

# SPORTS

## Natural Cagers In Full Swing

Melrose II Teams Headed by Peterson Tops Scorers.

defeated Town and Melrose are now leading the eight teams of the college intramural basketball league. These two are now tied for leadership, having a clear record thus far with wins each and no defeats. The King CI team was toppled from its berth when it suffered its first defeat with a 14 to 9 licking at the hands of the Melrose II quintet.

Standings are as follows:

Team	Won	Loss	Pct.
Melrose II	2	0	1000
King CI	2	0	1000
Yodelers	3	1	750
Whelps	2	1	666
Whelpettes	1	1	500
Whelpettes	1	2	333
Whelpettes	0	2	000
Whelpettes	0	3	000

usual amount of competition shown among the teams hardly any games being a large margin. With 11 scheduled games having been played all the teams are hard for the championship. Fifty boys participating in intramural teams, Peterson leads the scoring with Parker of the Minis conference a close second with 30.

## Decide in Favor of Modern Advertising

Youthalian Literary Society took action on January 13, three weeks of inoperation during the holidays. The initial number of the program was a practical oration by Dwight Halden. This was followed by the "Resolved, That National Advertising is Now Carried on Its Social and Economically Sound Basis." The affirmative team, led by Ralph Cole and Perry Moore, argued their way to victory over their opponents Lionel Flack and Leander.

The program was brought to a close with an impromptu soliloquy by Halden, and several musical numbers. The Society was delighted with the performance of some of the visitors, whom were Mr. Gary Biggers, Mr. Edges and Dr. C. W. Reese.

## COMPLIMENTS

—of—  
**WEAVERVILLE STEAM LAUNDRY**  
Official Launderers for  
**MARS HILL COLLEGE**  
Representative in every  
Dormitory

## Have 'Em Rebuilt

Expert Shoe Repairing.  
We have a lot of cheap cobbled work. Buy cheap R. R. Ticket. Go far. Get the best and guaranteed, and be satisfied. This place Headquarters.

## Mars Hill Shoe Shop

Agents Wanted

## W. N. C. Schoolmasters Wins Over Lions in Fast Game

Local Combination Unable To Halt Cullowhee Rampage.

The Mars Hill Mountain Lions met their first defeat of the season when they fell before the smooth running attack of the schoolmasters from Cullowhee, 42 to 13, on the local floor last Saturday night.

The Lions tried hard enough, but could just not get their passing attack to clicking and were never successful in penetrating the Teacher's defense. On the other hand the Cullowheans jumped into an early lead, that was never to be overcome, flashing a fast breaking, smoothly functioning passing attack that kept the Whelps guessing throughout the encounter.

Roberts started a new combination in Coffey and Fox, at forwards, Young, at center, and Albritton and Woody, at the guard posts in an effort to find a score producing quintet. This five did not fill the bill; so throughout the game Roberts made alternations and substitutions, but to no avail.

All of the Lions tried hard enough, but every one seemed to be off his usual game, leaving no one deserving of individual mention. Cowan, Watson, and Buchanan led the assault for Cullowhee, garnering 40 of the team's 42 points between them. Cowan, angular center, and Watson, fast stepping forward, vied with each other for top scoring honors, each breaking loose frequently on a scoring spurt. When the final toll was taken Cowan had 16 markers to his credit, with Watson trailing closely behind with 14 tallies, while Buchanan brought up the rear guard with 10 points.

The line-ups:

Mars Hill (13) Pos.	(42) W.C.T.C.
Coffey (2)	LF (10) Buchanan
Holloway (2)	LF Thomas
Leeper	LF
Fox (4)	RF (14) Watson
Young (4)	C (16) Cowan
Rabb (1)	C
Albritton	LG (2) Fullbright
Woody	RG
Moore	RG Hawkins
Dale	RG

Score by halves: Mars Hill 8 5—13  
Cullowhee 18 24—42  
Referee: Matthews, (U. N. C.)

"That's a nice-looking fellow at the next table," remarked Connor Feimster, who had taken his girl friend to lunch in a restaurant. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Mildred.

"Well—er—I think I'll ask him to join us."

"Oh, this is so sudden!"

"What's so sudden?"

"Why, why, that's our minister," said Mildred, blushing.

Mr. Huff advertised for a stenographer with a good memory to save the expense of carbon copies.

Frances Frisbie, singing in Chapel—"And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die."

Willard Griggs (rising): "Is Miss Laurie in the audience?"

"Daddy Blackwell was giving his class a lecture on charity."

"Rosser," he said, "If I saw a boy beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

Rosser (promptly): "Brotherly love."

Mrs. Shaw advised Harry Stephens and Keating Pharr to eat carrots—she says they make you beautiful.

"Miss Kelley, which travels faster—heat or cold?"

"Why, 'Pig,' heat of course, because you can catch cold."

## Mrs. Lawson Once Teacher at Mars Hill

"Leonora: A Tale of the Great Smokies," Among Her Writings.

Many of the present generation at Mars Hill do not know that Mrs. Laura Burnett Lawson, whose passing during the holidays brought sadness to the community, was a writer of note and at one time a teacher at the college. The following facts concerning her life were procured from a member of the family:

Mrs. Laura Burnett Lawson was born at Del Rio, Tennessee, January 24, 1865, the daughter of James M. and Caroline (Huff) Burnett. Of the thirteen children born to this union she was the twelfth. Her early education was at Del Rio, in a brick school house which sat within a few yards of the beginning corner of a six-hundred-acre tract of land granted by the State of North Carolina in 1787 to Captain John Waddell, a Revolutionary soldier, and her first teacher was Miss Rachel Waddell, daughter of this Revolutionary captain. In 1880 Mrs. Lawson entered Mary Sharpe College, in Winchester, Tennessee, at that time presided over by the noted educator, Dr. Z. C. Graves, and four years later received from that institution the degree of A. B.

On September 1, 1887, she was married to David F. Lawson of Marshall, North Carolina. For a number of years Mr. and Mrs. Lawson made their home in Marshall, Hot Springs, and Newport, Tennessee. During the years 1898 and 1899 Mrs. Lawson taught in Mars Hill College, for which she then formed an affection that abided with her throughout the remainder of her life. Although at no small sacrifice, she made it possible for two orphan girls to attend college. From Mars Hill she removed to Washington City, where she resided until four years ago, returning then to Mars Hill to pass the evening of her days. Here among her beloved hills, she passed away on the morning of December 23, 1931. She is survived by her husband now living at Mars Hill, and three children: Herman B. Lawson, of Nashville, Tennessee; Edward B. Lawson, of Johannesburg, South Africa; and Mrs. John Snoddy of Washington, D. C. One brother and two sisters also survive her: Edward C. Burnett and Mrs. George Smith, of Newport, Tennessee, and Mrs. Sue Baer of Knoxville, Tennessee.

Mrs. Lawson's interest in Mars Hill was but one manifestation of that concern for things intellectual and spiritual with which her life abounded. Life to her meant above all else opportunity—opportunity to make the most of one's self and opportunity to help others to attain a full and abundant life. Hers was a sensitive spirit, deeply sympathetic, acutely responsive, yet abounding in cheerfulness, radiating sunshine. Life was indeed an opportunity, but by the same token it was a great adventure. She found exultant joy in living, and her eager spirit, refusing to be leashed among the shadows, pressed ever onward and upward toward the sunlit heights of mind and soul.

Although Mrs. Lawson probably never thought of herself as a poet, she was nevertheless essentially poetic by nature and frequently, as from natural impulse, wrote her thoughts in expressive verse. A number of her poems were published in the Baptist and Reflector and elsewhere, but many were never offered for publication. She was also the author of one prose work, "Leonora: A Tale of the Great Smokies," published in 1904. The scene of the story is laid in and about Asheville along the French Broad River.

The mountains and streams of Tennessee and North Carolina, amongst which she passed her youth and early womanhood, were to her throughout her life an inspiration and a joy, and they inevitably drew her back to themselves to become the closing scene of her life. One fitting expression of her love for the mountains is found in a little poem written at Mars Hill, May, 1928. It is called

MY DOMAIN  
A hundred peaks that pierce the sky,  
A canon deep on the mountain side,  
Ragged rocks where the eagles fly,  
And the fox and deer creep there to hide.

Hills and vales of green and gray,



The student body was dealt a severe shock last Tuesday when Charles (better known as "Doc") Murphy, our faithful athletic manager and trainer was suddenly taken ill. "Doc" has endeared himself to the athletes by his capable and untiring service as manager and to the students by his friendly, hale-hearted nature. "Doc" has given all he had to his work, rendering it in such a fashion that oncoming managers will have a difficult time in filling his shoes.

Here's wishing "Doc" a speedy recovery, and we hope that it won't be long until the campus will again feel the radiating spirit of his presence.

The Senior Class made a fine forward step last Wednesday, when by a practically unanimous majority, they voted to donate, as their class gift, their room deposits toward the construction of an indoor swimming pool in the gymnasium. It is to be hoped that the C-I and high school classes will take a similar action, designating their donations as the class gift of the year of their graduation. A document, advocating the donation of room deposits toward the project, will—in a short time—be carried to each member of the student body who rooms in a dormitory, and those who are willing to make the gift will be asked to place their name on the list. The pool will be something that every student can use; therefore, let us urge that each student lend his wholehearted support to the movement, helping to put over one of the greatest projects ever launched here in the interests of the entire student body, and helping to put Mars Hill in a class by herself among the junior colleges in the state, in the athletic advantages offered to students.

The basketball squad has been undergoing strenuous drills in the past week in an effort to regain the form displayed in pre-holiday performances. Since the resumption of classwork after the Christmas period the entire squad has appeared to be off their usual brand of playing. This was especially evident in the Cullowhee encounter. However, that af-

fair can be termed just an off-night, which was the general impression created by the performance. Nevertheless, the seat of the trouble seems to lie in the fact that there is not a single consistent shooter on the squad. Basketball is around 90 per cent offense, and without a reliable basket hitter around which to build an attack, the team will have to trust to breaks and providence for the greater portions of the games they win. Both the center candidates, Rabb and Young, have been trying hard, but have not been producing the results expected, leaving a possibility that Coffey may return to his old post. If two forwards could be developed that could get the range on the basket and with Coffey back at the pivot post the offense of the team should receive a big boost.

Students who were here last year will remember Cooper Greter, the tall, quiet-spoken lad, who is making good as student coach of the Cullowhee basketball squad. Greter is to be commended for the smooth running quint that he has turned out and we wish him success in his further campaigns.

The 42 to 13 setback that the Lions received at the hands of the Yodelers was almost as bad as that 33 to 0 trouncing that the Whelps administered on the Schoolmasters back in football season.

The intramural basketball schedule is well under way now with four weeks of campaigning already past. Be looking them over and then select your All-Intramural team. Send these in soon, giving reasons for each selection made. The men placed on the most teams will be chosen for the final selection.

As a parting shot let us suggest that each student adopt as his or her slogan, "A swimming pool for bigger and better recreation." And for those who are not so well versed in the nautical pastime, "I may be only a 'dogpaddler,' but I can make a whale of a splash."

A rollicking rivulet dancing by,  
And giant trees where the shadows play  
And cat-tails grow so rank and high.

When the sun has set and night birds call,  
When dark shuts down to rest again,  
With a singing brook and a waterfall,—  
This is the range of my domain.

## Ditto

Just like the New York priest who prayed a prayer three hours long on New Year's Day and then every other day simply said "Ditto," we begin to feel the sharp sting of our consciences as we near exams. We wish with all our hearts that to what has been repeated time and again in our classes, that we might simply write that small, fine-lettered word on our exam tablets. It would be such a time-saver; and then, too, we should already have a general knowledge that history is the study of age-old stuff, dry and stupid, that English teaches us to read and write correctly, and that Algebra is supposed to teach us to solve the equation for X. (Ask Mrs. Robinson or Dr. Moore if that's right. They know. I don't.) Anyway, think how this method would aid the teachers. Why, it

would only take a few minutes to correct the papers and there would be no strain on anybody—teachers or students.

As it is, we students (?) live under a nervous strain for the two weeks before exams, trying not to eat so much that it'll make us self-satisfied and lazy, and yet trying to eat enough to keep up our vitality. We cram and cram thinking to make up for studying lost last fall, or at least trying to brush up a bit on such things that are easily forgotten—and what isn't?

When the morning for the exam dawns, probably we'll have one thing so muddled with another that we won't be quite sure whether we're walking on our heads or on our feet. Consequently, we begin to wonder if history isn't the study of foreign language or if health Ed isn't the solving of the equation for X. More than likely, on those cloudy mornings, we will be seen stopping in the middle of the street, scratching our heads, and if one of us chanced to be an expression student the passer-by might hear us chant:

"I would if I could,  
If I couldn't, how could you?  
Could you? Could I? Could anybody?  
You can't unless you can, can you. I can't."

**SPECIAL**

**SUITS PLAIN DRESSES**

**TOP COATS**

**50c**

Cleaned and Pressed

**ROBERTS BROS**

COFFEE & MURPHY      WEAVERVILLE      221 BROWN

—PHOTOGRAPHS—

SPECIAL PRICES TO ALL MARS HILL STUDENTS

**HOWARD STUDIO**

PATTON AVE.      ASHEVILLE