

A New Editor . . .

The next three issues of the **Salemite** will be edited by the juniors on the staff who are qualified to be elected next year's editor. Peggy Cheers will edit the paper Feb. 22; Anne Lowe, Feb. 29 and Eleanor MacGregor, March 7.

In these three issues each girl will have a chance to exhibit her potentialities as editor. All staff members in particular are urged to notice carefully the next three issues of the **Salemite**, because they will be the basis for your vote in the March election.

This week's **Salemite** was planned by Jean Patton, associate editor.

King George VI . . .

Today King George VI was buried. He died at the age of 56. Today Princess Elizabeth is Queen Elizabeth II. She ascended the throne at the age of 25. The English people are shouting "The King is dead. Long live the Queen."

A family love far removed from the ceremony of monarchy was reflected by the sorrow displayed by Queen Elizabeth II and her widowed mother, sister and children. She mourned as any English daughter mourns her father, quietly and alone with her family.

She has tried to explain to three-year-old Prince Charles why he cannot see his grandfather again. The puzzled prince, who stands next in line for the throne, only knows that his grandfather has gone away.

The young queen, the first in England since Victoria, realized at the age of ten that she would some day be England's ruler. Since then she has been trained concerning the duties of her father. During the past year or so she appeared instead of King George while he was recovering from a lung operation. There is no doubt that Elizabeth will take her position and duties gracefully in her stride.

Originally, only workers on the royal estate were to be able to view King George as he lay in his closed coffin. However, the young Queen ordered that the doors be open to all in surrounding countryside who had also known and loved her father. Those who viewed the coffin were the simple rural folk who offered their last respects to a king they knew best as a friendly squire and neighbor.

There were approximately 1,400 people who reverently passed the coffin that day. Yet there are fewer royal families attending King George's funeral than attended the funeral of his father 16 years ago.

The reigning houses of the three Scandinavian lands, of Belgium and the Netherlands will again be represented, but on hand in January, 1936 were the Czar of Bulgaria and King Carol of Rumania. Where are the Bulgarian and Rumanian royal houses today?

It was at the funeral of George VI's grandfather, Edward III, in May, 1910, that the old order of Europe put on its last great international display. Eight kings walked or rode in that royal procession.

All this was not much more than 40 years ago. The old order changes, making room for the new.

The Salemite

Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College

OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall

Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

Editor-in-Chief	Jane Watson
Associate Editor	Jean Patton
Managing Editor	Eleanor MacGregor
Make-Up Editor	Peggy Cheers
Copy Editor	Jane Schoolfield
Copy Editor	Faye Lee
Feature Editor	Anne Lowe
Feature Assistants	Peggie Johnson, Jean Calhoun
Make-up Assistants	Alison Long, Barbara Allen
Headline Editor	Marion Watson
Headline Assistant	Phyllis Forrest
Pictorial Editor	Beth Coursey
Business Manager	Emily Warden
Advertising Manager	Ann Hobbs
Asst. Advertising Manager	Jean Shope
Circulation Manager	Martha Fitchett
Exchange Editors	Fae Deaton, Lil Sprinkle
Typists	Betty McCrary, Lou Bridgers
Faculty Advisor	Miss Jess Byrd

Reporters: Lorrie Dirom, Phyllis Forrest, Kitty Burrus, Florence Spough, Martha Wolfe, Jane Smith, Joanne Bell, Alice McNeely, Ann Hobbs, Peggy Bonner, Cynthia May, Elsie Macon, Emily Mitchell, Jane Fearing, Edith Flagler and Fae Deaton.
Feature Writers: Ann Hobbs, Lola Dawson, Ruthie Derrick, Edith Tesch, Eleanor Johnson, Eleanor Fry, Emma Sue Larkins, Florence Cole and Kitty Burrus.
Cub Reporters: Mary Ann Raines, Jackie Neilson, Sara Outland, Carolyn Kneeburg, Bobbie Kuss, Frieda Siler, Emily Heard, Lou Fike, Francine Pitts, Mable Taylor, Sally Reiland, Dorothy Morris, Barbara Allen, Toddy Smith, Betty Tyler, Anne Edwards and Betsy Liles.



BUT MARGE—I HAD A 'D' AVERAGE WHEN I TOOK THE EXAM. I DON'T UNDERSTAND—

Dear Papa

By Anne Lowe

Dear Papa,

I got a letter from Uncle Dan yesterday, and he said:

"It seems that a heap more of Harry's boys are resigning in a hurry on account of bad health, especially in the Revenue Department. It begins to look like Harry's going to have to use the two-platoon system to keep the jobs up there filled—one going out and one coming in.

I see where Economic Stabilizer Putnam says a steel strike would not be as great a calamity as wrecking the stabilization program. That would be true, provided we had a stabilization program.

The papers say that Japanese students are "puzzled" over the Korean war. I reckon they've been

listening to Washington trying to explain it. That's the way Americans got "puzzled" over our foreign policy—listening to Truman and Acheson trying to explain it.

Everybody's been making a big to-do over the fact that a few Los Angeles high school students couldn't tell the time of day. I can't git too excited over this discovery. The way things is going these times, a few hours or a few days don't make much difference. All a gal needs to know is that it's gitting later than she thinks.

Yours truly,
Uncle Dan

Well Papa, I trusts this was enjoyable to you. I'll have more news next week.

Your loving daughter,
Anne

Call Of The Wild

By Ann Hobbs

After carefully inspecting her cot for bugs, Betty slid slowly between the icy sheets, pulled three blankets and a wool bath-robe over herself, and heaved a sigh of pure ecstasy. Tonight she was too tired to notice the lumps in the mattress and too numb to care if a mosquito did eat the piece of her ear that stuck from under the covers. Having assumed the only position possible in the narrow bed—flat on her back with her arms crossed on her chest like an Egyptian mummy—she waited for the sheets to get warm and blessed sleep to come.

As she lay there, Betty whimsically remembered her mother's last words to her before she climbed on the bus bound for camp.

"Have a good rest, dear, and get plenty of exercise, fresh air, and sunshine."

Rest—she didn't even remember the meaning of the word. As for exercise and fresh air, she had had too much of both. Keeping up with nine ten-year-old girls who tripped up and down the mountain side all day long like a family of mountain goats was enough exercise for any healthy nineteen year old, and Betty wasn't even healthy. She was anemic and definitely the indoor type. The air had been fresh all right—and about 65°F. The sun had not shown itself since Wednesday, and here it

was Sunday night.

What a night! After hiking a mile to and from church on a muddy road, Betty had all her girls' mothers and fathers to contend with. Sunday was visiting day, and all the parents came to put clean sheets on their daughters' beds and to smile proudly while their off-springs display their new swimming strokes. Mrs. Carr had followed Betty around all day wanting to hear all the "cute" things her precious child had done. Betty could see nothing "cute" about "Darling Jo". Friday Betty had caught her smoking a cigarette out of a pack that looked strangely familiar. When Betty reached in the bottom of her trunk to see if her cigarettes were still safely hidden, a lizard ran up her arm.

"How," Betty wondered sleepily, "do the parents of such children keep their sanity?"

Her reminiscences over and her bitterness dulled, Betty wiggled her toes, took a deep breath, and settled to sweet repose.

"Betty", called a tiny voice through the icy space from Betty to the double-decker across the cabin.

Gritting her teeth, Betty silently climbed out of bed, put on her coat and boots, picked up her flashlight, and growled, "Come on."

All the way up the hill to the bath-house Betty groaned, "Why oh why did Mrs. Hollowell have to bring that watermelon today?"



By Jean Calhoun

Dear Cousin,

So you think you want to come to Salem. Best that you let your 'ole cousin who has existed for a few years of Salem life tell you the what, why and how of Salem before you jump right into the thick of it.

Salem is (quote Catalogue 1950-51) "one of the historic colleges of America. During the Civil War and the Reconstruction . . . (Salem) perserved with a courage which has kept it open every day since its founding in 1772." This statement, dear Cousin, was true until this past year, but the occasion resulting when Harry Truman came to shovel dirt for Wake Forest College was second to none in U. S. history and Salem closed its doors, only temporarily, of course, for one afternoon.

Salem's catalogue has heretofore pointed a proud historical finger at Mrs. James K. Polk, wife of the President of the U. S. and Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, wife of the Confederate General, who both received their education here. Next year, no doubt, Salem alumnae will indicate with a boastful forefinger Lu Long Ogburn, (need I mention her credentials?), Rooney Barnes, Miss South Carolina, and Roy Campbell, the only gentleman in North Carolina brave enough to wear a very, very red plaid lumber shirt into a dining hall filled with 200 girls.

Catalogue again—"Salem College is located in Winston-Salem . . . which has an even tempered, mild, dry and healthful climate the year round." Now Cousin, the climate here is neither even tempered enough to keep some girls from calling it 'our hot and cold running weather', nor mild enough to keep one from needing B. V. D.s on Winston's down-town corners; nor dry enough to keep some of the dorm basements from flooding when the monsoons set in, nor is it healthful enough to cause a shut down at the Infirmary; but healthful enough that girls for generations have lived through four years of it and graduated in normal physical condition.

The buildings can now be seen occasionally through the ivy and are truthfully "original colonial buildings, quaint, sturdy and beautiful . . . restful with their tile roofs, hooded doorways and subdued colors of a special kind of homemade brick." The campus is not 'post-age stampy' as you said you had heard, but "covers an area of fifty-six and a half acres . . . with boxwood walks, memorial bridges, the May Dell, and many varieties of native forest trees, some of which are more than a century old," plus some PLEASE signs indicating that we are trying to age the grass also.

Salem is recognized by the S. A. C. S. S., N. C. C. C., C. C. C. N. C., A. A. C., A. A. A. U. W., N. A. S. M., A. M. A., AND THE A. D. A. All this and no S. P. C. A.? (Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, that is.)

I feel that I must explain, Cousin, about the conditions last week when your mother was here. Usually Salem girls are not as mixed up and depressed as we were the Monday we registered and got our grades; usually we are not hindered by an obstacle course of red clay and six foot ditches en route to class and usually when one turns the water on in the dorm, it doesn't just spit red clay, fizzle and cease running.

That's all, Cousin. But remember what Confucius say, "Why take lessee when Salem's bestee?"

Love,
Cousin Jean