

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

STAFF

ANN GOLDEN.....Editor in Chief
 ANN MAULDIN.....Business Manager
 MISS LAURA TILLETT.....Faculty Adviser

EDITORIAL STAFF

NELLE BOOKOUT.....Associate Editor
 ANNIE MCIVER.....Associate Editor
 IDRIENNE LEVY.....Managing Editor
 MARY JANE HART.....Feature Editor
 HARRIETTE SCOGGIN.....Society Editor
 FLORA MACDONALD.....Sports Editor
 ALICE PAYNE.....Music Editor
 GLORIA COPPALA.....Exchange Editor
 ELIZABETH ISAACS.....Poetry Editor

Reporters

Maurine Latta, Lucille Wayland, Kathleen Massie, Margaret Powell, Marion Miller, Louise Blue, Pete Munroe, Mary Thomas Carswell, Mary Webster, Harriette McDowell, Ruth Kilgo, Nancy Jane Dandridge, Elsie Kennedy, Dorothy Raley, Mary Jane MacFadyen.

BUSINESS STAFF

LIB SUMMERVILLE.....Auditor
 NORMA HUMPHRIES.....National Advertising Manager
 ESTHER VAUSE.....Assistant National Adv. Manager
 LALLA MARSHALL.....Advertising Manager
 INEZ FULBRIGHT.....Collection Manager
 BETTY LOVE.....Circulation Manager

Advertising Department

Mary Heilig McDow, Nancy Isenhour, Eleanor Lazenby, Harriette Henderson, Helen Hendley, Gail Griffith, Margaret Brown, Elizabeth Killough, Mary Harriette Hurst, Laura Odom, June Childs, Helen Vogel, Terry Mosteller, Mildred Taylor, June Burks, Winnie Shealy, Leakey Wyatt, Ruth Civil, Helen Lisk, Joan Arrowood, Virginia Womack, Marjorie Imbody.

Collection Department

Dorothy Harms, Esther Vause, Nancy Gaston, Elsbeth Burnham, Boots Bowen, Martha Penland, Louisa McLean, Katherine Langerhans.

Circulation Department

Carolyn Williams, Kitty Sue Harvin, Eloise Bane, Mary Mason, Julia Miller, Sara Holliman, Jean Rourk, Franz Rummel, Alice Clark.

History

Inspires England on to Final Victory For World

The civilized world watches with breathless anxiety the life and death struggle between Great Britain and Germany today. Everyone knows, including the Germans, that it is not merely a peerless navy that must be conquered. There is something much more subtle and difficult—an invincible spirit and a patriotism that has stood the test of many centuries. A vast territory of conquered peoples—the free republic of France and many other liberty-loving nations—are looking in desperation to the British Empire for release. The courage of those English people under attack incites the wonder and admiration of our world.

On many former occasions Britain has been the object of attack by foreign powers, and as we watch her today and are thrilled by her spirit of resistance, we can trace that spirit back to her earliest history. The Empire Claudius, in the first century of our era, set up Roman standards on that island fortress, but like Hitler, he found a hard task, for even then there was a great display of high spirit and national pride.

The Roman historian, Tacitus, in writing the biography of his father-in-law, who was Roman governor in Britain, records a speech made by a brave Scottish leader, Calgacus.

"These plunderers of the earth, after other lands have failed them, are now searching the sea. If the enemy be rich, they exact tribute; if poor, they exact homage—men whom neither the orient nor the occident will have satisfied. They alone of all men are greedy for wealth and poverty with equal lust. They rob, they massacre, they plunder, they give false names to power, and where they make solitude, they call it peace."

Britain is daily buying her own servitude, daily

Guest's Corner

By MARION HARGROVE
Feature Editor of The Charlotte News

The Queens student body's ban on silk stockings should have far-reaching effect on the student body, on us boys down at the horse-shoe pitchery and on the ultimate success or failure of civilization, such as it is.

First and most obvious effect will be the beclouding of life for newspaper columnists who stand on windy street-corners and ride on busses. The added eye-strain to determine whether a seam in a cotton stocking is straight should make rheumy eyes even rheumier. (Please print puns legibly in margin.)

No longer can they speak sadly about girls with silk hose not sitting on the length-wise seats of busses. No longer can they rhapsodize cynically over outrageous shades of red.

It seems deeply tragic that this cruel blow should befall the venerable C. A. Paul of *The News* at a time when he is confined to his home to fight the ravages of chicken-pox.

Makers of fingernail polish will feel the weight of Queens' decision. Tons and tons of tinted banana oil, which under happier circumstances would be engaged in the noble work of stopping runs, will languish away on drug store shelves.

Our little friend the mouse, already relegated to a dull and empty life since the upward climb of women's skirts, will find life even more futile. It has been established by this time that girls in cotton stockings are unshaken by the wee sleekit tim'rous beastie and use chairs for sitting only.

Some of the more ghoulish of the self-styled Weaker Sex will turn their warped and fiendish brains to knitting their own stockings. Then happy youth, who so far has escaped this most diabolical of all satanic visitations, will know what pain can be. They will become holders of yarn.

People in the higher income brackets (twelve dollars a week and up) will shiver throughout the winter or be forced to burn the frame of grandfather's portrait when the nation's coal resources are drained by the spinners of nylon.

Those poor poor little ladies who don't like nylon will meet a hideous fate. Where a subjugated father once could be depended on to part with a Good American Dollar from time to time, only vaguely wondering how silk hosiery could manage to disintegrate so quickly, now his ocular apple will be forced to supplement her finances at thirty cents a tap.

May her hideous fate serve as a lesson to her sisters.

The Japanese are troublesome little swine.

feeding it. Now muster up your courage, you who love glory and you who find safety dear. . . . Let us, safe and fierce, bearing arms for liberty, not for repentance, show by our very first move that we are men whom Britain has set apart for herself.

Dread and awe are weak bonds and when they have been removed, men who have ceased to fear will begin to hate. Most of the men have no country to defend or are fighting for one not their own. The gods have put before us an army, few in number, panic stricken by their ignorance of the country, beholding a sky, a sea, and forests, all strange. . . . Let us find our strength now on the battlefield of this enemy. Britons will see their chance; the Gauls will remember their former liberty; the other Germans will desert the Romans as the Usipians so recently did. . . .

"On this side is a leader and an army; on that, tributes and mines and penalties of servitude. You must choose these this day or be avenged at once. As you march out now upon the battlefield, remember those who gave you birth and those whom you shall bear."

A spirit like this can never be conquered. England will stand as she always has. Throughout the years, she will remain the Queen of Nations! Long live England and her patriotism!

Giddy-Ap, Napoleon It Looks Like Rain

Here Are Some Current Splashes

Have You Noticed:

The lack of curly hair during damp weather? . . . the clicking needles of Mary Martha Nixon, who is fast becoming a "knit"-wit? . . . the pennies in Diana's bath tub? (I do believe she's being paid not to talk!) . . . Katherine Masscy's unique glasses? . . . the patriotic spirit ekistent on our campus? It is especially noticeable in the eyes of those who cram the next before a quiz. You know, "red," white and blue? . . . how make-up can transform most of our appearances? . . . the song "You Forgot About Me," which is sure to be number one hit? . . . the number of jitterbugs we have this year? . . . the lull in conversation since the election is over? (Guess we'll all go back to the war situation again.)

Whatever Became Of:

Small pocket-books? . . . Willkie buttons? . . . knee-length hose? . . . quiet evenings at home? and fireside chats? . . . Davidson-Queens Day? . . . Sonja Henie? . . . Driving School? . . . shy girls? . . . "Deep Purple" (the song)? . . . the Dead End Kids? . . . Peace? . . . the popularity of the Queens Grill? . . . quilting parties? . . . hope chests? Could it be that the war has killed all hope? . . .

Interest Items:

Walter Winchell very aptly expressed the election returns in this way: Roosevelt, 24,363,798 votes. Willkie, 99,999,999 buttons. . . . Miss Hutcheson has very kindly offered her services as a notary public to everyone at Queens.

Parting Shot: (Read somewhere between the bookends.)

"Isn't the English language funny?" said one young fellow to another. "You can tell a girl that time stands still when you look into her face, but just tell her that her face would stop a clock, and boy! you can have the consequences, because I don't want them."

—S. T.

Queens Lookout

SHAKESPEARE FOR A QUEEN

1. "Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent
thing in woman."
—King Lear.
2. "Ever precise in promise-keeping."
—Measure for Measure.
3. "No legacy is so rich as honesty."
—All's Well That Ends Well.
4. "There are no tricks in plain and
simple faith."
—Julius Caesar.
5. "Love thyself last; cherish those
hearts that hate thee."
—King Henry VIII.
6. "Here comes the lady! O, so
light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting
flint."
—Romeo and Juliet.
7. "Give it an understanding, but
no tongue."
—Hamlet.
8. "Costly thy habit as thy purse
can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich,
not gaudy."
—Hamlet.
9. "Thou art thy mother's glass, and
she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her
prime."
—Sonnet III.
10. "To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night
the day,
Thou canst not then be false to
any man."
—Hamlet.