

# QUEENS BLUES

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association  
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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## The Blues Has The Blues

The *Blues* has the blues. Here it is Spring again, and the editors for a new staff have just gone into office. Monday afternoon there was supposed to have been a meeting for the purpose of completely organizing a new staff. What happened? simply the usual thing—three old members showed up and two novices put in appearance. This clearly shows the attitude of the student body in regard to its newspaper.

Plea after plea has gone out to the student body for a solution to this situation. The *Blues* work does take a great deal of time and effort, but if there were a sufficiently large staff, no one would be overburdened. There are many people who have both the time and the talent for this and yet have never so much as given the *Blues* staff a thought. Obviously this is a gross breach of school spirit. How can the *Blues* ever expect to obtain prestige on the level with other college publications with such flagrant indifference on the part of the whole lethargic student body!

The *Blues* is an orphan. It has no home—not even a cubby hole that it can call its own. The staff (such as it is) meets in hallways, private homes or is chased from classroom to classroom. The *Blues* staff does not even own a paper file on which to put incoming stories.

The *Blues* does not even own a typewriter—or even have access to one—except at the discretion of the business department. There is not even a file of the back issues of the college's weekly publication.

That is the state of affairs.

Every year the paper gives two prizes away to the freshman and the sophomore doing the most *consistent good work* on the paper. And every year there are almost no contestants—in fact the staff considers itself extremely lucky if there are even one or two candidates for the prizes.

A campus publication is not to be the work or play toy of one or two people. It must be a representative organ of the student body's opinions and wishes. Otherwise it is not serving in its true functions and duties. From the evident unconcern of the students, it might be suggested that Queens become Sleepy Hollow—because there are evidently a great many female Rip Van Winkles.

There are to be three more issues of the *Blues* this year. There remains as yet plenty of time in which to set up a fine working staff that will put out a good paper next year. There is plenty of time to find the *Blues* a permanent staff office, and to help it gather essential equipment.

The question is — will the student body do anything about this situation?

Yes, the *Blues* has the Blues!

## NEED MORE BE SAID?



**DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN HERE!**

You know the story of Axis "dictatorship"—the lesson is there for all to read: Schools and colleges closed—or turned into breeding grounds for lies and hate.

Freedom of speech—*verboten!* Freedom to choose your friends—*verboten!* ". . . All you need to learn is to obey!"

Now they would attempt to put the yoke on us—on you. *It must not happen here!* Whatever the cost, the Axis must be smashed. Your part, as a college student, is clear. You may not be behind a gun today, but you *can* help today to give our soldiers, sailors, and marines the weapons they need for Victory.

Put your dimes and dollars into fighting uniform *now* by buying United States Savings Bonds and Stamps. You'll help not only your country, but yourself—because you are not asked to *give* your money, but to *lend* it. You can start buying Bonds by buying Savings Stamps for as little as 10 cents. Start buying today—and *keep it up!*



Save . . . and Save America

with U. S. Savings BONDS ★ STAMPS

Dear Tom,

## WE HAD A BLACKOUT

Dearest Tom,

Guess where I am! You couldn't — ever. I'm sitting on a checkerboard quilt (predominantly purple—imagine!) on the floor in the hall right outside my door. Louise Greene (remember—we double-dated with her that time) is across from me on a blanket, and all down the hall are girls looking equally unusual, sitting on blankets and surrounded by books to give the atmosphere of study, or to catch the urge for penetration (if, perish the thought, it should creep up and startle someone) before it might get away.

Have you guessed yet? Then I'll tell you. It's a blackout.

You see, several days ago, we were given sheets of paper bearing the ominous title "Directions: In Case of Black-out." It listed a half-dozen little items on keeping cool and closing windows and doors after having collected enough bedding to make the sojourn comfortable, and enough stationery or books or the kind of letters you read *parts* of to your roommate, to occupy you for a half-hour. Then, settling ourselves outside the door to our room, we were to await further happenings.

"Post this notice in a prominent place," it said, so we nailed it up over the lavatory and read it over endless numbers of times while toothbrushing and Lux-ing. "What would the alarm siren be like?" we wondered. The everybody promptly forgot about the Momentous Occasion.

That is, until tonight. Suddenly, at exactly ten, there was this simply horrible siren screaming down the road and coming nearer and nearer. (Honestly, Tom, it was enough to hang icicles on the bravest of hearts!)

"Gosh!" gasped my roommate. "What's that?"

I don't know what I answered; I wasn't listening. Ex-

cept that when my feet were once more co-operating with my legs, she was already settled on a quilt in the hall calling at me to hurry. All this time, the proctor was gnashing her teeth and running up and down the hall "Ssss-sh!"-ing everybody.

A minute more, and I was out, too—only to find Babs (my roommate) had done me a favor. From behind her *Good Housekeeping* she handed me something.

"I didn't think you'd want Thomas Douglas Maxton III to get bombed," she said, giving me your picture. Wasn't that thoughtful of her?

So here we sit, Tommy, and overhead we can hear planes zooming around trying to spot a light and warn us so that next time Charlotte will be completely out of sight from the air. Inside here, everyone is laughing and studying and writing letters as though nothing were happening, knowing this is just a mock Black-out. But I can't help wondering, listening, pretending that it is all real. What if it were not just play? What if these planes were Japanese or German, would we be laughing then? I think we would be afraid at first, hearing them above us and knowing what they wanted to do to us and all that we love. And then, very soon we would hear other motors, with you and the others in the Air Corps, and we would not be afraid any more, because you would not be afraid.

The All-Clear is sounding like a giant sigh of relief. That means we go back into the ruins. Only, aren't we glad that it's just play-ruins!

Goodnight and

All my you-know-what,

ANN.