

Queens Blues

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students
of Queens College

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A Sonnet to the Class of '45

We have marched these four impressioned years
To the grating music of a war march
Playing in tumultuous chords the cries of Death
In rhythm with the sobs of human tears.
We have not paused amidst our march of time
To linger on the carefree things that once be-
longed to youth
Knowing that our own in honor of the Truth
Are dying by each hour's quiet chime.
Challenged by "the hate of hate, the love of love"
It is our task to spread some ray of knowledge
learned
Into the shadowed stillness of our world—
Finding our guidance in the Light above—
That we may still with Truth and Beauty's
breath
This maddening march of War and Death.

From A Senior

It is almost time for the members of the class of '45 to don their caps and gowns and receive the diploma for which we have been working for four years at Queens. Four years seem like an eternity to a freshman looking into the future, but as we, the Seniors, look back on our college careers, we find that the years have passed in rapid succession. It seems only yesterday that we came as freshmen and we now find ourselves at the present time leaving as Seniors.

As the moment of departure draws near, we begin to turn over in our minds the countless intangible things which each of us will carry with us always. Naturally, no two of us has had the same experiences, known the same girls intimately, or shared the same joys and sorrows; however, each one of us will take the memories which we consider the best to represent our years here at Queens. We are deeply indebted to each student and faculty member for helping to create these remembrances.

When we came to Queens, we accepted the challenge of fulfilling what is expected of the students of a Christian college and a growing institution. We have witnessed many changes and improvements during our four years. We leave Queens with hopeful hearts and a sense of security, knowing that each of you will accept the same challenge to build a greater Queens. We, of the present, have kept faith with those Queens' students of the past who lighted the torch of tradition by cherishing its bright flame, and we now charge those of the future to accept the trust and to hold it high.

We hope that you will never forget us—for we certainly will

From Those Who Remain

It's a hard trial to say good-bye. Especially when those you are saying it to are persons who are as well as you Seniors. But after all, a big aim of college is to stick the four magnificent years out until you become a part of that envied and mighty graduating class. And the only way we underclassmen can console ourselves is by realizing that your leaving puts us one notch nearer to our goal.

It will be lonesome next year! We'll miss all of you girls who have shown us what it takes to make real leaders—and you scholars who have proved that striving for top grades is worthwhile—and you optimists who made us laugh when tears seemed the only way out—and you stylish and attractive beauties who have made us glance in the mirror and analyze ourselves more than once—and you athletes who have taught us the thrill of college sports—and you career women who have filled us with unexplored ambition—and you love-sick girls who have made us green with your display of diamonds—and last of all, everyone of you who has opened our eyes to the honesty, good, and beauty that must be in store for us on the road ahead.

We, who will still be holding up the foundations of Queens College next year, will be scanning the newspapers, and listening to all the news broadcasts hoping to hear of the exploits and new territories you have unearthed. We are really expecting a lot of you, Seniors, because as graduates of Queens, you are qualified and especially capable of scanning and remaining at the very peak of that tough ladder of success.

never forget you. We would like to close with the following lines:

"Time keeps no measure.
When true friends are parted,
No record day by day;
The sands move not for
Those who, loyal hearted
Friendship's firm laws obey."
—Meredith Nicholson.

The Last Will And Testament Of The Class Of 1945

We, the Class of 1945, realizing that the time is drawing nigh when we shall turn another bend in that long, long trail, believe that we have acquired certain unequalled traits, treasured talents, and valuable possessions which we would like to place for safe-keeping in the hands of those who shall tread our path in years to come. Thus, we leave Queens to face the future with enthusiasm and zeal as we go toward the different goals that tomorrow holds for each of us. With this in mind, we do enact, ordain, and establish this our last will and testament, declaring null and void any previous documents of this type.

ARTICLE I: To The Student Body
To the Juniors: We leave the trials and tribulations of a Senior year, accompanied by a loyalty and undying devotion to Queens College.

To the Sophomores: We leave our ability to get what we go after.

To the Freshmen: We leave our devilishness, as well as our unequalled class spirit.

ARTICLE II: To The Faculty

We leave you our sincere appreciation for all that you have done to pull us through our four years of study; also, we leave your classes free of the students of '45 who were responsible for many of your headaches.

ARTICLE III: To Individuals

I, Mary Lacy Bost, leave my Southern drawl to Marcella Linares.

I, Margaret Ezell, leave my secret of how to live with Student Body Presidents and like it to Virginia Jackson.

I, Eva Miller, leave my Army overseas to Nancy Chaffin.

I, Carol Kerschner, leave the bowling allies of Charlotte to Betty Bason.

I, Betty Barrentine, leave my queenly beauty to Elsie Blackburn.

I, Blanche Stevens, leave my love for preachers to Texanna Manning.

I, Mary Louise Whitmire, leave my love for Davidson to the Simpson twins.

I, Gwynn Shiflet, leave my latest musical composition to Rusty McMurray.

I, Jane King, leave Truman and all long distant calls at midnight to Laura Martin.

I, Beverly Murray, leave the camera club to Duke Photo Company.

I, Joanna Houchins, leave Mr. McCutcheon and Shakespeare to Mary McGill.

I, Shirley Bowman, leave Uncle Slug of the U. S. Army to Tica Carico.

I, Gloria Sutton, leave my ability to get along with men to Bea Potter.

I, Frances Bryan, leave my Varga shaped ankles and Sunday shoes to Sarah Jo Crawford.

I, Joyce Carpenter, leave my blue convertible to Anne Abernethy and Peggy Mitchell.

I, Doris Robins, leave my power to make money to Mary Katherine McArthur.

I, Mary Ramsey, leave all my broken test tubes to Flora Anna Nowell.

I, Betty Claywell, leave my typing ability and executive personality to Alice Tucker.

I, Marie Sitton, leave my Spanish shorthand to anyone who has spunk enough to try it.

I, Peggy Plonk, leave my Norfolk week-ends to Nancy Gardiner and Carolyn Hobson.

I, Betty Schaaff, leave my love for the North to Nancy Lea Brown.

I, Scottie Nisbet, leave Queens to take Bruce.

I, Bettye Welch, leave my clean saddles to Doris Nunn.

We, Betty Lou Spears and Margaret Ballard, leave Morris Field to Annice Miller and Terry Gooding.

I, Betty Carter, leave my mid-

night visits to Anne Tarrant.

I, Jeanette Wade, leave my chapel habits to Eleanor Huske, Chapel Conduct Chairman.

I, Elsa Turner, leave my 23 hours of Dr. Robinson's classes a week to Shirley Warner.

I, Virginia Ray Waltman, leave my nickname, Pee-Wee, to Ceci Bowen.

I, Betty Howard, leave my last name to Peggy Burns.

I, Emmy Wood, leave my flowers to Alyce Martin.

I, Claudia Paschal, leave my path to the Rec Room to Margaret Anne Johnson.

I, Mildred Smith, leave my love for the Navy to Lillian Smith.

We, Ruth King and Polly Fogle-son, leave our fusses to all those who fuss about them.

I, Annelle McCall, leave the bounce in my walk to add to B. J. Cochrane's swing.

I, Betty Kenyon, leave my week-end parties to Rue Guthrie.

I, Betty McGill, leave my impersonations and tall tales to Nancy Gordon.

I, Edna Adams, leave my secret

meetings and trips to the Plaza to Becky Nickles.

I, Tiny Duckworth, leave my size 9 dresses to Doris Skirrow.

I, Anna Fluck, leave my shy and retiring personality to Becky Lyerly.

I, Virginia Nell Smith, leave my curly hair to Gay King.

I, Agnes Mason, leave my love for the Air Corps to Jeanne Throckmorton.

I, Betsy Hodges, leave myself to Queens College.

I, Nadeene Darbyshire, leave my giggles to add to the charming laughs of Pud Smith and Ella Dunbar.

I, Sue Horn, leave my knitting to Maudine Blair.

We, the Class of '45, constitute and appoint the Senior Class of 1946 to serve as executor of this our last will and testament and to carry out to the best of their ability our final requests. In witness whereof, we have here-unto subscribed our names this thirtieth day of April in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Forty-Five.

Signed: Class of 1945

Per Betty Schaaff
Attempt-at-law.

Witnesses: Betty Sue Trulock
Melba Bailey

Prayer For A Daughter

I hope she is never bored by life, and will be spared the kind of misfortunes that permanently hurt and crush. As an incorrigible individualist myself, I hope she will never surrender that last secure refuge of the individual, the sense of her own personality. And I commend her to a mariner's prayer of old Greece: "You may sink me or you may save me, Poseidon, God of the Sea. But whatever you do, I'll hold my course straight." There have been few wiser and finer statements of the proper attitude of conscious man toward the immense but unconscious forces of Nature and of chance by which he is surrounded.

—WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN:
Confessions of an individualist
(The Macmillan Company, 1940)

SENIOR THANKS

I thank Thee
I'm allowed to be
Born in a land of liberty,
With beauty, wealth and love endowed;
A land to make the humblest proud.

A land, where each maid has a chance
If in that maid there lies
The faintest wish to scale the heights,
O'er which Old Glory flies.

Where every one a sovereign is,
And rules her own domain;
And yet her strength or weakness,
Forges or breaks the chain.

I thank Thee
That this privilege
Was given unto me,
And pray to sacred keep the trust
Imposed by Thee.

—E. M. YOUNG.