

## THE QUEENS BLUES

Published by the Students of Queens College Charlotte, N. C.

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## Our Enlarged Social Problem

The opening of the smaller room underneath Morrison is going to be a great help to the members of the Social Committee in planning informal entertainments. This new room is to be called the Lounge.

Miss Mitchell and Miss Hawley will have the use of the Recreation Room as part of the Physical Education Department equipment. On week-ends the Recreation Room will be used for games and informal entertaining. Dates who wish to smoke will be privileged to use the Lounge which opens into the Recreation Room. In the big room there will be ping pong tables, shuffle board and the piano for the use of the students. Groups who wish to sponsor entertainment in the Rec Room are invited to work with the Social Committee and the Office of the Dean of Students. Announcements will be made later of the plans for the Open House to be held in the Recreation Room on Saturday, April 12th.

The new Lounge has promise of being a most attractive place with the help of the students. The furniture will be redone, curtains, will be hung, fans installed to circulate the air, and beautiful inlaid linoleum will be put on the floor. It is hoped that the students will take pride in the Lounge and endeavor to keep it clean and neat. Let's make it a place that we'll be proud to show our visitors and guests.

## Our Rooms

It seems that college is a getting away from things for some students. One of these things is keeping our rooms clean. One would think that the Queens students were the busiest people in the world to look at their rooms. Beds are left unmade all day, months of dust collects on the dressers, and clothes are strewn about the room as if we didn't have closets (and we do!) It is a disgrace to the student for rooms to be kept in the condition they are.

We should remember that our college days are the most important ones in our lifetime. It is at college that we make our life-long friends and our life-long habits. It is a shame to let our carelessness and laziness leave a bad impression on these friends and to be such a bad influence on all those around us. It is indeed embarrassing to have your family and out-of-town friends visit our dormitories and find them in such a mess.

Let us remember that no one likes us any better for keeping a messy room. It's a bad recommendation for years to come. Come on girls, act your age!

1809 Edwin St.—Apt. 110  
 Charlotte 6  
 North Carolina  
 March 14, 1947.

Student Christian Association  
 Queens College  
 Charlotte  
 North Carolina.  
 My dear Friends:

Your check for two hundred seventy-one dollars and seventy-two cents, (\$271.72), came promptly.

For all the people, especially the children and young people of Fairview Homes and myself, I wish to thank you most sincerely for the very much needed help you have given us for the past several years, without which my work could not have been nearly so effective. I wish to assure you that this money is being used to purchase the various types of literature, materials and equipment necessary to keep our work attractive as well as beneficial to the groups with which we work. Please feel free to visit our work at any time, and offer any suggestion you think would be helpful to us.

Again, thank you, and may God bless you richly in your continuing interest in and efforts for the many most worthy causes which claim your attention, interest and prayers. Please keep us in your mind and heart.

Most respectfully  
 H. E. CARTER, Director  
 Fairview-Oaklawn Mission.

AROUND  
THE  
WORLD

By Torry Torrence

While I was away from school several weeks ago, I happened to hear a few interesting tales about this last war. No, they are not the usual type of war story, but are the ones with humor.

It seems that this first story took place on the island of Guam with a group of Marines. Every day when the boys gathered for chow, there was a man among them who always had his mosquito netting down over his face. A few of the Marines got to talking about the fellow. One of them remarked that he had never seen the man before while one of the other fellows said that he had noticed the man for the past few weeks. This went on for two or three days. The Marines finally discovered that immediately after eating, the man with the mosquito netting would disappear for the next chow. Some of the boys finally became suspicious of the man and one day a group of them walked over to him and threw the mosquito netting from his face—only to find that the strange man was a Jap! Talk about being shocked. It seems that the Jap was starving to death and had put on a Marine's uniform and then joined the ranks in order to eat.

Another tale I heard was about a Marine, who was thirty-eight on the day he sailed from Frisco to the Pacific. All of the boys in the outfit called him, "Pop." It seems that Pop and his platoon were holding a vital section of land on Okinawa. They were on the left flank while their other Marine buddies were on the right flank. Instead of being able to join each other by a straight line, the entire outfit had to make a semi-circle of about 8 miles. One day the left hand group started toward the right flank. On the way, Pop had been running, as were all the men who valued their lives, and they finally hit the jungle on the other side, with still about four miles to go. Pop said that he knew right then that he wasn't going to make it to the final destination. So, he sat down and rested while the others went on. He told them not to wait; he would catch up with them later.

After resting for about half an hour, he got up and started on his way. It was a little odd being left like that, but it didn't upset him too much until he came to a place where the path split. He stood there for a few minutes trying to decide which path to take. He finally picked the right hand one and traveled down the way for about two miles. In the distance he spotted a group of men, but couldn't tell which they were: Marines or Japs. He sneaked up through the jungle until he could see men plainly. Finding they were Marines, he stepped over to them and asked if his group had come that way. The men told him no, so poor old Pop had to retrace his two miles and take the other path. Well, to make a long story short, he at last caught up with his group. And then what should happen? You guessed it! As soon as he had time to catch the group, they all turned around and marched right back to the spot where he had been resting in the first place!!

One last story that struck this one as being interesting in a funny sort of way was as follows: a group of Marines were standing near an airport on Guam when the alarm went out over the air that an enemy plane was approaching. All of the men took to cover while the plane went over. It dropped three bombs, all of which landed in a field about a mile away. The strange thing was that the plane was so high that the men couldn't see it. "Why, great scott, 'one of the Marines yelled," that guy had better come down closer. He's so high he can't even see what he's doing—why if he isn't careful, he is liable to kill someone!"

## —OPEN FORUM—

(Editor's note: Starting with this issue, the Blues will sponsor a new column for the interest of and participation by the students at large. This column in no way reflects any opinion other than the contributor, and it is hoped by the Blues staff that this new forum will arouse the minds of the student body. Any one may submit an article and if it is thought printable, as well as of interest, then the article will be used. No names will be printed. Send the Blues your opinions—this is your column. The paper will continue this column as long as you submit the material for it. Its length of life depends on you—the reader. Send that article now.)

## NO SCHOOL SPIRIT

For two weeks we have tried to pin someone down to directly stating what is lacking in our school spirit. It has been an open controversy bulging with opinions but producing no ideas. We have tried hard to work this problem out for you; for it concerns us, too. But there has not been a single solution offered for this "sickness" on campus, for a school is sick that has no spirit. It is also handicapped in whatever it might do in the educational field.

The purpose of college is to develop a well-rounded individual, but how can a student be well rounded when she is frustrated? We are trusted, so we are told to be ladies and to conduct ourselves accordingly, but we are not even allowed to walk on front campus during intermission of the few dances that we are "privileged" to have. There have to be rules; we recognize that necessity, particularly in a woman's college, but not to the extent that young men do not enjoy visiting us because of them. The freshmen must be in at 10:15 and upper classmen at 10:30 on every night but Saturday, and then the hour is 11:15 for all alike. Have any of the faculty members ever tried to go to a show, especially on the weekends, and be in at these hours? On a weekend night if your date arrives at 7:30, the general rule has been that after standing for half an hour or forty-five minutes to even get into the theater, upper-classmen have to leave the movie around 10 o'clock after having seen almost half of the feature. (There is no need to tell the tale of the freshmen, for it is utterly ridiculous for the poor things to consider a show.) And on Saturday nights the lines for shows are even worse.

"But, why go to a show at all since you have no time?" That is a good sensible question, and here is an equally sensible reply: simply because there is nothing else for us to do. Other colleges have dating rooms provided where couples can dance and talk. It was a good idea when the college decided to let us girls date in the sorority houses; but a large percentage of us are non-sorority girls, and we do not feel "just right" about going to the sorority houses. Besides, it is the duty of the school and not the sororities to arrange entertainment for us altogether.

There is a complaint about too much sorority activity and not enough college, but if it were not for sororities we would have very little social life at all at Queens. In other words, there has been too much faculty interference and not enough guidance. We need guidance, and we want it. An example of a need for student advisors is the school activities' budgets. All the organizations on campus have come short except the athletic association, and they attribute that to Miss Mitchell's interested guidance. (Orchids to you, Miss Mitchell.)

However, the fault is not solely with the faculty; for we, the students, are also to blame in a great many ways: For one thing, definite groups of girls do all the work that is done on campus. These girls are fine and capable, and we do not know what we would do without them. But why not give other girls a chance who are a little shy

but just as capable. If you are holding one important office and you prove your work is successful, it is only natural that you will be put up for other offices. We are asking that you decline these honors, continue to do your first job, and give other girls an opportunity to prove their value on campus.

Incidentally, there are many of us who are not interested in real education but are going to college because Mama and Daddy sent us. There is nothing that we can do for these disinterested people, for the interest in life around you must develop within your own conscious being. We cannot do that for you. However, why not try to read "Time," "Vital Speeches," and others of the up-to-date periodicals and magazines that the college provides for us in the library? It is a good feeling to "know."

The student "come back" for our lack of outside interests is that we are too loaded down with work to have time to take interest in outside events.

If only the teachers would notice on what dates the Concert Series fall and not assign tests for the day following the lecture, we could feel free to attend more outside educational programs. Most about not assigning tests, for example when John Mason Brown spoke to us February 24th, but there were still those few who did not plan their teaching schedules with that in mind and there were tests of the teachers are considerate the next day.

We are also weakened because such a large percentage of our student body are day students so the unity of the school is again broken, but the day students lack any motivation to want to stay after classes and take interest in our school activities because there is nothing for them to do while they are waiting. Then too, 4:30 is an inconvenient hour for meetings, but we all realize that it is the best that can be done.

Another division is in the departments. There is no co-operation. For instance, when the dramatic department puts on a play it would be much more interesting for everyone if the home economics department would make the costumes; the art department paint the scenery; the music department work in with their instruments; and every other department that help to offer their services.

Nor is there any public interest in us. The majority of people in Charlotte are hardly conscious that Queens College exists, but what can we do to put ourselves forward?

More publicity for our dances, plays, and organizations would be a great boon if the college would only push them more.

We have done all we can to help the situation. The solution lies with you, our reader, both students and faculty. Have you any better suggestions?

## Calendar Of Events

(Continued from Page 1)

- March 29—  
 College Choir goes to Winston-Salem First Presbyterian Church.
- April 1—  
 (unconfirmed) 6:30-7:30 — Big surprise in auditorium????
- April 2-8—  
 Spring holidays!!!
- April—  
 Faculty Progressive given by Panhellenic Council  
 Senior Recital — Travis Wylie.
- April 12—  
 Open House sponsored by Student Government Association.  
 Opening of new lounge.
- April 13 —  
 Choir trip.
- April 13-17—  
 Rev. Dwight Chalmers comes for Religious Emphasis week.
- April 15—  
 Community Concert: Patrice Munsel.
- April 18—  
 S. C. A. Retreat.  
 Junior Recital.
- April 19—  
 Alpha Kappa Gamma luncheon.  
 Sorority Sing.