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If Spring Comes

Can Soap 'N Water Be Far Behind?

By Pidge Hassell

Just as often happens in the best of dormitories, I had meant to study for that test, only the polka-dotted letter box on my desk stared at me with a neglected expression until my heart was melted. I closed Mr. Parrott's edition of the immortal Bard's works with a bang, tore the cellophane off a new package of Queens stationery, and began, "Dear Great-Aunt Christine—" (She had sent me a box of chocolates for Christmas, and here it was May!) Everybody who came in commented on what a conscientious correspondent I was becoming, while the pile of answered letters grew more and more impressive. "Nothing much is happening," I wrote Bill in Cuba, "the sun comes up every morning and goes down every afternoon, and we eat three meals a day and study our heads off," realizing that this last was a slight overstatement of fact.

Then suddenly, from whence I knew not, came a compulsion to clean up the room. As though I had awakened from an hypnotic trance in which the order had been given, I felt com-

pelled to begin on the room. "No!" I argued against Fate itself, "I must not! What will it matter what condition this room is in on this certain day in March to my grandchildren when they come here years from now to examine my grades? When they come, hoping to find a brilliant scholastic record to publish to my yearning followers, will it matter whether there were six inches or twelve feet of dust under the beds? Anyway, it has been oft stated that men are made of dust, and who are we to thrust them heartlessly into the chill of the hall?" But all the while I felt myself yielding to the power which drove me on.

So—I cleaned up! Not a crumb from mid-afternoon snacks or a faded hair-ribbon behind the radiator escaped my piercing eye. The air hummed with a fervor that made that of Joan of Arc seem like the picture labeled "Before" in an ad for vitamin pills.

At eleven o'clock, the room stood back to admire itself. No one would have recognized it as the same room.

Honor System Fifth Columnist

By Dr. J. M. Gettys

All persons, including Hitler, like to be trusted. All persons, including ourselves, are not trustworthy. In social relationships young people learn through bitter experience the danger of trusting too far those persons who are untrustworthy. In every walk of life we see how those persons who are trustworthy carry heavy responsibilities. In every area of life we are shocked when persons who are untrustworthy break down under pressure. It may be a bank teller, a broker, a secretary, a husband, a wife, a mother, a daughter. It may be a student in high school or college. We usually resent any person who does not trust us fully. We often fail to demonstrate our trustworthiness. So we are caught between our resentment and our failure, and "gang" together against some friend who demands trustworthiness of us or some plan which develops trustworthiness in us.

The particular plan which is designed to develop trustworthiness in us is our Honor System. It fails to accomplish its purpose when the students and faculty are not whole-heartedly behind it. It fails to achieve its goal when students do not carry the unpleasant responsibilities involved in it.

The Honor System was inaugurated on our campus with a great deal of enthusiasm. Its wearing quality is yet to be determined. The newness of it is wearing off. The difficulties in making it work are becoming apparent. Before they became apparent it was a breach of faith to mention them. Now that students are facing them, they deserve such help as can be given. An appeal can be made for whole-hearted support. This appeal will not go far unless it carries with it an emphasis on avoiding the very appearance of evil, and on the fact that one who knows of violations has no choice but to report them to the proper persons. We who want to be trustworthy must understand these aspects of our Honor System, for without them the System will not wear well.

Honest students are sometimes careless about avoiding the very appearance of evil. They put temptation in the way of their friends by keeping what they have written where it can be read at a glance. Careless lending of notebooks likewise makes it harder for weaker students to be

strictly honest. The giver is responsible as much so as the "getter." Other students could be careful about roaming glances which might pick up information without being sure that they would not have thought of what they saw. Postponement of required work which puts on the "borrowing pressure" could also be avoided. When all honest students are careful to avoid every appearance of evil dishonest persons become conspicuous by contrast. Carefulness about avoiding the appearance of evil might save some friend from the added temptation which causes her to be dishonest. This is more important than you think. Be trustworthy in this respect for the sake of those who may be weaker than you are.

A common misunderstanding of the Honor System is proving to be its major stumbling block. A number of girls will say, "I am not going to cheat myself, but I am not going to report anyone who does." When analyzed this statement means that those girls have assumed that they have a choice as to whether or not they will report cases of violation. Under the Honor System they actually have no such choice. They have inserted it because of loyalties which are accepted as more worthy than their loyalty to honor. This is the point at which the Honor System always falls down. Dishonest persons depend on the untrustworthiness of friends or members of social groups to protect them. They, like Hitler, keep alive such propaganda as will support their dishonesty. Their major virtue is their refusal to "tattle." Suitemates, sorority sisters, roommates and friends swallow the destructive propaganda and become unwitting "fifth columnists" to the Honor System. The Honor System honors those girls who do their duty even when it hurts. It seeks to develop trustworthiness so that every student in Queens will be the sort of person who can be trusted. We have a right to be jealous of our honor. We must show that jealousy, not by destroying the Honor System through tearing down our ideals, but by bringing our conduct up to our ideals.

Democratic government depends on the trustworthiness of the individual. Totalitarianism insists that the dictator be trusted. These two ways of life are at war. Our sweethearts and brothers are literally dying that the way of individual and corporate trustworthiness might prevail. No student would destroy what these brave soldiers are fighting to keep alive. Let no student who wants to be trusted prove a "fifth columnist" by failure to prove herself trustworthy. If there be such, Queens College does not want to protect her or to own her. Do you?

"I'M ONLY BEING PATRIOTIC. IF WE DON'T GO TO THE PROM, I CAN SPEND MY MONEY IN SAVINGS STAMPS"



THE BOOK SHELF

Since most Queens students are true blue, dyed in the wool Southerners, let's turn our thoughts for a few moments to some of the very best of our Southern books, of Southerners, by a Southerner, and for Southerners. By now you (especially those of you who are from South Carolina) have undoubtedly guessed that I'm referring to the delightful products of the pen of Archibald Rutledge. No doubt many of you are already familiar with such of his works as *Old Plantation Days*, *Peace in the Heart*, and *My Colonel and His Lady*. Now you have the opportunity of reading his later work, *Home by the River*.

Mr. Rutledge, a true son of the South, has succeeded in capturing on paper, the true spirit of the Old South of which we are so proud. Those who know him personally tell us that he is a keen and ardent sportsman, a lover of everything beautiful, especially the beauties found in nature, and, above all, a gentleman.

In *My Colonel and His Lady*, Mr. Rutledge gives a charming and delightful picture of his father and mother. His father, Colonel Henry Rutledge, had the distinction of being the youngest Colonel in the Confed-

erate Army during the Civil War. The Colonel and His Lady succeeded in raising a family of six, and in running a plantation according to the traditions of Southern hospitality, even when handicapped by the post-war Reconstruction period. The gallant deeds of these two people live on in the pages of their son's book.

In the more recent book, *Home by the River*, Mr. Rutledge gives the reader further glances into the life lived at the home of his family, Hampton Hall, not far from McClellansville, South Carolina. The book has a section of beautiful pictures taken on the plantation. A critic has said of Mr. Rutledge's writing, "His style . . . is one of almost classic simplicity. His descriptions are distinguished by a narrative suspense that makes the shortest incident a story in itself. In his writing are many of the characteristics he ascribes to the Colonel and his Lady — the same passionate devotion to beauty, the gift of a loving heart, a feeling of kinship with God and nature."

Some of your abundant spare time could be spent in no better way than looking into this intimate picture of Southern life and culture.

—Julia Keyes.