

# QUEENS BLUES

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## Christmas

### In The Modern Age Finds A Strange and Different World

We are living in a noisy age. Silence, like a frightened bird, has left her nest and joined the dove of peace in exile. The songs of birds, even actual ones, have no chance against the din in which man wreathes this world. Across the sea it is a horrible noise, the kind that chokes the laughter in a man's throat and drives him mad. Sound has even been made a weapon of war, and we read of bombs which hurtle through cold, black night air. Then there is the less spectacular but more subtle rumble of sullen guns in the distance, growling like some vast prehistoric beast crawling over the curve of the waste places of the earth. You can almost hear it over here. Stand some quiet night and watch the moon rise, realizing that a few hours before that same gentle moon was whitening the faces of black corpses still unburied on battle fields; was smoothing as if with age the jagged lines of shell-shattered buildings; was washing with silver the black wings of planes bent on destruction, swooping like loathsome carrion birds gorged with vileness and death; was by its whiteness making even more red the stabbing flashes of bombs far below. Stand—and watch—and listen. See if you do not hear the growl of that great beast three thousand miles away, like the dull mutter of distant thunder in the middle of sultry summer nights.

Then, if you can, let your mind go back two thousand years, back to another scene which that same moon gazed down upon. But this time the world is quiet, and a great star shines over a sleepy little village in Palestine. Far off, on the moon-whitened desert, tense figures, eyes fixed on the star, move silently with awe and wonder. In the center of the tiny village lying under the white radiance of the star is an humble stable, in which, watched by the soft, wondering eyes of gentle cattle, a young virgin sits, smiling into the face of a baby on her lap. A tall, rugged man stands nearby, leaning on a staff. On the silent desert outside the village, wise men search, lurching on the backs of plodding camels.

How undramatic is this second scene compared with the first. And yet the events of that ancient night, when the star shone, established the divine, irrevocable course which alone can meet and utterly destroy the great beast of the second scene. The events of these nights are inhuman and degrading. The event of that night was incredibly wonderful. God himself deigned to take on the form of his creatures.

But if Europe has devised one way of forgetting the fundamental message of Christmas, America has been no less inventive. The only, but very important, difference is that our method is pleasant and is to be condemned only because of the final results, not the method itself. As I came up the streets tonight, lights blazed.

## Queen's Credo Sets Forth New High Goals And Standards To Achieve

We, the students of Queens College, realizing our responsibility in the development of our school, wish to exert every effort to further the interests of our Alma Mater. We are proud to be known as Queens girls, because we believe the name indicates the highest type of Christian womanhood; we believe in the ideals and principles for which Queens stands. Intangible values are hard to define; yet we can see integrity, tolerance, culture, and intelligence clearly presented to us by the lives of our administration and faculty. We have the utmost faith in the administration as a result of the many improvements it has accomplished and the inspiration with which it stimulates the student body to a desire for greater service. We have observed a real honor system in operation. We have seen school loyalty manifested both by present students and by alumnae.

We wish to share in every future experience of our college, thereby exemplifying the faith we have in our Alma Mater. We realize that we shall some day be no longer classified as students, but as graduates of Queens. Graduation from our college will mean, for us, that we have completed only one phase of a relationship which will become more vital with the passing of time. We shall carry her ideals with us into community life and there contribute the strength of our character to the foundation of the future homes of America. We intend to be active alumnae, constantly contributing our best to the establishment of our college in its rightful place among the educational centers of the world. With justifiable hope and trust, we look forward to the day when we shall point with pride to a greater Queens College—a real seat of learning which encourages those who would know the truth unblemished by petty prejudices.

When we think of the future in store for our college, we are happy for her prospective students. We would show them that Queens ranks high in the minds of present-day educators in its fulfillment of the educational ideal—that of developing all the potentialities of the students. We shall dedicate our strength and our abilities to this end: that Queens will emerge as a bulwark of education, producing Christian personalities equipped with the ability to make the world a better place because they have lived.

On every side there was gay laughter, and in the tinselled windows articles of every description were displayed with neat price tags, unobtrusive but inevitable, tokening the commercialism of Christmas. Obese Santa Clauses grinned and bobbed, all very jovial and hearty but somehow, when one stops to think, ludicrously out of tune with the true meaning of this season.

But, you say, Christmas is a joyous season. And you are right—the most joyous of the entire year, and should be. But it should be so for the right reason. If the hilarity and gaiety of these weeks were based on a deep-hearted realization of the true meaning of Christmas, further comment would be unnecessary. But we all know that this is not the case. The festivity of Christmas is not the natural result of the significance of the season, but the end in itself. We can not see beyond the electric lights over our head to the white radiance of that star of two thousand years ago.

Let us resolve that on this coming Christmas day we will vary the routine and take at least a few moments aside. Let us in imagination join the wondering shepherds and the worshiping Magi and kneel before him who was born King of the Jews. Let us, remembering the miraculous conception, worship the babe as "Immanuel" God with us: Let us bow reverently before Jesus, who yet lives, sitting on the right hand of God, who has promised never to forsake us in life, and in death to stand as our Advocate before the throne of God.

# Ceremony Of Boar's Head Traditional

## Custom Started Centuries Ago at Oxford University

By ALBERTA SETZER

In merrie old England, in wild and picturesque days, abundant with feudal hospitalities and baronial castles, Christmas was a period of delightful and gay excitement. In the great houses of the time it was customary to begin the Christmas feasting by the solemn ceremony of bringing in the boar's head as the initial dish. The smoking head was garlanded, and the master-cook, preceded by musicians and followed by huntsmen with boar-spears and drawn falchions, brought in the great platter and placed it at the head of the table. The custom, however, goes back to pre-Christian days and is connected with the Druids who killed a boar at the winter solstice and offered its head in sacrifice to Freya, the goddess of peace and plenty.

Queen's College, Oxford, is especially famous for its retention of the ancient ceremonial. A local legend explains this ceremony. Some five hundred years ago, so runs the story, an Oxford student deeply bent upon his volume of Aristotle was wandering near Shotover Hill when he was attacked by a wild boar. By way of defense, he shoved his book down the animal's throat and choked the beast to death. And so, wholly in merriment and gay with jolly pretense, the festival is perpetuated at Oxford.

How fitting it seems that we, bearing the honored name of Queens College, should also have this same ceremonial to begin our Christmas celebration.

## Campus Choice

She's tall, slender, and has a quaint hair-do; she plays the fiddle and sings; she's tops among the freshmen; and she goes in for brunettes. Gussed yet? Why, it's Franny Moseley, of course.

Franny likes just oodles of things all the way from people in general on down to peanut butter and ice-cream. She even likes her two sisters "at times"; and if you've ever heard them sing, you'll agree that they certainly do seem to get along just swell when they're harmonizing. In music Franny takes Brahms, Debussy, and, of course, Glenn Miller.

Her pet dislikes are onions, cauliflower, getting up in the morning, and washing dishes. If she can get out of it, she never wears a hat; but she dotes on wearing evening clothes and goes in for cute shoes in a big way.

At Central Hi, Franny was vice-president of the junior class, assistant chief marshal, and a prominent member of the dramatic group. Here at Queens she is chairman of the freshman class, a Chi O pledge, and a member of the orchestra, the quartet, and the quintet. And she says that she's really having fun.

1. If you had a box of ducks, what would you have? A box of quackers.
2. Why do little ducks walk softly? 'Cause they can't walk, hardly.

## Queen's Lookout

It is Christmas again. Christmas is the time of singing, of joy, of worship. Christmas is also the time of giving, and the time of peace—perhaps not peace from strife, but the peace which passes understanding and ever lingers in the heart.

Singing time . . . "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest' . . . It is Christmas in Congo land. Dinanga awakens in the smoky interior of the small mud-and-stick hut. Excitement stirs her, for it is Christmas morning, and she is going caroling. Quickly arranging her clothes, she hurries toward the mission compound. The stars shine brightly; the silhouettes of wind-rustled palms are barely visible. A sense of anticipation fills the air. The singers meet with the simple greeting "Muoya!"—"Life to you!" There are whispering hushes as the leader raises the song. A translation of "Silent Night" throbs into the beauty of the hour before dawn. Carol follows carol.

Joy time . . . "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." . . . Crimson stains the east, and with its tropic splendor the sun bursts into the sky. Joyous black faces smile at one another. Bare black feet part ways as the party of carolers return to their homes. Dinanga helps fix breakfast for the family; then she and her mother go down the trail to carry back buckets

of water, balanced on their heads. Worship time . . . "They fell down and worshipped Him." . . . The pealing church bell proclaims the hour of Christmas worship. With hasty settling of babies on hips, or clutching of gifts they wish to bring, Dinanga and others hasten to the church. Reverently they enter, join in the Christmas hymns, and bow in prayer.

Giving time . . . "When they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts." . . . The Christmas story is told, as eager hearts drink it in. The Christmas offering is then made. Small sums of money, long and carefully hoarded, are placed in the rude wooden offering plate. A boy leads a goat to the front, and Dinanga puts in some ears of corn as her gift.

Peace time . . . "And on earth peace, goodwill toward men." The rest of Christmas day slips away, while Dinanga helps her mother, cares for the children, and visits her friends. Supper is cooked and eaten. The sun sets. It is night. Villagers gather about outdoor fires to sing and chat. The death wail rises in a heathen home across the village. Dinanga thoughtfully pauses before entering the home hut. Her heathen acquaintances do not realize it is Christmas. She raises her face to the sky and breathes a prayer of gratitude for the Gift of Gifts, of hope that others may learn to know Him. As she steps inside, peace fills her heart.