

QUEENS BLUES



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FAREWELL, SENIORS

The seniors are leaving Alma Mater, and indeed, it is a sad occasion. Sad for those who have been held together in the bonds of classdom, sad for us who shall look for their familiar faces next year. They will go and will leave a big empty space which will call to mind the large place that this class of '32 has held in our hearts.

Every year the college may boast of losing a class of seniors who have excelled; let her boast long this year, for she is losing a class which has worked and has succeeded in accomplishing many worthwhile things. They have set a high mark toward which to strive; they have set ideals and standards which we should endeavor to make our own. Although we should like to keep our friends of the senior class with us, we are willing to part with them, because we know that wherever they go they will spread the glow they have left with us.

THE SENIOR WALK

Who has not seen and admired and appreciated the parting gift of the senior class? The winding walk which they have left as a memorial of their love and loyalty has added greatly to the beauty of the campus. We would extend to them our hearty thanks, with the hope that they will often return by way of it to visit us, who are so proud of them.

WELCOME, VACATION

Work is over. Three long months of summer vacation are ahead. The last class of the school-year has passed, and the last examination has been stood. Nine long months of hard work have been completed, and at last we face the joys of summer. No longer shall we think about class-rooms and study-periods; instead, our objects of greatest interest will be the next round of golf and the next set of tennis. We welcome this new spirit of freedom and release. It is a glorious feeling to realize that there are swimming, golfing, tennis and house parties instead of term papers and examinations.

In spite of the fact that the end of the school year is welcomed by all; in spite of the fact that many of us are eagerly looking forward to vacation, all of us will miss the companionship we have enjoyed together here. We have made many friends and have been held close together within the walls of Queens-Chicora. While saying welcome to summer we bid a fond adieu to our college.

HONOR STUDENTS

The two seniors making the highest scholastic records are Frances Johanson and Nina Norris. Frances Johanson is valedictorian of the class and Nina Norris is salutatorian. Both girls have done splendid work and deserve much credit and recognition. The valedictorian has been an outstanding student during four years of college, taking a great interest in the Student Volunteer Band and its far-reaching world interests. She edited the Edelweiss, college year-book of 1932. It is unusual for one under the burden of numerous excurricula activities to make such a splendid record. The salutatorian, Nina Norris, was grand marshal last year and during her college career has accomplished much in a broad course of subjects. Let us drink a toast to these two students who are an honor to Queens-Chicora.

THE SIGN

The student body has presented to the college the sign which stands in a very prominent place on the campus. The name of the institution is written in large gold letters against a black background.

CLASS SONGS OF '32

Seniors of Queens-Chicora,  
 The parting time has come.  
 Our happy school days ended,  
 They are forever gone.  
 Long have we been together,  
 True 'neath the blue and blue.  
 True may we be ever  
 Dear Q.-C. to you.

So seniors, let us gather,  
 Ere our pathways part,  
 To raise the song that's ringing  
 In every loyal heart.  
 To thee, O Alma Mater,  
 Our praise and love shall be,  
 And our ideals we'll cherish  
 E'en to eternity.

—Words by Margaret Lillard,  
 Music by Virginia Knee.

With colors streaming  
 And banners gleaming  
 We make our fond adieu  
 With happy faces  
 And loyal graces  
 We say good-bye to you.  
 Our color blue is friendship true;  
 The gold is wisdom from above.  
 Through work and play  
 From day to day  
 We've loved you class of '32.

—Words by Iris Bryson,  
 Music by Mary Ruth McQueen.

What's This Commotion?

Stir, stir, stir, scream, screech,  
 scramble, what's all this about?  
 Hurry, scurry, scramble, hurry.  
 Say, we being strangers here, would  
 like to know what everybody's up to!  
 Hanging around for quite awhile,  
 everywhere we go, someone's shout-  
 ing, "This time next week, this time  
 tomorrow, this time—this time!"

Drag, drag, drag, trunks, bags, suit-  
 cases, up and down the hall, all around  
 the room. Stuff, stuff, stuff—fret, fret,  
 fret, and still there's a lot to go in yet.  
 Where do they acquire so much junk?  
 Think, think, think, now how to get  
 home? A ride, hurry; call him on the  
 phone.

Will you explain this commotion?  
 Some are not quite so gleeful, seems  
 they would be almost tearful—they  
 have been here for four years and now  
 they are going to leave forever.

Seniors, you say—now let me see,  
 stir, stir, stir, I know what it's all  
 about, school's out!

