

Queens Blues

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Aftermath Of Elections

By BETTY MORROW

"I do solemnly promise to fulfill to the best of my ability the office of . . . of Day Student Government or Boarding Student Government." So goes the first part of the oath of office which officers of our Student Government takes when they assume the responsibility of this office. But what about the rest of us? When elections are over and the excitement has died down, those of us who were not elected to some office are inclined to go back into the same old rut. We are inclined to let a few people do all the work. We say, "It's part of her job; why shouldn't she do it." Have you ever thought that maybe you weren't doing your part? You are a part of the student body just as much as the officers are. And it is your duty as well as mine to support the officers that we elected; to do anything in our power to make this a happy, effective, smooth running student body. You can do your part, too, so don't fall down on the job.

Improve Your Chapel Conduct

Around this time of year it seems that we students become lax in our attitude toward chapel and in our chapel conduct. Too often we forget the regulations concerning chapel, and thereby do not receive all the benefits from our chapel programs. It is up to every student to abide by the rules and regulations of our Chapel Conduct Committee and thus improve our chapel programs as well as gain much helpful benefit from them.

On Tuesday and Friday mornings, our chapel programs are usually of a religious nature. Always we have a Call To Worship which is sung by our choir. During this Call To Worship each girl should bow her head and so enable a silent atmosphere to prevail. This gesture puts us in a more reverent mood and gives us each more of an opportunity to participate in the worship. Only by such participation will each student be able to gain the entire religious meaning from the service.

We know every one must study, so please do so outside of chapel. Books only get in the way and become a disturbing element when dropped every few minutes. The clicking of knitting needles, also is of no help to the speaker or students around you. So remember to leave books and knitting outside of chapel.

All those girls who feel it necessary to leave chapel early should plan not to come at all because they will be given a cut. This also applies to the late comers.

I think all of you know how distracting chewing gum can be, especially those who crack it like a whip—so give your jaws a 30 minute break during chapel. Don't wait until chapel time to tell your neighbors about that cute fellow you dated the night before. Chapel is not the place to get that extra sleep, but it is a place for calm, quiet devotion.

So, in order that we can make our program more meaningful, let's all make chapel a time of relaxation and prayer.

"Swooning"

By NANCY LEA BROWN

I realize that in preparing this dissertation, I am taking my life into my own hands and that I am at the mercy of many enthusiastic and devoted persons. It is my belief, however, that the subject which I have chosen is of utmost importance and needs be given the most careful consideration.

The Sinatra Swoon Club, the greatest organization of its kind ever to be known, has a membership of over a million courageous and staunch characters who are ready to sacrifice their all for its cause. It is said that the majority of these persons belong to what is commonly known as the "bobby-sox brigade." Whether a complete brigade or not may be disputed, but certainly the term "bobby-sox" is unquestionable in its appropriateness. For it seems that those of high-school age wear short sox which come just above the ankle; that those of high school age are also the leaders of the Sinatra Swoon Club; and that the natural conclusion would be that those who wear bobby-sox are those who are the most admirable of the club's members.

To say that Frank Sinatra, perpetrator of such an institution, has an effect upon millions of people would be putting it as mildly as would saying that crepe suzettes and ketchup are a good combination would be putting it radically. To the majority of the country's radio listeners, The Voice is an impersonal, however idealistic, singer who somehow casts strange spells upon his audiences. To those who consider themselves fortunate after having caught a glimpse of him, he is the ideal in the flesh. Therefore, the most appropriate and stylish thing to do when he appears is to swoon. This means that one must produce faintings, loud moans, and much fluttering of hands. If there is room for one to fall upon the floor, then by all means, one does, else the time of special nurses stationed throughout the audience wherever The Voice sings would not be justified. If fainting has no effect upon a person's anguished emotions, one must scream, "Oh Frankie!" in the highest voice possible, and cry. Of course it is understood that the louder a person screams, the greater difficulty she is having trying to soothe her agitated state of being. Those who are wise go to the theaters prepared with ammonia as well as tissues and ample make-up kits. After all, it is very trying!

Yes, an effect is achieved by the most spectacular of today's crooners—but mild? Well—for those who loved during adventure, for those who seek danger, for those who possess courageous loyalty, it might be called mild, although one could never say violent. As for those meek souls who only wish to live and live, the Book-of-the-Conth Club would be a much better investment.

"The Button Age"

By MARY ALEXANDER

Gathering from what I have read in advertisements, I think the most appropriate name to be given to the new age that will be inaugurated at the close of this war is the "Button Age." As time marched on, the Stone Age, the Dark Age, and the Middle Ages, all have come and gone; now civilization has reached the point where the activity of button pushing with its time and labor-saving devices will cover the trend and tread of human events. Men, women, and children of every race, color, and creed will be pondering this all important question: "Button, button, which button should I push?" and the ones who choose correctly will be the successful men and women of the age.

Unfortunately, many people will try to keep civilization from advancing. Most men, considering the great amount of spare time that the Button Age will make possible to women, will fight it with every ounce of their strength, afraid that they will be occupied keeping women busy and out of their hair. Energetic women will complain because of the lack of things to do. Youth will protest because the saving of time to their parents will mean a consequent concentration on them. And through it all Grandpa will probably stamp his foot, muttering "Durned foolishness" and uttering dire prophecies about the end of the world.

Optimists may blame—but pessimists will praise. I, for one, look forward with the utmost interest and anticipation to the day when modern Aladdins will be pushing buttons instead of rubbing lamps. Imagine awakening in the morning, pushing a button, and having your breakfast served right in bed. Then upon arising, you push another button, and your clothes will be brought to you. Skip around the house for about fifteen minutes pushing buttons, and your housework will be done before your eyes without your lifting more than a finger. After this exertion if you feel that you deserve a rest, take the remainder of the day off. To pass away the time, climb into your plane, push a button, and settle back in comfort and ease to enjoy the scenery. If you want to land, push another button, and down you will come to land without a bump. Could you imagine a more perfect Utopia?

If what I have read is true, the mighty button will indeed revolutionize the world. But, confidentially, for me this perfect picture is marred by only one haunting fear and that is that I might push the wrong button and disappear in a puff of smoke.

POLL OF THE STUDENTS

A vital question of the post-war era is whether or not we should have compulsory military training during peacetime. A number of students have shown an interest in this question and have expressed their opinion on it.

CAROLYN CORRY: We need it because I don't think that there will be enough co-operative planning among the world leaders to insure lasting peace.

WILMA HEAD: It would stand in the way of a durable world peace. It is not the alternative to a large standing army, and it is the wrong education for peace. Compulsory training for war would grant the State power over personal conscience; and it would plant the seed of despotism in America's democratic soil.

PEGGY KIMREY: Peacetime conscription will eliminate unpreparedness, should another national emergency arise. Having trained reserves of men is as important as having a lot of weapons and munitions. Such preparedness might possibly have shortened this war considerably.

SUE ANDERSON: The training will help the boys to learn to be better citizens, but if it should cause friction among nations, it is decidedly harmful.

ANN TARRANT: If we appear to

be preparing for war again, smaller nations will band together to protect themselves, preserving the balance of power. When the youth is trained for war, it will have a desire for it in order to practice what they have learned.

GUS PHARR: Education is taking a larger part in the lives of the boys today, and high school and college programs will include enough physical training for them without compulsion by the Government.

BLANCHE STEVENS: The training would benefit the young men if it comes early enough. It will give the country a sense of preparedness. However, no discriminations should be made in conscripting boys for training, for it will be more democratic.

MARY LIB MARTIN: There has been enough war, and if good enough provisions are made for carrying out the peace, we will not need peacetime conscription. We have seen from past experience that when a country becomes very powerful, militarily speaking, it begins to have a thirst for conquest.

If we prepare for war, other nations, fearing for their safety, will do likewise. Although we may be able to refrain from interfering in the affairs of other countries, others may not be able to do so.

Some Formulas For Relaxation

"Laziness is a good deal like money,—the more a man has of it, the more he seems to want." Thus speaks one of the wise! No truer words have been spoken; and who knows more about the subject than the college girl of today! They are connoisseurs on the taste and application of Laziness — (better known in the circle of intellectuals (?) as Relaxation.)

How to spend ones idle moments is the subject of controversy on the college campus (that is, those hours subtracted from twenty-four that are not spent in learning, or existing). The types of Relaxers are as varied as are shades of blonde hair, but there are four very distinct groups that must be mentioned—for they have the keys that unlock the door of Boredom.

First — Dora The Devourer is easily recognized by her living quarters, and the purchases she makes. Her room is cluttered with Life, Pic, Click, Stick; oranges, apples, Bark's Candy Bars, Longer Lasting Chewing Gum; and horoscopes, knitting needles, nic-nacs, and souvenirs. Dora devours everything; About books—(even those that Boston has banned)—About magazines—she is so well informed that she can tell one about next month's serial in "The Woman's Lone Companion."—About radio—who "John's Other Wife" is running around with now.—About clothes—that the new color, 'shocking Pink,' is smart in dresses, accessories, on fingers and lips, and delightfully shocking on your hair.

And the best of Dora's accomplishments are—About gossip—she devours slightly shady tales about her "sisters" with relish (throw in "one meat ball," and you've got a catty woman!). Dora knows who went out with who on Saturday night, and that they stopped at the Grill for five minutes; or that Dot didn't get but fifty letters from Ed yesterday; or that Bob winked at his best pal's friend. Oh no, D., The Devourer never misses a trick. Her idle moments just aren't!

Second—Rena, The Recliner is immobile most of the time. Her bed is usually un-made because Rena is always in it (that is, except to raise her body for an occasional class, or to eat). But Rena has done a lot of research on the subject of "how to sleep and rest at the same time." At the table—place the left arm completely

on the table, and practically use it for a pillow. In this way, food can easily be passed to the mouth with little effort on the part of the eater.—At church—always sit behind the highest column. In the classroom—Slump in your seat so that the professor will think you are trying to get a better view of him; or hold your hand over your eyes and pretend that the sun is shining in them (of course, it might be raining, and in such a case, learn to relax with the eyes open).

Third—Linda, The Lit Fuse is often confused with quintuplets because she is seen in so many places. She meets herself coming and going, and everything she does is a vicious circle. She takes an interest in everything from soup to nuts, and isn't very active in any of them. Everyone is familiar with Linda because when she is seen on the campus she is going in all directions. She can never make up her Grand Central mind, and doesn't light long enough for a flame to start. Linda is inexhaustible—the only trouble is that her "exhaust" isn't coherent.

Last—Theda, The Thinker has never been known to do anything but muse. She has the makings of a genius, but no one will "make her." If a fly lights on Theda's nose, she doesn't react like normal people, but says, "If my nose was a quarter of an inch shorter, he would be unable to find it." Or if she falls in Diana's pond she quietly thinks, "Is gravitation stronger in water or out of it?" She wonders when the world will end; what she would look like if she were a man; how many terms Roosevelt will serve; and who will take Sinatra's place if he is reclassified again. Theda wonders how it would feel to be on the Dean's List (but never "wonders" about her lessons). She wastes more mental energy than an All-American athlete does physical energy, but Theda never wins any medals or has her name in lights.

How would you type yourself—one of these, a combination, or maybe you have one all your own? If you have any suggestions then clip out the coupon on page ten, and mail it to yourself. You need them more than we do!

The Mediterranean is saltier than the Atlantic ocean.