

## History Of Class Of '48

Four years ago on September 2, 1944 the largest freshmen class in the history of the school arrived at Queens College just in time for the fall monsoon season. The monsoon season is one of Queens's most treasured traditions; every year just in time for the incoming freshman class, Queens furnishes a young flood for a period of approximately a week. Our class being no exception, we were plunged into the throes of a rather damp Orientation Week. By the end of the week, we had undergone hand-book exams, been taught the Queens Honor System, and been entertained at various parties. It was still raining.

Rat day, the day of freshman persecution, soon arrived. Up until then I was not aware that the social status of a freshman was just one notch higher than that of a peon. On that famous, or I should say infamous, day we were subjected to various kinds of legal torture, all the while dressed as babies. From the twisted mind of some sophomore came the following slogan, which freshmen were expected to reel off at any moment: "I'm a putrid piece of protoplasm whose prime purpose on this painful path of progress is to pause and ponder."

Our freshman class chairman was "Winkie" Williams, now Mrs. John Watts. Our freshman class president was Nancy Gordon, still Nancy Gordon.

Rush Week came along and confusion reigned supreme. What a wonderful and terrible week that was! So many parties to go to and such an important decision to make. But, it was finally all over and things quieted down again.

Stunt night rolled around and the freshman class won second place with a skit entitled "Every Dog Has His Day But Mine Has His Week-End."

Those of our class tapped by Valkyrie that year were: Nancy Gordon, Betty Sue Trulock, Rusty McMurray, Eleanor Huske, Grace Lyons, and Suzanne Blackmon.

In the fall of forty-five our class, the largest sophomore class in the history of Queens, enrolled for another year of study—I use that term loosely, of course. Our class song, "Praise '48!" became a part of our tradition that year, especially with the chorus which everyone always fouled up. That year, feeling that we should have some material indication of our laudable status of sophomores and also feeling the need for money, we purchased class sweaters, which were the envy of the whole campus, and which are now those old faded white sweaters you see the seniors wearing.

On Rat Day we ruled the downtrodden freshmen with an iron hand. But Rat Court that night nearly resulted in a brawl due to the over-enthusiasm of the Junior class. However, no lives were lost in the fracas, and after removing all cold cream from door knobs, clear nail polish from soap, and cellophane from you-know-where, all was forgotten.

I hesitate to mention stunt night that year. Our skit was entitled, "The Romance of the Fleet" which, to use the language of the street, stank.

It was in the spring of that year we lost one of our most beloved faculty members, Miss Jo Langford, whose death was deeply felt by the entire student body.

During senior week that year we feted our sister class, the seniors, with a picnic supper and roller skating at Willamette Swimming Pool.

As nearly as I can figure out,

our Junior year was devoted mainly to raising money. We sold food at night in the dormitories and tons of Sunshine Greeting Cards. All this feverish money-making it seems was for the prime purpose of financing the Junior-Senior banquet and dance. This affair held at the Myers Park Country Club, turned out to be one of the best social affairs of the season. However, I think the senior class, especially Maude Dickson, still has a slight allergy to Sunshine Greeting Cards.

We will completely ignore Stunt Night of this year. It was called "Susie Ha-Ha Goes to College" and went over with all the success and glory of a lead balloon.

This year we participated in Class Day exercises. We had knocked ourselves out making a daisy chain to carry that day. But, of course, the inevitable happened—it rained. However, we got our caps and gowns from the seniors, and that was our chief concern, anyway.

In the fall of 1947 it dawned upon us that we were the senior class of Queens College. This came as a shock to most of us, and the full realization did not come until actually the first time that we had truly felt like seniors; it was quite a feeling!

It wasn't long until we discovered the plague of the seniors, that time-honored question: "And what are you going to do next year?" According to a recent poll, each senior has been asked that question approximately fifty times, which makes a grand total of 3,750 times the question has been asked, with two months to go.

We will definitely mention Stunt Night of our senior year. After two years of bitter defeat, old '48 finally attained second place again, for the first time since our freshman year. And we won the gallery cup!

Those of us honored this year were: in Sigma Mu, Geneva Applewhite, Eleanor Huske, Mary Katherine Nye, Eugenia Shive; and in Who's Who: Betty Sue Trulock, Eleanor Huske, Buford Bobbitt, Betty McMurray, Ruth Magrath, and Cathy Leeper.

There were also quite a number of us who received honors in another field, the field of matrimony. Mrs. Robinson graciously accepts full credit for any achievement in this field, from fraternity pins to wedding bands.

In January of this year the whole school was saddened by the death of our beloved nightwatchman and friend, Mr. McCoy. We of the senior class felt his death particularly, because he had been a part of our lives at Queens for nearly four years.

Now, here we are on the verge of senior week, with graduation just around the corner. For us one phase of our lives is drawing to a close and another is just beginning. And it is the uncertainty of this new experience that gives each of us the desire to cling to what we are leaving behind, and yet the desire to reach out to what lies ahead. But, whatever lies in our future, none of us shall ever forget our wonderful days at Queens and what its friendships and its inspirations have meant to us.

Laura Stroup  
Historian of class of '48

## New Teachers

(Continued from page 1)

til his retirement, was an American missionary to Cuba for the Presbyterian Church and founded the Progresiva, a school in Cardenas. He also inaugurated a program of civic betterment, which included a permanent organization of 1000 men in each of forty towns.

Mr. Burks, a native of Mississippi, attended Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss., and received the A. B. degree from the University of Alabama. He taught in high schools in Mississippi and Puerto Rico before going to the University of North Carolina as an instructor in Spanish and a graduate student in Romance Languages. Mr. Burks will be awarded the doctor of philosophy degree with a major in Spanish and a minor in French from the University at the June commencement.

## Dr. Hottel

(Continued from page 1)

the areas previously occupied by the Germans. She also met with members of the ministries of education as well as with faculty representatives and students in these countries regarding their educational needs. In private life Dr. Hottel is Mrs. A. S. Hottel, Jr., Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania.

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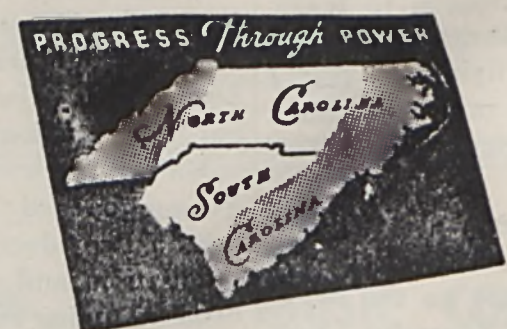
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