

Marriage . . .

. . . is a word on the tip of most of our tongues. After all, why shouldn't it be? Most every girl here at Salem wants eventually to get married—even some of the local cynics have admitted it of late.

Marriage, to quote my parents, "is the greatest undertaking in life." We need preparation for this undertaking and you, here at Salem, are being offered, free, an opportunity next week to hear Mrs. E. H. Ould speak on this very subject—marriage.

Mrs. Ould has been to Salem many times before and is one of our most popular speakers. Proof positive that she is—nobody cuts Chapel when she is the speaker. You who have heard her, need no pep-talk to hear her again. You new students, rest assured that you won't be disappointed in her.

The YMCA has spent a great deal of time getting Mrs. Ould here. Mrs. Ould is giving us her time. Won't you take some time and attend the marriage lectures?

The Salemite . . .

. . . on behalf of the practice teachers wishes to commend and thank Mary Patience McFall, president of the Education Club, for the arrangement which she has made to use the station wagon as a transportation means for the practice teachers.

Not only does the station wagon facilitate the transportation by ridding, in part, the necessity of taxi cabs, but it also has cut the transportation expenses of the practice teachers one-third of the original cost.

We Welcome . . .

. . . letters from the students and faculty, at any time. The Salemite will accept no unsigned letters but names will be withheld from publication on request.

We urge suggestions and corrections that will make the Salemite a better paper, and we solicit comments on campus relations and administrative policies.

The Salemite



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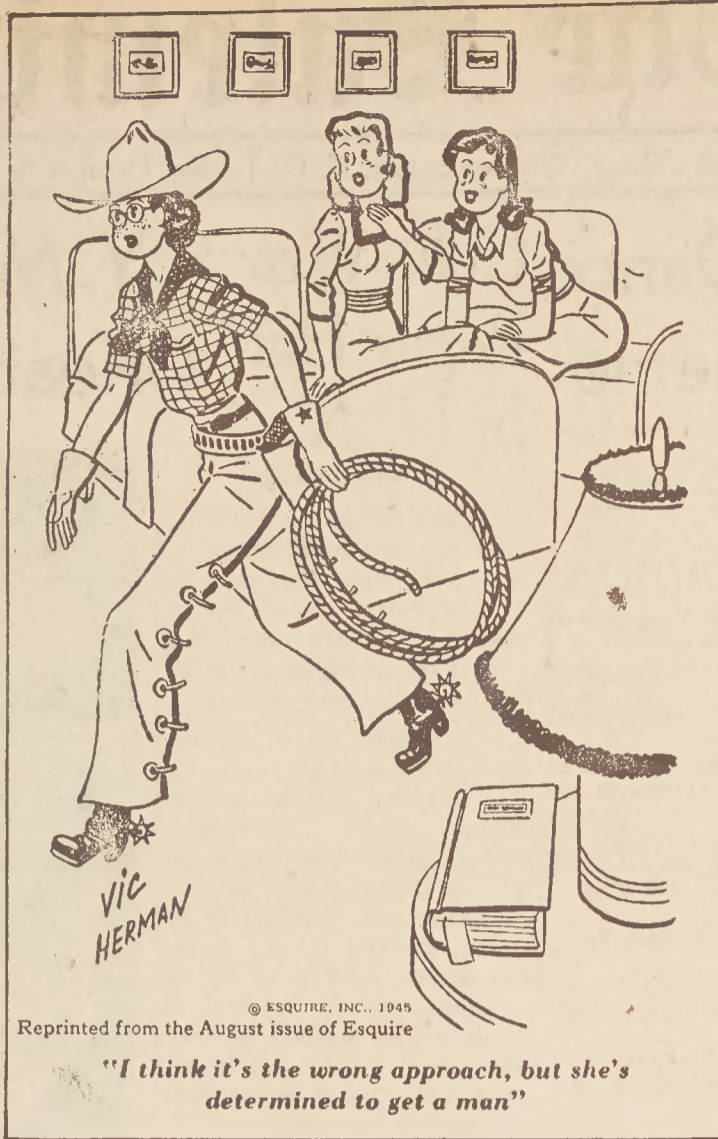
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by Samuel Sutler
A FRESHMAN

Is one who comes to college to fall. She comes in quest of higher learning, but instead she learns the lesser vices of life. She is one who, never having nerves before, responds to the stimulus of coffee rather than to scholarly research. In her new environment she learns the tediousness of a term-paper, the pleasure of a Chesterfield cigarette, the longing for a light-cut and the welcome of a week-end. In an attempt to pigeon-hole her new knowledge, she classes sophomores as mean, juniors as jolly and seniors as gracious.

A SOPHOMORE

Is one who for her safety is tied up in reams of red tape. She is bound on all sides, except for occasions that merit her mother's signature, by arbitrary lines known as city limits. In channels and in columns, the Sophomore is cut off.

A JUNIOR

Is one who has learned the short-cuts of college life. Having fewer early classes, she comes to breakfast garbed in kerchief and rain-coat. A procrastinator from the very start, she runs from library stacks to smoke-houses accomplishing nothing. Her week-ends allow her more liberty. She is permitted to wander out into the realm known as The Radius, only to wander back again on Sunday night with lessons unprepared and laundry undone.

A SENIOR

Is a girl of rank and almost a degree. She is the growth of her own college. Her higher education has rendered her a native of her own school and a foreigner to all other places, from which she differs in slang, social attitudes and antics which are as ungracious as the garbage cans that line South Main Street on Tuesday afternoons.

She assumes the upper end of the table in Corrin Refectory as her senior prerogative; receives the homage of her tablemates which are usually underclassmen, and dispenses all food and communication like a ten-armed octopus. The chief points she beats her gums on are the memories of her dates and beaux which she repeats as often as a broken victrola record. She tries to be funny, but her wit is so profound and obscure to a stranger that it deems a commentary and is not to be understood without proper channeling.

When she greets her date, she stamps with her foot, like a mad jitterbug, makes a lunge in which she often kisses him, hitting him on the nose and chin and sometimes the mouth. She goes to the movies to see real romance, that is, to see what's on the screen and the devoted couple in front of her—all for forty-eight cents.

A FACULTY MEMBER

Of our times is life a fanatic. A teacher is thought by students to be mad with too much learning; but a faculty member of our times is mad with too little. He assumes a privilege to impress what part of the text he pleases for his use, and puts those that make against him on a failure list. His classes, that tend toward illusion and confusion, are neither fit for numbskulls or geniuses, but for something in between like a psychopathic who cannot endure a crisis and is no good in a calm.

He is all for having his pupils suffer for purposes, but nothing for playing; for he accounts good times as a wasteful and an unwholesome way to trouble. He outgrows broad-mindedness as little boys outgrow short pants, and being a faculty member supposes himself at liberty to set up EXAMS! He calls his own supposed abilities the fruits of graduate school and disposes of himself like a babbling brook. He is but a poor lost soul that moves he knows not how and his classes are the dead leaden weight that puts all his parts in motion. His outward man is scholarly, and inward man is stupid; for he carries books on his arm, and a blank expression on his face.

Moore Reviews N. C. Novel; Finds TW Wordy Yet Worthy

by Catherine Moore

Although Thomas Wolfe claims it a novel it is more a verbose overflow of feelings and passions. There is little exposition and no complicated plot. It is a story of sweat and pain and despair and partial achievement.

The plot of *Look Homeward, Angel* deals with Eugene Gant, a native of Altamont (Asheville) from birth until graduation from the university (U. N. C.). The story would be simple except that the author pictures the whole Gant family—Oliver, the father; Eliza, the mother; brothers Luke, Steve and Ben; sister Helen—and all the people with whom Eugene associates. Even though there are innumerable characters, each one is presented vividly as a tense emotional individual.

The main thread of the story is Eugene's rebellion against his associates, a groping search for something which he is never able to find. In this connection there is a great repetition of the phrase "an unbound door". Going back to childhood experiences into thoroughness and passion, Wolfe manages to portray the individual loneliness in a society where there is a conflict between accumulation of money and development of personality. Wolfe's central theme centers around the search for help, an image of strength and wisdom. When no definite solution for the characters is reached, perhaps the author himself was not sure what the answer to the life of these warped individuals should be.

The strength of this novel lies in the presentation of a segment of life in America. This novel is a sensorial picture of ordinary, unintellectual, small-town Americans written in the rolling phrases which Wolfe inherited from Whitman and Melville.

This story is intensely autobiographical and Wolfe is self-centered as few American writers dare to be.

In the preface he refutes the idea that his work is an autobiography. Wolfe protests against the term upon the grounds that any writing is of necessity autobiographical. He believed that a writer must use the material and experience of his own life if he is to create anything that has substantial value. Not only are the superficial incidents from life brought out, but also some of the inner thoughts and feelings about life, death and religion. He believes each person is the sum of his experiences.

In his book, *The Story of a Novel*, Wolfe admits that *Look Homeward, Angel* comes more or less directly from the experiences of his own life. Also he agrees that he may have written with a profundity of spirit which characterizes the earliest work of a young writer. In this novel he is learning his profession, discovering the structure and language to see if writing is the work he wants to do. Finally, he confesses to have attempted to describe to a great excess, completely lacking restraint, the desperate frustration and keen desires in human experiences.

Even to a person who likes Wolfe's wordy, impetuous, overflowing style which covers every event of his boyhood, one realizes that pruning and revision would improve *Look Homeward, Angel*. The author tries to do too much—no one book can embody the whole of America. From the style the book seems to be a memorial to Wolfe's ego. For all this, however, the picturesque impression of the sad pains of childhood, and the wealth of Wolfe's memory of youthful experiences make the book great. It is not altogether to the author's discredit that the work was not written with a clear view of mind. It is developed into a piece of prose that is artistically beautiful. No one can read *Look Homeward, Angel* and forget the repeated phrase, "a stone, a leaf, an unbound door, and all the forgotten faces".