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THE SALEMITE

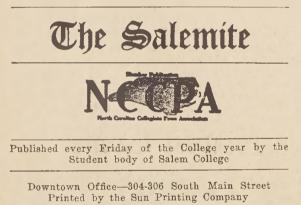
September 23, 1949

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





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

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 ado-lescence 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 raggededged 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 8 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'elock.

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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.

"Cammy !" "Huh ?" "Get those books out of this chair!" "Uh-O. K. Dad.' Cammy gathered up the books. "Dadplease--"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 dd 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.