

QUEENS BLUES QUEENS

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The U. S. O. Needs You

Recently our country has been subjected to a great wave of patriotism, and everyone has been asking just what can he do as his share. And there has been great controversy over how strong is the morale of our newly drafted army. There is one thing that Queens girls can do to help the situation.

Last Saturday five dances were held in town and despite the great numbers of girls in Charlotte, there were not enough girls at the dances. Now the boys in the Army do not lack food or clothing or shelter. But they do lack friendship, companionship and wholesome amusements. The United Service Organizations are providing the entertainments, but there must be girls there to carry the projects through.

A number of girls probably just have not considered just how much these entertainments mean. And it is almost beyond our comprehension to understand how these boys feel about having been yanked from their homes and interests to serve in the Army. The very least we Queens girls can do is to try to help make their lives more pleasant.

The dances and parties are properly conducted and chaperoned, so there can be no question of whether Queens girls can go. Are you willing to dance for your patriotism? All you have to do is go down to the Y.W.C.A. and register as a volunteer hostess.

Just ask the girl who has been, and see what fun you have been missing. And if you are bashful, just pretend it's Leap Year and Sadie Hawkins day will soon be here.

Paging A Guardian Angel

On the first day of school this year, a freshman, who shall remain nameless, asked, after being shown around the campus, to see the gymnasium. No one seemed to hear her, and the party of girls continued its way across the back campus. Again the freshman asked to see the gym. This time there was a rather embarrassing silence after which one of the older students suggested looking at the sorority houses. Once more the perseverant freshman asked to be shown the gym. This time the silence was really embarrassing.

You see, we have no gym. That is, none to speak of. The building that we fondly call our "gymnasium" is nothing more than a medium-sized barn poorly lighted, poorly ventilated, and never heated. This old relic of the past has long been out of date.

That wasn't so bad—lots of people have to use old things. But when it gets to the point of being dangerous—well, that's a little different. In the first place it's a fire-trap. In the second place it's cold in the wintertime. In the third place it's dark even in the broad daylight. And in the fourth place it's only about one-third as large as a gym should be. It's only big enough for one kind of sport at one time, if that particular sport doesn't require too much room.

Well, you probably ask, why doesn't the college do something about it? The answer is that the college doesn't have the money to build a new gym. What we need is a very rich guardian angel who wouldn't mind giving to a really worthy cause. Then we could have some place to wear off our excess energy on those cold rainy winter days ahead.

There would be a large swimming pool, indoor tennis and badminton courts, room for volley and basketball courts, indoor archery, and space to practice for the May Day dances. It would be well lighted, comfortably ventilated and heated, and roofed to keep out the rain. In short, it would be the answer to many a maiden's prayer. It would also be the answer to many a parent's anxious thought about her daughter's healthful recreation.

Why, oh why, don't we have a guardian angel to build us a gym?

Anyone who come out to the campus last Tuesday must have thought that he needed glasses when he got a glimpse of those horrid-looking "rats." Frankly, this annual Soph-Frosh occasion is always a lot of fun, and even those being initiated must admit that they enjoy letting themselves go (and how) for a day. Some of those luscious love letters from those reluctant but fascinating flappers were truly rare, and we wonder what the poor guys who get them think when they read those oozy messages of love and adoration. Wow!

Things we like around Queens: Margaret Rowland's coloring . . . Eleanor Lazenby's hair . . . Dora Lybrand's cute clothes . . . Betsy Hodges' eyes . . . Betty Claywell's wit . . . Kathleen and Irene Hardee's steady sweetness . . . Polly Foglesong's complexion . . . Butch Hardin's "suthun" accent . . . Ann Golden's efficiency . . . Lucy Hassell's nimble pen . . . Jane Campbell's smile . . . Hilda Harmon's wonderful clothes-sense . . . Marion Miller's charming dignity . . . Eleanor Anne Ratcliffe's hair . . . Lib Isaacs' poetry . . . Ann Wiley's dimples . . . Mary Heilig McDow's horn rims . . . Nancy Gaston's spontaneity . . . Winnie Shealey's vitality . . . Inez Fulbright's capability . . . Esther Love Hillhouse's sincerity . . . Franny Moseley's distinctiveness . . . Tut Diggie's style . . . Mary Marshall Jones' winsomeness . . . Mary Eleanor Robinson's fascinating new ring . . . Anne Pattishall's neatness . . . Mabel Beach's cooperative spirit . . . Sarah Prevatte's sincerity . . . Margaret Porter's poise . . . Olive Meadows' stateliness.

The smile of the week belongs to the flying cadet who perches on Franz "Just Call Me Sis" Rummel's dresser. (Not really, Hilda, it's just a photo.) The tale behind the presence of the picture makes it even better. Seems that "Frosty" (the cadet) saw Sis's picture in the paper when she was initiated last spring and wrote to her care of Queens College. Letters have flown back and forth ever since, and latest developments hint that Sis will soon be sporting wings. My! my! Some people certainly do rate.

And speaking of rating, isn't it wonderful about Lucy Hassell's lei? She sho was strutting around last week-end. Best each of us should get us a man in Hawaii so that we too could get such nice birthday remembrances. Give us a hint on technic, please, Lucy.

ODE TO A LAB

There really should be no monotony
In studying hard on your botany.
It helps to rain
And spur your brain—
Unless, of course, you ain't gotany.

DOTS AND DASHES

Did you hear the one about the night watchman that Mr. Stevens tells? Seems that a new night watchman was being shown around after dark one night this summer. Across the campus moved a huge shadow—it was "Baby," the "little" Great Dane who makes himself so at home on the campus. The watchman's eyes opened wide as he stepped back: "Say," he stuttered to Mr. Stevens, "who's gonna watch the night watchman?"

If movies had been taken of the Freshmen on their way through the House of Those Who Pass Beyond, many a gal wouldn't show up the next day. Some of the girls looked very funny crawling through the tunnel. One girl almost jumped two feet off the floor when Charley, the campus glamour boy, who was wearing the latest model in bones, snapped at her fingers.

Don't get scared, girls, but one teacher handed in the names of all his students as failing—by mistake. The mistake was corrected, but not before Dean Godard had a mild case of heart failure.

MELYDRAMER

Entitled "Soup's On"
or
"What Happens in Morrison"

Five score foot-sore Freshmen, six dozen sardonic Sophomores, some eighty jubilant Juniors, and seventy superior Seniors, slink—slank—slunk, or shuffled, or maybe even stomped—into the dining hall. This dining hall into which they (shall we just say strolled? All right, then) strolled, was really a most attractive place. The walls, standing nearby protectively, to hold up the ceiling, were painted a soft ivory; the floor, spreading across the room and holding up some things on its own, was polished and shiny. Also slippery. Upon the aforesaid walls were hung scenes in sepia from many of the cradles of learning, from Davidson and Oxford, all the way to Duke and Carolina. It was only natural that no one could recognize most of them, but they were all quite lovely and gave a sort of classical tone to the place. One could fairly sense in the air the mustiness of monks copying old illuminated manuscripts. (No, freshmen, they didn't have electric lights). But, as I said, they did lend that certain atmosphere to the place.

But to get back, the students (I mean, girls) entered the dining hall, and there followed a conglomerate scramble closely resembling jitter-bugging except for the lack of the appropriate "Oh, Daddy," as the girls gracefully took their places. We heard one girl's dismayed "Gosh!" and "Look at my table. It's all filled up! But then, I'm only hostess."

At last the aisles were somewhat cleared of people, and the tables filled. In the distance of the faculty tables, a bell was tapped. With forks upraised, the girls hovered about the tables, while someone gave an eighty-seven-year-old blessing. Then came the scuffling of chairs, and the meal was ready to proceed.

The conversation was really charm-

ing! Above the clatter of William Rogers 1847 on china, there floated the gay chatter of young ladies, light-hearted, gay. Their repartee was sparkling, witty. "Shoot me the sugar," we heard one vibrant voice, as the owner and bearer of the voice buttered her muffin, poured her tea, and simultaneously attempted to pass the cauliflower and tomatoes. "Oh, Betsy!" burst musically from the lips of another girl, "I've gotta tell Ellen something about Saturday night," and away she dashed across the room, her pigtailed flying. The girl wearing the kerchief around her head greatly desired a sixth muffin but, being unable to speak because of the fifth, leaned one elbow further on the table and pointed. The muffins were hustled in her direction.

Then silence ensued at the table beneath Cambridge, for somehow there was no time for idle chatter. There were more important things being done. Every now and then, however, there was a shrill whistle, and a plate was thrust toward a waiter. But that was all.

Then one of the girls looked at her watch. "Goodness!" she exclaimed. "We've been in here seven minutes already. I can eat the rest of my Boston cream pie on the way out. Hope it doesn't drool. Bye y'all."

Then the two girls with matching hair bows shuffled off toward the Rec Room. Gradually, the table was left vacant. That is, all except for one little freshman who had found three desserts left over at the table next to hers and couldn't bear to let them go to waste!

And so, after such a pleasant, relaxing repast, we tip-toed out, leaving the freshman alone in the dining room, her fork busy with cream pie, and her clothes getting more and more becoming—to her little sister.

HERE'S

Rat Day Viewed
From Two Angles

THE SOPHS

At last the day has come! We have revenged ourselves, and the "flappers" have had to kneel to the "old maids." You thought that day would never come, but history is made at Queens. We burned midnight oil and wrecked our weary brains in order to think of a way to bring the "rats" to their knees. For one long year we suffered, (not too silently) and now we mighty sophomores have shown our strength and power. For one day we reigned as lords of the campus, and even the dignified Seniors and brilliant Juniors were forced into the background. We were ladies of leisure with over a hundred subjects to do our bidding and make our every wish become a reality. Years may pass, but that one day will live in our memory forever. We may never be famous; we may never be rich; we may never have the world at our feet; but we have been the envy of every "flapper," and what other "old maid" could gloat over that accomplishment. It was a red letter day in our Sophomore year for it gave us the chance to show our real importance.

We made them write love letters, obey our every whim, and feed us candy by the bagsful. Then we sent them through the house of those Who Had Passed Beyond to test their fitness. Rat Court included the trials and tribulation.

THE RATS

The Rats squeek—and who wouldn't! We didn't mind wearing our Freshman caps, but when it came to being hussies, which none of us are—well, that's just too much!

We knew the Sophomore class was very fond of bubbles, so we tried to please them, even though we're still not able to move our poor jaws from those two wads of blow-gum we had to chew all day. We wonder why so many gals had adhesive on their noses and bandages on their knees next day. Could it be the "air-raid" yelled by the Sophomores? Every time they said those two words, we were required to fall down wherever we were and repeat this horrible saying: Fifty funny, flirting, flappy, foolish Freshmen fell foosily, forsakenly, forbiddenly on the floor. Our ears feel so long and droopy from wearing those horrible ear-rings, that they seem to hang way below our hair. Woe is we!

About that string of pictures of our men that we had to wear around our necks, we have nothing to say, but this: We can't help it if we're not attractive!

When we walked in that night after it was all over, our fathers gasped and staggered when they saw our short, slit skirts, bright long-waisted blouses, and fiery red lips and fingernails. And I don't imagine the beauty spots, spiked heels, and orange rouge helped their impressions much.