

SENIOR SONG

We lack the greenness,
We lack the boldness,
And we lack the love-sickness too.
We have the most pep,
We have the best rep,
Yet, we have the dignity too.
Our game of ball
Proves us sports one and all.
Yellow and black ne'er will fail,
And when the game's won—
Our praises will be sung,
For Seniors of thirty-one.

JUNIOR SONG

The Junior Class are we
Colors red and white
Always on the top we'll be
We'll never cease to fight, fight,
fight, fight.
We'll work hard and reach our goal
And prove as in the past,
That with our might and main
We'll whip another, whip another
class.

SENIOR YELLS

Skyrocket — (whistle) — boom!
Seniors — Seniors — Seniors!

Senior, rah - rah, Seniors,
rah - rah!
Who - rah, who - rah?
Seniors, rah - rah!

JUNIOR YELL

Who's gonna win-win?
Who's gonna win-win?
Who's gonna win-win-wow?

We're gonna win-win,
We're gonna win-win,
We're gonna win-and how!
E—A—S—Y.

FEAST OF THE PIRATES

Six bells and alls well! Heigh ho, mates! The pirate of Sports speaking. Lay aside your weapons of battle, lower your sails, and anchor. Such a crew as this deserves a hearty feast, and here it is!

Four gallant ships set forth several weeks ago in search of a silver treasure, and after hard sailing through troubled seas, one battle-scarred ship has returned to the home port in triumph. What a crew they turned out to be! Because we are very unusual pirates, we are giving the victors a big hand (minus knives or pistols and other pirate play things) and extending to all of you a welcome as great as any pirate crew in the days of old extended to a captured ship with a cargo of gold.

Eat, drink and be merry—tomorrow you may have to walk the plank!

TO MISS "AT"

We sing to you Miss "At",
For all the guidance that
You've given throughout these years,
You've been so true.
We love you and always will,
Our hearts with praises fill.
Miss Atkinson,
We sing to thank you!

SONGS

For some schools are quickly forgotten
And gone with the end of the year
But some you remember
Like last glowing embers
Making our memories dear.
For we're full of joy here at Salem
And happiness reigns here supreme
And we know that someday
We'll come back to her
The school of our high school
day dreams.

SOPHOMORE SONG

Day by day—every way.
We get better as we play,
As the Sophomores go fighting along
We begin—then to win
Everything that we are in
Yes, the Sophomores go fighting
along.
So don't be blue—but be square and
true.
Keep up your courage. You'll come
through.
When things go wrong we always
sing this song
That the Sophomores go fighting
along.
Keep on fighting
As the Sophomores go fighting along.

FRESHMEN SPIRIT

Here's to the class we belong to,
We're willing to serve
Our dear Alma Mater
Her fame to preserve.
We're loyal to Salem
We give her our best
We rally our forces and
Sing! Sing! Sing!
So here's to the Freshmen.
The class of thirty-four.
We'll honor, uphold them
Adored forevermore.
We're true to the ideals
That Salem holds so high
It's the Spirit of Thirty-Four.

SOPHOMORE YELL

Do - rac - me, who are we?
We are, we are, we are
W E !
Ain't no lie, ain't no bluff,
Sophomore Class is red hot
stuff !

FRESHMEN YELL

Ra.....rah!
Ra.....rah!
Ra-rah-rah!
Freshmen, Freshmen, Thirty-Four.
Hi! Hi! Hi!
Freshmen.