

Pardon Me, But . . .

BILL (SCOOP) BEERMAN

And so, midst the trumpeting of trumpets and the heralding of heralds, we slip back into Chapel Hill once more to glance with casual eye over the sporting greats and near-greats for the coming year. For 'tis football time—the joy and despair of alumni, the livelihood of many, the . . . Well, 'tis football time.

Saturday's heroes will trod turf for another season. From coast to coast, from Moochersville to Miami, husky lads will try their hand at legal homicide while thousands cheer. But just hang on for another week. Come the 24th day of this month, and football's future will begin to unfold; until then, abide in peace—and hope.

Coach Raymond B. Wolf is hoping. Without optimism or pessimism, the Bear has worked steadily for the past two weeks with a squad of some fifty players. Now, were he inclined to bemoan his lot and seek out the weeping wall, Wolf would immediately think of the loss of Burnette, Little, Ditt, Bershak, Bartos, Wrann, Palmer, and Bricklemeyer. Nine good lettermen and true, their college days over.

On the other hand, if Wolf waxed enthusiastic with effervescent joy, he would stop people on the streets to sing the praises of George Watson (the best blocking back in the South), Tony Cernugle, Jack Kraynick, George Radman, George Stirnweiss, Jim Lalanne, and a few others that show promise of becoming stellar attractions on the Carolina gridiron. Then, turning his attention to the line, the Coach would marvel at his luck in having such potential strength in the majority of positions.

But, as stated before, Wolf is neither optimistic or pessimistic. He's only hoping.

Remember though, don't sell the '38 Tar Heels short.

Going the way of all football flesh are Tom Burnette, Art Ditt, and Hank Bartos. These three of last year's star-flecked crew take their income from the game now. Burnette, after a summer of semi-pro baseball managing, has hooked up with the Pittsburg Pirates of the professional football league. Ditt finally signed with the Detroit Lions, and Bartos, at first, went with the Washington Redskins. He played the last few minutes of the All-Star game early this month, but latest reports say that he has been farmed to Homestead, a minor team.

The one and only Andy Bershak is still around the Hill, recuperating from his recent serious illness. He will wait until March before reporting to work with the Cone Mills in Greensboro. Crowell Little, quarterback superb, is coaching at King's Mountain high school, as is Bricklemeyer at Fayetteville.

Believe it or not, that backfield of '37 will live long in the history of Carolina football. Many a year will pass before another will equal it's all-around ability. Burnette, Ditt, Little, and Watson; the Big Four of the South. Only Watson remains, and he is certain again to be the outstanding blocker in the conference, if not the entire South.

Out at practice the other day was a battle-scarred little lad not quite five feet high. He approached spectators and asked for shoes—he had been walking for nearly 48 hours.

Inquiry proved that his name was Henry "Shorty" Reynolds, late of a small town in Indiana. He had set out some weeks previous to come South—and landed in Chapel Hill after about four pairs of shoes and numerous assorted blisters. He was, incidentally, broke.

The night before he entered an amateur boxing match at Carrboro, and lost to a boy twelve pounds heavier. All of which ac-

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DURHAM

Co-Captains Elucidate on Squad



"The boys are working hard, shaping up rapidly, and should be all set to go by next Saturday," so say Co-captains Steve Maronic, left, and George Watson, right, in so many words to that effect. Both playing their last year, 215-pound Maronic at tackle and 185-pound Watson at half will be the backbone of Ray Wolf's squad of 10 lettermen, 14 reserves, and 26 sophomores.

Grid Opponents Carry Wallop

Easy Prey Last Fall, Locals' Foes Now Are Tough

By SHELLEY ROLFE

The old grad who inquired none too sweetly last fall why the 1938 Carolina football team was taking on such a soft schedule, had a slightly florid face today gained from reading a prospectus of the coming season. For on every hand the soft touches and tail enders of last season, had suddenly acquired the strength and material to march to the front football ranks, while the strong teams on the schedule promised to have as much power, if not more, than ever.

Starting with Wake Forest, which promises to have a team of amazing sophomores adept in all the wiles and ways of the football trade, the schedule which will carry through nine games, seems to have only two easy games. They are with Davidson and Virginia Tech, met before and after Duke respectively.

Weak As Reported

A football observer, who ventured to the camp of the Gobblers in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia, is reported to have come back ruefully shaking his head and wondering where the Techs expected to raise a team. Davidson will miss Teeny Lafferty. The Wildcats are starting to rebuild their football fortunes, but it will be a long arduous task, one only a superman could perform in one year, and super-men in football are few and decades apart.

At Wake Forest, the football brain trust of Jim Weaver and Peahead Walker is hard at work molding excellent sophomore material into a team that will do something about bettering last year's Old Gold and Black record of three won and six lost. Players like Fetter, Gallovich, and

Mayberry in the backfield and Trunzo, Kuchinski, and Crabtree on the line are expected to come up and help veterans like Wirtz and Evans bolster the Baptists. State Strong

Doc Newton doesn't say much at State. He goes about his work quietly violating all of Walt Disney's precepts. But State must have a team of near record proportions to fit that sturdy schedule that lists in addition to Carolina such foes as Duke, Alabama, Carnegie Tech, Manhattan and Detroit. Bobby Sabolyk and Art Rooney present fireworks in the backfield and Coon and Fry will be rearing up in the line endeavouring to smear the opposition aborning.

Tulane will be the home-coming day foe at Kenan stadium, and the Green Waves have it in them to make it a black afternoon for the returning alumni. Red Dawson has a tough team from a tough conference. Two kid brothers of former Tulane greats, Buddy Banker and Billy Payne, should speed the touchdown production up in the backfield. The line should be fast and heavy.

Dr. Mal Stevens, the Old Yale Blue who transferred his allegiance to NYU and the sidewalks of New York, has as big and rugged an outfit as can be found in a trip through the football camps of the nation. Ed Williams, the Negro backfield ace, is counted upon as the man to spark the club. He will be aided by Shorten and Boell, who have played against Carolina for the past two years. Two-hundred pounders swell out every line post except the end positions. The Violets will be aiming squarely for October 29 and a chance for revenge against Ohio State for that 60-0 pasting of 1936, but they will still carry plenty of guns to use against the

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PRINT TO FIT

By SHELLEY ROLFE

"The time has come," said the walrus to the carpenter, or maybe it was vice versa, I wasn't around to check the thing, "to speak of cabbages, and kings, and football things."

"True indeed, true indeed," replied our nail driving friend, quaffing a lather of suds, "they do say that the football season is hard upon us. Huge men are leaving coal mines and assembly lines to take their place on the football lines; and I notice the papers these days are showing football players kicking high instead of bathing beauties. Next thing you know the moth balls will be out of the raccoon coats and the speculators will be with us."

"The paper says Jock Sutherland fears West Virginia," observed the walrus.

"Yeah, and the Yankees fear the Athletics will take the American league pennant this season. Pitt ought to be number one in the country again unless the boys are organized by the CIO and go out on strike. That backfield of Goldberg, Cassiano, Stebbins, and Chickerneo is sweet, and Bill Daddio at end ought to make All-American finally. Pitt is just too strong for the rest of the boys and I pity Wallace Wade along about the end of November."

"Don't forget Cornell, Fordham, and Dartmouth when speaking about Eastern teams," put in the ever cautious walrus. "Carl Snavely has something more at Cornell than a view of Lake Cuyuga. Holland and Van Randt on the line and Peck and Baker in the backfield should carry the team to town. Dartmouth has a strong line and in Bob McLeod one of the better backs in the country. Fordham may have lost a few of the seven blocks of granite-out front but a big soph named Kuzman who stands as tall as the Empire State building and weighs about as much as Old Stone Mountain should fill several of the gaps at once. Then those young backs, Principe, Kazlo, and Fortunato, should break loose. That Fordham-Pitt game will be something to bring your lunch to."

"Speaking of trouble," said the carpenter although he knew very well nobody was, "Ray Wolf is having more than he could shake a stick at if he were the stick-shaking kind. Stirnweiss is out indefinitely, Kimball may be declared ineligible, Cernugle has that weak knee. It's double, double, toil, and trouble for Carolina. Duke seems to be having its share of woes. They claim McAfee is done for the year. Wallace Wade has few veterans back. Clemson may be tough in the conference, while State must have something to fit that Suicide schedule the Red Terrors have on for the fall."

"It looks like Alabama and LSU in the Southeastern again," confided the walrus, who got it straight from his fourth cousin in Round Oaks, Georgia. "Frank Thomas has a great set of backs, a strong line, and he's lost only three men from last year's Rose Bowl team. LSU of course has a wealth of material for Bernie Moore to work with. Vanderbilt will be as strong as ever, and you'll have to watch Tennessee, Mississippi State and Ole Miss."

"Ohio State and Minnesota have it in the Big Ten," the carpenter darkly hinted. "The Gophers are favored to win, but they do say Francis Schmidt has big things brewing in Columbus. He is going to drop stealth and speed and rely on power, and the Buckeyes have plenty of it. Fritz Crisler will help Michigan, but not enough to move the Wolverines into a contending position. Northwestern and Indiana are the dark horse clubs. Notre Dame is supposed to have much misery this fall. Elmer Layden only had 95 hand-picked candidates out for the first practice the other day, and he isn't sure whether he'll be able to field the usual nine complete Irish teams. It's a sad situation at South Bend, and we know at least 45673 football coaches would like to have Layden's worries."

"Now in the southwest," replied the walrus between his false teeth which fitted badly in the first place causing him to caliope like a steam whistle with each word, "they have more good football players than yodeling cowboys on the lone prairie. Rice won last year and has the same team back to face a schedule that would melt a banker's heart. TCU has a team of ten seniors who will be out to close their college days in the so-called blaze of glory. Davy O'Brien is a better man in the air than Howard Hughes, and when passes start fitting through the air it's every

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