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TAKE A SELF INVENTORY

Several days ago the students were privileged to hear a talk and discussion on "Campus Etiquette" by Mrs. Hunter B. Blakely. Those of us who were there learned that the fundamental rule of etiquette is "Don't do anything that would hurt anybody else."

Had you ever thought of that—"Don't do anything that would hurt anybody else." All other rules of manners or etiquette come from this one, so if we keep this one, we are automatically keeping all the others.

Now, the question is what are some of the things we can do to keep this fundamental rule of etiquette. Don't you think slamming doors and making noise in the dormitories during study period, saying little cutting things about school-mates, borrowing and never returning, not speaking to associates courteously this includes colored help, and not being considerate of other people's wishes—all of these common faults—could be remedied easily? We could close the door quietly and not yell in the halls; look for the good, not the bad, in friends and concentrate on the good; not borrow except when absolutely necessary and be sure to return what is borrowed promptly; say "hello" with a smile when passing people in the halls; think of what the other girl wants and give in occasionally to her wishes.

Let's try this sometimes! We really will find life more pleasant!

ANNE PEYTON.

ONE WEEK DIARY OF A QUEENS GIRL

Monday:

Dear Diary,

It's a navy blue world; has literally rained "nigger babies" all day long. Everything moved backward today. I didn't hear the bell (too much week-end) so missed my breakfast; (am absolutely worthless without my coffee!) Was late for class trying to get my laundry out—cut my second period class to catch a little "Shut-eye" and ran into the "prof" immediately afterward—went to the "Y" store to get a cake to brace me up, and found it closed and the key lost—Went to the post office at lunch time and found a library slip, and only that, for a book that I took out and never open the whole week-end; and, incidentally forgot to take back—I broke my shoe-string on my way to lunch and while fixing it, the door closed on the five-minute mark (I got there the sixth!) Went to town and lost a perfectly good pair of pigskin gloves (farewell to three smackers). Got through dinner and council okay, but sprained my ankle, jittering down at the Day Student building so gave up in despair, and am pouring forth to you! (five more days til Saturday again.)

Tuesday:

Fair weather, thank goodness! I feel like a new girl. Chapel was delightful, but Bismarck again made known his presence by doing a spring dance in front of the footlights. Had a long talk with Winnie Shealy, (she's the best entertainment I know). Took off to the Visulite to see "The Plough and The Stars"—think it shoulda' been turned under long ago! Washed my hair after dinner, and just realize that I haven't a curl left! Incidentally and accidentally, I studied from nine 'til ten—and intended keeping it up, but someone yelled "Hot dogs"—and the temptation was too great!

Wednesday:

"I am disgustipated!" No mail this week! Nothing but library slips and "points" have graced my box. It's coming to a pretty pass, when your own flesh and blood disown you. And another thing—(in fact the all important thing)—I'm broke, and all my pleas for currency seem to be futile. Had a pop test in chemistry this A. M., and it really opened my eyes to a few evident facts. First—I am dumb (due partly to heridity; partly to environment, but mostly to "will"); second—Chemistry has depths and I haven't the courage to fathom them; third—worry gets no one anywhere, but a bit of study will. Ah, me, life is just a bowl of cactus! Played checkers this afternoon and it was fun. Studied from five 'til five forty-five, and dashed to dinner. Entered several bull sessions tonight, received and gave much constructive criticism, so feel that my day has not been in vain!

Thursday:

Had only two classes today, sick professor. Here's hoping for a speedy(?) recovery. Took a jaunt to the grill (my joints felt stiff after two consecutive hours of the daily grind) and while there decided that "The Gaucho Serenade" is the niftiest little number yet.

Went up to the Biology Lab to see if the frogs were still kicking. They were, and so was Miss Nooe. She reminded me of the Lab I forgot to attend on Tuesday (I remember now, I thought Tuesday was an unusually easy one). Stupid of me, but I suppose everyone makes mistakes. Confucius say—I've forgotten it but am sure it would fit nicely here. Remind me to remember it sometime.

Friday:

Why, oh why, can't I be like other normal girls? I ask you, why? I did the clumsiest thing today, sat for one whole hour in a mental Hygiene class and thought it was Ordinary Hygiene. (Got my days mixed). I conclude that I am a case for a Mental Hygiene clinic. There is, undoubtedly, a deficiency somewhere, but I do have a lot on my mind. I can't decide whether to wear the blue dress with pink accessories, or the black with red, and I don't know whether to wear my hair page boy or not because so many people like it kinked around my face, but I'll probably let the weather decide. Oh, I do have so much to do before tomorrow!

Saturday:

Rain, I believe it just saves up for the week-end. Had a grand day though, if the rain did get in my hair! (Page boy on account of dampness, by the way.) Saw "Hang Without Mercy" this afternoon and almost collapsed. It was a double feature for fifteen cents and absolutely too grand a bargain to miss! (I got seven and a half cents worth.) After the "hanging affair" I didn't have the heart to spoil the effect by seeing "The Cowgirl and the Gent," a routin', shootin' western!

As for tonight, in rainy weather there is no place like a Burwell parlor, and the crowds really swarmed. "Riffin' at the Ritz" is such a quaint record; but its got the rhythm of 1940 therefore rates first on the hit parade among the inhabitants of dear old Burwell.

Sunday:

I am not a heathen. Somehow I was in the mood for a sermon this morning so I went to church, and it was grand. Spent the afternoon in quiet (?) meditation almost, and resolved to do things more systematically beginning tomorrow.

Whew—w—that reminds me! Tomorrow is Monday, and six more days until today again!

Your,

CHILD OF WOE.

Book Review

NO MORE GAS

By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, New York: The Literary Guild of America, Inc., 1939, 190.

(Review by Ruth Kilgo)

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall are familiar writers of fiction. They have produced many novels laid in Tahiti. Some of these include: "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Men Against the Sea," "The Dark River," and "The Hurricane."

"No More Gas" is a novel about a large and happy-go-lucky family of fisherman named Tuttle. The family suffers many financial ups and downs caused by wind, lack of gas, and luck both good and bad. They lose a cockfight on which all of their possessions are staked. Then through sheer luck they become rich overnight when they discover and claim a derelict; however the money soon passes through their hands. Just as the elder Tuttles are bidding the family homestead farewell, their luck again changes; and the house and other possessions are restored.

Although the course of this narrative is completely ordinary with alternating good and bad fortune, the characters of the story hold the reader's interest. Mama Ruau is an old woman who loves the Viapopo farm with its decaying twelve-room house and numerous outbuildings. Jonas Tuttle and his four sons are lazy and fun-loving. Dr. Blondin is a sympathetic, unbusinesslike physician who willingly lends money to the shiftless Tuttles. Emily Taio is the head of the Tuttles' comparatively well-to-do rivals in fishing and sport. All these and other characters are portrayed very vividly; their personalities are realistic and typical.

The story is laid in Tahiti where the Tuttle family, originally from New England, has settled and inter-married with the natives. The neighbors are fun-loving and always attend the feasts which the Tuttles give on the least provocation. When the Tuttle family has visitors, neighbors from miles around come to enjoy days of drinking, eating, singing, and dancing. The spirit of the whole island of Tahiti seems to be care-free enjoyment of today's fortunes and procrastinating disregard for tomorrow's worries.

Nordhoff and Hall have a very readable narrative style. Their characterization are vivid, and their description are colorful. They understand the life and philosophy of the Tahitians because they live there among them. They created Paki, a money-wise husband of one of the Tuttles, to serve as a contrast to the rest of the family. Jonas' intense hatred for shoes is typical, and the musical genius of the family is amazing.

Although "No More Gas" is not Nordhoff and Hall's best work, it is thoroughly readable and interesting. The plot is moving and does not allow for a lapse in the reader's attention.

ON WRITING A THEME

A chewed-up pencil
 A waste-basket full
 Of previous failures,
 A brain that's dull.

A stared-at wall
 It mutely cries,
 "Please turn your head
 Or close your eyes!"

A hopeless sigh,
 Fingers that strum,
 Oh, for an idea . . .
 At last, it has come.

—Ruth Kilgo.

Amateur Golf In Colleges

By CHARLES EVANS, JR.

There is no more fitting time to write on this subject than when the National Intercollegiate Athletic Association is in charge of college golf.

In America just before the rubber-cored ball came in, about 1900, golf for spectators was played for the most part by middle-aged amateurs.

It was the curiosity of our young boys rather than the skill of the players that started our galleries afield. The pros enjoyed the qualified interest of strangers brought over from England and Scotland to serve the game. They were superior players, of course, but that was their business.

The Americans began to learn the game with true American enthusiasm, and amateur names began to get in the papers. Golf was gaining great ground by 1910. New names were springing up and becoming household words. They were amateur names, but the pros were increasing in numbers.

American boys who had carried clubs to earn pocket money now played in American events. They had learned to play a good game before they stopped caddying at 16. The limit now is 18. American families did not care if their sons caddied; it tended to keep them out of mischief and to learn golf. But they objected to their sons making golf a business. They felt that business was a sterner thing than that.

I remember it was generally conceded that the pro could beat the amateur, so we didn't enter his events; or was it social caste or the lack of public acclaim? At any rate, we did not go into them. The crowds did not want to watch pros anyway; wherever we went, they wanted to see us.

Then there were exhibition matches. Do you think the public wanted pros for them? They wanted amateurs. Because we could not fill all the requests; some amateurs being rather careless too; I, who had the most to say, put some pros, by most strenuous effort, into these matches. Old-time pros know that this was the beginning of the eclipse of the amateur.

But the eclipse was hardly visible until well into the late Nineteen Twenties. Some colorful pros caught the fancy of the crowds. The public began to look on with an understanding eye. They were getting tired of the old names anyway, but still we were drawing the crowds at the championships; the pioneer work had been done, and the pros were now available to make the money.

The eclipse would have happened sooner but for Bobby Jones. It looked as if the sun would still shine on the amateurs. but he and too many others turned professional.

The law of averages has worked again, for it has of necessity left the only true amateur spirit in college gold. The college amateurs have the opportunity to regain the crowds, the frequent headlines. They must follow it in a more simple way and spirit; it will cost them less, and they will not play continually with the thought of money-making.

The eclipse is over in spite of Bud Ward's great showing at Philadelphia last year; the victory was completed by the feeling that any prominent amateur now, except the college one, will joni the pro revolution. It is a rout.

The hopes of the amateurs lie with the college golfers. May their administration be a credit to the amateur game we love. They do not want the public to pay for what they have done, and the public and the radio and the newspapers should not encourage them to do so.