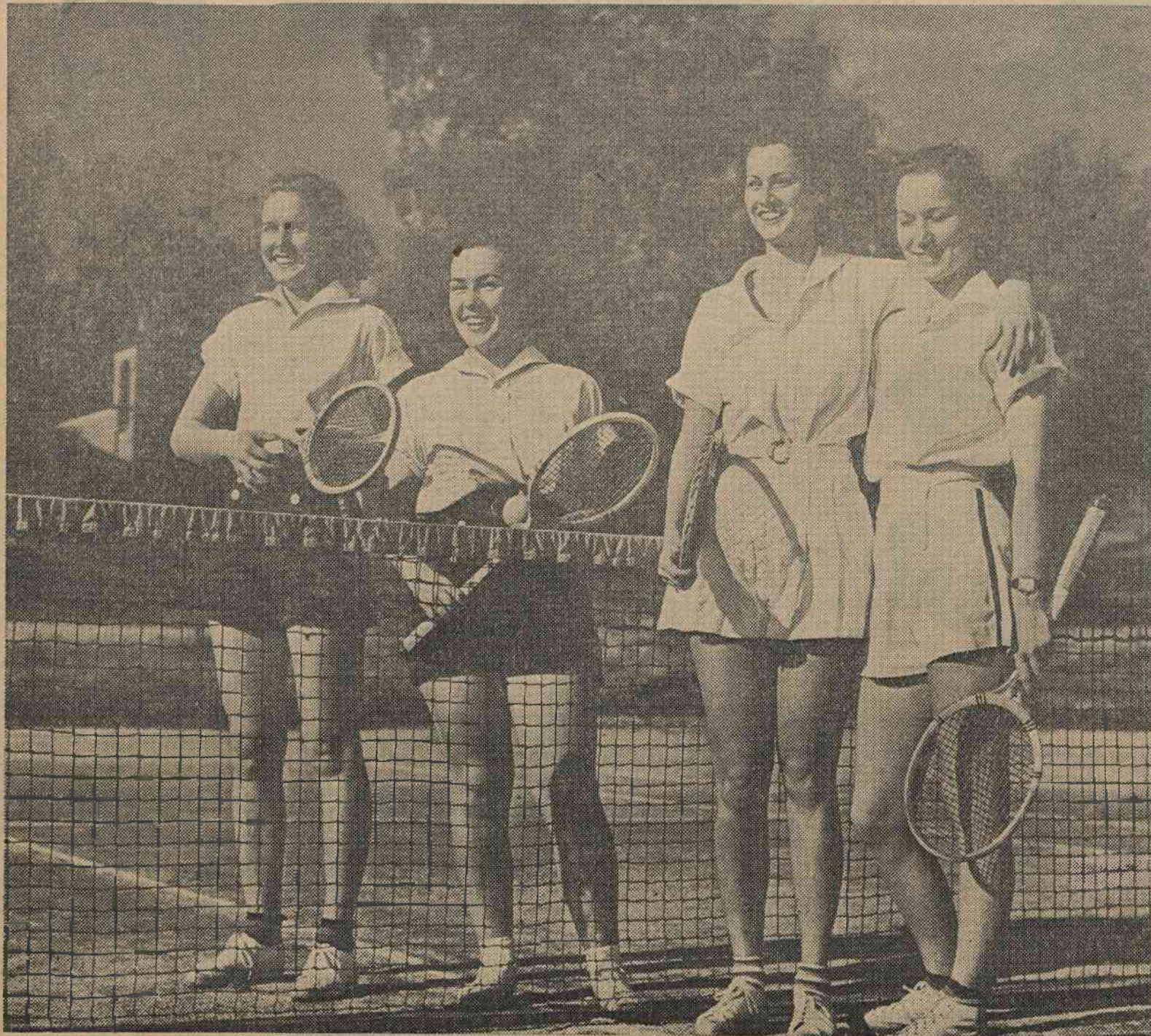




SPORT SLANTS



Sentinel Staff Photo

FINALISTS IN SALEM'S FALL DOUBLES TENNIS TOURNAMENT. LEFT TO RIGHT, THEY ARE: CORNELIA WOLFE, LOUISE FRAZIER, VIRGINIA LEE AND WILLENA COUCH.

SALEM'S ANNETTE McNEELY

Annette McNeely is a girl you can't hold down, whether it be in sports or anything.

To show you just how important she is on the Salem Campus, let us look into her public life. She is the Junior Class president, the secretary of the "Y." cabinet, and a member of the I. R. S. and the Student Council. She is also a member of the Scorpions and of the French and Math Clubs.

Last week was American Education Week, Annette spoke in chapel and over the radio, certainly you heard her.

Now to look into the more private side of her life, we find she loves sports. She made hockey varsity last year, so you see she doesn't always carry her stick "like a chiffon streamer." She has played basketball since her high school days and really enjoys the game. Tennis is another sport she likes. In fact she enters tournaments not for the sake of winning but for the fun of the competition. Too bad she didn't like the Duke-Carolina football game, but someone has to be the loser even if it's your pet.

There seems to be something about a D which gets her, if it is not connected with a school grade, of course. Her leaning are decidedly towards Davidson and Duke though she's partial to blond men, if they are tall. She must have someone in mind when she mentions preachers in particular.

Her ambition is to be a business woman, although she hopes to get her teacher's certificate in French here. Every summer she works in her father's office and just loves it. Her choice in clothes is the tailored things, showing the business woman is still with her even in matters of dress. She admires an independent woman above all. She likes colored writing paper.

She will have to pay more attention to our hero, Popeye the Sailor, and learn to eat spinnach. Imagine anyone saying they can't even stand the thought of spinach! She's crazy about candy though.

Like most of the young people of today, she likes Benny Goodman's orchestra; although Kay Kayser is fast rising in her estimation. Her favorite song is "Delighted to Meet You," a song which she heard while dating the one. If anyone else has heard the song we'd like to hear about it because we're beginning to doubt its existence.

Sleep means more to Annette than gold. Her room mate has a hard time waking her but once she is up, she's really awake.

Promptness has become one of Annette's chief problems. When she is on or before time to meetings, there is much applause and many comments.

She loves New York City and would love to stay there long enough to do all the exciting things the town has to offer. The next time she goes will have to be in winter when the social life is in full swing.

We can't all be a class president and a good hockey player but we can try to be as good a sport as Annette McNeely is.

lina supporters.

V. P. I. came from behind to defeat the University of Virginia 14 to 7. Virginia outclassed the visitors throughout the first period and finally scored on the last play of the period. Tech came back after the next kick-off, marching from its own 22 to the Virginia goal line in 11 plays. V. P. I. pushed over the winning touchdown in the final period with an air attack.

The result of other games: Manhattan, 15; N. C. State, 0. Pitt, 13; Nebraska, 7. Notre Dame, 7; Army, 0. Appalachian, 37; Guilford, 0. Yale, 26; Princeton, 0. Cornell, 6; Dartmouth, 6.

REQUIEM

The whistle sounds the knell of faded hopes,
The crippled Dukes limp sadly from the scene;
The score, contrary to the smartest dopes,
Is Devils, six; the proud Tarheels, fourteen.

Full many a time when Duke was scarce awake,
Burnette devised some heinous villainy;
Full seven points were scored upon that fake,
When Duke's dumb line expected only three.

Now fall the shades of blackest stygian night,
And all the field a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the Tarheel hosts, without a fight,
Have taken charge of Duke's "inviolat" goals.

Hark! How in yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The gloomy Wade doth to the moon complain
Of Carolina's unexpected power,
Of Bershak, Little, Watson, Ditt — and rain!

For him no more the undefeated team,
No more the sacred turf, the uncrossed goal,
No more the fancies of a tinted dream . . .
Now faded are the roses in the Bowl.

Oft did newshawks attempt with flattering praise
For Pasadena Duke's outfit to groom,
Spend many sleepless nights and weary days
To bring the little rose-bud into bloom.

But since the best-laid schemes of mice and men,
(And football coaches, too), gang aft agley,
Those who would frolic in the rosy glenn
Must fear the Wolf, must shun the deadly Ray.

REQUIESCAT

Strew on the faded rose-buds,
But never full-blown roses:
Hic jacet Dux (ah, those duds!)
Here all her hope reposes.

ATH-A-LETIC SAL

Did everybody look "perty" in the sports pictures for the annual? I do hope you did, because even if you don't participate in the sport you represented, (which, sadly, is often the case), we like to make a good showing. Do you realize, can you believe, that in a little over two weeks hockey season will be over? So far only two games have been played in the tournament — the Freshman-Sophomore, with a score of 1-1; and the Junior-Senior, 2-1.

Don't you just love the idea of having an exhibition hockey game played by the 22 best players of Salem? This, of course, will be after the tournament ends — about December 4th. The whole student body is expected to support this affair and we're sure it will be a huge success. There are to be invited guests from neighboring high schools and we're sure that those who will be able to come will be interested in Salem more than ever after the game, and accessories — for there won't be the game only, but also a rousing cheering section, a tea perhaps afterwards and just loads of wonderful things. Won't it be fun?

I guess you went, too! Where? Why to the Duke-Carolina game, of course! Wasn't it magnificent and a lot of other adjectives! There were so many Salem girls there that I wouldn't attempt to name them all — heavens — and even the faculty. I may as well say everybody was for everybody wanted to be there.

Please, for all of our sakes, if you go home Thanksgiving, don't eat so much turkey that you won't be able to finish up the hockey season with a bang — (that is of course, if you play). If you don't play though, please don't eat so much that you can't yell because, I'm positive that every Salem girl can do that as a usual thing.

Touchdown Technique

The Tar Heels knocked Duke from the national football picture with a 14 to 6 victory. The gamest gang of Tar Heels ever to wear the blue and white of the University of North Carolina outfought, outcharged and outplayed the Blue Devils of Duke University to win one of the most amazing victories in the 49-year-old gridiron series between the "giants of the Carolinas." The Tar Heels rose to glorious heights to blast the mighty men of Wallace Wade out of the unbeaten ranks of the nation and to strip the Southern Conference and state titles from the shoulders of the Blue Devils.

Duke driving over a first-period touchdown, found themselves completely bottled the final three periods and outplayed by the "iron men" from Chapel Hill. The crushing power plays of the Dukes battered with no avail against the blue and silver forwards and finally crumbled completely as Ray Wolf's charges smashed through to a well-earned triumph that proved one of the major gridiron upsets of the 1937. season.

Trailing six to nothing, Carolina's shifty fighting machine rolled down the field for 63 yards and a second-period touchdown to take a 7-6 lead at half time and had the Blue Devils backed deep in their own territory the entire 30 minutes of the final half. The final score came in the closing minutes of the game.

Rumors of Rose Bowl for the Dukes had been drifting from the West for several weeks. The Blue Devils had been tied only by Tennessee in seven starts. It was far from a Rose Bowl team at the end of this game — they had been defeated by a better club, one that reached the heights in Southern football on the day of days for the Caro-