

QUEENS BLUES

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Give More Light

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking yourself how much your friends love you, but rather to ask if you love them enough, to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear in their hearts; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate wide open—these even for a day? Then you are worthy of a place in this world.

—Henry Van Dyke

Election Time Draws Near

“When do student elections start? Have you heard?”

“Someone said that they start March eighth.”

“Who do you suppose will be the new student body president and vice-presidents?”

“I don't know. To tell the truth, I hadn't thought much about it.”

Students at Queens, let us be honest about it. The trouble with a lot of us is that we just have not thought about it. However, now that election time is drawing near again, let us give our minds a pre-spring turnover and really give some careful thought to the selection of those students who will be guiding us for the coming school year.

What are some of the personality traits and characteristics which are desirable in a student leader? Perhaps, the first trait would be initiative, which is the ability to recognize a need and to meet the need by independent and constructive action. Perseverance, as the second quality we are seeking, is the ability to stick to a job until it is completed as well as possible. Third, let us not forget the importance of dependability, which needs no definition but nevertheless cannot be over-emphasized.

For a fourth characteristic, there comes to mind the importance of understanding and open-mindedness toward all people as individuals and as groups. A fifth quality which goes along with this is the ability to work and play with all kinds of people with varying interests, desires, and attitudes. Sixth, a leader must have the vision which is necessary for thinking ahead and planning events and which extends beyond the bounds of campus life to community, national, and world-wide concern.

As we consider carefully the basic requirements for those who lead our student government, let us examine ourselves to see if we are willing to assume our place as a part of democratic representative government, especially in times of elections. The right to vote is one of our greatest privileges, so let us not misuse it by failing to vote or by voting for someone whom we know is not best for the office. And when someone is elected for an office let us give them our loyal cooperation even if they are not our choice for the job.

Our system of elections at Queens is such as necessitates carrying on the elections for a little over a week. In this way if a good leader is not elected for the first office which she is nominated she has a chance to be used in some other worthwhile position. Understanding this, let us keep our interest and enthusiasm high during the whole period.

Here is to clear thinking, lack of prejudice, and successful results in our student government elections for 1948!

Personality Girl Of The Week

“I know I should have my tongue cut out of my head for telling this, but—”. With this statement a certain Queens personage proceeds to disclose a very choice bit of information which she apparently cannot withhold any longer. At the drop of a hat said personage can spin blood-curdling tales that would put “Spicy Detective” to shame. Her imagination is constantly on the rampage; she never misses an opportunity to hilariously elaborate on an otherwise ordinary incident. And the degree of elaboration depends upon the reaction of the audience, the more impressed they are, the greater the elaboration. She always either holds her astonished, or somewhat skeptical, audience spellbound or keeps them roaring with laughter from beginning to end. But, one of the nicest things about her sense of humor is that she can laugh at herself, which she does a good deal of the time.

Her fame is far spread on Queens campus, but especially in North dormitory, for obvious reasons. Her laugh, vigorous, hearty, and indicating that she is thoroughly enjoying herself, has a high-pitched tone, which is greatly contagious. When she laughs most people in North are definitely aware of it. Then, too, in North she is always the bearer of tidings, good or otherwise, to her neighbors. Also, she has been known on occasion to lecture with complete authority on various subjects, the nature of which I shall not discuss here.

Another of her very good traits is her frankness. If you even have a problem on which you desire someone's very frank opinion, she can provide just that—and her opinions are usually very good.

This character could be none other than Queens own Information Bureau—Kathryn Robinson.

+ Lines By Lillums +

Ye scribe is beginning to have sympathy with Gus Travis. My friends(?) have gotten to the place where they avoid me—withholding



their experiences on dates, around the campus, etc. And I thought people liked their name in print! Our religious emphasis week speaker certainly did leave with us some words of wisdom. He hit the nail on the head (to be utterly trite) in his definition of a college girl—all vogue on the outside and all vague on the inside. He didn't have to stay around here long to find that out. And you know, some of that vogue part is a bit overdone around here. (Not to mention the vague part, of course!)

I really hate to see people in pain, but it was a bit funny when Dot Thomas sat on a tack when she was in the library the other night. All I could think of was that truth someone uttered—it's the little things that count—you can sit upon a mountain but not upon a tack.

Was most amused when I noticed under the posted S.C.A. “Thought For the Day”—a new thought added. It read—“In the teacher's lounge—at every word a reputation dies.” Something tells me that someone walked by the teacher's lounge at the wrong time.

One of our transfers was overheard talking while on one of her complaining moods. Her complaint wasn't about the rules—or the teachers—or the date problem—No! it was the girls—she said she hadn't seen a normal person since she got here. Personally, I can't decide whether that's an insult or not. After all, anyone above the

average would not be normal—(incidentally, that works both ways).

A complaint came from one of the girls that lives in Morrison Hall. She asks that the boarders please not to leave their books on the steps to Morrison on their way to lunch. She had to slide down the banisters in order to get down.

Everywhere I go around here everyone seems depressed, blue, and tired of it all. I ran across a poem (if you'da call it that) which seemed to be a pretty good remedy.

COMPENSATION

When my luck seems all out  
 And I'm down at the mouth  
 When I'm stuck in the North  
 And I want to go South;  
 When the world seems a blank  
 And there's no one I love,  
 And it seems even God's  
 Not in Heaven above,  
 I've a cure for my grouch  
 And it works like a shot—  
 I just think of the things  
 That I'm glad I am not:  
 A bird in a cage,  
 A fish in a bowl,  
 A pig in a pen,  
 A bear in a pit,  
 A wolf in a trap,  
 A fox in a hole,  
 A fowl on a spit,  
 A rug on a lap,  
 A horse in a stable,  
 A cow in a shed,  
 A plate on a table,  
 The sheet on the bed,  
 The case on a pillow,  
 A bell on a door,  
 A branch on a willow,  
 A mat on the floor.  
 When I think of the hundreds of  
 things I might be,  
 I get down on my knees and thank  
 God I'm me.  
 Then my blues disappear when I  
 think what I've got,  
 And quite soon I've forgotten the  
 things I have not.

Do you get the picture?

In Memory Of Mr. Mac

“Well, if you are going to be here for a few minutes, I'll go and lock up my gals.” These were the words Mr. Mac always spoke at eleven o'clock, as he left the office of the Dean of Students. The term, “my gals,” expressed his feelings exactly; he thought of them with affection and spoke of them with interest in the concern for them in all their activities. Locking the residence halls was not just a mechanical routine job for him, but was taking good care of those whom he loved.

Many incidents which took place during the evening hours reveal the unusual character and humor of Mr. Mac. One evening, a commotion was taking place back of Sorority Row; two shots came from his well-known “thirty-eight.” When Miss Albright opened her back door to inquire what was happening, she saw two figures running across the hockey field with Mr. Mac in hot pursuit. When he was asked what had happened, he replied in his familiar drawl, “Oh, I was just helping them fellers to get where they was goin'.” And they “got”. Another evening, the hostess came on duty to find a crestfallen fourteen year old boy talking over the telephone while Mr. Mac stood grimly by. The youngster finally was able to speak to his father, and then turned to Mr. Mac and said, “Here he is.” Mr. Mac took the telephone and said, “Mister, if you want to save your boy a good whalin', you'd better git over here and git him.” The boy had been into some mischief on the campus, and Mr.

Mac was not in the mood for juvenile entertainment at that hour. Another incident, amusing to all concerned occurred one Sunday evening just after supper in the sorority houses. Two seniors came to one of the hostesses and asked for special permission to go to Vespers at Davidson. The hostess, pausing, thinking for a moment was interrupted by Mr. Mac, who was standing near by. “You ain't goin'. There ain't no use in it; you got a good fire in the sorority house, and it ain't safe for you youngins to be racin' down that highway on Sunday night.” The girls thanked Mr. Mac; the hostess smiled and said, “Thank you, Dean McCoy”, sustaining his decision, which was as usual a good one. A light was on late in one of the residences on the campus. At two o'clock, the phone rang: “Are you alright? I just saw the light on, and I wanted to know whether or not you were sick.” At nine o'clock every evening, Miss Squires would call the office and ask for Mr. Mac. Few of the girls knew that he and Miss Squires, almost single handed, prepared the cereals, and had everything ready for breakfast that could be arranged beforehand. And the last thing that he did before going off duty was to light the coffee burners so that we would be sure to have plenty of hot coffee for breakfast.

There was something comforting and warming when one came in at night to find Mr. Mac's substantial figure in front of Burwell. Leaning on his “big stick,” waving his flashlight, or puffing away

Personality Girl Of The Week

Keerowyrdi! Keerowyrdi! Nope, 'taint a war cry—It's just Eleanor Godfrey coming this way! Carsonites are quite familiar with Godfrey's call; but if you should want to know what it is, be sure to ask El herself so you can have a personal demonstration. No one but she has quite the right inflection!

Always dashing off to a meeting or hurrying to the library for a short snooze, El's forever on the go. If you want good suggestions or sound opinions, just ask Godfrey; that's one time she's never caught napping. And that subtle humor and good-natured chuckle come from a gal whose heart's true blue.

Through the year El has held many offices in school and young people's work. Here her level-headedness and practical views have stood her in good stead. She is well-known throughout North Carolina as a leader.

A swell girl with a personality all her own—that's Eleanor Godfrey.

on his pipe, he would investigate the car or students arriving, and then say, “Well, it's about time you're gittin' in. You sneaked off without sayin' anything to me anyhow!” Another time, he might engage the returnees in long conversation because as he so often expressed it, “I get so dad-blamed lonesome!” When the students returned in the fall, he was the happiest person on the campus, because he said, “My gals are back.” (Continued on page 3)