



Sporting Along With The Trips

A little more than two weeks remains of the 1942 season and we're right on our way down the home stretch. Nothing short of some real tough luck will keep us out of the series. True, we are not in the first division just now but only a couple of games separate us from the second place team and the way the boys are going now we don't see how we can fail to finish in the play-offs.

Every game for the past two weeks has been a battle. We lost a 13-inning game the other day 1-0. Cuellar was great, but no pitcher has yet won a game in which his mates failed to score a run. Another close game lost (10 innings) by a 2-1 score is an indication of the way the boys are fighting for every game. We licked the first and second place teams this past week, by close scores, and we're going to keep on licking everybody until the season is over.

Attendance is still far from satisfactory but we fans just can't find a way to get out to the park. A lot of them walk—and take their chances in getting a ride back to town. If we could get out there you'd find us rooting our heads off—just as we have done in the past few years. You can say what you please about the Tri-Cities not supporting their team but you've got to remember that we are the only team in the league whose park is a distance from either of the three towns and who have no regular bus transportation to and from the three towns. And don't forget that in the past we have loyally supported some teams that could hardly be classed with this one. We're loyal, all right, but we're not magicians; nor do we have any seven league boots.

The management, and particular the Marshall Field & Co. have spent a lot of time and money to give us baseball this year—time and money they have little chance of recovering. Why can't we, as a mark of appreciation, attend all the remaining games and help the boys win out as well as aid the management? There is little chance of professional baseball in these parts until after the war is over, so let's give the boys a real hand during these last few games. Most of them will be in a uniform next summer, but not a baseball

uniform. That the boys are steadily improving can be seen in their batting averages, three or four are now hitting .300 or better, whereas there was only one or two hitting in the charmed circle a couple of weeks ago. The team batting average jumped from .186 last week to .198 this week and they are still hitting steadily.

Below is the team standing, but since it changes almost daily it isn't a fair indication of the strength of our Trips.

Y. M. C. A. Baseball

Baseball in the Y. M. C. A.'s hasn't been so hot this season, due to the large number of young men who have joined the colors. But the Draper Y team is plenty hot! In fourteen games played against strong opposition Coach Moore's boys have won twelve, losing two by close scores. Of the two lost one was lost to Leaksville Y, the other to the

strong Brosville team. Most of the players are in their middle teens and there is some promising talent in the club.

Golf Tournament

A golf tournament that promises lots of fun, as well as some classy playing, is now in progress at the Meadow Greens between two teams chosen by Bob Smith and W. E. Tucker. The tournament will end on August 20th and the losers will be hosts to the winners at a supper on August 21st. Members may bring their wives, but if you decide the madam can tag along please notify the pro, or Mr. Mills, in advance, so that arrangements can be made to take care of everybody.

The supper will be seventy-five cents each. All players are urged to contact opponents and play the match as soon as possible.

ACTIVITIES AT THE Y. M. C. A.

Central Y. M. C. A.

J. K. McConnell, genial secretary of the Central, Leaksville and North Spray Y's informs us he has been too busy to give us the dope this week. Not doubting his word, of course, but we have a sneaking suspicion that he is so enthused about his daughter, Ruth, that he can't be still long enough to write us a few lines. At that, he certainly has a right to be proud of Ruth. Her wood-carving is an art, and one that is too difficult for most of us. Both the Leaksville News and the Winston-Salem dailies featured a picture of Ruth's latest work, also a write-up. She is well known in the Tri-Cities, having served for several years as woman's secretary at the Leaksville Y.

We are at a loss whether to congratulate Miss Ruth or her proud pap, so shall extend heartiest congrats to both.

Draper Y. M. C. A.

One hundred and forty-two boys and girls attended the Sunday services at the Y last Sunday. This was the third meeting of its kind and the speaker, J. K. McConnell, gave a most interesting talk; one the boys and girls could easily grasp.

Soft ball seems to be the main topic of interest these days. Ed Mooney plans several good tilts in the near future. Last week the Rotarians licked the Y's Men 5-4, and the latter are not at all satisfied that the best team won so another game between these teams will be played sometime this week.

Another game Ed is lining up is one between the Overseers and the Second Hands and this is one game that everybody in town usually attends—maybe they want to get even with the overseers by bawling them out on bad plays.

Play-offs between leaders of the league teams also start within the next few days. Good games can be expected, for there are some really good players on these teams.

A Pet and Hobby Show will be staged sometime next week.

Dad Drafted, Son Rejected.

In a daily paper on August 6, there was a picture of two men shaking hands, wishing each other good luck. Nothing unusual about that, except that the men were father and son and both had been drafted at the same time. Incidentally, the father passed but the son failed because of an old injury. The caption under the picture read: "Well, Dad, I'll keep the farm going while you keep those Japs in their place."

It was at Fort Bragg, and while thousands of fathers have wished their sons good luck in the service, it is seldom that a son does that to his father. At least, not one rejected for service.

A clerk at Kelly Field, Texas, was helping an old negro fill out application papers for a civil service janitor job. The clerk would read off the questions and write down the answers.

"Do you belong," asked the clerk, "to the Nazi Bund, or any political party that plans to overthrow the government?"

"Yas'm," said the negro.

"Which one?" asked the clerk, taken aback by the applicant's placid candor.

"The Republican," was the earnest reply.

"We cannot have all we want, if our soldiers and sailors are to have all they need."—President Roosevelt.

Everybody every pay day . . . 10%.