

Dear Students:

We are all back now, and Salem has begun to add another link to her long chain of years. The freshmen have been successfully (we hope!) orientated, registration is over, and classes are getting underway. Another school year is waiting to be used. Of course we have made new resolutions; of course we have constructive ideas; of course we have made numerous plans, for don't all these things accompany each new year? But how serious are we with our resolutions, our ideas, and our plans?

Have you ever stopped to think about all the things Salem has given us—the hundreds of unnoticed gifts which we all take for granted? Just to mention a few: our one hundred and seventy-eight year old heritage, which required more work and sacrifice than any of us can imagine; a name which is respected in all parts of the country; a score of Christian leaders who have come, left their mark, and passed on; a lovely campus with such beautiful landmarks as Miss Anna's pansy bed, the boxwoods, and the willow trees; an excellent faculty who are anxious for us to mature and take our places in society; a touch of the old for our esthetic taste in the light bell in Sisters and a bit of the new for our convenience in the campus coke machines; and finally, an atmosphere of warmth and friendliness. Salem has given us so much and what does she ask in return? She expects from us a willing and co-operative attitude. She expects from us loyal support in Student Government, in the Y. W. C. A., in the A. A., in the I. R. S., on the May Day Committee, in student publications, in the dramatic clubs, and in all other campus organizations. She expects from us the best we can do in our academic pursuits. She expects from us a personal sense of honor in all that we undertake. High expectations? I think not. Compare what Salem has given us with what she asks in return. After the comparison, will we not take our new resolutions, ideas, and plans more seriously and try to make this coming year at Salem one of progress and improvement for all?

Louise Stacy, President
Student Government

The Salemite



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McCrary

by George Melville

McCrary, Indiana, is mostly one-story soot-covered houses jammed together;
and men
and women
and children
with lungs full of smoke-stained air
that drifted up from the railroad yards
and settled over the city.
And strings of clothesline
stretched from house to house
and over cramped back yards
shut in with faded white-washed fences
with planks missing.
And fat housewives brushing the clothes
as they take them from the lines
and to remove the cinders
that come from the smoke-stained air
that drifted up from the railroad yards
and settled over the city.
And men in greasy overalls
and dirty shirts
and hob-nailed shoes
rattling empty lunch boxes on the bars of saloons
to get the drink
that burns the grit from their teeth
and grime from their bellies
that they had eaten all day
down at the railroad yards.
And a little child shall lead them
For in McCrary the children die first;
Die in the streets
die on the tracks
under the
grinding
slashing
merciless
wheels
down at the railroad yards.
And always the monotone bells
and blasting whistles
and deep-throttled roar
of shuttling engines
down at the railroad yards.
And no birds
And no flowers
And no gardens
in McCrary.

Ed. Note: This poem was written in Miss Byrd's Composition Class last semester by George Melville. The Salemite hopes that it will have more contributions like these this coming year.



by Logan Vaught

It was hopscotch and bicycle-riding weather, but Cammy walked slowly home from school, ignoring the shouts of the boys who were playing baseball in the street in front of her house. She scuffed up the flagstone walk, kicked at a loose stone, glared at the peach tree in the front yard, and did not notice that someone had hung her rope swing from a limb of the old oak. Cammy twisted her pigtails, which looked as if they had wire run through them. Mother had said that it was "just adolescence" when Cammy had cried because she could not have a permanent wave. And last night Dad had said it was just adolescence when Cammy had asked for a new party dress—a long one. Cammy popped her gum and blew a large pink bubble. But it wasn't adolescence she thought. It was the dance—the Spring dance at school—in the gym, with a juke box and real punch and crepe paper decorations. And Johnny was going to ask her to go. Cammy knew he would. He had even written her a note in history class that morning. Cammy stopped on the front steps, fumbled through her notebook and found the note—"Cammy, do you know the answer to question three?" She thrust the note into her pocket and pushed open the front door.

Inside, the house was cool and dark. Cammy dropped her books on the hall floor and ran to the kitchen. She could see Lena in the back yard, hanging out the wash, her arms flashing black against the white sheets. Cammy opened the cake-box and cut a large piece of devil's food cake. She scuffed slowly back to the living room, trailing brown crumbs. She dropped into a chair and draped her feet over the arm as she thought. What was "adolescence"? She had had mumps and whopping cough and measles. Cammy wondered if "adolescence" was contagious. She squirmed, sighed loudly, and licked the last chocolate icing off her fingers, wiping them on the ruffled edge of her white petticoat. Cammy jumped when the front door opened, but it was just her mother.

"Cammy! Camm-eee!"
"Huh-uh-yeah, Mother . . ."
"Pick up these books!"
Cammy walked slowly into the hall and gathered up the mass of books and ragged-edged papers. "Mother, please—"
"Please what, dear?"
"The dance—you know—"
"But Johnny hasn't asked you, dear."
Cammy threw the books into a chair. "But he will—I know he will. Please!"
"We'll see. Go wash your face, Cammy. It's filthy!"

"Y'all just don't care! You don't!" Cammy thumped into the living room and looked at herself in the mantel mirror. There was a bump on her chin. She touched it warily. She thrust a piece of gum in her mouth, flopped into a chair, began to read a movie magazine, and did not hear her father come in at five o'clock.

"Cammy!"
"Huh?"
"Get those books out of this chair!"
"Uh-O. K. Dad."
Cammy gathered up the books. "Dad—please—"
"Please what?"
"The dance—"
"Johnny asked you yet?"
"No—but he will!"
"We'll see . . ."

Cammy ran up stairs and plopped on her bed. She propped her chin on her knees and blew a bubble. She fingered the bump on her chin, found her books, and tried to study, but she read Johnny's note over and over instead. Finally she sighed and went down to supper.

Johnny did not come to school the next day. As Cammy scuffed slowly home she thought of the dance. What if Johnny was too sick to go? She wondered if Johnny had adolescence and his mother was keeping him home in bed. Cammy shuddered. She kicked at the rocks and moss in the front walk and dropped her books on the hall floor inside.

(continued next week)

Ed. Note: This paper was awarded an honorable mention in the Atlantic Monthly Contest last spring. Logan Vaught wrote it in Advanced Composition Class under the instruction of Miss Jess Byrd.