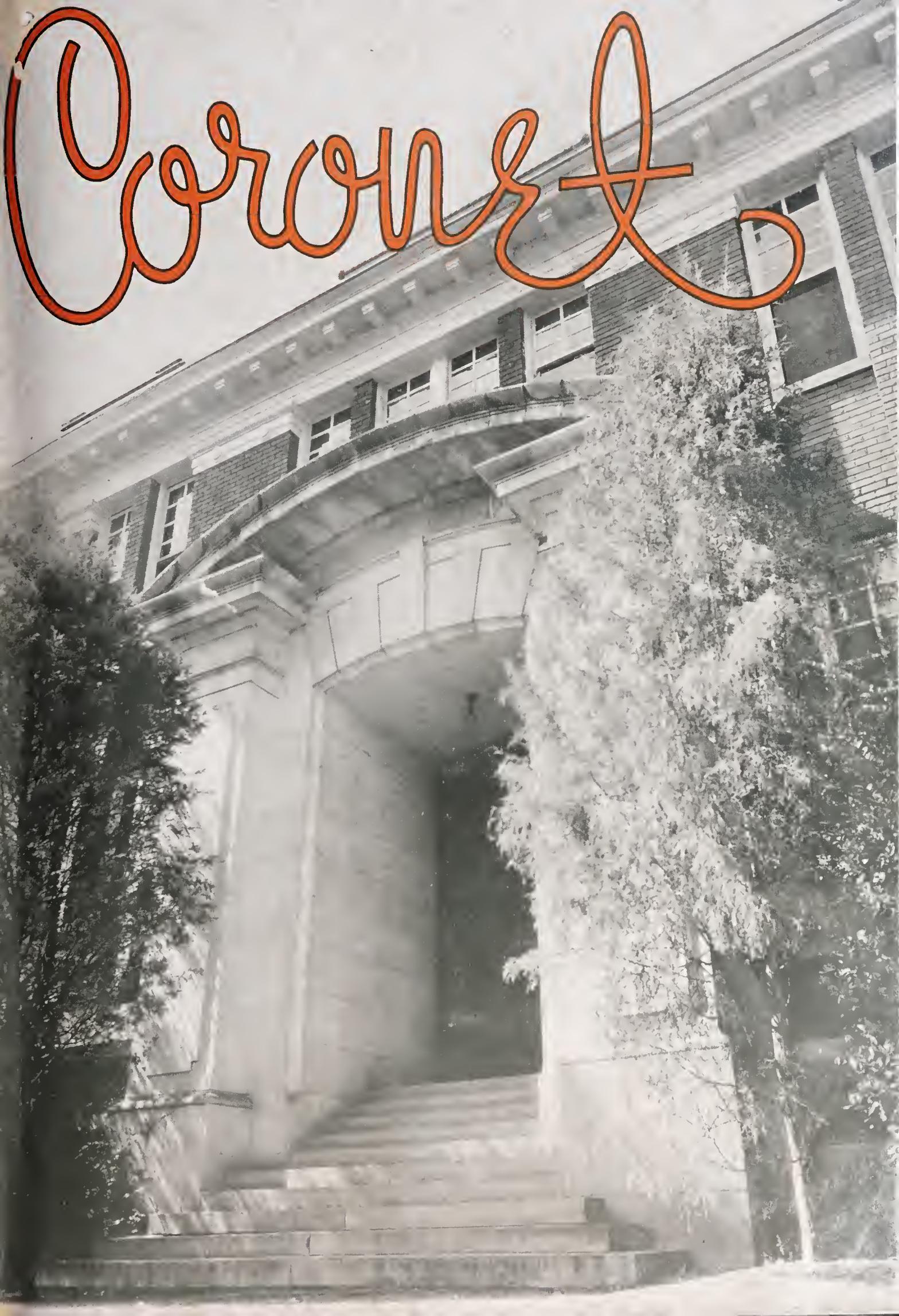


1936

Coronet★



Coronet





C O P Y R I G H T

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE

MAY LEBBY SMITH - - - - - *Editor*

MARGARET TRUE - - - *Business Manager*

THE CORONET

P*ublished by the SENIOR CLASS*
of QUEENS-CHICORA COLLEGE
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

Volume II

Number 1



WE RECOGNIZE



LONE SMITH.

because—well, if we said “just because”, no one would offer any argument. Lone is a girl who deserves praise, because she works her mind like a dray horse on a project and then backs off when resolutions of thanks are being passed. We’re pointing her out because she is afire with ideas, because her disposition is even, because she sketches artistically, because she does what she promises.

As a “rat” she performed the miracle of appearing as a chinese dragon—her first step of individuality in the horde of freshmen. From then on it was a steady climb to the position of leader of leaders—president of Alpha Kappa Gamma. She never appears in public as a leader, she never advances herself to her rightful place, and we think it’s all wrong. The *Coronet* is pushing her up on the pedestal—now you keep her there.



ELSIE SETZER

for her value to our college and for her “cleaned, brushed and straightened” personality. Her frankness and naturalness are evident in her clear voice, the easy swing in her walk, the expression of her face.

She’s a clever girl, and by working with Mrs. Lyon, has succeeded in landing the debating team in a southern debating society. And that constitutes the neatest piece of work we’ve seen to date. To the outsider, she has waved a little wand and changed a pumpkin into a coach, but to one who knows, she has pulled up, inch by inch, a semblance of a team, composed of earnest debaters, but stifled by a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the campus for debates, to such a live-wire organization that it has received an invitation to become a part of the “Strawberry Leaf”.

You probably didn’t know all of this. Elsie doesn’t talk about herself.



MARGARET LAND.

not as the most outstanding girl in the freshman class, but as a person of unusual talents and responsiveness. She is gifted dramatically, musically, and physically, and is most gracious in performing on any program with the poise and grace of an artist.

Although a “special” at Queens last year, she seems to be making a very good rat now and is applying her energy and originality to the freshman class. And after all this technical explanation for recognizing her, we still have the desire, juvenile, perhaps, to run around in circles about her glowing smile, her distinct voice, her warm slow manner.

Can she take it? This praise has not been strewn over her carelessly, but with the realization that she could drown her standing on the campus in it. Margaret Land won’t though; we believe that after four years of this mush, she’ll still be RECOGNIZABLE.

The CORONET will recognize a trio of students in each issue who have shown outstanding loyalty to Queens-Chicora.



FACULTY

DR. WILLIAM HENRY FRAZER is a president in every sense of the word. He is the head of the college, the helper of each student, the lover of knowledge. Rightfully, at all times he is the commander of the situation and a just law maker.

Queens-Chicora College owes to him her standing, in collegiate circles today, her growth of curriculum, her fine type of students. In giving his institution these advantages, he has taken no glory for himself; instead, he has wanted in return only a peculiar joy and pride in watching his college develop into a home, equipped with knowledge and companionship, and under the guidance of God and His teachings.

Aside from his contributions, he himself is an interesting personality and an asset to his college. Have you heard his famous negro stories, or his uncanny imitation of dialects? He delights in the droll situation and the comic, and is an extremely popular speaker.

And when he calls you "sister", you'll find, implied in that one word, his love of his work, his interest in his students, his kindly fellowship, his religious teachings, and his genial humor.



DEAN EDWARDS

She is the sweetest person imaginable. Students never find her without a serene smile on her face. As the dean of women she is a jewel.

Picture a counsellor to whom students come for advice, on whom they depend, and you see Miss Edwards. Now visualize a professor, patiently teaching the classic language and delving into Latin research, and that is Miss Edwards also.

A cultured, sincere, energetic, intelligent lady—this is our Dean Edwards.



DR. KRATZ

A newcomer and a gogetter and a lively charmer and there you have Dr. Kratz. She smiles at you in her mischievous fashion and says huskily, "Hello there," and you've caught something.

Behind that impish grin, there's a wealth of intelligence, intuition, and knowledge of humanity. There is also a love for Queens and Charlotte, that is manifested by her work and happiness here.

Cultivate her as a friend, and you will enjoy hours of mental stimulus and years of friendly understanding.



BOOKER

KRATZ

KING

EDWARDS

THOMAS

FACULTY

Mrs. Warren H. Booker—She is the perfect professor of home economics, who lives and breathes her title—flowers outside her door, bright vases and attractive what-nots in her room, taste and charm in her dress.

Dr. Althea H. Kratz—She is our new dean of instruction, whose un-

usual ideas have been used for practically every organization here. She just belongs at Queens.

Miss Ethel M. King—Our dramatic instructor has inspired many of her pupils to a fine appreciation of drama and to a correct interpretation of it, because she, herself, is gifted.

Miss Alma T. Edwards—She is charming. The ideal dean of women is realized in her gracious manner and sincerity. Students know that, in Dean Edwards, they have a friend.

Miss Mary Louise Thomas—She is the faithful co-worker of Dean Kratz, and efficiency is her first, last, and middle name.

Merry Christmas

FACULTY

Miss Mary Mathilda Fulton—She is a small energetic hard-worker whose pupils in home economics recognize her ability in that field.

Miss Mary H. Inglis—Here is the dynamo who has a whole school to herself—the school of business—and she turns out the finest stenographers and secretaries available.

Dr. Agnes Stout—Here is our child wonder—a delver in research, head of the English department, a careful professor, but catch her off her guard, and you really know her.

Dr. Charles W. Sommerville—He is the inspiration of every girl at Queens. His classes in Bible are fascinating and applicable because of his kindly spirit and his faultless methods of explaining the Book.

Dr. M. Dorisse Howe—She is a professor who knows her biology backwards and forward, and is not content until her pupils are following in her footsteps.

Miss Rena Harrell—Have you ever met a lover of books who was as original and interesting as the books she loves? That describes our librarian.

Happy New Year



FULTON

INGLIS

STOUT

SOMMERVILLE

HOWE

HARRELL

FACULTY

Miss Olive M. Jones—Our head of the mathematics department is as quick and clever a personality as she is a mathematician.

Miss Marie Turnipseed—She is a dainty, soft-spoken person whose classes are in Latin and mathematics; she's been mistaken for a freshman.

Miss Cordelia Henderson—is the athletic instructor whose colorful skirts and scarves suit her position, and whose ability merits her the position.

Dr. Minnie Almira Graham—Our professor of physical sciences is one who interests her pupils in her work,

who loves the sciences, and who knows her subject thoroughly.

Mrs. John Lyon—Here is our live-wire of energy, who, besides teaching English, is the advisor of the Literary Societies, and the companion of the students.

Miss Ida M. Patrick—She is quiet in her actions, but she is working steadily toward an interest on the campus in her language—French.

Mrs. J. McEwen—She is a Queens graduate, and as considerate and fair-minded a teacher as there is on the

campus. Her classes in the physical sciences are interesting.

Mr. R. V. Kennedy—A brave man is he who stands among so many ladies, and braver still because he teaches history to nearly every student and makes her like it.

Miss Mary Wharton—We are introducing a delightful personality whose love of piano and music is skillfully transferred to her audience each time she plays.

Miss Grace Robinson—She thrills you with her voice, inspires you, and captures you with the sunny nature and jolly spirit of a great singer.



PATRICK
JONES

McEWEN
TURNIPSEED

KENNEDY
HENDERSON

WHARTON
GRAHAM

ROBINSON
LYON

FRESHMAN DAYS



NORMA MOORE
Indian Trail, N. C.

ANNIE LAURIE ANDERSON
Badin, N. C.

CORNELIA DAVIS
Charlotte, N. C.

LUCIFLE KIDD
Charlotte, N. C.

KATE BROWN
Landrum, S. C.

VIRGINIA SNAPP
Charlotte, N. C.

JEAN ASBURY
Charlotte, N. C.

SARA LITTLE
Charlotte, N. C.

LOUISE DENHAM
Mooresville, N. C.

KATHRYN ALEXANDER
Gastonia, N. C.

RUBY MCCAIN
Mathews, N. C.

KATHERINE LOWRANCE
Mooresville, N. C.

NEELI JAMES
Morganton, N. C.

KATHERINE K. MARTIN
Ware Shoals, S. C.

MILDRED LOWRANCE
Mooresville, N. C.

“Chief Among the Rats, We Have”

MISS JANE WALLACE DAVIS, whose very sincerity and leadership swept the freshman class off their feet, and hoisted Jane into the high chair of the Freshman Chairman.



IRENE GAILES
Rockingham, N. C.

ELEANOR BURRIS
Charlotte, N. C.

DOROTHY DUCKETT
Charlotte, N. C.

JEAN DAVIS
Charlotte, N. C.

HELEN CUMNOCK
Davidson, N. C.

SARA KFLY LILLARD
Elkin, N. C.

KATHRYN CRAVEN
Charlotte, N. C.

EMILY FERGUSON
Clinton, S. C.

HELEN MALLOY
Cheraw, S. C.

BETSY GILLETTE
Charlotte, N. C.

FRANCES POOLE
Mullins, S. C.

KATHERINE M. MARTIN
Maxton, N. C.

SARA DURANT
Southern Pines, N. C.

CATHERINE MEARES
McBee, S. C.

DOROTHY MORRISON
Monroe, N. C.



MARIE GRIFFIN
Monroe, N. C.

SARA HENRY
Rockingham, N. C.

MARGARET LAND
Chester, S. C.

FRANCES EHRLHARDT
Pinchurst, N. C.

RUTH HOGGARD
Charlotte, N. C.

HELEN HATCHER
Winchester, Virginia

MARGARET HUNSUCKER
Gibson, N. C.

ANN MCCREE ROBERTS
Carthage, N. C.

HELEN HAWLEY
Charlotte, N. C.

STACIE ORR
Indian Trail, N. C.

MAYME INGRAM
Kannapolis, N. C.

MARJORIE PRESSLY
Belmont, N. C.

ANNA MARGARET RIGGS
Parkersburg, West Va.

MARGARET W. JAGER
Charleston, S. C.

SARA KEIGER
Charlotte, N. C.

“FRESHMAN DAYS”

NOTHING adds so much to a college as an outstanding freshman class, for this is the new blood which inspires the students each year. And usually the baby class is attractive as a whole, and spoiled as individuals, and very cute. But this September told a different story. We watched our freshman register, and unpack, and start to work, and calmly proceed to amaze everyone else. They are still attractive, but unusually so, with an unlimited amount of energy and poise. Never has Queens seen so many capable students in one class. And they are all sensible! As soon as the flurry of rushing had passed, the level-headed misses, still unruffled by all of the excitement, immediately called on Jane Davis to organize the class, and appointed Margaret Land and Tempe Speagle as leaders of the traditional "Stunt Night".

Even with all of the business of pulling themselves together, the class has managed to contribute to all college entertainments from the plentiful supply of talent in the Freshman class. And such versatility! The prodigies boast of whistling wonders and parchesie champions in the same breath. And no one seems to be childishly shy about performing.

All in all, Queens-Chicora is proud of her youngest class and experiences a certain thrill in calling each freshman her own. If the freshmen will only keep their individual attitudes, their fresh outlooks, their clear visions of the future always before them, then this old college, in four years, should raise the flag in honor of the "best yet".

“FRESHMAN DAYS”

REBECCA STOWF
Charlotte, N. C.

MARY RUTH KNFE
Charlotte, N. C.



MARY GRIFFIN
Charlotte, N. C.

BFTSY MEEK
Charlotte, N. C.

ALICE PARKER
Charlotte, N. C.

EIZABETH PAGE
Aynor, S. C.

MARTHA RAYBURN
Charlotte, N. C.

CARMALT HARTMAN
Salisbury, N. C.

MARY C. JOHNSTON
Murat, Virginia

ELEANOR JENKINS
Charlotte, N. C.

LAURA QUERY
Charlotte, N. C.

ROSE SHANKLIN
Pendleton, S. C.

MARY ALICE CRAFT
Wilmington, N. C.

MARGURITE CRAVEN
Clarkton, N. C.

JEAN CRAVEN
Clarkton, N. C.

KATHERINE KING
Lumberton, N. C.

DOROTHY CARSON
Mooreville, N. C.

LE GRANDE LONG
Rockingham, N. C.

AGNES HOPE GWALTNEY
Charlotte, N. C.

ELSIE ROWE
Charlotte, N. C.

ELIZABETH FREEMAN
Dobson, N. C.

ELIZABETH KOGER
Walterboro, S. C.

“Tip to Movie Scouts-Look over Our Freshman Class”

IF anyone, anywhere, wants talent of any kind, for anything, anytime, call on the freshmen everytime. These “rats” may be termed exhibit A in the line of Queens-Chicora entertainment. The first surprise came during Rat Week when variety was shown in “Talent Time”. The second eye-opener astounded us in the form of willingness of the freshmen to perform at the Party and at Dinner on Wednesdays. And the third triumphant play was made by the class when the two leads for their Stunt were called

away at very nearly the last minute, and the show went on! The parts were immediately cast and the Stunt was a clever, original success, under the leadership of Jane Davis.

So the freshmen are dauntless; they are gems of activity, and they have fitted perfectly into the atmosphere of our college. Each girl seems to realize the importance of new enthusiasm, individual spirit, and loyal devotion to Queens-Chicora.



FRANCES GARRETT
Charlotte, N. C.

JOSEPHINE RANKIN
China Grove, N. C.

DOROTHY WILKIE
Forest City, N. C.

BLANCHE LETHCO
Spartanburg, S. C.

FAYE QUEEN
Little Switzerland, N. C.

VIRGINIA LEA CATHFY
Paw Creek, N. C.

LOUISE KINSER
Dante, Virginia

FRANCES O'HAIR
Rock Hill, S. C.

BETTY KALF
Belmont, N. C.

SALLY MCDOWELL
Pacolet, S. C.

MARJORIE TIMMS
Winnsboro, S. C.

CATHERINE TODD
Gastonia, N. C.

SUE MAULDIN
Charlotte, N. C.

MARGARET SADLER
Paw Creek, N. C.

DORIS GAMBRELL
Charlotte, N. C.



ROSA WILLIS
New Bern, N. C.

NANETTE SHERARD
Abbeville, S. C.

MARY MICKLEY
Charlotte, N. C.

ALENE WARD
Tryon, N. C.

KATHERINE STEWART
Clinton, N. C.

MARILYN BRITTAI
Charlotte, N. C.

LUCY WILLIAMS
Charlotte, N. C.

MELBA TREADWAY
Charlotte, N. C.

JOHNNY WALKER
Charlotte, N. C.

IRENE JOHNSON
Charlotte, N. C.

PEGGY SABINE
Charlotte, N. C.

NELL SADLER
Charlotte, N. C.

SARA SPROTT
Greenwood, S. C.

JENNIE ANN EFIRD
Charlotte, N. C.

BEATRICE KISER
Charlotte, N. C.

“FRESHMAN DAYS”

MAY we be personal? Notice Helen Hatcher, and you remember individuality—even in one out of 150. And Helen Cumnock is as well drawn a type as we've seen. Her tailored suits, her hair, brushed back and then bouncing up again, her healthy appearance, all form the perfect picture of an out-door girl. Have you stopped counting the Charlotte students? There are bunches of them. Eleanor Burris, Sara Keiger, Adele Southerland, Martha Alexander, in one. Jennie Ann Efird, Marilyn Brittain, Mary Mickley, Johnny Walker running around together. And Elizabeth Gammon, Charlotte McAden, Courtney Jones, and so many more attractive ones. Peggy Sabine is an addition to Charlotte and Queens—she recently moved here from New York, and she's gifted dramatically. Ginger Snapp, is an-

other new resident of Charlotte, and that's what she likes to be called, with no giggling, please. The names of our freshmen are so unusual—Carmalt sounds delicious. And Tempe is the very name for that alert individual. Cree is a clever nick-name, and Mayme is spelt cleverly. Le Grande is the tops in family names. Rosa Willis has music in her name. And Nanette Sherard seems to turn somersaults on your tongue. Ginger Snapp merits mention again, in connection with this subject. And never shall we forget our first glimpse of the freshmen—Katherine Stewart, as radiant and happy as a senior; Rose Shanklin, here early and helping others to find their rooms; Sarah Sprott, with the family reunion in her room; Margaret Hunsucker having her picture taken. Freshman, there's no one quite like you.

HEARD 'ROUND



DE CORNER

“WHY hidy, Elvira, I ain’t seed you, since Mrs. Jones’ fun’el. You looks mighty well.”

“Hidy, Mamie, how yawl?”

“Aw, we’s all right. You know’d Sam gon’ be babtised Sunday, didn’t yuh? I come town today to git him a suit.”

“Hesh, Viry, your Sam? How come day boy gon’ be babtised? He ain’t got no ’ligion.”

“Haw he have too, he been amoanin’ now goin’ on two week—come thru last Saddy night on de way home from church. Me’n Ethel, we’s walkin’ long pretty good ways in front’n him and s’mo dem young boys, Mose and ’mong ’em, and we hearn somebody holler out, “Thank you Lawd, thank you Sir,” and I knowd hit us my Sam. I shore was proud. Gal, I jes’ fell down in de road and rolled.”

“Yas, Sis Mamie, I knows you war a proud soul. My Mag, she been moanin’ aroun’ fer nigh bout a week, but she ain’ had no luck as yit. I don’ tol her ef she come thru by Saddy mawnin’ time fuh me to go to town wid de boss, I’d git her one dem georged crapeys fur de babtizin’, and you know she’s plum crazy fur a red un. I ain’ seed no peace day or night

since den, ain’t been able to git a lick o’ work out’n her.”

“Gal, did you heer the elder rompin’ on Sis Haney fer squenchin’ her eyes at dat black Jeems in meetin’ las’ nite?”

“Yas, and did you see dat big yellow Rosetta Stone aswitchin’ up de aisle to put dat nickle on the table when dey wuz liftin’ de ’lection? Tryin’ to show off dat red satin dress, and everybody knowd she bought it second-hand from Miss Annie.”

“Uh huh, if she don’t ketch dat Pluribus Unum wid dat dress dere jus’ ain’t no ketchin’ him, him lookin’ like a ape, and Sally jus’ been dead a mont’, Saddy.”

“Viry, wuz you down de road dere when Carry Nation Hogens and Napoleon come ’long? You wusn’t. Haw! Lawd, gal, you sho missed it. Sis Milly took ’n’ had a fit an’ she hauled off an’ bit Carry Nation thru de year; she a blue-gummed nigger.”

“Uh wall, wuz’t de same year dat Aunt Martha tore de year ring outer when she got shoutin’ t’other nite?”

“I ’on’ know ’bout dat, but you know Izeah’s de only one can hold Carry Nation when de Spirit strike her, now.

“Talkin’ ’bout shoutin’, gal, you know dat nail Brother Stark drive in de wall fo’ elder Bowens to hang his overcoat on? Wall, ol’ Hesakiah got shoutin’ an’ jump so high twell he hang dat new pair striped britches on dat nail, an’ I means he hung dere twell some de deakums unhooked ’im.”

“Now chile! I boun’ he don’t do no moah dat gymnastickin’ aroun’. Think he smart.”

“Uh hum, wuz you at de Basket rally at Ebeneza fust Sunday? Alder Lewis up der thinkin’ he lookin’ so forty tight an’ all a time lookin’ like a squench owl, talkin’ bout churchin’ dis yere young race ’bout dere sneakin’ at de barbecue, an’ his han’ still wrop up fum whar he bin gougin’ dat cawn out de crack in Mr. Jackson’s cawn crib, whar Mr. Jackson sot de steal trap dat kotch him.”

“Look ’ere, gal, de cap’n tol’ me meet ’im at foah ’clock, an’ ef I ain’t dere he’ll shore ride off an’ leab me lak he dun Ebaline, an’ I’ll haf t’ foot it home, an’ git supper arter I git dere.”

“Wal, stay ’ere twil I come, Viry, an’ don’ fergit ’bout poundin’ de paster, babtizin’ Sunday. Gon’ look fer you.”

Miss Molly, Put the Kettle On

“SWING low, sweet Cha-a-i-ot
Comin foah t' carry me——”

“Come on in,” invited big fat Cindy ceasing her song, as she heard a knock on the kitchen door. Inwardly she muttered, “Gawganne agin, I'll be boun'. Why in de debble cain't dat lowdown niggah stay at home an' ten' t' her own biznes' sum time.”

“Good evenin' Cindy,” greeted Georgianne.

“Why, howdy do, Gawganne. I's glad you come,” lied Cindy politely.

“Ain't you thu washin' up de suppah deeshes yit? Lawd, I bin thu a long time,” whimpered the visitor. “What'd you cook good fuh suppah, Cindy?”

“Aw, nuffin much. Dere's sum bis-
kit puddin in dat pan ober dar on de
tabul. Git you sum. I's aimin' t' put
hit up fuh mah dinnah, but no mind,
you eat hit. Den come hope me wash
up dese deeshes. I's tryin' t' git thru
an' git away 'fo' ol' Aunt Kansas come.
Sunday she say she's comin' over heah
t' night, an' ef she ketch me, she sho
beg eby rag off n' my back.”

“Er lazy heifer,” pronounced
Georgianne perilously perching her
two hundred and fifty pounds on a
small nail keg behind the stove and
eating the biscuit pudding. “Das de
Gawd's truf. She'll sho beg now.
Beg off evybody. Duddah day, she
wint up t' Miss Molly, whinin' roun
bout she habin' bad cold an' axin'
Miss Molly gib her little brandy.
She make me tared,” finished Georgi-
anne with righteous indignation.

“Me'n' you bof, Gawgy,” said
Cindy. “Is you put up any par'zerves
yit, gal? Ah ain't got a bit.”

“Yas, I has foah haf gallun jairs.
I'se been visitin' de tree ebery night t'

git dem when de win' blows. Das
whut I cum by heah fuh t'nite. I's
gwine up to de par tree t'reckly an'
git dis sack full. I thought maybe
you'd lack t' come long an' git you
some too.”

“Das a good idee,” mused Cindy,
“ef ah don' hurry, ol' hawkeye, he'll
beat me to 'em. He'll be a gatherin'
'em purty soon, won' he? Ah's glad
you come by.”

Cindy dried the last dish, set the
table for breakfast, blew out the smok-
ing kitchen lamp, and the two old
aunties ambled silently down the path
and out of the back gate toward the
pear tree. It was dark, and they felt
reasonably safe; but Georgianne,
knowing Mr. Jones, was always cau-
tious. “Sh-h,” she whispered, “Don'
make no moah noise dan we has to
You cain't nebah tell who mout be
listenin' roun'.”

Reaching the pear tree which was
about two hundred and fifty yards
from the white folks' house, they felt
safe in continuing their conversation.

“Ain't de pars nice dis year, Cindy,”
observed Georgianne, as they fell busi-
ly to work picking up the fallen fruit
and putting it into the tow sack.

“Yas, nicer'n ah's ebah seed 'em.
Ain't dat air cold t'nite. Hit wouldn'
s'prise me a bit ef hit wuz t' come a
fros disver' nite.”

“Um um, sho is. Frosted a little las
nite, so Zeke say. Ah ain't seed none
myself do. Ah wuz aimin' t' go to de
feast in de wilderness t'nite ef you
hadn' come. Gonna be right cole fur
de meetin' nex week.”

“Ah's agittin' tared,” said Georgi-
anne after a while. “Le's set down an'
res' a while, Cindy.”

“Gawganne, hit's cause youse gittin'
so everlastin' fat, gal. Why 'on' you

order yoself one dem W. T. Cossits
fum Sairs an Rarebacks?”

Georgianne considered a moment
staring at Cindy, “Is dey any good?”

“Yas, Sook say dere's nuthin' lack
'em. She got hern fum de Watskin
man, but you kin order 'em. I seen
one in de new catalogue. Sook
wouldn' take nuthin' fuh hern. I's
been aimin' t' git me one soon ez
ah git little money on han'. Da's
how cum me t' name de baby W. T.
So's ah wouldn't fergit de name.”

“Wall, ah say. But you know
hit's de style now t' call chullen by
lettahs anyways. Ah thinks W. T.
make a right purty name fuh a chile,”
said Georgianne.

Just then a shower of pears fell,
followed shortly by another and an-
other.

“Lan' sakes! I ain' nebah seed
nuffin lack de way dese pars fallin'
t'nite,” commented Cindy. “Falls lack
dere mout be a hi' win', but dere ain'
scarcely nun 'tall.”

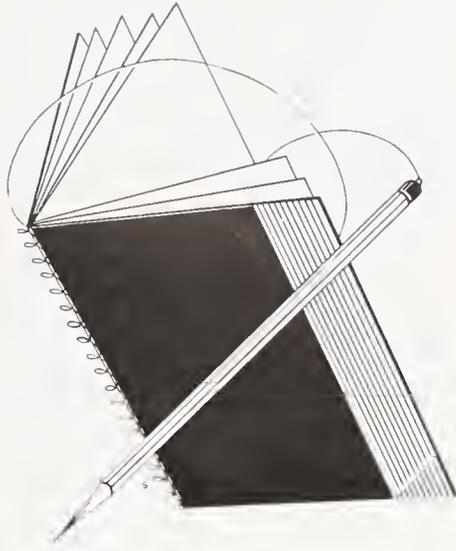
“Don' dey now,” exclaimed Georgi-
anne. “We's habin' luck t'nite. Pars
fallin. De Good Lawd on our side
case he know we ain' able t' clim no
tree aft' em, fat ez we is.”

“We's got de sack 'bout full,” an-
nounced Cindy presently. “Le's git
along 'fo' de ol' fortune tellah ketch
us.”

As they shouldered the bulging sack,
a deep voice that unmistakably be-
longed to the one and only Mr. Jones
came from up in the tree. “It was
very good of you all to pick up the
pears for me, and if you will come
up to the house in the morning, you
can peal them for Miss Molly to pre-
serve! I'll tell her to put the kettle
on.”

MARGARET ANDERSON

CAMPUS



DIARY

SEPTEMBER 14: I don't know why I'm keeping you because there isn't time here at Queens for anything but "college activities", but it's all so fascinating this year that I've decided this little book will provide good sales talks for my grandchildren.

Well, we're all here—350 strong. And I've never seen so many attractive, dignified freshmen—I feel as if I'm insulting them when I ask them if "there's anything I can do". We had short classes today, and it is really fun to see everyone carrying notebooks and pencils again. And Dr. Kratz is a surprise package from Dr. Frazer to every girl here. She's young, with a grand sense of humor, and a businesslike attitude. All the girls are genuinely fond of her.

October 1: The school is wild, the girls are delirious—in short, rushing is over! And were there upsets, surprises, and disappointments. The group in the picture there are eagerly scanning their sorority list to see if "she" is on it. And from their expressions, "She" is. I think the



freshmen should be congratulated for keeping their heads and wisely attaching themselves to the group of girls with which they are most congenial. Now, maybe normal relations will be resumed and we may talk to anyone anytime we please.

November 23: Well, votes were counted and the school went wild again. The screams resounded to Park Place, I know. And we have a slender, lovely brunette May Queen, who is not only beautiful, but capable as well. Bettie's beauty seems to come from her unselfish spirit in being of service to other people. She is all that a queen should be. And Jo ran her a close second, because she too possesses a quiet dignified beauty and a stately manner. Wonder which lucky junior will be Maid of Honor? I've a hunch that Margaret Calder fits into this picture.

—By a Senior



“REAL RAT



REPORTS”

FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF A RAT

I AM a rat—a *real*, live Queens-Chicora rat with a *tail n’* everything. But never until I came to Queens did I hear of a whole week known as “*Rat Week*”. And such a strange race of rats as this week is in honor of! They *resemble* human beings in shape, but they wear queer costumes, and do the most *astounding* things, and act *so* meek (much meeker than I ever am).

This year, Rat Week began October seventh. (I went ‘specially to Miss Harrill’s library to find out the date.) Monday morning all the Freshmen wore small *green* caps, *green* gloves, and *no* make-up to class. At all hours of the day I saw them carrying books, cleaning rooms, and opening doors for the lordly Sophomores. In the dining room, I hid in Bessie’s apron pocket and watched the “*green*” freshmen eat *clumsily* with spoons and gloves while cheering the Sophomore class.



by
LURA COFFEY

I went over to bacteriology lab after lunch (really, it kept me scurrying around to find out all that was happening) and sat very still behind a test tube to hear the *Juniors* plan to kidnap the Sophomores for their *over-bearing* attitude toward the “*little sisters*” of the *Juniors*.

Monday night the Rats put on a circus in the gym for the Sophomores’ approval. There was a band, a master of ceremonies, peanut vendors, a tight-rope artist, side-shows, and what-not. The upperclassmen *responded* with cheers and applause. We mice were on the outside, but we had to leave when we saw Clyde, the night-watchman, coming too.

My brother, Squeak-Mouse, who works at the “*Little Store*”, told me that the Freshman Rats, chaperoned by the Sophomores, carried *pennies* in their laundry bags to the store and bought all-day suckers.

Tuesday night all the Freshmen were sent to Pi Hall in a state of fear and trembling. *One by one* they were taken to North and told to crawl up and down the hall, giving the cry of the rat, until they found the rat’s delight (a piece of cheese). Needless to say, it was rather an *amusing* spectacle, especially when I or one of the other mice would eat the cheese before the Freshmen found it—a fact which puzzled *even* the Sophomores.

Thursday night the Sophomores had the Rats present “*Talent Time*” in an effort to *help* the Freshmen discover more about themselves. After this the Sophomores dropped their lordly attitude and informally entertained the Freshmen in the hope that *friendship* and good feeling would be restored. We mice finished the crumbs after the party was over and voted to befriend our namesakes at all times when they are in danger of Homesickness, Hunger, or Failure, the three cats of micedom.

SENTIMENTAL SOPHOMORES

IT doesn't take a Rat long to grow up. Only last year Mary Currie and Jane Wiley were being trampled upon by the lordly sophs, and being made to feel as insignificant as possible, but times change, and so do Rats. The slave drivers of a year ago sat back and gasped on the night of November 26, when the curtain rose on the set of the sophomore stunt. That gasp evidently penetrated the marrow of the cold judges, for the sophomores cheered wildly about something there at the last.

For weeks before "Stunt Night," class meetings were scheduled. Anyone passing through Burwell Hall on Tuesday afternoon could hear strains of "We've been working on the railroad" or "Sophomores, stand together" issuing from the society halls. And each class had difficulties and coped with them. Freshmen lost their stunt chairman and the leading lady, but the Rats never even squeaked. Jane Davis took charge, and she managed beautifully. Ione Smith constructed a train and furnished each senior with a typewritten copy of all songs without losing her temper. Juniors needed a castle, so Loise Thompson covered the organ with an original scene, which was very effective. Mrs. Wiley and Jane trailed silvered leaves and crystal flakes behind them for weeks. Without a doubt, more time and preparation and thought were given to this year's traditional occasion than ever before.

Finally the night came when no more could be done. Cars lined the streets by the college; the auditorium was filled; the performers were restless. Promptly at 8 the freshman class entered in rompers and gingham, singing a song written by Margaret Land. Sophomores stole mysteriously into their places, dressed in Eastern fashion and chanting weird melodies. Next came the bold juniors, brandishing spears and swords. Seniors marched arrogantly down the stairs with Engineer Phillips at the head, singing an explanation of their stunt. As soon as the galleries

subsided, the freshmen put on their babyest stares and proceeded to mimic their version of "Little Red Riding Hood". The treatment was extremely clever and furnished many of the evening's laughs.

The minute the audience viewed the set for the sophomore stunt, they knew the resting place of the cup for another year. The setting gave the effect of an enchanted garden, which had been drowned in star-dust. In the midst of the glistening trees and crystal columns was the golden lamp of Aladdin. The acting in pantomime was the perfect complement for that dreamy, idealistic fairyland. And Lucile Dulin's voice seemed to lull the listeners into the bewitched atmosphere.

But interest didn't stop there. The juniors provoked the best roll-in-the-aisle laugh when Elsie Setzer practically toe-danced to a popular song. The costumes were excellent, but Stroupe should have had more to do. And the seniors still maintain that the subtlety of their stunt was far beyond the comprehension of human intelligence. "Perhaps that's why——", some say.



MARY CURRIE
Pres. of Soph. Class

TALENT'S DEBUT

“AUTUMN FIRE”

Autumn sets my heart on fire with her brightness—
Bronze of foliage, scarlet of sunset, silver of moonlight
All merge into a flame that burns within me
Like a roaring leaping bonfire—not calmly,
As spring twilight or winter lamplight,
But ruthlessly, and I am scorched by her beauty.

Autumn sets my mind on fire with her courage—
A last fling of color against the sky
Before death comes to all her paintings.
Boldly she signs her name on every tree,
Garden, and lawn. I feel her blood in my being
Singing, and I am burned by her spirit.

MAY LEBBY SMITH.



“GRAY DAY”

I stood at my casement window
And looked at the dreary sky;
The morning rather depressed me,
The people hurried by:
The day seemed a forewarning
Of something yet to come;
I stood at my casement window
And silently wished for the sun.

The sky seemed, oh, so sullen!
The nearby trees, so black!
I had a tight close feeling
As though something were sadly a-lack.
And then, the sky seemed to open,
And the sun came shining down,
And the whole world bathed in splendor,
And God had withdrawn His frown.

SUE MAXWELL MAULDIN.

“SOLITUDE AND PRAYER”

In the silence of the night
I awoke,
Nowhere could I see a light;
Then God Spoke
In the pealing of a bell
Floating to me 'cross the dell,
And in gentle tones did tell
Of His love.

In that quiet solitude
I learned to pray.
Before God my soul stood nude.
A new day
Dawned for me because of Him,
A candle which had burned dim,
A faith which had grown slim,
Was renewed.

SUE MAXWELL MAULDIN.



PICTURES

A silent world and shadows—
A pale moon making beautiful
A small part
Of all the darkness.

A world of changes and doubts—
A tall youth facing life and men
Challenged
And challenging.

“E”

MY SOLITUDE

The sun sinks lower behind the hill,
The sky is gaily hued—
The dusk descends on a world so still,
And brings me solitude.

The shadows lengthen, breezes blow,
And in this interlude
The daylight fades with the rosy glow
And leaves me solitude.

All thru' the busy, hurried day
I only stop for food.
I put my heart and soul away
Until my solitude.

Kaleidoscopic pictures play—
Each trying to pass the other
To bring up memories of childhood's day
Of home, of friends, of mother.

I seem detached from all the earth—
As I sit on a hill.
I estimate the whole world's worth
By one I love, and still—

I try so very hard to think
Of things that are my own.
Somehow each thought gets on a brink
That shouts just you alone.

My solitude may cause depression.
It satisfies me too,
For it takes up my love expression
And wings it safe to you.

Swiftly now the twilight fades.
The silver moon rides high.
The last bird call in the woody glades
Says: Peace and God on high!

The stars peep thru the velvet blue
And end this interlude.
So ends my lovely dream of you—
So ends my solitude.

L. D. W.

ALUMNAE



NEWS



MISS ASHE BENNETT SIKES, '34, succeeds Mrs. H. B. Smith, '32, as president of the Monroe Queens-Chicora Alumnae Chapter. Monroe has a very active alumnae chapter, and we know it will have a successful year under Ashe Bennett's leadership.



MRS. DONALD SNYDER CARPENTER, formerly Virginia Ragan, was married in the First Presbyterian Church in Gastonia on October 19th. Virginia took a business course at Queens after her graduation from Duke University in 1933. She is now living at 923 Carolina Avenue in Winston-Salem.



MRS. E. RALPH MAXWELL, '31, was Ethel Mae Bane before her marriage at the First Baptist Church in Mullins, South Carolina, last June 27th. She is now living at the Singletary Apartment in Florence.



MRS. JAMES I. DEVEREUX, '33, was Miss Susie Wilkie of Forest City before her marriage at the home of Dr. Luther Little in Charlotte on December 28, 1934.



MISS ARIEL McNINCH, of Washington, D. C., who attended Queens-Chicora in '32 and transferred to Chevy Chase in '33, was a recent visitor in Charlotte and reported that the Queens-Chicora Alumnae Chapter in Washington is quite active and adding new members each month. Ariel is president of the Washington chapter. At present she is with the W. F. Jackson Company, Estimators in Washington.



MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS HOLMAN (Hughla Lee McCollum, '34) announce the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Lee, December 5, 1935, in Sumter, S. C. While at Queens, Hughla Lee was President of the Senior Class and active in Kappa Delta Sorority, of which she was a member.

RUTH GROVER, '35, needs no introduction to our present student body as she is known to us as our competent student secretary. Also, as alumnae secretary, she is meeting and making contacts with many of our former students.



MISS ELEANOR HAYES, '35, is now in New York City spending the winter. She has a position with Macy's Department Store in the china department.



Announcement has been received here of the marriage of MISS RUTH KALE, '34, of Belmont, to Mr. J. Lee Dagenhardt in November, 1935.

CLARE HAZEL, '35, is now in New York, acting as hostess at one of the Childs. On the side she is posing for the Johnny Powell Modeling Agent. Clare also has an offer to play a minor part in one of the Theatre Guild plays.



As the Coronet goes to press news is received of the approaching marriage of MISS ALVA GUY, of Charlotte, who attended Queens in '32 and '33, to Mr. Rives H. King, of Greensboro. The date of the wedding is December 14.

.. CAMPUS LIFE



Run, girls, or you'll miss your ride—you didn't hail him down, did you? And old Dobbin looks as if he could call forth spirits with that evil eye.



Now, Doc Ninniss, you needn't look so skeptical—maybe those musicians are telling the truth. And there parks the hope of every Queens girl, the catch in her throat—the mail truck.



Eleanor Burris and Charlotte McAden are probably grinning because Ippy pulled a fast one—or because Math is over for the day. But they can't stop there—go right in to chapel, darlings—We see you, Ruth Knee, so don't try to duck around the corner.



Dobbin, is that your mouth hanging open—oh well, I suppose you're bored with all this picture business, anyhow. Why don't you get your M. A. at Duke? And did you ever see a breeze blowing, or a smile beaming, or a senior class president like Phillips?



AT QUEENS- CHICORA



Mister, do you feel your importance? That's probably a box of food for Margaret Anderson from Tennessee, and a box of candy for Margaret Land from the boys. Under these letters (how in the world did you get that picture, Hodge?) rests the answer to the girls' increased poundage—the "Y" store.



Now, if you will pardon that next picture, and make it up to unfinished business—Hodge was evidently thinking of Virginia (that's not the name of her best friend, freshman). And that's the science building, where many tremble and others delight. The windows with their eyes shut belong to the biology lab, and the wide-awake ones are the eyes for the postoffice, the math room, and the chemistry lab—if that means anything. Mary Durden, it's no laughing matter—if 9:30 is too early for you to arrive fully dressed for class, you'd better change your schedule.



How can two people with as much on their minds as Betty and Ione look so cheerful? Maybe that's the first stage of hysteria. And listen, sister, you'd do well to stop worrying about catching that class on time—you'll be a nervous wreck in four years. The gals behind you must be sophomores—they're grinning.



Jo, that walk is pretty enough for any one's queen—get Ione to introduce you to a Chinese emperor. There's Mary Durden, again, and she's laughing at Dell Southerland, who's having her trouble—why don't you girls get together?



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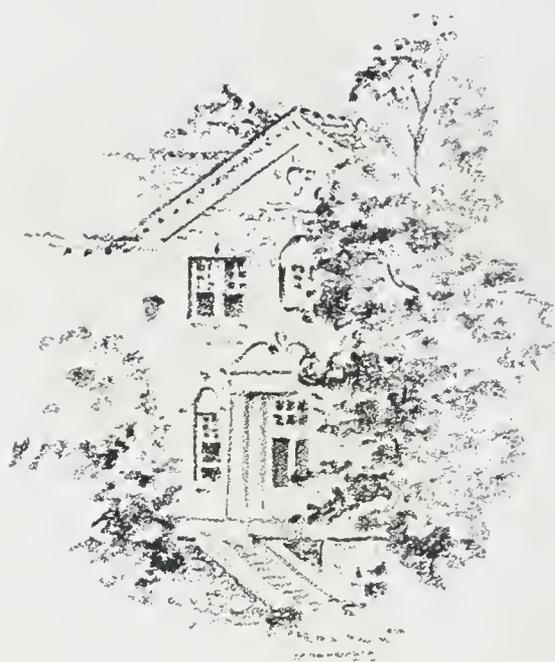
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The Coronet

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of QUEENS-CHICORA COLLEGE
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA**

Volume II

Number 2

MAY LEBBY SMITH - - - - - Editor

MARGARET TRUE - - - - - Business Manager

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THOMPSON



ORR

ANNE BATTEN

and we've been waiting for the opportunity for a long time. When Anne enrolled at Queens four years ago it was generally known that her scholastic rating would continue to soar, and that her ability in other fields would be recognized. Her quiet and sincere manner has a way of letting you know that you can depend on her. Here is a girl who realizes her responsibility in the positions in which she has been placed, and she undertakes anything connected with her office. Now Anne is *not* the most forward person we know, and she doesn't enjoy making speeches, but if she is asked, as the president of the Literary Societies, or as a representative student, to talk in chapel, she responds willingly. That's what we like about her. She is capable, persevering, attractively brilliant, and cheerful about this whole business of living.

LOISE THOMP- SON

an energetic, dark-haired, bright-eyed *worker*. Last year, Loise, then a sophomore, displayed unusual talent as a writer of short-stories, poetry, and plays, for these products of her pen are as individual and clever as the writer. Her poetry shows the sprightliness in her nature, her sunny and elfin-like personality. Short stories and sketches by Loise reflect a beautiful fanciful, magical touch as different as her name. But this mysterious and imaginative quality belonging to the girl is balanced by a sense of exactitude and reality belonging to the student. This balance is evident in the historical plays which she has written for production at Queens.

Like to know this interesting person? Then look for a mere child presiding in a junior class meeting, or bouncing into the Creative Writers' midst to lead them, or shooping your friends into Mr. Phillip's studio.

JEAN ORR

and there's no placing of the finger on any definite reason. There is a blurred, mixed variety of phrases floating around in our minds that go "round and round" and come out like this: She certainly handles the chapel programs well, and that picture of her in the paper as a sponsor for a Davidson house party was a knockout. Well, there's nothing surprising about that—she looks just like it. She does a lot of work in different organizations, and believes in smiling at freshmen the first of the year. But what has she done to make us realize that she is one out of the crowd? We believe that she has shown, by little touches and steady loyalty, that she is fitted for any responsible position at the college. It is perfectly plain that she does a great deal in a quiet way, or we would be more definite about what it is.

Editorial “MOMENTS”

A SINGLE moment can never be recaptured. We may never possess for a second time the thrill of meeting a friend in a strange city—or the anguish of our first night in a college dormitory. Some moments of sheer beauty we would wish repeated again and again, while other spaces of ugly thoughts are shunned and avoided. Yet our thoughts and moments are not beyond our control, if we but plan our spending of them. You and I are here on this green earth with its abundance of opportunity for a certain period—a short, short time in the span of eternity. And we trail moments behind us, dropping them on inconsequential pastimes, even forgetting where we place these pieces of our lives. We waste our moments which we can never cram into a later hour.

A chapel talk by Dr. Frazer not so many weeks ago seems to emphasize a part of this idea. He spoke of our performing our own individual tasks well. Combining this thought with ours we have a maxim that each of us should use. Do your own work well every moment of your life. Be thoroughly alive to all around you, so that your task may have every possible chance to succeed.

Now when you think how important one moment is—your only time to do a particular kindness, your one opportunity to create a new thought—how foolish we are

to waste such a treasure. We spend thousands of moments setting the scene for study or work. We waste hundreds of hours with worthless companions. We often scar many otherwise beautiful years by choosing the wrong course. Of course we are told that no moment is wasted, that each may be found in our life-pattern. But some are found that have been used wrongly, flagrantly, and their part in the pattern has been to hinder our work, to overshadow a lovely thought. So it is important that we choose our paths early in life and spend our moments accordingly. We must learn not to scatter these bits of our lives on idleness and useless pleasures. Instead we must apply every force within us to our work, feel intensely each joyful moment we spend on worthwhile pastimes.

In using our moments, we must live fully, taking as much of this wide world to our hearts as possible, making each moment count for a part of our life work. Let's not sell our jewel-like time so cheaply. Remember yesterday's sunshine, and we were in the dark theatre? How much of the comedy will we remember, or will affect our lives next week or next year? A walk with a friend, a country ride could brush the mist from our minds, and the flash of a cardinal's wing could thrill our hearts. Think of tomorrow and promise yourself that you will remember the fleeting quality of a moment, and use it wisely.

WHILE BEING A

Sophomore

WE'VE often wondered just who or what makes the wheels of the sophomore class go around, and a conclusion has been reached. Here are some of the leaders and workers in the class. Whom would you pick as THE force? Mary Currie, president, leads her class in the matter of dependability and force. She launches a project and never stops pushing until it is a success. Jo McDonald is the perfect committee woman, and one who does the dirty work with no complaints. Nancy McIver is capable, trustworthy, and the pleasantest of souls. Doodle Dulin is original and a rock of Gibraltar when it comes to drama. (No, she does not act like one), but she plays old women, babes in arms, the duchess, and a Turkish sultan, without losing her plait. Anita Stewart and Jo Hackney are a pair second to none in our musical and artistic circles. Anita paints artistically and in a lighter mood makes a charming monkey. Jo performs on the organ, piano, and accordion, when not carrying the class around in her car, or working on an entertainment. Speaking of music, the sophomore class furnishes quite a few of the college musicians—Marie Neikirk, Charlotte Stanley, Harriete Truesdale, Freddie

Ward, Miriam Dodd Little, Becky Cooke, Martha Stewart and the aforementioned pair. We could have put Jean Carter in that list, but we think she belongs in the class with those irrepressible nuts, Emma Renn and Pidge, who furnish life and spirit enough and half enough wit for the rest of the class. Ask for the little person who puts things over, who works herself down to a string, and makes enviable marks, and you'll be presented to Jane Wiley. Lib Calder is the athletic prop of the class, and does a winning job of it too. Lura Coffey is in the race because of her literary ability and consistently good work, and Lillian Smith is right there because she is the typical soph—clever, likeable, interested in her college, and a swell girl. And then there's that group which always backs everything so willingly and offers a helping hand—Martha Johnston, Helen Jordan, V. V. Taylor, Barbara Shatzer, Ruth Morrison, Julia Thomas, Dorothy Whitfield, and in fact, the rest of the class.

And stop trying to pick THE leader. Don't you know that every single cog and piece in a machine has a part in making the contraption go?



MARTHA E. ALEXANDER
Charlotte, N. C.

MARGUERITE BALLARD
Hiddenite, N. C.

HARRIFT BROWN
Gainesville, Florida

ELIZABETH CALDER
Charlotte, N. C.

LURA COFFEY
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

LOUISE CRANE
Hickory, N. C.

ELIZABETH CRANFORD
Gastonia, N. C.

LYNCH CROCKETT
Tazewell, Virginia



Every Soph a Leader

MARGARET DAVIS
Winnsboro, S. C.

MARTHA GREY
Charlotte, N. C.

EDNA HUNTER
Laurens, S. C.

DORIS JOINES
Matthews, N. C.

ORA LEE DOUGHERTY
Bryson City, N. C.

FRANCES GUNN
Sanford, N. C.

Helen Jenkins
Charlotte, N. C.

HELEN JORDAN
Charlotte, N. C.

LUCILE JORDAN DULIN
Charlotte, N. C.

LUCILLE HILL
Bennettsville, S. C.

MARTHA JOHNSTON
Charlotte, N. C.

CAROLYN KUYKENDAL
Matthews, N. C.

MARGARET GARRISON
Easley, S. C.

LOIS HODGES
Charlotte, N. C.

MARGARET JOHNSTON
Etowah, Tennessee

EUGENIA LAFFITTE
Estill, S. C.

HARD TIMES

A STUDENT usually finds that her sophomore year is one of hard work and little glory. She is no longer a freshman, the pampered darling of the campus, but she's not old enough in college years to be a leader. This is her year of apprenticeship, and at times she finds it very disheartening. But are our sophomores complaining this year or moping in corners? Not a bit of it. They have accepted their position and turned their year into just about the happiest of the four. They are carving a special and private niche for the sophomore class at Queens. They band together into the most cooperative group on the campus, and each student stands behind the leader. You may find them on campus much of the time forming the largest part of the attendance at meetings and entertainments. They realize that their time is not crowded with the activities of the upperclassmen, so the sophomores are making it their duty to be a responsive part of the student body. Who won the coveted cup at "Stunt Night?" Who was joint hostess for the most successful costume ball in the history of the college? Who initiated a sane "Rat Week" this year, the liveliest one yet? CLASS OF '38.

MARY CURRIE
President of
Sophomore Class
Wallace, N. C.



But Who Won the

MIRIAM DODD LITTLE
Charlotte, N. C.
ELIZABETH MARTIN
Charlotte, N. C.
RUTH MORRISON
Charlotte, N. C.
NANCY MCIVER
Gulf, N. C.

ANNE MADRE
Memphis, Tennessee
CATHERINE MOORE
Indian Trail, N. C.
JOSEPHINE McDONALD
Hamlet, N. C.
MARY MCRAE
Ellerbe, N. C.



Up on Stunt Night?

MARIE NEKIRK
Charlotte, N. C.

LILLIAN SMITH
Greer, S. C.

MARY KATHERINE STORK
Mt. Gilead, N. C.

FREDDIE WARD
Bainbridge, Georgia

SARA PAXTON
Matthews, N. C.

CHARLOTTE STANLEY
Port Gibson, Mississippi

VIRGINIA TAYLOR
Charlotte, N. C.

DOROTHY WHITFIELD
Charlotte, N. C.

MARTHA RANEY
LaFayette, Alabama

ANITA STEWART
Charlotte, N. C.

JULIA THOMAS
Charlotte, N. C.

JANE WILEY
Charlotte, N. C.

BARBARA SHATZER
Charlotte, N. C.

MARTHA STEWART
Greenville, S. C.

HARRIET TRUFSDALE
Kershaw, S. C.

HELEN WILLIAMS
Easley, S. C.

Campus Diary



MARGARET CALDER

DEAR DIARY:

Going to college is certainly a life in itself. I had forgotten how it would feel to sleep in the morning, visit the ice-box between meals, and scratch my dog's head until I went home Christmas. And I'm so much more important there now because I'm a freshman at college. It was really hard to make it back here January 3rd. But everyone has been so full of her Christmas that it's taken until now for us to calm down.

And then the fire—Helen Malloy grabbing her clothes and Lib Maynard without hers. But no damage done.

January 25: The real damage came to us the week of January 20. Freshmen didn't know what to expect and are still quaking. Somehow these didn't seem like high school exams. And our grades won't seem that way either. But we kept cool and we still think this the best college yet—exams, or no.

January 30: Whew, I'm dead tired—just came in from a snow fight which we helped the juniors win. The seniors lost to us and were we proud when Dr. Frazer presented the cup to Mary Wilson. We frosh even got in the junior picture—and we deserved it! Speaking of juniors, Margaret Calder will make one lovely maid-of-honor for Bettie. She has the grace and perfect coloring for that coveted role. And since May Day is sponsored by the Athletic Association, it is fitting that a prominent athlete, and a beautiful one too be chosen for the Queen's main attendant.

February 14: And Valentine Night was a real one, with dates and everything. Juniors and freshmen were responsible for a grand party which began with a musical program in the auditorium and ended with ice-cream

in the dining room. MEN flocked from out of the West and from everywhere to meet the Females of the Institute and they discovered that quite a few of the aforementioned were good to look at. Our array of Queens on the stage was a sight for any kind of eyes—Mary Frances in gold tissue lame with a wreath of golden leaves in her curls, Jo Long in white with crystals, and Jean Orr in white with green jeweled belt—and each one, in fact, struck me as regal. Six of the nominees were brunettes, and only two were blondes! But a blonde won—and Jane Wiley in powder blue made a lovely queen.

February 18.

Last night was one big occasion for everyone, particularly for the seniors. For they brought Emory Glee Club here for a beautiful concert—and such harmony as I've never heard before. I didn't realize that each class sponsored one entertainment each year, but if the programs are as unusual as last night's, I'll gladly pay the price. Hope the seniors made plenty—Mary Phillips certainly worked hard to put it over.

BY A FRESHMAN.



SNAPSHOTS

It seems our camera gal doesn't miss a trick—so mind your P's and Q's.

Doodle and Courtney are probably looking up to see Hodge looking down to snap that next picture—or maybe they both passed their chemistry and feel like strutting.

That appears to be a group of freshmen—how do we tell? Oh, they have on funny little caps, and they look worried over having their picture taken.

That next is just a picture of the Music building for you to keep in case you ever forget about chapel.

Aha! These three snaps tell a story. That ugly expression on Doodle's face shows that she finds that studies in Burwell Hall and fun in Kappa Delta sorority house don't always mix.

Emma's singing, Marie is listening (pained expression), Madeline is—my word, she's chewing, and Courtney is only slightly amused. And Martha Johnston tells Martha Alexander to finish copying her notes by 1:30.

Up above is a gal who really enjoys going to classes—Eleanor Burris—just tickled to death with that load of books. And who's pulling a Garbo behind her—hand over her face? Clyde will get her yet.

Tricky shot of Blair Union—both doors open so that we see the front columns through the back door. Looks like you could take a running jump and go straight through—Spring fever!

LEO - A PERSONAL APPRECIATION

HUNDREDS of miles, from Carnegie Hall, New York, comes the music of the PATHETIC SYMPHONY, Tchaikowski's Sixth. It fills the room with its beautiful harmonies, bringing with it, this particular Sunday evening, a kind of peace. And out of the music, comes a picture of a man sitting in the last row of the balcony in Symphony Hall in Boston, Leo, Professor Lewis, teacher of music. His handsome, white head, keeping time imperceptibly, now watches the players, and now bends to the score on his knees. On either side of him sit young people, his students. I am there, listening with him to a great classic. In some indefinable way, these students are absorbing some of his deep satisfaction. These students have spent many hours with him, and have partaken of his appreciation. How wonderful it is that a great teacher can thus pass a part of his love and understanding of beauty. I wonder how many tonight, of the men and women who studied with this man, are listening with me to this great music. How many of his students, now far away from those quiet college days, are listening, and remembering—Leo.

In a low-ceilinged room, above the men's gymnasium, we studied *Harmony* and *Music Appreciation*. Does he still teach in that room, I wonder? There, for the first time I heard this Tchaikowski Symphony. We had, what Leo called, "Music Lab," which meant that each student indulged in a weekly feast of good music. I expect that the misnomer—"lab" was consciously designed to delude us into thinking we were working. The term connoted something laborious. There

in the music room, alone or in pairs, we were allowed to spend several hours playing Leo's piano rolls on the big concert grand with its cumbersome mechanical attachment on the front. We played Beethoven, Chopin, Mozart . . . over and over again . . . and Bach. For Leo was the proud possessor of Bach's entire *Well Tempered Clavichord*, for pianola.

Leo's house, on Professor's Row, is a place as familiar as his class room to his students. There they are always welcome. In the garden he's often to be seen working, in old clothes, tending his grapevines, his apple-trees and his garden. Inside the house is a jumble of books, music, pictures, and old programs. And there is always Mrs. Lewis . . . I remember her playing her charming children's songs. . . The first time I went to Leo's house during my freshman year is still very clear to me. It was a cold, late February afternoon. There had been classes all morning, and a dreary lab all afternoon. By six o'clock, I was very ready to return home, a tired day-student. But I could not. I was to play my 'cello that evening at some college affair . . . And then Leo happened along. His twinkling eyes appraised me, my brief case, my 'cello, my tiredness.

"Come on home to dinner," he said to me . . . And I did.

French with Leo, (for he taught French then, too), my Freshman year, was a course I greatly enjoyed. It was upstairs in Ballou Hall. In the back row, one of the men students came always accompanied by his dog, a highly trained animal. When the time came for Leo to give out the assignment, this particular student—his

name is long ago forgotten—used to kick his dog. Thereupon the poor animal gave out a pathetic noise, something between a howl and a very human groan . . . (Often when I give a particularly long assignment in my own classes today, I think of that student and his vicarious groans. But luckily no dogs are allowed in my classroom.) Then there was Leo's yellow booklet containing his famous 1010 idioms beginning "avoir beaucoup a faire" and ending "le Tiers-Etat." I learned them, every one, in my daily commuting, to the accompaniment of subway screeches and pounding wheels . . . But there was much beside French in that class—his reminiscences and philosophy, his zest for things.

But Music Appreciation and Harmony were the courses where Leo was at his best. How I enjoyed them! Sometimes he would tell of his travels abroad when he was a young man. Once he told of visiting the Bayreuth theatre and listening to the great Richard Wagner direct. Apparently visitors were not allowed at rehearsals, but somehow Leo had managed to get in. Especially interested was I when he told of hiding behind a pillar to watch the maestro conduct. The Leo we knew could never conceal himself behind a pillar, unless it was more than usually large. I wondered what he had been like as a slender youth.

And once we saw Leo angry. Before the class bell had struck, we were gathered about the piano listening to one of the men students play "Yes, We Have No Bananas" Leo came striding in. He cast a baleful eye on the performer and then delivered a

free opinion of that jazz classic of stolen melodies. The thousands of dollars it had earned, he said, belonged to the composers from whom the writer had pilfered. How he hated that piece!

Leo's "systems" were our great amusement. He had so many. There were signs all about the music room giving directions for opening and closing doors and windows, and for putting things away. . . . And the music room key! Attached to a board the size of a shingle there was no possibility of its ever being lost.

Of all the incidents I remember, I like this one best. It happened in our Music Appreciation course. All year we had been studying Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, and others, and for our final examination we were supposed to recognize snatches from some of the classics of these composers which we had studied. We were all somewhat worried about the examination. Heavens only knew what obscure passages he might select for us to remember. . . . The examination day came. Leo seated his great person before his tiny, portable piano, and played various passages as he had promised. Then he said to us:

"I am going to play something now that I don't believe you have ever heard before. When I finish playing it, I want you to write the name of the composer you think might have written it. Give full explanation for your choice."

Then he played a charming number. I liked it immediately. It was short, dainty, light, melodic. . . . I mentally went over the list of composers we had studied. One of the earlier ones, I thought. I believe that I wrote that Mozart had written it, and then proceeded to prove my choice. I wrote long pages about why Mozart had written this piece. After class we students hastily compared answers as students do. One of my classmates calmly insisted that Beethoven was

definitely the composer. Another objected, "It was Haydn." I had by this time quite convinced myself that Mozart was the right one. . . . After awhile, my curiosity got the better of me. I walked down Professor's Row and rang Leo's bell.

"If *he* wrote that music, Professor Lewis?" I asked. I remember that twinkle in his eye, and his wide smile.

"My child," he told me, "I wrote that music."

I didn't see him correcting our examination papers. I wish I had. What amusement he must have had at our extravagant praises.

Later we had the opportunity to hear him receive some real appreciation. The Peoples Symphony Orchestra had played his "Blot on the Escutcheon" and in answer to a prolonged applause, Leo rose from the box where he was sitting. No timid, shrinking composer was this to rise and make an anti-climax to his music. He was a marvelous figure standing there. Leonine, his white head, and van dyke beard gleaming. He was majestic, radiant, a richly colored Rembrandt.

Leo's trick of using ponderous words was always a source of great enjoyment to me. Never would he let one word do the work of four. He preferred the four. Sometimes in class, I'd attempt to take down verbatim, his inimitable sentences. They became so involved, twisting about until you believed he could never extricate himself. I think part of my enjoyment of his classes was the unraveling of his tremendous phrases. He wrapped his thoughts in layer after layer of words. It was fun to unwrap them. How he enjoyed words! Sometimes he would stop in sheer delight at his discovery of an apt phrase. . . . His explanation of *Til Eulenspiegel* was a masterpiece.

Once he gave a Sunday afternoon lecture at the Boston Public Library.

I played in an octette that time, I remember. And then Leo began to lecture. How I enjoyed watching those people, their mouths hanging open at this burst of language. Words, three-foot long, came tumbling out. Great, periodic sentences trailed off into nowhere. But they were impressed, I can tell you. I longed to tell them it was all a game, and that the listener was to try to get these ideas untangled. . . . But they were too much dazzled by Leo. They were content to watch him gesticulate and send out these marvelous words. I doubt very much that they understood what he was saying, at all. They were content to bask in the sun of all this erudition.

Some years after my graduation I attended Tufts Night at Symphony Hall because I knew that Leo was going to direct. There he was with his baton . . . a little thin, I thought, but still filled with unquenchable fire. I imagined I saw a look in the upturned faces of those symphony players, as if, they too recognized his greatness. They seemed to be paying him homage. Later he was in the hallway surrounded by his students. . . . Catching sight of me, he called out, "Oh, hello, can you come to the house and see a new 'cello, I've just got?". . . . This was his greeting. . . and it had been so many years. . . He made them sound like a number of weeks. . . . He is timeless, I thought. Looking at the eager students crowding about him, I wished that I could once more go with him to the Symphony concerts, and sit beside him in the last row of the balcony ("Best seats in the house!") Now these young students were going with him. . . . Sitting beside him as he spread the score on his knees.

I have spoken of these things as though they were in the past. . . . So they are to me. . . . But Leo is the present. . . . I am grateful to him.

By MARION FROST TOWNEND.

1926.

Charlotte, North Carolina

Alumni News



MRS. LEON ALEXANDER, formerly Miss Virginia Young, was married at Central Steel Creek Presbyterian Church the latter part of December. Virginia is continuing her study of music here at Queens.



MISS VIRGINIA SAMPSON, editor of our Coronet last year, came back to visit us at our Christmas dinner. She is now working at the Duke Power Company. But she has not lost her interest in journalistic work; two of her articles have been published in the Power Magazine.



MRS. WILLIAM HENRY MORRISON, '32, was Miss Sara Spratt of Charlotte before her marriage on December 14 at the Second Presbyterian Church, Alexandria, Virginia. Sara, while at Queens, was a member of Chi Omega sorority. Before her marriage she was with the knit shop of Efir's.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of MISS ANN WEST, of Jacksonville, Florida, to Mr. E. B. Garrett in February in the First Presbyterian Church at Jacksonville. Mr. and Mrs. Garrett are making their home on Louise Avenue in Charlotte. Ann attended Queens in '33-'34, and was a business student last year. She is a member of Kappa Delta sorority.

MISS FRANCES GARRETT, a student at Queens the first semester, was married to Mr. James Harold Smith at St. John's Baptist Church in Charlotte on December 31. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are making their home on Clement Avenue in Charlotte. Mrs. Smith is a member of Alpha Delta Theta sorority.



MRS. CLARENCE GUY RUDISILL, JR., was Miss Elizabeth Hoyle before her marriage on December 13th in Lincolnton. Mrs. Rudisill was graduated from the music department of Queens.

MRS. HERVEY RIVES KING was formerly Miss Alva Guy of Charlotte. Alva attended Queens in '32-'34. She is now making her home in Greensboro.

MRS. J. LEE DAGENHARDT, '34, was Miss Ruth Kale before her marriage November 27 in Belmont. Mary, Clara, and Betty Kale, students at Queens, attended the wedding.



MISS ELEANOR HAYES, '35, has just returned from New York, where she spent the fall and early winter. She says that she had a grand time going to shows and seeing everything. She worked at Macey's some, too, while she was there.

MRS. CHARLES BATES MITCHELL, '29, is a graduate of Chicora. Before her marriage on November 23rd in Bethune, South Carolina, she was Miss Mary Louise McLaurin. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are now living in Charlotte.



INTER-HONORARY FRATERNITY COUNCIL

THE Inter-Honorary Fraternity Council at Queens-Chicora consists of the presidents of the various honorary fraternities at the college. The council has as its purpose the establishment of unity among the honorary fraternities which results in a co-operative spirit on the part of each member of an honorary club. Through the efforts of this council interesting programs on travel have been presented at the college this year. This has been a project in which every honorary group at Queens has taken a part.

The first of these lectures was given by Dr. M. A. Graham, who spoke on "Norway, the Beautiful." Dr. Graham, advisor for Phi Beta Chi and for this council, spent last summer traveling through Norway and Finland. Her lecture was illustrated by means of the delineascope which the Inter-Honorary council is purchasing with the proceeds from the lectures.

The next travel lecture was given by Dr. Lucile K. Delano on "Moorish Influence on Spain." Dr. Delano is advisor for the Spanish Club. The latest lecture was on "Rome, the Eternal City." Miss Alma T. Edwards, faculty member of the Latin Club, was the speaker. The lectures will continue for the remainder of the year. The aim of the council, which is manifested by the lectures, is to "enable young women to fully appreciate the arts, classics, and sciences, to endow them with a capacity for understanding them, and to inspire them so that they voluntarily seek them."

Miss Mary Frances Ehrlich is president of the 1935-36 Inter-Honorary Fraternity council. Members are Miss Ehrlich, Betty Manning, Louise Orr, Katherine Crowell, Ione Smith, Margaret True, Frances Query, Frances Hunsucker, Mary McMaster, Rachel Hamilton, and Dr. Graham, advisor.

The Olympian Circle, chapter of Alpha Kappa Gamma on our campus, recognizes outstanding leaders at Queens-Chicora. This national leadership fraternity's purpose is to foster high ideals and set up high standards for those women who have proved themselves most eminent in constructive leadership among their fellow students; to promote desirable co-ordination of various college interests, activities, and organizations; to preserve the ideals and traditions of the institutions; to bring together the students and faculty on a basis of mutual interest and understanding. Members are chosen in an impressive tap ceremony each Fall and Spring. The officers are: President, Ione Smith; Vice-President, May Lebbly Smith; Secretary, Bettie Wicker; Treasurer, Anne Batten. Other members are Rachel Hamilton, Betty Manning, Thorburn Lillard, Mary Phillips, Frances Y. Query, Loise Thompson, Margaret Trobaugh, Margaret True, Mary Wilson. Associate members are Dr. Ethel Abernethy, Miss Alma T. Edwards, Miss Ruth Grover, Dr. Althea H. Kratz, Miss Mary Louise Thomas.

ALPHA KAPPA GAMMA

The Spanish Club exists for the purpose of providing students of Spanish and others interested with an opportunity to acquire a broad background of Spanish life and customs, of Spanish history, and of the highlights of Spanish literature. The club was founded last year by Dr. Lucile K. Delano and Margaret Crocker. Ann Madre is president of the club this year.

SPANISH CLUB

The Dramatic Club is represented by a group of the most talented students from the class in Expression. The club is limited to a membership of 14 students who are chosen by the Dramatic director. Miss Ethel King is director and Margaret Land is president of the group which is called the "Queens' Players" this year. Members are Roberta Kilgore, Jane Wiley, Thelma Robinson, LeGrande Long, Catherine King, Lucille Kidd, Jennie Ann Eford, Peggy Sabine, Margaret Land.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Art Club was formed for the purpose of advanced study of phases of art and artists. Membership is limited to those art students who have exhibited a strong interest in the study. Martha Ward is president and Miss Lillian Bremer is the club sponsor. Other members are Martha Elizabeth Alexander, Sara Catherine Ashcraft, Dorothy Baker, Sara Kelly Lillard, and Loise Thompson.

ART CLUB

The Choral Club is composed of musically talented students who desire to gain a knowledge and appreciation of beautiful and harmonious singing. A Christmas concert is presented by the club each year. Groups from the club perform on many college programs, and plans are being made for concert trips this year. Miss Grace Robinson is director of the club. Mary McMaster is president and Mary Currie is secretary. Members are Marie Neikirk, Jean Stough, Margaret Trobaugh, Frances Smith, Elizabeth Gammon, Harriete Truesdale, Mildred Lowrance, Kathleen Lowrance, Jean Carter, Elsie Setzer, Ione Smith, Josephine Rankin, Mary Currie, Mary McMaster, Rebecca Ann Cooke, Martha Stewart, Katherine Alexander, Catherine Todd, Rachel Hamilton, Lois Hodges, Mary Elizabeth Kimbirl, Martha Raney, Josephine McDonald, Marie Burton, Helen Cumnock, Louise Denham, Jean Craven, Dorothy Carson, Kathleen Waggoner, Ora Lee Daugherty, Sara Durant, Iris Harmon, Caroline Morris, Mary Alice Craft, Nanette Sherard, Frances O'Hair, Jo Hackney, Virginia Cagle, accompanist, Helen West, Sally McDowell, Dot Morrison, Margaret Montgomery, Sudie Lowder.

CHORAL CLUB

The members of the French Club endeavor to increase the knowledge of French institutions, literature, art, and people, and to create a sympathetic feeling toward them on our campus. This organization attempts to sponsor at least one public program a year. Their successful offering this year was the French picture "La Maternelle," which was shown before a large and appreciative audience here last Fall. Miss Ida Patrick is the sponsor for the club and she will give an illustrated lecture on France soon. Members are Frances Query, president; Mary Franklin, vice-president; Marion Price, secretary; Annie Murray Long, treasurer; Miss Ida Patrick, faculty advisor; Anne Batten, Louise Morris, Mary Louise Davidson, Margaret Thompson, Helen Thompson, Martha Grace Hood.

FRENCH CLUB

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

The Home Economics Club is composed of home economics students who have maintained a high scholastic average and who are interested in the work of the department. The object of the club is to promote cooperation and good feeling among the members and to further an interest in Home Economics activities. Our local club is affiliated with the State and National Home Economics Associations. The officers are, President, Louise Orr; Vice-President, Margaret Morton; Secretary, Caroline Wearn; Treasurer, Margaret Garrison. Members are Thorburn Lillard, Marguerite Ballard, Jean Craven, Thelma Ca- they, Lura Coffey, Bettie Cabell, Ellinor Clayton, Dorothy Duckett, Frances Dowd, Myr- tle Dowd, Ora Lee Daugherty, Mary Durden, Emily Ferguson, Louise Faircloth, Agnes Gwaltney, Sara Griffith, Margaret Garrison, Josephine Hackney, Margaret Hunsucker, Carolyn Hodge, Louise Holland, Lucile Hill, Martha Johnston, Carolyn Kuykendal, Blanche Lethco, Katherine Martin, Dorothy McCoy, Sally McDowell, Norma Moore, Margaret Montgomery, Margaret Morton, Stacie Orr, Frances Poole, Faye Queen, Laura Frances Query, Elsie Rowe, John Wright, Freddie Ward, Helen Williams, Mary Wilson, Mildred Young, Caroline Wearn, Louise Orr. Faculty members are Mrs. Warren H. Booker and Miss Mary Fulton.

I. R. C.

The International Relations Club is a national organization of which the club on our campus is a chapter. The club has as its purpose the promotion of interests in national and international affairs through unbiased discussion at the meetings of crucial world questions, and the sponsoring of this purpose on the campus. Membership in this club is limited to those students who have maintained certain scholastic averages and who have shown an interest in world affairs. Professor R. V. Kennedy is the faculty advisor for the club. Members of the club present chapel programs on historical occasions during the year and endeavor to give one international function each year. The personnel of the club is as follows: Frances Hunsucker, president; Henrietta Henderson, vice-presi- dent; Adeline Kilgore, secretary; Roberta Kilgore, treasurer; Jean Kent Early, Jane Ellen Taylor, Frances Y. Query, Betty Manning, Bettie Wicker, Rachel Boylston, Martha Grace Hood, Eugenia Brumley.

KAPPA OMICRON

Kappa Omicron, honorary English fraternity, recognizes distinctive scholarship in English and merit in associated subjects. Members of the club study phases of literature of special interest to the group, and attempt to further this interest on the campus. Katherine Crowell is president of the group; Roberta Kilgore is vice-president; Margaret True is treasurer. Other members are Betty Manning, Margaret Trobaugh, Sara Hun- sucker, Frances Y. Query, Anne Batten. Dr. Agnes Stout and Mrs. John Lyon are faculty advisors.

MATHEMATICS CLUB

The Mathematics Club exists for the purpose of binding together those students in- terested in mathematics into a closer relationship for the stimulation of interest in mathe- matics, the enjoyment of mathematics, through study of its history and contributors, and the maintenance of high scholarship in the college mathematics department. The officers are: President, Ione Smith; Vice-President, Helen Thompson; Secretary and Treasurer, Margaret True. Miss Olive Jones and Miss Marie Turnipseed are sponsors for the club. Other members are Jane Ellen Taylor, Henrietta Henderson, Martha Grace Hood, Mar- garet Trobaugh, Harriet Brown, Lynch Crockett, Alice Crowell, Jane Wiley, Sara Paxton, Edith Gallant, Dorothy Faircloth, Martha Grey, Doris Joines, Helen Jordan, Elizabeth Martin, Josephine McDonald, Barbara Shatzer, Virginia Taylor, Eleanor Woodcock.

ALPHA LAMBDA MU

Alpha Lambda Mu is our honorary music fraternity whose members have shown out- standing talent and interest in music and who have a fixed scholarship rating. The fra- ternity purposes to sponsor concerts and artists at the college and to create a love of good music on the part of the students. Rachel Hamilton is president of the musical group; Sarah Hunsucker is vice-president; Eugenia Brumley is secretary-treasurer. The sponsor of Alpha Lambda Mu is Miss Mary Wharton. Other members will be taken in in the Spring. Only those students who are full-time music students are eligible for member- ship.



SNAPSHOTS

That was some snow—Hodge and Courtney are trying to make that 11 o'clock class, by borrowing the Park Place taxi. And are those cuties from the Institute? To be suah—but who is the daring miss, third in line?

Here's the original girl flying on the flagpole, and Mrs. Wilson caught in the act of collecting bottles. A pretty snow scene of Burwell, and a solitary Mr. Monroe on back campus. No wonder Ruth Knee caught flu—the idea of sleeping through three classes in the snow.

That third gal was Emma—this picture proves it. Two bosses—and mighty good ones—Grover and Phillips. Those benches make this look like a deserted picnic ground.

Oh, my—classes so early that the girls don't finish breakfast. Betsy gives all of hers to Nancy who seems pretty anxious to get it. And Lucy, Nell and Martha take it very seriously. That big black car is nothing but a laundry truck—these are found in even the best of colleges.

PHI BETA CHI

Phi Beta Chi is the honorary science fraternity at the college. The purpose of the club is to promote interest in science by keeping up with current scientific investigations, by means of lectures by prominent scientists, and by means of general discussions. Dr. M. A. Graham, Dr. Dorisse Howe, Mrs. McEwen, and Miss Sara Nooe are faculty sponsors. Mary Frances Ehrlich is president of the club; Frances Hunsucker, vice-president; Ida Virginia Miller, secretary; Martha Hood, treasurer. Members are Frances Hunsucker, Mary Frances Ehrlich, Dorothy Ehrhardt, Ione Smith, Adeline Kilgore, Dot Senn, Virginia Senn, Ida Virginia Miller, Martha Grace Hood, Betty Wicker.

IOTA XI

Iota Xi is the honorary journalistic fraternity on our campus. The purpose of the fraternity is to select capable editors and business managers for the college publications. Members of the organization also act in an advisory capacity concerning contracts, and questions relating to the publishing of the newspaper and the annual. Dr. Agnes Stout is the faculty member of the club. Margaret True is president of Iota Xi. Members are Anne Batten, Betty Manning, Martha Ware Pitts, May Lebbly Smith, Ione Smith, Caroline Hodge.

NATURE POETRY

SONNET

The sun sails high and sets at eventide,
But daylight often lingers on for hours;
It's then the fever and the heat subside,
And bring a tranquil peace to soothe the powers.
The storms that spent themselves in early day
Have left a cleaner calmer peace
The showers of afternoon have gone away
At last the daylight has its own release.
The fear and trouble of the day are gone
And night draws on with true assurance sweet
The twilight gives away to night alone
For day without the night is incomplete.
One lives a life a day so full and free
Then sleeps to wait God's Great Eternity.

LOIS D. WILSON.

LET ME LIVE OUT OF DOORS

Let me live out of doors the whole day through,
In autumn, when the days are bright
When the world is a song in color
And the color is at its height.

Let me live out of doors and feel the wind
As it rushes gaily by
Shouting its song the whole day long,
As happy and carefree as I.

Let me live out of doors and feel the leaves
As they drift so slowly down
Each bringing a different color
To a carpet for the ground.

Let me live out of doors and know the sweetness
of the world just after rains
Let me know the beauty and completeness
Of all the powers the world contains.

Let me live out of doors where the world is at peace
And beauty and nature are free
Out in the open where I can commune
With God and He with me.

LOIS D. WILSON.

A PRAYER FOR COURAGE

Oh! Father God, and Lord of Grace
I humbly bow in prayer.
Remove my weakness. In its place
Implant pure courage there.
Renew my heart and make it strong
New duties come my way
Give me courage to see the wrong
And meet each coming day.
For days seem often hard and long
My cross so hard to bear
So now 'tis for a smile and song
I offer up my prayer.
Oh, teach me that thy ways are right
And life must still go on—
The "darkest hours of all the night
Come just before the dawn."
Oh, Father, give me courage new,
And may I live for Thee
I need thy help and thy strength too
So stay thou close to me.

AMEN.

LOIS WILSON.

“COLOR”

White, the tiny cottage.
Crimson, the flower bed
Black, the sturdy tree-trunk
Gold, the tousled head.
Blue, the sky above her
Green, the moss beneath.
Twinkling eyes, fingers busy
Twisting a daisy wreath.

SUE MAXWELL MAULDIN.

“TWILIGHT”

The golden sun sinks in the west;
The clouds reflect its loveliness.
The stars as twinkling lights appear;
And the new moon's crescent, very dear
To Beauty's heart, bestows upon me
Peace.

SUE MAXWELL MAULDIN.

“HOME OF THE BLACK MAN”

Through the dark and tangled jungle
Echoes far the leopard's cry
Rivaled by the heavy crash
Of a reckless elephant herd.
Murmurs low and chattered whispers
Spread in awesome tension 'round.
Onward through the mighty forest
Till with glaring burst of light
Part regretfully the trees
Around a stream in headlong race.
Hushed are now the jungle's echoes.
Hear the river's rapid rush,
O'er its torrents low-dipping palms
With graceful spread of fringed arms.
Stretched upon the distant sand bank
Lies the basking crocodile
With wary, watchful eye.
With guttural grunt the hippo
Lumbers to the river's edge,
Heavily splashes and submerges.
Struggling 'gainst the wilful current
Black men wield their frail canoes
In faultless rhythm dip they the oars,
Flinging out a diamond spray.
Struggling, struggling on and winning
Now victorious—glide the Black Men
To the jungle-tangled shore.
O'er the river rolls the rumble
Of the steady-beating tom-tom
Hear it thunderously proclaim:
This the home,
This the realm,
Of the Black Man!

LOUISE CRANE.

“STORMS”

There are many storms
That mean much to me:
The hard rain-falls,
The storms at sea.
The wind that whistles
Through tall firm trees.
The cold white storms
Stirred by no soft breeze.
But the only storm that
Causes one alarm
Is the brainstorm I have
Near your electric charm.

BY MARGARET DUCKETT.

I'LL PRETEND

Why do I feel so lonely
Tired, and downhearted too,
What is this dull aching pain
That comes when the day is through?

I know that I do not love you—
At least, I'm making believe
My thoughts have risen above you
My love is on reprieve.

I pretend so well in broad daylight
With duties and tasks to do
But the thought that fills me every night
Is how much I really miss you.

But—it's been a joy to love you.

My longing and pain will go

If I keep on trying to forget you.

But why must it go so slow?

BY LOIS WILSON.

DAYS

A setting sun—a western sky,
A curfew tolled—a day passed by.
How many thoughts, how many tasks
Have been to naught myself I ask.
I close my eyes but still I see
Lost opportunity on life's dark sea.

A rising sun—an eastern sky,
A gay cock crows—a new day's nigh,
Filled with thoughts, filled with tasks.
Look to the future not to the past
I use my eyes to see the best,
To do the wise, forget the rest.

MARY LOUISE CURRIE.

THE LIVING HORACE

A CELEBRATION in which the whole world took part has just been completed. Practically all the civilized nations have joined in doing honor to a man born 2,000 years ago, but whose influence is still alive, molding the thought and adding to the happiness of all who read and study him.

This man is a son of Italy born 65 years before Christ. His name is Quintus Horatius Flaccus, known by the friendly name of Horace. For our purpose it is necessary to say but little of his life except to show that he was born of poor parents, yet in spite of very humble surroundings he arrived at greater fame than any other man of his day, with the possible exception of Virgil. His father, though poor, spared no pains to educate his son, just as Horace in his more mature years spared no words in his expression of gratitude for such a father. By the time of his 23rd birthday he had studied in Italy's capital, in Athens, where high born young men were his companions, and was ready to enter upon his career. His ready wit, his common sense, his sane philosophy of life soon won for him the friendship of the best men of his time, and such high lights as Maecenas, Virgil, and even Augustus himself became his close companions and friends. From them he gained inspiration, and what was equally necessary—his Sabine farm. He lived only 57 years, but when one thinks of all the people he knew and touched intimately, of the journeys he made at a time when few men travelled, of the leisure he had for musing and chatting and writing, his life seems to be of quite normal length.

And so we leave the simple facts of Horace's life and pass on to his works, for it is to his poetry that we must look if we are to discover that lasting monument of which he writes. His works fall into three divisions: Satires, Odes, and Epistles.

In his satires Horace is an interpreter of life. Although he satirizes peo-

ple, their habits, their customs, and life in general, he does it in a joking sort of way. He knows that quite often a joke may settle weighty matters better than a sharp rebuke. The dominant note of the satires is good humor. He satirizes a class rather than an individual and a sin rather than a sinner. The names that he invented by which he denoted some particular types of people afford an interesting study—"Grab-all" for borrower; "Rich-hard" for a wealthy skinflint; "Newly" for an upstart. These names remind one of the names of characters in the early English drama; and even today we find names of this sort in our comic sheets.

The two most famous satires are entitled "The Bore" and "A Trip to Brundisium." Both of these are delightful reading. The Bore episode causes the reader to smile at an experience that he himself has had. Times are quite the same and bores are still in pursuit. The "Trip to Brundisium" makes one feel that he is actually a member of the party which is traveling from Rome to Brundisium. Indeed, the journey is so vividly described with all the attendant pleasures and discomforts—the sting of mosquitoes and the croaking of frogs—that during the summer of 1935 a pilgrimage was made by a group of lovers of Horace over the 350 miles of the Appian way along the route which Horace and his friends followed in their journey from Rome to Brundisium in 38 B. C.

It was, however, Horace's odes which at once raised him to the front rank of Roman poets and assured his fame. They are really little songs and beautiful gems. As a master in lyric form Horace is unexcelled among Roman poets. One simple theme after another he weaves into his lovely patterns. "Carpe Diem," seize your opportunity, "Seek Not Riches," "Till the Soil, and Plant the Vine," "Live Worthy of the Gods," "Pile High the Logs on Winter's Hearth," "Seek

Peace of Heart," "Tempt Not the Gods," "Have Courage and Fidelity." These lines and hundreds more have become maxims and household words for lovers of Horace.

It was natural that six years after the publication of his three books of odes he should be chosen by Augustus to compose the *Carmen Saeculare* to be sung at the Roman games held in 17 B. C. in honor of Rome's growth and greatness. This is an ode written to order to be sung by a chorus of youths and maidens. During the bimillenary festival the *Carmen Saeculare* was produced and sung at Rome and at Horace's birthplace, Venusia.

The *Epistles* reveal Horace as a moralist and a literary critic. Some of the epistles are genuine letters such as one friend might write to another; others are simple disquisitions in verse form on questions of life, letters, or philosophy.

The longest of Horace's poems and the one that approaches nearest to the character of a formal treatise is the *Ars Poetica*. It is largely didactic. In it Horace summarizes three principles for authors—only write if you have the flair; submit your work to competent opinion; keep it by you for four years before publication. Many literary critics have found their inspiration here.

Through his works Horace has lived for 2,000 years. His influence can be traced from its beginning during his life time up to the present. His popularity during his own day has been especially attested to by the fact that he was chosen to write the Saecular Hymn for use in the greatest religious and patriotic festival of the times. Then, too, he lived to see his own works introduced as texts in Roman schools. It is rather amusing to read Horace's tenth Satire, where he makes fun of those producers of verse who aspire to have their published works used as textbooks to teach the ignorant how to write. "Are you foolish enough to prefer that your songs be dictated

in the commonest schools? That surely is not my ambition." And yet, poor Horace is best known in the classroom!

In the times immediately following his lifetime Horace had many imitators and there were many critics and interpreters of his works. During the Middle Ages with all the change and turmoil Horace was not lost. The works of this pagan poet were preserved in the monasteries. Then at the beginning of the 11th century we have direct evidence that he is being used in the schools. In the 12th century in general acquaintance with Horace among cultivated men may be taken for granted. But the 13th and 14th centuries mark a decline in intellectual life. This decline in humane studies meant also a decline of interest in Horace. We know that a purchaser wanting to buy a copy of Horace in 1370 is apparently unable to find it. This lack of interest was arrested only by the Rebirth of Learning. There was an intellectual movement back to the classical authors and the classical civilizations. Horace entered into new life.

For 400 years now it can hardly be denied that Horace rather than Virgil has been the representative Latin poet of humanism. This does not mean that Horace is greater than Virgil, or that he is as great. Virgil is still the poet of stately movement and of beautiful narrative, and the poet of the grand style. He remained the admired, but Horace became the friend. Professor Duff says, "While Virgil wins admirers, Horace wins friends." And this is as Horace would have wished it for he says, "Nothing while in my right mind would I compare to the delight of a friend." Wherever Horace has been read he has left a happy memory of himself and an inspiration for sane and truthful living.

Down to the present there have been about 90 English translations of complete *Odes* of Horace, 70 German, 100 French, and 48 Italian. Indeed, there have been more translations or attempts to translate him than is the case with any other author. But Horace is really an untranslatable poet. His dic-

tion, meter, and arrangement of words is so perfect that after him no Latin lyric poet arose who was worthy of the name. Still, he is the most quoted and the most quotable of Latin poets.

Horace's influence on English writers has been immense. Showerman says, "Wordsworth has an intimate familiarity with Virgil, Catullus, and Horace, but loves Horace best; Coleridge thinks highly of his literary criticism; Byron, who was greatly fond of him, frequently quotes him; Shelley reads him with pleasure; Browning's *Ring and the Book* contains many quotations from him; Thackeray makes use of phrases from the *Odes* with an ease and facility which only close intimacy could produce; Andrew Lang addresses to him the most charming of his *Letters to Dead Authors*; and Austin Dobson is inspired by him in many of his exquisite poems in lighter vein."

What of his influence on our own American authors? The poets Field, Untermeyer, and Franklin P. Adams show by their works that they have intimate knowledge of Horace. What is more surprising is the fact that we find clear traces of his influence on such American writers as Emerson, James Huneker, Longfellow and Edgar Allan Poe. Huneker, who died only in 1922 and who was one of America's greatest critics of art, music, and literature, writes in his autobiography, "Horace is ever at my elbow." Poe used *Odes* of Horace to support his own theories of composition and refers to Horace as "dear Quinty." Thus we see that Horace and his influence are at work even at the present time.

Why has Horace lived for 2,000 years influencing in so marked a way life and literature? Is it not that his works have a universal and an eternal appeal? He is the interpreter of life, not only of his own times, but of all times. He knows human nature. He says not only are all men the victims of insatiable desire, but all are alike subject to the uncertainties of fate. The soldier, the lawyer, the farmer, the trader, sweep over the earth in the passion for gain, like dust in a whirlwind—all are dissatisfied. And Death

lurks in readiness to seize each. But if man is wise he may find enjoyment in life. The first step toward this enjoyment of the human lot is acquiescence; the second, to make wise use of life's advantages. Take advantage of the day and put no faith in the morrow. Yet Horace's counsel is always for moderation. He is not a wine-bibber, and he is not a total abstainer. Love is a contribution to life's pleasure; do not abuse it. Horace locates the sources of happiness in his own breast. Real happiness consists in peace of mind and heart. Horace is of exceeding value as an influence in the formation of a philosophy of life, offering to his readers a healthy foundation on which to build their own philosophy.

Horace well deserves the honors that are being heaped upon him on this bimillennial occasion. And yet another element enters into the Italian background of the celebration. The Institute of Roman Studies, which had a large part in the preparation of the program, is engaged in reviving the use of Latin as a universal language. Is there a better means to this end than a revival of interest in a Roman poet whom many people have at some time or other read and loved?

Now organized in all the larger Italian cities the Institute has enlisted the cooperation of a number of similar societies abroad in addition to the foreign schools and societies established in Rome. Some of the activities of the Institute are the compilation of a Latin dictionary of Latin equivalents for the modern technical terms of banking, insurance, and the sciences; the production of summaries in Latin of the proceedings of International Congresses. Here then lies the very practical aim behind the widespread celebration of Horace's bimillenary.

So with grateful heart we repeat his tribute:

"I shall not wholly die; nay, I shall for the most part escape the funeral goddess, nor shall I cease to be reborn again and again, my glory always increasing."

BY ROBERTA KILGORE.

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The Coronet





The Coronet

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Volume II

Number 3

MAY LEBBY SMITH *Editor*

MARGARET TRUE *Business Manager*

WE PAUSE TO Recognize



MARGARET ANDERSON.

and it seems that the whole school is doing the same thing. She came to us only this year, but stories of her ability and charms drifting over the Tennessee mountains placed her in student government work last fall. Then when proof of her talents was exhibited here, "Andy" became a household word. It was "Andy, fix the posters, Andy make a speech, or Andy write a short story." Always serving her college in one way or another, always doing small favors for her friends, and always fairminded and tolerant—that is Andy. Add noteworthy scholarship, the pleasantest manner imaginable, and the title of president of the Boarding Student Body—and that is Margaret Anderson. She has that rare combination of qualities found only in the true leaders—a willingness to perform the most insignificant of tasks and a talent for producing the most artistic and painstaking of work.

MARY F. EHRLICH.

because in our opinion she is the loveliest member of the senior class and her nature is by no means eclipsed by her appearance. Seldom does one find a beautiful girl with an even disposition who also knows the meaning of work. Too often a charming person feels that charm and affableness are enough to carry her through life, and that may be so, but Mary Frances feels differently. From the first she has cooperated splendidly, both as a day student and as a boarder. But when she lived on the campus, the students really began to know the sincerity and earnestness that are hers. Her work with the honorary fraternities will always be remembered as an evidence of effort on her part to do something for her college. She is a leader of the most admirable kind—a quiet leader who has led herself into the hearts of her classmates.

MARY PHILLIPS.

and nothing could give us greater pleasure! If ever there was an energetic creature with the pulling power of a locomotive, the fire of a volcano, and the disposition of a lamb (after the eruption of the volcano) it is our senior class president. Although she worries herself sick about her fifty-two children, nothing suits her better than buying their little blue jackets, taking them on picnics, blessing them out for not minding her, and waiting on them hand and foot (in the bookroom). Even when she gets worried about the financial condition of her family she still remembers to chuckle, because nothing can dampen her cheerful spirits for very long. But she has decided that the strain is telling on her, so in a week or two, she's sending her kids out into the world to make their own fortunes. Mama Phillips intends to let loose and enjoy life.

Editorial

“GRECIAN CUSTOMS”

PERHAPS this subject is too intangible to be written about. It is certainly foreign to the policies of the *ORONET* to treat of such a topic. But certain liberties are being taken, because sororities are featured in this issue and because sororities need a severe reprimanding.

We have lost sight of our college, our friendships, and ourselves when we allow the love of power and prominence for our Greek society to dictate to our better judgment. We are forgetting that if we fight tooth and nail for anything, it must be for Queens-Chicora College for a true sister, or for our characters, but never for a symbol of fraternal bonds that we have made farcical. Nothing could be finer or purer than our sorority rituals, all urging the development of the highest type of womanhood. No vows are ever taken with any more sincerity or righteous desire than these.

But what happens to us? Our strength of purpose is turned into another channel, and we spend four years fighting for dear old Beta Kappa, in the most ruthless of ways—politicizing. Nothing is quite so important as getting a beta into office—not even a sense of honor or justice. Let it take us out of this poll box and all of us are charming people. On Sunday nights before the open fires, singing our songs, we are the most delightful of persons, feeling nothing but good will and real fellowship for the Gammas next door. We ourselves cannot explain this phenomena, and we despise the other side of the

picture. But the trouble lies in our own hearts, and what is so close to us is hard to discern.

We have allowed our true sorority spirit of loyalty to become enmeshed in petty trivial matters and it seems impossible for us to tear down this false feeling and erect a worthy one in its place. But there *is* a way and it was suggested by a sorority woman. We must place our fierce loyalty, our unflagging devotion in one common object, so that all differences and jealousies will vanish. Each of us must feel strongly for the same sorority and place our hope and trust in one ideal. Together we shall stand; divided we have fallen. And where should we turn for our common bond but to our college?

It is possible to know the same love for our college as for our sorority, and it is far more natural. Our college is the emblem of our four years of joy and sorrow, knowledge and blunders, unrest and indescribable peace. The name *QUEENS-CHICORA* should recall to us our most thrilling moments and our days of greatest joy. Now, the name does not stand for any of those things, for our sorority has taken the place of the college in our hearts, and the sorority is a usurper. It is the task of each of us to remedy this error by restoring our college to her pedestal, and by keeping the sorority on the ground.

Junior

Sketches



LOISE THOMPSON—Electric storm in a doll house; ginger snaps and red apples; tiny feet in high heels, restless fingers, breathless speech, suppressed curls—Junior president, plus many more offices; the very best.

ISABEL ANDERSON—Boisterous—an eye for public singing—and practical jokes; seldom as serene as she looks here; tomboy imitating a lady.



MARGARET ANDERSON - President of the boarders; artistic—red-headed—dependable; Mother Goose in her teens; wide-eyed, earnest—probably writes fairy tales, and believes them; wholesome.

MARY ANNI CARTER —Always found in the center of excitement, and usually starting it—impulsive—irrepressible—bee in a bottle; jester with a hair ribbon.

ELLINOR CLAYTON—Treasurer of her class—a Yankee with strong yearnings toward the South; individual opinions—sly sense of humor; sophisticate on horseback.



SUZANNE BRICE—Amiable—willing to do anything for a friend—lovely knit suits; reserved and quiet, but lets down her hair when you know her—sees the fun in everything, and laughs at your jokes.

BETTIE CABELL—In case you don't know, Bettie is from Virginia—French governess in English setting; probably longest tresses on the campus—dainty walk, and original style.

MARGARET CALDER—One of the class beauties—maid-of-honor in the May Court; bathing beauty advertising milk and sunshine—radiates health; superior student; lacks affectation.

ELEANOR CARR—Cheerleader—always laughing—always in the "red"—no worries; happy-go-lucky—crazy conversationalist—swell girl.

REBECCA ANN COOKE—Charlestonian brogue—dignity on a holiday—family traditions—changeable—baby driving a V-8—dark coloring—poise.

ROSALIND CORBITT—Eager to please—easy going—strong for midnight bull sessions—extremely friendly—kid playing hookey—masquerading as a grown-up.

MARY LOUISE DAVIDSON—Good advertising girl—capable—a sweet person with real common sense beneath those blonde waves—Colonial home, a lovely setting for this Southerner.

MARY DURDAN—A puzzle—distinctive—crazy, yet serious; slow of speech but snappy of comeback; braid becomingly worn—another Georgia peach.

JUNIOR SKETCHES

JEAN KENT EARLY—From Mississippi and proud of it—plenty of ability—forceful personality—gay—terribly earnest; executive with a giggle—fascinated child in a swivel chair; many friends.

MARY FRANKLIN—One of the "eternal three"—vivacious—good academic rating—stylish—good-natured—Little lady on the merry-go-round.



EDNA FURMAN — Blonde—witty—quietish—officer of I. R. C.—blushes delightfully—unusual musical talent, and should go far with it.

HENRIETTA HENDERSON—President of I. R. C.—dignified when she remembers to be—reserved around strangers—"Hen" to her friends—care-free—likeable.



MARTHA GRACE HOOD—Chemistry major—studious—takes life and work seriously, but possesses dimples—a hard worker—capable day student.

ATHA HOWELL—One year pre-med. student—sincere—diligent—likes her work and means to get somewhere in that field.



SARA HUNSUCKER—Twinkle in her eye—plays violin beautifully, with real feeling; gorgeous curls (now shorn); sweetness personified.

ELLEN KINGHORN—Good-natured; grand committee gal; sees the more humorous side of things and gets a kick out of college life.



JUNIOR SKETCHES



THORBURN LILLARD—Reserved—refined—stately—editor of "Queens-Blues"—neat—systematic; pink china and pinafores—silky blonde hair and ivory skin—but no doll—a mind of her own.



ANNIE MURRAY LONG—Irish wit and coloring—excellent student, who is not conscious of the fact; a mighty fine Alpha Gam, and a cheery soul.

•



CATHERINE MARSHALL—"Kitty" describes her—sunny, laughing, with a depth and seriousness of an older person; very obliging and pleasant.

ELIZABETH MAYNARD—Toastmistress at Junior-Senior—Charming—able to put over a joke—forgotten dignity—ready giggle—clear blue eyes and dusky brown hair—wistful.

•



MARY McCASKILL—Says little but thinks a great deal—an observer who profits by what she sees—a smile on her face all the time.

MARGARET MORTON—Attractive—quiet manner—attains sought goals—pleasing personality and winning, infectious smile.

•

EULA NAVY—A junior who pulls for her class, and who will pull the same way as a senior—a reliable student and friend—loyal.

JEAN ORR—Classical features softened by her charming, sincere manner; a leader, a May Day attendant, and a willing worker.

JUNIOR SKETCHES

MARTHA PETTEWAY—Every May Court—Tears up a piano—beautiful complexion and coloring, with ability to wear clothes suited to her type—many offices—fashion model off at school.

MARTHA WARE PITTS—"Pittsy", with a sympathetic ear for your troubles; a born dictator with hosts of followers, and a beguiling baby-blond coloring.

FRANCES Y. QUERY—A determined little creature, who accomplishes her aims; Kewpie doll in Sunday School; Pollyanna in a business office.

MARY ELIZABETH REA—Flying bach and forth in her car—a regular day student but she spends enough time on the campus to be full of loyalty for her college.

THELMA ROBINSON—A peach! Quiet, neat as a pin, consistently good worker, and an important member of the Queens' Players; a splendid beginning for a great mission—nursing.

ELSIE SETZER—Cheerful fairy making a touchdown; Robin Hood debating with Elon—a clear ringing voice that belongs to a capable person.



JUNIOR SKETCHES

MARTHA SUE SIMMONS—Crazy water crystals in a babbling brook; nerts but you like it—red fingers, blues song, and all; green eyes and black hair—a peppy combination.

FRANCES SMITH—Committee woman on a spree; Norwegian blonde with a little French fire; a grand big sister with a swell little sister, and a darling diamond ring.

CHRISTINE STEELE—A little person who accomplishes more than her share of work—new to us this year, but already hailed by every one as a "doer"; crinkly smile—pleasant.

BARBARA SUMMITT—Giggles in starch; movie comic taking her pie-slinging seriously; librarian on a roller coaster; ridiculously serious.

PROMING

Anything that goes over with as much bang and pep as Junior-Senior did this year is worthy of a few comments before the end of the year. As usual there were a few members of the class who undertook most of the responsibility, and really put on the affair, but the success of the prom was due to the cooperation (over-worked word) of every junior. "Prom" was the only word that could elicit a response from a junior weeks before the event, and "putting it over" was the only phrase they could understand.

Here's why it went over—a real genuine invitation for each senior and another for her escort—the word "formal" which assured all of a date in a tux and a corsage—the atmosphere of a night-club, implanted by the hat check booth, and smiling hostess—that first breathtaking view of an isle of Paradise, dimly illuminated by silver stars in a tropical sky, with palm trees swaying in the background—a soft vision of midnight blue and exotic emerald—the S of the banquet table, bedecked with Spring flowers—soft sweet strains of music—scraping of chairs followed by the clinking of silver—followed by praise of the feast—the attention given to small details, such as the favors and the programs—the lovely glow given to eager faces by the candlelight—the looks exchanged by many of the visitors to Paradise—the very attractive toastmistress whose jokes went over—the enjoyable program of song and dance—the new diminutive senior president who was charming and unaffected at news of the honor—the becoming costumes of the tray-handlers—the presence of three guests who enjoyed themselves—five-minute dates, reminiscent of parties way back when—lanterns on side-campus—strolls along quiet, secluded (?) paths—punch and candy bobby-pinned heads hanging out of Morrison windows—sailors dancing with each other on the deserted ballroom floor—swirling chif-fons, sheer organdys, cobwebby laces, pastel shades, fragrant flowers, smiling faces, and tall straight forms in black and white—MEN!





JUNIOR SKETCHES

JANE ELLEN TAYLOR—Little girl playing grown-up; big brown eyes, wavy hair, almost russet, and a real grin—attractive—honor student.

ISABEL TURNER—Nice girl of the town; tiny, neat, quiet, sweet—burnt orange satin—most becoming dress on the campus.

KATHLEEN WAGONER—Dresden doll tap dancing; Mickey Mouse imitating Shirley Temple; Jimmie—the name that fits this democratic president.

CAROLINE WEARN—A flair for clothes; vacations in Miami; china blue eyes that seemed violet in hyacinth chiffon at Junior-Senior—charm.

HELEN WEST—Another Helen, along with Wills and Jacobs, who rules in the way of sports; also active in class activities.

ELEANOR WHITLEY—Not this serious all the time—a quiet booster who is one of the juniors that make hers an up-and-at-it class.

MARY WILSON—Story of the postman who walks on Sunday afternoon—would rather be pushing a campus project than talking (that's a big rather); husky voice, head thrown back—ready for action.

JOHN WRIGHT—Leader in her field—Queen of the home—she'll lend her talents to her class anytime—big-hearted.

The Poet's Corner

LOST LOVE

Standing above the housetops,
Looking out over the trees,
Waiting, and watching, and wondering,
What manner of thoughts are these
That come as if shot from a bowstring,
And quickly o'ershadowing my view,
Make my whole world fall into pieces—
They are memories, my Darling, of you.

Thoughts of the joys and the heartaches,
The pain and the pleasure we knew;
The days and the nights filled with wonder,
The days and the nights that were blue.

And in my heart there's a yearning;
In my eyes, a curious burning;
In my mind, a certain discerning
That I still, my Darling, love you.

SUE MAXWELL MAULDIN.

FIREFLIES

Fireflies,
Tiny pinpricks of flame
Against a dark horizon.
A myriad of fleeting lights
Matching for an instant
Their brilliance
'Gainst that of the
Eternal stars.
Fame.
That fleeting gift of fate
Which, for a moment,
Seems to outshine
The simple beauty
Eternal glory
Of a life
Well lived.

SUE MAXWELL MAULDIN.

THE RIVER

Life, like a river, starts out as a feeble stream
Straight and pure from the depths of Mother Earth,
Down the mountains and across the plains it goes
Slowly at first, and in a bed prepared by nature—
Then gathers momentum, sand and sticks for
Other streams flow into it enlarging the river.
It goes on swirling, swiftly rushing,
It waters the fields as it passes by, giving life.
It mercilessly carries a million things in its path
On and on it rushes, madly driven by a mysterious force
Then when at last it has watered the thirsty earth
It surges into the vast sea to become an infinity.

LOIS WILSON.

RAIN

The rain fell gently down
And softly covering the parched ground
Brought release.
Release from the heat and the drought
That held the earth, until fear and doubt
Possessed all.
But then the rain began to fall
Bringing release.

The earth now opened weary eyes
And saw in the ugly, darkened skies
A splendor unlooked for, unseen
As down the rain in silvery sheen
Brought release.

ANONYMOUS.

YE HAVE EYES

Ye have eyes and ye see not,
Ears and ye hear not,
Hands and ye give not away;
Ye have tongues and ye speak not,
Minds and ye think not,
Hearts and ye love not, each day.

Ye have clothes and ye clothe not,
Food and ye feed not,
Homes and ye bring not them in;
Ye have light and ye light not,
Christ and ye show not;
How expect ye your Heaven to win?

SUE MAXWELL MAULDIN.

Good Business

Just a few of the business students—but a grand representation—each one an individual, who'll go places when Miss Inglis hands out that diploma—in fact, the most attractive-looking bunch of baby secretaries we've seen. And every one would give all the credit to Miss Inglis, who knows her own business, and minds it nicely.

LOUISE ELROD—slender brunette who is always glad to see everybody; Georgian drawl, but a sophisticated appearance; school teacher in a beauty contest.

RUBY LINGLE—Dainty, soft-voiced—a smile as glowing as her name—will make a neat and efficient secretary, as well as a decorative one.

CAROLINE MORRIS—Puck in overalls; freshman who realizes who the joke is on—and won't tell; independent and clear-eyed—should be called by her middle name "Pemberton".

TEMPE SPEEGLE—Buoyant—alive; Latin from Manhattan; most descriptive name on the campus; dynamite and doughnuts; actress at the circus.

MYRTLE WATSON—Wit as dry as gingerale—and as bubbly; anything goes—out for a big time and having it—laughing at the other fellow.

HILDA WEAVER—Jet black eyes; sweet, placid nature; a day student from Hickory with a ready smile; should stay another year so that every one could know her.





SETZER ANDERSON ORR THOMPSON KILGORE

Student Government Officers

The five girls pictured above form an enthusiastic and capable group as can be found at Queens-Chicora. Each one has distinguished herself in a particular field, and has received the office most suited to her talents. The students of the college are fortunate to have such a just and able student government board as they.

JEAN ORR is a true president, a believer in right and equality. From her first year at Queens-Chicora she has been regarded by her classmates as a sincere friend and a brave leader, standing out from the mass of students as an individual. What is right and best for Queens-Chicora College will have her stamp of approval during her presidency.

MARGARET ANDERSON has always responded when called upon, and she will continue to do so. Her remarkable talents have won her a reputation as a clever, original person, and she willingly lends her time and abilities to the college. The boarding student body, to the girl, admires and loves "Andy". As that body's president, she will command its respect.

LOISE THOMPSON is one of the few persons who does all of her work well. She refuses to leave matters unfinished,

and a word is sufficient to enlist her services. No one could be of greater help to the now weak day student organization than Loise, who will put her Charlotte sisters, as a united body, on the same level as the boarders. She is the leader for them.

ADELINE KILGORE is president of an association in which she has worked as a member of all teams. She has the vim and energy necessary for a leader of athletes, and the skill necessary for a good player. There is no doubt but that she will make our college more athletic-conscious next year, and bring the students out to encourage, if not to participate in, the games.

ELSIE SETZER is the new president of the Student Christian Association because she, and she alone, can give this organization the spirit and guidance it needs. Her honest endeavor, her unflinching strength of conviction, make her particularly well suited to lead the S. C. A. to the students. Elsie will make the body as important as any other group here, and give to it its rightful place, while she is carrying on the work.

Alumni News

Graduates of Queens-Chicora College have been successful in the various careers they have chosen.

MRS. MILDRED MORSE McEWEN, '22, came back to Queens as a professor in chemistry after receiving her M. A. at the University of North Carolina. She likes teaching chemistry because, well, she likes chemistry. Too, she says that constant association with young people keeps one from feeling too old herself.

MISS ELOISE RANKIN, also a Queens graduate, is Supervisor of the Elementary Schools in Mecklenburg County. Her work, she says, is varied and interesting; she visits the schools of the county and helps the teacher besides having much office work. However, what she likes most of all about her profession is her contact with young people throughout the county. Her work, too, offers a fine opportunity for service.



MISS ANNE PIERCE, head librarian of the Charlotte Public Library, is a Queens graduate. She says that, in her way of thinking, there is no nicer work nor any better way of making a living than being a librarian. The opportunities for service, she says, are limitless. She gives three requisites for a successful librarian: a love of people, a love of books, and joy in service.



MISS MIRIAM STEELE, salutatorian of the class of '35, has decided to become a laboratory technician. She is now working towards this end by taking a course in Dr. Harvey P. Barrett's office.

MISS RENA HARRELL, 1912, is, as you all know, our own college librarian. She received her M. A. in English at the University of North Carolina and studied library cataloging and library management at Columbia University. Last spring Miss Harrell did research work in the Congressional Library on one of her favorite subjects, the worship of the animals at the nativity scene. She, too, has traveled. When she was abroad a few years ago, she became interested in England—not so much in the people as in the peacefulness of the countryside. Miss Harrell enjoys golf and plays a very good game but she says that she is a very poor swimmer. Her pet belief is, she tells us, that it pays to be casual if one can.



MISS MARY HARRELL, 1916, is now teaching shorthand at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina. Prior to this she taught English in the Greensboro High School for ten years. Since her graduation she has studied extensively, including sec-

"There's a great fascination about a science which is ever developing; one by which we may interpret a cause and relieve suffering. This is why I studied medicine." DR. MARGARET BUCKNOR, who was graduated from the old Presbyterian College in 1912, is still absorbed in her work which to her is a pleasure. She encourages any who are interested in human nature and who possess a great love of medicine to go further in a field which yields such service to humanity. She, herself, worked her way through medical school by nursing and says it is worth every bit of the midnight oil she burned.

MRS. PHILLIP EVANS BOSTICK, '31, who was Miss Adelaide Graham Kuester before her marriage last summer, is receptionist and color artist at Ivey's Photograph Department. She has been there practically ever since her graduation and she likes it the best in the world, because besides the art work she comes in contact with so many different people.



Everyone loves the genial quietness of the Charlotte Book Shop. Pervading its atmosphere is the personality of MRS. EILZABETH CHAMBERS HOLT, a graduate of 1909. Naturally she had a love for books and a great interest in people. "Those," she said, "are the requisites for enjoying a book shop." Besides that, she said, it is necessary to be a good housekeeper since the appearance of the shop is an important factor. "It is one of the most delightful and pleasurable vocations for one who loves books."

retarial work at the Katherine Gibbs School in New York. Miss Harrell is well qualified for her position not only because of her English training and secretarial work but because of her culture. She has traveled a great deal throughout the United States and is planning to go to Europe during the summer of 1937 with her sister, Miss Rena Harrell.





ALPHA DELTA PI

Founded at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., 1851

BETA IOTA CHAPTER

Established at Queens College, February 6, 1931

CLASS OF 1936

MARY FRANCES EHRLICH
FRANCES GREY

JOSEPHINE LONG
MARY McMASTER

MARGARET TROBAUGH

CLASS OF 1937

ISABEL TURNER

CAROLINE WEARN

CLASS OF 1938

BETTY BAKER
ELIZABETH CRANFORD

MARTHA GREY
EMMA RENN JONES

EUGENIA LAFFITTE

CLASS OF 1939

MARGARET LAND
SALLY McDOWELL

DOROTHY MORRISON
MARJORIE TIMMS

PLEDGES

KATHERINE McQUEEN MARTIN

MARGARET JAGER

MARTHA STEWART

PATRONESSES

MRS. CAMERON MORRISON

MRS. W. BUICE



ALPHA DELTA THETA

Founded at Transylvania College, Lexington, Kentucky, November 10, 1919

PSI CHAPTER

Established at Queens College, 1930

CLASS OF 1936

DOROTHY EHRHARDT
JANET HILTON
SUDIE LOWDER

KATHRYN LOWRANCE
MARGARET THOMPSON
ELEANOR WOODCOCK

CLASS OF 1938

HARRIETE BROWN
LYNCH CROCKETT

FRANCES GUNN
NANCY McIVER

CLASS OF 1939

SARA DuRANT
BLANCHE LETHCO

FRANCES POOLE
NANETTE SHERARD

PLEDGES

MARGARET HUNSUCKER, 1939
FRANCES EHRHARDT, 1939
MARGARET MORTON, 1937
MARJORIE HILL, 1939

ELIZABETH CORNWELL, 1938
KATHERINE MEARS, 1939
CARMALT HARTMAN, 1939
MARY GRIFFIN, 1939

MARIE GRIFFIN, 1939

PATRONESSES

MRS. J. A. MAYO

MRS. W. J. EDWARDS

MRS. C. E. MOORE
FACULTY SPONSOR
DR. LUCILE DELANO



ALPHA GAMMA DELTA

Founded at the University of Syracuse, May 30, 1904

GAMMA GAMMA CHAPTER

Founded at Queens College, May 10, 1930

CLASS OF 1936

VIRGINIA CAGLE
RACHEL HAMILTON

ROBERTA KILGORE
VIRGINIA SENN

KATHRYN WALTON
MARTHA WARD

CLASS OF 1937

ISABEL ANDERSON
MARY FRANKLIN
BETTY LEE HOLLAND

ELLEN KINGHORN
ANNIE MURRAY LONG

DOROTHY SENN
MARTHA SUE SIMMONS
MARY WILSON

CLASS OF 1938

ORA LEE DOUGHTRY
MARGARET GARRISON
LUCILLE HILL

JOSEPHINE McDONALD
MARTHA RANEY
HARRIETTE LEE TRUESDALE

FREDDIE WARD
HELEN WILLIAMS
LOIS WILSON

CLASS OF 1939

JANE DAVIS

DOROTHY WILKIE

PLEDGES

ANNIE LAURIE ANDERSON
ELIZABETH FREEMAN
ADELINE KILGORE

ANNA MARGARET RIGGS
ANN MCCREE ROBERTS

NELL SADLER
TEMPE SPEEGLE
LUCY WILLIAMS

PATRONESSES

MRS. C. C. HOOK
MRS. JAMES BOYCE HUNTER

MRS. MARION REDD

MRS. PARKS KIRKPATRICK
MRS. CAMERON MORRISON



CHI OMEGA

Founded at University of Arkansas, April 3, 1895

THETA GAMMA CHAPTER

Established at Queens College, February 2, 1928

CLASS OF 1936

BERTHA BURCH
KATHERINE CROWELL
CAROLYN HODGE
BETTY MANNING
MAY LEBBY SMITH
JEAN STOUGH
IONE SMITH

CLASS OF 1937

JEAN KENT EARLY
HENRIETTA HENDERSON
THORBURN LILLARD
MARTHA WARE PITTS
ELEANOR CARR
MARGARET ANDERSON
ELIZABETH MAYNARD

CLASS OF 1938

GEORGIA UNDERWOOD
MARY CURRIE
ELIZABETH CALDER
CHARLOTTE STANDEY
NANCY PHILLIPS

ADELE SUTHERLAND
PEGGY SABINE
SARAH KEIGER

CLASS OF 1939

SARA KELLY LILLIARD
BETSY MEES
RUTH KNFF

CAROLINE MORRIS
MARTHA RAYBURN
SUE MAULDIN

MRS. WARREN BOOKER

FACULTY MEMBERS

MISS MARIE TURNIPSEED

MARIE NEIKIRK
MARGARET CALDER
LOUISE ELROD
LOUISE CRANE

PLEDGES

HELEN CUMNOCK
JOHNNY WALKER
CHARLOTTE McADEN
COURTNEY JONES

ELFANOR BURRIS
MARY MICKLEY
ANNIE LAURIE McLENDON
HELEN MALLOY

PATRONESSES

MRS. W. H. BELK
MRS. J. C. CROWELL

MRS. M. M. MURPHY

MRS. O. L. BARRINGER
MRS. NED DWELL



KAPPA DELTA

Founded at Virginia State Normal, Farmville, Virginia, October 23, 1897

ALPHA OMICRON CHAPTER

Established at Queens College, October 20, 1928

CLASS OF 1936

MARIE BURTON
ELIZABETH SULLIVAN

ROSE ELLEN WHITE

LOUISE HOLLAND
MILDRED YOUNG

CLASS OF 1937

JANE ELLEN TAYLOR
FRANCES SMITH

JEAN ORR
MARY LOUISE DAVIDSON

CLASS OF 1938

REBECCA ANN COOKE
JANE WILEY
MIRIAM DODD LITTLE
BARBARA SHATZER

LUCIE DULIN
KATHRYN GRAHAM
MADELINE HURT

LILLIAN SMITH
EDNA HUNTER
LOUISE FAIRCLOTH
SELWYN STANCILL

CLASS OF 1939

MARTHA ALEXANDER
MARILYN BRITTAIN

JENNIE ANNE EFIRD

SARA SPROTT
HELEN HATCHER

PLEDGES

JOSEPHINE RANKIN
ROBERTA BROWN

KATHERINE STEWART
MARY WHITMORE
MARGARET MONTGOMERY

RUTH HOGGARD
DORIS GAMBRELL

PATRONESSES

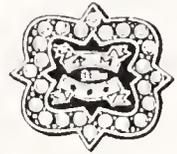
MRS. C. W. TILLET
MRS. CAMERON MORRISON

MRS. CHARLES CANNON

MRS. R. A. MYERS
MRS. W. K. MEDERNACH

FACULTY MEMBER

MRS. JOHN LYON



PHI MU

Founded at Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia, March 4, 1852

GAMMA CHAPTER

Established at Queens College, September 26, 1929

CLASS OF 1936

EUGENIA BRUMLEY
IRIS HARMON

RUTH HUNT
MARY PHILLIPS

CLASS OF 1937

MARY DURDEN
LOUISE MORRIS

MARTHA PETTEWAY
LOISE THOMPSON

CLASS OF 1938

MARTHA ELIZABETH ALEXANDER
JOSEPHINE HACKNEY
LOIS HODGES

ELEANOR JENKINS
MARTHA JOHNSTON

HELEN JORDAN
ANITA STEWART
VIRGINIA TAYLOR

CLASS OF 1939

CATHERINE TODD

PLEDGES

MAYME INGRAM
BETTY KALE
CLARA KALE

MARJORIE PRESSLEY
VIRGINIA SNAPP

ALFNE WARD
DOROTHY WHITFIELD
JOHANNA WOMELDORPH

PATRONESSES

MRS. C. N. PEELER
MRS. E. B. LITTLEFIELD

MRS. E. M. COLE
MRS. GEORGE MEETZ

ALUMNA ADVISOR
RUTH GROVER

Chinese Etching

Cooking above embers of charcoal—
Eating with chop sticks from a rice bowl;
Living in boats or thatch covered huts—
Lighting tawny shadows by oil lamp juts;
Harrowing rice fields with buffalo drawn plow—
Bowling in worship and ancestral kotow;
Floating over ponds near the palace of Empress Dowager—
Watching lotus blossoms appliqued in the water.

By the back door of a straw roofed shack
Stone steps lead to a sluggish canal
Where ducks quack,
Where sea-weeds drip from sunning racks,
Where rice is dipped in reed sacks,
Where clothes are beaten clean with wooden placks,
Where banks catch waves from oar-carved tracks.
As dusk veils evening and skies grow black
Dogs bay, in cringing penance to the zodiac.

And where are the woods?
No heavy trees—
Only clumps of grasses stalked with slender slick-stemmed
bamboo.
Above a cobblestone mountain path their leaves lisp ado.
From the depth of a bamboo dell
Tolls a monastery bell.

IONE SMITH.

Campus Diary

And Margaret Anderson, Loise Thompson, Elsie Setzer, and Adeline Kilgore are chosen to carry on the good work of their predecessors.

APRIL 1: The Juniors score another with "The Easter Parade", style show given in the form of a skit written by Margaret Anderson, Loise Thompson, and Lib Maynard. I didn't know there were so many queens on the campus who figured so well!

Mary Louise, where'd you find that rabbit foot you had hidden in your pocket? I'd like to know if it meant getting a new Easter frock!

APRIL 8: The Sophs gave us a treat by bringing the Davidson Glee Club here. What could have been a nicer p. g. (parting gift) to the girls going home for spring holidays?

APRIL 9-15: Spring vacation! Once more it's a great feeling to park your feet under your own table, sleep in the mornings, and throw aside books. "Throw aside books!" did I hear a certain Soph say? Well, you shouldn't have put off that term paper until spring holidays.

APRIL 16: Talent night rolls around—again the Juniors sponsor a worthwhile enterprise. It's a shame we've allowed such talent to be hidden so long—any school would be proud of such representatives of fine arts.

APRIL 18: Last Junior Class meeting for the purpose of winding up big business—election of editor-in-chief of the annual for the coming year; last plans and preparations for the occasion of the year—Junior-Senior banquet; and class elections. As the end of our Junior life draws nigh, come on, Juniors, let's give Loise a great big hand in appreciation of her noble leadership of the class of '37.

A JUNIOR.



ELIZABETH MAYNARD
Chairman
Junior-Senior Prom



MARCH 2: ". . . and the Juniors keep the cup"; thus, ends the final chapter of the book *How to Play Basketball*, the plot of which centered around the final struggle between the Juniors and Seniors. It was a close game, even if the seniors had to improvise a human dressing room in the middle of the court! Final score 24-11 in favor of the Juniors.

MARCH 5: . . . Footlights. . . . Grease paints. . . . Nights in armor. . . . And we are carried to a fantastic land of princesses, Prince Charmings, an' everything! Hats off to Miss King and the Dramatic department for a lovely presentation of "Once in a Palace", a three-act comedy sponsored by the Junior Class!

MARCH 17: Big election days—and the school goes wild again! But to think, Juniors, we have at last grown old enough for the other classes to look around and take notice of us—yes, at last, the Big Five must come from our group, but don't think we didn't have the quality to fill those offices. Well, the votes were counted, and Jean Orr is chosen to lead us for the coming year. To think, that three years ago she was tramping around the campus with the rest of us, burdened with broom stick, dust pan, leghorns and what not. Yeah, "There's Something About a Soldier"!

HERE AND THERE

This priceless snap was found in the files, and the temptation was too great. This, girls, is a "before" picture illustrating what can happen "after". Clare, then a simple school girl, thrilled by a letter from one of the fellers, is now a photographer's model in the Big City, thrilling any number of fellers.

So Ora Lee is going home! And she means it, too—look at the way she has that umbrella planted, and that dainty little foot patting the ground. There's nothing stopping her, and from that dimple in her cheek, Old Blue Bird must be rounding the corner.

Somebody saw "It Happened One Night"—and profited by it. Now, little darlings, of the Female Institute, is that what you've been taught? I should hope not—can't you give it more "come-hither" than that—Miss Cathey is the only one who seems to have her heart in the work.

Whew! Something went wrong at that Alpha Gam meeting, and Mary Wilson is decidedly put out about it. Of course we wouldn't know, but maybe she was told that she had the "feed" for next Sunday night. And then again, she may be frowning at Hodge because she dislikes publicity.

Now, looker here—when did Ginger Rogers make a visit to our campus? Isn't she the sweetest thing—so unaffected and simple. Certainly is a natty spring outfit she has on. Who said that was Jean Stough? Say—can't you recognize a good-looking movie star like Ginger!

"Naw"—sez Myrtle—"that's a lotta college hash" (meaning "nothing right about it"). "Look Marlene over—she's the real stuff". Myrtle is pointing to the divine Griffith's dimpled knee—but the censors thought it wise to cut this snap. Sorry—



AT QUEENS-CHICORA

Introducing the winner of the first prize from Queens-Chicora at the textile exposition—Martha, we can't blame the judges—it's a lovely suit. And this picture would make a swell advertisement for a competent housewife—if you had a cake in the other hand.

Wish this could be titled "Two local girls sailing for Europe"—but alas, 'tis only to Chester the lassies are venturing. Please be careful, and don't return with more than one fraternity pin, or you'll forget which is which. What would a Beta think if a Deke pin were returned to him!

Some nerve that little blonde has. Hodge had to take the same picture all over again just because Gammon rounded the corner and hollered "I want to be in that". And the only place she's going is a few blocks down on Providence Road. Oh, well, she does have nice eyes.

Sorry, but this means nothing to us—who they are and what they're doing is a mystery. You guess. Maybe they're telling the driver "a touch of Wildroot will clear up that dandruff"—or perhaps this is the original "Shuffle off to Buffalo" team.

"And this lovely little bride with dusky brown hair and skin like a magnolia petal says of Fanay soap 'even in my student days I learned the value of using Fanay soap—or any soap, for that matter'. Now as the very new Mrs. Heriut Broun, she is a vision of delight in her checked gingham wedding gown." (Tatoe model.)

Where are all the gals going? There's Ora Lee and Margaret and Bettie and—well, Miss Fulton, too—is she an accomplice in this, or does Clyde know that they're going off? But since they were willing to pose for a picture, this must be that long-awaited trip to Raleigh.



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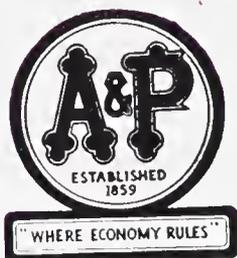
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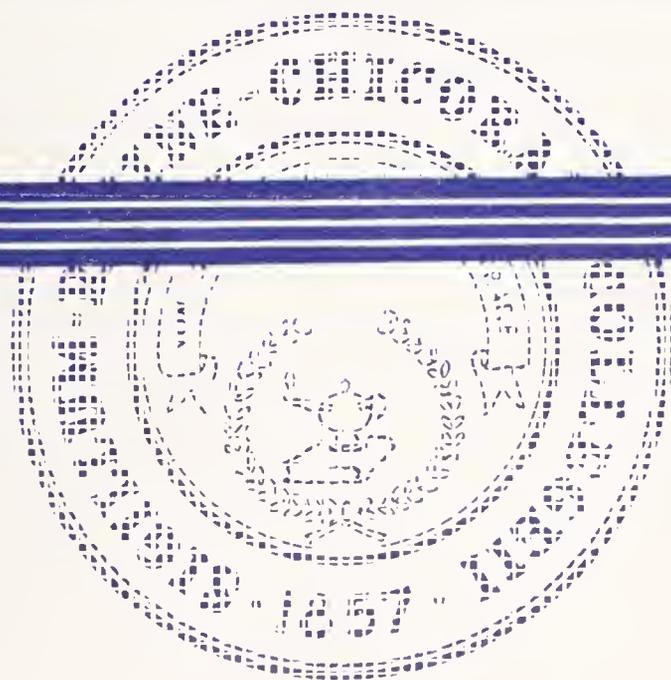
*The EASY WAY
to take things easy*

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES





CORONET



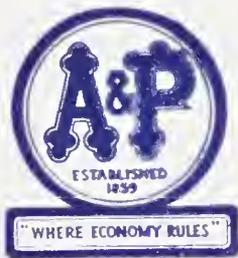


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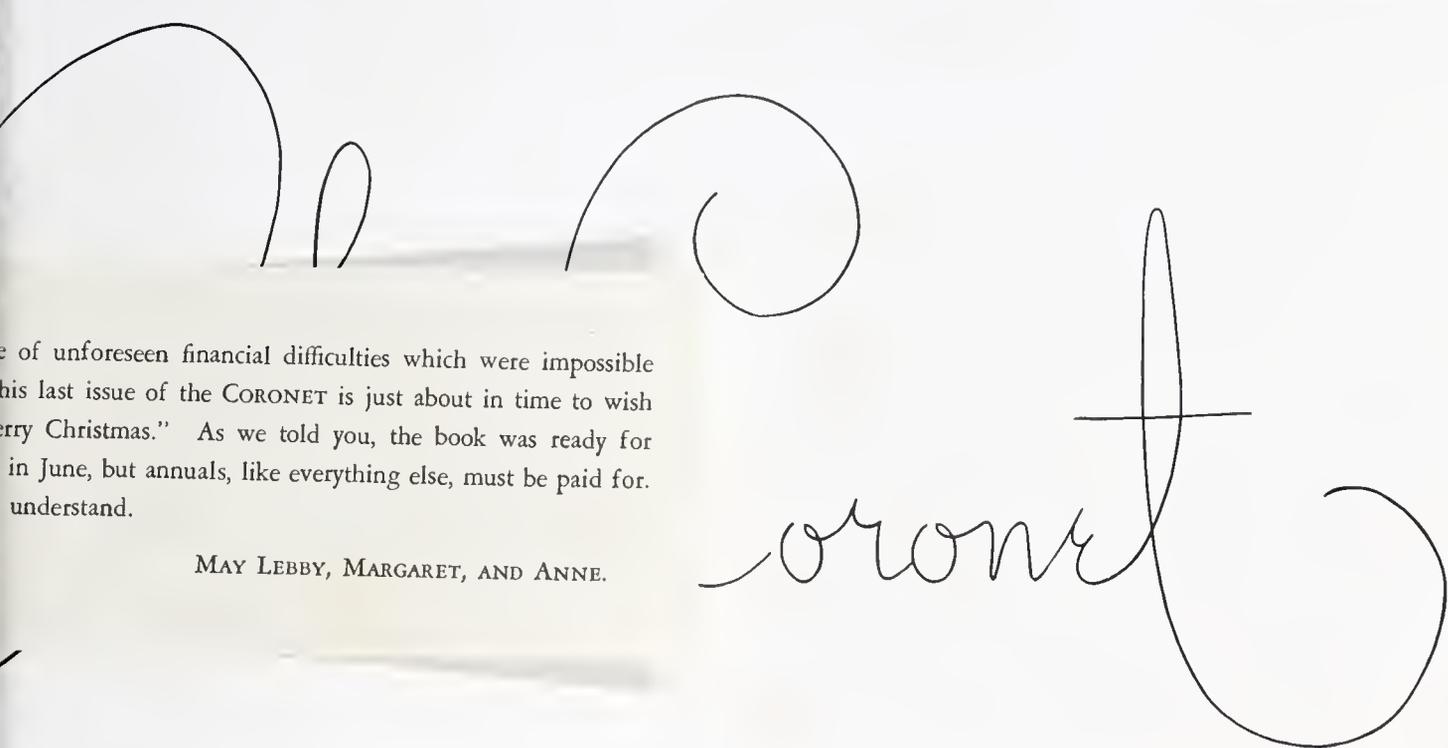


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friends at Queens



The EASY WAY
to take things easy
THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES





of unforeseen financial difficulties which were impossible
his last issue of the CORONET is just about in time to wish
erry Christmas." As we told you, the book was ready for
in June, but annuals, like everything else, must be paid for.
understand.

MAY LEBBY, MARGARET, AND ANNE.

coronet

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CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA**

Volume II

Number 4

MAY LEBBY SMITH Editor

MARGARET TRUE Business Manager



WAGONER



CAGLE



PETTEWAY

We Recognize

JIMMIE WAGONER

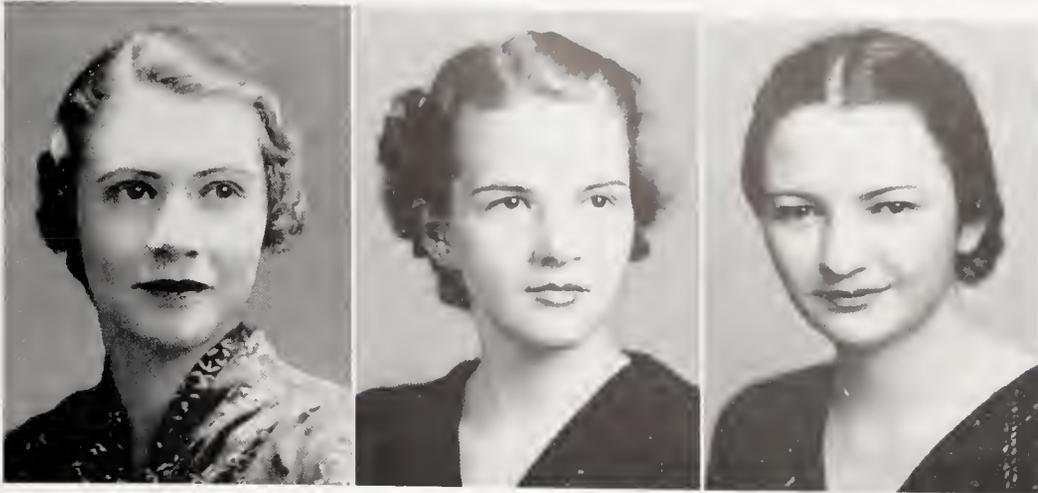
as a newcomer who has made good, and still doesn't know it. She just landed here unobtrusively, and kept quiet about the whole thing. But somehow it leaked out that here was a leader—a girl with an attractive way and plenty of spirit. So the juniors put her to work and found out quite a few things—namely, that Kathleen is merely a dignified name to cover a multitude of girlish charms, and that Jimmie best describes a quick-thinking, good-natured gal who stepped right into the presidency of the senior class. And we are sure that, as president, she will keep right on being quiet and efficient, holding her class together by her earnest efforts to please every one. So she deserves a whole hunk of honorable mention, for doing as much as she has done in such a short time, and in such a mouse-like fashion.

VIRGINIA CAGLE

for different reasons but mainly because she is the senior most likely to succeed in an artistic field. Queens-Chicora missed three years of her exquisite music, but the college felt her presence here this year as keenly as if Virginia had enrolled as a freshman four years ago. Having already heard of the honors she had received as a musician, we heaped our own adjectives upon her as soon as we listened to her interpretations of the Classics. But, despite the time necessarily spent on her music, she managed to make lasting friendships, and to become a real part of her class. When there was work to be done by seniors, Virginia made a regular "four-years-at-Queens-Chicora" worker. It's not often that a girl can transfer as a senior and work as harmoniously in new surroundings as she has done. And it's not often that we have the opportunity of claiming such a talented person as our friend.

MARTHA PETTEWAY

because she's capable and forceful and independent—and a clothes horse besides. Notice we said *besides*, because her ability to wear stunning outfits is overshadowed by more important abilities. She can take over a work that is entirely foreign to her, and make of it the greatest possible success, as witnessed in her handling of the business end of the "Blues". She can be blindly devoted to her own group, yet make and hold friends outside this small circle, showing a piece of diplomacy that she displayed in Pan Hellenic council, and will continue to display as that council's president next year. And she can sit calmly and serenely before an innocent piano, and bring out of it fire and heat and rhythm that had lain latent for years! So, even with a lot of stylish rags hanging on her, she manages to get around and accomplish things.



SMITH

TRUE

BATTEN

The Coronet Staff

MAY LEBBY SMITH

Editor-in-Chief—, is one editor who has never written a short story, or even started to send one to a National magazine, but who has probably scribbled more copy (which will not be preserved for posterity) than most editors. Her work on the college paper and the annual was mostly of a feature nature, which began with her "Campus Comment" in the *Queens Blues*. She continued this type of work in her editorials in the CORONET during her junior year. As editor, she has retained the policies of the magazine as outlined by the staff last year, and has introduced several new features. Although she feels that the CORONET is a progressive step in the field of college publications, which leaves the annual in a corner with buttoned shoes and gas lamps, her only desire in publishing the CORONET has been to please the students. So she wishes the new editor the greatest success possible with the annual, a success attended by the satisfaction of every student at the college.

MARGARET TRUE

Business Manager—, is one business manager who has the type of mind and personality which suits her position on the staff. She has enjoyed her work, and her work has been done as skillfully and as competently as if she had had a complete staff of co-workers, instead of the three faithfuls who did stand by. Not only were they able to obtain ads, but they succeeded in making friends of every firm with which they came in contact. And these friends are needed by the college, and particularly by next year's staff. The business department of the publication, the department which makes possible the literary side, has been kept an interested and live-wire part of the CORONET by its manager, a leader who is as attractive as she is thorough.

ANNE BATTEN

Literary Editor—has worked, as usual, quietly and surely, always ready with suggestions and her share of the work. Her interest in journalism began when she was a freshman, and she served the required number of months as an apprentice, the reporter. From that time on, she was a necessary part of the *Queens Blues*, and later of the CORONET. Her most constructive contribution to the annual has been the Alumnae page. With each issue, she has used a central idea in planning these two pages, and the result has been outstanding. Through her efforts, the annual has kept in close contact with the alumnae, and many of our "old girls" have subscribed to the CORONET. These two pages, then, have served to renew the interest of our alumnae in their college. But that has been only a small part of the work of the literary editor. She has assisted the editor in every imaginable way, from running down late copy to pacifying brides whose pictures were ruined because two inches of the train had been cut.

Seniors

ANNE JACKSON BATTEN
Charlotte, N. C.

Classical Club, Commencement Marshall (1, 2, 3); French Club (2, 3, 4); *Queens Blues* (2, 3); President of French Club; Associate Editor of *Queens Blues*; Alumnae Editor of CORONET (3); Kappa Omicron (3, 4); Alpha Kappa Gamma (3, 4); Secretary-Treasurer of A. K. G.; Literary Editor of CORONET; Valedictorian; President of Literary Society; Class Historian (4); Iota Xi.

JEAN BOYLE
Charlotte, N. C.

Literary Society.

EUGENIA BRUMLEY
Concord, N. C.

Literary Society (1); Student Christian Association; Music Chairman; International Relations Club; Secretary Senior Class; Phi Mu, Second Vice-President and Chaplain; Alpha Lambda Mu, Secretary-Treasurer (4).

BERTHA BURCH
Charlotte, N. C.

Chi Omega; Captain of Swimming Team; Stunt Night Committee (1); Swimming Team (2); Vice-President of Student Christian Association; Student Volunteer Band; League of Evangelical Students (3); Secretary-Treasurer of League of Evangelical Students (4); May Court Attendant (1, 2, 3, 4).

MERLE BYRUM
Charlotte, N. C.

Book Tea Group of Literary Society (3, 4); International Relations Club (4).

VIRGINIA CAGLE
Poplarville, Mississippi

French Club; Freshman Commission (1); Member of Honor Council; Treasurer of Student Body; Choral Club (3); Transfer from Belhaven College, Jackson, Miss. (4); Alpha Gamma Delta; Alpha Lambda Mu; Book Tea Group; May Court Attendant; Choral Club Accompanist (4).

KATHERINE WALKER CROWELL
Charlotte, N. C.

Latin Club; May Court Attendant (1); Beta Pi Theta, Corresponding Secretary (2); Kappa Omicron (3), President (4); Sphinx Honorary Group (4); Chi Omega.

CATHERINE CULP
Chester, S. C.

Transfer from Sweetbriar (2); *Queens Blues* (2); Literary Society (2, 3).

DOROTHY EHRHARDT
Pinehurst, N. C.

Queens Blues Staff (1, 2, 3); German Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Tennis Team; Basketball Team; Volleyball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Phi Beta Chi (2, 3, 4); May Court Attendant (3); Cabinet Member of Student Christian Association (3); Secretary of Boarding Student Council (3); Social Service Club; Senior Representative on Athletic Council; Third Vice-President of Boarding Student Council; Dormitory House President; Alpha Delta Theta (4).

MARY FRANCES EHRLICH
Chester, S. C.

Phi Beta Chi (2, 3, 4), Treasurer (3); Book Reviewer and Exchange Editor of *Sceptre* (2); May Court Attendant (1, 2, 3, 4); President of Inter Honorary Council; President of Phi Beta Chi; Alpha Delta Pi, Assistant Treasurer, Historian, Corresponding Secretary (4).

FRANCES GREY
Charlotte, N. C.

Book Tea Group of Literary Society (3, 4); Treasurer of Senior Class; Alpha Delta Pi; Junior Representative on Day Student Council; Secretary of Alpha Delta Pi; Member of Social Service Club; Assistant Leader of Book Tea Group (4).

SARA GRIFFITH
Monroe, N. C.

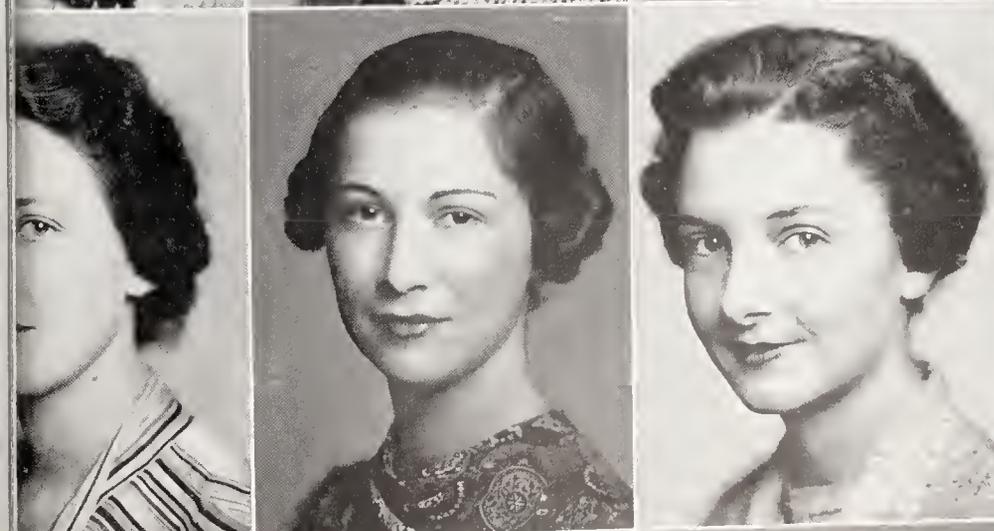
Home Economics Club.



BATTEN
BOYLE
BRUMLEY



BURCH
BYRUM
CAGLE



CROWELL
CULP
EHRHARDT



EHRlich
GREY
GRIFFITH

Seniors

RACHEL HAMILTON
Wadesboro, N. C.

Freshman Representative on Boarding Student Council; Alpha Lambda Mu; Literary Society (1); Treasurer of Boarding Student Body; Cabinet Member of Student Christian Association; Member of Christian Service Band; Archery Team (2); Vice-President of S. C. A.; Secretary-Treasurer of Alpha Lambda Mu; May Court Attendant; Book Tea Group; Corresponding Secretary of Alpha Gamma Delta (3); Member of College Orchestra; President of S. C. A.; President of Alpha Lambda Mu; Second Vice-President of Alpha Gamma Delta; Alpha Kappa Gamma, Choral Club (4).

IRIS HARMON
Concord, N. C.

Literary Society; Phi Mu.

JANET HILTON
Rock Hill, S. C.

Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4); German Club (1, 2, 3); May Court Attendant (1, 2, 3, 4); Spanish Club (3, 4); Alpha Delta Theta.

CAROLYN HODGE
Charlotte, N. C.

Iota Xi; CORONET Staff; *Queens Blues* Staff (3, 4); Home Economics Club; Snapshot Editor of CORONET; President of Chi Omega (4).

LOUISE HOLLAND
Mt. Holly, N. C.

Cheer Leader (1, 2, 3, 4); German Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Stunt Night Cheer Leader (1, 2, 3, 4); Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Home Economics Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Representative of Student Christian Association (2, 3); Exchange Editor of *Queens Blues* (3); Junior Class Treasurer; Secretary Social Service Club; Dormitory House President; First Vice-President of Boarding Student Council; Secretary of Kappa Delta (4).

VIRGINIA HUBBARD
Burnsville, N. C.

Representative to Day Student Council; May Court Attendant (2); Captain of Class Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Junior-Senior Prom Chairman (3); Social Service Club; Choral Club; Vice-President of Day Student Body (4).

FRANCES HUNSUCKER
Charlotte, N. C.

Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Choral Club (1, 2); Art Club (1); Phi Beta Chi (2, 3, 4); International Relations Club (3, 4); Debating Team (3, 4); President of I.R.C.; Vice-President of Phi Beta Chi; Senior Representative on Day Student Council; Publicity Chairman of S. C. A.; Interhonorary Fraternity Council; Strawberry Leaf (4).

RUTH HUNT
Marion, N. C.

Phi Mu.

MARY KALE
Belmont, N. C.

Literary Society.

JOSEPHINE LONG
Catawba, N. C.

Alpha Delta Pi, Vice-President; Pledge Captain; German Club.

SUDIE LOWDER
Albemarle, N. C.

Literary Society; Alpha Delta Theta.

KATHERINE LOWRANCE
Charlotte, N. C.

Alpha Delta Theta; Literary Society.

MILTON
OLLAND
CALE

HARMON
HUBBARD
LONG

HILTON
HUNSUCKER
LOWDER

HODGE
HUNT
LOWRANCE



Seniors

BETTY MANNING

Cheraw, S. C.

Transfer from Winthrop College (2); Editorial and Business Staff of *Queens Blues*; Class Representative on *Edelweiss*; International Relations Club; Iota Xi; Poetry Club; French Club; Kappa Omicron; Alpha Kappa Gamma (2); Editor-in-Chief *Queens Blues*; Student Christian Association, Program Committee; President of Poetry Club; Treasurer of Chi Omega; Literary Society; Secretary of Alpha Kappa Gamma; Maid-of-Honor in May Court (3); President of Boarding Student Body; Member of Executive Council; Alpha Kappa Gamma; Maid-of-Honor in May Court (3); Pres-Group Leader of Literary Society; May Court Attendant; Sphinx Honorary Society; Editorial Staff of CORONET; Chi Omega (4); Listed in *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities* (3, 4).

MARY McMASTER

Winnsboro, S. C.

Choral Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary of Pledges of Alpha Delta Pi (1); Secretary of Alpha Delta Pi (2); Vice-President of Alpha Delta Pi (3); President of Alpha Delta Pi (4); Member of Pan Hellenic Council (3, 4); Secretary Pan Hellenic Council (4); President of Choral Club (4).

IDA VIRGINIA MILLER

Charlotte, N. C.

Phi Beta Chi (2, 3, 4); Secretary of Phi Beta Chi (4); Literary Society.

FRANCES MORRIS

Scottsville, Virginia

Dramatic Group of Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Senior Council Member.

MARGARET NEEL

Charlotte, N. C.

Literary Society.

LOUISE ORR

Indian Trail, N. C.

Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4); President of Home Economics Club (4); Inter Honorary Society.

MARY PHILLIPS

Tifton, Georgia

Transfer from Georgia State College for Men, Tifton, Georgia (2); Scholarship Chairman of Phi Mu (2); Vice-President of Phi Mu (3); President of Senior Class; President of Phi Mu; Alpha Kappa Gamma; Social Service Club (4).

MARION PRICE

Charlotte, N. C.

Book Tea Group of Literary Society (2, 3, 4); May Court Attendant (3, 4); International Relations Club; French Club, Secretary (4).

FRANCES CALDWELL QUERY

Charlotte, N. C.

French Club (2, 3, 4); Treasurer of French Club (3); President of French Club (4); Literary Society.

GRACE ROBINSON

Charlotte, N. C.

Literary Society.

VIRGINIA SENN

Millen, Georgia

Sports Editor of *Queens Blues*; French Club (1, 2, 3); Science Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Vice-President of Junior Class; Stunt Night Chairman; Junior Representative on Boarding Student Council; Program Committee; Alpha Lambda Mu; Secretary of French Club (3); Vice-President of Alpha Lambda Mu; President of Athletic Association; First Vice-President of Alpha Gamma Delta (4).

IONE SMITH

Shanghai, China

Vice-President of Freshman Class; *Queens Blues* Staff; Athletic Award; Editor of Freshman Edition of *Queens Blues* (1); Student Christian Association Cabinet; *Queens Blues* Staff, Editor of Sophomore Edition; President of Student Volunteer Band; Math Club (2, 3, 4); *Edelweiss* Staff; Secretary-Treasurer of Athletic Association (2); Phi Beta Chi; Iota Xi; Alpha Kappa Gamma (3); President of Math Club; President of Alpha Kappa Gamma; Sphinx Honorary Society (4); Chi Omega, Vice-President (4); Listed in *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities* (3, 4).



MANNING

MCMASTER

MILLER



MORRIS

NEEL

ORR



PHILLIPS

PRICE

QUERY



ROBINSON

SENN

SMITH

Seniors

MAY LEBBY SMITH
Charlotte, N. C.

President of Pledges of Chi Omega; *Queens Blues* Staff; Choral Club (1); Treasurer of Sophomore Class; Feature Editor of *Queens Blues* (2); Stunt Night Committee; Chairman of College Program Committee; Associate Literary Editor of CORONET; Alpha Kappa Gamma; Iota Xi; Spanish Club (3); Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Vice-President of Alpha Kappa Gamma; Stunt Night Committee; Class Prophet; Chi Omega; Editor-in-Chief of CORONET (4); Listed in *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities* (4); Pan Hellenic Council (3, 4).

EDITH STALLINGS
Concord, N. C.

Literary Society.

JEAN STOUGH
Cornelius, N. C.

Transfer from Davenport College, Lenoir, N. C. (2); *Queens Blues* Staff; Choral Club (2, 3, 4); Circulation Manager *Queens Blues* (3); May Court Attendant; Social Service Club; Secretary of Chi Omega (4).

HELEN THOMPSON
Charlotte, N. C.

Math Club (2); Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Stunt Night Committee; French Club; Choral Club (3); Advertising Manager of CORONET; Vice-President of Math Club; Senior Plays Committee (4).

MARGARET THOMPSON
Charlotte, N. C.

Literary Society; Alpha Delta Theta.

MARGARET TROBAUGH
Morristown, Tennessee

President of Pledges of Alpha Delta Pi; Secretary of Freshman Class; Choral Club (1); Associate Editor of *Queens Blues* (2, 3); Member of Pan Hellenic Council (2, 3); Class Representative on Boarding Student Council (2); President of Class; Math Club; Vice-President of Alpha Delta Pi; Alpha Kappa Gamma (2); President of Alpha Delta Pi; President of Alpha Kappa Gamma; Kappa Omicron; Secretary and Treasurer of Math Club; Chief Marshal; Member of Inter Honorary Council (3); Choral Club (1, 2, 3, 4); President of Student Body (4); Listed in *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities* (3, 4); Class Salutatorian (4).

MARGARET TRUE
Charlotte, N. C.

Transfer from N. C. C. W., Greensboro, N. C. (2); Winner of Sociology Award (2); Winner of W. C. T. U. Essay Prizes (2, 3); Math Club; Kappa Omicron; Iota Xi (3); Secretary-Treasurer of Math Club; Secretary of Kappa Omicron; President of Iota Xi; Alpha Kappa Gamma; Business Manager of CORONET (4); Listed in *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities* (4).

KATHRYN WALTON
Ruleville, Mississippi

Music Club; Glee Club; Wilson Society (1, 2, 3); Transfer from Belhaven College, Jackson, Mississippi (4); Book Tea Group of Literary Society; Alpha Lambda Mu; Alpha Gamma Delta (4).

MARTHA WARD
Bainbridge, Georgia

Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4); May Court Attendant; German Club; Art Club (1); President of Art Club; Art Editor of *Sceptre* (2); Secretary of Junior Class; May Court Attendant (3, 4); Cabinet of Student Christian Association; Book Tea Group; President of Alpha Gamma Delta; Pan Hellenic Council (4).

BETTIE WICKER
Charlotte, N. C.

Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Student Volunteer Band; Student Christian Association; Phi Beta Chi (3, 4); Day Student Council; President of Day Student Body (4); May Queen (4).

ELEANOR WOODCOCK
Charlotte, N. C.

Home Economics Club (1, 2); Pan Hellenic Council (2); University of South Carolina (3); Athletic Association; May Court Attendant (3); Math Club; Spanish Club; Alpha Delta Theta, Vice-President, Pledge Director, Assistant Treasurer.

SENIORS WITHOUT PICTURES:

MARIE BURTON, Asheville, N. C.
SARA CALDWELL, Charlotte, N. C.
ROBERTA KILGORE, Woodruff, S. C.
ELIZABETH SULLIVAN, Walterboro, S. C.
GRACE WEATHERLY, Dillon, S. C.
ROSE ELLEN WHITE, Charlotte, N. C.

SMITH

STALLINGS

STOUGH

THOMPSON

THOMPSON

TROBAUGH

TRUE

WALTON

WARD

WICKER

WOODCOCK



History of the Class of 1936

The generally accepted definition of a class history seems to be that a class history is a dissertation—usually brief, thank goodness—which the senior class, the faculty, and loyal parents and friends politely and stoically endure until the time comes when they may enjoy such interesting parts of the program as the prophecy and will.

Webster, having had no experience, perhaps, with class histories, does not give this definition. He says in substance that a history is a systematic written account of events, especially of those affecting, in our case, a class and usually connected with a philosophical explanation of their causes. Since Webster is a generally accepted authority, we will begin with our systematic account of events.

First of all, we arrived—in the fall of 1932. Upon arrival we were entertained and tested and tested and entertained, so that we scarcely had time to think. Very soon we decided that we liked the place just fine and thought that we were becoming first class Queens-Chicora students. However, there was one thing that rather irritated us. People would look at us and at a glance label us a freshman. How did they know? In a short time we were made rats for a few days with Margaret Clegg, our chairman, as chief rat. It wasn't so bad; we rather enjoyed it, for we seemed to be having much more fun than the sophomores. Some of them just stood and looked at us and didn't seem to know what to do. Of course there were a few with over active brains who thought of too much for us to do, but we survived with the encouragement that our turn would come next year.

We soon learned that there are many events which we eagerly anticipate from year to year. We think first of all of Stunt Night—perhaps because we won the cup with a variety program. Our next year we enjoyed so much being sophomore demons in our red costumes that we really didn't mind forgetting all our songs. (Well, the truth of the matter is that we did not learn those songs so well to begin with.) As juniors we were mountaineers and acted and looked so natural, so Judge Helms said, that we won the cup again. In our last stunt night, we were dignified seniors boarding our train ready to leave, just as today we are again boarding our train in preparation of our departure.

May Days, too, have always been important events with lots of visitors. As a result of three years' experience and talk of other days by upperclassmen and graduates, we have learned one important thing: Do not trust the weather report at this time of year, and do not even trust your own eyes when you look up into a bright blue sky in the early

morning. We seniors, with our own Queen on the throne and ourselves dressed in caps and gowns, will now have an opportunity to see the whole performance from beginning to end.

Then, of course, we can never forget our yearly elections—especially when we were juniors and the all-important task of selecting officers for our big student government position. Why, the election of the President of the United States and the senators was not nearly so important, and we knew that the whole student organization would be ruined if our candidate was not elected.

There are other events that we will always remember—our yearly parties, Christmas supper, concerts, and entertainments. Are not our souvenirs of them put carefully away in our cedar chests and scrapbooks?

Then there is a cry that we have heard for three and three-fourths years and are still hearing and probably will hear for more than a month: "We've got to raise some money!" The cry started with Lucille Blue, our freshman president. We presented the Wofford Glee Club, made some money, and entertained the juniors. Margaret Trobaugh and Bettie Wicker talked money; and we gave entertainments and parties, paid or did not pay class dues, and still called for more money. Finally, we gave junior-senior. Now, Mary Phillips' cry has been, is and will be: "Where can we get some money. Pay your class dues." In the midst of all this confusion we hear faint echoes—or, are they so faint?—from other classes: "We need money. We must entertain those seniors."

We have seen many things in our day—the beginning of a new form of student government uniting day students and boarders; the building of the Day Student Union; the beginning of a new form of publication, the CORONET, which we hear tell will also die with us; faculty chapel where we can hear well-known Charlotte citizens speak on subjects of interest to them and to us; and finally Senior Week, which we are enjoying immensely

There are other things in our history which we could tell, but we think they are best left untold. Then, more important, there are certain things that we would like to tell but can only feel. This account of events, which by the way did not turn out to be so systematic after all, has been of outward happenings. Each of us has her own individual history of growth: social, mental, spiritual, and—to some of our despair—even physical.

The history of our class is at present incomplete, but we are sure that we shall need no written record of this last month to keep it in our memories.

By ANNE BATTEN.

Campus Diary

May 26th.

DEAR DIARY:

To think that a year has passed—and so quickly, too. Such a short while it seems since trunks were being unloaded, and freshmen were being introduced, and new books were being opened with enthusiasm. Then followed hectic weeks of study, and the combination of agony and thrill, which accompanied acquaintanceship with a new environment. Soon we had settled down to a routine of classes, walks to the "little store", study, letter writing, shows, and midnight talks; and before anyone was aware of it, Christmas holidays came—and were gone, all too hurriedly.

Back to the grind, we soon began marking off days until our Spring vacation, when we were not busy having a party with Males in attendance, or cramming for exams. And after those glorious bright days of home, we returned to the hardest part of all—waiting, with more flowers blooming every day, more sunshine streaming down on us, more birds singing in bluer skies. And some of us were waiting for the last time, a fact which gave us mingled feelings of we know not what. But much happened to make the time pass quickly—May Day, more lovely than ever, and every entertainment possible for the seniors.

But May Day—that was a memorable day. A stately queen, a beautiful court, an attractive pageant based on a Grecian legend, appropriate music, and graceful dances, all merged into an exquisite picture in a frame of green. I think this snap I managed to get of Jane Wiley is quite unique, but it doesn't do one of the very loveliest attendants justice. Jane has done so many different things this year—she was in charge of the winning sophomore stunt, she has appeared in a "Queens Players" production, she ran away with the title of "Queen of Hearts" at our party, and she has been a silent worker on many class projects. She happens to be one of the most outstanding students at Queens.

I've used my kodak a lot lately—and this picture of Bertha and Anne is one of the few I took of the seniors. Bertha looks as if she is mighty happy over the thought of dropping all those heavy books in a day or two; but Anne appears pensive, and casts her glance toward the buildings which have meant so much to her for four years. This must be the double feelings of each senior—happiness over a new exciting life, and sadness over past years which were so full of our growth and our youth.



BERTHA BURCH AND ANNE BATTEN



JANE WILEY

May Day

The Queen and Her Attendants

Attendants—Left to right: Jean Orr, Janet Hilton, Jo Long, Doris Gambrell, Catherine Meares, Margaret Land, Elizabeth Gammon, Mary Frances Ehrlich, Jean Stough, Johnny Walker, Louise Phillips, Jane Wiley, the Queen, Madeline Hurt, Marjorie Timms, Elizabeth Martin, Martha Elizabeth Alexander, Thorburn Lillard, Martha Petteway, Martha Ward, Virginia Cagle, Betty Manning, Bertha Burch, Marion Price, Nancy Phillips, Margaret Calder, maid-of-honor.



QUEEN—MISS BETTIE WICKER





Reading across from left to right: Mary Kale, Ione Smith, Eugenia Brumley, Bertha Burch, Anne Batten, Carolyn Hodge; *second row*: Marion Price, Katherine Crowell, Eleanor Woodcock, Margaret Trobaugh, Louise Holland, Dorothy Ehrhardt, Frances Grey; *third row*: Ruth Hunt, Iris Harmon, Josephine Long, Mary McMaster, Mary Frances Ehrlich, Catherine Culp; *fourth row*: Sudie Lowder, Margaret Thompson, Grace Weatherly, Rachel Hamilton, Frances Morris, Betty Manning; *fifth row*: Jean Stough, Roberta Kilgore, May Leiby Smith, Sara Griffith, Louise Orr, Merle Byrum, Sara Caldwell; *sixth row*: Edith Stallings, Frances Grey, Grace Robinson, Katherine Lowrance, Frances Hunsucker, Ida Virginia Miller; *seventh row*: Martha Ward, Virginia Cagle, Mary Phillips, Margaret True, Frances Query; *eighth row*: Rose Ellen White, Elizabeth Sullivan, Kathryn Walton, Helen Thompson, Virginia Hubbard, Virginia Senn.

- KALE**—Cheerful, easy going of a long line of cheerful easy goers; school teacher closing up early to make a date; fun lover.
- SMITH**—Einstein from China; internationally minded; has a great future in anything she undertakes; excellent record—and a grand girl.
- BRUMLEY**—Church mouse playing the piano; delighted child on a merry-go-round, fascinated by the music; soft-spoken.
- BURCH**—Vivacious, dark, stylish—friendly with a capital F; Cleopatra as a child; beautiful diver.
- BATTEN**—Valedictorian, with a sense of humor, and many other abilities; serene and calm on all occasions; quiet attractiveness.
- HODGE**—Madcap at college—one underlying distinction, the first bride in the class; snapshotter for the CORONET; fondness for W. & L.
- PRICE**—Neat as a pin—lovely long hair, perfectly waved; voted most attractive senior; sincere, too.
- CROWELL**—Femininity personified; outstanding student—voice as soft as her nature; ideally suited for the role of housewife.
- WOODCOCK**—Would make a lovely model—stylishly tall and graceful, with a knack of wearing clothes—a grand companion—sense of humor.
- TROBAUGH**—Child who strayed into college, and remained to make a record; thinks as quickly as she talks; political leader in rompers.
- HOLLAND**—Should have been a Scandinavian, with her bright blondness and blue eyes; wistful air—but plenty of pep and enthusiasm.
- EHRHARDT**—Very little girl with bow ribbons and all—crack tennis player; she and Holland make an attractive twosome in contrast.
- HUNT**—Typical "sweetheart of the regiment" or something—grand-natured—lovely, fresh complexion and coloring.
- HARMON**—Champion knitter—gumchewer—talker; wit made wittier by her slow drawl; fun to be around.
- LONG**—Exotic looking, but not acting—regular playgirl, with a serious turn of mind; stylish.
- MCMASTER**—Small, neat, well-turned-out; longest eyelashes in the class—and voted the most charming senior.
- EHRlich**—Everyone's friend—lovely is her word, in any language; never has looked ruffled; gracious; splendid president of Honorary Council.
- CULP**—Swell friend to have—most wonderful sense of humor imaginable, and infectious giggle—good student—has dramatic ambitions.
- LOWDER**—Tiny, but she gets there—champion wave-setter in the class; most agreeable and friendly to everyone.
- THOMPSON**—The red-headed one, with the tan Ford—slow-talking gal with a low voice—was one of our commuters from Monroe.
- WEATHERLY**—Dark hair and blue eyes—Irish combination—seems to have a grand time with Morris.
- HAMILTON**—Red-headed organist—president of S. C. A.—line of offices—her love of music should take her far.
- MORRIS**—Sweet-looking blonde seen walking a lot with Weatherly—rather quiet, but talkative enough around her friends.
- MANNING**—Typical college leader, with many qualities most leaders don't possess; a real giggle—attractive—has a way of making friends and keeping them.
- STOUGH**—College girl pictured in magazines—style, personality, and a certain line—none better than Jean, on or off campus.
- KILGORE**—A student and a worker—and a Latin student, too; other half of a sister act which has done well; does the unexpected at times.
- SMITH**—Always either coming or going—CORONET editor—gets a big kick out of life—likes to be busy; serious nature, hidden a great part of the time.
- GRIFFITH**—Little bit from Monroe—only here two years, but known by everyone; starred in junior hill-billy stunt—and fame was hers.
- ORR**—Chief cook and bottle washer of the class—prize home economist, who has applied herself and her talents.
- BYRUM**—Droll day student, who says little, but that little is usually funny; has been a loyal student.
- CALDWELL**—Also a day student, who has studied hard, and received a great deal from her four years at college.
- STALLINGS**—Good-natured—likes a good time and seems to have it; goes home quite often, returning with a broad smile.
- GREY**—No name suits her better than Frances—dainty, quiet, winsome; would do anything possible for a friend; serenity.
- ROBINSON**—Presents a neat and attractive appearance at all times—hails from Thomasboro with sister Thelma.
- LOWRANCE**—Music—The Dance—grace and rhythm in her motions; an actress, too, as seen by her sensitive performance in the senior plays.
- HUNSUCKER**—Usually just as cheerful as this picture—has made a splendid president of I. R. C.—and holds an enviable record as a student.
- MILLER**—Science student—tried Duke for a year, but came back to us—for which we were very glad; because she's extremely likeable.
- WARD**—Artist, with coloring beloved by all artists—red hair, green eyes, and creamy complexion—May Court attendant.
- CAGLE**—New this year, but a regular old girl now—the piano has been mastered by this unassuming person—and no student will ever forget her exquisite playing.
- PHILLIPS**—Words are inadequate when it comes to describing this senior president—witty, dynamic, jolly, capable—the kind of a leader every senior class should have.
- TRUE**—Best business manager ever—sunny smile—always has the upper hand in any situation—a forceful personality—efficiency plus.
- QUERY**—Never been heard to complain or utter a cross word—studies, and makes the kind of marks every student should.
- WHITE**—Irresistible nut, who has plenty of sense—Court jester, who finds something funny in every situation—but who always has the last laugh.
- SULLIVAN**—Walterboro accent—with White, she becomes an accomplice in mischief; always poised and at ease; a calm leader.
- WALTON**—Another grand transfer from Mississippi who is quite familiar with the piano; one of the most responsive seniors; amiable.
- THOMPSON**—Full of dry wit; revealed dramatic ability in senior plays; gets a big laugh out of almost anything; valuable day student.
- HUBBARD**—One of THE Hubbard sisters—alto in the trio; Hepburnish looking; goes in for sports; charming manner.
- SENN**—A combination of sage and child—serious student, but playful personality; president of Athletic Association; just good ole Gin Senn.

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