

SPORTS

PIGSKIN PICKS

Well, last week we had pretty good pick in the Southern Conference and missed only three in the entire week, even the intersectional games. That was pretty good, considering the odds, but I expect that maybe we will hit it better this week. To begin with, let's look at the football situation in general. Kentucky is now leading the race in the drive for national honors, but it is doubtful if they will win the national championship. Still say that Pittsburgh is the best team in the nation today. They have been very efficiently putting the skids under the best teams in the country and are well away toward a successful season.

With the exit of "Special Delivery" Marsters from the football team on account of a back injury it leaves one more post for all-American open. It was tough on Al that his senior year with all-American honors almost at his door he had to see those Yale Bulldogs cripple him. Believe that Toby Unsa of Pittsburgh will be in his shoes on the mythical all-American. The Pittsburgh flash is plenty good, and drifts through a line like one thing.

Yale, led by an intrepid Albie Booth, has suddenly developed into one of the leading contenders for an eastern title. Only one defeat is against her, the defeat at the hands of the since-trampled Georgia Bulldogs, who took her measure on a hot early in the season. Since then she has mopped up all opposition, including Dartmouth last Saturday.

Mars Hill got licked again Saturday by a heavy, aggressive Lenoir-Rhyne team. They were beaten but disgraced. No team has yet scored more than 25 points on the Lions, and they have been forced to resort to the air for most of these markers. The backfield and end play has been weak, but seems to be improving. In a game with Biltmore Saturday, Lenoir-Rhyne, by the way, that will have a strong showing on junior college standings and here, they will have a chance to show what kind of a pass defense they have. Lanning of Biltmore, has a reputation as a deadly passer, and they have a pair of good receivers to boot on the other end of the combination. It is going to take some hard work to down this fighting Biltmore team, but we believe that the Lions have it in them. We pick 'em to win anyway.

Let's look to our pickings now. In the Southern division we'll pick Georgetown Tech over Vanderbilt on general principles. Somehow we fail to see in Commodores more than a good name. Kentucky is our favorite over Alabama. The Wildcats have a fine record so far, and that smashing defeat of Clemson Saturday proved that they have a great team up at Lexington. North Carolina should lick South Carolina without any too much trouble. Tulane will beat Auburn, I. will lick Virginia, Davidson should drop State, and Center will probably lick Louisville University.

In the East I pick Yale over Maryland, Princeton over Lehigh Penn State, Dartmouth over Penn State, Navy over Georgetown, Georgetown over N.Y.U. That's one of the best intersectional games. Georgia is the underdog, but those bulldogs don't seem to have it in for the "keys," and we think they're going to win.

West Virginia should beat Detroit. In the mid-west I'll say that Army beat Illinois, Harvard will beat Michigan, Wisconsin will beat Chicago, Iowa over Minnesota, Purdue over Mississippi, Ohio State over Northwestern, Notre Dame over Michigan.

Lenoir-Rhyne's my sentiments. What do you think? The Southern conference is anybody's race, but there are several teams that are well on the in-Kentucky, Tulane and Vandy are leaders now. North Carolina

with a comparatively easy schedule from now on still has a look-in in case all these teams drop a game or two.

Mars Hill broke into the national spotlight, footballically speaking in last week's Collier's, even if it was a humorous remark. That same Earle Watson developed into a mighty good player before he left the Hill, as many a good team can testify.

CANNED CHERRIES

By a Cherry

A COLUMN OF SPORTS CHATTER

From all internal and external appearances, Mars Hill is scheduled to beat Biltmore today. Although Biltmore has a heavier line, Mars Hill has the experience in plays and in the backfield. However it turns out the students will be down there backing up the team just as they did against Boiling Springs.

It certainly is a treat to the eyes to see that a Mars Hill team did crash the national limelight, even if it was just for a comical writeup in Collier's. Whatever fun the author may poke at Earle Watson, backfield man at that time, for requesting the Maryville team not to bring any more runs over him, he must hand it to Watson that at least one Mars Hill player had stamina enough to play the whole game. That was back in 1923. Let's trust that Saturday's game will prove that the team of 1929 is composed of eleven overgrown, full-blooded Earle Watsons.

A reporter happened to overhear the conversation between two students last week, right after the Hilltops had arrived. It appeared that the subject of conversation was concerning the picture on the first page, titled "Solons." However clear the title was spelled, it did not seem to be exactly understood by these said students. One of them said that probably this group in the picture was the newly elected officials of the "M" Club, while the other most emphatically suggested that those in the group were the water-boys which Coaches Yarborough and Camnitz had appointed to be of assistance to the players on the Mars Hill all-star team.

It won't be long now until the basketball court will be the supreme factor in Mars Hill sport life. There are exactly five letter men who are back to join this season's roster. Among them are the two Albritton brothers, guards; Jordan, guard; Buckner forward, and West, guard of 1927. Also, there are several men who were on the team last year that will, together with the new material, form a squad which will no doubt prove to be a fast, snappy aggregation. Including some of last year's prospects are Plemmons, Fox, Harrell, and Saunders. We notice from observation at the gym class tournaments that the newcomers on the campus will not be lacking in their share of representation. Several of them have already shown themselves to be creditable goal shooters, while others will find positions on the varsity team as guards.

We notice that "Snowy" Lingerfelt and Bill Harrel are sporting some nice looking sweat shirts around here. It seems to be a matter of controversy as to where the shirts were derived from. "Snowy" openly declares that Bill bought them at a carnival, while Bill, who stoutly denies this, says that "Snowy" picked them up at a dog show. Although the writer of this column has not investigated the matter, he would suggest that before argument is carried any further that Coach Roberts take a careful inventory of the sport goods supply room.

Lenoir-Rhyne seemed to have it on us last Saturday. Although they were picked to beat us it wasn't thought that they would completely shut us out. Probably one of the biggest reasons they beat us so badly was that Chiles was out with a sprained ankle

from the Carson-Newman game. Another reason was the excellent passing attack which they had. Most of their longest gains were made as a result of completed passes. Anyway, Chiles is back in the line-up and there has been some special drilling the past week in intercepting passes, so we can lay on the fact that there'll not be another upset like that one.

Well, well, well! Just found out that two fellows on the team have actually gotten a little bit of high ambition. These two highly ambitious lads are Red Robinson and Preston Gibbs. They have both decided to become governmental aviators after they leave Mars Hill. It would be a mighty fine thing to see certain others on the campus getting a little self ambition also.

I thought it was bad enough to see big, husky football players with a yo-yo in their hands, but the other day I nearly passed out when, believe it or not, I saw practically the whole team in the middle of the campus skipping rope. I guess the next step will be a separate playhouse for each player with a "Mama" doll and a baby carriage along with the playhouse.

[Editor's Note: The fruit that has been writing this column is nearly out of hot air, so it has been suggested in order to keep the dormitory supplied with heat, that whenever a gasp of air with a temperature of over 70 degrees passes you on the campus, just give it a fan and send it right in to the Hilltop office in the B. S. U. building or catch it in a bag and present it to the writer so that it can be preserved and "canned."]

K-9 KRACKS

Dear Barney:

Now that mid-terms are over I can write you without having to think about an exam tomorrow. Well, I don't know whether I passed all or not. Seems just about as much honor to flunk, as the list of those who flunk seems to get quite as much recognition. You see, they are on a very special list; they cannot leave campus, and if they flunk on more than one subject, they are not allowed any social privileges—which are a lot of bosh anyway—if you can't go!

Uh-uh! we did win the Carson-Newman game. From the looks of some of the boys there must have been quite a struggle. But we are for 'em, crippled or not.

Several of the students are going away this week-end to Greensboro (a sigh). Wish we all could go.

There are over a hundred seniors, but they looked like sixty-five children Saturday night while they were eating stick candy.

Who was it that said Jordan was sewing an extra cuff to his pants for fear he would get on the "short list?"

Have you heard the one about the speaker who looked around in the auditorium and failing to see a clock asked if they did not have one and a student remarked that they did not, but that there was a calendar on the right?

We wonder why Mr. Carr was more interested in the newspaper Tuesday than he was in meeting his 10:30 history class.

Seems that the announcements on the bulletin board are increasing instead of decreasing, despite the fact that I mentioned it in the last issue.

Some of the seniors are thinking seriously about quotations for the Laurel. They are to take the place of the very flattering writeups of former years. In the getting I hope they get them to fit the person and not the occasion.

Everybody, nearly, seems to be satisfied with his or her table. You see, we drew tables last week.

We wish something of unusual interest would happen—something like winning another ball game. Maybe it will before next issue.

Yours truly,
Celia Pumphandle.

P. S.: Mirandy went away some time ago, and I am her cousin.

It is rumored that there is a club on the campus known as the "Dateless Club." We wonder if the members can't get dates or if they just don't care for them. I am sure it would be of interest to the campus to know just who are the members and officers and who are eligible for membership. Suppose the reporter of the club contribute a bit to the Hilltop.

I heard several sighs of relief when the girls looked at the delinquent list which is posted in the most prominent place in Spilman—the hall. Sighs of relief? Yes, a few were not on the list!

It seems that several of the students made their week-end visits longer than the usual over-night stay. I wonder why?

Stronger Than Rope

Probably the reason the author of "Lines—Not Rope" in the last issue refrained from signing his name was that he is greatly chagrined at being classed as a member of the sex which so willingly and easily swallows the lines that the girls sling out.

Shoot lines! Maybe we do, but what else is there to do when topics of conversation not merely wane, but die? If a few lines were handed out to make the boys think they are really more important than they are, I don't know what would become of them—they'd all probably be afflicted with the used-to-be-so-called inferiority complex. Sometimes it becomes necessary to shoot them in order to make the boys believe they are really in a class of their own.

But is it so screamingly funny to shoot a line and see how the boys swallow it. They all do it! I don't deny that the girls shoot a line. Some of us may not be aware that we are shooting lines, but in one form or another we all shoot lines. Some are mild lines and some have a stronger term. And don't you worry yourself. There is no boy, however much he may deny the fact that he shoots a line or is blind to a line when he hears it, but who will swallow one nine times out of ten.

Some ropes are strong; others are not so strong; but it's a funny thing that the lines (not ropes) are strong enough to keep a man believing he is sitting on the window sill of heaven with a smile as broad as a rainbow!

E. P. Justice.

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