

## Freshman Gets Kick Out Of College Soccer

M. McIntosh

When my mother sorted my clothes, marked them with my tag, packed them neatly into a huge, worn trunk and placed both the trunk and her starry-eyed daughter in the hands of Mr. Greyhound, little did she realize the kicks of life that were coming to her precious freshman baby.

By kicks, I'm referring, of course, to soccer. By soccer — I mean the art of chasing a contrary ball down the field and leaping awkwardly up the field pushing same ball that is just filled with wicked intentions of going south when its intended goal happens to be the one to the north.

The Rule Book states simply that "One dribbles the ball to her goal." The rule book says nothing about one's being followed by all the girls on her team, not to mention all the girls on the opposing team who are just dying for the opportunity of taking the ball away, even if it means taking a friend's leg with the ball.

My first invitation into the mysteries of this game came at third period P. E. class. A wild voice yelled "Trap that Ball!!" Visions of North African Snares burst into my head as the ball crashed into other regions; and that same voice yelled again, "You didn't trap it right; do it over!"

To any spectator who might be interested, trapping the ball is a simple method of stopping it with one foot while balancing precariously on the other foot. There's another method of trapping the ball, though it may cost you the friendship of the tribe leader. You stop the ball with your knees by coming down on the ball. One time I missed the ball but came to a kneeling position anyhow. I spent the rest of the period trying to convince the tribe chief that I wasn't praying for the game to end any faster than ordinary.

I have built up a strong heroine-worship for the goalie - or perhaps it's just a feeling of envy. That lucky girl stands comfortable leaning against the goal posts waiting for some twenty girls to knock themselves out kicking, trapping, lunging, and dribbling the ball down to her, at which point she gracefully stoops and picks up the ball and throws it out - just to cause the same thing all over again!

## Monthly Birthday Parties Are Popular

Charlotte Burgess

The beginning of this school year brought many additions to Montreat customs. Among them was the monthly birthday party - for which we are thankful to Miss Holmes.

On the third Thursday in each month there is a joint birthday dinner for all students and teachers celebrating a birthday in that month.

The table is attractively decorated with a floral centerpiece and a beautiful color scheme is carried out. The theme corresponds to the season. Serving on the permanent decoration committee are Miss Daniel, Mrs. Mauldin, Margaret Gonano, Frances Brown, and Betty Marshall. Miss Doris Northcott, the dietician, provides a large cake, decorated to fit in to the chosen color scheme.

A student will serve as hostess at each meal. For those students and teachers who do not have a birthday during the school term there will be a party later on in the year.

These parties are guaranteed "morale builders" when away from home on your birthday.

Well, maybe I have changed with the passing weeks. Maybe my bandaged shins and my calloused knees have done something for me. I've lost that starry-eyed stare, and I even find myself eagerly scanning the Bulletin Board to see when my team is going out for practice. Maybe I'm a glutton for punishment, but mother's little freshman is going to learn to take the kicks of life, even the soccer ones!

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## Freshmen Have First Fling Of The Year

"How do they rate!" "Just look at those men!" "Don't even speak to them?" These were the mournful cries of the upper classmen Saturday night as they sat around in an almost deserted dining hall. The reason? Why, Montreat-Davidson entertainment, of course!

Lookout Lodge had the honor of housing the forty some odd(?) Davidsonians who came to squire the college freshmen to dinner and to a square dance. Although some of them were late, everyone made up for lost time by having lots of fun. The Rec Hall, decorated for fall and Halloween, shook under the feet of the girls and men; and the gaiety and spirit of the occasion was easily caught up by the Sophomores who arrived at intermission to serve refreshments and take their places in a few sets.

It was an exciting weekend for the freshmen and was approved of most heartily by the sophs and upper classmen.

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## Mountain - Lovers Tackle Mt. Mitchell

Irma Webb

You low-land lovers really missed something by not hiking to Mt. Mitchell with us last Monday. We began our hike at about 10:45 Monday morning. We went up a trail on Greybeard, crossing and recrossing the mountain streams. There were a few little rivulets which soaked the paths; so getting our feet wet was one of our first experiences! On the way up we discovered a new member of the mushroom family to add to the Biology Department collection. But there was a tragic result - the science teacher didn't exactly know of what type it was. Get on the ball, Mr. Brewer!

As we left Greybeard Mountain, all of us were excited by each new and fascinating thing we came across. Misses Smith and Jackson were able to enlighten us quite a bit concerning these many discoveries.

The thing we enjoyed most was nature in its lovely gown. The gorgeous fall leaves covered the mountains, making a beautiful panorama of color. The view was best from the Blue Ridge Parkway.

As we went along this main highway leading to Mt. Mitchell, we became very eager to reach our destination. Over and over we thought we were practically there. Not so, girls! We had some stiff walking ahead of us. When I say "us," I mean Miss Smith, Miss Jackson, Mr. Brewer and 23 strongly determined girls. Ten of the girls mounted the bus on the highway and gazed at the scenery for the rest of the trip. We kept our eyes glued to the road, looking anxiously around the curves for the parking space which we knew was there - somewhere!

Reaching this point at 5:30 P. M. we had only ¼ of a mile between us and FOOD! We covered that distance in a time too short to relate.

Soon we were on top of Mt. Mitchell - the highest peak this side of the Rocky Mountains. A few of the girls walked a little farther on to see the wrecked plane. Food has a way of boosting one up!

At 10:00 P. M. we were back at our dormitories after a long bus ride, and found hot chocolate and cookies waiting for us at the Inn.