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WAKE UP!

Why don't you wake up? Yes, YOU, You, all the way from the first leader down to the last struggling follower, you who are complaining of no spirit here, you who are just biding your time at Queens until you can go to Stephens or Vassar or Collins or any of the others. Why don't you make Queens better than any of the others? Queens CAN be the best college of its kind in the country. You are what is holding it back! You luke-warm students and disinterested onlookers! When are you going to realize that the faculty alone can't put Queens on the map? Let's see what you can do about it.

You say that the honor system won't work. Of course it won't work if you decide in advance that it won't. Before any honor system can be a success, there has to be an individual honor in each and every student of this school—honor, in every heart, which comes from clean-living, clean-thinking, and the inevitable result, Good Health. After individual honor, comes collective honor. That is the thing for which you should strive.

The Day Students' argument is unconvincing. You claim that your disinterest is due to a lack of consideration, when in fact the lack of consideration is a result of your complete disinterest. Well, why not attend meetings and chapel? You only get out of a thing what you put into it, you know. Elect a committee on activities to keep you informed as to what is going on, and you inform your committee as to what you wish.

Many students advocate dormitory government for the boarders. Let them elect their committee on activities with the same duties as the Day Student Committee. Invest the authority in a council, composed not of presidents of this and that, but of one non-voting President, and supporting officers. The Council would be required under the oath of office to meet regularly and with a purpose. The size of the Council would depend upon its power, and its power upon its size.

The Day Student Committee would arrange meetings and activities along with the Boarders' Committee, narrowing the breach between Day Students and Boarders.

There would be rules made by the students themselves.

The change in government would do away with such intensely concentrated authority. It would give the students more spirit and unity. It would bring existing politics out into the open. It would prepare the whole school for the Honor System.

Locked Doors

Any city the size of Charlotte in population and in manufacturing, distributing, and financial merit such as she enjoys, is marked as absolutely non-progressive, backward, and lacking in intellectual emphasis as long as she is without such an important facility as a public library! Knowledge is power, and where is there a greater source of knowledge than in books? People who keep abreast of the times, intelligent people, and those who wish to be intelligent spend much time reading. But what if the public library, that institution so necessary to the advancement of a community, is suddenly—and not through the wishes of the majority of the people of Charlotte—snatched from their hands?

What results from a surprising act such as this? We are handicapped—very definitely handicapped. Especially do the young people of high school and college age feel this impediment. And they are the ones who may be able to do something about it. The Queens College girl, for example, can make use of the influence which she holds over the civic and social life of Charlotte by taking a definite stand in school activities, through the newspapers, or by just talking, for the reopening the city's public library.

It is ironic that there are thousands of books in the city of Charlotte at this very minute, and only two tightly locked, thick glass doors separate them from the thousands of people on the other side who could be using the material they contain to good advantage. We may boast of Charlotte's growing population, of her beautiful shopping centers, and her money-making industries, but what do these lend to progress so long as there is such an important drawback as the loss of a public library. The intelligent people of Charlotte, those who can see the danger that the intellectual advancement of our city is facing, must do something to save it! Shall we keep the doors locked?

No Cuts?

Recently there has been quite a bit of discussion on the cuts system as employed at Queens. In an open forum of a previous edition of this paper, some of the girls seemed to be in favor of totally abolishing the present system of five cuts to every three-hour course, regardless of class or scholarship. We, however, are inclined to think it advisable to retain the privilege of a certain number of cuts.

If properly set up, a system of absences might be used as an incentive to the students to work harder. For instance, if a student making a certain number of quality points or an average of merit would receive more cuts per semester than a student with a lower average, it would give the student something to work for. In other words, the higher one's grades, the greater number of cuts available. This would serve as a means to raise the general scholastic standards and would stimulate the enthusiasm of the students in their endeavors to attain knowledge.

It has been proven over and over again that instances arise when it is essential that a student cut a class. If the system mentioned above were employed, undoubtedly the conscientious girls who are really interested in their classes would be the girls eligible for cuts, and any one energetic enough to work for the cuts is not going to be absent purely from laziness. This system is employed at Converse College and has been very successful there, as well as in other outstanding colleges.

We feel, therefore, that a system established on the merit of a student's work is most desirable to the scholastic standing of the school, and that the same would also be found agreeable to the student body.

We are strongly opposed to completely discarding all cuts.

In fact, it is just what Queens needs. You would realize that, if you would only wake up and broaden your mind with interest! When, and only when, YOU have begun to co-operate, will Queens assume its rightful place in the educational world.

Pro

Con

The World Book says that Bismarck was the greatest German statesman of the nineteenth century, but any Queens College girl will tell you that he is only the cocky little mongrel who holds their hearts in the palm of his paw.

I had often wondered if Bismarck, the dog, could have been given his name because of any likeness to the German statesman. I consulted the World Book and found my answer. Bismarck the Great was noted for his charming personality, and, surely, no dog, not even a blue-ribbon winner, could have a personality to equal that of our own little Bismarck, king of the campus and puppy prodigy of the classroom.

I struck upon another idea, not from the World Book, but from my own fertile brain. Wouldn't it have been perfectly natural for the great German statesman, who was so famous for his remarkable accomplishments, to have been somewhat proud of himself—maybe even a little egotistical? If so, he and our Bismarck have another striking likeness, for it is plain to see that the most outstanding characteristic of this little dog is his superiority complex. Even the way he walks, that air of nonchalance and complete abandon, proves this to be true. But how this bedraggled, moth-eaten, flea-bitten result of cross-breeding can feel superior to anything is more than I can see.

I have begun to realize, though, just how much happiness this little dog has brought to our campus. He is loved by everyone from Dr. Blakely to Maggie, the maid. He has changed bad humors to good humors and half-asleep classrooms to laughing wide-awake ones.

If there is an award for friendship given at Queens College, I hereby, cast my vote for Bismarck.

VIRGINIA YOUNG.

The first thing one sees on visiting Queens is his majesty Bismarck, our only co-ed. Many people here think that he is adorable, but I fail to recognize his charms.

I like dogs all right in their places, but when it comes to dining with them, my lukewarm love for them turns to hate. This morning at breakfast Bismarck had the nerve to place himself at my feet and begin scratching flees. I guess I should have smiled and fed him a nice, round, juicy piece of sausage out of my hand as most of the girls here do, but instead I was very cruel to the poor, dear little thing and urged him to get away.

Today during a very formal and dignified meeting of the Spectator Club, in walked Bismarck. He strolled across the center of the room and took a seat on the opposite side. When he became restless, he got up, went into the hall, walked up and down, and returned to the meeting, distracting everyone's attention. And the high spot of the meeting was when Bismarck opposed our much-sought-after honor system.

He really is a privileged character: he eats with us, he has his bath in our bathtubs, he attends our meetings, and he takes trips to Davidson.

—He's disgusting!—

EVA JOHNSON.

CONGRATULATIONS

Two weeks ago the Sophomores put out a splendid paper. The Freshmen have striven hard to measure up to the standards set by the Sophomores. We now present our paper as a climax of the contest between the Freshmen and Sophomore classes. We sincerely say, "May the best one win!"

POET'S PATTERN

Leap Year

I shot an arrow into the air;
 It fell to earth I know not where;
 All that was last year's mid affair,
 But, Leap Year a girl must do her part,
 So this year when I aim my dart
 I'll betcha it'll be at a little boy's heart.
 Smart?

—M. J. H.

Who Knows

"Time and tide wait for no man,"
 So the saying goes;
 Hearts are beating out each sound
 And we cry where have the days gone?

Who knows? Who knows?

"Time and tide wait for no man,"
 Why do we cry "Go slow"!
 Each man lives life knowing
 That the years are going,
 From his fingers slipping,
 The water clock is dripping,
 The grains of sand are running
 The sun is too soon setting.
 Our hearts cry out "Oh stop! go slow."

Can no one stop the beating waves of

Time from dashing on my soul?
 Why shout to the darkness alone
 For only the ceaseless waves and the flying minutes answer—

Who knows? Who knows?

Pete Munroe.

'39-'40

1939 was a year of boycotting—by the world.

1940 is a year of boy-copping—by the girls.

Wasted Time

The first two months of school had passed.
 November and December were going fast.
 Christmas was over, the New Year begun.
 But we still didn't have that studying done.

Exams were over, the results handed in,
 Our satisfied peace ended soon with a din.
 February came with its new resolutions,
 For our scholarship we had all sorts of solutions.

March began with a really great burst of study.
 Despite the fact that the whole world was muddy.
 April and May will fly by, and then
 Exams and grades will disturb us again.

We'll study and worry for hours and hours,
 And wish we were laid 'neath a high pile of flowers.
 We pay our good money for a good education,
 Yet all we do is dream of vacation.

—Jean Brown.

Love

All good things in life must end—
 Music and the sunset glow.
 Each season fades into the next, but
 One thing won't go, I know.

It's our love I'm speaking of,
 Our love so strong and true.
 It will never end, my dear,
 Your love for me, and mine for you.