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Democracy

Is A Challenge To The Loyalty of Our Students

Today as never before democracy is threatened. What change in social order has brought this about? Just as feudalism and anarchism have become outmoded, democracy seems to be nearing a similar fate. It seems to have proved unsuccessful in meeting adequately many social and political problems of today. Yet in the evolutionary development of governments it is the most Christian principle ever applied. Only under this system have men learned to respect the rights of others, defend the weak, and uphold the ideals of liberty and above all happiness.

But at the present time militarism and a savage selfishness are choking the life out of our system. Why? The answer is clear. Totalitarianism has created a confirmed belief in its cause. The principles of condemnation of the rich and unfair equality are instilled deep into the hearts of its disciples. These elements stifle individual progress and national advancement. They exist, however, under a well-organized military machine with a purpose and a will to obtain its goal.

America hates to face these facts; she would rather believe only in peace, prosperity, and her ideals. But she must act; a passive nation has never attained or even maintained any goal. We must have a dynamic, stimulating belief in our cause. Never have such ideals of democracy been more needed than they are today. We must each have in our hearts a love for and an earnest belief in the ideals of democracy. We must feel them and live by them. We must be prepared not only with armaments, but also with a driving will to deliver liberty from the bonds of totalitarianism. The purpose of truth and right can overcome the ignorance of mass, brute force. Each of us must feel the importance of our link in the chain of national unity. We must be willing to support it with our whole-hearted strength to obtain the security of liberty.

As ever, America stands for the liberty that only peace and happiness for all mankind can achieve. We must dare to believe the right; we must dare to act upon these convictions. For only then will the blessings which we now placidly hope for be accorded unto us after an ardent struggle in the name of democracy. May we each be glad to accept this challenge and be worthy to be called a true crusader for democracy.

From THE GREEKS KAPPA DELTA

Most of the K. D.'s, after a wonderful Easter week-end, are back in the old routine, looking forward to the Junior-Senior banquet or the day when they will get upper classmen privileges. Martha Grandon, Ann Roddey, Whaley, Helen Lisk, and Libby went to the Sequoia Dance and said that they had a wonderful time. Speaking of Libby, its good to see her out having a good time again.

Jennie Linn and Mary Thompson went beach-combing for a house for the K. D. house party most of the week-end, and then Jennie Linn went home with Lib Taylor. Frances McBryde took Maurine home with her and did she show her the town of Raeford and how! Alice and Frannie also went home for Easter. Butch went home with her roommate and "Rene" went home to see her mother, but really saw Davidson, Citadel, South Carolina, and Clemson. At Sunday feed were the old and new officers of the other sororities on campus and the K. D. patronesses, and all the K. D.'s really enjoyed having them.

Winnie Pons got back Monday morning from Thomson, Ga., after spending a delightful week-end with Doris and Hazel Beckum. Marie Pons had a visitor from South Carolina and had a wonderful week-end, too. The rest of the K. D.'s spent a quiet week-end on or near the campus.

PHI MU NEWS

'Tis the flowers that bloom in the spring and one that will bloom soon is Ruth Wilkes who gets off campus this week-end. Speaking of flowers leads up to speaking of Easter which again leads up to speaking of flowers—the vicious circle. Everybody was wearing floral tokens of esteem from the o. and o. Some lucky few, i.e., Mildred Taylor, rated corsages in the plurality.

Mary Lazenby, Anne B., and Louise Brumley went to Concord for Easter, Mary as Anne's guest. Kilgo and Jeanne L. went to Winston-Salem for a Moravian Easter. Edith's planned trip to Limestone lost out in favor of a week-end with Charlie.

If Sunday night feed was any example to judge by, there must have been a lot of others away for the holiday. With two as-yet-unreported trips to Baltimore just behind her, Doris has another VICTOR-y march in view.

Visiting us at feed this week were Eleanor Lazenby, Mary Blakely (the A. D. P.'s shared her with us), and Nancy Baker.

CHI OMEGA

April 13 was such a beautiful day for the girls to show off their new Easter outfits and corsages. Among the fashion models were Tena, in an ultra green, which was stunning with her blond hair, and Cassie, in a bright red print.

A number of girls went out of town for the week-end. Doris and Hazel took Charlotte and Betty to Georgia with them. Mary Jo, our glamour gal, went off to Mount Airy to the Easter set. Betty Thompson, lucky girl, went to New York for five days and will, no doubt, have much to tell us about the new plays and sights when she returns.

Among the visitors at feed were Louise Blue, Tibby Dooley, Becky Patton, Virginia Womack, Lois Ritch, and June Childs' guests Gertie Peele, and Jane Betts.

Virginia Hickman, Chi of last year, announces that her wedding will take place April 28, in Arkansas. A good many of us would like to be there that day. Virginia should make a lovely bride.

Charlotte Williams is going to the State dances this week-end. They promise to be good. Sally Pardee is going to the D. A. R. convention at Washington, D. C. She is a page from the state of North Carolina.

A Sad Tale

Somebody Done Him Dirt—Poor Willie!

Willie was the gosh-nicest little snail you ever saw, and he belonged to Tommy Greene. He hadn't always belonged to Tommy; he didn't exactly belong to anybody when this story begins. He was a snail just like all other snails, which means that he carried his house on his back, and that he was sleek, and a bit sticky, and had the usual two feelers coming out of his head. When these feelers happened to touch a leaf, or twig, or anything else, they would be quickly drawn in and then let out ve-ry timidly, to see if whatever had touched them was still there. Usually it wasn't—but once it had been. This was the time that Joe Benton had gone out into his yard and found the snail sitting peacefully, stuck onto a rock and tending strictly to his own business.

"Hneh!" said Joe, pulling Willie from the rock, "Hneh!" (which is the sort of laugh that villains in Saturday shoot-em-ups laugh as they twist their long, waxed mustaches).

Poor little Willie had no idea that a veritable tornado had struck him. To him it was springtime, and the air was warm. So, innocently he pushed his head out of the round door and looked around. (Of course, he didn't really look around, because snails can't see, but he gave the impression). But something bumped his feeler, and he drew it in his slow haste. It was, as you have already guessed, Joe Benton, being hateful, and yelling all the while in fiendish glee at the way Willie drew his feelers back into his head. This happened over and over, till finally Willie, all discouraged, cried a few snail-tears and oozed completely out of sight into his shell.

Tiring of trying to tease a snail that wouldn't be monkeyed with, Joe tossed the thing into Mrs. Greene's yard next door, where it landed on the edge of a flower border which Tommy Greene was supposed to weed after coming home from band practice in ten minutes. Willie settled down completely exhausted, against a clod of dirt.

Pretty soon out came Tommy with a spade. He was just beginning to pull out a big weed when he spied Willie. Not wishing to disturb him, Tommy picked up the shell gently, very gently, and held him in his hand.

Cautiously, Willie slipped his head around a curve of the shell and looked out. Then his head slowly came through the doorway of his house, and he looked out further. Then he came out all the way down to his stomach, (if you can tell how far a snail's stomach is from his neck), just from pure joy, because he saw Tommy.

From the first moment Willie knew he liked Tommy, and Tommy knew he liked Willie. After that, wherever you saw Tommy you knew Willie was, too. When Tommy went down the street, Willie could be seen perched on top of his skull cap, with a little sticky trail across the top to show where he had slid along on his morning stroll. When Tommy practiced on his horn, Willie sat on the music stand, waving his head back and forth to "The Blue Danube Waltz." He was truly a dreamer, was Willie. There was music in his soul. And it was his only wish and desire in life to be near Tommy always.

Tommy seemed to grow more and more popular with everybody. At recess, if a group of knickered boys and pink-ribboned girls was bunched together on the playground, Tommy and Willie were always in the midst of them.

Then, one day in the cafeteria at lunch-time, somebody said was it true that if you put salt on a snail, he would melt? Of course not, Tommy told them. At least, he didn't think so. But if they wanted to see, wouldn't they please experiment on some other snail?

Willie, meanwhile, was sitting placidly on the side of a bread-and-butter plate, inspecting and approving of the way Tommy ate his dinner. At Tommy's left sat Joe Benton, the boy who had worried Willie that first day.

Now, it wouldn't have been quite so sad if Joe, naturally a bad boy, had done Willie bodily harm. But that Tommy, in reaching for a piece of cake without watching what his left arm was doing, should have turned over the saltcellar.

He didn't even know what had happened, until one of the girls said, "Goodness, where's Willie?"

And then he noticed a little puddle of something that was trickling down from the bread-and-butter plate onto the tablecloth.

Have You Heard?



Spring has sprung, fall has fell, summer is com' and its hot as—the dickens. To quote Mrs. Porter, "Mary Lyon isn't responsible for what she is doing these days." It won't be long now, you lucky gal!

Was it a man or mouse that caused the sensation in Morrison the other night? We understand Alberta D. is trying to purchase second hand hats. Peg Dorsey is sporting an S. P. E. sweetheart pin—yes, and another Shelby girl is the proud wearer of a Delta Sigma Delta frat pin. Have you noticed the increasing number of knit-wits? Three Morrison adventuresses are planning a post-Easter trip to Williamsburg and points North (East, South, and West).

Which' is worse, sunburn or sneezes—bet we know Miss Orr's answer. Three freshmen are certainly keeping their eyes open for a maroon convertible nowadays.

By the way, Mary Jo, what's that miraculous perfume that made three Carolina men send invitations for the May Frolics? Lost: Another man in the draft—return to J. Campbell—P. S. Maggie H. likes uni-

forms too; maybe its the army and maybe its the Citadel now.

Nugent just flew in with a report that Gladys is in love (and why not?) He also said that Mary Elise is too—what again? Who does "Spec" think about during classes—a good guess would be that Susan has something to do with it. Have Adair C. and Bobby really called is quits?

Florida must be an enchanting place. Winnie, did he really ride half the way back on the train with you? June Burks is sorta fond of the Sunny State, too, you know.—Wonder who Sara T. will sponsor for next—she certainly must know her Greek.

The Junior-Senior Banquet tops everything in conversation. Rumor has it that some pickaninnies are planning to attend. Dot and Mary Marshall deserve a bushel of orchids for the amount of work they are doing on the banquet! While Uncle Sam is hindering everybody in deciding whom to ask, Golden is bringing McDonald, not friend Flora, either.