

Reflections



The tiff between Dewey and Roosevelt had no more spirit nor enthusiasm than did our recent election. Of course, we lacked the presence of those "big-lunged" politicians to bolster our candidates; but the Queen's girls have a way of politicking that is decidedly one of their own—an informal session in someone's suite; a crowd around the bulletin board; or a suggestion to-be sure and cast your ballot—all of these unpledged verbal appeals draw in as many votes as could the best of party campaign leaders.

Anyway, a "crown" to each of those Queen's ladies chosen to wield the gavel for our student body next year. They've got a big job ahead, but from my silent sentinel of observation for the past few years, you can take it from Diana—"I'll Accentuate the fact that I'm Positive that these girls will live up to the honor that has been given them."

While visions of close-shaved heads, and nightmares of riding goats and speaking to strangers played violently on the imaginations of the pledges of the five sororities, the active "sisters" chuckled with amusement at the Thoughts they had instilled about initiation. Might have thought that the Klu Klux was invading our campus. But it's all over now, and those coveted pins are being worn—constantly being checked for position, and tightened for safety. It's good to see the new actives—and a wish that the name will create as much as it implies.

Was reading (yes, statues can read) a B. W. (before war) book with facts about the state of North Carolina. One statement struck my glass eye that created pangs of remorse. In a few words—accord-

ing to the last census, the female population outnumbered the male by 19,860. Whew! Should we 19,860 raffle the boys off, or take up knitting? (I'm not really concerned though, for Jupiter, Mars, and some of the other fellows have invited me up to Mount Olympus for the week-end. Besides, I have an iron will!!)

It's a sad tale when girls can't recognize their own clothes, but the story is being written now in the Day Student's Building. From what our P. E. director says, a lot of the gym outfits are being worn by others than their rightful owners. This isn't a good deal at all, because women are so particular, and they want their belongings with no strings attached. It's true that there is little variety in the style of "warm-ups" and tennis shoes, but let's all be as careful about others things as we are about our own.

The Seniors are beginning to get misty eyes, and have already started reminiscing about four precious years that are almost at an end. Now the conversations are quite frequent that begin with "It's a swell place after all," and "What will I do when I finish?" The undergraduates should take note, and realize the advantages that still lie before them. Remember, you get as much out of college as you put into it.

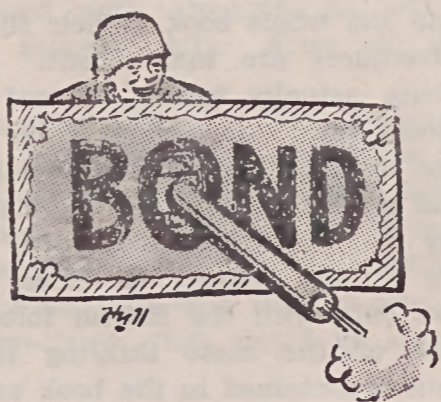
Hate to get trite and mention the weather—but we can't ignore what is before us everyday. Maybe the rain and coldness is all part of a plan to make the Spring season even more beautiful than it really is (if that's possible). But whatever the procedure, we all like the results. A shot of Spring is the best dose of medicine in the world, and no doctor can deny the powerful effect of the pure, sweet air, or the luscious colors that Nature is able to blend together. She's some artist, and we all owe her a debt of gratitude. (At this point, Diana realizes that she is getting slightly philosophical, and begs a thousands pardons).

The other day I heard numerous amounts of screaming emanating from the dining room, and it wasn't until later that I found out the cause. I overheard someone say that four of the helpers in the kitchen who sing in N. Y. had gotten stranded in Charlotte and were working here and sing-

ing over WAYS until they leave. However true the story may be, you can take it from me that they surely were enjoyed when they performed in the dining room. The most popular of their numbers (judging from the sighs and applause I heard) was the second one, which I found out was "Till Then." From what I gather, everybody sure would like to hear them again!

Turning to the more serious side, I wonder how many of us are donating to the Red Cross during the present drive? I overheard the other day a letter from a Navy ensign which went something like this: "I could write volumes on how much the Red Cross is doing for us and then not say enough. One of the fellows in the barracks with me got word, which no one but the Red Cross could get thru, of the death of his mother. The Red Cross furnishes us all with cigarettes, doughnuts, coffee, records, books, etc., besides boosting our morale when we're feeling low. You know, Dad, that I'm not good at writing stuff like this, but I can say it simply, and I will. Dad, if you don't do anything else, please give to the Red Cross. Over here, it's everything to us." We can't refuse a plea like that, can we? Let's all get behind our drive here at Queens and go "over the top."

Must be musing along now, and get about business (being Goddess of the Hunt keeps me constantly on the run.) Don't forget your pledges to buy War Stamps every week, and Our Boys won't forget us!!



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-- Slings The Dust --

Scene of the week: Seeing Ollie Meadows Stokes back on campus for the week-end. All of us remember that gorgeous suntan and blonde hair.

Maggie Lou Ballard beaming over hearing from that cute "Stan."

Miss Albright we miss seeing you about campus so we hope you are out of the infirmary when this goes to press.

Two student organizations S. C. A. and Boarding Student Council are planning "retreats" soon. Good plans will come out of these "retreats" we are positive.

We found out that Ella Dunbar had broken her glasses after we had accused her of acting glamorous for going without them.

We were very glad to see Sybil Hill's mother visiting campus this last week.

As an added note of interest: Jean Noble was married Sunday, March 11.

A new club hit campus or should we say comes back to campus an unearthly. The night of installa-

tion, there will be changes made.—The midnight Rider's Club—Have your lights cut and try and find out who the members are.

Dora Lybrand paid Queens a visit last week-end. It was grand seeing her back on campus.

Jeanne Throckmorton's "Cootie" gave her a dozen red roses—"True Love." He came to Charlotte for the week-end.

"That man" called again!!! Jane William's Russ—and she was really excited.

We hear that Polly Foglesong, Martha Scarborough, Shirley Warner and Virginia Scott had the big time in the little town of Mt. Gilead. Today Martha sports her automobile around campus.

We were worried for fear that Nancy Gardner would not come back to Queens after her trip to Norfolk, Va. Anyway, she took her time.

More and more calls are pouring in from Quantico. Betty Carter, have him come down so we can see why you are all smiles.

Sporting Around Queens

By ELLA DUNBAR and KITTY COOPER

"Say, are you going to basketball practice today?" is probably one of the most familiar questions which has been asked around campus during the past month. "Ready for the big tournament which is coming off soon?" is another repeated question.

According to the large number of athletes at practices every afternoon, it can easily be said that the majority of girls are taking an interest in basketball. "The practices have been quite a success this season," said Miss Mitchell. "The girls really exhibit coporation and good sportsmanship," she also added.

There are five girls who deserve credit too. These girls have been helping out in the afternoons by refereeing and calling signals in games. Thanks to the following: Lois Wilson, Ruth Ewart, Carolyn Hobson, Shirley Warner, and Melba Bailey.

At last the tournament we have all been waiting for and waiting to see has begun. This big event will show the skill which our girls display in this popular sport.

Immediately following the tournament, class games will be played. Remember that you must have four practices for these games, too.

Back up your team and show them they can win. Come to the games. They start at 4:30.

Keep That "Rec" Room Neat

Do you remember how the "rec" room used to look? My, it was a mess. But now it looks quite different. You have all "heeded the warning" and done a swell job in keeping it tidy. But the "rec" room committee just wants to remind you to continue the practice of using the ash trays and waste paper containers instead of the floor. They also want to remind you not to leave empty bottles there, for they don't look very neat, do they? It's really just as easy to carry them up with you when you leave.

We've really got a nice "rec" room. If everyone will do her part, it will stay that way.

Have You Heard About The Little Moron Who . . .

Wouldn't go to school because he was afraid of being stung by the spelling bee.

Swallowed fire crackers so his hair would grow in bangs.

Was too modest to go near his car when he heard the gears were stripped.

Drank eight cokes and burned 7-up.

Felt stronger on Sundays because all the rest were his week-days.

Cut open his knee cap to see if there was any beer in the joint.

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