

South Fights Leaky Ceiling, Piano Tuners

By Jane Brown

This is the story of South Hall. It is not a tale of woe. Some will think it amusing and some who understand will sympathize as they laugh.

One midnight (or most any midnight) when everyone was calmly sitting down industriously studying tomorrow's trig or latin, there was a soft whirling sound followed by a louder gurgle and then by a steady drip, drip.

Each girl manned her station. One moved the wastebasket; one carefully placed an empty coffee cup on the floor and another situated an ash tray on the card table under the smallest leak. Just an ordinary happening "Gloria" was on the rampage again. Then came the climax. People running around in pajamas and night shirts, yelled frantically for the night watchman.

The ceiling was slowly cracking and crumbling and sagging in the middle when Mister Night Watchman came to the rescue. Water was standing in the upstairs hall but we were saved. We were safe for another week—so we thought. Too bad—some person asleep the night before committed the same crime—the evidence was there but the culprit was gone. Ah well, just one of those days!

That's not all. We have piano tuners at eight o'clock on Saturday mornings and early movies and children's art classes above us. These all serve to remind us that it is another day. Our walls have corroded from constant leaking caused by Salem rain. Cold showers with rusty water give us a nice tannish tint and by absorbing it we can leave our iron tablets in the cabinets.

We have our claim to campus fame too through "Boop" and Tyler. "Mother" Chapman passes out advice to the love lorn on the art of hooking a man.

We have our troubles; we have bad times; we complain, but we love it. This is our story.

Gramleys Entertain

The Class of 1953 held their annual senior dinner last Wednesday night in the Club Dining Room. Also present for the affair were Dr. and Mrs. Dale H. Gramley, Dr. Ivy M. Hixson, Mrs. Amy R. Heibreder, Miss Aileen Smoke, and the class sponsors, Miss Jess Byrd and Mrs. Nell Starr. Entertainment was provided, after which a social hour was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Gramley.

After dinner the seniors played parlor games under the direction of Mrs. Gramley.

Each senior received a gift of a gold Salem bracelet from Dr. and Mrs. Gramley.



Salem's "Miss Charm", Lu Long Likes Tailored Clothes, Music

By Betsy Turner

"My name is Ogburn", Lu Long said with a teasing smile, when I walked into her room. Lu Long showed me a new spring dress that she had just bought and explained that her favorite type of clothes are tailored ones with unusual lines and contrasting colors.

Lu Long was elected "Miss Charm of 1953-54" by the Salemite and I. R. S. She was chosen on the basis of poise, personality and personal appearance, replacing last year's "Miss Charm", Frances Williams.

Lu Long hails from Smithfield and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Ogburn. Like all people from Eastern N. C., she loves her part of the country. "I never realized how much I would miss N. C.," she said, "until I went to Europe last year. We had a wonderful time but it still wasn't home."

She admitted, however, that she got a bargain in London that was much better than home. While she was there she bought a British tweed suit that was really a bargain.

This 5'9" brunette is a music major. As all music majors know, this makes every day a busy one. In addition to her music, Lu Long is the rising senior class president, chief marshal, a varsity basketball player, and is also interested in swimming, softball, and ice skating. She loves to read but says that writing is not one of her achievements.

It was only a year ago when

Lu Long went to Atlantic City for the Miss America contest. She took third place with stiff competition, since the 48 states were represented and several foreign countries.

The night prior to the finals, Lu Long and Miss Sweden were on a T. V. program. It was a new experience for Lu Long, and the most unusual part of it was that she didn't understand a word of the conversation.

One of Lu Long's main interests is a junior at Chapel Hill who is also from Smithfield.

When I asked what her plans were for the future, she said, "My plans are very indefinite but I love to sew and cook—if that's a hint." So, evidently, we aren't the only ones who find Lu Long attractive, talented, and poised.

If you are wondering what qualities Lu Long admires in Mr. Charm, she says that above all he must be well mannered, ambitious, and thoughtful. Although she didn't realize it, these are three of Lu Long's own qualities. So, congratulations "Miss Charm of 1953!"

Bebe Tells Tearful Story Of Her Infatuation And Love

By Bebe Boyd

The other night after I had translated Spanish and Latin and read a story in English, I picked up two other books—**Mad Comics** and **True Love** magazine. Immediately I was confronted with the problem of choosing a story to read. Some were titled "I Traded My Home Town Love For A City-Slicker", "I Hated My Sister," "My Parents Were Poor," "My Mistake" and "Flob Was A Slob." My true experience should be in **True Love** magazine.

Listen and Learn

My name is Lansa Ansa, typical American girl! Yes, from Hester College. And I'd like to tell you my story. I've paid for my mistakes. Profit then by my mistakes! Read then, the story of my life then, for this then, is my true confession!

It all started when I was 18 and a freshman at Hester College. I was walking over to the post office hoping to receive a letter from Laggy (my hometown boyfriend). My lips became hungry and my cheeks flushed and my body trembled as I thought about Laggy. I also had planned to go to Lot's, the drug store.

As I crossed the street I realized that I was in the middle of the street with cars and trucks and the mail truck bearing down on me. All of a sudden a mighty hand reached out from the gutter, got a firm hold on my ankle and jerked me to the curb. That was the fatal meeting of HIM. Lombard Him was his name. I remember his chestnut skin, his chestnut eyes, and his chestnut teeth as he held me breathlessly to him. He grasped me in his strong chestnut fingers. He was frightening, exciting, intriguing—a real blob! He crushed me to him. I fought like an octopus.

He Was Wonderful

The next few weeks were madness. He entertained me royally. We danced at Lot's. Yes, he really entertained me—there was the theater where we saw tragedies, musicals, a Captain Space serial! And then there it was—LOVE. But everywhere I was followed by the thought of Laggy.

However, Lombard and I were superbly happy for we knew how to share what we had—I paid for the entertainment and transportation, and Lombard paid the tips. But I became suspicious of him one day when he came running out of Lot's carrying the cash register. Why should he run? Lombard was

up to no good. And I began to regret our relationship. I decided to leave. I left. Yes, I left—no more to feel the ignis (fire) of his kisses or to see the Captain Space serial.

I Have Learned

You can guess the rest of my story. Now I am back with my love. Now I know where I belong, back here on the corner across from Lot's selling "horse" (dope) to the Hester College students. I have learned my lesson—yes, and I have paid for the knowledge—yes, and yes, again. Remember, never cross the street without punching the red-light signal.

Dejection

By Mary Anne Raines

This ode, with apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, author of "Dejection: An Ode," depicts the panicky feeling I get everytime an English teacher calls upon me in class.

The day was warm and sunny. The sky was blue and fair. A thousand little rosebuds showed That spring was everywhere.

I walked into my "lit" class, And opened up my book. The teacher with her roving eye Gave me a searching look.

I squirmed and turned and thought of work That I had left undone, And the hours I had spent Out basking in the sun.

The teacher's eye alighted. I knew that I was next. With sweat appearing on my brow, I glanced into the text.

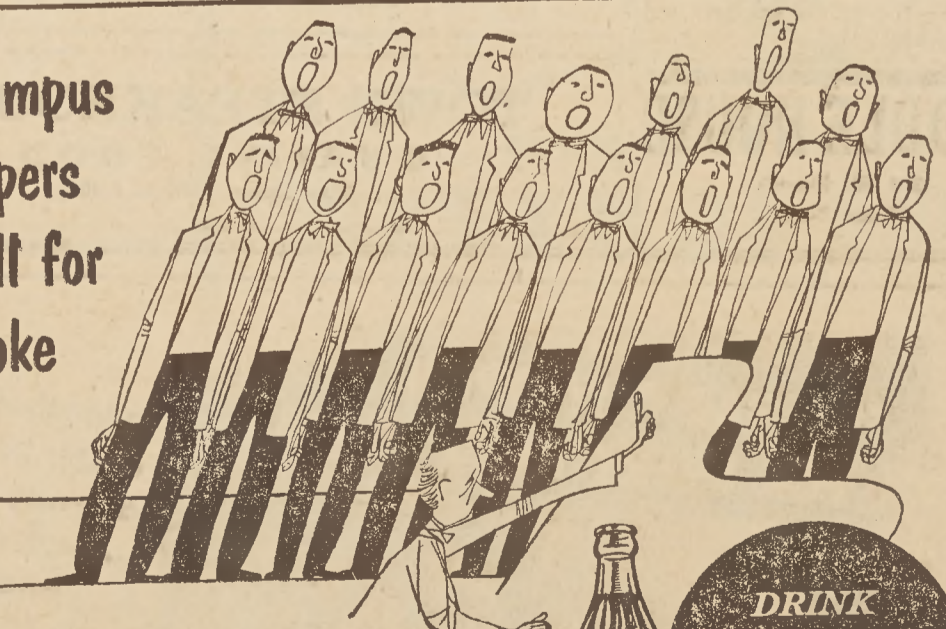
"Would you like to tell me, Miss, And tell me very well How Wordsworth's 'Tintern Abbey' Compares with 'Christobel'?"

My mouth was dry and sticky. My hands were far from dry. My mind went blank as there I sat Beneath that glittering eye.

Three seconds passed too Then she went on her way. slow-y. One little thought remained behind: "Another 'F' today".

The moral of this story, And you'd better listen, buddy, If you're in English lit class, DON'T FORGET TO STUDY!

Campus capers call for Coke



Rehearsals stretch out, for the big Glee Club tour is ahead. Work and worry call for a pause—so, relax... refresh with ice-cold Coke.

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