

YEAR BOOK
QUEENS COLLEGE
1918



QUEENS COLLEGE
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Between them blossomed up
From out a common vein of memory
Sweet household talk and phrase of the hearth
And far allusion, till the gracious dews
Began to glisten and to fall
TENNYSON, The Princess



QUEENS COLLEGE



Faculty

DR. HENRY CLAY EVANS.....	<i>President</i>
MISS LOUISE SCOTT EVANS.....	<i>Dean</i>
MISS NETTIE SUE TILLET.....	<i>English</i>
MISS SARA KELLY.....	<i>Science</i>
MISS KATHERINE MCLEAN.....	<i>Latin</i>
MADAME LORENA CABEL.....	<i>French</i>
MISS ALICE WINE.....	<i>Expression</i>
MISS CLAIRE KELLOGG.....	<i>Voice</i>
MISS LAURA GILLON.....	<i>Piano</i>
MRS. DANIEL SHAY.....	<i>Domestic Science</i>
MISS LIZZIE SCOTT.....	<i>Domestic Art</i>
MISS KATHERINE MCQUEEN.....	<i>Art</i>
MISS ETHEL ABERNETHY.....	<i>German</i>
MISS JULIA POPE.....	<i>English and History</i>
MISS EVA CULBRETH.....	<i>Mathematics</i>
MRS. H. C. EVANS.....	<i>History</i>

IN MEMORIAM

MABEL BARRON HARPER

BORN FEBRUARY, 11, 1903

DIED APRIL 28, 1918





ELIZABETH ADELAIDE
BROWN

EXPRESSION

RIPLEY, MISSISSIPPI

Entered 1918.

President Student Body; Editor-in-Chief Year Book; Secretary Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President Pi Delta; Choral Club; Class Basket Ball; Kappa Nu Alpha; Dramatic Club; Secretary-Treasurer Senior Class.

“Joyfully I follow laughter’s path,
And now and then indulge in Math.”

Elizabeth, the acknowledged beauty of the class of '18 and also of Q. C., came to us as a full fledged Senior and brought with her that indefinable air of superiority of viewpoint which is acquired only by those who have drained the cup of student life through the first undergraduate years. Elizabeth is a good sport and always willing to enter with zest into any phase of college life. Her fondness for Alwilda cannot be surpassed. Where one is, there will be the other also. Elizabeth needs no further eulogy, she speaks for herself; all that she asks is but a patient ear.

RECITAL OF MISS ELIZABETH BROWN

ASSISTED BY

MISS LALLA THOMASON

1. Etude de Concert.....*Schlozer*
MISS THOMASON
2. “The Going of the White Swan.....*Sir Gilbert Parker*
MISS BROWN
3. Entrancing Dream.....*Gaston de Lille*
MISS THOMASON
4. “On Christmas Day in the Morning”.....*Grace S. Richmond*
MISS BROWN
5. Nocturne No. 9, Op. 32.....*Chopin*
MISS THOMASON
6. “An Abandoned Elopement”.....*Joseph C. Lincoln*
MISS BROWN



CORINNA WORTH FINLEY

VOICE

NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

Vice-President Junior Class 1917; Secretary Athletic Association 1917; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. 1917; Fire Captain; Glee Club 1915-16-17; Tennis Champion 1916; College Choir 1917; Cotillion Club 1917; Vice-President Y. W. C. A. 1918; President Senior Class 1918; Treasurer of Athletic Association 1918; Business Manager Year Book 1918; Kappa Nu Alpha 1918; Jazz Band 1918.

Corinna has been a loyal student at Queens College for four years, and with each year her influence and power have increased and been more felt. She has the voice of a nightingale, the disposition of an angel, and withal finds time for anything in which she may be of service. In the Gamma Sigma Society she is a devoted member, and excels in all branches of athletics, but is especially fond of swimming in January. Every time she cannot be found on the campus she is sure to be at Maryon's or at Camp Greene singing for the soldiers. Corinna is an all-round Queens girl; and we shall certainly miss her.

RECITAL PROGRAM

NINA *Pergolesi*
 Voi Che Sapete..... *Mozart*
 My Mother B'ds Me Bind My Hair..... *Haydn*
 Organ—Slavonic Cradle Song..... *Neruda*

ELLEN FINLEY

Si Mes Vers Avaient des Ailes..... *Hahn*
 Elégie *Massenet*
 Air from Lakmè..... *Dèlibes*
 Piano—The Erl King..... *Schubert-Liszt*

ELLEN FINLEY

Lullaby..... *Cyril Scott*
 The Little Damozel..... *Novello*
 Down 'n the Forest..... *Ronald*
 The Star..... *Rogers*



Post Graduates



MARY LOUISE CROWELL



ELLEN FINLEY



MOENA HAND



Certificate Students



BRYCIE BAYLES
in
Art



RIVERS IVIE
in
Piano



VIRGINIA MORRISON
in
Piano



MARIE WHITLEY
in
Piano



A Soldier to the Rescue

I wondered lonely beneath the trees
My feverish spirits fanned by the breeze;
I was down in the mouth, I was feeling blue:
Exams were over, I hadn't got through;
I had wanted to pass for my mother's sake;
I had thought and thought of excuses to make;
I had pondered oft for many a day,
'Till my worn out brain had gone astray;
I'd recited charms with incense that's rare
Crammed many books for a week, and torn my hair.
Now the whole thing was over, my doom was cast.
Tho' I'd hoped to be Senior up to the last,
I was forced to give up in blank despair—
Just then a ripple, a swirl in the air
And close by 'neath the large pine tree
A soldier rose up and nodded to me;
He winked his eye; he gave me a look,
"Why all alone in this shady nook?"
Then I told him my tale as I have thus to you;
He laughed and laughed as tho' it weren't true.
'You're not of my set, you're not of my class,
But why in Sam Heck can't you use my pass?"

MINNIE B. DOAR.

Juniors



MARGARET RUCKER
PRESIDENT



MARY LILES
VICE-PRESIDENT



MARGARET WILKINSON
SECRETARY




LAVINIA BOYER
TREASURER



ELIZABETH SLOAN
HISTORIAN



MINNIE DOAR
POET



Sophs are we,—Yes, very wise,
(Of course, 'tis true, don't lift your eyes;)
Perhaps you've noticed in everything
How they are always in the ring;
Or happily have seen in basket-ball
Merry Sophs the victors o'er all.
On all occasions, loyal, true,—
Rise up, you must admit that, too.
Everyone drink, and loudly roar
Sophomore! O, Sophomore!

GRACE MONROE



SOPH.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

MOTTO: "CONARE ESSE PRIMUS"

COLORS: DARK BLUE AND GOLD FLOWERS: VIOLETS AND JONQUILS

OFFICERS

ELIZABETH MARGARET HARTMAN.....	PRESIDENT
BESSIE MITCHELL CHALMERS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
GRACE CROOKS FARNUM.....	SECRETARY
ONA RUTH WHITLEY.....	TREASURER

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

ALEXANDER, LAURA JOHNSTON	HARTMAN, ELIZABETH MARGARET
CHALMERS, BESSIE MITCHELL	JOHNSON, VIOLET HENRY
FARNUM, GRACE CROOKS	MONROE, GRACE
HARKEY, BESSIE NEWELL	WHITLEY, ONA RUTH

IRREGULAR SOPHOMORES

BURNS, ELIZABETH	IVIE, SUSIE MAY	DIXON, MARY
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FRESHMAN CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS

MOTTO

"LAUDANDAE SIMUS"

COLORS: RED AND WHITE

FLOWER: RED ROSE

OFFICERS

KATRINE WIGGINS.....PRESIDENT
HELEN JOHNSON.....VICE-PRESIDENT
ADELAIDE SMITH.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

CLASS ROLL

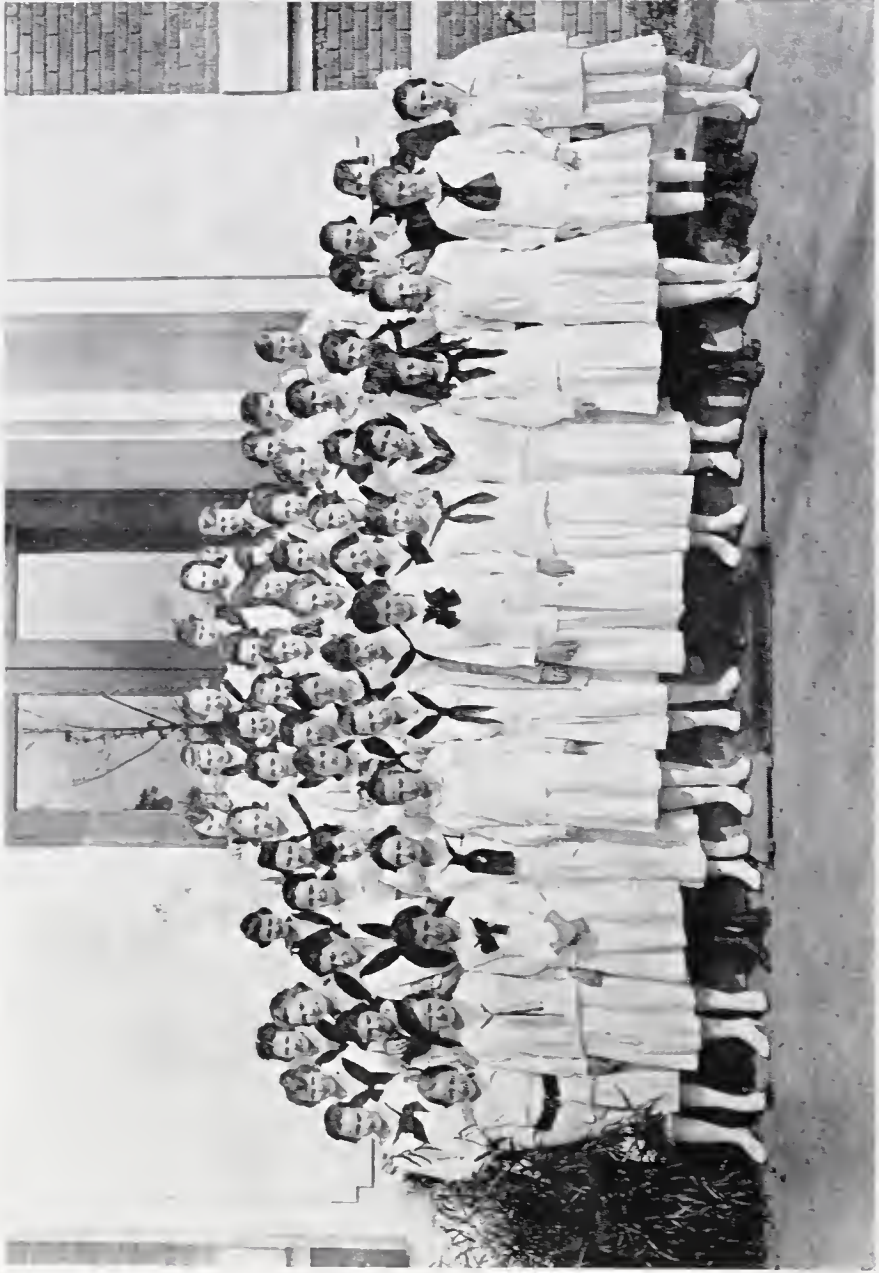
BLAIR, MARGARET	KERLEY, FLORENCE
EGGER, HESSIE	MCDONALD, ETHEL
CARR, ANNIE PRICE	MOORE, MAE
CROWELL, LOLA BELL	OEHLER, KIZZIE
DAVENPORT, DORCAS	OVERTON, MARGARET
DOVE, MARY	POTTS, WINIFRED
DOWLING, LAURIE	REID, DIXIE
FREEMAN, MADGE	SMITH, ADELAIDE
HUNTER, SARAH	SUTTLE, THELMA
JOHNSON, HELEN	WIGGINS, KATRINE

WILEY, ENEY

IRREGULAR FRESHMAN

BROWN, MILDRED	HENDERSON, CLARA
BUCHANNAN, AGNES LYNN	IVIE, RUBY
DABBS, MABEL	MCCLUNG, ELIZABETH
EFIRD, NELL	STEVENS, BEATRICE
GWYN, MARGARET	VAN NESS, ALWILDA
HAYES, IDELIA	VOSS, GLADYS
WEARN, MARY ELIZABETH	





PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

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ANDERSON, MARGARET
ASKEW, HAZEL
ATKINS, VIRGINIA
BELK, MAGGIE
BIGHAM, GERTRUDE
BRAZINGTON, FLORA
BRIDGES, MARY
BROWN, JESSIE
BRUNS, ELIZABETH
CALDWELL, MARY SIDNEY
CALDWELL, LETTIE
CARTER, EUNICE
CAVE, CAROL
CURRIE, AUGUSTA
COCHRANE, MARTHA
CROSBY, RUTH
CROSBY, MARY
CROSBY, ELIZABETH
CONNERS, MARGARET
DARDINE, HELEN
DAVIDSON, CARRIE LOUISE
DAVIS, CLARA
DENHAM, BEATRICE
DIBBLE, ANNIE LEAK
DOTGER, DOROTHY
DUNN, EUNICE
EDWARDS, GEORGIA
FLANAGAN, PEARL
GARDNER, MARGARET
GRANDY, RUBENA
GRANDY, GALATA
GALLOWAY, MARY
GRIFFITH, NELLIE
HARDIN, CLARA
HARDIN, MARGARET
HACKNEY, LUCILE
HARKEY, MYRTLE
HARKEY, LOUISE
HARKEY, KATHERINE
HORNOR, FRANCES
HOTCHKISS, EUGENIA
HUDSON, MYRTLE
HUDSON, ANNIE
JANISON, WILMA
JONES, ROSALIE
JUSTICE, MARY
KIDD, FAY
KIDD, MAE
KRAUSS, AILEEN
LETHCO, HELEN
LEWIN, MARY
LONG, ELIZABETH
LITTLE, BLONDINE
LOVE, SARAH
MACNEILL, BETSY
MAXWELL, MARGARET
MAYES, HELEN
MCQUEEN, MARGARET
MCGINN, JEAN
MCGINN, FRANKIE
MCCANN, MADELINE
MOREHEAD, CATHERINE
MOORE, ANNIE PARKER
MOORE, LUCILE
MORROW, LUCRETIA
MORRISON, ELIZABETH
PARSONS, ELIZABETH
POWELL, DOROTHY
ROBINSON, FORRESTINE
RANDOLPH, ALICE
SPRATT, BLANCHE
STEWART, LOIS
SPRATT, MARY
SARRATT, ELIZABETH
THOMPSON, RUBY NEAL
TURBIVILLE, CLEO
WALLACE, MARIE
WALLACE, RUTH
WEARN, MARJORIE
WILLIAMS, MIRIAM
WILLIAMSON, MYRTLE

WYATT, REBECCA

The Sacrifice



HE soft, sweet April air, filled with the odor of roses, blew against my face.

I was very happy in my home. Dad and I had lived there ever since I was born. Mother died when I was born, and for a long time Dad almost forgot that I had a claim on his heart. One day he found me out in the yard playing. I looked so much like mother that he gathered me up in his strong arms, and opened his big heart to me, and I have been there ever since.

My Dad was a very busy man. You see he worked for our government. That meant that he had very little time for me. Because over here in this little province we were always having trouble. We were so small that some of our fond neighbors were always trying to make war on us, or get money or land from us.

One morning at breakfast Dad said to me: "Daughter, would you like to go to Von with me?"

"Would I like it?"

"Well, I am obliged to go on some state business. There is to be a military ball on Tuesday, and you can go to that. You can lounge around the hotel and amuse yourself by reading and thinking while I am working. There is just one thing, dear, don't tell who you are."

I flashed a quick look at him, but he went on smiling,—

"You will enjoy yourself more if everybody does not know that you are my daughter. You see my business is very important. Very, very important, and if we are known, it will cause quite a bit of notoriety." He kissed me and went out.

I was wild with excitement at the thought of the military ball. I flew around getting ready like a girl of sixteen. As a matter of fact I was twenty-two, but I had never had a serious thought in my life. I was quite tired when we landed in Von, but very happy. Dad engaged some large rooms on the front of the hotel. My room opened on a small balcony, which was covered with thick vines.

It took me all of the next day to get settled, because I had left Netta at home, and I did not know how to do things very well. I was so taken up with myself that it was almost time to dress for the ball before I realized that I had not met any one. In fact, I had not been out of my rooms except for my meals.

I had quite a picnic dressing, but at last I got ready. When Dad came in for me he said I was beautiful, but love is blind you know. I had noticed that Dad was quiet, and looked a little tired; but I thought that the light and gayety of that ball room enough to bring a dead man to life.

The music was intoxicating, and I had just had a most wonderful dance



with a young officer. I was just bowing my thanks to him when Dad rushed madly up to me, and carried me out of the ball room. His face was very white and strained, and his eyes were very serious.

"Helen! Our province has declared war on Von. It is my place and my duty to be in Bours tonight. It will be very hard and very dangerous for me to try to cross the line tonight. I hate to leave you here alone, but God will take care of you. Come tomorrow. He gathered me in his arms for a second, and then I saw him rush down the steps, spring into a carriage and rush away into the darkness.

I felt as though some one had struck me a blow on the head. My heart skipped a beat, and all the lights went out. How I ever got back to my rooms was more than I ever knew. I went out on the balcony to think. Bours had declared war on Von. I was alone in a nest of enemies. I knew my father loved me better than his own life. Nothing but some big cause, the greatest cause on earth, could have made him leave me alone.

My heart was beating so I could not breathe. I wanted to run, I wanted to scream; I was afraid. Then something happened; a wave of warm blood seemed to flow from my heart out to all parts of my body. I drew myself up to my full height. My father was a man, and soldier—he had done his duty, and he expected me to do mine.

I raised my hands above my head in a gesture of prayer. The breeze caught my handkerchief and carried it over the balcony. I looked down to see where it had gone, and to my surpris saw the young officer with it in his hand. I drew back, but not in time, he had seen me. It took only a second for him to climb up that thick vine.

"Allow me, please?"

"Oh, thanks."

But instead of my handkerchief his fingers closed over my wrist.

"Please, please, lady, tell me your name?"

"I am your enemy, sir." I closed the door, and left him. I heard him drop to the ground, and I peeped out just in time to see him kiss my handkerchief, and put it in his inside pocket. Then I am sure my heart did something it had never done before.

I ran across the room to the window, put the shade up, and—my eyes fell on a very beautiful woman sitting on the arm of a large chair, in which was seated an officer. There was something about that scene that held me. Was it the way she was dressed, or was it the fact that he was drinking? I could not say just what it was. I tried to turn away, but I was held as by the charm of a snake.. Suddenly it dawned on me that I had seen her somewhere before. She was certainly like,—my gracious, she was like me! I turned to look in the mirror. Yes, she looked like me. When I looked again the shade was down. I was very glad; and I set to work to pack, and get ready to leave the next morning.

Oh, if I had known then who she was, how good she was, and yet how

bad! I did not know until long after, when Dad told me all about it; of how that very night she shot that officer in order to get the papers that saved our province from ruin; of how, when she heard her country's call, the same wave of patriotism that later came over me, came over her. The authorities sent her word that that officer had maps of our forts, plans of all our defenses, which meant absolute ruin to us. They told her that she was the only person that had any chance in the world of getting those papers.

She had planned to make the officer drunk, and then get the little book, out of his inside pocket, that had the combination of the vault, where the plans and maps could be found. She thought he was asleep when she took the book out of his pocket. She had the vault open and her hand almost on the papers when something caused her to look around. He had risen and was standing with a gun leveled on her. She made one cat-like spring at him. In the struggle the gun went off. He was killed. He fell in the door of the vault. She pulled him inside, banged the door shut, and fled with the papers. His body was not found until twelve-thirty that night. That gave her several hours before the law was put on her track. Officers were soon after her. They wanted her not only for the murder, but also as a spy.

I had gone down very early to see about getting my passport. There was a long line of waiting people; I had to wait my turn. I told them my name, and they gave me my papers without any trouble. I had gone into a little side room to wait. I was surprised to see the beautiful woman of the night before come in. Her face was a study; it had disappointment and fear mingled on it. She looked up and saw me. She came right upto me and said:

"Have you got your passports?"

"Yes."

"Do you love your country?"

"Very much."

"Enough to make a big sacrifice for it, perhaps die for it?"

"Gladly!"

"Then give me your passport. I have been turned down. They know me too well here."

"Give you my passport, why?"

"O, please quick, I haven't time for words, but it means defeat or victory to your country whether I get there tonight or not. I have given my word of honor not to trust any one with my message. O, you must, you must."

I closed my eyes for a moment and thought. I could see my dear home in smoking ruins. A feeling of love for it came over me that I had never had before. I wanted to do something big for my land. A sob shook me from head to foot, my frivolous girlhood dropped from me like a

cloak; when I opened my eyes I stood a bigger, nobler woman. I handed her my papers without a word.

"This will not be easy for you. Men will insult you. But only until twelve o'clock, after that I will be safe, and you may take back your name, Vera is mine."

She passed into the line of waiting passengers. I came after her in a few minutes. But when I was asked for my papers, and had none, I was sent back into the province. The familiarity of the men was dreadful. I was taken into a dance hall and put down at a table, with some officers and some dancers. I instinctively knew that Vera had been the belle of this place. It was up to me to play my role. I was almost choked to death on my cigarette smoke, and the wine I could not touch.

I could have stood all this had not one of the men put his arm around me, and tried to kiss me. I screamed and ran madly from the room. Just before I reached the door I stumbled, and would have fallen had not someone caught me. I raised my terror-stricken face to gaze into the calm blue eyes of the young officer. The drunk man staggered forward and tried to take me out of his arms. With one hand he sent him backward over the table. Then to me he said:

"Choose me, and I will take you away."

The next thing I knew I was in his room, and he was bending over me, disgust and disappointment on his handsome face.

"So I see now why you would not tell me your name. Ah, and I thought I loved you!"

Dong. Dong, went the clock on the mantel twelve times. I sprang up.

"I am, oh, I am not Vera. I am Helen—Helen Bayard."

"There was a knock at the door. Some officers filed in with a paper ordering the arrest and execution of "Vera." The execution was to take place at six o'clock in the morning.

It was five minutes past twelve when father's door opened and Vera entered.

"Here are your papers, Uncle Bernard. I have done my best."

"What!"

"Why yes, I hope you don't object to the Uncle? Of course, you don't know me, but no doubt you will remember your oldest brother Andre? He married my mother—she was a Spanish girl—and left her before I was born. My history you will find in Von. However, I was born here and lived here ten years. Mother taught me that this was home, and I love it. Good-bye."

"But stay, stay, can't you stay? I will try and do for you some of the things that my brother would have done had he lived."

She threw back her head, and laughed a bitter laugh. "No, I have an engagement at six."

At five o'clock I could not sit still another moment. I paced back and

forth. At five-thirty I went to the window, and looked out. I could see men in uniform moving about the yard. I drew back with a shudder. At fifteen minutes of six, Jacque placed my coat around me.

"Come, we are going to run for it. I will not see you shot for something you did not do."

"Are you crazy, man? Don't tempt me like that. Go, and leave me alone. You make my duty twice as hard."

"No, Helen, I love you, I can't see you shot. I will not. You did not do it—come!"

"If love were the only thing, I could follow you to the world's end; for you hold my heart in the hollow of your hand! But is love the only thing? Honor binds a woman, too, Jacque. My honor lies in being true to my country and my word."

The door was flung open and—Vera stepped in. She put me quickly behind a curtain. The soldiers filed in one by one. She stood up straight, and still. Her face was very white. Vera went out at the head of the little line.

I fell half-fainting into Jacque's arms. I tried to shut out all sound, but in the distance I heard the dull thud of the guns.

MINNIE B. DOAR.

College Activities.



STUDENT COUNCIL.



Y.W.C.A.



Literary Societies



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



CLUBS



Student Council



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PRESIDENT



VIRGINIA MORRISON
VICE-PRESIDENT



ELIZABETH SLOAN
SECRETARY-TREASURER



W. W. C. A.



MARY LILES
President



MARY ELIZABETH
WEARN
Vice-President



MARGARET WILKIN-
SON
Treasurer



ELIZABETH BROWN
Secretary

CHAIRMEN

WINIFRED POTTS
BETSY MACNEILL

MARGARET GWYN
MINNIE DOAR

MOTTO—"Not to do my own will but the will of Him who sent me."

PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

We pledge to express our patriotism—

- By doing better than ever before whatever work we have to do;
- By rendering whatever special service we can to our community and country;
- By living up to the highest standards of character and honor and helping others to do the same.



MARGARET GWYN
TREASURER

MARGARET WILKINSON
VICE-PRESIDENT

LAURA ALEXANDER
SECRETARY

MARGARET RUCKER
PRESIDENT

VIOLET JOHNSTON
CRITIC



GAMMA SIGMA

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VICE-PRESIDENT.....MARGARET WILKINSON
SECRETARY.....LAURA ALEXANDER
TREASURER.....MARGARET GWYN
CRITIC.....VIOLET JOHNSON

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BUCHANAN, AGNES LYNN
BRADLEY, GRACE
CARR, ANNIE P.
DIXON, MARY
DOWLING, LAURA
DUNN, EUNICE
EDWARDS, GEORGIA
FARNUM, GRACE
FINLEY, CORINNA
FINLEY, ELLEN
GALLOWAY, MARY
GWYN, MARGARET
HARTMAN, ELIZABETH
HUDSON, MYRTLE
JOHNSON, HELEN
JOHNSON, VIOLET

LEWIN, MARY
MACNEIL, BETSY
MCCALL, GRAHAM
MCQUEEN, MARGARET
MORRISON, VIRGINIA
OEHLER, KIZZIE
RUCKER, MARGARET
REID, DIXIE
SLOAN, ELIZABETH
SMITH, ADELAIDE
SMITH, H. ADDIE
STEWART, LOIS
WALLACE, MARIE
WHITLEY, ONA
WILKINSON, MARGARET
WIGGINS, KATRINE
WEARN, MARY E.
VOSS, GLADYS



ELIZABETH BROWN
VICE-PRESIDENT
MINNIE DOAR
CRITIC

MARY LILES
PRESIDENT

ALWILDA VAN NESS
SECRETARY
LAVINIA BOYER
TREASURER



PI DELTA

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SECRETARY.....	ALWILDA VAN NESS
TREASURER.....	LAVINIA BOYER
CRITIC.....	MINNIE B. DOAR

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BLAIR, MARGARET
BOYER, LAVINIA
BRANCH, JUANITA
BRAZINGTON, FLORA
BROWN, ELIZABETH
BRUNS, ELIZABETH
CALDWELL, SYDNEY
CARTER, EUNICE
COCHRANE, MARTHA
CROWELL, RUTH
CROWELL, CORINNE
CURRIE, AUGUSTA
DIBBLE, ANNIE LEAK
DOAR, MINNIE B.
HUNTER, SARAH
IVIE, RIVERS
JOHNSTON, MARY
LETHCO, HELEN

LITTLE, BLONDINE
LILES, MARY
LONG, ELIZABETH
MAYES, HELEN
MCGINN, JEAN
MONROE, GRACE
MOREHEAD, KATHRINE
MCCLUNG, ELIZABETH
MORRISON, ELIZABETH
OVERTON, WINIFRED
RANDOLPH, ALICE
ROBINSON, FORRESTINE
SARRATT, ELIZABETH
STEPHENS, BEATRICE
THOMPSON, RUBINEAL
VAN NESS, ALWILDA
WALLACE, RUTH
WEARN, MARJORIE
WHITLEY, HELEN
WHITLEY, MARIE
WYATT, REBECCA
WILLIAMS, MIRIAM



CAMPUS SNAP-SHOTS



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VICE-PRESIDENT.....MARY LILES
SECRETARY.....LAURIE DOWLING
TREASURER.....CORINNA FINLEY
ASSISTANT TREASURER.....DOROTHY POWELL



VARSDITY TEAM

CAPTAIN.....MARY LILES

FORWARDS

FLORA BRAZINGTON
MARY LILES
MARGARET RUCKER
GRACE MONROE

GUARDS

ELIZABETH HARTMAN
MARGARET ANDERSON
MARGARET WILKINSON
DOROTHY DOTGER

JUMPING CENTERS

LOUISE ABBEY

GRACE FARNUM

SIDE CENTERS

ONA WHITLEY

LAURA ALEXANDER



TENNIS ENTRIES

VIRGINIA MORRISON	JUNIOR—SENIOR	CORINNA FINLEY
GRACE MONROE	SOPHOMORE	ELIZABETH HARTMAN
MARY ELIZABETH WEARN	FRESHMAN	BEATRICE STEPHENS
EUGENIA HOTCHKISS	PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT	REBECCA WYATT



EVERYTHING FROM HORNER'S TO THE "SQUARE"



DRAMATIC CLUB

ELIZABETH BROWN
CLARA HENDERSON
MINNIE DOAR
LAVINIA BOYER
GRACE GRIFFITH

FAYE KIDD
CLEO TURBIVILLE
ROSALIE JONES
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K. N. A.



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CHIEF OCCUPATION—Soldiering

AIM—To extend the Quarantine

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SONG—"Merrily We Roll Along"

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 BRYCIE BAYLES
 LOLA BELL CROWELL
 ETHEL McDONALD

IF THE STUDENTS SHOULD REPORT THE FACULTY

OFFENDER	OFFENSE	REPORTED BY
Dr. Evans.....	Speeding on Elizabeth Avenue.....	Betsy MacNeill
Miss Evans.....	Chewing Gum.....	Mary Elizabeth Wearn
Miss Kelly.....	Monopolizing the Morning Paper.....	Augusta Currie
Miss Tillett.....	Hooverizing on Quotations.....	Elizabeth Brown
Miss Warren.....	Praising Edith.....	Rivers Ivie
Mrs. Shay.....	Going to Camp Greene.....	Virginia Morrison
Miss Wine.....	Slamming T. P. C.....	Minnie Doar
Miss Abernethy.....	Going to Fox's Studio to Dance.....	Margaret Wilkinson
Miss McQueen.....	Flirting with the Hornerites.....	Virginia Atkins
Madame Cabel.....	Disapproving of Everything French.....	Beatrice Denham
Mrs. Caldwell.....	Snitching Eats.....	Rebecca Wyatt
Mrs. Evans.....	Being a Suffragette.....	Violet Johnson
Miss Gillon.....	Being Late to Meals.....	Gladys Voss
Miss Scott.....	Attending the Frat. Dances.....	Helen Lethco
Miss McLean.....	Running Up and Down Stairs After Light Bell.....	Winifred Potts
Miss Pope.....	Gadding About.....	Marjorie Wearn
Dr. Nimiss.....	Applauding in the Middle of a Musical Number.....	Ellen Finley.
Miss Kellogg.....	Crushing the Students.....	Ruth Wallace
Miss Culbreth.....	Playing Cards on Sunday.....	Katrine Wigfins



Statistics

1. MOST INDEPENDENT.....*Elizabeth Burns*
2. MOST BABYISH.....*Nell Efrid*
3. MOST POPULAR.....*Mary Liles*
4. LAZIEST.....*Rebecca Wyatt*
5. BEST ATHLETE.....*Louise Abbey*
6. BEST Q. C. GIRL.....*Mary Liles*
7. PRETTIEST.....*Elizabeth Brown*
8. BUSIEST.....*Mary Liles*
9. MOST ATTRACTIVE.....*Margaret Overton*
10. WITTIEST.....*Winifred Potts*
11. BIGGEST GIGGLER.....*Gladys Voss*
12. DAINTIEST.....*Rubineal Thompson*
13. BEST DANCER.....*Ruth Wallace*
14. BEST SPORT.....*Violet Johnson*
15. BIGGEST BLUFFER.....*Violet Johnson*
16. MOST STUDIOUS.....*Laurie Dowling*
17. MOST ORIGINAL.....*Winifred Potts*
18. HARDEST TO RATTLE.....*Lavinia Boyer*
19. JOLLIEST.....*Catherine Morehead*
20. BIGGEST GAD-ABOUT.....*Marjorie Wearn*
21. MOST DIGNIFIED.....*Margaret Wilkinson*
22. MOST POPULAR MEMBER OF FACULTY.....*Miss Kellogg*



The Year Book Staff's View of Statistics

1. MOST INDEPENDENT.....*Katrine Wiggins*
2. MOST BABYISH.....*Corima Finley*
3. MOST ANIMATED.....*Mary Galloway*
4. BEST DANCER..... Tie: *Margaret Rucker and Lavinia Boyer*
5. BIGGEST BLUFFER.....*Mary Liles*
6. MOST STUDIOUS.....*Pig Wearn*
7. HARDEST TO RATTLE.....*Elizabeth Sloan*
9. BIGGEST GIGGLER.....*Elizabeth Sloan*
10. BIGGEST GAD-ABOUT.....*Kizzie Ochler*
11. LAZIEST.....*Year Book Staff*
12. MOST SANCTIMONIOUS.....*Elizabeth Burns*
13. MOST DIGNIFIED.....*Maggie Belk*
14. BUSIEST.....*Ruth Wallace*
15. SPELLER.....*Martha Cochrane*

Experiments—Chemical and Otherwise

CHARACTERS

Augusta Morgan.....A college girl of the suffragette type
Terry McNeil.....A jolly college girl
Sue Spencer.....Her room-mate
Professor John Channing *alias* Christine Clark.....A college girl

Time—Now.

Place—A Girl's College.

ACT I.

COLLEGE ROOM

Terry—Allons enfants de la patrie! Oh! this French is beastly! I'll never learn it. Allons en— (Enter Sue).

Sue—Oh, Terry! Excitement! Our new suite mate is here!

Terry—Here! Really, Sue?

Sue—Yes— I should say so! Just wait till you see her. I was in the office when she came. Mrs. Pankhurst has nothing on her in the suffrage line. Not worst of all, she's specializing in chemistry and will work in Lab. with us. Her experiments will make ours fade into oblivion!

Terry—Oh, forget it, Sue! You've one consolation, she certainly hasn't got you beat in looks.

Sue—Oh, hasn't she tho'? She's a perfect Greek goddess and regards her stay here as a favor to us poor mortals. She's already finished me!

Terry (laughing)—Oh, Sue, bound for you to fix it. What did you do?

Sue—Oh, I was very polite. I knew she was from Davidson, so I asked her about all the boys. Heaven! If you could only have seen the look she gave me!

Terry—Poor child! We will have to get even with her for wounding your vanity. Let's see! What experiment can we try on her? (Think).

Sue—Oh, Terry, I know! Why not a man! Haven't I always said, When in doubt introduce a man?

Terry—Yes, but what—

Sue—Did you ever see a woman who wouldn't fall for the right man?

Terry—No, but—

Sue—Did you ever notice how much Christy looks like a man?

Terry—Surely, do you mean—

Sue—Exactly! Oh, it will be great! Come on, let's get Chris.

(Exeunt) (Curtain)

ACT II.

Place—Chemistry Laboratory.

Time—A week later.

(Enter Sue and Terry).

Terry—Sue, I'm about to collapse.

Sue—Bear up! I'm not. I feel like the villain in a play preparing the stake at which to burn his victim. Where's Chris?

Tess—She's getting ready.

Sue—Sh——. Here she comes now.

(Enter Augusta).

Augusta—Good morning, girls. Have you commenced your work yet? I'm at the most interesting experiment at present. (Excitedly) Oh! by the way, girls, I have just heard we are to have a chemistry professor from the University—Professor Channing—with us this week.

Terry—Oh, Augusta! Tell us about him.

Augusta—Well, he has accomplished some most remarkable experiments. I have been interested in his work for quite awhile.

Sue—Oh, Augusta, what does he look like? Good looking?

Augusta (primly)—I am not interested in the professor's personal appearance, Susan.

(Knock heard at the door).

Augusta—There he is now, I presume. Come in.

(Enter Professor Channing).

Channing—Good morning! Could you tell me where I could find Miss Morgan?

Augusta—I am Miss Morgan.

Channing—Glad to know you, Miss Morgan. I have heard of your splendid work and asked to be given the privilege of working with you, if you will consent.

Augusta—Why I should love to—eh! (Glancing at Sue and Terry). That is, I should be very glad of the opportunity.

(Turning to Sue and Terry) Professor Channing, meet my assistants, Misses McNeil and Spencer.

(Sue and Tess bow).

Sue (casually)—We have finished our experiments so will leave it with you.

(Exeunt) (Curtain)

ACT III.

Place—Same as Act II.

Time—Two weeks later.

Sue—Hasn't she changed tho'? Goodness! that hair dress yesterday!

Tess (laughing)—Still room for improvement, honey. Sh——, here they come!

(Enter Augusta and Channing).

Channing—This morning, young ladies, we will attempt experiment forty-four. Miss Augusta, please hand me that bottle of oil with the sodium in it. Now, watch closely! I shall drop a piece of this sodium in a pan of water, hold a test tube over the burning sodium and collect the escape—

(Loud explosion, Channing falls back).

Tess—Chris! You're not hurt!

Channing (bitterly)—Not hurt! Oh, not at all! What on earth did you ever get me into this scrape for anyhow? You know, I don't know anything about chemistry.

Augusta (quietly)—So I understood from the first. For whom was this charming escapade arranged?

Tess—Oh, Augusta, you, of course! We might as well 'fess up. Professor Channing is Christine Clark! I'm as sorry as I can be, truly Augusta.

Sue (mournfully)—This has cured me. I'll never try such an experiment again!

Augusta (beginning to laugh)—Oh, I understand now! So it was an experiment on me! Why you see I—(blushing) Well, I guess it's time for me to do some 'fessing on my own accord. I've known the real Professor Channing quite a while, and, well, we're going to undertake a life-long experiment in June.

(Curtain)

Magazine Staff



ELIZABETH HARTMANN



WINIFRED POTTS



MARGARET GWYN



LAURA ALEXANDER



VIOLET JOHNSON



LAVINIA BOYER

IN MEMORIAM

REV. D.H. ROLSTON, D.D.

BORN, OCTOBER, 28, 1878.

DIED NOVEMBER, 21, 1917.

JOKES



Jokes

“Turn failure into victory;
Don't let your courage fade,
And if you are handed a lemon
Just make a lemonade.”

MISS KELLY IN CHEMISTRY: “Can any one tell me how to get hydrogen out of water?”

GEORGIA EDWARDS: “Yes'm, strain it!”

The girls were discussing the different ways in which they pronounced out, o-u-t, just as Rebecca entered the room.

MINNIE: “Becky, how do you pronounce o-u-t?”

BECKY: “Huh! No such word. Can't string me!”

7:00 A. M. (A dream). Rising bell rings, girls sleep on.

LOST: Perception. Finder please return to Senior Class!

LOST.: A beautiful lyric soprano voice. Finder please return to Laurie Dowling. No reward offered.

PHONE GIRL: “Mary, you got a 'phone call yesterday about 4:15 P. M. Where were you?”

MARY: “At the basketball finals studying French.”

MISS TILLET IN ENGLISH: “Shakespeare often acted minor parts in his plays.”

H. L.: “I never knew that Shakespeare acted his plays before he wrote them.”

M. ARRINGTON: “Did O'Henry write Mark Twain?”

ENGLISH TEACHER: “Will someone classify ‘The Raven’?”

M. A.: “‘The Raven’ is a long story with a plot to it.”

GIRLS: “Helen, come go to walk with us.”

H. M.: “Can't do it, got to write up some experiences for Chemistry.”

MISS TILLET IN ENGLISH: “Helen, who is Hercules?”

H. L.: “The man who holds the world on his shoulders.”

ENGLISH TEACHER: "When did Milton write 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained'?"

WINIFRED: "He wrote 'Paradise Lost' when he was married, and 'Paradise Regained' after the death of his wife."

HELEN MAYES (indignant): "Well I can't help what Mrs. Caldwell says, I simply can not wear this old long dress—why, girls, it's nearly to my knees!"

Misses Wine, Burns, and Freeman will do your typewriting at unreasonable prices, and guarantee dissatisfaction.

NITAS (studying "Palace of Art"): "Who is the 'Ionian Father' that this refers to?"

LAURIE D.: "The Dying Gaul."

MISS EVANS, trying to make conversation at the table: "Looks like rain doesn't it?"

GIRL (sniffing at cup): "Yes, but it smells like coffee."

MISS KELLY, in Chemistry Lab.: "Violet, cork that bottle of H₂s tightly to keep it from spoiling."

V. J. (smelling cautiously): "No use, it's already spoilt, Miss Kelly."

HELEN LETHCO insists that Benjamin Franklin is one of the greatest American orators, for he said, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

E. F.: "Is he a Frat man?"

RIVERS I.: "Oh no, he is tall and slim."

As seen on the Bible exam. papers. Supposedly quoted from I Cor. XIII and 12th verse: "For now we see thru a *glass eye darkly*, but then, face to face."

E. B.: "The Allies have captured Jerusalem! What cha know about that!!!"

BECKY W.: "Where's that—in Germany?"

MINNIE DOAR, copying write-ups for the Year Book, and reading aloud: "Corinna has the voice of a nightingale, the disposition of an angel, the _____"

M. RUCKER, entering hurriedly: "Oh, are you doing the jokes?"

MISS KELLY, in Chemistry: "Girls, take the rest of Sulphuric Acid, and turn to Ammonia."

Which of the following is C. Finley charged with,—soda water, electricity, or a call to Camp Jackson?



DR. EVANS, in Ethics and lecturing on the sin of intemperance: "There is as much harm in over-eating as in under-eating, in over-heating as in under-heating and in over-wear as in under-wear."

"If Lettie Caldwell can pass Theory I in 2 years, and Nell Eford English I in same length of time, how long before we have a trolley line between here and Mars?"

Gems from Soph exam. papers:

Julius Ceasar set sail across the Panama Canal in 1812.

Dante wrote Chaucer 525 B. C.

A curve is a straight line that has been bent.

The Pagans were a contented race until the Christians came among them.

The equator is a line around the middle of the earth, which is hot, and the friction of it causes the torrid zone.

Days are shorter in winter because cold contracts.

A miracle is something impossible which has been done.

"Have you heard——

This is the most metaphysical thing in all mentaphysics——

You have the right idea, but let me suggest it to you——

Why certainly——

Miss —— quote "——

At T. P. C. we——

Will the following girls who were absent from gym. yesterday please report to me right after chapel——

Did you ever hear such a noise !!!

That was the best bird (chicken) in the whole show——

What's on at the Broadway?——

Put your voice on the outside of your face——

I'm so tired. I've been firing the kiln all day.

Everybody in?

It certainly is singular——

Is there any rare steak Miss——

There is a difference between being sophisticated and sophomoric.

Don't study too hard today; you won't feel like studying tomorrow.

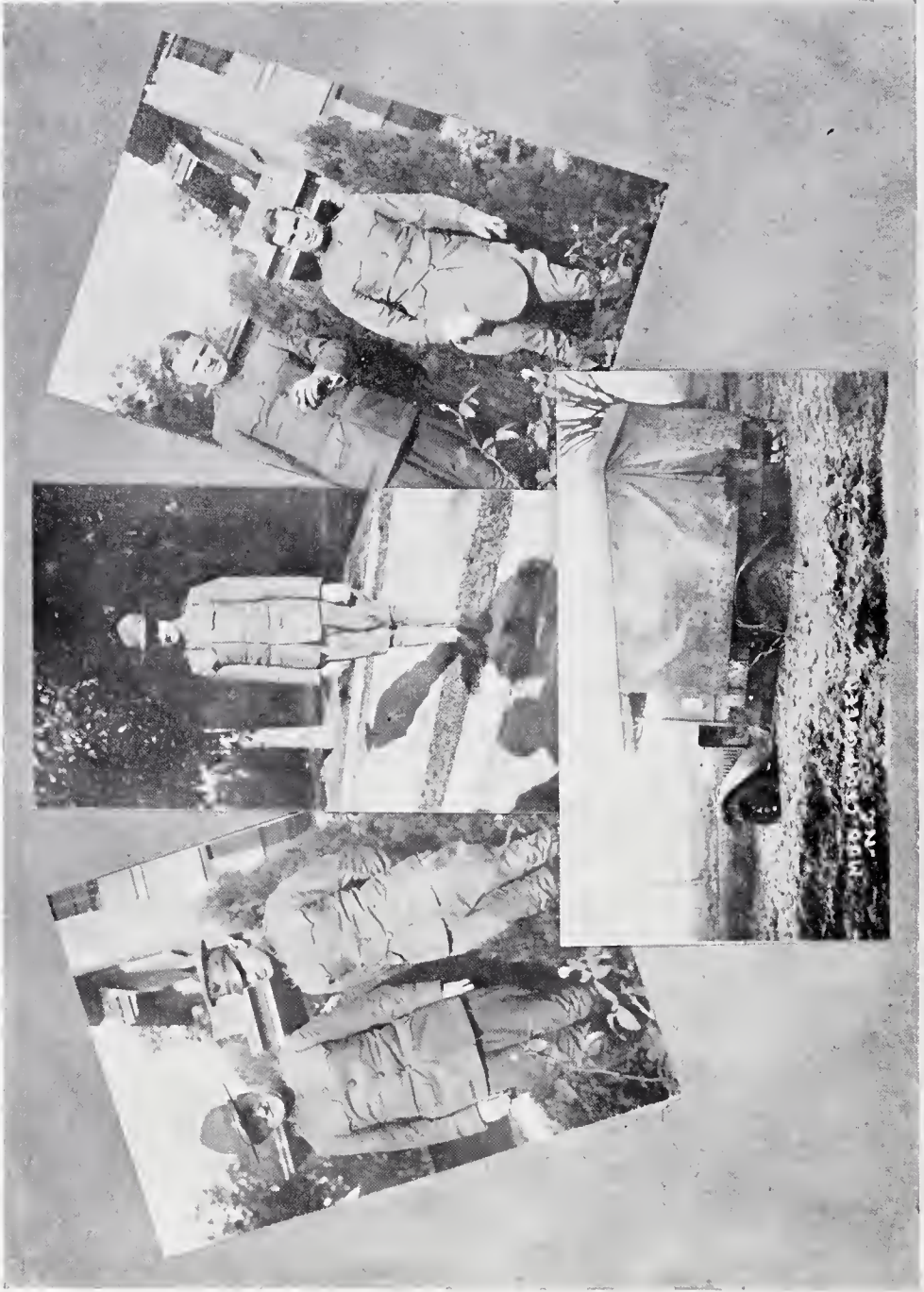
Look wise even tho you don't know anything. By so doing you may avoid the question.

Keep directly behind the girl in front of you. You will find this a great aid in chewing your gum comfortably.

Don't think too much. It makes one's head a queer shape.

1918 EDITION ENCYCLOPEDIA QUEENANICA

- ANNUAL—Season's wit.
- ANSWERS—Thoughts from afar consisting of two kinds, right and wrong. Latter more frequently used; especially is this true in tests.
- BOOKS—Inventions of the Evil One which is the cause of the low grades in school.
- BLANK—Our mental condition at final exam. time.
- COMMENCEMENT—Home run of the season.
- CRUSH—For information see Miss Kellogg and Ruth Wallace.
- DUNCE—None (?) of us.
- FRESHMAN—Indefinable. Loud enough to speak for themselves.
- GREECE—A spot. The history of which troubles us.
- GEOMETRY—Torture and nightmare of victims. Sent to the world by Adam for revenge, when he left the Garden of Eden. Would he had stayed there.
- HASH—Weekly Review.
- HOLIDAYS—An oasis in a desert.
- I LIAD AND ODYSSEY—Classics. So called from the fact that they make the class sick.
- JUNIOR—Most important folks on the register.
- PONY—An ever present help in time of trouble. (Still advisable to ride on side.)
- PIANO PRACTICE—Skipping in more ways than *one*.
- QUOTATIONS—
 "Something the Immortals wrote,
 Which we have therefore had to quote."
- REST—Foreign to Queens.
- RESTRICTION—Something around a college campus. Synonymous with fence.
- RULE—Never do anything today which can be put off till tomorrow. (Tomorrow may never come.)
- TEACHERS—A species of creatures of very inquisitive natures, who insist upon prying into our own intellectual affairs.
- TESTS—A series of tortures for the purpose of training the hair upright, and bringing on nervous prostration. Most excellent prescription.
- ETC.—That which we've omitted.



CAMP GREENE SNAP-SHOTS



CAMP GREENE SNAP-SHOTS

Editorial



THE very beginning of the year the members of the Junior and Senior Classes had a joint meeting and elected editors for the publication of a Queens College Annual. We said vehemently that in spite of all opposition we would succeed, and that such a volume as had never been produced before by any school in the world, should be the result of our labor. Very conscientiously we began and for a while things went smoothly, but soon barriers began to appear. We were first reproached on the ground that we should be unpatriotic if we spent so much money on an annual when the Red Cross and Students' Friendship War Fund were calling so persistently for aid. Next, for the first time in the history of Queens College the English Department began the publication of a monthly magazine, "The Princess," and we were strongly urged to abandon our proposed Annual and bend all our efforts, literary and financial, to its development. We did not entirely give up, but instead of a regulation Annual, we compromised on a year book, and have made it as truly as was possible a record of Queens College for 1917-18.

It is now in your hands and we ask you to judge it most kindly. Our advertisers, the best people in Charlotte, desire your support. Those who refused us ads are too stingy to give you the worth of your money, so kindly refuse them your patronage. It will pay you.

For Miss Tillett and Miss Evans, we have only praise. They have been all that is helpful, kind, and generous, and we can truthfully say that without their invaluable aid, our Year Book would be only a thing of dreams. To Dr. Evans, too, we owe much gratitude for his kindness in allowing us to miss classes in order that pictures might be made. He has been a "friend in time of trouble."

In conclusion, let us wish for you great prosperity, and may you assist us in making this the forerunner of a splendid Annual for 1919.



Year Book Staff



ELIZABETH BROWN



MARY LILES



LAVINIA BOYER



CORINNA FINLEY



BRYCIE BAYLES



MINNIE DOAR



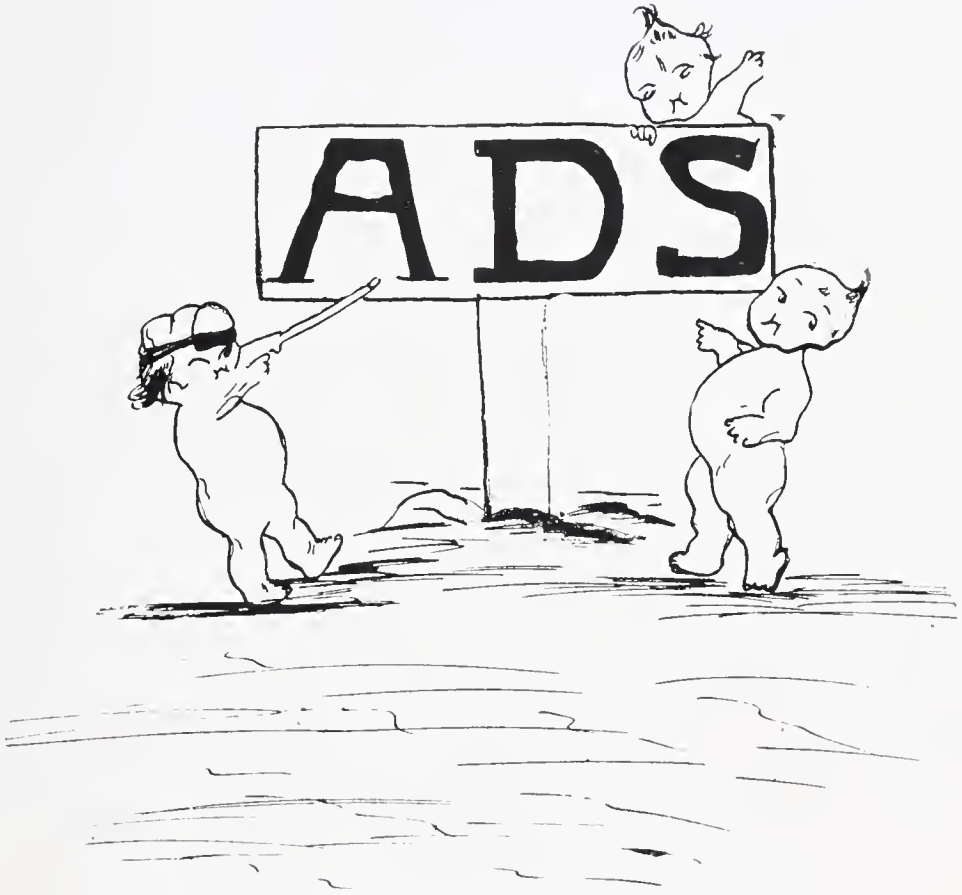
VIRGINIA MORRISON

NEWS FROM THE "CIMITARY"

M. E. R.

Dis here's a letter fum my da'ter
At dat cimitary what's plum ruint her.
Josiah wud send er. Now, Miss Sally Ann,
I wants yer to read it ef yer can.
Dat's all right 'bout tarin' de env'lope,
Case I'se ernother wut aint been wrote.
Be keerful wid de stamp,—I'll use it agin,
The price on 'em now is sho' a sin.
"Dear Mother"; de airs she am puttin' on
And 'taint mor'n six months she's been gone!
Axin fo' money? For lub of de lan'
Do she git edecashun on 'stallment plan?
Whoeber heard ob er sycology book?
It neber tuk dat ter learn me ter cook.
Er new dress fo' graduashun day?
Her wants won't hurt 'er is wut I say.

Laws, Miss Sally, how fas' yo' read!
Hit's de quarest soundin' thing I eber seed.
Now why do she call a basket a ball?
Dat ain't got sense to it a'tall.
A lit'rary—now, what hab she jined?
De gal's fell frum grace, er's out ob her mind.
"Sincere da'ter," she needn't talk dat way,
I'll change her 'ligon when she's home ter stay.

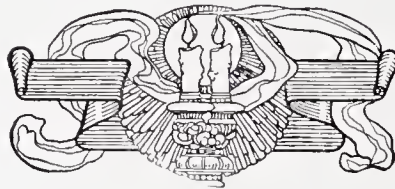


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