

THIS IS DIRECT CRITICISM TO YOU

Have you ever stopped to wonder why so many of us speak before we think; or why we give opinions on matters about which we know so little? Many uncalled for statements would not be made if we took the trouble to think before saying them.

This also applies to CRITICISM! No one minds being criticized when he or she is given the criticism directly. Everyone appreciates constructive criticism. The right type of criticizing has its place in all sorts of matters. But what good does it do to criticize anything when you are not giving the criticism directly to the people concerned?

Now, perhaps you understand how the staff of this paper feels when indirectly it gets criticism which has been given out to various and sundry people on campus. You cannot expect this paper to listen to your constructive criticisms when you do not present them to the staff members themselves!

THE QUEENS BLUES has had as its policy this year to get constructive criticism. We have promised to try to do the best we can toward making this a good college paper.

However, we do not feel that we are getting the proper co-operation from you when you give your criticisms to those who are much less interested than we.

Think of what a better school this would be if criticism were given to the proper people!

There are other organizations on the campus which are being criticized in the same manner as this paper. You are not doing a bit of good criticizing when you don't give your criticisms in an ethical way to members of these organizations.

Help us make this a good paper! Of course we want to be criticized. But, please, don't criticize this paper to everyone on campus and let us get your criticisms from an indirect source. That would make us wonder just what this paper does mean to you.

THERE IS A LOT OF WORK IN PUTTING OUT THIS PAPER! Few people realize what work goes into the making up of the paper. We suggest that you join us in a make-up session and stay up until four o'clock with us once a week!

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Poems

HOW STRANGE

How strange this unknown phantom peace—

The bleak November skies, o'er cast by clouds,

Shadow the gloomy darkness like a shroud.

The great white mists roll o'er the silent valley,

Hiding the ghastly visions scattered there.

How strange—The sky is dark but darker still

Is the black smoke which hangs above, Shot from the roaring cannon's mouth.

The mists which roll are vast and white

But thicker far is that white screen Which our short moment here to fore,

Burst from a row of bayonet gleam.

How strange—that 'neath those rolling clouds

A host of murdered men lie mangled In the muddy mire—blood red!

And, that so many hearts Which but a fleeting second gone

Leaped worn with courage in the face of fear.

Now pound no more, For how can sad vain prayers restore the dead?

How strange—the death like silence of that battle field.

How weird—the white mists drifting slow.

Why do the guns cease firing thundering clouds

Why comes this awful stillness now to haunt these few remaining souls?

They wish to die and leave their sordid memories,

But still they must live on For war is done but peace has not yet come.

The world must 'ere seek on Until the horrid night mares of the past

Lie smothered and forgotten by man's own brotherhood to man.

How long—must the nations wait until peace comes?

—Pete Monroe.

HOLIDAY

It doesn't pay to have a holiday— You come back scratched, and just half matched;

Wanting to weep, but needing sleep; Having a test, and all the rest—

It just doesn't pay to have a holiday.

—Alice Payne.

Idle Rumors From Idle Roomers

"Did you hear that . . .?" "Oh, do you know what they are going to . . .?" How often we say and hear these or similar questions in our daily conversations; but how often do we stop and think that they might be only idle rumors?

Just lately around the campus we have been hearing varied versions of stories which have been proved to be false. Innocently, many of us repeat these tales; yet, thereby, we spread false rumors which often cause needless hurt.

Therefore let us as individuals in a student body take it upon ourselves to see that what we say is true; see that it has been verified authoritatively before we repeat it. Then, let us see whether it is really worth repeating. "Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Student Opinion

Subject—"What do you think should be done to beautify and improve Queens-Chicora campus?"

HENRIETTA McIVER: I should like to see the campus better lighted at night and I should like to see the students show interest in keeping the campus clean. We are all too old to expect a nurse maid to follow around and pick up the trash we throw down. I think our school would be a more attractive place if we kept it as neatly as Mrs. Mercer asks us to.

PETE MUNROE: I think the campus of Queens-Chicora can first of all be improved by growing ivy over all the buildings. Planting grass would help and also having some center of interest on the campus such as a little nook with a sundial, or bird's bath in the middle of an open space, surrounded by shrubs.

IDA MAE WALKUP: I think Queens campus could be greatly improved by planting shrubs around the dormitories. Also, a touch of stateliness could be given to our buildings by having ivy growing on them. And don't you think that a few stone seats and a little winter grass would look well with our new rose garden?

RACHEL WEST: Don't you think our campus has outgrown its carpet of grass? I advocate more rich greenness! Bird baths would make our campus a more pleasant place.

ANNIE CARR POWERS: We have all been rejoicing this year over the many improvements that have been made about our campus and we hope that in future time further improvements can be made, such as lighting up the "Queens-Chicora" sign on front campus, planting more shrubbery around the dormitories and getting in the habit of walking on the side walks so grass can grow.

Next week another subject will be similarly discussed in this student opinion forum column. The subject for today's column was suggested by a staff member. Elizabeth Brammer has charge of contacting students for the column. If you have some particular subject which you would like to have discussed suggest it to her. This column is to express your views, so get the full benefit of it.

ALPHA KAPPA GAMMA HAS TAPPING SERVICES

(Continued from page one) department of the college. She is chairman of the music committee of the Student Christian Association and president of the Choral Club. Alice is a member of the junior class and is in the Choral Club. She is vice-president of the Student Christian Association.

The tapping was done by active members of the circle and Miss Grace Robinson, faculty member. The active members are Virginia Smith of Charlotte, Anne Fuller of Buffalo, Ala., Lucielle Gwaltney of Charlotte, Georgie Hurt of Charlotte, and Ermine Waddill of Charlotte.

The staff of THE BLUES announces prizes to be given to the members of the staff.

This week passes were won by Anne Bracken, for the best essay written about Thanksgiving, and Betty Love, for the first single ad brought in.

These passes will admit them to see Nurse Edith Cavell, playing currently at the Imperial Theatre.

Two-Fold Returns of Thanksgiving Day

At this time of the year it is quite fitting that our thoughts turn to Thanksgiving—its origin, meaning, and, most of all this year, its date.

The festival owes its origin to the Pilgrims, who, under the leadership of Governor Bradford, set aside a day in which to thank God for an abundant harvest. The day has been observed ever since, and in New England it long ranked as the great annual festival.

In our day the purpose of Thanksgiving is fundamentally the same. Within recent years, however, it has not meant much more than the anticipation of a football game and good things to eat. Most of the churches conduct special services on Thanksgiving Day.

A Thanksgiving Day on other than the last Thursday in November is hardly conceivable. Only since President Lincoln has it been a November fixture. Strange as it may seem the Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay Colony observed February the twenty-second. It was also observed in February by the New York colony. During the Revolution, Continental Congress set aside Thanksgiving Days in April, May, July, and December. The first Thanksgiving Day set by George Washington was December the eighteenth. Now, our president, Franklin D. Roosevelt, has added another date to the collection breaking a tradition of long standing.

This change in the date of Thanksgiving has caused no small amount of confusion in the minds of Americans. The man who prompted President Roosevelt to proclaim a Thanksgiving Day that is one week earlier than usual this year was a business man, a staunch Republican, Lewis Hahn, general manager of the National Retail Dry Goods Association. It happened because Mr. Hahn wrote Harry Hopkins, Secretary of Commerce, in behalf of more than five thousand retail dealers, expressing his reasons for changing the date of Thanksgiving. "To have this pre-Christmas shopping reduced to virtually three weeks will work a tremendous hardship upon the great body of store employees as well as upon retail and manufacturing enterprises," said Mr. Hahn. A few days after this problem was presented to President Roosevelt, he announced his intention to move Thanksgiving ahead one week.

As a result of the Hahn-inspired proclamation made by the President and adhered to by their governors, twenty-six states are observing a November the twenty-third Thanksgiving; the remaining twenty-two states are celebrating the customary date.

A prominent local newspaperman in a recent editorial stated that this change indicates that the "acquiring spirit has in this case dominated the thanksgiving worshipful spirit for which above all things else the day was intended."

ANNE BRACKEN.

Reminiscences of The Public Library

A tiny, old lady walked slowly up the steps of the Public Library. In her frail hand she carried a copy of Somerset Maughn's "Of Human Bondage." Her thin white hair was tucked into a small neat knot at the nape of her neck. Her mouth was soft with a touch of "prunes and Prisms" primness, and her eyes shone with excitement. Laying her book on the desk, she walked back among the bookshelves. She returned about fifteen minutes later with a copy of Hawthorne's "Mosses of Old Manse." From her old-fashioned black bag she drew a card and with a shy, happy smile checked her new book out.

A worried-looking young matron dashed up the steps with tapping heels. Her brows were knit as she thought of some household problem. Laying two books on the desk, she hurried back among the shelves. When she returned about five minutes later, her face had lost its tenseness; and a look of relaxation had come over her. She was carrying two books. One was Anne Bridge's "Illyrian Spring" and the other, one of Kathleen Norris' novels. When she handed her card to the librarian, she seemed to be humming a tune to herself.

A self-confident high-school student strolled nonchalantly in. She carried a volume of Shakespearean plays. Dropping her book on the desk, she walked back among the shelves. She returned a few minutes later with a list of books. She spoke a few words to the librarian, who accompanied her back to the bookshelves. The librarian returned after a moment or two, and later the student emerged. She carried a copy of George Elliott's "Mill on the Floss," and her face was alight with a youthful love of living.

But today the doors of the library are closed, and no one enters seeking the pleasures of reading. There is no timid, old lady coming in to find a story which brings back her memories. There is no busy little housewife seeking relaxation in the realm of make-believe. There is no naive student learning to love good literature. These and all the others are gone. The library doors are closed. The books are there gathering dust, and over the wide, usually welcoming doors is a sign which says: "Closed."