

QUEENS BLUES

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Underclassmen Bid Seniors Farewell

The end of the school year is a busy time for all of us. Exams loom on the horizon, while term papers seem to press us from all sides. We all rush about tending to our own affairs and making plans for the three months vacation that is coming soon. Then Senior Day arrives and we begin to look around and realize that some of the girls who have been our friends will not be with us when we enter Burwell Hall next fall. Memories of the year come tumbling back; laughs and tears shared with others suddenly seem very dear; the remorse of parting gives us an empty feeling. Where have these 365 days gone?

Last fall we had our first look at the class of 1949 as a group on Senior Recognition Day. To the Freshman and Sophomores they seemed far out of reach and extremely worldly and wise. To the Juniors it was the realization that next year they would be in their place. To the Seniors—well, it was just heaven!

We thought little of graduation and parting in those early days of this year, but as the weather began to get warmer the talk of Graduate Record examinations spread. These same seniors were to be the first from Queens College to have to take them. They managed to survive and we underclassmen felt awed at their stamina.

Thus the Class of '49 passed through all phases of college life. Now as we see them going off on their Senior Picnic, sitting together in the dining hall and being fitted for their caps and gowns, we realize that they are drawing near the end of this period of their lives. We who are to follow them, can only hope that we can do as much for our college and our lives as they have done.

As we see the Seniors go down the aisle in Ninniss Auditorium for the last time, we know that they will always be a part of our memory of Queens. Let us not keep this fact to ourselves but allow them to see our love and admiration for them. As we bid them farewell, let us merely shift them from actual view into the deeper and more permanent view of our memory. M.M.

Committee Asks Students' Aid

The smoking lounge, or "rec" room, is now being called the "WRECK" room. One can hardly make one's way into the room now through the bottles AND the paper AND the cigarettes on the floor, AND the match stems AND the ashes, AND the miscellaneous junk that somehow always seems to find its way to the floor. Overturned ash trays sit unhappily on the floor upside down with their contents spread all over everywhere. And no one pays any attention. Even ash trays don't like to stand on their heads for such a long time. There they are forced to stay while merciless students overlook their plight. And the "lil" ash trays suffer on.

Queens students are lucky to have a room on the campus in which they may smoke. It's up to all to appreciate the lounge and the ash trays and to treat Albert Ashtray and friends and relatives with respect. From now on the ash trays wish to be known as "ash retrievers" and wish that their position in life be differentiated from the position of the waste baskets. Albert A. and Company will appreciate your cooperation and you will appreciate the cleanliness and more desirable atmosphere. M.W.

You May Help...

Have you ever been hungry? No, I don't mean the kind of hunger one experiences in the afternoon and satisfies in the "Y" store. I mean really hungry, to the point of starvation. Millions of people in our world today are just that hungry. I know, I've heard that all my life, too, but I never realized how those people felt until I read several letters written to Dr. Blakely by Fraulein Klemm of Berlin.

When the Blakelys were in Berlin, during 1927 and 1928, they became very good friends of Fraulein Klemm. She often came to the American Church in Berlin, where Dr. Blakely served as minister. A very proud, aristocratic German, she had been a Monarchist during the first World War. The occupation forces had taken all her possessions from her. She was no longer wealthy or independent. And so, she was then teaching language, having a thorough knowledge of seven, to students in Berlin. Dr. and Mrs. Blakely took private German lessons at Fraulein Klemm's home twice a week.

They became very good friends, but when the Blakelys returned to the United States in 1928 they failed to hear from their old friend. It was not until two years ago that they received word from her. A broken woman, almost totally blind and ill from starvation and cold, she was asking their help. It was pathetic to hear of her plight. The Blakelys knew she must be in dire need if she had resorted to begging assistance. She had been such a proud woman.

Her home is in the Russian sector of Berlin and has been blitzed many times. There are no panes in the windows, no heat, and very poor plumbing. She asked for shoes and heavy woolen clothing. The Blakelys sent these and many CARE packages. Frauline Klemm has written that these packages are all that most of the people in this sector have on which to subsist.

Fraulein Klemm's situation is not unique. A German doctor whom Dr. Blakely knew as a student in Berlin, writes him of the situation in Germany. He says that the poverty and suffering endured by these people does not humble them. It causes them to be greedy, egotistic, and selfish.

Think well on this: Had the outcome of the war been reversed we would be these people. No doubt, we, too, being only human, would also be selfish, suffering humans. Thank God we were spared this, and pray that these people may remember their Creator in this, their time of greatest affliction. We can hardly blame them for being bitter. It would be wonderful if each of us on Queens campus could, in some small way, help one of these people. Our gesture might mean the return of faith in God and humanity to some person, and that is worth any price. The price of a CARE package containing a month's provisions for a family is \$10.00. The address is: CARE, 50 Broad Street, New York 4, New York. Consider it. Your decision may be one of life or death for a person like yourself.

Valkyrie Taps

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May 17, 1949 at 6:30 P.M. initiation was held. The new six, dressed all in white, took part in a most impressive and inspiring ceremony.

By the looks of the grins and beribboned pins it seems that this may only be a start and push in the right direction for them to soar on to higher goals.

Heartiest wishes and congratulations to each of our six new VALKYRIES!!

Gilchrist Resigns As Class Teacher

On Wednesday evening, May 18, senior members of the Queens Sunday School class at the Myers Park Presbyterian Church were entertained at a supper given in the home of Mr. C. W. Gilchrist, teacher of the class. The girls were delightfully entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Gilchrist and their two daughters, Nancy and Cathy.

Those who attended the supper were Joanne Macauley, Dot Ferguson, Phyllis Johnson, Alice Gray Thorpe, Edith Crowley, Lib Evans, Mary Meeler, Jinkie Gray, Lillian McCulloch, Jean Sprunt Douglas, and Amy Ching.

Mr. Gilchrist started teaching the Queens class four years ago when the present seniors were freshmen. Mr. Gilchrist has decided to graduate along with the senior class by giving up his job as teacher of the Queens Class.

He has worked diligently for four years, giving inspirational as well as educational lessons to the class. He has always taken an active interest in Queens College and its "Queens" as he affectionately calls the girls, and the girls have grown to love and admire him.

We hate to think of having someone else teaching the Queens Sunday School class at Myers Park Presbyterian Church next year, for certainly no one can take the place of our own Mr. Gilchrist. We want to thank him for his devotion to the Queens girls and his fine leadership and guidance of the Sunday School class. We hope that his retiring from the role of Sunday School teacher will not mean his retirement from visits to Queens. We hope he will continue to come out to Queens often.

Class Day Tears

The whole thing is all very sad and beautiful, of course, and you borrow thirty-five cents from your roommate for Kleenex just in case. With remarkable foresight you leave your raincoat unpacked and handy in the general melee because, heaven knows, there can't be an important occasion at Queens without rain.

Early in the afternoon you go into your room to think sad thoughts because you want to be in the proper frame of mind and all you can think about is how awful that history exam was. Your roommate adds solemnity to the occasion by giving an imitation of how you must have looked trying to teach a class at Central which everyone thinks very funny. Well, almost everyone. By the time you have argued with your chums that you can't play heart for fifteen minutes and then played for two hours, it's time to get ready.

At this late date you realize that your white dress hasn't been ironed and your mortar board has a habit of falling down over your eye, but after all, you only have to graduate once (you hope). Arriving exactly five minutes late, you get loving looks from all your classmates who have enjoyed waiting for you like they enjoyed the comprehensives.

Your stately march is spoiled, somewhat, by the fact that your hat slipped and you tripped on your robe, but nobody minds if you graduate with a broken arm, in fact it looks rather distinctive hanging there. The changing of robes is all very effective and you soon find that by sitting like a two motor plane with one motor gone you can keep your chair from creaking.

A short time and many trite expressions later you find yourself in the dining room toying with your dessert while the prophet foretells great things for you in the moth-proof jewelry business which is some joke on you that you don't understand. You wonder if that sheep-skin will ever come your way after you get tickled over the class poem. Well, she had been forced to rhyme good-bye with good pie and it struck you as funny.

The really sad part comes when you laugh aloud because you were thinking about the boy who dropped a cigarette and became a cigarette lighter when some body is saying something about hating to leave. The highlight of the whole thing is the movie which is more fun than Jimmy Durante at the piano except for that shot of you leering at the

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Choir Makes

On Monday May the 16th, one could have seen the members of the Choir going to practice a half hour early. And if anyone happened to look into the chapel she would have seen microphones placed at various positions on the stage and large recording instruments in the hall. It was an exciting occasion because the Queens College Choir was going to make recordings for the Presbyterian Hour, to be used on its coast to coast broadcast this summer.

The Choir was asked to sing the hymns and responses in addition to one anthem. The hymns, "Faith of Our Fathers," "We are Living, We are Dwelling," and "O, Master Let Me Walk With Thee" were arranged for four part girls' voices by Mr. Holiday. The anthem "Praise Ye the Name of the Lord" by Tcherepnin was sung. Mr. Morrison assisted by playing the organ interlude. The scripture and prayer were given by Dr. Blakely.

A few of the Choir members had had the same experience the day before when the Myers Park Presbyterian Church Choir made similar recordings. Another program of the Davidson Male Chorus was recorded in Davidson on Sunday, May 15th. All of these along with those of other Presbyterian churches and colleges, will be presented on Sunday mornings throughout the summer months. The Queens program will be heard at some time during the month of July. Any Presbyterian minister will know the date, time, and station when the above programs may be heard. Those who took part in these programs will be anxious to hear them and are hoping that their friends from Queens will also be listening.

Students Vote

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Riding day and night must be within the city limits of Charlotte. Arrangements can be made in the Dean's Office for riding with a stated destination outside of the city limits.

Eleven o'clock permissions taken in Charlotte do not require a Special Permission from the Dean's Office. This will be a social privilege and will come under the regular Church cut system and chaperonage regulations. These 11:00 permissions shall be marked on the wall card as such.

Last, but not least, are the new social regulations. Two second-semester freshmen may double date in Charlotte, and sophomores may single date in Charlotte.