

### "Stuff Like That There"

Since our dignified seniors will soon be graduating, we've decided to give them the honor and distinguished privilege of our last gossip column. Your old snooping reporters have been working overtime on collecting dust, but don't think war has the monopoly on censorship! But maybe it's best—who knows, maybe you were in the choicest bit of hot gossip.

"We'll Remember" . . . Polly Foglesong's Boston b-r-o-g-u-e (or laryngitis, take yer choice) . . . Brawn—silver-tongued orator from North . . . Claudia's 6-ft. deep path to the rec (with B. Carter, of course) . . . cheeseburgers at the Grill . . . Peggy (Plonk) Anderson's hurried (but sweet) wedding . . . those hair-pulling practice teachers with their woeful tales . . . Tiny's Jack, Margaret's Olen, Joyce's Don, Barrentine's Johnny, Ezell's Wus, Kenyon's Iish, and Paschall's Rudy . . . the fun-packed days of Senior Week . . . a blue convertible chasing a tan Chevy thru Main Drag (red lights 'n all) . . . Betty Welch's numerous poises during Sr. Week . . . Mary Lacy and her charming grin . . . Sitton, Bryan, and Schaaff and their efficiency . . . Kerchner's artistic abilities . . . officers from Morris Field and "Blue Champagne" . . . and all such "stuff like that there."

Orchids, and black ones at that, are sent to Gwyn S. and Skirrow on their lovely recital. Also, to Frankie Bryan and Adams on their election as permanent class president and class secretary, respectively.

Seen at the P. Pit, "S." McGill and Betty Howard. Let us in on this Virginia beach trip, girls—room for one more?

Yi-pi-I-Ky-A (???) . . . Just any ole' time now Shirley Bowman can be seen dragging her donkey up thar' toward them hills. She's a rough hombre.

Frankie's new car has us a'sighing. A sweet girl, a beautiful car—what else could he want?

Could anyone forget quiet little Claywell and never-a-giggle Darbyshire? You'd never know they were around.

THIRD FINGER—LEFT HAND DEPARTMENT: And whose could it be but that of Blanche Stevens. You'll know her by the broad grin. Congrats, Marcus, you got a grand girl there. And just think of it—even school teachers do get married.

If any of you have a last minute term paper holding up your final grade, please see B. McGill or Jane King. And if you have time for a last minute picnic, call Cap'n Messick(?).

And Mr. Ripley, believe it or not yourself but Eva Miller has learned how to tell time. Just notice her constantly gazing at her new watch from France.

Ruth King, chief of the Quasi Pots, is hereby petitioned to keep all old and new Quasi Pots snugly lying in their beds. . . . especially at 4 A. M. in the morning. Pow-Wow!! And the other King senior, Janie, is likewise petitioned to use the telephone lines leading to her good-looking "Lu-lu" only between the hours 6 A. M. to 1 A. M.

Among those seniors attempting sun-kissed, and we don't mean son-kissed, complexions are Duckworth, Carpenter, Ballard, Paschall, "Pee-Wee", Hodges, and Wade. Try a little harder, lassies, and you may eventually "have something there." Other seniors are taking their remaining days at Queens in the shade, and use applications on the double of leg make-up and pan-cake.

Numerous seniors are looking forward to the sorority beach parties for that golden gift from Mother Nature. The Phi Mus, Kappa Deltas, Chi Omegas, and Alpha Gammas are heading toward Myrtle Beach following graduation, and the Alpha Delta Pi's are vacationing at Pawley's.

Whatever became of—the couple that liked "At Your Beck and Call"; the day an engagement was given a second thought; Hershey bars and nylons.

Now that the seniors are soon to leave "the halls of old Q. C. for a bungalow for two (?)", they've been overheard recently admitting their sadness in leaving. We're sad, too, Seniors, for you'll be missed as you march away. Let's always remember that we can always remain close as we go marching toward a Greater Queens.



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