

Chapter Chatter

Alpha Gamma Delta

Our sorority inspector, Helen Moore McArthur, arrived here Sunday and stayed until Wednesday. Since she has visited Alpha Gam chapters all over the United States and in South America she was well informed and quite able to advise us and give us many helpful suggestions. Joanne and Mary Katherine were especially glad to see Helen because they met her at the convention in Canada this summer. It certainly is nicer when some of your members know the inspector.

Monday afternoon the Alpha Gams gave a tea for Helen. The president of the sororities on campus, Florence Robinson, president of Pan-Hellenic Council, and members of the faculty were invited. Open face cheese sandwiches, cookies, and Russian tea were served for refreshments.

Joanne and Mary Katherine have big plans for next weekend. They are going to visit our chapter over in Chapel Hill. We hope to arrange it so that our chapter can meet with the chapter from Chapel Hill either here or in Chapel Hill for our International Reunion Day.

Alpha Eta Sigma

The weather may have been chilly outside, but inside the Hut was simply aglow with fun and enthusiasm during our tea to welcome Miss Strickland as our

sponsor. In the short meeting which preceded the tea, Hazel Ann discussed the facts about our new policy and plan after plan was proposed for making Alpha Eta Sigma more effective in its role on campus. The ideas under the heading "For Our Own Fun" came thick and fast and before long we hope the whole campus will be buzzing with these activities.

Alpha Delta Pi

We know that you are wondering about a certain glow on the faces of the Alpha Delta Pi's. We are so proud of our new initiates, Anne ("Beat-Up") Beatty, Mary Blanche ("Butch") Corry, Josephine ("Jo") Loftis, and Mary Jean Martin, that we can't keep from showing it. They were initiated Saturday, October 4. Congratulations, girls!

It seemed like old times to have alums Lucy Pate, and Jane and Betty Carter here for initiation.

Miss Linville, we are happy to say, has consented to be our sponsor this year. We know that under her guidance we will make much progress.

Big plans are under way for a party with the Pi Kappa Phi's of Davidson in the "not-too-distant" future. Marilyn Biggers and Frances Scarlett are in charge of preparations so we are all looking forward to a grand party.

The Queens Back Look

By LAURA STROPE

1925. "An Essay on Pants."

"There have been many mistakes made about pants; such mistakes are called breeches of promise. Pants are like molasses, thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold weather. There has been much discussion as to whether pants is singular or plural. When a man wears pants it is plural. When a woman wears pants it is singular. If you want to make your pants last, make your coat first."

1926. Lucielle Shops, Inc.

"College Coats daringly different. \$19.50-\$95."

1925. "Almost every day from 5:30 in the morning until 5:30 in the afternoon, the tennis courts are occupied by girls taking their daily exercise."

"And now that I'm a Q. C.

girl
Why then I want no more;
For I've got all that's coming to me

And a little bit, and a little bit,
And a little bit more."

"Seven of the eleven fraternities of D. C. entertained with house parties during the week-end of the 10th." What's thees?

1925.
"Who's your favorite football player?"

"Lon Chaney."
"He doesn't play football."

"Oh, yes, he does. He plays hunchback for Notre Dame."

1925.
"We are not here to dream, to drift.

We have hard work to do, and loads to lift." Oh, my back!
"There was a little bee
Sat on a little tree
And then he sat on me.
O. G."

1925. "The Davidson quartet rendered several selections — among the best number was 'Knee Deep in Daisies.'"

He: "Are your cheerleaders keen observers?"

She: "I should say! They can look into a crowd of a thousand

girls and pick out the good supporters."

1926. "The sensation created in eastern collegiate circles when a smoking room was set aside in each dormitory at Bryn Mawr will have no counterpoint in southern institutions for women . . ."

1926. "Does true love come more than once? Queens faculty seems to think so — one teacher admits being in love fifty-six times, while another confessed fifty!"

Lovelorn Column:

Dear Miss Fairfax:

My sweetheart was formerly very devoted to me, but now he's madly infatuated with a blonde who sells tickets at the picture show. (1) How can I regain his love? (2) Do you think blonding my hair would help? (3) If so, please give me a receipt for this. Rena Harrill."

Ivey's—1926

"Cobwebby underthings — Teddies and gowns of the most delicious colors."

1926:

"Ten-thirty to bed

And early to rise

Makes one sleepy

"On Saturday, October first, the Broadway theater extended an invitation to the Queens Student Body to see "Laddie." Two special street cars came to get the girls. They went in a body, without chaperones."

"On Saturday at 8:00 P. M., the students of Queens, adequately chaperoned, will go on an excursion to Mt. Mourne . . . Their train will arrive at Mt. Mourne at exactly midnight, where special guides will show the young people over the city!!! . . . Hot dogs with onions will be served by the Hash Slingers Club of the

city, after which the mayor of the town will drink to the health of midnight parties . . . The excursion will return to Charlotte at dawn . . ."

"We wish to congratulate those six seniors who have so lived during the past three years that they are now considered capable of having others' lives entrusted to them. The chaperon's life is a "great" one. May you not weaken."

1927. "Davidson Boys to Elect May King'."

"Droopy Hudgins, a modest inmate of third floor east, intends to put men on an equal footing with women should he win . . . The winner will reign over Junior Week." Really, fellers!

1927. "The opening number of May Day will be a snow storm given by a group of young girls who will drive away winter's weariness and cold . . ." Sounds good.

"The second group of dancers who bring in Spring will trip in on a light fantastic toe . . ." Fantastic anyway.

1927. "Men's colleges are becoming a sort of salesman's paradise—a woman's college is the only place where one can get a gentleman's education."

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Senior Shadows

Although she calls herself a Southerner, I call Washington Yankee land! But yankee or rebel, Nancy Gordon is indeed "girl about campus."

Her high school years were spent mostly at West Point and Annapolis I am told. And when she hit Queens in '44 Davidson being the nearest institute for males, Nancy was found at all the functions—and has been all her other years at school.

Seeing her on campus we recognize her first by her friendliness. Nancy has a smile and cheery word for everyone which makes her popularity widespread.

Her junior year Nancy was tapped by Alpha Kappa Gamma and elected president for the following year.

Majoring in sociology, she has asked all of us up to Alaska where she says she is going right after her college career is finished. Nancy is going to demand better housing and shorter working hours for the Eskimos—and herself.

As president of North Dormitory we all give her a hearty word of praise. There's never a dull moment with Gordon running things!

Her friends are many—among teachers and students—it's a pity she's a senior—what'll we do without her next year?

A Frost Fantasy

EDWINA McDILL

October twilight is stealing over the year, and each feathery breeze brushed by to retouch the childhood fairyland that still lives in our memory.

Do you remember the fairy stories that you used to hear just before you snuggled under the covers? Do you remember the tale about Jack Frost who scampered around when the autumn winds grew cool carrying a plate dotted with vivid paints and as many brushes to match?

He was a quaint little elf with pointed eye-brows and a beard of ice; his nose was just as red as Jack Frost's nose ought to be. A quick sort of person who darted about with his golds and reds constantly in use leaving behind him a glory of color in one night's time. He's a fellow that you shouldn't forget.

You remember. You used to sit by the window watching for him, hoping he would come soon and paint a frosty picture on your windowpane. It was so

warm and snug inside, and you waited for him there. Remember?

You never did honest-to-goodness see him, but you felt him pinch your nose until it turned as red as his and you did see the trees that his oils had touched so he was as real as if you had played marbles together.

Besides it was much more fun to play-like because with him invisible he was just what you imagined him to be with his painted, brown cap and green breeches. Yes, it was much nicer that way.

But now you are a young lady, or man, as the case may be, and you have achieved stark reality with your educated mind. Why call nature the doings of a little old elf named Jack Frost? You have studied botany, biology, and all those other "big-ologies." You know the facts so Jack Frost must live only for the imagination of children.

Or does he? Huh?

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