

## SOPHOMORE SONG

Hail to the glories of Sophomore class,  
In all she tries to do;  
Honor her name, tell of her fame,  
Uphold her standards true.

### CHORUS

Salem! Salem! Alma Mater dear—  
Salem! Salem! give her one more cheer—  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Salem! Salem! Grand old gold and white—  
We'll honor ever, love with all our might.

Sing of the victories of Sophomore class,  
Give her deserved praise—  
For things she's done, trophies she's won,  
Loud let our voices raise.

## FRESHMAN SONG

Oh! we are the class that has plenty of pep and loyalty  
We'll hold Salem's standard wherever we may be,  
We'll rally to our colors—  
Our colors red and white,  
In case we are down, class,  
We'll fight! fight! fight!  
We'll be true to old Salem,  
To the class of '32.  
We'll make our college so proud of all we do.  
For we are the Freshmen who ever hold it right.  
We're the spirit of red and white.

## SOPHOMORE YELL

Jump on the grandstand,  
Beat the dishpan,  
Who can, we can, nobody else can,  
Sophomores, Sophomores, Sophomores.

Sophomores, rah, rah,  
Sophomores, rah, rah,  
Hurrah, hurrah,  
Sophomores, rah, rah,

S. O. S.!—S. O. S.! S. O. S.!  
Sail on, Salem!  
Hurrah!

## BASKETBALL: MORE OR LESS

Yoo-hoo, girls! We just thought maybe you'd like to have a *Salemite* today. They make great megaphones if rolled in the proper manner, which you can discover with a little experimentation. Oh, don't mention it; no bother at all.

It is a good thing you haven't to do much reading now because we don't feel in an appropriately literary mood, what with all this holiday crowd seething and surging around us. How eager and impatient they are, but no wonder. Ach! here comes our hero, "K. O." Kelly, into the ring with a towel around his shoulders, charmingly smiling and nodding in acknowledgement of the proverbial thunder of applause which greets him. Don't his muscles ripple beautifully as he playfully swings on the ropes in his corner!—and look, there is "Heavyweight Harry," the pride of Parnassus, his brutish opponent. Come, gather 'round, all ye faithful, and we'll give a rousing cheer. Right lustily yelled, forsooth. For that, dear children, you shall each have a "cookie."

My faith, Edwina! only three yards to go and "Strud" Nash has the ball. Prithee give us a touchdown, or Virginia wins the day. (Imagine our embarrassment). About that time another Redskin bit the dust, and every true Salem spirit gave fifteen rabs for "team," thereby rudely awaking us and startling us frightfully. However, we are very glad we didn't sleep through the long-anticipated final basket ball games, so we will forgive the offenders and thank them besides.

Right here we take the opportunity of congratulating all the class teams. They are everyone skilled, since there are four which participate in the final event. Such noteworthy athletic prowess! We thought we would tell you who is going to win the cup, but decided that it wouldn't be fair to the players to detract interest from the game by announcing the victory before hand. But the whistle is blowing, or at least being blown upon, so let us watch intently and cheer untiringly. This is no hour for reading and writing. Cheerio.

## SAL TO EM

Em, have you ever seen such a gathering as this? There sit the teams, tired by weeks of practice, but happy and perhaps somewhat relieved. Speaking of being relieved—take a look at Miss Atkinson! Wouldn't she be a perfect picture for a Pepsodent ad? The games throughout the tournament have certainly shown the results of her untiring interest and drill. The cup has taken on a more desirable "shine" since she began working with us, and we've found out quite a few things about basket-ball we didn't know before.

There sit the stars of the Senior team. Listen how they are being cheered! No, the one on the right is Margaret Hauser, Mary Johnson is on the left. They are better known as "Mary and Maggie, the Flash Twins," for it is impossible to keep up with either of them. There's Margaret Sells, the fighting member of the Juniors—the one grinning, yes, Say! Stop asking questions and let me eat a minute, won't you? No, that is not the Junior mascot, that is Ross Walker.

I certainly am glad I'm not sitting next to Dr. Rondthaler. He always has some remark to make when my chicken, turkey, or what ever it may be—you figure that out—flies off my plate, or the peas scoff along the clean tablecloth. I never could get by with making myself "at home" whenever he was at the table, for he has a fast eye and a wit even faster.

Lucy Currie and Carrie Brinkley remind us of the days of the World War. They seem to be getting much more sympathy than the team members. It certainly will be nice to see them in proper "shape" again.

Everybody looks so pretty in her "best" dress, and the old silver moon and the castles make it seem like a dream. We are truly in the Land of Heart's Desire where there enters nothing but happiness and good will. Let laughter ring out, and voices join in song—tonight was meant for such, and joy reigns supreme!

Rip, ray rah!  
Rip, ray rah!  
Team, team, team!