



Down The Sports Trail
By Jerry Rogers

Greetings and salutations, football fans. Again I'm here to let you know how the Lions are faring on the gridiron. Do you realize that so far Mars Hill has an undefeated team? The Citadel game was dropped from the 1940 roster as unofficial because of complicated matters. Except for that we've emerged victorious or with a tie from every battle.

Saturday, the 19th, our boys showed Davidson frosh what this game called football is all about by trouncing them 20-14. To top that off, the game was played at Davidson, and ordinarily a team is provided with a great asset when playing on their home field. As you see, it seems to make no difference to us where the game's played; it has been the same story every time!

Now for some repetition with a little different data. Oct. 26 on our own field the Lions again rode to victory at the expense of the Appalachian Teachers' College "B" Team. For awhile the teachers had us quite worried, for they were leading 13 to 7 with just two minutes of play remaining. At this time a hidden ball play was performed which provided the setup for the winning tally. After that several beautiful end runs were executed which put the ball in pay dirt, making the final score: Mars Hill 14, Appalachian Teachers 13.

Right here we should pause (no, not to refresh), to hand out a bouquet where it is really deserved . . . to Coaches Roberts and Dickerson who have done such a fine job with the team. They have given us not only a winner but one of the best teams in the history of the school.

We have a hard game to be played on Nov. 9 on our own field against Hiwassee College. Last year Hiwassee won over our team by a score of 7-0. That in itself ought to draw you down to the field, but if not I might add that these boys are from West Tennessee and they grow 'em mighty big around there. Let's all turn out to watch our boys give their best for us.

Well, so long till our next issue, and then: Come along, friends, and I'll tell you my tale; I'll tell you of our winnings on the old sports trail.

Clios Enthusiastically Plan For Reception

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to know that such wonderful results cannot be attained through dreams alone.

It is hard for the confiding Clios to keep their brimming cup called "Plans" from spilling over into every interested ear, but they are trying hard to keep their inspiring secrets among themselves. They have only this to promise: "Just wait and see!"

"Dig! dig! dig! — well, all right!" Yes, that is just what they are doing and will continue to do until that Night of Nights!

Today Is 'Sadie Hawkins Day'

Girls Take Notice!

'Tis said that there is always hope, and tho' it seems that someone 'way back was an extreme optimist to think such a thing, a fact which seems to bear out this axiom is the existence of the longed-for (by the fairer—not weaker—sex) day of Nov. 2, better known as 'Sadie Hawkins Day.' The significance of this celebrated day is simply that it gives to those who cannot otherwise attain the "object of their affection" a last chance at the chase, and it also provides an opportunity for accomplishment without too great a stab to pride.

Since this very practical custom originated in the hills, perhaps it is possible and fitting that some of these Mars Hill girls may nab their s.p. (or s.p.'s—no restriction in numbers) by such a method, especially with the natural aid they will receive from the hues of autumn, giving color to the situation. You remember the time the brunette walked up to you, and you waited with your heart in your mouth to hear Lim say, "Have you a date tonight?" And when you an-

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Mars Hill Band Is Only Marching Junior College Band In South

Have you noticed the new life the band has taken on this year? Never before in the history of the School has there been a marching band. The quick stepping of the members down the gridiron with their instruments shining in the sun lends luster to the football games. The capering drum-majors add new zeal to eager fans.

The band under the direction of Mr. Herbert L. Sebren is spending many weary hours working in order to reach even higher standards than it has ever reached before. Soon it hopes to have uniforms and arrangements are being made to give the members awards for faithful labor during the year.

Playing clarinets in the band are Bob Ellis, Mildred Coble, Bobby Jones, Bob Timberlake, Evelyn Garrison, Jean Combs, Henry Capps, and Bill Walton. Trumpet players are James Clarke, Tommy Frazier, Douglas Little, Jimmy James, Frank Weaver, J. C. Jones, James Maughon, Francis Willkie, and Billy West. Saxaphonists are Nell Cochran, Graham Ponder, and Fred Jerome. Matt Summerlin and Bob Holt play alto horns. The trombone section consists of Harry Garber, David Wessinger, Samuel Rushton, Garland Sheets, Judson Tittle, Ernest Morris, Grover Maughon, Greer Hodges, Clifton Edwards. Lowell Miller, Bob Taylor and John Robertson play baritones.

Bass-horn players are Dean Willis and Richard Brantley. In the drum section are Bob Beall, Erma Morris, Kenneth Ward, Jimmy Mobley, Eoline Keeter, and Charles Murray.

Football Captain



Perry Ingle, right guard and captain of the Mars Hill Lions.



By John Foster West

Left-end: Merle Bowen, tall, titanic, tough . . . fast runner, good end, good blocker, but he doesn't have to block; they run from him. From Salisbury, N. C. He weighs 192 pounds.

Left tackle: Charley "Martha" Huff, consistent and hard to tire. A three-letter man. Charley plays good tackle for a whole hour; weighs 190 pounds. He hails from Greenville, S. C., and brags about it.

Left guard: Luby "Legs" Royall, low, heavy and well built, full of muscles. Has legs like a Greek runner. Luby plays a good guard, weighs 167 pounds, and hails from Smithfield, N. C.

Center: Bennett Clark, good center, defensive man. He makes most of his tackles behind the line of scrimmage. Fast and hard on defense, weighs 165 pounds, and hails from Asheville, N. C. Don't tickle his ribs.

Right guard: Cap'n Perry Ingle, best guard around. He is hard as a rock in offensive blocking, tough as nails on defense. Begs to hit the ball-carrier first, and when he hits them they are hit. He is captain of the team and never makes a decision the coach wouldn't make. Weighs 185 pounds, and comes from Weaverville, N. C.

Right tackle: Kenneth "Caffigo" Holt. Tall, long and limber, but get him mad and watch him go. Blocks hard. Weighs 165 pounds, and calls Newport, Tenn., his home town. He laughs at Duke.

Right end: Carl "Wild Bill" Cody, pure Madison County material, tough and fast. Good end. Hard to block. Hard to fool. Weight 162 pounds. Home: Mars Hill, N. C.

Quarterback: Stanley "Smitty" Smith. The best little signal caller in the South. Hard as an iron tank. Drives great. Tears through small openings. Likes to carry ball, but lets someone else score. Makes good decisions. He is from Walhalla (garden of the gods) S. C. Weight: 145 1/4 pounds.

Left halfback: Cecil "Little" (Continued on page 4)

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES
Clark-Duckworth

Sheila Gulley:

A winsome little bit of femininity is Sheila Gulley. She is retiring censor of the Nonpareil Literary Society, president of Workers At Work Sunday School Class, vice-president of W.A.A., social chairman of Y.W.A., house president of Edna Moore Dormitory, member of Scriblerus Club, and member of Hilltop staff. Sheila is from Mount Olive, N. C., where she received numerous music medals in high school and an award for being best all-round girl. Although she insists that she is ill at ease when performing in public, her poise in platform speaking belies that assertion. She is conservative in attire and has a dislike for frilly things. Completely lovely in character, manner, and appearance, Sheila has won universal campus adoration.

Gwen Reed:

A most outstanding C-II is Gwen Reed. She is secretary of the Senior Class, second vice-president of the B.S.U., retiring vice-president of the Clio Literary Society, and member of the Glee Club, Volunteer Band, Forensic Club, Spanish Club, and W.A.A. Council. She was also on the Inter-Collegiate Debate Team. This fall Gwen represented her home state, Georgia, in the American Legion Convention in Boston, Mass. She is vigorously fond of most sports and her favorite foods are potato chips and barbecue. As a sideline, she enjoys dramatics. Envious versatility and a total lack of affectation are among her chief characteristics.

Dick Proctor:

Richard Culpepper Proctor, vice-president of the Euthalian Literary Society, vice-president of the Scriblerus Club, head cheer leader, business manager of The Hilltop, past secretary of the Euthalians, and devotional leader of the Melrose Sunday School Class, is from Oxford, N. C.

Dick is allergic to queer women and peroxide blondes. His s.p.'s are devilfood cake and brunettes with blue eyes.

He has enough "Joe College" and sophistication, well mixed in a level head thatched with closely cropped blonde hair, to be liked all over the campus. Dick is a graduate of Darlington School for Boys, at Rome, Ga., and has attended Virginia Episcopal at Lynchburg, Va.

Lowell Shive:

Lowell Andrew Shive, the brunette answer to the local maidens' prayer, hails from Rocky Mount, N. C. He has very definite tastes and distastes—pickled peaches ranking first among the latter. His main interests in life are ice cream, blondes with blue eyes, and spring. (Take note, girls).

Lowell, who is considered really "super" by all who know him, is the president of the Euthalian Literary Society, managing editor of The Hilltop, president of Dean Carr's Sunday School Class, and a member of the Tennis Team and the Spanish Club.

I SPY

Hello, Mr. and Miss Mars Hill College and all who read this column. Let's go to press. Here we are again at our duty of bringing to you the hidden, but interesting, news of the campus.

It seems that Dick Proctor should be a crooner instead of a doctor—just ask Omelia Robinson . . . And while we're on the subject of asking, ask Charlie why he got in such a Huff over Martha from Lexington . . . could Mary Nell's favorite color possibly be White? . . . Notice: Anniversary is just around the corner!

Echoes From The Past: Carolina really does funny things to people—Beeler is rushing a co-ed; and Wagstaff, "Gin" Terry. How about that?

Eloise Mills and Betty Hallman love to spend week-ends visiting in Asheville, but they do wish Ken and Perry would not get lost in the big city. We've been stood up too, girls . . . Did you see Marjorie Ailstock Saundering around the circle with the ex-Mars Hillian in Clemson uniform? "An old flame never dies," even if he does resemble a bellhop—eh Marge? . . . Notice: Get your Anniversary date soon.

Can you tell why most people smiled knowingly when Sallee calmly remarked she was visiting Iris Willis for the week-end? . . . We know a secret—Beverette Middleton is in quite a fluster about going to the B.S.U. Convention and she has reason to be—she's dating the presiding officer . . . Notice: Reception is coming.

So, you think romance is Wayning for Dot! What does six dates out of seven prove? . . . Have you noticed the "Haggard" look of Haywood? Has the Sand(y) man disturbed her dreams? . . . My! how Ed is Gaining up the Edna Moore way!

Who spends \$1.50 every Sunday night just to hear the voice of her one and only over long distance? Guilty, Julie? . . . Notice: Girls, have you your Reception date?

Walter Harrelson was seen scrubbing Mrs. Shaw's kitchen. "Parallel work in physical education," says he! . . . June McColeman's elbow is sorta bruised. Could it be be- (Continued on page 4)

FOOTBALL NEWS

Next Saturday, November 9, the Lions will match blows with Hiwassee College here. The Hillians aren't worried any more after the close calls in the Davidson Frosh and the Appalachian "B" games. They have the rabbit feet given them just before the game last Saturday by Martha Huff.

There are three more football games left this season after today's game. The spectators are due for an hour of excitement in every one of them.

Explanation: The final score in the game between Appalachian "B" and Mars Hill was 14-13 in favor of the Lions. The reason the touchdown made by McGaha was annulled was that the time-keeper's whistle sounded for the half before the ball had been put in motion.