

# Gos-Lip

Well here goes girls—what you are about to read may seem trite—but it isn't!

Everytime you turned around last week-end the bells were ringing. The Bell Hops from Oak Ridge really were taking Salem in. Ann Mills, Betsy Boney, Mary Wells Bunting, and Sallie Hamilton were taken out by the ORMI. Of course the Oak Ridgers stopped in for a short game of basketball and also took a look at the beaten-up hockey field. Ann Dysart says she has been looking at that field too—frankly my dears, hockey is on her mind—not Bell Hops. Hope the fellows will make their bells ring good Saturday afternoon at the Tea Dance!! Thanks wee ones. But on—more names please all.

Oh yes! Guess Miss Helen McMillan should be at the top of this list but I don't guess she minds being second rate this time now that she's first rate in that young navy man's heart. To you both congrats, best wishes, and stuff. Maybe that Home Ec. major will come in handy!!

Ah! the navy—what a huge territory that word takes in. One fellow of the Navy—only it's the Merchant Marines—still keeps roses blooming in this weather. Teau says she just always did like red roses.

Some girls stay up at this place and make news but folks like Mary Bryant go home and receive good news to the fact that Verne is home. Home—home. That's a wonderful place isn't it D. Little? Golly in about one week, five days, four hours, twenty-seven minutes, and fifty-four seconds you'll be home. Just don't have such an unlucky bus trip as the McEwens. And speaking of home Annabel, isn't it a grand place . . . especially when you can Pick-itt, rather pick him, from the Air Corps.

Gosh, here we are with another branch of the service—the Air Corps. You know when you think of a fellow in the Air Corps you usually think of them as A-1 but some are A-20—aren't they "Willie" Williams. There's another Air Corps man whose making a direct hit on "Mike." Yep, Taylor is going to be at the dance girls. And McGee!!! First it's a Air Corps man then it's a sailor and now it's a plain army man. Gracious, with all those insignia on the back of your raincoat it looks like you've got plenty of plain old Army friends. So he will B-24 some day — you'll B-19 and that's the best.

And by the way it's more fun to receive news second-hand about a close friend. "Liz" hears "Mike" may be home soon and Jean Pierce hears David has made a trip to Fort Bragg. Oh well, while we're bragging take this one in girls. Bunny starts to ask a fellow up to the dance but the fellow beats her to it and asks her to a dance. But then there's the case about bragging or complaining. Eva Martin had a blind date for the dance—you know these girls that walk in the IRS spotlight must have a gent to accompany them.

Speaking of accompanying, that's about all the Seniors are really thinking of. Yep, Christmas vespers is coming soon (goodie) and the seniors must have a page to accompany them.

Seniors, seniors, juniors, sophomores, and freshmen, too. Do you have friend troubles? Does your best male sit home and read a book before the fire? Then consult Mrs. Mary Ellen Byrd Anthony who can clear up your problems in no time. Just see her in the smokehouse by appointment.

And now we come to the timely subject of the "weed shortage." Well Lucy Sheffield doesn't seem to find a weed shortage or a man shortage or a gas shortage. I just love yellow convertibles.

By the by—all the gals just love that subject biology. Really the "burnt-holes in white sheets" are beginning to look like beetles instead of sag-bags.

Just think when I do save a nickel for a coke, the old machine says empty. When speaking of nickels I

# Engaged



Helen McMillan

The engagement of Helen McMillan to Lt. Earnest Briscoe Rodgers was announced last week-end by Helen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McMillan of Knoxville, Tennessee.

Helen, an outstanding member of the Junior Class, is a Home Economics major. She has been on Salem May Court each year she has been at Salem and is shown above as she appeared in the court last year. She is a Junior Marshal this year and Copy-Editor of the Salemite.

Lt. Rodgers, known as "Bud," is the brother of Lt. Cowan Rodgers who married Helen's sister Nancy. He returned to the west coast last Wednesday after ten months of service on an aircraft carrier in the South Pacific. He is a graduate of the University of Tennessee where he belonged to the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. He accompanied Helen to Salem on Wednesday.

The wedding date has not yet been arranged but the ceremony promises to be one of interest with Helen as the "loveliest of brides."

# "Y" Column

Santa Claus is coming to town! Yes siree, with reindeer, holly, bells and lights. Isn't it a wonderful feeling to know that we can help Santa to find the way to the Colored Childrens' Home! We did this most successfully last year by each two or three girls taking a child and providing for it. This year Helen Robbins has been in charge of the list. In case you haven't received one yet, don't cheat yourself out of this added Christmas joy. See Helen at once.

On top of all of your gifts which consist of anything from jack stones to sweaters, the Y. W. C. A. gives to the home enough money for a Christmas party. If you'd like to know the conditions of the children and home, ask some sociology student. They can tell you in no uncertain terms how badly our gifts are needed and what good usage is made of what they have.

I am always reminded of the telephone. And while we're on the telephone subject—from Sisters we hear Mary Holt was really on the phone talking to Roy Muse (?). Quite an amusing, shouting conversation, eh. Well girls they say love is blind so if you've got a blind date—you've got a date.

See next year's column. More fun

Jane Frazier will sing the soprano solo parts and Mr. Bair the tenor solo parts in a presentation of Handel's "Messiah" in Chapel Hill Tuesday, Dec. 19.

# Girls

By Peggy Davis

For centuries novelists, poets, lovers, psychologists — numerous people—have searched for a classification of girls. They have looked for a method by which they can judge girls by certain characteristic factors. For instance, some people think that girls can be classified according to their mentality, or their various degrees of beauty, or their skill, or their tastes. I have a method that is practically infallible.

Girls can be classified according to the manner in which they chew chewing gum. This is no revolutionary idea. Everyone has mentally "sized up" a girl at some time by mere observation of the way she chews chewing gum.

First and foremost, there is the type of female that is heard before she is seen. At some time everyone has had the experience of sensing an unrecognizable sound in close proximity, perhaps in the last row of the theater, in the seat next to the window of a bus or train, or maybe behind a desk in a classroom. The listener at first surmises that a steady unceasing popping sound is mysteriously penetrating the air, but when he turns or looks around, he observes that what he hears is merely the "Floosie Chewer." From constant observation I have found that this first type of girl also frequently possesses related characteristics, a loud, rasping voice, peroxidized hair, a rather crude taste for clothes and books, and often a nonchalant attitude towards people and life in general. Of course there are some people who chew gum audibly and unattractively and still maintain an unquestionable high social and intellectual standard. However, this latter group is so small that it does not warrant a separate classification; also, it is rare in the United States.

The second type of girl that can be classified by observing her method of masticating the product of the chicle tree is the "Dainty Dipper." If, for example, we see a girl whose lower jaw and lower lip repeatedly drop about an inch and a half and rise again without parting the lips or exposing the teeth, we may instantly conclude certain facts about the girl. She is undoubtedly a very sensitive, shy, self-conscious creature who has little will-power and who is often referred to as a clinging vine. Because she fears ridicule, she tries to chew inconspicuously; because she desires protection from ridicule, she becomes a clinging vine; and because she has no will-power, she chews in spite of her self-consciousness.

A third type of girl, crafty and ingenious, admits to herself that she enjoys chewing gum, but she thinks she will prevent revelation of her character and type by subtly depositing the gum in her hollow tooth. This "Femme with Finesse" is the kind of girl who gives clever, evasive answers to puzzling or embarrassing questions and usually finds a diplomatic solution for difficult situations.

Type number four is the girl who chews gum only in her room. As we never see her with chewing gum in her mouth, our first impression of her is that she is a girl with poise, charm, and cultured background. She is at ease in any gathering and possesses the assurance and self-confidence that the gifts to the "Prudent One."

My system for classifying girls is accessible to anyone who wishes to try it. It is a dependable scheme and worthy of trial, I believe.

# Kincaid Elected

Alice Kincaid was elected President of the Secretarial Department at a meeting held to elect officers this week.

Other officers elected were: Vice-president, Betty Hennessee; Secretary-Treasurer, Lucy Sheffield; Reporters, Grace Lane and Anne Love; Social Committee, Billie Hennis, Winifred Roper, Anne Simmons, and Sara Anne Smitherman.

# Presenting



Hazel Watts

"Hazel, child, where are you going?" was the sharp question aimed at Hazel Watts, then six years old, as she, with a first grade reader tucked under her arm, roamed from her house in Taylorsville, North Carolina. "Oh, I'm going to Salem," came the nonchalant reply! Debunking the proverbial, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," Hazel, House President of Lousia Biting Dormitory, has gathered an unusually large amount of "moss" since she finally entered Salem after an eleven-year detention by her mother.

A slim, competent red-head, who never stays put, but who is invariably at the right place during the right time, Hazel is Copy Editor of Sights and Insights. She is also a representative to the Y. W. C. A. Terse, opinions showing a well-versed mind are evident in her contributions, Slants on the News and editorials to the Salemite, of which she is Associate Editor. Efficiency has been the keynote to Hazel's success; the accompanying chords have been her versatility and dependability.

Always immaculate, Hazel is the typical tailored woman—her main "like" is simplicity in dress. This trait carries through from an antipathy of frilly evening handkerchiefs to one of angora and rabbit's hair socks! Her favorite hangout is the Sun Printing Office, where, she "fingerprints" Salemite editions from her private corner desk.

Hazel's slightly tilted nose is forever in the quest of knowledge, and she hopes eventually to get an M. A. and also a Ph. D. It's rumored that the man in her life must have the same intellectual "type" of nose to qualify! Whatever the case becomes, this outstanding senior is far down the road success, and her achievements can well be the aim of every true Salemite. Chosen as one of the seven representatives of Salem in Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges, Hazel truly qualifies in "character, leadership in extra-curricular activities, scholarship and potentialities of future usefulness to business and society."



Billie Rose Beckerdite

"I will probably flunk the test tomorrow; I haven't studied one bit; I don't even know what the man is talking about." On this gay and happy note, Billie Rose Beckerdite, of the Dean's List, enters the room.

Billie Rose is a tall brunette with a fascinating personality and an equally fascinating room-mate. If you need any help on that French assignment, just go see her, as she is the president of the French club this year, and she certainly qualifies for the job.

As to her likes and dislikes, she is a classical music fan. Besides following all of the C. M. A. concerts and listening to the radio, she finds time for good books. Her favorite hate at the moment seems to be rain on Monday. According to Billie Rose, "Monday is bad enough by itself, but rain on Monday—UGH!!"

When asked about Frank, "The Voice," Sinatra, she replied that he has a nice voice—no further comment. But she had a great deal of comment on the Salem heartthrob—Van Johnson. She doesn't use wallpaper in her room, instead she goes from room to room, canvassing for pictures of Van.

Billie Rose really had an adventure this summer. She and several other girls from Salem went down to Florida to visit Betty Dunning, and the U. S. Navy. When asked about Florida, she replied that it was, "one heavenly sea of uniforms."

Billie Rose plans to enter Duke after she leaves Salem, so that she can become a lawyer, just like her father.

She has decided that there has to be a lady lawyer in the family for a change, to sort of break the tradition. She confidentially told me that she fully expected to be a dishwasher; but you can be sure that she will be a first class dishwasher.

**THE POCKETBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE**

A TOLEDO, ORE., PLANT TURNS OUT A PREFABRICATED FOUR-ROOM HOME EVERY 30 MINUTES!

LONDON LAUNDRYMEN ARE DOING A BOOM PRE-VICTORY BUSINESS—EVERYONE'S SENDS ALLIED FLAGS TO BE CLEANED

AND BOYS—DUCK!

A PRESTONBURG KY. PHYSICIAN WHO RIDES HORSEBACK OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO 300 FAMILIES HAS APPLIED FOR A JEEP

THE MOST HIGHLY ESTEEMED MEMBER OF A RANGER BATTALION IN ITALY WAS A BLACK KITTEN NAMED SHELL—SHOCKED WHOSE SENSITIVITY TO NAZI ARTILLERY SHELLS ALWAYS WARNED OF THEIR APPROACH

A BLOCK ISLAND, R.I., SEA CAPTAIN WHO THOUGHT HE'D HOOKED A WHALE, REALLY HAD HOLD OF A SUBMARINE