

HONOR MISS HOCKEY

That much toasted actor, old man Pigskin, may have his points in the rough-and-ready, wild west "meller-dramas" enacted on the Sports stage, but when it comes to certain subtle tragedies and comedies, Miss Hockey Ball of Salem College skips away with the honors. Since the beginning of the season, no less than four groups of "managers" have been struggling for the privilege of directing Miss Hockey Ball's movements (toward and right into their goals). So eager and evenly matched have these efforts been that some of the opposing "managers" have tied, and hard fought battles have had to be repeated until supremacy was established.

Miss Hockey Ball's popularity is further proved by the fact that the struggle for management of her was not confined to the four local teams. On October 30, the cream of all teams combined went to Harrisonburg to contend with other college teams for the complacent little actress. There Salem representatives acquitted themselves quite well and returned triumphantly in possession of the "ball of contention," only to take up the old struggle among themselves once again.

As the battling managers have aroused so much interest on all sides, it would be well to give a resume of their struggles to the public which has so anxiously awaited the outcome.

Nov. 6. — Junior - Freshman, tie, 0-0.

Nov. 9. — Sophomore - Senior, Senior victory, 2-1.

Nov. 10. — Sophomore - Junior, tie, 1-1.

Nov. 11. — Freshman - Senior, Senior victory, 3-1.

Nov. 17. — Junior - Sophomore, Junior victory, 2-1.

As this goes to press, more battles are pending and as yet no one can be sure which way the victory will fall. More power to you, Miss Hockey Ball, until you fall languishing into the arms of the triumphant managers who have fought so hard for possession of you!

SONGS

See on high like waving gold
The Salem colors fly—
Cheer on cheer, like rolling thunder
Echoes up to the sky—
See the golden tide is turning
Ever more and more
And we'll fight, fight, fight
And we'll win by the right
For it's Salem, Salem ever more.

For here's dear old Salem, to you
To thy standards we'll ever be true
Thy tall trees, thy dear ivied walls
Our highest faith and our love
recalls
And as we see thy bright colors fly
We will lift all our voices on high
We'll sing to our Salem so dear,
For grand old Salem, good old Salem
we will cheer.

Prexy Rondthaler
We greet you with a song
The echoes resounding
The campus all along,
We tell you that Salem
Is singing now to you.
With hearts and voices ringing
ever true.

Pack up all my cares and woes
Here I go singing low
Back to Salem
Where a welcome waits for me
All my dear friends I'll see,
Back at Salem
Remember those good times we had
together
Loyalty to Salem ne'er we'll sever
Lift our voices while we sing
Let her praises loudly ring
Salem, here's to you.

For some schools are quickly forgotten
And gone with the end of the year
But some you remember
Like last glowing embers
Making our memories dear.
For we're full of joy here at Salem
And happiness reigns here supreme
And we know that someday
We'll come back to her
The school of our high school
day dreams.

SAL TO EM

Dearest Em,

I have so much to tell you, and this is my last sheet of paper. I'm distressed. I'll crowdin' all I can.

Hoccer and sockey ended this afternoon. I certainly am sorry. Now I'll have to go on the basketball court and shine. I wouldn't mind so much if anybody else could play, but I hate to make them all feel bad by making every basket. By the way, the hoccer games have been marvelous. It seems like we've had a million. No one was willing for anyone else to win, so we spent all our afternoons—free and otherwise—tying ties. Alice and Marian refereed one afternoon—and that's not a point in your favor in our argument about these Charlotte girls blowing their own horns, either. If I had even a comb that could imitate in any way a Charlotte horn or whistle—I'd blow it.

"At" still craves "Speed." I heard this summer that they had busted up, but she saw him in Harrisonburg about three weeks ago, and hasn't stopped talking about him yet—That's one sign.

I guess Daddy is getting tired of college expenses. He sent me a book yesterday called 21 *Brand New Ways to Commit Suicide*. Would you like to borrow it? Don't use number 13. That's mine.

Van Dyke's evidently received their receiver's receipt. They're washing those red windows—Thank goodness.

I'll have to stop and drop a line to my personal shopper in Durham. I simply have to have a new handkerchief before Wednesday, and I don't have time to go upstreet and get one. Anyway, it's almost time for the banquet, I'll write you all about it. I know it'll be the best fun!

Yours with love,

SAL.

P. S.—I'll probably have a knot the next time you see me—hair cuts are still 40c.