

Bumps Makes Herman Wait For Answer While She Dreams Of The Boy Next Door

By Elsie Macon

Bumps sat on a log of driftwood and dug her big toe in the wet sand. The tide was coming in. If she stretched her leg out straight, the waves just touched her foot. Her eyes followed the line of her leg over the upturned toes and down a wave that was breaking. She saw Herman's hair rising on the surface. He had a crew cut, and his hair looked like a little tuft of grass growing on the crest of the wave. The wave broke and Herman yelled.

"Come on in again. These breakers are swell."

Bumps didn't answer and Herman started pulling himself through the water toward her.

I wonder why he even wears a bathing suit, she thought. His knees stick out, and he's so skinny. He looks like a baby in a sagging diaper — and that hair brush he calls hair — and those freckles!

"Whew! I'm wor—worn out-t-t. What a swim. Uhhhhh. I feel wonderful."

Huh. He looks to me like he's going to faint, she thought.

Herman sat down on the log and Bumps stood up.

"Awwwwww. Don't go in Priscilla." Herman always used that name when he wanted her to do something for him.

Asks Her To Party

"Jane's having a tacky party tomorrow night, and just as a special favor to you I'm asking you to go."

"Well, Herman Weaks, since you're so conceited, you can just wait for my answer—Goodbye!"

"Answer, Bumps — please," followed Bumps as she ran up the sand hill to her cottage. She looked out of the corner of her eye at the Busy's cottage. Mrs. Busy's nephew had arrived last night to stay for a week. Bumps had watched him from her room as he took his bag out of the car. She couldn't see him very well because it was dark, but she could tell he was tall and had big broad shoulders. She missed the first step of the walk and skinned her leg.

"Darn", said Bumps.

She ran up the walk, across the porch and slammed the screen door. The salt water trickling down her body made dark green puddles on the green rug. She frowned and blew a big pink bubble.

"Bumps! Stop chewing that awful gum—and Bumps, you're dripping on my new rug. I thought that when you finally reached thirteen, you would grow up."

"Yeth Mofther." The bubble popped. Bumps grinned at her mother, but Mrs. Prim had turned to the kitchen and was cleaning a cabbage in the sink.

Bumps turned and ran up the fourteen steps to her room in the loft. She stepped out of her yellow swim suit and left it on the floor. In the mirror she saw her nose. She had three new freckles and a big piece of burned skin stuck up on the end. What if a boy saw her now? She was beginning to look better in a bathing suit though. For thirteen she did rather well to pooch out a little in the right places.

Bumps practiced a sultry smile she had seen Lora Lush use in her latest movie. Her eyes stared in

indifference and she looked as if she had swallowed something that tasted bad. Wonder what effect that would have on Herman? Yesterday she had worn her best dress out on the beach to impress him. He had asked her if she wanted to go crabbing. She didn't really like Herman. He was such a child.

"Bumps—Bumps!"

"Yes Mother — I'm coming." Bumps pulled on a playsuit. It was too tight and a button popped off.

"Darn," said Bumps.

"Bumps!!"

"Coming, Mother." She shuffled down the steps and stuck her head in the kitchen door.

"Dear, I've the most exciting news. I rode to the grocery store this afternoon with Mrs. Busy and she told me all about her nephew, Clark. He is fifteen, likes girls, and will be a junior in high school next fall. Now, dear, don't get your hopes up, but since the Busy's do live next door I thought maybe

"Ohhhh Mother, do you think he might come over? Good-y, good-y." Bumps jumped up and down.

"Dear, do be calm. Sometimes I think you're just like your father's sister. No wonder that awful nickname stuck. Why, when I was your age I—"

Without waiting for the rest, Bumps bounded out of the room and up the fourteen steps to the loft. Not much time before supper. Where was that article on how to apply mascara in three easy steps?

Uses Mascara

All through supper Bumps was silent except one time when mascara dripped in her left eye, and she had to use her napkin to get it out. Mr. Prim looked at her eyes. "I thought the tacky party was tomorrow ni—"

"Hush Sam—Are you going out this evening, Bumps?"

The door slammed hard, but Bumps didn't care. The sand felt good oozing between her toes as she walked toward the ocean. She saw the old log of driftwood and sat down. The wind blew her hair across one cheek, and it smelled strongly of her new perfume—"Moonlight Madness."

Looking up, she saw the first star. It winked at her.

"Star light, star bright, first star I've seen tonight —" Behind Bumps, the lights of the cottages blazed in a neat row. Just think, a real fifteen year old man. He would ask her to the party. She would wear her mother's black dress and high heels. It was a tacky party but she would look sophisticated and Clark would say "Oh Bumps, I mean Priscilla, how beautiful you are."

"I wish I may, I wish I might—" "Have the wish I wish tonight."

She looked up startled by the voice that finished for her. Clark? Oh nooooo! Herman! "Hi Herman!"

Inge Writes

Mrs. Heidbreder received this card from Inge Sigmund, special student last year from Vienna, with greetings for all the Salem students:

With this, card I want to send you my best wishes for a very happy Easter! The Salem campus must look real nice and green already and the birds must be singing in the May Dell—Is there anybody studying down there this year, among the "tall virgin trees?" Best Easter greetings to all the faculty and students! I want to leave for the mountains tomorrow to go skiing. Best wishes!

Inge Sigmund

News Briefs

Joanne Moody and Freda Siler were elected president and treasurer of the Lablings for 1952-53. Theresa Hedrick, retiring president, presided at the monthly meeting held last Tuesday night in the Science building. A picnic was planned for an afternoon in May.

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Any student interested in applying for a general scholarship for 1952-53 should contact Miss Perryman, chairman of the Committee on Scholarships, or Miss Hixson immediately.

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The Sophomore Class elected Sarah Sue Tisdale, Jean Shope and June Williams as representatives for the I. R. S. Council. Barbara Allen and Alison Britt were elected Y representatives, and Caroline Ross is to be the new softball manager.

Plans are already being made for next year's activities. The orientation committee met April 22 to plan fall orientation and the booklet "Attention Please". The handbook committee met April 24 to prepare next year's student handbook and on April 28 the Finance Board which sets the student budget will meet.

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Plans to stay with parents or friends in Winston-Salem over May Day must be arranged at the usual sign out periods on Thursdays and Fridays. Mrs. Heidbreder requests that no student ask the deans to approve such arrangements on Saturday during the May Day festivities.

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The I. R. S. held its third annual birthday dinner last night in Corrin Refectory.

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

No. 41...THE MAGPIE



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