

Thanksgiving Extra! It's Never Been Done Before!

WEATHER

Sudden rise in temperature expected today.

The Salemite

Motto—"Sail on, Salem"

CIRCULATION

This depends upon YOU.

VOLUME I.

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Hundreds of Salem Girls Ready For Thanksgiving; Some of Them Will Root, While Others Will Play

Sing these songs and let
All know just who you are
Leave work behind; the arena
Entices all with vim
Make yours the winning class

The Thanksgiving games attract more than the usual amount of interest this year for the reason that the four doughty teams are exceedingly well matched. No one can possibly predict who the winner will be. It can be truthfully said that each team has practised faithfully—their excellent team work can be observed. Each team has a valiant class to support it, which is half the fight. Whichever the winning team may be, it will have fought a hard battle and richly deserved the cup.

The line-up of the teams is as follows:

Seniors

Forwards—M. Darden, E. Smith, O. Eborn (sub.)

Jumping Center—E. G. Harding.

Side Center—H. Ross, M. Michal (sub.)

Guards—H. Streett, F. Roberts.

Juniors

Forwards—M. Parrish, L. Cooke, S. Lingle (sub.)

Jumping Center—M. Matheson.

Side Center—G. Coble, M. M. Robbins (sub.)

Guards—M. S. Parker, N. S. Gill, H. Everett (sub.)

Sophomores

Forwards—E. Griffin, A. Rulfs, J. Hairston (sub.)

Jumping Center—E. G. Moore.

Side Center—J. Shaffner, E. Zachary (sub.)

Guards—M. Chinnis, M. Warren, B. Drye (sub.)

Freshmen

Forwards—E. Alcocke, B. Holt, M. Hurt (sub.)

Jumping Center—B. Chandler.

Side Center—M. Russell, J. Brown (sub.)

Guards—M. Bissinger, D. Daniel, M. Smith (sub.)

THANKSGIVING AT SALEM

Thanksgiving at Salem is "The Day" of the fall term. It is the only holiday from the opening of school until we are dismissed for the Christmas holidays—so it is the most eventful, most thrilling, most inspiring single day of the entire year. The efforts of months of preparation cul-

minate in the various spectacular activities of Thanksgiving Day.

The program of the model Thanksgiving Day at Salem never has to be considered from year to year; it is always the same (for the simple reason that it cannot be improved upon). It always involves the same course of events which are deemed fundamental for this occasion by all Salem girls, but at the same time it is always seasoned with a sufficient number of invigorating surprises to prevent the schedule from ever becoming monotonous.

There is always the Thanksgiving service in the Moravian Church in the morning, which truly interprets the spirit of Thanksgiving.

At two-thirty p.m. the four class basket ball teams march on the field amid the clamor of horns and drums and roars of cheers from scores of intense spectators seated on the hillside adjacent to the field.

After this formal entrance of the players the underclassmen retire, leaving the juniors and seniors on the field to struggle first for the silver cup—the symbol of class championship. Thus the inter-class basket ball tournament is begun.

At the end of fifteen minutes the freshmen and sophomores take the places of their sister classes on the field and the combat again ensues.

The third round is a struggle between the winners in the two preceding games. During this period the breathless spectators are speechless one minute, and hysterical the next.

Behold time is called! The great games which each college girl has had some part in preparing, are over.

The next feature on the schedule for the day is the long-anticipated banquet held in the dining room at six-thirty. The honorees at this banquet are the four teams—who have the special privilege of lining up in Main Hall and marching into the dining room by way of the Academy dining room and seating themselves at the long center table decorated and arranged especially for them. At the head of this table presides the toastmaster, Dr. Rondthaler; at the foot, the director of Physical Education.

The same spirit displayed on the court is always enthusiastically resumed in speeches, songs, and yells during the banquet. At the conclusion of the convivial repast the hilarious assembly adjourns to the library

to conclude the day's festivities in a spirited grand march and dance.

Thus ends a typical Thanksgiving at Salem.

PEP

Where Shall It Go After Thanksgiving?

What is that indefinable something that is very much in evidence just now, but so hard to possess when we most need it? Cure and it's our old friend Pep. That's what it is that makes us sing these songs, yell like savages, wave our colors and work at our play today. In short, Pep puts the joy into living on this occasion.

What kind of a quality is this Pep? It is a leader, for where Pep is we all must be forthwith, and surely it is a follower. Pep will follow any good and progressive enterprise. But would it not be even more appropriate as a companion?

(Yes, the moral is right here; we won't disguise it.)

If each Salem girl in every class, on every day through the year would keep with her the embodiment of Pep; well, it wouldn't be the same place, would it? If every organization at Salem could feel that Pep was present in all its members, couldn't we put across a whole multiplication of our table of plans! I ask it of every officer, of every member. Let's hold to our Thanksgiving Pep, revise and apply it.

THE SUB

Your eyes are on those two teams, the twelve in whose efficiency great hopes are placed. Athletic, earnest, eager, they appear. Certainly great is their honor, but not greater than they deserve. Now, look just in front of each cheering, waving class. There sit four more athletes, fit, grave, and tense. These are the subs. For months they too have practised, trained, worked, and now unless some accident befall, they have not the chance to prove through action their devotion. Little honor is theirs; tough is their luck. Yes, tougher than you know, but are they jealous, bitter, do they grudge the Star her honors? No, for such feelings would make a sub a traitor to her class. She will glory at victory or grin in defeat just the same. All honor to the sub—she has done her best and we can't do without her.

"THE OLD ORDER PASSETH"

We conceive it an editorial prerogative to interpret the news of the day, yes, even though we have to draw on past experience with Salem Thanksgivings in order to exercise our editorial function.

Now, as to the matter of music at the annual Thanksgiving banquet: It has been our custom, heretofore to proceed menu wise from grapefruit cocktails to after dinner coffee to the varying tunes of, "I Love you Tru-oo-oo-ly", "Sing Me to Sleep", "Just Awearin' for You", "Oh, Promise Me, etc." The paid orchestra and our Thanksgiving turkeys had points in common; they were inevitable and expensive; but their appeal was different. Our sense of the eternal-fitness of things admitted the turkeys, but Salem, musical Salem, rebelled at the tunes we ate them to.

"Why not a part of our own college orchestra?" questioned someone with a malignant case of Salem spirit.

"Well, why not?" chimed in the infected ones, "Why not?"

And so it is that in the editorial column we boldly announce this item:

At the Thanksgiving banquet the songs will be led by a small orchestra composed of representatives of the Salem College orchestra, as follows:

Violins—Miss Webb, Miss Paulina Taylor, Miss Agnes Pfohl, Miss Laura Howell.

Viola—Miss de Barritt.

Drums—Miss Talmage.

Piano—Miss Temple.

If you are skeptical and believe that this is holiday rather than genuine Salem spirit, come to chapel Friday morning. There's a surprise awaiting you.

YOUR SISTER CLASS

Salem Spirit is a complex matter, as is shown clearly today. It is made up of team spirit, class spirit, a spirit of content and helpfulness, college spirit, and all the rest. Not the least of these is sister class spirit. Just what does this mean? The wearing of the colors of your sister class is not the thing itself, it is only a manifestation of the spirit.

The idea of classes being "sisters" is a beautiful one. It is a symbol of the dear and deep friendship of a younger girl and an older girl. Such a tie exists between sister classes. It is a thing to seek, cherish, and honor. As we root for our sister class, wear her colors, let us think of the meaning of it all.