

# Queens Are Expendable

By GLENN McLAUGHLIN

With Marginal Notes by ANN CAMPBELL

Senior class president, McLaughlin, takes a look at queens and doesn't like what he sees. Miss O.U., Miss Football, Miss Oklahoma, et al., suggests that his view might be a bit warped, or at least blurred, in this battle of the sexes.

*and what you need is the inside story—*

*I see you do keep a close count*

*promotions are generally out of college range - possibly two or three will be on campus*

*this is so bad?*

*a rose is a rose is a rose...  
rose is a rose is a rose...*

*male ego up 100%*

You are an O.U. student. You are promoting an event for a student organization. Publicity is not going well. Little or no interest has been demonstrated in the affair. What you need is some "live" publicity. What you need is a QUEEN.

This torturous problem and happy solution is repeated a hundred times a year on the Sooner campus. Got a problem? Pick a queen. And the general impression is that queens, singly or by the hundreds, need no justification.

Miss Pharmacy will soon be announced, reads a small notice tucked away on the back pages of the *Oklahoma Daily*. Now what has the white shirted College of Pharmacy come up with? Will she be the new form for the pill bottles, or will cold capsules bear her initials, or will she be a roving ambassador to recruit new pill rollers? No, I think it is just another promotion.

Student radio station KUVY is going to select their KUVY Cutie from a field of five. Now in this I can see a real purpose and some benefit for all. Those disc jockeys get mighty lonely up there on the third floor of Kaufman Hall spinning records and interviewing personalities for listeners in the Women's Quadrangle and Residential Hall. That full length picture of Marilyn Monroe has lost its appeal since last fall, and with a real, live, lovable doll around spirited programs will again return to the air.

Guess it is the reason the "slip stick boys" always turn out for Engineer's Club every Thursday night when the queen is making an appearance. It accounts for the automatic rise in Tuesday afternoon ROTC drill when the cadets in skirts are on the field.

One thing has always puzzled me. How can you tell who is really a queen? With all the titles running around—the Air Force selecting seven queens and the Army five honorary cadet colonels, and the Sweet-heart of Sigma Chi, the White Rose of Lambda Chi Alpha, the model secretary of the Business School and the yearbook taking in everyone else—there must be over a hundred. I suppose the girls have some hierarchy of titles where this title means more than that title. Next thing we know, they will probably be forming their own club to elect another queen from their number.

Aspiring queens are so artificial and conceited, especially during the race. Everything is so nice, and you are the greatest guy on earth, and the University is a heavenly place to attend college with so many cute

professors and what darling classes. And, "Oh, what do you want my picture for?" Sickening, isn't it, but it happens in every queen race.

Then occasionally you will find someone that really has a lot to show and is truly qualified with figure, face and features, but most of the other candidates will keep her out of the race. Since the judges cannot look too closely out of respect to the dignity of their position, other contestants can use enough equalizers to enhance their position. The contest then reduces to that intangible called—personality. This is usually determined by a number of inner soul revealing questions, like: "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" or one of the old blind date stand-bys, "What is your home town, major, and telephone number?" If the judges are just narrowing the contest down for a popular election of the group or student body, they are apt to consider if her house will really buy a lot of tickets to the dance or banquet in order to insure the success of the event. By this process and after many cups of coffee and playing with the ouija board they decide on some cutie to represent the particular club or occasion.

It seems to me that the whole business is a lot like the Kentucky Derby. The horses are pampered, powered, and prettied up in their own stables and then a selection is made after a small house race. The best from each of the stables get together for a big race over at the Union Track, then with all fanfare, pageantry, and pomp, the horses are paraded before the judges to size up the contestants. A preliminary selection is made and usually about five are off and running as the decision is announced. The campaign managers with their silk shirts and riding quirts are off with the sound of the gun. Posters are up at the first turn; in the back stretch campaign cards are being handed out and skits are going around to all the houses; into the final turn name calling begins and odds are fluctuating madly. Coming out of the turn three candidates are neck to neck (or throat to throat). The sweetly-smiling drive to the wire is in the lobby of the Union when all the stable hands are yelling, shouting, and helping until the judges announce the decision. When the results are made official, the winner enters the victor's circle in coronation march and receives the crown of roses and all the honors of the occasion.

But this is just the beginning of titles for the winner, for after this comes Miss Homecoming, then Miss O.U., on to Miss Football to Miss America to Miss World to Miss Universe. After the judges have once selected a girl they stay with her all the way. The only reason she would not win would be to drop out of school. But this would never be allowed by her stable mates. When the Kapa Kapo Grand stable, the Kitten Farm, the Pie Ben Foo stable, the Anchor Lodge, the Horseshoe Inn and the independent stables all get into the race you can bet the stable is going to insure that all their entries are on the track. Every intellectually unemployed is pushed into the field. It is impossible to drop out of the race, even if your mother died.

With such backers of queen races as the National Association of Manufacturers it appears impossible to abolish them. What would such essential industries as the corset makers, the cosmetic compounders do, not to mention the professional photographers. Form Fit keeps the girls tucked in at the right spots, while Richard Hudnut provides sunkist checks and the skin you love to touch. The shutter boys would surely starve without their cheesecake.

Queens can only be justified on an individual basis. Every man has his own tastes. Some are leg men, some are quietly smiling face men, and then there are those that could have gotten out the tape measure and with the readings determined the winner before the contest begins.

You can argue that there is no need for them in a co-educational institution like O.U. The races are a farce and you always know of some one better looking or more deserving. But these contests and campaigns have real value in preparing one to find her place in our modern industrial society. Just think how overpowering Miss Pharmacy or KUVY Cutie will be on a senior's job application form. With the sharp intellect and keen wit that these races develop, surely any progressive business man will immediately associate his firm with the campus queen.

*even ones that do not require conversation & pictures?*

*oh but they do -*

*and only apt*

*it is nice to be compared with a horse.*

*I've never been in a "race" of this sort but it sounds like fun for all*

*this is the only title requiring another contest -*

*and of course, the same judges judge every contest . . . .*

*it is a well known fact that college women of today are college men's intellectual equals.*

*and the male sex in general . . . .*

*you mean you won't?*

*and there usually is but since they weren't in the contest . . . .*

*this isn't a class or a major*