

Will You Attend? . . .

The faculty-student open houses are planned on a voluntary basis. The purpose of these get-togethers is to give students a chance to meet and talk informally with faculty members.

Last Sunday night Miss Covington and Miss Barrier were hostesses for the first open house for the year. Although there was a good crowd present, there was a noticeable lack of freshmen and sophomores.

Both Miss Covington and Miss Barrier took time to give personal invitations to faculty and students—both in chapel and on the bulletin boards in each dormitory. Miss Covington arranged to use a friend's home to entertain, and Miss Covington and Miss Barrier each baked two cakes to be served with the other refreshments they prepared.

If the teachers can go to that much trouble and spend that much time preparing to entertain Salem faculty and students, why can't more students and faculty members at least set aside a few minutes to come to the open houses?

Freshmen and sophomores should particularly enjoy the open houses. The classes of underclassmen are much larger, and chances to talk with teachers informally are much less than those of upperclassmen. Therefore, it seems natural to expect that all students—especially the underclassmen—would be eager to come and take advantage of the opportunity to get to know faculty members.

The open houses will continue throughout this year. Some of the get-togethers will be at the homes of faculty members. Others will be sponsored by the students and held in the various dormitories.

The next open house will be at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Russell on Nov. 16. Directions concerning the location will be posted on the Main Hall bulletin board and transportation will be furnished for everyone who desires a ride.

There is, consequently, no reason why both faculty members and students do not take time to support a project planned to benefit the whole school.

P. C.

It's Up To You . . .

Each girl on the class hockey team cooperates with the other members of the team. Every member of the Pierrettes cooperates on the forthcoming production. Every member of the "Y" cooperates with each new project. Every member of the Junior Class is cooperating for a successful Junior Breakfast.

But Junior Breakfast is not working. Why? At the beginning of the year the Junior Class decided to serve you breakfast in bed. Each member of the class has cooperated to do this.

Don't you like breakfast in bed? Don't you like coffee and doughnuts or milk and doughnuts for breakfast? Is the price too high? What do you want?

The first week that the class served Junior Breakfast 87 people signed up for it. The second week 45 people signed up. The third week 27 people signed up. The fourth week, 10. Every week, every girl in the Junior Class signed up for it if they planned to be on campus. Why haven't you? The Junior Class is cooperating. Why aren't you?

The purpose of Junior Breakfast is to raise money for the Christmas banquet and the Junior-Senior banquet. The Christmas banquet is for YOU. But how can the class give this banquet if it does not have the funds?

YOU cooperate with the other organizations on campus—your class, the hockey team, the Pierrettes, the "Y"; why not cooperate with the Junior Class?

C. M.

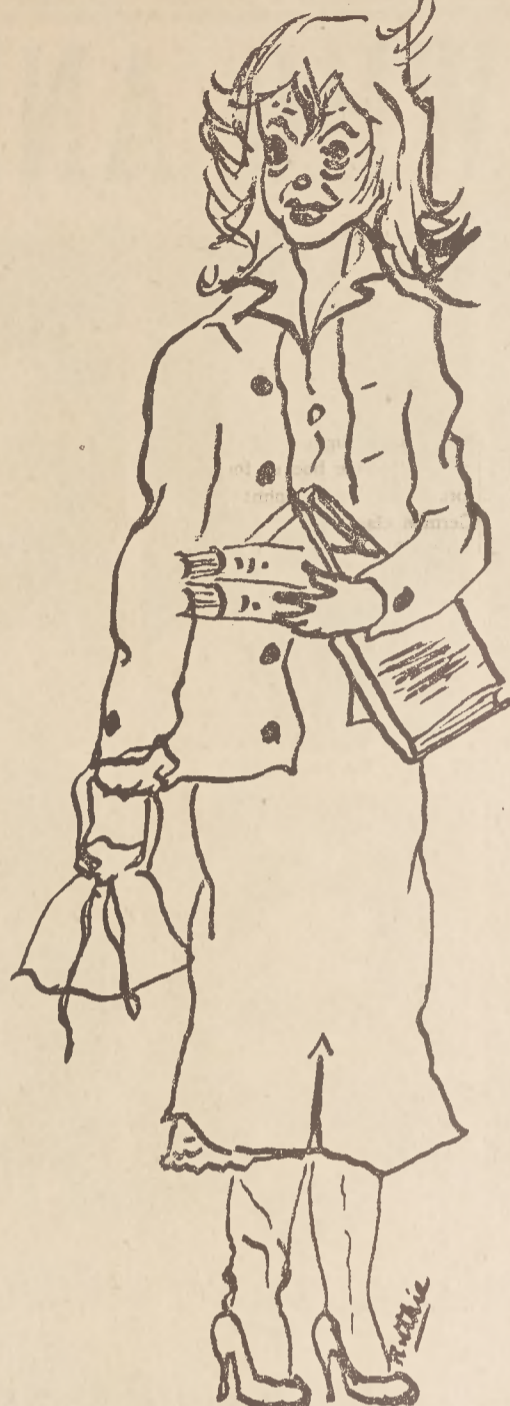
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THESE PRACTICE TEACHERS



YES, TODAY WENT SO WELL!

The Music Box

By Ella Ann Lee

If you want to see a hilarious sight, take a walk down the halls of third floor at Music Hall. That is where you will find the music majors night and day. Of course you probably won't recognize these contortionists as your roommates or best buddies.

Musicians have the most precarious ways of "throwing themselves into their music". As proof of this, I will take you on a tour of the practice hall. Looking in at the girls we find expressions varying from an agonized and painful one to those with that soulful ethereal quality.

Suddenly the floor quakes under our feet. Our first thought is that this old building must be caving in under the strain of all the bouncing pianos. We look around frantically to see if everyone else is vacating the building.

To our surprise, we see no one rushing around. I glance in a room and see there the cause of our anxiety. Someone is beating the floor with her foot to keep time. No metronome is needed!

Further along the hall we see a pianist playing with the lid half shut over the keys. This is a matchless method of learning to play without looking at the keyboard. What are a few broken fingers every now and then?

With all the noise (pardon, music) coming through the thin walls it's hard to hear yourself

practicing. In order to tell what you're doing you must play just a little bit louder than the fellow next door. This momentum increases with each student, and soon the noise becomes so ghastly that it sounds more like a car going the opposite direction on a busy one way street than music.

This racket is far worse on the voice students than the pianists. While singing lovely Italian arias in "sotto voce" they find themselves accompanied with Bach Inventions. No wonder we find them ready to throw themselves down the elevator shaft!

Ah, yes, the elevator! That is the one blessing music students are endowed with. This ingenious invention serves two purposes for the girls getting a B.M. (batty mind); (1) to give them a "lift" when they need it most and (2) to furnish a "point of no return" when they realize there is no possible way to make up 30 practice hours.

Despite all our ups and downs there (and this is off the subject of elevators), we music majors hold that battered old building close to our hearts.

Music Hall reminds me of a unique music box which plays many tunes at one time. It plays continuously all day, till at night there comes just a tinkle growing fainter and fainter till it runs down completely, only to be rewound again the next day.

By Cyndy May

Innocent Eunis sat at the edge of the group crowded together in a corner of the basement. All of the girls were chattering about the big weekends they had been to or were going to. Innocent Eunis had never been to a big college week-end and she wanted to go very much.

She had heard the girls speak of wonderful places. Why just last weekend Igotago went to Dude University to the big homecoming weekend—a football game and a dance afterwards. Igotago rushed around all week trying to decide what to wear to the game and then what to wear to the dance.

Next weekend Attagirl will leave in a flurry for Church Knoll for the fall Russians. In February Ima What is going to Dirtmouth for the Pink Doorlocker. She is going to leave on Thursday, and it will take all of her cuts. Ida Wana has already been invited to the After Winter Rompers at Dividspop.

And Innocent Eunis sat, wishing she could go. At that moment Ina Sense rushed into the basement. "Innocent, Innocent, you have a long distant call from Hars Mill. It's a boy! Hurry". Innocent ran up the stairs and breathlessly screamed, "Hi!"

The voice on the other end was a boy from home and he asked Innocent to the Autumnal Flurries. Innocent was so excited that she dropped the phone without even answering and sailed to the basement with her news.

No one had ever heard of Hars Mill, but the girls politely said they had and exclaimed about what a wonderful place it was. Then they started planning what Innocent should take with her. Attagirl said Innocent could borrow her mink furs. Then Roommate donated her aqua suit with brown specks. Innocent's pink ruffled evening dress would not do for this big affair. Lemelenyou insisted that Innocent borrow her black strapless, pencil-skirt, slit-up-the-front, fur-trimmed evening dress.

Innocent was thrilled, and when it came time for her to leave, she could hardly contain herself. When she arrived at Hars Mill, her date Brunson Burner met her at the bus station. When she saw him, she was afraid that she was a bit over dressed. Brunson was dressed in his rat cap, short sleeved flowered sport shirt tucked out and brown pegged pants. But she didn't care; this was her big weekend.

Hars Mill lost the football game. Guesswebeatya High School was just too much for even the mighty Hars Mill players.

When Brunson Burner arrived to pick up Innocent for the dance, his mouth fell open in amazement. He had expected to see the pink ruffles. He was not prepared for the "I see you" dress with fur. Innocent threw back her shoulders, stuck out her chin, and off they went. The less said about the dance the better. It was informal!

When Brunson put Innocent on the bus the following day, she heaved a sigh of relief that the weekend was over. She was ready to go back to Salem.

When Innocent got back to the dorm, she rushed into the room, threw her arms around Roommate and screamed what a wonderful time she had had. Then she fell on the bed in a blissful trance of remembrance.

Roommate interrupted Innocent's reverie to tell her that she was going to the Jack Knife and Ax at Georgies Tex the following week-end. Innocent smiled and said how wonderful it was and silently hoped it would not be like her weekend.