

Queens Blues

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Chapel Conduct Discipline Necessary

Various measures have been taken here at Queens to improve chapel conduct, but so far nothing seems to do any good. People continue to whisper, chew gum, and prepare their lessons while they keep one eye peeled to the speaker on the platform. It does seem like we could give our undivided attention to a speaker when he has given valuable time to preparing a talk he hopes will be interesting and helpful to the student body. But there are always some people in every audience to whom the new hair-do of the girl across the aisle, or some snapshots of a good looking man (a worthy subject, we admit) are much more interesting at the moment. Or there is the girl who is frankly not interested in the matter at hand; her mind may be a thousand miles away for all we know. It takes a major catastrophe to bring her mind back to what is happening around her. Such persons are only a few of the many examples of mind wanderers among the student body at Queens. The speakers who give their time to talk to us are doing so at the request of the college for our enjoyment. If you just cannot focus your mind on the speaker or what he has to say, at least try to look interested. Anybody deserves that much attention for common courtesy's sake. It means so much to a speaker who gets up before an audience to know that he has the goodwill of his audience, but it discourages him before he ever gets up to see people rattling books and talking. It's up to each one of us individually to see that our chapel speakers take a good impression of us away with them.

Harding Choir At Queens

The A Capella choir of Harding High School presented a program of religious music to the students in chapel on Tuesday, May 1.

The talented and capable choir is under the direction of Mr. Russel Cook, and the young members of the group proved their talent among Charlotte music circles.



The Ballad Of Private Bill

By GRACE LYONS

- O Private Bill, where have you been
 All dressed in khaki brown?
 I've been through hell and battle's din,
 I've been the whole world 'round.
- O Private Bill, why did you go
 And leave your home and friends?
 I heard the call to colors blow,
 I saw my duty then.
- O Private Bill, when did you go?
 How long lived from a pack?
 I went the day Pearl Harbor's foe
 Put a dagger in her back.
- O Private Bill, who stayed behind
 To pray for you and wait?
 A sweetheart fair and mother kind
 I kissed—left at the gate.
- O Private Bill, those ribbons bright;
 Tell me, what do they mean?
 They mean I've seen twelve mighty fights
 With small ones in between.
- O Private Bill what did you do;
 A hundred men command?
 I marched with gun to "one and two"
 And killed my fellowman.
- O Private Bill, what did you see
 On battlefields so grim?
 I saw men die—the world to free;
 Their frames torn limb from limb.
- O Private Bill, your arm, your arm!
 There's only half of it!
 I'm lucky it's no greater harm;
 By mortar I was hit.
- O Private Bill, what can be done;
 Our pity you must crave.
 Just let me be—the peace is won;
 I'm tired of being brave.
- O Private Bill, you're hard, you're tough;
 You didn't used to be.
 I've been through hell and seen enough
 To make the devil flee.
- O Private Bill, and were they there
 Still waiting at the gate?
 Mother was, but Janie fair
 Said I had come too late.
- O Private Bill, and was peace worth
 All that you gave for it?
 Peace was, and friends, and place
 of birth.
 But Janie not one bit.

Book Review

Apartment In Athens

By GLENWAY WESCOTT

Reviewed By Suzanne Blackmon

The weary bewildered, hungry peoples of Greece with their starved, expressionless, young-old children are one of the most tragic pictures embroidered on the dreadful tapestry of the present war. They have suffered; suffered perhaps more than any other nation under the merciless heel of the Nazi conquerors. The disaster of the Greek people will go down in history as one of the most shameful chapters of German oppressions. Glenway Wescott, author of THE PILGRIM HAWK and FEAR AND TREMBLING, has shown in his undeniably startling and vividly realistic novel, APARTMENT IN ATHENS, the conditions that prevail in Greece. The Helianos were a middle class family who before the war had enjoyed better than average advantages and comforts but who were ruined by the invasion of the Germans. Nikolas Helianos was a publisher; there was no hope for survival of his business. He and his wife and their two children, Alex and Leda, were reduced to the barest necessities of life. Alex and Leda were typical Greek children of the era, the "lean years" of 1941, 1942, 1943, as they were called. They were, like everyone else's children, thin, excitable and dull by turns, and constantly hungry.

They, to their utter distress and confusion, had to take a German officer, Captain Kalter by name, into their apartment to live with them. His presence and consequent effect on their lives forms of this dramatically written and truly absorbing novel.

The character of Captain Kalter as revealed by Mr. Wescott is in reality a revelation of the typical mind, if it can be called that, of the average German militarist. It is a manifestation of what has happened to the thinking of the German leaders; it is a disclosure of their twisted ideology and misdirected principles. If only to know Captain Kalter's personality and thus to realize the German aims would be recompense enough in having read APARTMENT IN ATHENS. But that is only a part of its value. APARTMENT IN ATHENS reveals the Greek hopes and aspirations that are being tossed from her dying hands into the trusted ones of Russia, England, and the United States.

Thus wrote Helianos to his wife while he was in prison held by the Germans: "It is an odd thing; I know nothing about Americans except that spiteful stuff Kalter told me. Only I feel sure that they will be most important when the war is over. It is important for them to be told what we have learned from the Germans' rule and misrule. If we all continue to take our cue in world-politics from the Germans as we have done—in reckless appreciation of them when they are on their good behavior, only fighting when they choose to fight, and pitying them whenever they ask for pity—sooner or later they will get what they want: a world at their own mercy." And this book tells what the Greeks have learned about the German rule in misrule—in an effective and impressive way.

Home From Hospital

Last week-end a proud mother and father brought their 7 lb. 10 oz. son home from the hospital. The baby Marshall Richard Harris, is the son of our faithful Marshall. Even though his name is the same as his father's, Marshall has made a special request that his son not be called "Jr."

- Person Of The Issue -

By GRACE LYONS

If on your next Friendly Neighbor tour you pass by room 137 in South and hear a most peculiar sound issuing there from, stop in a minute and you'll probably find little Anna Worth busily brushing up on her Chinese.

Yes, this week's person of the issue hails from China where she was born in Kiangyin and where she lived for thirteen years.

Although Anna insists that she is a "very uninteresting person," we insist that anyone who was born of missionary parents, lived in China, saw the Japanese come in, and was forced to leave in 1940, has had anything but a drab existence.

This makes Anna's third visit to the States. The first one in 1927 left no lasting impression but she will never forget her first encounter with the "power of the Almighty Dime" when her ship docked in Los Angeles in 1935 and to her profound amazement she found she could buy an ice cream cone and a candy bar for a dime.

If you happened to be in South one afternoon a little over a week ago, you probably heard her squeal of ecstasy upon hearing that her father, who is a Navy chaplain, was waiting for her in Burwell. It was the first time she had seen him since September, 1943, and they say the meeting beat all "Back Home For Keep's." Anna has two brothers in uniform also—one in the Army in West China and one in the Navy in California. There's a little sister in Winston-Salem, too.

Although she played with Chinese children when she was very small and learned to speak Chinese along with English, Anna had very little opportunity to know the Chinese people intimately as she went to the Shanghai American school with the children of other missionaries. This school compared with the highest high schools in America, and there she studied American subjects and played American sports. She still shivers when she remembers how her school was in the middle of Shanghai while the Japanese were on one side of the city shelling and bombing the other side. It

is no wonder that she noted when she first came to America how very much more mature were the Chinese high school seniors than those in America, and how everyone was much more interested in the war, possibly because it was all around them.

The Chinese, Anna says are extremely polite and have a great deal of self-respect; but at the same time they have an unusual sense of humor. One night a missionary friend of the Worth's started out to visit another missionary across the river. He engaged two Chinese men to row him across the river for \$2.50. All went very smoothly until the middle of the river was reached. The men stopped rowing and demanded \$5.00. When the missionary objected, the two Chinese said, "There are two of us and one of you." The missionary paid the fee! When the other side was safely reached, the missionary engaged one of the men to carry his baggage to his friends home, about a mile away, and when they reached their destination and had been greeted by the friend, the missionary paid the Chinaman twenty cents. The man objected, but when the missionary calmly replied, "There are two of us and one of you," the Chinaman burst into laughter and trotted off down the road chuckling gleefully.

Anna feels that she has become so Americanized that she thinks she would like to go back to China to visit, but wants to stay in America and possibly do social work. Chief agents in her Americanization have been gardening, rifle shooting, sports, detective stories, candy, fried chicken, and Joseph Cotton.

Very definitely Anna feels that America has the responsibility of aiding China now and after the war. China has become confused by America, for half of the Americans that come to her tell her to do right while the other half come to her and pay her to do wrong.

Thus it is that in Anna Worth of China we have still another country represented at Queens—and we are proud to have her representing Queens.

POLL OF THE STUDENTS

It seems that a tradition has been established by the annual sun bathing of the Queens girls. If you have been reading Reflections of Diana you can see that there has been quite a bit of sun absorbing going on lately, and Diana seems a little puzzled (so does Miss Mitchell) as to why the girls take them. So, for the benefit of her, and for all of you who have been in doubt whether to take a sunbath or not because you don't know the reason why—the following ideas may be of help to you.

Elinor Bell: "It is the best way I can find to get my vitamin D."

Sarah V. Neill: "So I won't look like a sissy, and also it is the best way I can find to hide my freckles."

Sarah Mattheson: "It is so much easier than taking a bath with H2O."

Flora A. Nowell: "So people can't tell when I'm blushing."

Ruth Turner: "Only substitute I can find for my nylon stocking shortage."

B. J. Cochran: "Best place I can find to meet my friends and gossip."

Jessie Carter: "So I won't seem such a contrast to the native girls when John comes back from the Pacific Islands."

Margaret Ballard and Spears: "In hope that Morris Field pilots will buzz the ole beach." The planes

are flying low these days you know.

Lib Davis: "The best way I can find to bleach my hair without peroxide—before Ralph comes home."

Sue Anderson: "It is the best amusement I can find in the afternoons when I have already seen all the movies in town."

(Ed's. Note—Since the time the students have been canvassed regarding their reasons for taking sunbaths, the temperature has dropped greatly and everyone wonders how these luscious "fool your friends" tans can be preserved. Maybe you students of the Einstein theory have some timely suggestions (an invisible glue, ultraviolets, or maybe a limit on the bleaching outfits). Or perhaps it's best that they fade after all, for with the decline of the tans, Max Factor will be able to eat again (and also those suffering from freckle-osis can look in the mirror, and see that a few of the brown fellows have hibernated.)

26 INFANTS MAKE PLANE TRIP

Quebec—One of the oddest airplane loads ever carried left this city recently when a plane flew 26 babies, not one over 5 months old, to Chicoutimi. To insure the safe carriage of the infants, specially designed three-place plywood cribs constructed so that each box would fit into a plane seat, were used.