

SOCIETY

Eula May Jones and Elizabeth Leake are spending Sunday in Greensboro.

Isabelle Pollock, Anna Preston, Cokey Preston, and Dolly Blair are attending mid-winter dances at Davidson. Mary Brooks will be at Davidson on Saturday.

Alice Stough will be in Greensboro and Rachel Bray at her home in Mount Airy this week-end.

Elizabeth Leake, Harriet Holderness, and Gertrude McNair were in Lexington Thursday at a tea given for Mrs. Charles Hargraves, formerly Eva Hackney.

Elizabeth Willis is in High Point visiting her cousin, Carter Farris.

Margaret Wessel, now a sophomore at N. C. C. W., is the guest of Georgia Huntington this week-end.

Obscene Humor In College Publications

Student Editors Say Humor Must be New and Clever

By HOLLEY J. SMITH

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other than assuring fond parents that their offsprings are reading pure literature, they would cease to pay attention to censorship. For if students want dirt, they can get it easily enough. It is certainly not a question of depriving the youthful mind of obscenity.

As to the recent suspension of several magazines—nothing is likely to result, since various magazines have been suspended from time to time since their origin. And they always spring up again under a new name, or with a new lease of life from the faculty, who repent of their harshness after the offending editors have left school.

These magazines may have been obscene in the minds of the faculty members who examined them. For obscenity has a greatly variable definition to different people. Personally, I do not think the Lord Jeff was obscene, at least the latest copies I have read.

The entire problem will undoubtedly be solved very satisfactorily by itself, as soon as the righteous indignation of the censors has worn off, and they relent.

It is a known fact that the presence of a censor only excites the staff to greater efforts to see whether they can slip something by, or to see what extent they can proceed without reprimand. The abolishment of censors would be a desirable thing.

I would advise clever dirty, and a bit of caution on the part of the editors and staff. The matter certainly is not one for great concern.

By HENRY AVERY

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mother—and grandmother was pretty advanced in her day. It is rather too bad that such close supervision must be, but the fact remains that it is. In the case of one or two of our contemporaries, now suspended, we wonder that they got away with it as long as they did. Perhaps it is splitting hairs, but it seems as if there is a difference between a pun which is a third meaning and the out and out smoking car story. They didn't seem to realize this difference until the faculty pointed it out to them—and in the meantime every foreign reader of their magazine was forming a frowsy conception of their school.

It all gets back to the original tenet. A dirty story is all right if it is funny and if you haven't heard it before. But they are usually dull and you've usually heard them before—we should like to hear a story from a censor once that was really nice and dirty, just to find out how their mind runs. It ought to be fun.

THIRD FLOOR BITTING

As Seen by Cleo and Theo

Three flights of steps... a narrow hall... strains of "A Faded Summer Love" drifting thru a door... voices chattering... a shriek... and then, laughter...

"Cleo—did you hear that? "Did I? Grace Brown is the only person who can screech like that."

"What is it, a bull session or Spank Tail Hearts?" "It's got to be one of the two... waa!

More voices... one more laughter... more music... then "Oh, Da—say you didn't tell Tom that!" a maidenly gasp from Pat.

"You idiot!"... Ber Miller's manly voice. "Ooo Oooey" (meaning out) from Spag, the French major.

"Oh pool pooh!"—Dot Taylor's babyish squeak. Groans issuing from the room... then giggles—

"Oh Lord—do I get beat again! Aunt Alice's (Philpott's) sophisticated murmur.

And... "Urpp!... What a bump that turned out to be." Mary Mitchell's calm shriek.

Loud thumpings... violent whacks... confusion. "Cleo, it's Spank Tail Hearts!

"Come on, let's get in for the spanking." Feet tearing down the hall... greetings... door slamming...

"Lo girls!... "Join the game!... "You all haven't been studying, have you!... you cissies... "We're ready for a bull session now..."

"Ooh... bull session," a despairing groan from Braxton... "You all go go bed or else—move down on second... I've just got to sleep... practicing teaching tomorrow."

More noise drowning out the music... always noise drowning out everything... midnight oil... candles burning at both ends...

ORDER OF THE SCORPION ISSUES TEN INVITATIONS

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These, together with minor duties such as clean-up campaigns, are the works of the organization. Reinforced by the recently acquired members, the organization hopes to multiply its usefulness.

SOME MERRY QUIPS

"Don't worry, you won't be convicted. The jury will disagree." "What makes you think so?" "I'm absolutely positive. Two of the members of the jury are man and wife."

"A man is never older than he feels," declared the old boss. "Now, this morning I feel as fresh as a two-year-old!"

"Horse or egg?" asked his steno, sweetly.

Wiggs: "My wife is a wonderful vocalist. Why, I have known her to hold her audience for hours—"

Wiggs: "Get out!" Wiggs: "After which she would lay it in the cradle and rock it to sleep."

"I hear your son is getting on." "Rather. Two years ago he wore my old suits—now I wear his."—Berling's Hidené (Copenhagen).

A PLEASING COMBINATION

Little Willie: "Mom, you said the baby had your eyes and daddy's nose, didn't you?"

Mom: "Yes, darling." Willie: "Well, you'd better keep yer eye on 'im. He's got grandpa's teeth now."

Young Jimmy was pushing his baby sister's perambulator down the street.

"Hey, Jimmie," called his buddy from across the street, "do you get paid for that?"

"Naw," replied Jimmy indignately, "this is a free wheeling job."—The Wheel.

STRONGER THAN DEATH

(A Chinese Legend, translated by Zhu Yologodsky)

Long, long ago, when faithfulness and love were not yet silly tales, worthy of laughter, in one of the provinces in the heart of China there lived a young man named Chan-ao. He was tall and stately, and his strong muscled hands could bend iron as easily as a child breaks a straw.

And he loved a girl, whose name was Fei-jan, which means a "Flying Swallow." She was indeed like a little swallow. Light and graceful, vivid and gay, she sang all day long. The whole village admired her black and oblong, almond eyes, her lips, red like the petals of a fresh rose, her thin, curved eyebrows, and her cheeks soft and plump, like a peach, resembling in color the shade of the morning sky.

There were many of those who followed the tracks of her little feet, which carried her so swiftly from place to place. But she loved Chan-ao.

And every time, when with the evening dawn she walked to the river to meet at last her loved one on the bridge, she could hear from afar his joyous, and gentle song, calling her. Her heart palpitated, like a bird, her soul opened, like a precious white lotus.

Once, telling him goodbye, she said: "I will come when the sun sets. Wait for me here on the bridge."

The sun, wrapped in gray clouds, was hiding behind the hills, and the red reflections on the sky seemed to be flames of a great fire, when Chan-ao came to the bridge.

The river below him was clamorous; it was the time of spring rains and the water rose so high, that it almost reached the bridge. But the young man sang with unconcerned air, looking in the direction from where his Fei-jan always came. Even the rain didn't bother him. Could the wind and the rain stop his beloved, who promised to come? The water rose still higher; now it was licking the sides of the bridge under the feet of smiling Chan-ao. But Fei-jan could not be seen.

The wind threatened to carry away the bridge. Homeless souls cried complainingly and sighed around him; the evil spirits laughed, whistled and howled above his head. But he, clenching tightly the rails of the bridge, stood there looking in the direction from which Fei-jan was to come.

He waited, because faithfulness for him was not just a meaningless word. The water crept to his waist and embraced his body with a leaden ring. But didn't Fei-jan tell him that she would come? And he waited.

The water reached his chin, he heard how the bridge was cracking and breaking. But even in this moment, when he felt the bridge sinking under his feet, even then he did not let loose the iron clasp of his hands. His last look was directed there, from where his beloved promised to come and when the enraged river swallowed him, his last thought was: "Fei-jan will come, she can not deceive."

He waited because he was faithful and he loved.

The whole evening and night Fei-jan stayed at the bed of her sick father. Neither the wind, nor the rain could stop her—but a daughter's respect is higher than anything else.

Only in the morning, when the wind calmed and the rain ceased, when the rejoicing sun made golden the tops of distant blue mountains, only then could Fei-jan leave the house. Like a swallow, that saving herself from a hawk, she rushed to the bridge. She knew that Chan-ao was waiting for her and she was not mistaken—she was waiting.

With a smile on his dead lips, with glass eyes, with his hands holding the rails of the half-broken bridge, he was waiting.

And then she came. But she called him in vain. In vain she kissed his dead lips and his frozen eyes,—he was dead.

Then she looked down into the blue waves and took the hands of Chan-ao—and a miracle happened, the hands that neither the wind nor the enraged river could unlock, opened for Fei-jan.

Embracing him with her white arms and pressing her red lips to his she jumped into the calmed waves of the blue river.

... Because in those far away times, faithfulness and love were not yet silly tales, worthy of laughter.

RAIN

The street gleams in the rain. I am surrounded by the dampness, by the black trees that are stamped against a moving grey sky. Unreal people pass me—people wrapped in non-revealing slickers. Occasionally a car splashes by on the left. Cold drops of rain fall on my nose only to slip off and become a part of the perforated pool through which I am wading.

I leave the street and seek a path through a nearby grove. Beneath my feet the wet leaves form a noiseless carpet. Above the rain beats a tit-tat on the unfallen leaves. A moist limb swipes my cheek. I seem to be surprised by peeping drops. Everyday life is carried away in the rain streams. I am alone. My world is my world and mine alone.

—Kathleen Adins.

A FEW INCIDENTALS

Any Suggestions?

Boxes have been placed in each dormitory and in the day students' room for suggestions for improvement of Salem. If you want a new gym or dining-room, now is the time to tell the trustees about it by putting a slip in a box. Don't forget, though, the trustees are not interested in how many light cuts you are allowed a week or why under-classesmen cannot go across the street during the morning. Wait until boxes for student government improvements are put out before you start complaining about privileges. How about some snappy suggestions?

No Music Hour Music students heard with regret that this week there was to be no Music Hour.

Post-Exam Celebration On Monday night the second floor of Louisia Biting went to the Blue Willow for dinner. The girls, not the floor, were celebrating the end of exams, no doubt.

Advertisement for Efir's Department Store, Rankin Ice Cream Co., and The Blue Willow. Includes text: 'Efir's Department Store Quality Without Price', 'Rankin Ice Cream Co. READY TO SERVE - ENJOYED BY ALL', 'Mrs. Campbell will send her car for you if you wish to come to THE BLUE WILLOW FOR LUNCHEON OR DINNER', 'NEW SPORT SUITS \$6.95 In The Bright New Spring Colors Sizes 12 To 20 D. G. CRAVEN COMPANY', 'THE IDEAL'S GREAT REMOVAL SALE Offers Unusual Savings on Wanted Merchandise THE IDEAL "The Best Place to Shop After All"', 'Electricity—The Servant in the Home', 'It does the cooking, refrigerating, sweeping, washing, ironing and other tasks—and does them all more efficiently and with the expenditure of less effort on the part of the housewife than you can imagine. If your home is not thoroughly electrified you are missing much that makes life worth while.', 'SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY'