

SENIOR CLASS SONG

Our college friendship soon will sever,
And fade as does the dying day.
Our closest bonds must all be broken
As thru the world we wend our way.
And yet what e'er may be our fortune,
The friendships fade and friends be few,
We'll love thee still our Alma Mater,
So Salem, here's to you.

SENIOR CLASS YELL

Who'se gonna win-win?
Who'se gonna win-win?
Who'se gonna win-win-wow?

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

JUNIOR CLASS SONG

Here's to the class of '33
Salem's best we try to be
We fight with all might
For Salem's right
And ever will be.
Here's to our colors black and red
We're proud of them you see
We will fight with a vim
That is dead sure to win
For thirty-three.

JUNIOR YELL

3—3 3
3 rahs
3 raps
3 — 3 — 3
Thirty-three

SOPHOMORE YELL

(Whistle) boom!
(clap and stomp)
Sophomores - Sophomores - Sophomores!

HAIL FELLOW

Seat yourself and whip out the old carving knife. The castle is celebrating with a feed! The banquet hall stands ready; the stalks are heavy laden, the leaves are dyed with color, the cups brimming with mead, and we are bursting with merriment and good feeling.

Pull that smile out of your pocket and hang it on by the ears, give your fellow a hearty grasp of the hand and enter into 'the gala and festivity of the day—for 'tis Thanksgiving! Glorious Holiday!

With the game as an appetizer (and a mighty combat it was), the turkey piled high looks better than ever before. Thou dish of the kings, cranberry sauce, what a harmonizer thou art, making red lips redder still. Clinking glasses, lusty songs, good times, friends, the afterglow of the game, *Salem Spirit*—all await us here. Enter in, and think with us a minute on a timely verse.

Happy are we met,
Happy have we been,
Happy may we part,
Happy meet again!

Corn stalks, dried and crackling—
Pumpkins and chestnuts—
Chrysanthemums, yellow and rust-colored—

A heavy frost—
Thanksgiving!

Shad: "See that man out there at center? Some day he's gonna be our best man."

Betty: "Oh, Shad, this is so sudden."

L. Womble: "Whatcha doing, Lib?"

E. Gray: "Shut up. I'm adding figures and every time I see you I add 0."

SOPHOMORE SONG

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 Sophomores.
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.

FRESHMAN CLASS SONG

Who's wonderful?
Who's marvelous?
The Freshman Class.
Who is the star?
Who are we for?
The Freshman Class.
O yes we've Salem spirit,
Ever loyal and true.
We've got the pep,
We've got the rep,
The Freshman Class.

FRESHMAN CLASS YELL

Rah! Rah! for Freshmen!
Freshmen will win,
Fight to the finish,
Never give in!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
You do your best, boys!
We'll do the rest, boys!
Rah! Rah! For Freshman Class!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
(repeat)

In spite of prohibition, beef gets corned, gasoline gets tanked, cucumbers get pickled, golf balls get teed up, hinges get oiled, lamps get lit, walls get plastered, bells get jingled and prunes get stewed.

P. S.—What about coffee getting drunk?