

Birds Of Peace

Seeks Her Safety From War-shattered World

In 1918 a jubilant bird of peace flew from ocean to ocean spreading security and new-found happiness and order. And for about fifteen years, peace in Europe, peace in Asia, peace in all the world was supreme. Culture, science, education-civilization advanced to great heights during that reign of peace and the horizon was lighted brilliantly for the entire world.

Not long after that time a tiny shadow loomed over Europe that made the peace dove tremble. That shadow grew larger and larger, soon resembling the hand of the war god Mars, reaching out to grasp Europe with its greedy fingers. From that hand leaped war-loving Machiavellian men who over ran Europe. Peace doves fled from war's strangling hold and took refuge in one corner of the world—America. On this November 11th there will be only one country who can call peace her own—America. What a contrast—the world on November 11th, 1918 and the world on November 11th, 1940—quiet and chaos.

And now this nation has given the command of the ship of state again to an able and experienced captain.

America must retain this glorious quiet until the time she can once more release the dove of peace to fly over the world in joyous freedom so that the date of November 11th, 1950 will not be written in blood.

QUEENS BLUES

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

1939 Member 1940
Associated Collegiate Press
 Distributor of
Collegiate Digest

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
 College Publishers Representative
 420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
 CHICAGO - BOSTON - LOS ANGELES - SAN FRANCISCO

Founded by the Class of 1922

Published Weekly by the Students of Queens College.
 Subscription Rate: \$2.50 the Collegiate Year

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We extend our sincerest sympathy to Yvonne Williams in the recent loss of her father.

We 3 Queens Of The Semin-Are

One deep dark night, not so very, very long ago, two nights in fact, deep within the slightly pale green walls of the Seminar Room, the minds of three geniuses communed, one with another, and the other with Yehudi. One was a Blonde. One was a Brunette. Three was a Red-head. Result was a BLUES.

As the phantom, Deadline, approached, One looked at Two. Two looked at Three. And for convenience Three looked at Yehudi. Yehudi looked blank.

Ye olde editors, slightly lacking in vim and vigor and vitality, pieced patches and patched pieces, 'til the scraps had the essence, if not the appearance, of a newspaper.

When the corners of the room had rounded off, and the ceiling was no longer parallel to the top of the table, One looked at Two and they both ducked the hastily hurled missile from the dainty paw of Three who just wanted to know whether they were paralyzed or not. Termination of journal of number One.

The phlegmatic countenances of Two's compatriots need vivifying. Such was her unfortunate thought. An improvised recitative in and about high C ought to turn the trick. After which bit of originality Number Two was deleted by the editors. LOVE. Maybe that will soothe the savage breast. Number Three's uncensored palpitations were thoroughly and roughly discussed. Contents of discussion were withheld for obvious reasons. Number Two's palpitation just palpitated in the form of mournful sighs and tender smiles around her little (?) mouth. Number one was twanging her tongue to sound like a Cuban guitar playing Ich Liebe Dich.

Tid-bits from a Pseudo-Titian's diary:

It begins like the tale of little Eva, only there were three standing in the cold waiting for the bus as the cold gray light of dawn streaked across the sky. No, they weren't homeless waifs. No, indeed, they had perfectly good homes—and that was just where they should have been at that time. Give up, or can't you guess? THEY were the three—(deleted) Editors. If you have any imagination at all you can see them standing there, on the corner, frozen to the bone and trying to comfort each other. When the bus finally came, as all good busses do, they went aboard. The red-head was so absorbed in her discussion on the bus that she rode two blocks past her house. She leaped from the conveyance and ran pantingly down the street—rushing faster and faster. As her flying speed disturbed the leaves, they sounded like a million following steps. The faster she ran, the more noise the leaves made, which made her run even harder. Gasping for breath she slammed her front door shut, leaned against it and collapsed. And she's still out of breath, so this column must end.

Squeaky-Squeak

As Some One Creeps Into Chapel—Late As Usual

"Better late than never" is a universally accepted axiom which can be cancelled by "There is an exception to every rule." The axiom in this particular case is: If you must be late to Chapel, it is better to come for a little than to miss it all. On the other hand, no matter how dexterously one slips in the back door, a crunching, furtive sound swirls up the steps and runs over the entire auditorium. By the time the perpetrator of the aforesaid action arrives on the scene, everyone, except the fourth girl from the end in the seventh row, has glanced around to see who the noisy one is, and the speaker doesn't stand a chance of being noticed.

These late Chapel arrivals aren't fair to the speaker, but neither is an empty auditorium. Therefore, for personal reason and for the benefit of others, shall we quietly remain outside and lose quality points and miss the program, or should we noisily effect an entrance? —M. J. H.

Buzz-Buzz Have You Heard The Stories

Cats'-Chat Makes Rounds At School From 5th Colyum

Have You Noticed?

The abundance of long hair trailing around . . . the flowers that are always in Burwell . . . the different atmosphere of something indescribably good since the Honor System has been adopted . . . increased attendance at chapel . . . the quantities of hair ribbon floating around in the aforesaid long hair . . . all the bright red and shades of red as well, that are being worn this year . . . that the percentage of saddle shoes on campus has taken a considerable drop . . . how much easier it is to walk quietly in the library with the new floor . . . the many varieties of

Campus Choice

Our campus choice this week or any other week is Jean Ferguson, president of the senior class. When one hears Jean's soft Southern drawl, it is hard to believe that she is from Riverside, Illinois.

She was born on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, the section that is pointed out with awe to tourist (I know 'cause I was once a rubber-necking tourist) because here is where the famous people of the city reside. It seems that this was a fitting place, therefore, for Jean to begin life. She attended Sayre School for Girls in Lexington, Kentucky, for two years before coming to Queens. Here at Queens she has made a name for herself from her freshman year when she became outstanding for being in two wrecks in one night up until her senior year. Now she is a member of "Who's Who," representative to Panhellenic, as well as the senior class leader.

Jean has already shown her talent in art and recently won a scholarship at the Mint Museum. She toured Mexico with Dr. Delano and Miss Langford this summer and went to N. Y. with the Art Department last winter.

Her pride and joy is her brother, Kenneth, who is, by the way, president of the fifth grade, so it must be in the family. The other man in her life has a prominent spot on her dresser; so go up to Morrison and see him for yourself in case there's anyone who doesn't know about him.

For her unselfishness and untiring co-operation, we proudly make Jean our campus choice.

Queens Lookout

As we look upon the world about us, we see in our mind's eye the things which we wish to see. If the world is beautiful, it is because we desire beauty. If the world presents a depressing picture, it is because we are seeking to point out the depressing elements of our surroundings. Our heart's desire determines what our eyes shall see.

In every personality there is something fine, and in each personality there is also a measure of weakness. Either the strength or the weakness may grow until the personality is dominated by that quality. That part of the personality in which we believe will grow. If we have faith in our good qualities, they will develop. If we doubt our own capabilities, they will be stunted.

Let us help each other. Jesus

candy at the Y store, to say nothing of the new booths (which so far have seemed as popular with the faculty as with students) . . . how dreary the day seems if you don't get some mail in the morning, especially to some of these every-day-letter-getters like Fulbright . . . Jean Dobson's man of the pipe . . . that Cothran has never produced that South Carolina O. A. O. . . that the Freshmen seem to have a monopoly on telephones and parlors. What's wrong? Are we upperclassmen losing our grip? . . . how beautiful the beauties are this year?

What Ever Became Of:

All the Jonquil bulbs planted around the front circle last year . . . the sustans we struggled for this summer . . . the over-stuffed furniture that used to be in the dormitory lobbies . . . bustle back dresses . . . Bismarck (the dog) . . . Katta Katta Katta chapter of Eta Beta Pie . . . seamless stockings . . . Ferdinand the bull . . . Boake Carter . . . the old argument between champions of the classics and swing addicts . . . Amelia Earhardt?

Interest Items:

While Editor Golden is beating around with all the other collegiate newshawks, Mary Jane Hart, with the able assistance of Gloria Coppala and Idrienne Levy, is taking over the BLUES. Nice work, girls. Keep it up.

Martha Brandon is appearing in the supporting cast of a feature production which is having its premiere in Scotland Neck today. The plot is concerned with the wedding of Gigi Brandon and "Bull" Durham. We've waited for this opportunity for a long time, and now with our whole hearts we wish for you all the happiness in the world, Gigi and "Bull."

Parting Shot:

This business of books is a real problem. For instance, consider the poor fellow whose father asked him to try to cut down on his college expenses. The only thing the geezer knew to do was to do without books. And then there was another chap who, when asked why he was hurrying, replied: "Well, I just bought a text book, and I am trying to get to class before a new edition comes out."

Camera Club Pitches Party

The Hut was the scene of a Queens-Davidson Camera Club party with Halloween trimmings. Bobbing for apples was one of the characteristic games played. Balloons, hot chocolate with marshmallows, and doughnuts were served to the following members: Irene Davis, Jane Rankin, Lib Isaacs, Willie Stout, Sue Howe, Sarah Pardee, Martha Elliott, Naomi Raouse, Sue Ferguson, Frances Kerr, Mary Ruth McLeod, and their dates.

demonstrated the power of belief in the good. To Mary Magdalene He showed His belief in her essential goodness, and she grew to meet His faith. The greatest opportunity in the experience of friendship is that of showing one's faith in the goodness and beauty which a friend may possess. When we believe in each other, we help each other to grow to the fullness of spiritual stature. When we doubt each other, we dwarf the soul's growth. In the words of Santayna:

"Bid then the tender light of faith to shine
 By which alone the mortal heart is lead
 Unto the thinking of the thought divine."

J. M. Godard.