

# JUNIORS YELLS AND SONGS

Bum, chica, bum,  
Bum, chica, bum,  
Bum, chica, bum,  
Rika, chica, bum, bum, bum,  
Rip, rah, rum,  
Rip, rah, rum,  
Juniors, Juniors,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe,  
Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe,  
Give 'em the axe, give 'em the axe,  
Where?  
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,  
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,  
Right in the neck, right in the neck!  
There!

Pumpkins, Potatoes, Hayseed,  
Squash,  
Can we beat the Seniors?  
Yes, by gosh.

Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Sis! Boom! Bah!  
Eat 'em up; Chew 'em up  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Say! Say what?  
That's what!  
What's what?  
That's what they all say!  
What's what they all say?  
Juniors.

Hit 'em high, Hit 'em low,  
Juniors, Juniors, let's go.

Rickety, Rickety, Sis,  
Boom, bah,  
Junior, Juniors,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

J-u J-u-n J-u-n-i-o-r-s.  
That's the way you spell it,  
Here's the way you yell it,  
Juniors, Juniors.

Chica, lacka, Chattanooga,  
Bunker Hill, Yorktown,  
Famous men in famous places,  
Yet they cannot win the races, set  
the spaces,  
Won by us—Juniors.

Razzle, dazzle, frizzle, frazzle,  
Not a thread but wool,  
All together, all together,  
That's the way we pull.

Hit 'em in the wishbone,  
Soak 'em in the jaw,  
Send 'em to the graveyard,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Nigger, Nigger, hoe potatoes,  
Half past alligator,  
Ram, Bam, bulligator,  
Chica, wah, claw,  
Juniors, Juniors,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Team:  
Captain—Sophia Hall.  
Jumping Center — Elizabeth Parker.  
Side Center—Sophia Hall.  
Forwards—Elizabeth Leight and Pauline Hawkins.  
Guards—Louise Woodard and Jean Abell.  
Subs — Frances Young, Ellen Wilkinson and Esther Efrid.

You can't beat the Juniors,  
You can't beat the Juniors,  
You can't beat the Junior Team,  
Use your team and get up steam,  
But you can't beat the Junior Team.

One, two, three, four,  
Three, two, one, four,  
Who are we for?  
Juniors, Juniors.

## JUNIOR TEAM SONG

(Tune "Turkey in the Straw")  
I'm a Junior born,  
I'm a Junior bred,  
And when I die, I'll be a Junior dead,  
So I'm backing my team with heaps of pep  
Till we win this game for the season's rep.  
Red and Black shall wave on high,  
We'll win this game today or die,  
For the Junior Team is the best of all,  
So we'll give three cheers for them all in all.

## JUNIOR CLASS SONG

The class that has done its very best,  
In all school work and play,  
To Salem dear, raises with the rest  
A song so very gay.  
All hail to the Juniors of spirit right,  
Because we do unite,  
For love and friendship are alive,  
In the Class Twenty-five.

## JUNIOR—FRESHMAN

Irish pototoes,  
Irish potatoes, squash,  
Freshman—Juniors, Yes, by gosh.  
Get a wiggle on,  
Get a wiggle on,  
Don't stand there and giggle on,  
Get a wiggle on,  
Get a wiggle on,  
And root for your team.  
When you're up, you're up,  
When you're down, you're down,  
When you're up against the Freshmen—Juniors,  
You're up side down.

## JUNIOR YELLS

Another little job for the undertaker,  
Another little job for the casket-maker,  
In the cemetery they are very, very busy with a brand new game,  
No—more—Seniors.

Rickety, Rickety, Russ,  
We're not allowed to cuss,  
But nevertheless we must confess,  
There's nothing the matter with us.

Rattle up a tin can,  
Coon up a tree.  
Sophomores, Sophomores,  
Teedle, teedle, dee!

## FOUR RULES FOR A GOOD SPORTSMAN

(By HENRY VAN DYKE)

1. When you play a game always wish to win and try to win, otherwise your opponent will have no fun; but never wish to win so much that you cannot be happy without it.
2. Seek to win only by fair and lawful means according to the rules of the game, and this will leave you without bitterness toward your opponent or shame before others.
3. Take pleasure in the game even though you do not obtain victory; for the purpose of the game is not merely to win, but to find joy and strength in trying.
4. If you obtain this victory which you have so desired think more of your good fortune than of your own skill. This will make you grateful and ready to share with others the honor bestowed upon you, and truly this is both reasonable and profitable; for it is but little that most of us would win in this world were our fortunes not better than our deserts.—Exchange.



IN THESE days of rush and rustle, the advent of Thanksgiving serves most of all to remind us of what wondrous changes time has wrought. The Thanksgivings of our fathers and those of today are no more alike than the minuet and the fox trot, the dances that well typify the era of the present and the past. About the only thing left to us from out of the old days is the Thanksgiving turkey, and even this bird is not now held sacred and necessary for this festival.

The very mention of the word Thanksgiving brings to the mind a picture that modern conditions have turned to the wall. It is a picture of the time when life was simple in its pleasures and robust in its strength; when people were really folks; when the race and rivalry of life did not extend their office hours over the entire day. That state of things has now passed away. It has followed in the wake and the trail of the pioneers and the other figures of the American national life that was but is not.

In the old days there were tippets and mitt'ns, things that hang in mem-



ory's closet on the same nail as the high stock, men's shawls and daguerrotypes. Gone are the marvelous tippets that went round and round the neck until a person was swathed like a mummy of ancient Egypt. Gone, too, are the mitt'ns knit at home in colors of sunset and sunrise blue, those cozy ancestors of gloves As for the bootjack, in these

days of luxury and ready-made shoes it is as unknown as any creature of the prehistoric age.

No longer does Thanksgiving bring the real mince pie, that culinary triumph of every well-regulated household, with its wonderful fruity flavor, that cunningly combined the qualities of solidity and crispness, a pie that even if dangerous to health made a danger well worth facing and putting down. Compared with the bakery-bult substitute of today the mince pie of those days was a vintage pie, as far above its modern rival as a vintage wine is above the grocery wine for cooking use. Its existence was a splendid testimonial to the physical traits of the men and women of the era in which it flourished.

Even the plum pudding, that carnival of richness, is disappearing from the stage. It is giving way to ice cream, that molycoddle of digestion that invites to slow eating and deliberate enjoyment.

The Thanksgiving stage is now set with new scenes and new characters. There is the cabaret and terrapin, and football and the theater. There is the social function in place of the family festival; and in the evening hours the elaborate entertainment in the gilded ballroom, in place of the homely dance to the strains of the fiddle and the bow and the ministrations of the merry, squeaking fiddler. Truly, the coming of this holiday and its observance well measures the distance that the nation has gone from its life and its habits in the days when Thanksgiving day was young.

Mr. Goodleigh—Her age really surprised me; she doesn't look twenty, does she?

Miss Snappe—Not now, but I suppose she did once.

# FERESHMEN YELLS AND SONGS

## FRESHMEN YELLS

1—2—3—4—5—6—7  
Freshman team is going to heaven  
When they get there  
They will yell

\_\_\_\_\_, go to  
Razzle, dazzle,  
Hobble, gobble,  
Sis, boom, hah,  
Freshmen! Freshmen!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Irish potatoes,  
Sweet potatoes,  
String beans,  
Squash!  
Freshmen! Freshmen!  
Yes! by gosh!

\_\_\_\_\_'re in the high chair  
Who put 'em up there  
Ma! Pa! Sis boom bah!  
Freshmen! Freshmen!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Who's gonna win-a-win  
Who's gonna win-a-win  
Who's gonna win-a-win now!  
We're gonna win-a-win  
We're gonna win-a-win  
We're gonna win-a-win how!  
Easy!!!

Three cheers for the Freshmen  
Freshmen must win  
Fight to the finish  
Never give in.  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
You do your best girls  
We'll do the rest girls  
Fight for the victory.

F-r-e-s-h  
F-r-e-s-h  
F-r-e-s-h-m-e-n  
That's the way you spell it  
Here's the way you yell it  
Freshmen!  
Freshmen!  
Freshmen!

Whoop her up  
Whoop her up  
Whoop her up some more  
Freshmen team  
Is the team  
That we all adore.  
She's such a peach  
She's won our hearts  
She'll surely win this game  
She is not rough  
She is not tough  
but she gets there just the same.

When you're up  
You're up  
When you're down  
You're down  
when you're up against Freshmen  
You're upside down.

Do—re—me  
Who are we?  
We are, we are, we are we.  
't aint no lie  
't aint no bluff  
Freshmen! Freshmen!  
They're the stuff!

Your pep!  
Your pep!  
You've got it now keep it  
Doggone it don't lose it  
Your pep!  
Your pep!

Leader: Where the Freshmen?  
Class: They're on top.  
Leader: Where the \_\_\_\_\_?  
Class: They're in the soup.  
S-o-u-p, S-o-u-p,  
Soup! Soup! Soup!

Rome! Caesar! Cicero! Gaul!  
Freshmen team beats them all!

Get a wiggle on  
Get a wiggle on  
Don't stand there and giggle on.  
Get a wiggle on  
Get a wiggle on  
And root for your team!

1—2—3—4  
3—2—1—4

Who are we for?  
Freshmen! Freshmen! Freshmen!

T—e—-a—m  
T—e—-a—m  
T—e—-a—m  
Team!  
Team!  
Team!

Ray! (first name)  
Rah! (last name)  
Ray! Rah! (full name)

Ada! Padada! Paching! Paching!  
Flip! Flap! Flip! Flap!  
Bing! Bang! Bing!  
Kickapoo! Walapoo!  
Siz! Boom! Bah!  
Freshmen! Freshmen!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

## Song to Team:

We'll sing a song to our team  
The team that'll win the day  
Black and Gold will triumph  
We're going to lead the way.  
Perhaps we're just beginners  
But the proverb it doth say  
Beginners are very lucky  
So "27" will win the day!

## Song to Class:

Our colors are the Black and Gold  
We've never know defeat  
We always win what we begin  
We simply can't be beat.  
Hail to the Freshmen  
With your "rep" and pep and  
colors flying  
Yell for the Freshmen  
The Freshmen are always on the top  
Tip! Top!

## Freshman

	Captain	
	Forwards	
E. Raper	Center	M. Buckner
E. Jones	Guards	A. Steele
D. M. Eddy	Subs	L. Thomas
V. Griffin		H. Ford
	A. P. Shaffner	
	Colors—Black and Gold.	

## SONG TO MISS STIPE.

I.  
We have a dean of women here,  
Women here,  
Women here,  
We have a dean of women here,  
Her name is Miss Lula Mae Stipe.

II.  
She has a little office room,  
Office room,  
Office room,  
She has a little office room,  
Where she waits to give advice.

CHORUS:  
Three cheers for Miss Stipe,  
Three cheers for Miss Stipe,  
Three cheers for Miss Stipe,  
The very best of all.

III.  
We love to sit and talk with her,  
Talk with her,  
Talk with her,  
We love to sit and talk with her,  
When we are feeling blue.

IV.  
She's oft times very strict with us,  
Strict with us,  
Strict with us,  
She's oft times very strict with us,  
But we love her just the same.

## CHORUS.