

The Salemite

"Sail on Salem"

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WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

Salem is "going some" these days. Formerly we could hardly squeeze out an issue of our monthly publication twice a year. Now we have a newspaper that comes out every two weeks and—what! Here's an Extra!

What to do with this Salemite—
 But a safety vault for it—

BECAUSE

1. It is the only collection of Salem songs available for everyday use.
 2. You will need it at the banquet Thanksgiving night.
 3. You'll be sorry if you're found without it in chapel Friday morning.
 4. It will have many uses in the future.
 5. You'll want to treasure it.
- You are advised to secure extra copies of The Salemite from Elizabeth Gillespie, '22. It's good as a ten-page letter home.

WELCOME TO YOU, ALUMNAE!

You are one of the chief blessings we have, and we are thankful for your presence today. Just forget that you've been out in the world, and be still a Salem girl, along with us. "The place is so changed" you say. We hope so. We're trying to make it better every day. But we cling to and love the good old Salem traits just as you do, and we think you'll find that Salem is really just the same.

SALEM COLLEGE SONGS

ALMA MATER

In the midst of rolling woodlands,
 'Neath fair skies of blue,
 Stands our noble Alma Mater,
 Glorious to view.

Chorus:

Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
 Over vale and hill.
 Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
 Hail, all hail to thee!

Let the chorus swell its anthem
 Far and loud and long,
 Salem College and her glory
 Ever be our song.

Though from her our paths may sever,
 And we, distant roam,
 Still abides the memory ever
 Of our college home.

BLEST ALMA MATER

To Salem's honored history
 We sing in songs of praise.
 As a true pledge of loyalty
 Our tuneful chorus raise.

Chorus

Blest Alma Mater,
 Gladly thy name we sing
 Hail! hail to Salem!
 Myriad echoes ring.

Old Salem may thy future grow
 More glorious year by year.
 Thy simple faith of long ago
 Be ever nurtured here.

SENIOR ROBING SONG

("Ancient of Days")

Knights of the king who lived so long ago,

Won not their armor save by watch and prayer,
 And doughty deeds performed for truth and goodness;
 We have our armor proved by deeds as fair.

We are not knights and our time is the present,
 But we are part of the world's student throng,

Who reach out loving, eager hands for service,
 Who still believe right triumphs over wrong.

We are not knights but we have kept our vigil;
 Long have we worked and played in these loved halls.
 Our girlhood we have given our Alma Mater,
 For strong young womanhood the world now calls.

Our Senior robes are symbols of the armor
 With which we gird ourselves for victory.

Proudly we don them, humbly will we wear them.
 Conscious their meaning is—World Loyalty.

MISS MARGARET HAGAN.

SALEM MARCHING SONG

Honored in song and story
 Fairest of queens, to thee,
 Higher, far higher glory,
 And nobler praise shall be.
 Thine be the cheerful chorus
 Which rises through the skies,
 Ringing, while still before us,
 Thy future glory lies. Hurrah!

Chorus:

Then be the honor ever
 To Salem dear alone;
 She reigns supreme, and never
 Shal leave her ancient throne.

Clearer, as seasons vanish
 Glitters her spotless fame;
 Years pass and never waneth
 The glory of her name.
 And as of old we've crowned her
 With wreaths of woven bay,
 Cast we once more around her
 The laurels won today.

TO BISHOP

("Bubbles")

We will always sing to Bishop
 Bishop whom we love so dear
 When far or near, he brings us cheer;
 He guides us through without a fear.
 Seniors always loyal, to our friend
 most dear.

We will always sing to Bishop,
 Bishop Rondthaler whom we love.
 N. H., '20.

TO "PREXY"

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

TO SALEM FACULTY

Oh, Salem faculty,
 Come out and play with me,
 And bring your dollies three,
 Beneath the apple tree—
 Splash in our rain barrel,
 Slide down our cellar door,
 And we'll be friends with you forevermore.

GIRLS OF MAIN BUILDING

("Dear Old Pals")

Girls of Main Building,
 Loyal and true,
 We bring a greeting,
 From Salem to you.
 May we remember the glorious past,
 And carry it on through the year.

Chorus—

Dear old pals, jolly old pals,
 Always together in all sorts of weather—
 I ear old pals, jolly old pals,
 Dear old, jolly old pals.

E. HUNT, '19.

"AIN'T GOT NO STYLE"

("Style")

They say that those—they ain't got no style!
 They've got style, all the while!
 They've got style, all the while!
 They say that those—they ain't got no style!
 They've got style all the while,
 All the while, all the while!

RING THE BELL

("Let the Lower Lights Be Burning")
 Salem College, thee we cherish,
 Sing thy praises loud and long;
 Still defend thee, still protect thee,
 Ever raise the victory song.

Chorus:

Ring the bell on old Main Building,
 Lift the choral anthem rise:
 Hail to Salem! Hail to Salem!
 Shout her glory to the skies.

A SONG TO S. C.

As onward we march,
 Now all join in line,
 And raise a song to S. C.
 Queen of our Southland,
 As daughters of thine,
 We pledge devotion to thee.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Friends now in work and play,
 Whether odd or even, we;
 Friends through the coming years
 Evermore will be.

As onward we march,
 And all join in line,
 We'll make the campus ring
 With a song for dear old Salem.
 To her, long life we sing!
 E. HUNT, '19.

SONGS OF THE SENIORS

SENIOR CLASS SONG

Music—Evelyn Smith
 Words—Evelyn Thom

Salem we stand before you,
 Seniors of '21.
 Waiting the world's own verdict
 Of what each shall become.
 Our lives we give to service
 For the world's liberty.
 Meeting us now are crises
 Which we have longed to see.
 New America calls us,
 And Salem sends us forth,
 Teaching things most holy,
 Honor and justice, too.
 Hers be highest glory,
 For all that Seniors do,
 Hers be highest glory,
 For all that Seniors do!

TO MRS. RONDTHALER

("Love Nest")

Just a song to tell you how dear
 You will always be to us here.
 Through these four years
 You've been kind and friendly, too.
 And in all the years to come,
 We'll still be true.
 Mrs. Rondthaler, we'll try to see
 Just what you would have us to be.
 From you our love and our faith will
 never stray,
 Though we're scattered far away.

TO MISS STIPE

("Alice Blue Gown")

We will sing to Miss Stipe of our love.
 And we'll try our affection to prove.
 Through the years you have been
 All the Seniors' best friend,
 And our love and our gratitude never
 will end.

When at last we are ready to leave,
 For you and for Salem we'll grieve.
 We will always adore you;
 We'd do anything for you;
 Then here's to our own dear Miss
 Stipe.

TO ANNEX

("Carry Me Back to Old Virginny")

Carry us back to dear old Annex,
 There's where good times we had
 abundant-ly—
 There's where we lived and played for
 our glad year;
 There's where we gained our long-
 sought Senior dignity.

Carry us back to dear old Annex,
 It is the place you'll love when you are
 seniors too.
 There is no place on earth you know
 each other better
 Than dear old Annex where the girls
 are always true.

E. A. T., '21.