geneive has a cute little "collection plate" hat. I call it that because you can either hold it by a little strap that fits around the back of the head, or you could hold it by the rim and pass it easily. Flat topped and flattering, it's a "natural!"

Now for a jacket, of course you have a "Sloppy Joe," if you haven't don't get one, because then you'll be different. We are all beginning to resemble a bunch of tramps, and soon I am going to personally submit a new name for our fair hangout, namely: "Ye Olde Trampe Inn" so that all the "Sloppy Joes"—Jims—and Jacks can live up to their names and be slap-happy!

Hilda Harmon certainly is being different simply because the rest of us haven't the courage and the currency to follow her example. I am speaking of that cross fox jacket and I am sure you can't have missed it—many a little fox made a misstep to get into that jacket. I think Hilda found that she had acquired a way to get more than "one" glance from certain people when she donned that "gold mine!"

From the luxurious dressy to the tailored sport! As an example of the latter, I give you the sport coat of Billie Pickett. Tweed, with an outstanding reddish flake, gabardine lining and quaint knot-like buttons, it is unlike the ordinary tweed coat. An eye-catching beauty, flattering to the figure (and after all, isn't that what you're after?), and all in all a coat that would even meet with the approval of Dr. Abernathy; (a fashion critic who knows—).

I sincerely hope that these few "clothes criticisms" will do you a world of good, girls, and that when you don your outfits you will not only say to yourself (as most of you do), "Am I out-fittin' her?" but, also am I bene-fittin' every one?"

Your grateful garment gorilla, SARAH THOMPSON.

CAMPUS CHOICE

A week from tomorrow will be the nineteenth birthday of one of the cutest and most attractive juniors on the campus. She is also the roommate of one of last month's "Campus Choices," Inez Fulbright. You guessed it—this week we salute Miss Ellen Hardee.

Ellen hails from Graham, N. C., twenty miles from Chapel Hill (not in vain!) and she confesses that she has lived there all of her eventful life. While on the stand, Miss Hardee also confessed that her early secret ambition was to be an actress. (Personally, we think she could still qualify), but, alak, times have changed, and now her ambition is to ride on a fire truck.

Psychologically speaking, we might say that this desire dates from the time when Little Nell(en) set her dress on fire and didn't even know it until she was quite ablaze. This was nine years ago, but we hear there is still something burning inside. An old flame never dies, ya' know, and we hope Ellen doesn't get her ride on the fire truck to put it out.

More dope on our junior council representative reveals her pet hate is hypocritical people; her pet likes are horseback rides (but not the day after) and photographers (can you "picture" that?).

While at college Ellen has been society editor of the freshman paper of '37, a reporter of the Queens Blues her sophomore and junior years, a Carolina girl, junior representative to student council, a Carolina girl, on stunt night committees, and also those for Queens-Davidson, day, in the Riding Club, Spectator Club, a Carolina girl, and a member of Phi Mu Sorority.

We hate to say goodbye now to Ellen but if you want to learn more about "The Life and Love of Ellen Hardee" she rooms in Morrison and will be glad to see you by appointment. Here's to a grand and very popular member of our Junior Class and of the Student Body. Ellen—we salute you!

THE Y STORE MOUSE

Perhaps to say so is not nice, But the Y store has been troubled much with mice, And one day as I sat there in the cold, My hands on my history volume I did fold, When a young gray mouse came snooping into view From underneath "dope" cases not a few! He looked as though he'd really like to eat Our candy bars, or other things as sweet. His bright eyes gleamed from down there on the floor, The look of a victorious general he wore.

But when he edged away in search of conquests new He sent a brilliant thought—into my brain it flew From out of the lazy, hazy haze; I'd stop that animal, I'd end his thieving ways! (The thought of all the Y-store profits he ate up Made me as angry as a half-grown pup!)

All stealthily a little can I took, And held it ready there upon my book. I planned to aim, fling hard, and then let loose, That handy can of Bruce's grapefruit juice At Mr. Mouse. But he no more came out, So all I did was pout, and pout and pout. —Dorothy Longenecker.

RADIO PROGRAM

The regular Queens-Chicora radio programs over WSOC began Thursday, Nov. 9 at 7:15. They will continue weekly over this station from the studios in the Mecklenburg Hotel. The Thursday program featured

Quips and Quirps From FroshTwerps

The cute little co-ed, when someone asked her if and all about her new love, replied,

"Could be! Would be! Did he? Maybe—Mmm."

Wonder what she meant? Anyway, here's the joke of the week:

A keydet who had just been operated upon awoke to find the blinds in the room tightly drawn.

"Why are these shutters drawn, doctor?" he asked.

"Well," answered the Tim-Boy, "there's a fire burning across the alley, and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation had been a failure."

—Courtesy of V. M. I. "Bomb."

Isn't it a shame our friends who go to school out of town are going to miss each other's Thanksgiving vacations? Some get home the twenty-third and the others on the thirtieth, since the country is so divided over the question of when Thanksgiving should be. Maybe it has its advantages, too, though, because our S. C. girls get to go home on their Thanksgiving, and don't even have their cuts counted double. But pity the poor N. C. girls, who can't even take double cuts!

Similes:

As—bubbling as P. Niven Pinchable as Martha Irwin Big as "Little 'Em" Gwaltney Energetic as Tiny Waddill Lovely as Mimi Bradham Sane as Norma Humphries—hah, hah!

Three loves has Dr. Gettys: Mary, Jeanne and Betty.

Didn't the Davidson Homecoming brighten up the week-end a lot? What with dances, banquets, and the football game, it really kept us on the go! Some of us still have that "week after the week-end before" look!

Personality Parade: Candidate No. 2 is Justice Jones, called Dutty. She's that cute blonde who's always truckin' or station-wagonin' off to Davidson, Carolina, State, and even V. M. I., whenever the mood strikes her (and it strikes quite often, I'm told). We've heard she likes 'em young and with rosy cheeks and wavy hair. Here's her pet joke: Mrs. Roosevelt while traveling through the Tennessee mountains stopped at one of the cottages. When she walked in the door, the first thing she saw was a picture of herself on the wall.

"Do you know who that is?" she asked of the children.

"Nope," the little girl said.

"Do you know why the picture is here?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the child, "Mom says if I don't stop sucking my thumb I'll get to look like that."

Wonder who it will be next week?

Nature Series No. I THE BEE

I saw a humble bumble bee, Perching in a yucca tree. I wish that he had cared to stay, But he stung me—and flew away! —Mary Jane Hart.

Nature Series No. II ODE TO A PARAMECIUM

Ah, thou art but a minute thing— A petit particle of protoplasm. I can see thee not—yet even With the instrument. I know not thy habits, nor thy love, Nor thy second cousins, nor thy thoughts. Yet, to me thy name doth spell DOOM Thy art the essence of the Biology Room! —Mary Jane Hart.

Frances Riddle of Columbia, S. C., and Dorothy Robinson of Charlotte. Frances sang "A Lullaby of the Pyrennes Mountains," "In the Garden of Tomorrow" and Irving Berlin's recent hit tune "I Poured My (Continued on page three)

GIVE US YOUR IDEAS AND SUGGESTIONS

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CRITICISM ALWAYS HELPS

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