

FROSH EDGE OUT SENIORS IN CHAMPIONSHIP; SENIORS AND SOPHS FIGHT FOR CONSOATION

The Freshman-Junior game Tuesday afternoon was by far the best game of the entire basketball tournament. It was the play off of the championship since both teams had each won two games.

The fact that the game started off with fouls is indicative of the entire match. Aside from the roughness, there was expert passing and beautiful shooting by each team. The Seniors, especially, were surprising for the great improvement in their team-play. Everyone expected the Freshmen to swamp them; but, not only did they hold the Freshman score down, but they also gave them a good scare by keeping the score tied 7-7 at the half and by leading 13-9 at the end of the third quarter.

The first half proved to be a game between the guards with both sides doing exceptionally good defensive work. Butner, Sands, and Avera held the Freshmen as no other guards have been able to do; and Sullivan, Griffin and Rifkin all gave an excellent account of themselves.

The second half began with the Juniors hitting their stride in a big way, and their success in piling up a lead so disconcerted the Freshmen that they were not able to click until the fourth quarter. Then it was Lois Wooten who finally brought them to their feet by making eight points during that quarter. Achisah Shore made a beauti-

QUOTABLE QUOTES

Since the war began, it is the mailboy and not the varsity athlete who is the most popular figure on the college campus, according to a survey conducted by the Holcad Westminster college "All-American" newspaper.

Co-eds get more mail on Fridays than any other day in the week, observers noted. Close to this record day ranks Wednesday's mail deliveries, airmails, and post cards to women's dormitories. College girls stand the poorest chances of getting mail on Saturdays and Thursdays.

If it is a package or a laundry kit she is looking for, a co-ed is most likely to get it on Thursday, and has the least chance on Thursdays, the survey indicated.

The Harvard university department of fine arts is offering a special six-week evening course in industrial and civil camouflage.

Each of the 350 Westminster co-eds gets an average of five letters a week, the Holcad estimated.

ful long shot and Peggy Witherington tossed one in over her head to end the scoring for the Freshmen. Newton was the only Junior able to make a goal during the fourth quarter, and the Freshmen won the game 21-15.

Although the Sophomores and Seniors have been defeated, yesterday renewed their fighting spirit. After many attempts at scoring, a foul shot by McKenzie gave the Seniors a one point lead. Flanagan came back with pass to Snyder, who scored the first two points for the Sophomores. The ball was again in Senior territory, when Carter received a long pass and shot a basket—giving the Seniors a 3 to 2 lead. The greatest part of the game was fought at the Sophomore's end, where the guards held the forwards down to five baskets. The first quarter ended with two successive baskets by Flanagan; although Cocoa came through with a basket tossed over her guard's head, the score was 5 to 10 in favor of the Sophomores.

The Sophomores held the lead throughout the second quarter with two baskets by Stu, one by Joy, and one by Stovall. Ceil came in for Vanderbilt and, with height and impressive fighting spirit, helped keep the ball in Senior territory. The first half ended by a long unsuccessful shot by Stovall. The score 17 to 5 favoring the Sophomores.

Three substitutes in the third quarter did not alter the success of the Sophomores. Denning replaced Mary Ellen Byrd, who replaced Stovall at forward, and Vanderbilt replaced Whittier for the Seniors. The Sophs were off to a good start

IT CAN BE DONE

Somebody wondered how John Echternach, full-time riveter at North American Aircraft Corp., Inglewood, Calif., could subscribe \$40 of each weekly pay check to buy war bonds.

"It costs me nothing to live," he explained. "I get my room and board for managing the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. You see, I'm also a full-time student at the University of California, Los Angeles."

As a side line he serves as salaried business manager of the campus humor magazine.

with a goal made by Byrd. Close guarding by Seniors as well as Sophomores was evident throughout the second half. Wooten, Baynes, and Denning played exceptionally well and held the Seniors down to two baskets and a free shot. The Sophomores were able to score only once during this quarter, proving that the Senior guards were really there fighting. The score at the fourth quarter was 19 - 10 in favor of the Sophomores.

Stu immediately picked up more points for the Sophomores by a short shot at the beginning of the fourth quarter. A beautiful shot by Stovall from the far corner of the court added two more points. This was followed by another of Cocoa's overhead shots which again set the ball rolling for the Seniors. After much passing and several unsuccessful shots, the game ended in a free shot scored by Flanagan.

Team-work was prevalent throughout the game on both sides, but the Sophomores beat their "superiors" by scoring 24 points to the Senior's 12.

—DR. HART—

to go on creating new worlds on the embers of destroyed ones. We have tried to accept his marvelous belief in everlasting life . . . an after world where gangsters and tyrants shall assemble together to reap their "fear, force, and fraud" upon each other . . . where one shall pursue the fields of one's earthly interest and talent . . . a world of the soul which daily becomes more positively evident through the experiments in telepathy and clairvoyance. We have welcomed his vast amount of wisdom and understanding on the problems of courtship and marriage . . . whether to marry our soldiers now or later . . . how to choose our husbands in war or out . . . what community of interests are most necessary to successful marriages, what age limits, what time restrictions. We have discussed with him the pros and cons of drinking . . . when to and when not to drink . . . how drinking might originate in the plus-plus quarter and terminate in the minus-minus quarter.

These have been the high spots in a week's thrilling discussions . . . and to both Dr. and Mrs. Hart, we offer our most grateful thanks for their invaluable guidance and their sympathetic understanding.

—WOOTEN—

enjoyed bulling in the smoke house more than any other Salem tradition . . . And that she's a wonderful bet for any campus leader.

Such is our through-the-key-hole sketch of class presidents. We're proud of you Lois, Nell, and Seville . . . so go to it, Girls!

SAGA OF OSWALD AND THE QUEEN

(Ed's note: Due to the overwhelming number of requests—thank you, Joy—we hereby present the rest of Oswald's tragic little saga. You will, of course, remember that we left our story last week with the queen being derricked to a "spot more befitting her illustrious glamour." O. K. . . shoot.) . . .

And on that very day, Oswald jumped out of a stupor, vowed to pay the queen a visit, clicked his antennae together thrice . . . and landed right back on his whiskers. Upon coming to, he screamed for a Zombie . . . which distressed his fellow roaches practically no end; for Oswald had exhausted the wherewith of Zombies. There was not even a single drop of lighter fluid in the reservoir . . . so Oswald made the courageous decision to go on the wagon. But before he left the old leaf, he wanted just one more teensy weensy Zombie. At this precise moment, Queen Tootsie Belle exhaled a gust of alcoholic breath which was conveyed basementwards via the up his sensitive nostrils, chucked twice, and sprang into the ventilator pipes . . . without saying, "Good-bye" or even, "Kiss my foot" to his poor bewildered chums.

Thus it came about that Oswald left cockroach paradise. But he wasn't quite strong enough to make the journey; and, consequently, on the second curve of the pipes, poor little Oswald was forced to faint right there on the radiator cap. While he was sitting there rooting about in his little orange tin lunch-box, a travelling salesbug passed his way. This salesbug was peddling magazines to work his way through blind school; but he wasn't blind . . . he just wanted to learn an easy trade. Upon seeing Oswald; the salesbug (whom we shall call Tipweatumwoe for the sake of convenience, although his name was really Butch) pounced down, unpacked his wares, and cajoled Oswald right on into a sub-

scription of Gory's Horror Stories. Having no money, Oswald had to pawn his pretty little orange tin lunch box in order to get rid of Tipweatumwoe.

When Oswald got his first copy of Gory's Horror Stories he sank down firmly on the radiator cap and stayed engrossed from cover to cover . . . and on the very last page, he spied an Atlas ad. It then occurred to Oswald to take stock of himself. He looked at his drab pale fuzz and at his dingy chipped toe-nails . . . and Oswald realized that he simply wasn't fitting to present himself before the gorgeous queen. So he enrolled immediately for an Atlas correspondence course . . . he too could develop his muscles, expand his chest, recapture the sheen of his luscious purple toe-nails, and stimulate growth of his exquisite pink plumes.

For two years, Oswald took his correspondence course on how to become Atlas, Hercules, and Samson all rolled into Oswald. With religious fervor he chinned himself every one of the seven hundred and thirty days, and bent over fifty times every one of the seven hundred and thirty nights. At last, he let out a Tarzan yelp and swung down the cob-webs to Roach-haven. He was so proudly puffed up as he exhibited his rejuvenated body before his folk that nobody had the heart to tell him how he really looked. It was so sad. There stood poor little Oswald playing Johnny Weismuller. Since no one told him about his condition, Oswald prepared anew to visit the queen. He took on new vigor as he buffed his purple toe-nails. He smiled greedfully as he brushed the tangles from his limp

pink feathers. He got his lunch box out of hock and packed it full of Pepsies. There would be no more booze for Oswald. He was going to see the queen and he refused to offend her with alcoholic breath.

And once again Oswald set out. Climbing into the ventilation system, he bid his family and friends adieu. They had given him all sorts of bon voyage tokens and he was swelled with joy . . . so swelled, in fact, that he decided why should he, prince among cockroaches, sneak about in back alleys. He wouldn't. He'd take the main route to the royal bed-chamber. Having made his decision, he leaped into the water works and began to wend his way.

It was a hot, and tiresome journey, but Oswald finally made it. As he stood lurking beneath the drain, he expected that his little old heart would jump right out into her Majesty's tub first. He closed his eyes, counted his pulse, and strode through the entrance of the golden tub. He held his breath and counted ten. Then he opened his eyes and there he beheld his idol . . . sitting knitting on the floor for the

Red Cross.

Today Oswald rules happily over his kingdom in the castle cellar. No longer must he pine away for a glimpse of the chic queen Belle. He has taken to wife a charming vivacious beetle with shiny silver scales. He has begot a horde of little beetle-roaches whom he does dearly love. In his heart of hearts, Oswald may resent the queen a bit for shattering his illusions. But he teaches his brats to respect old Belle . . . for, after all, even if she isn't really glamorous; she's a right good old gal and she provides Oswald with the greatest domain in all Iceland.

—CEIL NUCHOLS.

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