

SPORTS

ACCORDING TO HOLDER

Now that the World Series is about over (that's our guess Thursday morning) there is nothing between us and the November hockey games but four week-ends of football — and, of course, four weeks of impatient waiting for four week-ends.

This Saturday the schedules really get underway. The opening games against weaker opponents have tested the sophomores in their first shock of battle, and there has been time for coaches to repair weak places in organization which the opening encounters have revealed.

Easily the major attraction this week-end for Salem students is the Carolina-Tulane tilt at Chapel Hill, Loyalty, prejudice, and honest conviction have placed our confidence in the boots of Lalanne and Radman. It's Homecoming in Chapel Hill, and we'll see you there.

Duke shuffles off to Buffalo for a return bout with Colgate. Last year's odds give the Dukes the same edge that Carolina holds over Tulane. Again our patriotism speaks for the Southern Conference team, despite the pessimism of Wallace Wade.

Our Knoxville girls will be watching the Tennessee lads defend the home ground against Auburn. The odds are with Auburn, but it's time for Tennessee to stage a comeback. Here's wishful thinking, Tennessee.

Doe Newton's boys go deep down in Dixie to meet Alabama Saturday. Last week's showing against Carolina hardly did justice to the State strength, but at their best they will have tough going at Tuscaloosa.

Wake Forest Deacons are set for an aerial attack on South Carolina. The Gamecocks, with a slight edge, will probably stay on the ground.

The Davidson-Erskine game Friday is already history to you, as is the High Point-Guilford contest.

This week's games are only appetizers. Duke fans, remembering the thrilling one-point victory over Georgia Tech last year, will be in Durham next Saturday. Their number may be swelled by Tar Heels for whom the N. Y. U. game is too far away. The big games start in the north and west: Northwestern and Ohio State, Minnesota and Michigan, Harvard and Army.

On the twenty-second Salem students will have a Southern Conference game in their own backyard. This should be a noteworthy event, with Duke, Wake Forest, Salem College and Winston-Salem joining to dedicate the new stadium. Wake Forest still smarts under the 67-0 defeat of last year. Don't let that spoil the party for you; maybe Duke will bring along better manners since Salem is to be there. On the same day loyal sons of Davidson go home to play host to Carolina. In the north, it's Illinois and Northwestern, Notre Dame and Carnegie Tech.

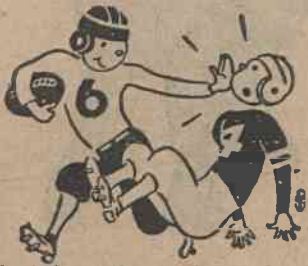
Climax of the season's excitement is unquestionably the meeting of Duke and Carolina at Chapel Hill on the twenty-ninth. It will probably determine the Southern Conference championship again. We don't dare predict; we scarcely dare breathe, and neither will you when the game is started. But we'll be singing "Sweet Lalanne."

Both Carolina and Duke journey northward on the twelfth of November, Carolina to seek revenge for Fordham's two touchdowns last year and Duke to meet Syracuse for the first time. On the same day the Wolf-Pack entertains Detroit at Raleigh. If none of those claims your interest, there's Notre Dame and Minnesota for tops in the west.

Games of longstanding tradition include Yale-Harvard on November 17, North Carolina-Virginia on Thanksgiving Day, and Army-Navy on the twenty-sixth. To close the season in the south there are Georgia-Georgia Tech at Athens and Duke-Pittsburgh at Durham on the twenty-sixth.

So there's your card. Get out the fur jacket and the boy friend. There's more excitement than Joan of Arc ever had going to the wars,

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, ANYWAY?



(Dedicated to those of us who are still wondering about that mysterious thing called football.)

Of course, you've all heard the one about the Dumb Dora who went to the Army-Navy game with the boy friend, and who in the middle of the third quarter, when the score was 7-7, asked him to take her home " 'cause her feet were cold."

Seriously, girls, all of us have heaps of fun at the games (looking at the clothes), but we'd enjoy it a lot more, and the dates would too, if we knew what the game was all about. This Dumb Dora got out the Encyclopedia — so she could find out a little about the game and impart her subsequent knowledge to you all. Here are just a few of the most frequently and often most mysterious terms used.

There's the safety man (he's not always one Miss Lawrence approves of, though), who is the player on defense who plays farthest back as a final defense to the goal; he is the player on offense who follows the carrier for the purpose of retrieving a possible fumble.

Then there is that mysterious thing called the "down," (you know — Ted Husing — "It's the third down and only five yards to go, etc."), which is the completion of a play, or the cessation of play by the referee, or is caused by the ball automatically becoming dead.

Finally, there's the interference (not radio static) which is tactics deploying players in advance of the carrier to prevent opponents from tackling.

To tell you the truth, I read a whole book on the stuff, at the direction of my long suffering brother, but this is all that I remembered. However, I did write down this chart — so I'll let you get a look at it too.

Scoring:

Touchdown	6 points
Successful try after touchdown (extra point)	1 point
Goal from field	3 points
Safety by opponents (touchback)	2 points
Forfeiture of game, total score	1 point

THIS GAME CALLED HOCKEY

With the beginning of hockey practice, I decided to take a look around and see the prospects of this year's team. First, I looked up the owner of those flying feet and black and yellow striped socks — none other than Caroline Pfohl, co-captain of last year's junior team. She immediately made it known that the so-called dignified seniors were out to win the cup. They tied last year's seniors for the cup, and since all their players with the exception of Mary Grier Kenner and Betty Bahnson are back, they stand a good chance this year.

Hutchison, Bowen, Pfohl, McNeely, McCarty (last year's other co-captain), and Grantham are only a few examples of the strength of the senior team. Maybe they will fulfill their threat.

Next I encountered Jane Kirk, another enthusiastic hockey player who has distinguished herself as one of Salem's best. When I asked her about the prospects of the junior team, she seemed to be a little downhearted because of all the players who hadn't returned. Among these

and Chevalier de Bayard may be found in the lists at Chapel Hill even as at Marignano, "sans peur et sans reproche."

missing are B. Hatt, Nancy Court, Prather Sisk, Bonnie Ray, Germaine Gold, Mary Lib Walston, and Cecilia McKeithan; but Pitzer, Baynes, Sanford, Kale, Rogers and Kirk are still here and are preparing to work like Trojans to build up a winning team. Good luck to you, Juniors!

When I got down to the sophomore team, I was puzzled about what person to interview, for both of last year's captains, Jane Nash and Mary Baldwin, are missing this year. Then I saw Sallie Emerson, the little blond who skoots around the field like a piece of greased lightning, and we fell to discussing this year's team. Naturally the team will be handicapped by the loss of its captains as well as Ruth Cleary, Nell Holt, Doris Langston, Margaret Betty Gillespie, and numerous others, but the Sophomores have already shown their fighting spirit, and so we can be assured that this spirit will continue in the forms of McGehee, Emerson, Sartin, and others. The sophomores are still a little green to the game, but they will doubtless make rapid improvements and give strong competition to the other teams.

My last try was to third floor of Clewell, where I wandered from room to room asking the freshmen just what they knew about this game called hockey. In every case except one I got practically the same answer — that they didn't know the first

LEAKS FROM THE LOCKER ROOM

Hear ye — hear ye — another hockey season was launched Monday afternoon as "At" pressed out her carefully stored chiffon streamer and rolled out the ball. I think about twenty-five of us were down and the green of the field was dotted with specks of blue, yellow, pink (a very bright pink, too), black, red, and white — pardon me if I left you out. Some of the costumes were amusing. For instance there were three formerly hardy Seniors who had their legs entirely covered by slacks. It's hard to believe they already feel the autumn chill, or did they get Garbo complexes this summer? Two of the Freshmen were still in civil dress though they were

thing about the game, but that they'd like to learn. But in the case of Priscilla Dean I found a true veteran of the game. Priscilla hails from Philadelphia where she played four years on her high school team at left inner. She said she just loved the game, and that she enjoyed playing it much more than she did basketball. Moreover, she added that even though hockey was new to most of the freshmen, they were planning to beat the seniors — and that's saying a lot!

You know to be good, one must practice time and time again. So come on down and let's see you develop that championship team I've been hearing about.

not wearing them very visibly. Expect they'll be in their new purple and white outfits soon. Esther Alexander looked like one of the seven dwarfs in her red sweat suit, pants and shirt.

While "At" and the girls were running in formation (sounds like football), I glanced about and saw a very pleasing spectacle; three of our teachers Miss Perry, Mrs. Ogburne, and Dr. Smith trying the golf course and doing their own caddying.

Once more we journeyed out to the Polo Field in "Mr. A's" chariot Tuesday afternoon and the new crop of equestrians met Nell and Maud, Mut and Rock, Whoppee and Zeb and dear old Fred and Chief. Don't remember seeing Topsy. Result of a good hour's drilling in the ring and on the field: ten stiff girls who eased into their lecture chairs Wednesday, rather than flopping down.

Have you joined the hiking outfit yet? Last year they made profitable tours of the Coca-Cola Plant and Ice Cream Plant!

I see by the ladder The tennis tournaments are on. The freshmen have reached the quarter finals.

With Barbour and Dean, Mackie and Baynes.

O'Brien and Frober, and Nall left to play.

The doubles upperclass ladder has reached the semi-finals with Hutchison and Emerson meeting Pratt and Moseby and Howell and Forest tackling Kirk and Pitzer.



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