

# Thanksgiving

## Has A Definite Meaning Do You Catch It?

Thanksgiving. What does it mean to you? Is it just a brief respite from the never-ending cycle of every day life and all the classes, meetings, tests, and term papers? Or do you see the youth in other countries who are not allowed the privilege of working to improve their mind, but are rather forced to work for the destruction of all that is dear to us. Is your Thanksgiving simply the day of a big dinner, a big game, and a big time? Or do you also think of those who have hardly a small dinner, and whose only game is that of hiding from death from the sky? Are you feeling sorry for yourself because you can't go home for the day? Just imagine how you would feel if you had no home to which you could go.

Yes, no doubt Thanksgiving is a breathing spell, but as you change to a holiday schedule, take a glance around you. Certainly with school, home, loved ones, and peace in which to rejoice, Thanksgiving can not be meaningless to us.

# Support

## Our Advertisers. They Support Our Paper

Perhaps you have noticed that the last two pages of THE BLUES carry those everyday space fillers generally known as advertisements? But you have one more guess coming, for it isn't the paper that carries the ads, but the ads that carry the paper. If the paper is to live, it is absolutely necessary that we support it by patronizing the stores who advertise in it. We assure you that you may rely on all the firms whose advertisements we carry. We hope that we may rely on you to back us up.

When you have something to buy, go to a store represented in your paper. Let them know you are from Queens. Have your package sent out. By all means, PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

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# You Mirror

## Your College. Make The Reflection Clear

"What are you to your school? What are your personal aims as far as your school is concerned? Are you willing to make sacrifices in order that you may achieve these aims?" These questions were put to a representative group of college students recently. The speaker was addressing a group especially concerned with collegiate publications. He was explaining the place of the school paper in the work of the school. The student newspaper is the only way some people have to know about the activities and interests on the campus. It should be the earnest endeavor, therefore, of every member of the student body to see that their publication represents their school in the best, most accurate manner.

Likewise, you, as members of the student body of Queens, are walking advertisements either for or against your alma mater. People judge your college by you. What do they see? Are you willing to put out extra energy so that the picture which they get of your college will be a true, exact image? Won't you do your part in building a better-than-ever Queens by being the best possible representative of your school?

# Chapel Speakers

## Deserve Our Quiet, Courteous Attention

"Put Yourself In His Place" is the title of a well-known novel; and if we would do just this, we would acquire a more receptive attitude toward the speakers on our chapel programs. If you were the speaker, what would you expect of your audience—a cold indifference, a cynical smile or a sympathetic hearing?

To be attentive is a gracious gesture and becomes a college student who combines politeness with kindness.

Our guest speakers are carefully selected and invited to bring us timely and interesting phases of the world's affairs. In your homes you are charming young hostesses; so in your college and in your chapel this same courtesy should be shown to your guests.

# ★ On The Other Side Of The Fence ★

## Let Us Help You-All Hear All And See All

### Come Through The Keyhole With Us!

Have you noticed?

The gradual decline of the mighty saddle shoe? . . . the increasing popularity of "Aunt Jemima" bannanas, especially during rainy weather? . . . the contempt with which rubbers and galoshes are held by this younger generation? . . . how chapel programs are getting better and better? . . . the ever-busy knitting needles of Clarina Bevis and Margaret Brown? (Two young men ought to be nice and warm after Christmas) . . . the popularity of the piano in Burwell? . . . the delightful similarity of Cora and Lucille Wayland? . . . Ann Mauldin's "perfume bottle" bracelet from Pinky? . . . how Louise Blue wrinkles her nose when she laughs? . . . that Lucille Blackburn, in spite of the ravages of time, continues to look very much like Deanna Durbin? . . . the V. P. I. pins on Ollie Meadows' red blouse? . . . that adorable grin of Margaret Hawkins? . . . Mildred Cook and English tweeds? Veddy, veddy becoming . . . the diamond which Annette Hicks is wearing? (It means September and Alabama) . . . the slightly crooked and worn path leading from ye olde Queens College direct-

ly to the corner mail box? Did you know that: Gloria Coppala talks around a high F? Mighty melodious, Cobby . . . There is a certain notorious number of days left for shopping this side of Christmas, and they will be gone before you have a chance to find out how many there were in the first place? . . . the Roosevelt-Willkie election is over? . . . the silk ban, recently pledged by our school, has certainly aroused local interest? . . . Incidentally, it looks like the honor system is more potent than was expected? It has been accepted whole-heartedly.

You really ought to: See the luscious pink walls of the Day Student Building . . . hear Idrienne Levy's "Blue Danube" laugh. (What she couldn't do with some piano accompaniment!) . . . get your sample of Manicare, so generously sent to the school by the Alcock Mfg. Co. (It's free, too!) . . . write your letter to the President!!!

## Queens Lookout

I resented her the moment I saw her in my retreat. I was not sure who she was. A stranger perhaps. Her nut-brown hair, windblown, partly covered her face. She was standing alone, looking down at something. Or maybe she was bowing her head while looking up at God. I stumbled upon her because I was getting nowhere fast with my Thanksgiving meditation. My mind was so preoccupied that I saw her just before she turned her startled gaze upon me. I almost backed away from those clear, penetrating, questioning eyes which said, "Why this intrusion?". I was fascinated by the healthy glow of her cheeks, so I began to apologize for the interruption.

"I come to this place when I need to get things clearly thought through. I was trying to get a Thanksgiving message from a story. I wanted it to be fresh and alive. I thought perhaps if I came here—"

I stopped at the change which came over her face. The question

as yet unasked changed to a look of complete sympathy. A smile of understanding lighted up her face. She began to explain:  
 "I came here because I had been coming here often during the last few weeks. I came today for just one thing—to express my gratitude. You see, I had a long illness, and the doctors gave me up. Even then I was thankful to be alive. After a long struggle I got better, and now with good care I can keep my health. I am thankful to be alive and well, and I am thankful most of all because I am going to a new

job tomorrow. I am thankful to find a place of service in my world."  
 "Stop! You have done it. I see it perfectly now. In the story I read a man had an incurable disease. He followed the advice of a great physician and was made well. He went home thankful that he could find a place in his new world. And if you want to read the story, you'll find it in Luke 17:11-19. Many thanks for helping me to see what I was looking for."  
 And I hurried back to my study with a new idea, leaving the stranger to her thanksgiving.

## Campus Choice

Looky, looky, here comes Cookie, or maybe more formally known as Harriette Cooper Scoggin.

She first took a peep at this ole world June 5, 1921, in Conway, South Carolina, where she has lived ever since.

Cookie rightly deserves to be called a queen of Queens—not only for her beauty, but also for her leadership. She is now president of the junior class and a Queens scholar. Last year she was stunt night chairman, and rat day chairman. Harriette is also a valuable member of Alpha Kappa Gamma, Kappa Delta Sorority, I. R. C., and the Honor Council.

It's a two-to-one bet that if one talks to her for very long, the conversation will include The Citadel or Myrtle Beach—or more than likely both. But when questioned about

"Tab," so that this article would be complete, she really blushed, an unusual response for her. (And for you who by some chance or other don't know of "Tab," well, he is Cookie's One and Only!) She spends her summers at Spivey's Beach—more fun, you know it! Maybe that answers your question as how she got such a beautiful tan.

Cookie's likes are numerous—especially lettuce and celery, in the way of food. This would definitely not be complete without adding that Jane is tops with the Junior President. Also, to make her happy, give her Glen Miller with his good swing music. Just deliver her from insincere people, and stockings—oh, and then she does hate to get up in the mornings.

Luck to you, Cookie.

## For Thanksgiving

1. Partakest thou sparingly of but a sufficient quantity of victuals.
  2. Be thankful that thou hast the victuals to partake sparingly thereof.
  3. Eatest thou not in a gorging manner.
  4. If thou dost eateth in a gorging manner, be thankful that thou hast gorgingly to eat thereof.
- (Translation from the King's English to Queens' English: Be thankful. Don't eat too much.  
 HAPPY THANKSGIVING!!!