

QUEENS BLUES

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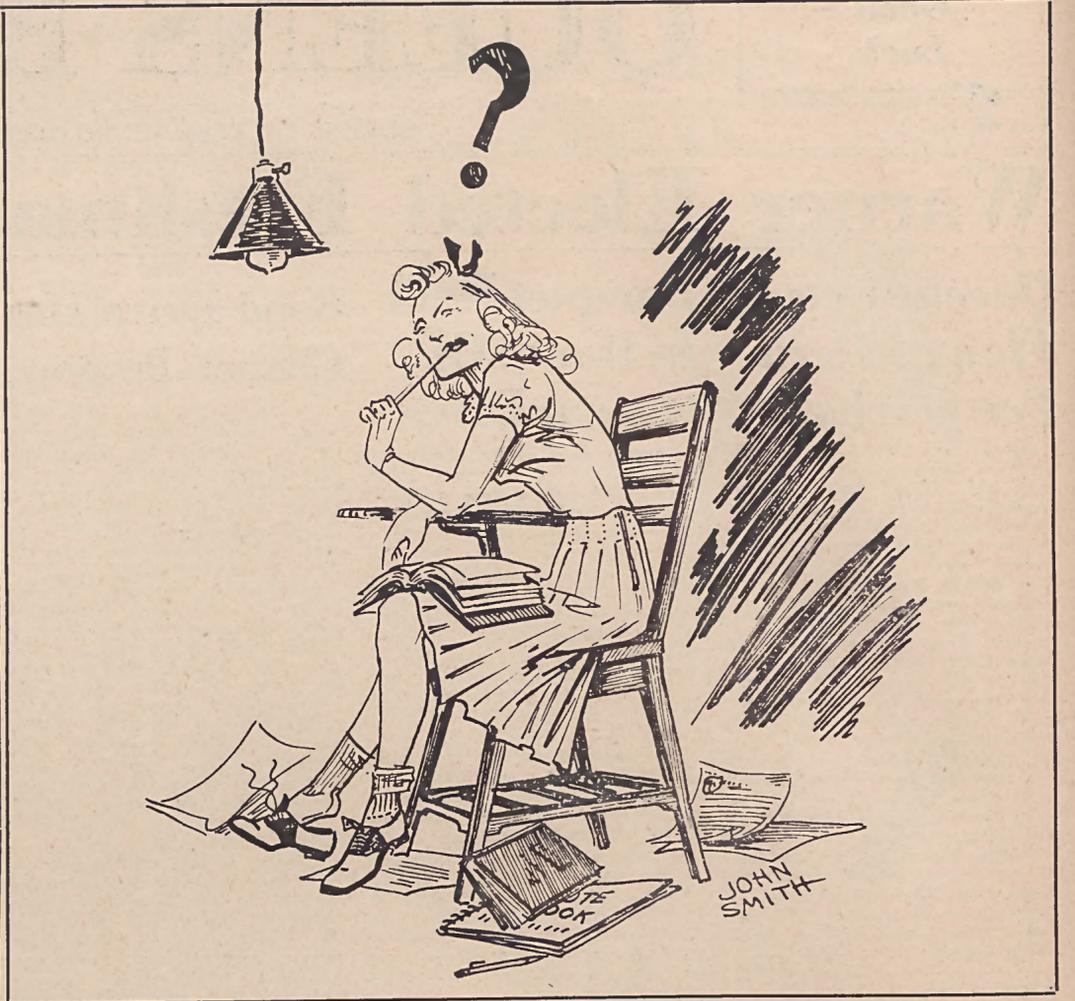
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Honor Is Everlasting; Would You Sacrifice It?

There are numerous definitions of honor—elaborate and noble—that have been quoted from the lips of famous people—who have lived in an actual world or perhaps in a fictitious world from literature. Perhaps these noble words have thrilled us and we may have argued that honor is the greatest trait in the world. It has prompted men to die for principles they believe in; it has encouraged persecution and torture in living because men with honor have denounced fame reached from base steps and have chosen obscure and humble paths attained by honest means. A sense of honor encouraged Nathan Hale to die for his country. Millions of other men to do the same in history. And if we think over our progress we can remember millions of people who have lived up to their standards of honor. Today, many American boys are giving their lives for such symbols of honor in democracy as: freedom of religion and speech, freedom from want and fear. For when a nation loses such freedoms, where are its honor and pride in living?

And yet considering honor in such broad and spectacular aspects, we sometimes err most often because we associate honor with fame and we associate fame with unattainable peaks—an eldorado that average people never achieve. We admire the honor in brave, romantic knights, and in courageous soldiers, and in prominent statesmen, and such; we dream of ourselves as someday becoming suffering or conquering heroes, waving a banner of honor before the world. Consequently, we forget that honor like every trait of character is developed through minute, insignificant experiences, every day in our lives. Honor in simplest terms is being true to one's moral standards and respecting the moral standards of others. Building up the right moral standards is of course most important. By standing unflinchingly true to these standards in simple every-

day experiences, we acquire an impenetrable sense of honor that will assert itself whenever truth and injustice are being crushed. We should remember that being honest does not always involve other people. First we must build up a sense of honor within ourselves. Facing problems fairly and objectively, instead of rationally is the first lesson to learn about honor. Then if we are honest with ourselves we cannot be dishonest with others.

Times like these demand honesty and truth above all things. If honor had been observed in the past there would be no wars, less bloody experiences, and wrecked lives resulting from wars. "Dishonesty in little things we say amounts to nothing," but once such an evil vice grips us it fastens on to our character. It becomes easier each time to ignore honesty and each instance of dishonesty is one undoing. When honor is once abolished we no longer regard the feelings of others. We have no standards of right and wrong. We grab for our goals at any price and gluttonous-like we are never satisfied. We become engrossed in our base desires. Our lives no longer have strength and beauty of character. We suffer ourselves and cause other people to suffer. And all this does not develop over a long period of time—deterioration of character is swift in its downslide movements.

Examinations in school are so often considered as trivial. Cheating is just a means of "getting by" when everything else is blocked. But it is more than that—it is the destruction of character, the most priceless possession a person owns. When character is lost what is worth living for? Before grades and marks are considered—character should be considered. In years to come such immaterial things as grades mean nothing. Honor is everlasting—"First to thine ownself be true. And it must follow as the night the day. Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Finds Hidden Meaning In Grades; Offers Freshmen Inside Information

A—This is the "Ain't-you-the-brainy-one grade." If you keep that up you are liable to graduate Magna Cum Laude and who wants to do that? Why be different from the rest of the hoi-polloi? After all "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

B—If you get this grade, Beware! The Dean is stalking you with his little list. If you ever get on the Dean's List once, you may want to do it again, and that means you'll have to study and stuff. Continued study might lead to your getting on in every semester, so you'll be in a rut and ruts are so monotonous, don't you think?

C—Caution, danger ahead! If you can stay with the C's then everything's O. K. You belong to the great middle class—the backbone of the nation. But if you go any lower you may need a wishbone to graduate.

D—Definitely a good sign. If you can remain in college and be content with D's you'll be happy 'cause making them requires no effort, and you can live as lazily as you like. Effort only enters in when you have to race home to meet the postman and intercept the pink slips between him and papa. On second thought, why bother about racing home? If you don't care about the D's, you probably won't care what papa says either.

F—Fine, for those who want to get the most out of college—say, ten years, instead of two. If you're this type, then make F's. They can keep you here indefinitely, and it's a wise man who realizes school is the best excuse for avoiding work. Think how nice it will be to get your social security and sheepskin at the same time. —Taken from *The Inkwell*.

PERSONALITIES

HAVE YOU NOTICED . . .

. . . the new additions on the third finger, left-hand of Thelma Martin, Ardis Childs, Mary Ellen Freeman, Sarah Parrish, and Helen Barrier . . . the new "pin-up" girls—Carolyn L. Wilson and Charlotte Fair . . . our first bride of 1944—Iggy Henry, who is now Mrs. Frank Geron. At least you could have given the BLUES the scoop, Igg, we'd have done the same for the CORONET . . . the V. M. I. class ring that Elinor is flashing . . . seems that she has been greatly disillusioned by a certain teacher and has been afraid to wear it since . . .

. . . the new friendship rings that Estelle Darrow and Mozelle Hooks are wearing. They claim it is just platonic . . . but when other friendships have been forgit . . . will theirs still be it?

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT . . .

. . . Jean Hester's new hair-do . . . What promoted you to do it, Hester? We haired you were forced into it . . . the appreciation guest who gave each of his hostesses a pair of NYLON hose. The lucky girls were Ruth Ewart and Anne Youmans . . .

. . . the girls with DATES, who finding themselves unable to find a ride that would bring them back to school before the zero hour, in desperation hitched a ride in a police car. This only goes to prove that there IS "something about a uniform" . . .

. . . the black convertibles that silently made their way to the room "every night about that time" . . .

. . . the wonderful time that the girls in North Dormitory had at their dance last Wednesday night. It even included corsages, a stag line, and colorful decorations . . .

. . . Toby Honeycutt, a former Queens student, being brave enough to bring her husband on the campus. It gave us all a boost to see a man on the campus again . . .

. . . The Russian, who is really giving a Queens girl a "big rush". We knew the Russian advance was terrific, but this was the first indication that they had advanced as far as Charlotte . . .

. . . Miss Radford, playing the role of "The Informer" by telling everyone of Miss Baty's unexpected wedding from which she had just returned. After that week-end the teachers were more worn out than the students . . .

. . . the beret and sweater combination worn recently by a male faculty member. . . no more news 'til next time.

COMING SOON:

S. C. A.'s
"Four-Motored Liberator"

A man should never be ashamed to say he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words he is wiser today than he was yesterday. —From *The Lantern*.

Lassies of 1908

By Ethel Todd Marshall '08

This will take you back a long, long way

When we were young and giddy and gay

Full of fun and jokes and laughter

You'd never guess it was education we were after

I tramped the streets every day to the College

Determined to get a musical knowledge

Thought many times it would get me down

And I'd have to give up that cap and gown

The piano part, I'd never mind

But that counter-point—Oh! What a grind.

We swept the floors with down-to-earth dresses

And piled high on our heads,

Our long flowering tresses.

On the alert and kept on our toes

To make the grade

And keep up with our beaus.

"Miss Lucy"—her figures and notes were fine

We were interested in notes—

But not that kind.

All got along fine with our nice Professor

Only for him, we'd not be possessor

Of that huge piece of scroll

Of course, our diploma—you needn't be told.

Recitals were always lots of fun

Even though it meant lots of work to be done.

An afternoon off and then straight to town

Up one side and the other down

To Hawley's for sodas

A few minutes to spare

Spent at the Edsonia

5c was the fare.

Fenny pictures were made on every occasion

Then to Hahn's Candy Kitchen

We made an invasion.

Many years have come and gone

But we carry our memories all along

The load would be too heavy if we carried them all

So we kept the good and let the bad fall.

So here's from the Class of 1908

To the Class of '44

May they have at a later date

Just as good memories and many more!

A TOAST

Here's to the Class of 1908

Whose dress and manners are out-of-date

Our memories turn to the days of yore,

As we meet with the Class of '44.

"Did anyone drop a roll of bills with a rubber band around it?"

"Yes, I did," said several voices in the bank lobby.

"Well, I just picked up the rubber band," said an old gentleman calmly.—*The Blue and White*.

Freshman Caps Latest Style

At last they've arrived — the freshman rat caps. Brilliant yellow and navy blue (the colors of the freshman class), they give to the "rats" a certain air of lowly distinction. Their outstanding colors may be spotted from anywhere from two blocks to a mile away and are a dead give-away for any sophomore who might be in the near vicinity at the time.

Being a versatile piece of felt, the cap of alternating blue and yellow triangles may be worn in almost any fashion and without a doubt is worn in a varied assortment of styles. The most important seems to be the turned-up back with a low brim in the front. This is an easy style to wear and is becoming as well. The other style most catered to is just an all-around turn-up. This type sits atop a victory bob with more grace and ease than does the former type. About half of the rat-caps are autographed with painstaking care and with a view of just enough "snazziness" to be casual.

The caps must be worn everywhere (except to church) for two weeks, at the end of which time the freshmen may dispose of them at will, and the guess is that they will either be relievedly dropped into the trash can or resolutely pasted into that college memory book.

In order to enforce the wearing of the rat-caps, the sophomores have threatened some heavy penalties for anyone caught without her cap.

Baptist Church Gives Tea For Students

The ministers and college committee of the Myers Park Baptist Church had a tea for the Baptist students and faculty at Queens College, Wednesday afternoon, January 15, from 1 till 6 o'clock. The tea was held in the Fellowship House, 1900 Queens Rd. There are 29 Baptist boarding students and 24 Baptist day students. Dr. George Heaton is pastor of the church, Mr. Paul Crandall is co-pastor and educational director, and Mrs. Alice Bermen is minister of Music.

"The smart college woman gets herself organized and goes shopping instead of spree spending. The process calls for intelligence, but it is fun and the results are both personally satisfying and provocative of general approval. You really get your money's worth when you quit spending and begin shopping." Lynn Christian, writing in the Oklahoma City University Campus, advocates planning before buying for college women.—*Old Gold and Black*.