

SPORTS DAY NUMBER

Everybody
Welcome

THE SALEMITE

Sophomores
Freshmen

Salem College, November 29, 1928.

SENIOR TEAM

Mary Johnson
Rose Frasier
Helen Johnson
Elva Lee Kenerly
Mabel Mehaffey
Margaret Hauser

SENIOR
SONG

We've got lots of pep!
We've always had the very best
rep;
'Cause we've got lots of pep—
That's the Senior class.
We'll praise the red and black
With praises true we'll never
slack.
'Cause we'll praise the red and
black—
That's the Senior class,
Oh! Class of '29,
To you we pledge our loyalty
forever.
We sing our praises clear,
To that old class we hold so
dear;
We hope that victory's near,
For that old senior class.

SENIOR
YELL

Strawberry short cake, huckle-
berry pie,
V - I - C - T - O - R - Y,
Are we in it?
Well I guess,
Seniors, seniors, yes, yes, yes.

Two, four, three, four,
Three, two, one four,
Who are we for?
Seniors, Seniors, Seniors!

Well, well, well—you never can
tell,
We're going to beat the—too,
Well, well, well.

SOPHOMORE YELL

Hit 'em high,
Hit 'em low,
Hit 'em fast,
Hit 'em slow,
Come on, Sophomores, let's go!

WELCOME
ALUMNAE

Welcome, everyone! Again
the *Salemite*, with all crew
aboard, launches out to sea—
this time sailing towards "The
Land of Heart's Desire." In
this wonderful land everyone is
happy—all cares are forgotten
—and merriment reigns su-
preme. It is to such a port as
this that we gallily pilot our
sturdy old ship, and invite ev-
eryone to join us. "The Land
of Heart's Desire" is a place
where new and old friends
gather—where alumnae, new
students, and old students meet
and are bound by the bond of
Salem Spirit.

Our ship, carrying jolly good
friends on deck, will push out
to sea promptly on the stroke
of three, Saturday afternoon.
We promise you a rollicking
cruise, full of fun and sport,
and food that is fit for a king!
Every good sailor and seaman
is invited—and welcomed. We
will sea you in "The Land of
Heart's Desire!"

YOUR SCHOOL
& MY SCHOOL

(Tune: "Your Land and My
Land.")
Your school and my school,
how we hail her with pride;
The school of our southland,
whose worth has been tried.
She will live on forever; with
her we'll break our faith—
no never.
Glory, glory to old Salem, we'll
sing us we go marching on.

FRESHMAN
YELL

There was a little rooster sit-
ting on a fence,
He crowed for the Freshmen,
'Cause he had g-o-o-d sense.

Who's gonna win - win?
Whose gonna win - win - wow?
We're gonna win - win!
We're gonna win - win - how?
E - A - S - Y.

JUNIOR TEAM

Lillie Taylor
Margaret Sells
Nona Raper
Lucile Hassell
Lib Rhea Dewey
Eleanor Willingham

JUNIOR
SONG

A capital class for a capital
school,
It's the class without a peer,
If you would know of such,
—what Ho!
Just look before you hear,
'32 Strong
Both short and long,
Bear charm and fate.
So it's plain to see
That ecstasy will always be our
state.

For we are the Juniors bold,
And victory is our goal—
To do or die is e'er our cry,
So let the music play.
We're Salem's dazzling lights,
We'll reach the shining heights,
We're full of pep—
We have a rep—
And we will gain the day.

JUNIOR
YELL

Rickety, rickety, russ,
We're not allowed to cuss,
But nevertheless, we must con-
fess
There's nothing the matter with
us.

R-a-a-a, Rah! Rah!
Juniors! Juniors! Juniors!

Rome, Caesar, Cicero, Gaul,
Juniors, Juniors, beat them all.

FRESHMAN YELL

Horse and wagon,
Horse and wagon,
Team! Team! Team!