

QUEENS BLUES

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The Blues is the college newspaper of Queens College, Charlotte, North Carolina, and as such is one of the three major publications of the institution . . . the other two being *The Quill*, the literary magazine, and *The Coronet*, the college annual.

Queens College is an accredited senior liberal arts college for women located in the largest city of the Carolinas. It confers Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science degrees.

Queens is a member of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The college holds membership in the Association of American Colleges, Southern Association of Colleges for Women, Presbyterian Education Association of the South, and the North Carolina College Conference.

Sporting . . .
 . . . Around . . .
 . . . Queens

Betty Pratt

It won't be long until spring time and Queens will be simply bursting with all kinds of sports. There will be the big basketball tournaments, softball games, archery, and many, many tennis games on those wonderful asphalt courts. Keeping all these things in mind it's a good time to start thinking about how many R. A. points you have accumulated. You know it is mighty nice to receive a Block letter or a silver Q on Awards Day. And Freshmen, believe it or not, it is possible to get 450 points in one year. It is also nice to be awarded a loving cup for 1000 points. If you are ashamed of those very few points that you have turned in, why don't you participate in some sport every afternoon and just see how many points you can get.

Chapel Schedule

January 16.....Dr. William Rule
 January 19.....Marjorie Smith

An Eclipse . . .

Barbara Carr

I sat pensively in my favorite bedroom chair, pondering over the article I had read, preparing myself for the eclipse that was to occur. I glanced at my watch, walked over to the window, raised the shades and looked out with anxious eyes.

The silvery moon was in its richest splendor. It reminded me of a king ruling proudly over his subjects, with his faithful, but jealous, stars taking their places brilliantly beside their king.

I had discovered from my study of eclipses that an eclipse takes place when the sun is directly between the earth and the moon. The moon was beginning to darken; so I sat down beside the window to watch the whole affair.

As I sat there waiting for the shadow of the earth to creep over the moon, I thought of the power behind this scientific monement. Here I was on earth, trying to conceive what my eyes beheld and there was this power that knew all, did all, and created all. I suddenly felt finite and unimportant. God was truly alive.

The moon was a reddish color. This meant that it was a total eclipse. I had never seen this color revealed by the fingers of an artist. It looked too sacred to be copied by man.

Realizing that the room was chilly, I walked over to my bed for what I knew would be a perfect night's sleep.

"She Rode In
 An Ambulance"

The following is a true story. It is well illustrative of the need for contributions to the March of Dimes.

The little girl didn't act right, didn't feel right.

Here she was with Mom and Dad on what was to have been the grandest vacation, way up in the mountains, 200 miles from home. Yet she lay restlessly in her bed while a man Mom said was a "doctor" took mysterious-looking things from a black leather bag.

"Now, sweetheart," the doctor said. "Let's have a look at you and see what's bothering our girl." He smiled and said "open your mouth" and popped a little glass rod under her tongue.

Even that seemed to hurt, but the doctor sure enough had a nice smile. If only she felt better . . . if only those bad old aches would go away and never, never come back . . .

After awhile the doctor and Mom left the room and went outside where Dad was waiting. And later Mom came back and smiled kind of sad-like. Why, it even looked as though Mom had been crying for one of her cheeks was damp right below the eye.

Mom said: "You're going to take a little trip, Honey. You're going to ride in a nice big, oh so big automobile to a fine hospital where the doctor will make you well again."

The ambulance came and two strong men carried the little girl out on a stretcher to the car. It was fun, a little anyway, to ride in the ambulance. It rode so easily and the "howler" made all the other cars get out of the way.

Her parents indeed were worried. For their little girl had polio, and here they were 200 miles away from home and friends and their own physician. Aside from their worry about their child, there was also the knowledge that polio patient care is costly. What could they do?

That's where the March of Dimes came in. They were advised to let their local chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis know of what had happened. In the meantime, the chapter in the area in which the little girl was hospitalized offered its aid in every possible way.

This is a true story, which took place last summer. The National Foundation chapter paid those costs the parents could not afford. Their little girl, 200 miles from home, was helped by her local unit of the National Foundation. She made an excellent recovery, and still "lords it over" her playmates, saying: "I once rode in a ambulance, I did."

From January 1, 1950 to the end of October, more than \$7,000,000 in March of Dimes funds were sent by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis to replenish exhausted treasuries of over 800 of its chapters in 43 states and Alaska. These Chapters went broke paying for patient care for 80 percent of all those stricken by infantile paralysis during the year. The 1951 March of Dimes (January 15-31) represents the hope of countless thousands who still need care and treatment.

Resolved that . . .

1951 is a new year, a year that has been ushered in by the question-mark of war, a year of military mobilization and shortages at home, a year of interrupted plans and futile dreams. This is the outlook of '51 as it starts its journey into the future. What will this journey be for the world, for our nation, for our loved ones, and for us? This could be a dismal, a heartbreaking year for all of us, for who among us can know what the future will bring. But why should we just drift along to see? Let's not give way to the tide of events and be swept out into a sea of empty fatalism. We can, you and I, make this year the most meaningful, the most hopeful year of our lives. We as individuals can rededicate ourselves to life, to living with a purpose, to directing our talents and energies toward the goals of accomplishment and renewed faith.

We want to help our nation. We are shocked and horrified by the terrible atrocities committed against our soldiers in Korea. We talk about how we would help; we long for a chance to do something. Then the chance comes. The Red Cross needs blood to ship to our soldiers in Korea. What do most of us do? Nothing, but talk. Words aren't going to help wounded soldiers. Words won't bring our soldiers home from the battlefields. Words won't give us that feeling of joy that comes from knowing that we have done our part.

Let's you and I do something in '51, not only for our country but also for ourselves. What can we at Queens do? We can study . . . yes, study. Although we will seldom admit it, we come to college to learn. At present, however, we are just getting by and not taking time to learn. So? Let's get down and dig. It is amazing what results a little effort can produce. When you know you have done your best, you feel better. Try it and see. You want to do something; all right, learn how to do something.

We can study, and in our spare time that we all manage to have we can help in the community. Organizations like the Red Cross need volunteer workers. We can volunteer. Blood donors are needed. Most of us can give blood. There are many things we can do if we will find out about them and do them.

We can study, we can give our time, and we can pray. There is a beautiful chapel on our campus which is open everyday for our use. How many of us use this chapel? How many of us stop to ask God for guidance for our nation and for our own lives? How many of us call upon this Citadel of Strength and Love for the help He is so ready to give? How many?

This is a new year. Let us re-new ourselves. Life has a fullness, a completeness we can find only by putting first things first and doing something with our lives. 1951 offers a challenge to all of us; let us meet it not only by just existing, but by striving to live.

I. R. C.

Calling all firemen! Calling all firemen!—That's exactly what Queens International Relations club did. No, there wasn't any fire, but the club had a problem. It was hoped that the flag of the United States, which hasn't flown on the campus since the end of the war in 1945, and the United Nations flag, which was to be presented to the club by the Home Economics department, could be raised and flown. In fact the club adopted this idea as a project. There was only one catch—there was no rope on the flagpole. And neither Manon Williams, club president, nor her able assistants, Frances McPherson, vice-president, and Dot Folger, secretary and treasurer, had the slightest idea of how to climb and rig a flagpole.

After much consultation and head scratching, the three acted on the suggestion of Lavonne Brackett to call in the fire department. Through the courtesy of Mayor Victor Shaw and Mr. Donald Charles, the Fire chief, the services of four firemen and one block-long hook and ladder truck were obtained. Result: new rope and coat of paint on flagpole, and while the U. N. flag hasn't been raised, "Old Glory" flies once again on the campus.

Such action resulted in a two column picture and short story being printed on the front page of the Charlotte News, second section and a campus-wide interest in I. R. C. The picture included pole, truck, four smiling firemen, Emily Shipp and Manon Williams.

Interest in the club had been gaining momentum and members and this act assured the college that I. R. C. has definitely taken on new life.

This is only one example of the "new spirit." As sponsor for the recent Crusade For Freedom on

Queens campus, the club, through the untiring efforts of Pete Petersen, Emily Shipp, and Ann Hunter, succeeded in getting over two hundred signatures for the Crusade freedom scrolls and a large amount of money to be used for Radio Free Europe. In addition, the club was instrumental in obtaining four thousand signatures from the Charlotte city schools for the Charlotte committee. Both the club and Dean Sweet received letters of appreciation and congratulation from the Charlotte Crusade offices.

Faculty interest is at a high pitch. Dr. Phillip Green enters his sixth year as club advisor and is always on hand to give advice and help when needed. Expressing interest in the club, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Harris were hosts to the first two meetings this year at their home on Queens Road.

Topics for discussion at the first two meetings were Italy and United Nations, respectively. Nan Leonard of Myers Park Baptist Church gave an interesting and informative talk at the first meeting concerning her recent stay in Italy as a worker in an Italian youth camp. At the second meeting, Emily Shipp, Martha Kirven, and Manon Williams discussed "United Nations, Its Organization, Aims and Principles." Assuring large attendance and interesting discussion, the topic for the December meeting is Korea.

Club membership reaches an all time high in the Queens International Relation Club with a total of fifteen members actively engaged in studying international relations.

All of which goes to prove that Queens I. R. C. is on the march and is becoming one of the most important organizations on the campus.