

SPORTS REVIEW



BETWEEN HALVES

Jake Wellings, 150 lbs., "thumb-ed" his way to Athens for the Georgia-Citadel football game Saturday and saw more action than he expected. He had "scrubbed" a little with the Citadel squad and knew the signals. When illness and injuries removed all the cadets' centers, Jake was called from the stands to play in his first college game. The hurriedly-arranged uniform and shoes didn't fit (they were made for a 195 pounder), but Wellings did not make a bad pass and played more than half the game.

Hopes that the Davidson squad would be at its full strength for the Duke game Saturday appeared slender as injuries withheld several players from practice this week. Freddy Stair who had several teeth knocked out in the State game last Saturday suffered other injuries which kept him from rough practice this week; Bill Beaty, blocking back, has also been out because of injuries.

Turning to heavy lines, professional teams don't have a thing on Tulane's collegiate "Giants of the South"—The left in the big Greenie forward wall totals 1,421 lbs. or better, a mere 203 average per man. And when Coach Lowell (Red) Dawson doesn't think his first line is functioning properly he can put on the field an outfit averaging around 206 lbs. — Whew! that makes the 188-lb. Tar Heel line look like a bunch of midgets.

Speaking of the Tar Heels, who would have thought Jim Mallory, a sophomore end, would score the first Tar Heel touchdown of 1938 season? Jim seems to have a touch of Frank Merriwell in him. As a member of the freshman baseball team last spring, he won three games by hitting home runs in the 9th inning. And now on the fourth play following his entrance into the game, he scores a touchdown. Jim hails from Lawrenceville, Va.

The manner in which the Blue Devils have worked this week, indicates that Coach Wallace Wade has the highest respect for the Wild cats who defeated Citadel in their opener but lost to N. C. State last Saturday. Most of the past 16 games between the two teams have been close and hard fought.

Most versatile of the U. S. C. Gamecock backs these days is Ed. Clary, third of the Gaffney, S. C. Clarys to cavort in the S. C. backfield. Ed is mostly famous for his educated kicking toe. An all time average that hovers between 45 and 48 yards per game attests to his long-range booting. Passing and running are among this stocky back's major accomplishments, also. Ed is a senior this year.

A friend of ours, doing a story for a movie-fan magazine, was consulting the files of the New York Public Library for some biographical data. "Shall I look in the Music file or the Theatrical file for Lily Pons?" he asked the gray-haired woman at the information desk.

"You'll find them," she said, "under Landscape Gardening."

Barber: "Was your tie red when you came in here?"

Customer: "No, it wasn't!"

Barber: "Gosh!"

Eight-Year-Old (reading magazine): What's a literary aspirant, Margie?

Margie (slightly older): I guess it's what an author takes when he has a headache.

PREVIEW OF HOCKEY

With the approach of cool weather, comes the approach of hockey season — and according to the hockey managers the season opens next week. They have expressed the wish that all students will come out and try for the class team, so that there will be real competition in our games. The field is in fine shape, and now all that is needed are the players and the spirit.

Realizing that many of the Freshmen know little or nothing of the game, the managers are planning an exhibition game in order to show the newcomers the idea of the game. The players for the exhibition will be chosen from the best players in the school and the game is planned for the near future.

Although no one knows how much the freshmen know of Hockey, we judge from their appearances that they could "hit a wicked ball," (quoting Miss At.). So come on down and join the fun next week.



WILLIAM TELLS

Many of us will admit that at sometime we have said archery is a "sissy" game. How little truth there is in this statement. Have you ever stopped to think of the various benefits one may receive from this sport? Socially, archery is becoming a favorite sport at resorts all over the country. Physically, archery may be a strenuous or a light exercise depending upon the player. Also, do you remember the writer who called our attention to the fact that we may gain correct posture by balancing books on our heads? One will find that archery may be a more valuable exercise in encouraging correct posture.

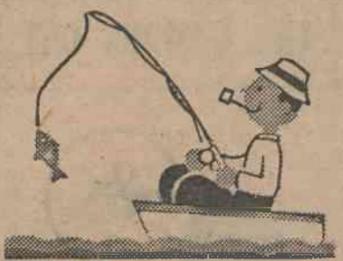
No set period of time is required for the playing of this sport. A player may arch for five minutes or fifty minutes, all depending upon the time he wishes to devote to the sport.

Because archery is an individual sport it has a carryover value in that the sport may be played by an individual from year to year.

Salem is going to work toward making archery one of the chief sports on the campus this year. New archery tackle, which is necessary before any sport may become prominent, has been ordered. Now we have equipment enough for twelve persons to practice at once.

As you probably have noticed, we are having instruction in class on the proper preliminaries of the technique in archery, but this is not enough. Practice is needed in order to play an accurate game. Targets are to be placed on the athletic field and the new equipment is there to be used. Why don't we do a little archery out side of class as an extra curricular activity?

The best friends are those who make you do your best and become better the more you are with them. The company with which you are cheap and slangy is always bad company for you. Those who laugh at things which should be sacred, are dangerous company indeed.



SHALLOW THOUGHTS ON A DEEP SUBJECT

Mr. Roy Campbell Writes For The Salemite:

After talking about a deep sea fishing trip for nearly two weeks we decided to go the next morning. The wind had been blowing off shore for two days which meant that the ocean would be calm. South winds prevail in the summer and make the New England waters rough. A suitable day, for those inclined to sea sickness, comes only now and then. The favorable wind and the tall stories that had been told about what had been caught, and what might be, made everyone eager to go.

It was 9:30 at night. Equipment was hurriedly collected; two hundred foot lines nearly as large as pencils, five pound sinkers, ropes, and anchors. A bushel of clams that had been previously obtained and a barrel of herring were put on board for bait. Everyone agreed to be at the wharf at four-thirty A. M.

It was a beautiful morning, clear as could be, not a ripple on the bay, the sun was still below the horizon. The forty-five foot cabin cruiser was anchored just off my wharf where it had been moored the evening before.

At 4:15 a wisp of fog appeared across the bay. It became a cloud, then more fog. It obscured the opposite shore, gradually enveloped the cruiser, finally settled over everything. The fog horn eight miles at sea began blowing. What should we do? Since one could see only a few yards the fishing grounds could not be located. We waited. The sun shone through once only to disappear again. Back at the cottage everyone sat around the fireplace. Later the sun came out to stay. At six the cruiser with all hands put to sea. It was a Friday morning and a count showed thirteen hands on board.

It took an hour and a quarter to reach the fishing grounds. The anchor was dropped and we fished in one hundred and seventy feet of water. It had been calm in the bay but now the ocean swell tossed us about a bit. Soon the first victim disappeared into the cabin, then another. In the meantime the rest of us fished. Cod, Gadus callarias, and hake, Merluccius bilinearis, came in over the side of the boat. I must be honest. No very large ones were caught but there were plenty between ten and twenty pounds. One fisher girl said, "I'm pulling up the bottom of the ocean, Oh, it's getting away from me." / It proved to be a nice cod.

"Look, look. What's that?" Sure enuf, there it was, a whale. One fin looked like the sail on a small boat. It submerged, came up again and "Thar she blows." A column of water vapor shot forty feet into the air. (Whales do not spout water.

There is so much water vapor in the expired air that it condenses like steam.) Needless to say everyone forgot to fish. "There's another, and another, and another! Four in all. There they were, submerging, emerging, and spouting. Every blow sounded like a young tornado. Every time they blew, even after they disappeared from view, one could hear the rumbling sound. It was reflected from island to island near shore and sounded like distant thunder. Did we chase? No. We had no gear to lose and did not wish to become playful with an animated submarine.

We continued fishing. Caught all we could use and some we gave away. One member caught a basket-fish, Gorgonocephalus caryi, on which I counted one hundred branches and

A CAMEL'S HUMP?

As I was going down the steps to gym, today, I met the girls who were coming up; and I stopped to look at them, in sheer wonder. Something strange indeed, must have come over them. They had a look of renewed vim and vigor. They lifted their heads and drew in long, deep breaths of the fresh morning air; their chests rose and fell evenly; they held themselves up and walked in a straight line. Why, they looked as if they might stop any minute and say "I feel like a new person."

I went on down to gym, and before very long, I knew what had happened to the other class. Miss "At" was having a lecture on posture! She started at the feet and worked up to the head, and she did not leave out any part of the anatomy.

Before she had gone very far, I began to see myself as the most miserable creature on the earth. The horrible suspicion began to grow that before I was thirty, I would have, at least, a curvature of the spine and a hump back. For the sake of health and happiness I had to do something about my posture.

Well, I left gym class in a fine condition — with head up, chin in, chest out, abdomen in, hip in, and weight on the balls of the feet! I concentrated on this position all morning. In history, I worked so hard to get all of my back against the back of the chair that I missed the entire European situation.

Along about the fourth period, I began to feel a pain in my back. It crept up my spine and into my neck and shoulders and arms and legs. I tried to relax, but I could not. Somehow I managed to reach my room. By that time, I was tired and sore and in agony.

So I flopped — and relaxed! But woe unto my posture, and my future health and happiness.

RIDING MEETING

"Miss At" and the riding managers called a meeting Thursday of all girls, old or new, who were interested in riding this year. About thirty girls turned up and of those, about a dozen are interested in joining a class for credit. A number of the girls have ridden before at camps, summer resorts, or elsewhere. Others have not ridden enough to be out of the beginners class yet. If good weather continues the classes will be held until Christmas. If not, they will be held as long as possible. For variety, the managers and "Miss At" hope to arrange some early morning rides — shall we say breakfast rides? and possibly some moonlight canters!

BASEBALL SEASON REACHES CLIMAX

The baseball season is about to reach its climax as the National and American Leagues are preparing for the World Series. The Chicago Cubs are putting up some brilliant competition for their rivals, the Pittsburgh Pirates. The score now stands with the Pirates holding a half game lead over the cubs.

It is practically certain that the New York Yankees will represent the American League in the World Series which will begin the first part of October. The Yankees have been playing in the series for a number of previous years. Many sports critics are placing their bets in favor of New York; however either the Cubs or Pirates may turn the tidal wave. Time alone will tell the outcome.

quit. If you want to see a Gorgonocephalus come up and see me some time. The museum is on the third floor. I hope that you too may some day be able to tell a true whale and fish story.

"METAMORPHOSIS"

By Kate Pratt

Summer friendships thrive on informal comradery. During our vacation months it's the outdoor maid who gets around. A smudge on the nose, a jack handle in the hands, and a great helpfulness around a flat tire or with fido when he must be washed, is an all right game to play in the light of summertime. But you are ready for a "Change of pace" when the leaves begin falling. The fellows will admire you all the more because you're two entirely different girls — both of them grand to know. In the summertime, you're an outdoor girl; in the wintertime, you are completely feminine, with plenty of glamour turned on.

Variety is the spice of life, they say. So, if you'd have spicy, different dates, use your mirror and your head. Save the Tomboy airs for next summer's beach parties. Don't try to run in your best high-heeled slippers, and don't play merry-go-round in revolving doors. If a tire goes flat on the way to a football game, or on the way back home from a dance, don't try to help, but be an inspiration.

GERMAN CLUB TO HOLD FIRST MEETING

Mr. Downs Will Talk On His Impressions of Germany

Giving his impressions of Germany, Mr. John Downs, who conducted a student tour through Europe last summer will speak at the first meeting of the Der Deutsche Verein Club next Monday afternoon. Members of the club and all other who are interested in hearing the talk, are cordially invited.

BIRTHDAYS  
Sept. 30 - Oct. 7

- October 1  
Lena Morris
- October 4  
Eleanor Pratt Glenn  
Margaret Fay Shipp
- October 5  
Muriel Brietz
- October 7  
Mary Elizabeth Adams  
Nell Curtiss Kerns  
Josephine Reece

We wish these girls a very happy birthday! We can print the birthdays of Salem girls if they are in the winter months, but the Salemites who were born during the summer will not be listed; and there are exactly ninety-nine of you with birthdays in the hot weather.

If people forgive you, it is because of a lurking tenderness towards you.

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