

QUEENS BLUES

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School Spirit?

School spirit seems to be an illusive will-of-the-wisp at Queens. It's present on rare occasions; but, the majority of the time, there just is no such thing to be found on campus. Why is such an important part of college life lacking at Q. C.? And what can we do about it?

Could the absence of intra-collegiate competition be partly responsible? Perhaps if the Queens and Kings (faculty, too) of the campus would come out for the sports the college offers, it would be possible to organize several teams and to vie with other colleges for athletic recognition. If the dormitory and day students would play more often, this might also help.

Did your throat feel parched and dry after Stunt Night? Were your hands burning from much clapping? If it takes such get-to-gethers as this to make us show some school spirit—for goodness sakes, let's have more of 'em!

Queens is really a wonderful college—with all her traditions and such festivities as the coming Boar's Head Dinner and Carol Sing—not only is it true of the Queens that is to be but of the Queens we're attending now. Let's show that we do appreciate our college and do have school spirit by giving her our whole-hearted support and by cooperating in all that we're asked to do throughout the years we are students here.

Day Student Cafeteria

Were you ever in the vicinity of Blair Union (the Day Student building) about 12:45 each day? No, it wasn't a riot you saw; it was a mad dash to get in the cafeteria line for some of that good food. New students cannot fully appreciate the vast improvements made in our Day Student Cafeteria, but we who were here before can easily see the difference. The two tables and two lines have cut off half the time it used to take to go through the one line, and the beverage table has been made separate so that those wishing coffee will not hold up the others. The food, of course, is the main part of any cafeteria and the wheel who keeps that end of it rolling is Lou, the cook. Her value is evidenced by the appetizing meals we see spread before us each day. So orchids to Buford Bobbitt and her Day Student Council for an improved and efficient cafeteria that also has grand food.

Farewell

This paper is the last issue that I will assist in putting out as one of the managing editors. As a member of "The Blues" staff I make my farewell with some reluctance and quite a few regrets. My work on this publication has given me a great amount of valuable experience and even more satisfaction. Working on the paper with the other members of the staff has also been a source of pleasure.

Thinking back over my work as I am about to leave, I wonder how well I have done my part in fulfilling the aims and purposes of our college paper. The aims of this paper are to report news items concerning our college; not to be a gossip sheet. We aim to reflect the total picture of life at Queens; not isolated parts. We hope to improve our paper constantly and in that improvement to raise the estimation of our school among those who read our paper in other schools and colleges. In addition to these aims we wish to have our paper written up in the best form and language. We hope to encourage those girls with writing ability to work on our staff, and we want these girls to give the paper their best efforts.

Whatever success we may have had in achieving our aims and purposes I am proud of "The Blues" as it is, and I am looking forward to a bigger and better paper as time goes by.

Doris Moore

Thanks To Doris Moore

A girl who is of high value to the "Blues" is Doris Moore. Doris is a senior, and if all goes well, will graduate at the end of first semester; therefore, this is the last edition of the paper which will contain her work and loving care. We would like to take this opportunity to express our grateful appreciation to Doris for her work with the "Blues."

She began work on it her junior year and was appointed this year to the position of Managing Editor. Every other Sunday night in North Doris may be found, pen in hand, glasses down on her nose, her black curls piled high, reading and re-reading the galley proofs, correcting mistakes, and adding lines where needed.

She dashes madly around gathering bits of news and assigning items for the next issue, and has on occasion made up the dummy and taken it to the printing house. She is always willing to stop whatever she is doing and help with the paper.

We will all miss you, Doris, but thanks for the great help you have been to the "Blues."

Christmas At Queens

By EDWINA McDILL

Tinkling laughter, merry thoughts, and happy smiles! Christmas is in the air.

And the first real inkling of holiday spirit popped into Queens on the night of the Christmas ball, when the room was filled with a toyland splendor. It was as if all the princess-like dolls had sprung to life in Santaland and were whirling about in brilliant splashes of colors: glossy plaid taffetas, flashing satins, and lustrous silks. The fellows were a handsome contrast in their tuxedos and played an important part in the dance of the dolls. (What a wonderful surprise for some little girl to find her under her Christmas tree.)

There are Christmas lists on the doors and sleepy-heads in the beds, dreaming about the Boar's Head dinner and afterwards, when they will open their gifts.

The Boar's Head dinner, another traditional feast at Queens, but this one dates all the way back to merry old England. There will be food for everyone in every shape, size and delectableness.

It is after your eyes have grown bigger and bigger with each tempting dish, after you have eaten a little of each and everything, that you finally realize—much to your personal discomfort—that your eyes are even bigger than your stomach... the traitor!

A little while later will probably find you back in your room in a sort-of delightful misery. But there is the Christmas tree to look forward to yet. Oh, chocolate drops and peppermint candy! (That is our Christmas variation for, "Oh, goody!")

So the contented fullness is soon forgotten over that intriguing business of giving out presents. There are at least half a dozen of the girls congregated and waiting to see what Santa brought. It is more fun to watch their faces light up when they have opened their gifts. Your packages are fun too; you never know what awaits you just inside the wrappings.

But Christmas is more than that at Queens. The real joy comes through knowing that you are loved, safe and cared for by a great God, a democratic land, a fine school, and a doring friends and parents.

God bless us everyone and give us more Christmas-like days, so that we may have greater spirits of love and be thankful to God for our fellow man, and that we may be reminded foremost of God's love for us... "That He gave His only begotten son." Amen.

+ Lines By Lillums +

The Snow Carnival (our Christmas dance for those who don't know better) was a grand success in everyone's estimation. When one girl was getting an invitation and noticed the time (8:00 until 11:30) she exclaimed, "Goodness, how can I snow my man in three hours!" From all observations, though, I believe everyone did right



well. Ye scribe makes no complaints on that score.

One of the teachers remarked the other day that one of her co-eds seemed to be living in a dream world—a new aspect of Queens! But as I said before, more wedding bands should be worn.

The beautiful rendition of "The Messiah" really did usher in the Christmas spirit. That was rather evident to all at the feed in the hut following the program. The presence of the Davidson lads added greatly to the atmosphere.

Heard someone say recently that the difference in an educated person and an uneducated person was in the way they spent their leisure. To look around at Queens, that's a depressing thought, isn't it? Maybe it's because we have so little leisure that when we do have any we go wild with what to do with it.

Hate to keep bringing up unpleasant subjects, but were you in

chapel the morning Mr. Holliday gave a program of music on records. The behavior of the Queens student was enough to make one blush with shame. When college girls get to the place where they can't behave decently for a chapel program of music they're in a bad fix! And look where that puts us!

The gift of a palm tree (?) to the school has been an attractive addition to our dining hall. Now it gives us that 'coconut grove' atmosphere (alt in the mind, of course!). I sat my date under it one Sunday noon but he was so overcome with the girls he didn't notice the tree.

As previously mentioned ye scribe has been concerned over the observance of Sunday on Queens campus. Some of us seem to forget that Sunday is the Sabbath instead of just another day. Take a look at the church books and the wall cards for Sunday and you'll see what I mean. We would all do well to make of Sunday a holy day instead of a holiday.

Have heard that some of our Q. C. girls had quite a trip to Clemson a weekend or so ago. They left Queens in a sharp looking Buick but they later drove into Clemson on a Merita bread truck. A bit fattening, isn't it, girls?

Looks like I've overdone the uninhibited side of it this time so I'll bring it to a close with apologies for all toes that have been stepped on and any other damage done. (It's still all in the mind!). Merry Christmas!

So Went Our Dance

Each year the Student Government of Queens College sponsors two festive affairs, loosely and naively referred to as dances, one being presented in the fall and the other in the spring. The first of these two affairs, which for some reason escapes me at the present, was entitled "The Snow Carnival," was held Saturday night, December the sixth.

Dates for the fracas arrived at various hours in Burwell Hall and, after presenting all manner of identification, were finally rewarded by having their inmate for the evening led out to them. There in the parlors the couples were again briefed on the procedure for the evening and all watches were synchronized. As the zero hour approached the couples were lined up in alphabetical order, and exactly at 8:30 P. M. the line lock-stepped to Morrison Hall, scene of the affair. On entering the hall each couple passed through a magnetic eye especially designed to detect the presence of any intoxicating beverage within the person, or any concealed flask on the person involved. Safely past the door, the couples faced a receiving line composed of faculty and other campus notables. Each member of the receiving line gripped the hand of each person passing down the line, thereby pulling him, or her, very close, and requiring each one to breathe deeply. If the magnetic eye had not caught those guilty of imbibing, this system did.

Prior to this the decorations of the hall had gone unnoticed by most. Carrying out the theme of "The Snow Carnival," six inches of real snow had been shoveled onto the dance floor. There was no heat in the building and real snow men sat at various spots in the hall. Perched on rafters were three members of the social committee gaily scattering Lux flakes on the unsuspecting crowd. The effect was striking to say the least.

Knauff, the famous Russian, gave a flourish and the dance was under way. During the dance the chaperones, equipped with yard sticks, busied themselves with maintaining the three-foot dancing distance.

At intermission couples were escorted back to Burwell, to the Recreation Room, where a Bingo contest was held, or sat quietly in Morrison enjoying the provided refreshments. Those who left the hall

Personality Girl Of The Week

Have you ever stopped by the corner room in South? (No, not Bee Jay's and Goldie's). If you have, then I'm sure you have been greeted by a smiling face. Yes, Sarah Little is always smiling. Nothing ever seems to get her down. It's a pleasure to be greeted by that small blonde figure who already has many friends among the upperclassmen as well as the freshmen. She is one of those people who never meets a stranger. She always has a cheery hello for everyone.

Sara hails from Jacksonville, Florida, but having lived in Charlotte all of her life until this summer, she claims it as home.

She was elected chairman of the freshman class and just recently she was elected president of the class. That should show how well the girls like her.

Not only does Sara seem to get around at Queens, but she doesn't seem to be doing bad at Davidson and Carolina. Yep, Sara Little is definitely one of Q. C.'s personality girls.

For intermission were naturally again subjected to the magnetic eye treatment. The figure that followed intermission was very unique. The members of the social committee, clad in warm-up suits, burst through an immense snow ball, and being joined by their raccoon-coated dates skied the length of the hall and maneuvered at the center to form a large Q.

After the figure, watches were again synchronized, and the dance was resumed. Ere long Knauff gave a fanfare which meant that it was 11:30 P. M. and the dance was over. The couples fell back into the alphabetical lines and lock-stepped back to Burwell. There ensued a short but impressive ceremony in which selected dates were awarded the Queens Combat Badge for gallantry in action. Then, for a wonderful fifteen minutes the couples sat discussing world topics. Soon the lights began to blink indicating not that there was a shortage in the school's wiring system, but that it was time to say goodnight to our dates. There was frantic scurrying about, but soon all the boys were relieved of their handcuffs, and all the girls were led back to their cells — I mean, rooms.

Thus ended the first Queens dance of the season, with all of us eagerly looking forward to more of the same in the Spring.