

OLD ALMA MATER

(Continued from Page Two.)
Eagerly, gladly our footsteps re-
trace.
Sometime we fretted at wholesome
restrictions,
Lessons seemed hard and the days
very dull,
Oh how we longed to be free as the
morning,
Drinking the sweetness of life to
the full.
But when the freedom came
We found it but a name,
Duty assumed more imperious
sway;
Yet, Alma Mater dear,
Ever thou seemest near,
Smoothing directing and blessing
life's way.
Hearken! from mountain, from hill-
side and river,
Joyful the story the multitude tell,
Up from the homes where thy daugh-
ters are reigning,
Plans enchanting in melody
swell
Telling of duties done,
Telling of victories won, —
Oh, Alma Mater, the praises are
thine!
Thou didst foundations lay
In girlhood's careless day,
Now for thy crowning a garland
we'll twine.
Merrily, joyously tell out the story,
Earnestly, tenderly sing it once
more,

Here in our hearts Alma Mater is
throned,
There will we cherish and love
evermore.
Hail to thee, S. F. A!
Oh, may success always,
Crown thee with blessing and hon-
or and power
While over land and sea
Thy daughters cling to thee,
Laud thee and love thee to life's
latest hour.

**IN THE MIDST OF ROLL-
ING WOODLANDS**

Alma Mater, 1912
Words by Emma A. Lehman
In the midst of rolling woodlands,
'Neath fair skies of blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Glorious to view
Chorus:
Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
Over vale and hill
Hail to thee our Alma Mater
Hail! all hail to thee!
Let the choruses swell its anthem
Far and loud and long,
Salem College and her glory
Ever be our song.
Though from her our paths may
sever,
And we, distant roam,
Still abide the memories ever,
Of our college home.

OYSTERETTES



Just think, girls, it won't be long
before we'll be coming back on Found-
er's Day. We shall be completely
graduated, having lived long and
much while we were in college.
Won't it be fun? We'll come back
and see who is doing what, and why.
We shall be classed as alumnae. That
sounds terribly high-class to me!
After all, four years is a very short
time to mean as much to us as it
does. I am sure that my stay here
will always mean so much to me that
even when my hat is a small lace
cap on the back of a scanty gray
knot, I shall stand and salute Salem,
particularly on Founder's Day.
Here is another cause for salute!
Have you ever seen a college presi-
dent and his wife take such a personal
interest in the girls as Dr. and
Mrs. Rondthaler takes? We appre-
ciate this interest more than we some-
times show.

To those new girls who have joined
this semester—we intend to make
you one of us, we are glad you have
chosen Salem as your college, and we
wish you well in your work.
If you have never been to a Mo-
ravian Love Feast, you have certain-
ly missed something. My first one
made me feel that in spite of our
personal differences, likes, dislikes,
and expressed opinions, we all are
bound together with love. I want
never to talk disparagingly about
anyone again. Wouldn't it be grand
if all of us could feel the same way
all the time?
If you want to enjoy two or three
minutes tonight, start a conversation
with Mr. Shore. You won't have to
do anything but start it; he'll finish
it, and in a delightful manner!
Hasn't this been a delightful day?
**MUSIC STUDENTS GIVE
GOOD PERFORMANCE**
(Continued from Page One)
Phyllis Clapp
Lotus Land Cyril Scott
Virginia Thompson
Concerto in A Minor Rode
Allegro
Margaret Schwarze
Improvisation MacDowell
Mary Celeste Frontis
Vergine Tulto Amor Durante
Clouds Charles
Mary Mills

SCHOOL
I put my heart to school
In the world where men grow wise;
"Go out," I said, "and learn the
rule;
Come back when you win a prize."
My heart came back again:
"Now where is the prize?" I cried—
"The rule was false, and the prize
was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."
I put my heart to school
And brooks run clear and cool,
In the woods where veeries sing
In the fields where wild flowers
spring.
"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and
a song—
"I find this school is home."
—Henry Van Dyke.
**NOCTURNE IN A DESERT-
ED BRICKYARD**
Stuff of the moon
Runs on the lapping sand
Out to the longest shadows,
Under the curving willows,
And round the creep of the wave
line—
Fluxions of yellow and dusk on the
waters
Make a wide dreaming pansy of an
old pond in the night,
—Carl Sandburg.

*There are other good
cigarettes, of course.*

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only good cigarette . . . that the makers
of Chesterfield Cigarettes are the only ones
who can buy good tobaccos and manufacture
cigarettes scientifically . . . would be
nothing short of foolish.
For all tobacco is sold in open auctions
—where anyone can buy if he will pay the
price. Even the machines on which differ-
ent cigarettes are made are alike.
This much, however, is true: By using
the right kinds of Turkish and Domestic to-
baccos in just the right proportions . . . by
blending and cross-blending them together
in the most careful way . . . we make Chest-
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that's milder, that tastes better. Just try them.

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Chesterfield THEY'RE Milder —
THEY TASTE BETTER

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