

Queens Blues

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PITY IS BEING ORGANIZED

During the war a Free French broadcaster in London questioned a German prisoner of war. "What," he asked, "will you Germans do if you lose again?" The reply was prompt. "We shall do as we did after the last war—we shall organize pity for Germany."

The prisoner knew his Germany. The campaign has started—the systematic, sly, familiar and predicted organization of the world's pity, and especially the clever playing upon American sympathies and American inclination to forgive and forget.

Take the diet of Germans in the war guilt trial town of Nuremberg. They get 150 grams of starches and rice per head per week. Meanwhile, the French get none. Nurembergers receive 90 grams of cheese weekly to 50 grams in France. Potatoes and milk are four and five times as plentiful for the Germans as for the people of France. Yet Germany is the supposed "loser" and France is on the side of the supposed winners.

Let's Improve Our Speech!

Beginning with the Fall semester of this year a new course was introduced into the curriculum at Queens. Speech or Oral English, as it is called, is required for all freshmen, and is offered as an elective to upperclassmen.

In case some of you are wondering just what good a speech course would do you if you aren't planning to go into public life or some profession where you would use public speaking, let me offer a few concrete suggestions from one who knows. A good speech course will help you improve your personality; it will give you a completely new outlook on life. It helps you not only to learn how to speak in public but how to improve your daily conversation. In speech training you learn how to express yourself, how to get to the heart of an issue without wasting words, striking out the irrelevant and minor words.

Training in speech will enable you to think more clearly; to organize your thoughts and to express them more clearly. And the best thing of all is the renewed self confidence the course will give you. One parting bit of advice before you go rushing off to enroll in the speech course—you must be willing to work hard to improve yourself, and you must be able to take it!

In nearly every item of food the Germans eat as well as, and in many categories substantially better than, their victims but still their campaign to organize pity continues. None of the comparative facts are revealed, of course. On the contrary, a grim and heart-rending picture of starvation is painted. The Germans are past masters of propaganda.

Americans must learn to discriminate in their pity. We can be sorry for the Germans but all in good time. Their victims have a stronger claim on us. We must not forget that throughout the war the Germans—nobody else in Europe—had a balanced diet with adequate fats and vitamins and that it was the Germans—nobody else—who invaded Austria, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Russia, Yugoslavia, Greece and all the others.

Let us be generous but let us not be indiscriminating in our generosity.—(Editorial from the N. Y. Writer's Board).

PERSON OF THE ISSUE

By GRACE LYONS

Nine times every night one can see a solitary figure silhouetted briefly against the glare of a campus light and hear faintly the tapping of a big wooden cane as "Mr. Mac" faithfully makes his lonely rounds to see that all is well on Queens Campus.

There isn't a Queen's queen who doesn't know and love dearly this big man with the big stick who wears a pistol at his hip, a hat on the back of his head, and a wide grin on his face. He it is they know who will come running at the blast of a dormitory whistle when a fuse blows out, or the plumbing gets jammed, or a limb breaks outside a window and sounds exactly like a man trying to get in; but not as many are aware that Mr. Mac also is the one who fires the furnaces, lights the coffee urns each morning for Mrs. Squires, heats oatmeal water, slices crates of oranges and pounds of bacon, and innumerable other things to make our sleeping and waking hours more pleasant.

Mr. McCoy came to Queens two years ago after having been foreman for fourteen years at the Cameron Morrison farms, and he insists that it was "all the good-looking girls" that made him take the job. Since then his life as night watchman has certainly not been one entirely of monotonous routine, for he has done everything from mopping up flooded hallways in Morrison Dormitory to chasing campus marauders with a pistol shot or two for good measure. He



A new semester has begun—full of groundhogs, new courses, transfers, unfamiliar schedules, and RAIN. To most of the students it means a new lease on college activities and studies—with a chance to get a second wind, and blow away all those miserable little failures of the past. While to a few, the turnover in the college catalogue only brought tears, shed over what you failed to do or could not do. Regardless of semester reports, the best thing to do is—count your blessings, and cremate those bad little gremlins of the past.

Here's a very cordial Welcome to the transfers and new students—and from my vigilante pedestal it appears that Ye Olde Queens has reaped a splendid crop of material from all over the state. After that necessary orientation on regulations, the real orienting will begin—which naturally includes the Grill, the Rec Room, and the most Emily Postish way to meet the eligible young males of Charlotte. From then on you're on your own, and we all look to you for

sympathizes heartily with those unhappy victims who are called before Boarding Student Council, for he himself was "called up" once and campused for two weeks, found guilty of flirting and of not going to the Grill frequently enough. Scared? "Heck no—and I served my campus by bringing back fourteen cheeseburgers and cokes from the Grill that night!" Just about the most exciting incident in his career thus far took place last Fall when a wild-eyed South Dormitory girl insisted that there was a man in the building, and so at 1:30 A. M. Mr. Mac searched every room, under every bed, in every closet, fully expecting to find the bully any minute. As usual, all was well, and most of the girls didn't even know about all the excitement until the next morning. Were they disappointed!

Mr. Mac has a wonderful family. Besides his beloved "Ma" there are four boys, John, Bob, Wayne, and Bill; and one girl, Betty. John is in Medical School at Duke; Bob and Wayne are at Erskine College; Bill is in China; and Betty is a freshman at Sharon High. During the Christmas holidays they were all home together for the first time in four years, and Mr. Mac says they had one grand time.

We who have already had it cherish for all future girls of Queens the opportunity of being greeted the first night of school by Mr. Mac's good humored growl, "It's been too dadjimmied lonesome around here without all you chillun. But, dern, if all the nights was like this, I'd leave!"

HEARTS TO YOU

What did you do during the war? Listen and I'll tell you:

You couldn't be with Johnny Jones while he was fighting for your country, but you had a job to do. And your job was to lay

new ideas and an added bushel of loyalty to the school of your choice.

Which way did it go, George? This question has a direct reference to the currently mislaid "Juke Box." Way back in the fall, when the ball was just beginning to roll, the greater part of the student body was thrilled over the prospects that at last we had gotten a swell "juke box" for our Rec Room. The committee responsible for this improvement laid down a set of rules which would determine whether we could keep it or not. For several months, the music down Rec Way meant pleasure and relaxation for us.

Now, mainly through our own fault, the Room has once again become silent—the silence broken only by the falling of ashes on the floor, and girls, late for classes, playing "52 pick-up" with the bridge cards.

From all sources, we hear that the fat piccollo was mistreated—playing during "off" hours, slugs, and "tripping" certainly did not help matters.

The Rec Room can, and will be, a definite addition to our school—only if the students will learn to co-operate. It belongs to you—so let's take care of it as we would of our last pair of nylons. The answer is up to you—so what shall it be?

In just about a month sorority initiations will be the talk of the day, with nervous pledges asking "big sisters" if it is really so bad after all. The five sororities are making big plans during initiation week-end—with banquets, parties, and other hilarious activities. Also, at the end of the usual six weeks period, second semester rushing will begin, and it is hoped that the sororities will abide by Pan-Hel rules, and will play a fair and square game.

The Blues' staff is planning to turn an issue in the very near future over to the Freshman and Sophomore classes. The stories, features, pictures, and other material will be left entirely in the hands of these two classes. More details will be given later, but the literary and artistically minded girls be thinking about this. Let your imaginations run wild, and no doubt the staff will get some very constructive ideas for later editions.

A lovely thought for this Valentine season that reveals a true test for The Man, who is your current attraction:

Yes—it was love—if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
Unmov'd by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—oh more than all! untired by time,
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
Could render sullen were she near to smile,
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On her one murmur of his discontent;
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;
Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove—
If there be love in mortals—this was love!

Lord Byron.

the foundation for a better tomorrow in these United States.

All right, laugh! But as you built your mind and body here, while Johnny was "over there," you laid the cornerstone of the world for which he prayed. You studied to broaden and beautify the girl he knew, and each success of yours became a greater step toward his happiness, for a nation will be what its women are.

The horrible tales that you heard seemed so far away. They were living realities to Johnny. They filled eternal minutes for him back on Guam, in Norway, or Germany—ones that he will never forget. Can you help him to forget?

You know that he never was a demanding sort of guy. He asked so little: "— just a letter when you have time to spare and keep a little spot warm in your heart until I can come back to claim it." He asked so little—and gave so much.

But you were here doing the things that he wanted you to do—the things that you had as your duty to do. And you didn't let him down.

Now he's coming back with a chest gleaming with bright medals. His whole outlook on the world has changed; he has grown, but you grew with him so you didn't let him down.

You're even more feminine, adorable, sweet; and your understanding is greater than it was when he left. The brightness of your eyes hasn't been dimmed by the sorrow of death. You know no fears, and your laughter shows it. Your face is young and gay; it isn't prematurely wrinkled or distorted by hate. You are all he knew you would be.

Underneath the love of God and the pride for his country, you are the thing for which he was fighting. You are all those dreams in which he believes for to him you are the personification of truth.

These are the things for which you have been striving. Wasn't the struggle worth it? He knows that you are capable of understanding, for you have developed those faculties. So by being with you he has forgotten Bataan, North Africa, and Italy; by loving you he sees in you his tomorrow.

A nation is what its women are.—Edwina McDill.

On The Birthday Of Washington

Never to see a nation born
Hath been given to mortal man,
Unless to those who, on that summer morn,
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem
And making purpose of emotion rash.
Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,
The common faith that made us what we are.

—Lowell.

Let him who looks for a monument to Washington look around the United States. Your Freedom, your independence, your national power, your prosperity, and your prodigious growth are a monument to him.—Kossuth.